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MR. CRANE WILBUR

CRANE WILBUR, featured star actor, author and co-director of David Horsley Productions, Los Angeles, Cal. Was born in Athens, N.Y., November 17, 1889. From the age of 15, has been leading man in dramatic productions, summer stock star and starred with his own company in stock and on the road. Began with Mrs. Fiske in 1904, and was with her for about seven years, appearing in such plays as "Little Italy," "The Doll's House" and "Vanity Fair." Flooded a three-year engagement with Pathé in moving picture productions, featured in the "Perils of Pauline" series; for six months with Lubin in the "Road of Strife" series. August, 1915, was engaged by David Horsley; so far has appeared as the District Attorney in "The Protest," Kindheart in "The Blood of Our Brothers," and Rev. Darrel Sherwood in "Could a Man Do More?" and many others. His height is 5 ft. 9 in., and weighs 169 lbs., he has gray eyes and brown hair. Mr. Wilbur is an accomplished rider, swimmer, boxer, wrestler, and fond of all manly sports.
MISS BILLIE BURKE
Who recently made her screen debut in
the Ince-Triangle production of "Peggy"
“O NORA, I’m tired of that old Saint Nick book. Tell us a real story, please. There aren’t— aren’t— I mean— anybody anyway like Sant— Oh, I forgot little brother was here,” And Anne, with her newly acquired school wisdom repentinantly stuffed her handkerchief in her mouth at Nora’s warning look.

“Yes, Nora, tell us about the Free Bears,” chimed in little Jimmy. “I like those, I do. Two’re be Krismus till it snows, and dat’s way, way off. Den I’ll write a letter to Santa, I will. Pease, pease, Nora,” and the plump little arms of Jimmy Stone, that prince of wheelers, aged four, were thrown around his nurse’s neck.

“No, no, not the Three Bears,” fussed Anne, “I want a prince and a beautiful girl, and a king and queen and—”

The threatened chaos was averted by Nora grabbing both children and hugging them tight.

“You darlings, you mustn’t fight. Nora will tell Jim’s Three Bears and Sleeping Beauty, too, at bedtime, but now we must tell mother good-night. I hear the ladies leaving the town. It must be after six o’clock.”

Nora, black-haired, grey-eyed Nora Flynn, with “the bonny face of her and the big gold heart”— according to Nolan—Nora loved her little charges too.

Nolan, a born in Ireland, but coming to America when a mere baby, Nora retained of her native soul only her handy ways, trim figure, loyal faith and a touch of brouge in moments of storm and stress.

Nolan said, “Believe me, she beats all them society dames to a frazzle,” but Nolan was a prejudiced party, being madly in love and insanely jealous of his “wild Irish rose.” Nolan was proud of his American birth, but equally proud of Irish ancestry. Though not a trace of accent lingered in his speech, he would always impress on all acquaintances his descent. Nora and Nolan were saving every possible cent from their good wages, for the Stones, though a bit hard on the “help,” paid well. Already the country town, with its model garage, owned by Nolan, and its little home presided over by Nora, was a realizable vision.

Meantime they were contented and happy, for sometimes there were chances to be alone, when the kiddies were asleep and the big blue car which Nolan drove so competently had a rare rest. Then Nora and the children went on long drives through the sweet country lanes, where Mr. Stone slaved in the office and Mrs. Stone slaved over bridge.

“The children liked the chauffeur and adored the nurse, so there were many jolly picnics in the woods, when Jim and Anne played “help,” while Nolan and Nora did the society act.

Nora’s parents had left her a destitute orphan at fourteen, but the girl had had a decent home, with good training, so there was no trouble for her friends to find her a good place to work.

She came to Stone’s first as a helper and then as nurse, her quick wit and trustworthy ways gaining the confidence of shallow, society-loving Sylvia Stone—only too eager to leave her youngsters in the capable hands of the young nurse, who could amuse as well as care for the children at all times.

Nora gasped, quickly pulling Anne and Jim into the hall again. “Darlings,” said she, “tell cook Nora says to give you a cookie. Mother is busy now. We will come back and tell her good-night after while.”

Panting, choking, almost sobbing, Nora tried to believe she had not seen aught. To her simple faith a married woman must never even give a thought to any man but her husband.

Yet here was Mrs. Stone, the mistress she had been taught to admire and honor, looking with lovely eyes in the face of another man, while he kissed her ardently.

Little time was given the girl for thought. Her horrified exclamation tore the couple apart.

Here was Jack Murray, thrusting a big roll of bills into her hand.

“Nora, don’t tell anybody about this. I didn’t mean it to happen, but she was so pretty today, I just couldn’t help it, and I will never do it again. Here, buy yourself something nice,” and again he pushed the bills towards her.

The indignation in the gray eyes caused even “that whippersnapper young Murray” (as Nolan privately dubbed him) to wince.

“I am only a poor girl, Mr. Murray, but I try to be honest. Never, never would I take your money.”

Spite of her rouge Sylvia Stone’s blonde beauty went drab. Quickereated, Nora wrapped her.

“Nora, Nora,” she cried wildly, clutching the girl, “what are you going to do? What, what?”

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Stone, I’ll never, never tell on you. You know Nora Flynn won’t break her word, ather.

“But, please, ma’am, let me go out on the lawn a bit. Here come the kiddies. They mustn’t see me crying.”

Anne’s delight at the adored mother’s cares, genuine under the wild relief Sylvia experienced at her narrow escape, turned to rapture when mother for once consented to be dragged to the nursery and to duly admire the new dress of Miss Muffet, the big doll.

Furious jealousy blazed from Nolan’s eyes, as, driving up with Mr. Stone, he saw young Murray in a corner of the lawn, near the garage, taking impressive leave of Nora.

“Not waiting to put up the car, he blurted out: “Look here, girl, what is that silly young jackanapes doing hanging around you?”

No answer forthcoming, he hurried on: “How is it you are out at this time, any way? Isn’t it the kids’ bedtime?”

“That scoundrel! I’d like to break his damned neck. Hanging around women all
day, and never did a lick of honest work in his life. Movavonmeen," pleadingly, "if you go back on me now I'll break my heart. Won't you tell me what Jack Murray said to you?"

Oh, if she only could, thought poor, distracted Nora. If she only could tell Nolan the truth, what a blessed relief. But the thought of breaking her pledged word never occurred to the girl.

"Oh, it wasn't anything like that, Nolan dear; isolate, it wasn't. I was feeling dizzy like, and Mrs. Stone let me have a bit of air, while she went up in the nursery.

"As for Mr. Murray, I hate him worse even than you do."

Nora, unconvinced, said no more, but mutteringly went about his evening duties.

Nora miserably returned to hers. The fog, a low-lying blanket, covered with its impenetrable misty "Stonehurst," the attractive suburban home of the Stones. The velvet lawns and flower-bordered walks were hardly distinguishable in the thick gloom.

The big lights on the Stones' motor car glared like demon's eyes, as Nolan rolled under the porte cochere, where the "boss" awaited him.

"Don't sit up for me, Sylvia; my big bridge game is on tonight. I may be very late," said Sylvia's husband as he gave her the usual conjugal peck.

"All right, Brantley dear; those chattering women gave me a headache anyway. So early to bed for me."

Sylvia's cheerful good-night followed Brantley as the car picked its careful way through the mist. Nine o'clock rang from the big city hall clock as Nolan drew up before the curb at the University Club. Loud voices arrested Nolan's hand as he was opening the car door.

Some of the young idlers who frequented Mrs. Stone's "tea" were coming down the steps, the heavy fog hiding them from the stolid face of Brantley Stone.

"Jack Murray? Get out, Tom, don't you know he hasn't time for us stages tonight. He is dead gone on some one out at Brantley Stone's. Whether it is the mausus or the maid deponent sayeth not."

"Ha, ha," laughed Tom. "Trust young Murray to pick a good one. Both are damned handsome women, but the pretty nurse girl for mine."

With loud guffaws at this sally of wit the men sauntered on, their top coats and high hats making them queer, tall giants in the enshrouding fog.

Nolan's face was a study in wild jealousy, mad passion, frantic rage. Brantley Stone—staid, methodical, conventional Brantley Stone—calmly shut the door, but his voice trembled ever so slightly as he gave the order, "Home, and drive like hell, Nolan."

On through the fog, turned now to a dizzy drive, sped the powerful six-cylinder motor.

Pedestrians' shouts and policemen's whistles alike unheeded, corners were taken on two wheels and turned at break-neck speed. City line passed, more speed is put on by the desperate Nolan, while Brantley sits, a graven image typifying his own name.

Suspense of a lifetime is compressed in the thirty minutes which seem like thirty hours to the two humans, master and man, who share that wild, weird ride. Stonehurst at last.

The sudden glare of the headlamps through the library windows showed Jack Murray in vivid silhouette against the wall, clasping in his arms the indistinct figure of a woman.

The iron gate closed by a gardener too tired to remember that the boss was out in the machine, barred the way. Before Stone and Nolan, huddling nervously, could get it open, a suppressed scream from the library, a hasty retreat, and all was quiet once more.

Coolly collected, her icy white gown the exact setting for the crown of gold hair which was her chief charm—Sylvia sat in the dim shadow of the lamp-lighted living room, as Brantley, the watchman's revolver hidden in his hand, calmly marched in upon her.

Bursting in behind him came Nolan, an ugly gleam in his brown eyes.

"Nolan, you forget yourself. How dare you come in here. Go back to the garage this instant," said Stone.

"No, Mr. Stone, you can't order me now, sir. I'll give up my job if you say so, but even if I die for it I must see my Nora and hear the truth."

As Brantley turned to his wife, the gleam of a silver cigarette case lying on the couch near her hand caught his eye.

Stone, without any greeting picked up the cigarette case.

"Sylvia, I thought you had a headache. Why aren't you in bed? Is this Murray's cigarette case? Where has he gone?" Sylvia affected to examine the monogram.

"Yes, dear, I believe that is Jack's. He must have dropped it at the tea this afternoon."

"None of your quibbling now, Sylvia. I plainly saw Jack Murray in the library with a woman. Where is he now?"

"Why, Brantley, you are really insulting. It doesn't interest me at
all how Jack Murray amuses himself. I'm not the only woman in this house, and there is no accounting for men's tastes, you know. Maybe Nora could tell you more about it,” with a cruel little laugh.

Before Stone could readjust his stolid mind, Nolan had grabbed the revolver, rushed up the steps two at a time, and there, in front of her own little bedroom, her back against the locked door, stood Nora.

A new Nora this, her kimono clutched in her trembling hands, her black hair streaming wildly.

The gray eyes that had always looked so lovingly into his were wide with terror.

“Where is he? Where is that scoundrel?” screamed Nolan, brandishing the revolver. “Stand back, Nora, and let me get at that white-livered cur. The sneaking hound! I'll teach him, I'll—"

Nora tried to put her arms around his neck, but he roughly brushed her off.

“Nolan, Nolan, listen to me, sweetheart. It is all a mistake. Just listen to your little gyurl. I'll explain everything. Indade I will.”

“Not a word from you. I have seen enough, I only want that scoundrel, young Murray.”

Crash! went the door panels as Nolan, exerting his little strength hit them a resounding blow with the butt of the revolver.

Nolan's mad rush into the room was just in time to see Murray drop out of the window down to the ground.

Without an instant's hesitation the chanter leaped after him, falling on top of the figure struggling to rise.

By the time they have gotten to their feet Murray is trying to explain, to make excuses, to calm the angry Nolan, who pays not the slightest attention to anything that Murray is trying so hard to tell him. Nora could never tell afterwards how she did it, but in a minute she was on the ground, begging, pleading frantically for Nolan to listen.

All in vain. Nolan was deaf. Nolan was odurante. Nolan saw red.


Nora's words were frozen on her lips.

She could only look on helplessly as Mr. Stone and the butler pinioned Nolan's arms, while the police and the doctor were summoned in hot haste.

Nora's heart seemed breaking within her as her sweetheart, her pride, her brave lover was marched off to jail. She had tried to be loyal, to be true—and this was her reward.

Again Nora lived through those agruished moments since she had heard the chug chug of the motor at the gate.

Ready for bed, she had picked up a forgotten toy to put it in the nursery. In the hall Mrs. Stone had intercepted her. Disheveled, wild, a hunted look in her naturally cold blue eyes. And then Mrs. Stone had begged, pleaded, gotten on her knees to her—Nora Flynn—and asked for help to hide young Murray, because Mr. Stone, she knew, would kill him if he found him in the library with his wife.

"Nora," she had said, "help me for the sake of my babies. You love them, too; help their mother from disgrace."

Nora was too loyal to remind Mrs. Stone that the thought of her children had not kept her from this disgraceful affair with Jack Murray. The 'quality' were queer folks. They didn't seem to mind doing wrong. They only minded being caught at it.

Nora's soft heart could not resist the pleadings of her mistress. She had promised. Had rushed hither and thither to find a hiding place.

First the pantry. Butler and cook were there. Then the cellar. The big watch dog snapped and started.

There was no time to coax him. In desperation Nora had pushed Murray in her own room, locked the door. And now—

Rudely recalled from her sad reverie by the voice of Mr. Stone, Nora heard him say as he put his arms around his wife, firmly convinced now of her complete innocence:

"Sylvia, you must send this girl off at once. I can't have such a creature contaminating my children. It seems all these years in our house have done her no good."

Nora looked up, expecting some protest. Instead: "I am very sorry for this, Nora, but you will have to go. I will bring your wages up to your room."

In silence, but with a look that spoke more eloquently than the harsher words, Nora slowly ascended the stairs to her room. Sobbing bitterly, the shuttered door denying her any privacy, Nora began her packing.

"In the midst of this in came Mrs. Stone."

"Nora, I am very, very sorry things have turned out like this. Mr. Murray luckily is only wounded in the shoulder, and is getting on nicely. You must stay here tonight.

In the morning I will get Jack, I mean Mr. Murray to have the police notified that the shooting was an accident, then Nolan will go free."

"Yes, ma'am, that is all right for Nolan. I am that glad he will get right out of jail, but, oh, Mrs. Stone, what about me?"

Try as she would, Nora could not control herself. The tears choked her. She could scarcely make herself heard.

Unconsciously clutches Mrs. Stone's arm, "You see, ma'am, Nolan is all I have in this world. I am that crazy about him, I would just die for him, and now I've lost my place. And he thinks me a bad gyurl. Oh, oh, Mrs. Stone, I can't live this way. You must help me. You must tell Nolan the truth. You must! You must!" almost shrieked the girl.

Sylvia Stone, in spite of her selfish weakness, was not a bad woman at heart. Nora's deep distress touched her. Besides, when all was said and done, was she not in this girl's power?

Feeling discretion the better part of valor, she consented to make all right between Nolan and Nora on the morrow.

The night in the narrow cell of the
county jail did not improve the aspect of things for Nolan.

Whether young Murray was dead and he a murderer sooner to matter little. Only the vision of Nora filled his obsessed brain.

Could it be true that Nora, his little Irish lass, Nora Flynn, with her heart of gold, that Nora had become the plaything of a worthless cad, the light o' love of one of the idle rich, which both he and she had always despised?

Oh, God! it couldn't be true! But then, hadn't he seen the woman with Murray? Hadn't he three minutes later seen Mrs. Stone sitting there as cool as a "cowcomber?" Hadn't he seen young Murray hidden in Nora's room?

Round and round his weary brain traveled in a miserable circle. It was a tangled skein which he could not unravel.

Towards morning a troubled sleep came to him. In his wild dreams he again saw red. Again was the scuffle, the blow, the sound of the gun. Again—

"Here, get up there." The prison warden was roughly shaking him. "There's no charge against you. You can get out of this quick."

Too dazed to inquire what it all meant, he followed the man out in the court room.

Here he was quickly surrounded by a knot of reporters, who were all talking at once. They thrust the daily papers in Nolan's bewildered hands. When he saw in big head lines the story of the affair, with Nora's name mixed up in the scandal, Nolan again saw red.

Before he could utter a word, a note was handed him, which read, "The whole business was a mistake. I can clear up everything if you will come to Stonehurst at once. Nora wants you. Jack Murray."

Nolan handed this to the nearest reporter with, "Do you mind that now? What the devil does it all mean?"

The men all agree that it means more than it says. They suspect Nora was innocent, and was used as a catspaw to pull somebody's chestnuts out of the fire.

"Come on, Nolan," said the boldest one, "we will take you to Stone's in our car.

Only you must promise the true story when we get there."

"You just let your swate life," said the enraged Nolan. "The dirty dogs to put the blame on an innocent girl; it will be the best job I ever did in my life to show them up."

At Stonehurst things were calming down. Brantly Stone had taken the 8.20 train to his office.

Young Murray, trying hard to look the interesting invalid, was reclining in Mrs. Stone's boudoir. Nora, her straw suitcase ready, her eyes red and swollen with much weeping, looked helplessly out of the window.

Nolan, leaving the reporters downstairs, suddenly confronted the group.

At once Murray began his explanations, "Cut it out. I won't listen. I don't believe a word," said the enraged chauffeur.

"Nolan, dear, listen to me, then, to your little sweetheart," pleaded the girl. But Nolan was obdurate, scowling on them all.

The situation became impossible.

Goaded to desperation by Nora's pleading looks and whispered entreaties, Mrs. Stone, humiliated to the core at having to relate to her own chauffeur the tale of the evening's happenings, nerved herself to the unwelcome task. It seemed the only way to save a more public scandal.

As the recital neared its close, Nolan softened and held out his arms to Nora, who gladly fell into them. The dead silence that followed was broken by Nolan.

"All very well for you folks," said he, "but how about my Nora's name, that is in all the papers? Who is going to clear that? I'd like to know!"

In vain Nora pleaded that she didn't care. He knew the truth; when they are married all will be forgotten. She begged him, for the sake of the two children, whom she loved, for whose sake she had suffered so much, that he will rest content.

Mrs. Stone's tears and entreaties, the big check offered by Murray, leave him still determined.

"Why should I give a damn about any of you people?" said he. "Much you care about me or mine."

"Here, fellows," he calls at the door. "Come on up. I've got it all for you." The reporters need no second invitation.

It is Nora who shuts the door in their faces. The noble purpose of her great heart, shining through her eyes, Nora says to Nolan: "Swateheart, darlint, you know how much I love you; you know it will break my heart to lose you. But if you be doing this thing, I swear by the holy saints I'll never marry you as long as I live."

Nolan can see she means what she says, and he knows he cannot live without her.

With his arms around the girl who has conquered for the right as she sees it, Nolan calls out, "Never mind, boys, it is all settled. There is no story. Good-bye and good luck."

The thousand dollar check that Jack Murray held out to him sorely tempted the now happy Nolan. He visions with it the little house, the model garage that are the goal of his ambitions.

One look from Nora's steady gray eyes checks the impulse. "No, dear, that is hush money. We can't begin our lives on that, it will bring us bad luck," and she kisses him with fervor.

As the two leave the room, their arms entwined, with looks of scorn for the so-called representatives, they turn into Stone himself, home for luncheon, the same stolid, methodical Stone. Even the prattle of the children clinging to his hands does not alter his impassiveness.

Nolan, you can look for another job. I cannot have a reckless chauffeur around disobeying my orders. And mind she goes, too," indicating Nora.

The children began to cry, but Nora soothed them by promising to come back soon. Nolan, again convulsed with rage, pined to get his hands on Stone, the ungrateful man for whom they have sacrificed so much.

"But, dear, he doesn't know that. Let him be in peace. We can easy find another job."

"Yes, I'll get a job all right, but the job for you, my girl, is to be Mrs. Nolan right away. The first visit we pay is to the priest."

As Nora and Nolan, arm in arm, start off for the consummation of their dearly-bought happiness, a sound from the nursery window startles the girl.

The children, all unconscious of their part in the near-tragedy, are waving their toys at their beloved nurse, while the tears stream down their chubby cheeks.

"Good-bye, Nora and Nolan, come to see us soon," calls Anne.

"Yeth, Nowa," chimed in Jim, "I want to hear the Free Bears. You didn't tell me last night, like you promised."

Nora's tears answered theirs. She looked until she could no longer see the little faces.

"Nolan, although we are going to be so happy, I sure will miss those kiddies."

Nolan, pressing her hand tight, felt himself a blessed, blessed man that he had won that big heart of Nora Flynn.

Produced by the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company.
Nora—Marie Doro.
Nolan—Elliott Dexter.
Society Folks as Photo-Players

By ERNEST A. DENCH

MOST of the films in which society folks appear are different from the regular kind in that they are intended for private consumption. This makes them all the more expensive to produce, as the cost of production is only lessened when a number of prints are in circulation.

The marriage of John Wanamaker's daughter, Marie Louise, to Gurme Munn, got into the news-weeklies, though it is not generally known that the Philadelphia millionaire specially engaged a motion picture operator to film the interesting ceremony in detail, so that he may always recall the notable event.

When Andrew Carnegie obeys his last call, he will, like Christ, arise from the dead. This seemingly miraculous feat has only been made possible by the motion picture, for early in 1914 the ironmaster visited one of the leading photoplay producing plants in the East and appeared in a handsome library set, where he delivered a short address on the duties of the rich toward the community. This was recorded both by the phonograph and the film.

One of the leading photoplay producers present on the occasion praised Mr. Carnegie for his absence of self-consciousness, and the film was deposited with the Modern Historic Society, to be placed in its archives.

But when the millionaire succumbed to the cinematographer for the second time, he was seen by thousands of fans, appearing as he did in a certain popular serial production. Mr. Carnegie first did a little acting in the garden of his Fifth avenue mansion, after which he was caught leaving same. The millionaire was surprised at the quickness in which the scenes were taken.

A certain well-known millionaire who resides in England makes motion picture photography his hobby, and is always busy taking films of the doings of his friends. He duly sends these pictures to his relatives in America and serve to amuse his friends, though he believes in banks, the villain is foiled, and the hero is freed for the express purpose.

It is easy to picture the enjoyment provided by a private celluloid newspaper, but the unfortunate thing is that it is a too costly luxury for you and I to indulge in. "The Birth of a Nation" is not the only two-dollar movie. "The Flame of Kapur" also claims this distinction, though I don't suppose you have heard of the photoplay since it was presented for only three nights in January in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City. The demand for tickets was so great that seats were at a premium in advance.

This photoplay was produced under the supervision of the Junior League, which numbers young society folk. To keep pace with the times, they decided to enter the amateur photoplay producing game, which has proved more fascinating than the usual round of society diversions.

The author of the scenario, Grace Henry, had no light task, for everybody craved a part, and in the end she introduced no fewer than thirty-three leading roles—enough to drive any regular director into the lunatic asylum.

It took weeks to rehearse the players into proper shape, but it was purposely spread over in order to allow the participants to extract as much fun out of it as possible. All interiors were taken in the actual residences, so when characters entered the homes of such prominent persons as Mr. and Mrs. James Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven and Mrs. John T. Pratt, one knew that the studio interior deception was not pulled off, which was certainly a refreshing change.

The chief of the chief principals were Miss Angelica Schuyler Brown, Mr. Edward Shippen and Mr. Schuyler L. Parsons, Jr., respectively, as the heroine, leading man and villain.

Talk about easy money! Why the League could have been richer by selling the negative to one of the regular producers, from whom offers came to hand.

On the other hand, the society folks, had they aspired to Mary Pickford and Francis X. Bushman fame, certainly could not reasonably complain of the lack of opportunities, judging by the propositions received.

But they refuse to "cheapen themselves," to quote their own words.

An even more drastic instance of this occurred at Palm Beach the other week. To see "The Island of Happiness" at its one and only presentation in the dining room of the Royal Poinciana, the fee was five dollars.

The story, such as it was, concerns a poor aviator, who flies with an heiress to an island of the Robinson Crusoe kind. She realizes that it is her money he needs and not love, and she believes in banks, the villain is foiled. She escapes, but the villain locates her to a tree by her screams because of a snake being in the vicinity. Enter now the hero, who thrashes the villain and claims the heroine as his own.

In the producing of this photoplay the distinguished actors developed an extremely bad attack of temperament. They insisted that the picture was only to be shown once. Imagine, then, any star complaining that her public is too big! Well, the director had to yield, although he aspired to a New York presentation, so immediately the last foot of the fifth reel faded away, the private theater took in the audience, and the same booth followed the operator to the appointed place and gleefully watched the rolls of celluloid go up in smoke.

Mr. J. Alexander Leggett, the author, set a pace which made the actors keep on the move all the time. It was melodrama, with no frillings, only the audience made merry at the expense of Mrs. Gurme Munn, the heroine; James R. Hyde, the sport-shirted hero, and Robert B. Mill, the deep-dyed villain.

Many of the scenes were taken outside White Hall, Mrs. Henry Blagg's villa. The two thousand spectators who were "soaked" five dollars had the additional satisfaction of knowing that they were helping the American Ambulance in Paris.

A unique stunt was put over at Bar Harbor last summer. Mr. Ernest Fabbri cannot be classified as belonging to the Garden brand of amateur filmers, for he actually "captured" such celebrities as Paderewski, Kreisler and Schellling, all of whom played their well-known compositions. The film was shown in Mr. Fabbri's private motion picture theatre, where a unique entertainment was presented. Not only did the spectators see the artists playing on the floor, but also heard them. How? Well, the three musicians played in person behind the screen the selfsame compositions.

The society folk introduced in a photoplay coming from a Pacific Coast studio were the genuine variety. The ballroom, too, was staged in the exclusive Hotel Green, of Pasadena. I understand that the director approached the smart set seated at the after-dinner table and invited them to appear in his film just for fun. They did so, and at the dinner which followed the amateurs complimented the director on his patience in rehearsing them. It was understood, however, that their names were not to be mentioned in the cast.

The director of "The Crimson Wing," an Essanay production, chose several homes of Chicago's "four hundred" as locations, and managed to secure the consent of Harold and Cyrus McCormick, Orville Babcock, and

(Continued on page 11)
JOHN EMERSON IN PICTURES

By BENNIE ZEIDMAN

T

HE much-abused phrase, "Motion pictures are still in their infancy," would apply well to the subject we are about to discuss. It seems that each day marks something new in film circles and it appears as though it were only yesterday when people laughed at the idea of motion pictures. Evidently, we were wrong, for the film business today, as we all know, ranks among the highest profit-paying industries.

The acquisition of prominent speaking stage stars to almost every film producing company to star in featured photodramas. Among the selected legitimate stage stars of the prominent ones, judging from results accomplished, is one subject for this interview.

John Emerson, of the Fine Arts Films studio, by means of telephone, invited the writer (after his identity had been revealed) to come to his hotel and have a "little chat," as he termed it.

That night at seven found said writer in a choice Los Angeles hotel lobby. As John Emerson descended the hotel marble staircase, I presented myself and profuse greetings followed.

My first impression of John Emerson, who, at the age of thirty-three, was general stage director for the large Charles Frohman theatrical forces, was thus — a wiry, keen-eyed, smooth shaven, slim-built young man of darkish complexion, with the spring of health in his strides.

We soon drifted to the subject of playwriting, the writer having in mind Emerson's recent dramatic success, "The Conspiracy," of which he was co-author, producer and featured player.

"Of course, it goes without saying," spoke John Emerson, "one must have a concrete idea in order to assume the work of a playwright. There are a number of people who endeavor to write plays, who are absolutely ignorant, as to the technique of the drama. A playwright must be somewhat of a carpenter. He must construct a portion by portion, until he has complete adequate parts to comprise a perfect house. In my own particular case, I have an idea for a play, I work it out little by little. Sometimes for hours, again only for brief periods; it is as the mood has me. You cannot sit down and force yourself to write a play. Inspiration, after you have mastered the technique of the drama, plays an important part in successful play construction. I have known times while I was working on 'The Conspiracy' when I would awaken in the middle of the night. My mind was on the play — the proper thought had come to me, and I would rush into the house at once, for I was always ambitious to be compelled to wait sometimes for years to have his play even given serious consideration."

"What of your entrance into the motion picture field? And why did a person of your success on the legitimate stage forsake

Happy Days

By WILL H. GREENFIELD

Ah, here are the scenes of my childhood,
These picturesque valleys and glades:
The mountains, the rivers, the forests,
It's a land of bright sunshine and shade!

'Twas here 'mid the forest's cool shadows
With comrades as young and as strong
I followed the trail with the violets
Which only to youth can belong.

And here on the banks of these rivers
That flow in their beauty so true
That still in their grandeur are flowing
Toward the great deep — the blue sea
I roam'd when the twilight's last gleaming
Had faded and died in the west;
When stars in the heavens were beaming
And nature had sunk into rest.

Here, too, in these smooth, glassy waters,
With boughs o'er our heads hanging low,
We bathed with the freedom of nature
Or paddled our light birch canoes.
These seem all still the sweet pleasures
The bright, happy days I here passed
With friends who have since crossed Life's river.
Safe now from the storm's bitter blast.

The grand march of time with its changes
Has wrought out for me a new scene
But I'm dreaming again of those old times
Presented to view by the screen.
Here, now, in seat at the movies
I'm recalling the old, glad events
Of a past that is mine without travel,
Joy untold for the sum of five cents.

productions. By this time I was fully determined that I was going to be an actor. One day, later, an opportunity for my initial New York engagement presented itself. I was engaged to play small parts and act in the capacity of stage manager for Bessie Tyree and Leo Dietrichstein, and for two seasons I held that position down.

After I had closed with Bessie Tyree and Leo Dietrichstein, I was with Mrs. Fiske for two seasons as stage manager and understudy for the part of the mendicant old father, and later in the season I played the part during the New York run and elsewhere.

"Later, I was engaged as stage manager for Mine. Nazimova, and in a short time I was playing such parts as Riccardi in Com-
How She Mingles With the Fans in Person

By ERNEST A. DENCH

For the first time in her experience there were no such blockade as footlights and the stage door. Miss Walker shook hands with every patron as he or she left the theatre, which went to prove that absence in the flesh makes the heart grow fonder. As a souvenir she presented each admirer with an autographed photograph of herself.

Miss Walker’s turn was preceded by several photoplays which featured her. She

The counterpart of the stage-door Johnnie stood around the exit and stared at Lillian Walker in a foolish fashion, and was too entranced to speak a word. Lillian Walker has to credit a feat which has been emulated by few other film stars. You may recall that the Vitagraph Theatre, in New York city, when it first opened, introduced an innovation. “The New Stenographer” was first produced by the Vitagraph Company in 1911, with Florence Turner as the lead. So popular did the one reader prove that it was revised in 1914. And how do you think? Lillian Walker and company appeared in person on the Vitagraph Theatre stage and put over the entire playlet in pantomime.

It resembled film work very closely, except that they enacted the production a number of times instead of once. Miss Walker had become accustomed to a constant change of parts, and she might have found it tiresome were it not for the applause which greeted her every performance.

The social side has also brought Lillian Walker in contact with her admirers. Only the other week “Dimples” was invited to Bloomfield, N. J., to act as the city’s guest of honor on the occasion of the annual Baby Parade.

The duty assigned the Vitagraph player was to present the silver cups to the prize winners. That dimpled smile of hers worked overtime as one child after another walked past. The spectators applauded her efforts heartily, and as Lillian marched past when the ceremony was over many admirers threw kisses, which Miss Walker returned.

One successful contestant was dressed up a la Charlie Chaplin, while another—a girl—wore a brown silk dress and a large hat, which bore the following inscription: “Lillian Walker.” Both competitors received even more affectionate treatment, which is going some, for you fall under the spell of Lillian Walker’s magnetic personality as you shake her hand for the first time.

Lillian Walker

told about the arduous nature of the motion picture player’s work; set right such mistakes as the late John Bunny being her father and Vannie Van her husband.

For his balcony scene in “Ashton Kirke, Investigator,” a Pathé production, the director gained Mrs. George Gould’s permission to use her Fifth avenue residence. It must have appeared strange to the inhabitants of that classy thoroughfare for men and women in evening dress, to be escorted from their automobiles by powdered footmen during the noon hour. Many society folk were present in the balcony scene.

Several of the millionaire bank directors of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company were recently roped in as extras; that is, they were paid the usual five dollars per day. It happened in this way: One of the middle West producers decided to take the pretentious interiors necessary for his feature in a regular bank rather than erect them in the studio, so artificial lighting was installed at the bank institution, eight hundred depositors being enrolled in the cause of “atmosphere.”

The directors, however, who worked amid surroundings worth millions of dollars, were paid the usual fee of five dollars in a unique manner.

Society Folks as Photo-Players

(Continued from page 9)

Edward S. Moore, James Ward Thorne, Scott Durand and Howard Shaw, the wealthy owners of the particular residences, but that this was not all. The owners mentioned, together with their wives and families, participated in the production.

Mr. Moore, however, who is Vice President of the Rock Island Railroad, was given a real part, that of a chauffeur, and donned an army uniform for the occasion.
THE RIGHTS OF MAN

By JULIUS W. MASON

[It is customary for a story to have for its conclusion a happy wedding, and rare is the romantic tale whose termination does not present suggestions of that enchanting phrase, "and they lived happily ever after." When the narrative is introduced with an accompaniment of Lobdoun's wedding strain one cannot resist the overwhelming premonition that an unusually original fictitious narrative is in the making. The story begins in the following manner.—Evron.]

D r. Carew was an American surgeon, whose presence in Central Europe on this particular day was strongly humored by the American press to assist the Austrian Medical Corps in their work on the battlefields, which were demurred with the lifeblood of brave men who had fallen in the titanic conflict. His strong arm trembled and a tear coursed its way down the handsome face as he reviewed in his mind an afternoon scene at the field hospital. He could not blot from his memory the picture of the youth, who with both legs shot away, had died straining as the Iron Cross was pinned to the heaving breast.

"The Prince desires to see you, mein Herr," crisply commanded an officer attached to the Palace Guards.

Carew accepted, and, arousing himself from the sad reverie, he followed the soldier to the executive chamber, where Prince Sigismund awaited his coming.

"I have called you on a matter of vital importance," began the Prince, who hesitated and apparently was laboring under a terrible mental strain.

Carew bowed slightly and remained silent, in anticipation of a more elucidating statement from the ruler of Grafowitz.

"Ah-hem," he cleared his throat, and, shifting his cold steel eyes nervously, continued: "Dr. Carew, you have endeared yourself to my family and I am taking the liberty to ask of you a great favor." He paused interrogatively, and the American surgeon seized the opportunity to assure his titled friend that his life was at the service of the Prince.

"Doctor, I want you to marry my daughter!"

Carew started with unfeigned astonishment at the strange request. The first thought that came to him involved the belief that the aged ruler was mentally unbalanced.

"Are you ill?" exclaimed Carew in alarm.

"No, I am in earnest," he assured the surgeon, and his firm speech alleviated the doctor's fears that the Prince had suddenly become insane. Surely, thought he, the Prince does not mean for me to marry the beautiful Princess Lorha.

"May I have your answer?" impatiently asked the ruler of Grafowitz, as he arose and stood rigidly.

"I am at your request, mein Herr, is accepted," replied the American. "I can assure you that I have loved Princess Lorha since our first meeting and although I have ample reasons to believe that my love has been returned, I never dared hope that your consent to the marriage would be received."

He stopped suddenly and turned to gaze upon a beautiful woman, who was standing at the corner of the room.

"Princess Lorha, you have heard!" he advanced to meet her.

"Yes, and I am happy," she replied, accepting the proffered hand.

"Listen, my children," began Sigismund, "I have devoted my life to the study of Socialist principles and am a firm believer in the 'rights of man.' For years I have worked untiringly, in behalf of the workingman, in order that the brutality of the mailed fist of militarism has been bared before me. I have lived with the men whose diabolical intrigues have culminated into this world-wide strife; I have suffered in silence for many, many years until now. The moment has arrived for action and I am going to make men free!"

"A Socialist revolution will be horrible," his daughter exclaimed, who, although a disciple of her father, dreaded the bloodshed which would accompany a war of this kind.

"Can it be more horrible than the present carnage?" argued her father. "The heart and soul has been drenched in blood and already become food for the vultures. If they triumph, who reaps the benefit? Surely not the private in the ranks. In a Socialist war the men will obtain their rights as soon as victory is proclaimed."

A gleam of determination settled on the rugged features of Prince Sigismund, and the two who stood in his presence realized the futility of further discussion.

"Carew," he said, placing his hand on the shoulder of the one addressed, "I will not live through this war—I have a premonition that my end is near—and I want you to take care of my daughter. The ceremony which will unite you in the holy bonds of matrimony cannot be performed too soon. The revolution will begin at once."

The wedding was arranged to take place two weeks later.

The hooping of cannon and the spattering of a thousand machine guns aroused Carew on the morning of his wedding day. The Socialist revolution had commenced in frightful earnestness. An enormous treasure, which had been collected by Sigismund and encouraged military men of high rank to ally themselves with his army, and although the battle front had moved up to the vicinity of the castle, the hordes of Sigismund were confident of ultimate success.

Carew viewed the situation as he hastened to join the bridal party. His position was hazardous, but, with the characteristic bravery of an American, he relished the predicament in which he had placed himself.

"I do not wish to intrude in the sacred rites of the church, but the services being interrupted by the hissing of falling shells. As soon as the newly-wedded couple received the blessings they left the church and in unsurfaced bliss journeyed back towards the castle. A sudden outbreak of noise startled Carew and the Princess, who turned in time to see a shell enter the house of worship, tearing the frail building into pieces.

"Father is in there!" shrieked the Princess, and with the doctor she hastened back to the wrecked structure. The Prince was seen staggering out of the debris, the other members who had lingered in the chapel having been instantly killed. Assisted by Dr. Carew, the Prince was taken to a nearby salon. His throat had been cut by a piece of shell and the surgeon quietly inquired, "How long before you could not live more than a few minutes."

"Speak, father," pleaded the Princess, whose happiness had been changed into misery.

The aged ruler moved his lips, but was unable to utter a sound. Death was impatiently waiting to take him into her bosom. Seizing a cravat from an adjacent table, Carew placed it between the icy fingers of the dying Prince. Summoning all his strength, he wrote the word "Orisval" on the board which was held before him. As he finished, a thick glaze shrouded his eyes and with a short sigh he left the world behind him forever.

* * *

"These are the plans to the dungeon," said Carew, holding up a chart for the inspection of the Princess.

Previous to his death, Sigismund had taken his daughter into his confidence to such an extent that he had informed her of the plans to find the hidden treasure, and before breathing his last he had written the name of the gold-laden cave, Orisval.

"We must go to the chamber at once," eagerly exclaimed Lorha. "For there will be no happiness for me until the plans of my dear father are carried out."

There was little difficulty experienced in locating the private subway parlor where the treasure was kept. After gathering together the gold coins, Carew said: "Lorha, dear, I realize your position and I heartily agree with you that these millions be given to the revolutionists." We will go to the headquarters at once."

The doctor and his royal wife stopped on their journey to the grove where the horses were ready for the journey to the revolutionary camp. A gruesome scene startled them. On the ground at the side of the road lay the body of a dead spy, who in dress and appearance greatly resembled Carew.

"How horrible," shuddered Lorha, and as they turned away each thought of the dangers which were before them, and realized that a similar fate was likely to befall them.

Lorha passed on and prepared to mount her pure white steed, when His Royal Highness, muttering, grasped the bridle and sneeringly said: "My pretty bird, where art thou flying?"

The ruler of the country greatly admired the beautiful Lorha and it was this adoration that prompted him to make the Princess quarters in the castle. Lorha did not return his love.

"Kindly allow me to depart in peace," commanded Lorha, her cheeks flushing with an agonizing rage.

"Where are you bound?" he asked, exhibiting impertinence and a sense of knowledge.

When she made no reply, he continued: "I have searched the body of your father
and from the evidence we secured, he is a traitor a traitor. We must hold him, his daughter, as an accomplice."

He made a move to embrace the Princess, when Carew retorted quickly, but with a well-directed blow from the American's good right arm sent him sprawling as Lorha galloped off with the gold.

On hearing the cry of Lorha, Royal Guard rushed to the spot, time to catch them. His a glimpse of Dr. Carew, who was making his escape. Thinking that he was the as assistant of the King, the soldiers fired after the retreating figures, and hastening on they discovered the body of the dead spy, who was clothed in the Carver's uniform.

"We have killed the assassin of his Royal Highness," explained one of the guards as General Brunn and his staff arrived at the scene of the shooting. The suspicious old general picked up a box which the surgeon had dropped, and, comparing it with an entirely different kind on the dead man's uniform, had his suspicions aroused.

The American doctor realized that he had been tricked, and, as he stepped to rest beside a rippling stream a few miles from the castle, he actually trembled. His fear was not personal, but for the safety of his bride of a few days. As he rested on the yellow grass, the sound of distant hoof-beats became fastened on the intruder, for such did Carew regard himself. As he turned to view a cooing frog was basking on a rock in mid-stream his eyes unconsciously wandered to the yonder bank, where two hurriedly huddled were coming in a sensuous manner. On the velvety carpet which covered the forest floor rabbits and other small game gamboled and frolicked care free and happy.

The sun was setting; the superior of these creatures, lust for blood and tear each other's hearts out?" he thought aloud. "If the kings and army officers who crave for war would heed the sermon which these humbler creatures of God teach us, the universe would be at peace and friendship would rule over the domains which are now being ruined by the greedy hordes of blood-crazed humanity."

His soliloquy was perfectly correct but the distant hoofs brought him back to the present. Removing his false beard and changing his appearance as far as possible, he boldly re-entered to the scene of the fight.

Arriving at the outer lines, he showed his American passport, and was taken to General Brunn, and treated royally by the staff. In the castle he was instructed to assist in bringing to consciousness his Royal Highness, whom he knocked down earlier in the day. He was treated kindly and, more for curiosity than anything else, Carew turned to the window to examine the contents. He gave a cry of astonishment as he beheld a photograph of his wife.

"Oh, Lorha, where are you?" he asked himself. "If those big brown eyes would only twinkle to me tidings of your safety, and those lips move once again..."

A footprint caused him to turn suddenly. He faced the King, who had regained his senses.

"What are you doing with that picture?" angrily denouncing, she beheld scenes that were harrowing beyond the descriptive ability of modern novelists. Her journey took her over the fields where some of the bloodiest battles of the present crisis have been waged. Scrambling here and there were the half-decayed corpses of brave warriors, who had offered themselves as living sacrifices to the God of War. Here a father had chanced his unarmed son as they passed into eternity, there a gray-haired veteran had died while attempting to drag a wounded comrade to safety; back yonder a handsome youth had fallen with the colors of his country. Everywhere, the dead were piled in countless numbers. Farther on Lorha was sickened by the odors of explosion. Rolling into low mounds and blown into pieces by the wind. Here and there men were hurrying bodies and parts of bodies pen-mell into shallow holes, which were hastily dug; but the force was insurmountable. As the noble horse sunk in his soft body of a grenadier (it was impossible to avoid them) he snorted contemptuously, as if to show his hatred for the war lords who had slain so many innocent men.

"The war is not, is not, is not," repeated General Carew, as simultaneously an Apex was blasted off at the very moment when an infant in her arms, was kneeling under a crucifix. Lorha drew her horse up and gazed into the sorrow-stricken face that was half-praying, half-cursing. "My husband, my husband!" she waited, pitifully. "Has He left me without loved him. Oh, Jesus, is there no justice on earth?"

"He will probably return soon," said Lorha in an attempt to soothe the half-deamented mother.

"No, they have killed him," she sobbed loudly, "and he died for me."

Lorha gathered the story from the heart-broken mother. Her husband had joined his regiment at the beginning of the war. A short time later a baby was born and, de-sireous of seeing the child, he broke through enemy's lines and journeyed to his old home at night. While there a young officer came in and the lord of the castle sought safety in another room. The officer taunted the beautiful woman and then insulted her. The husband came out in the beat of anger killed the brute while defending the honor of his wife. Before he could escape a bullet from an alert sentry pierced his heart. Now the widow and her babe had been driven from their home in the village. They had sought refuge under the hill. "War is not the hell," Lorha said as she rode on the camp, "but the sufferings of the women who stay at home and pray for the sons and husbands that they have given to appease the cannon is the experience of hell, many times over!"

She thought of the thousands of cottages that had been the dwelling places of gay-hearted families before the call to arms was made. It hurt her to think of these homes as being torn asunder, a tender-hearted girl was glad that her terrible ride was coming to an end, for the gruesome sights of the trip had filled her heart to the bursting point with grief.

"Here is the treasure that my father had saved for the cause," said the Princess as she finished relating her escapades, and passing the box to the leader of the Revolutionists, continued: "Use it for the rights of man—and may God bless our principles!"

"Brave daughter of a brave man," replied the leader. "You have proven yourself a heroine. The money will be used to carry out the plans of our beloved Prince Sigismund."

As she made preparations to depart, word was received that a troop of cavalry had been dispatched after her.

"These men have been sent to escort me," she hastened to quiet the fears of the Revolutionists. "I will ride back to my husband at once!"

The troop halted her near the castle, and, after taking her into custody, she was confronted by General Brunn, who demanded the name of the assassin of his Royal Highness.

"I will never give you the desired information, General," she said calmly, as Brunn threatened her with the death penalty.

"Pull her off the horse," he commanded. "Lifting his cowering sword, "For the firing squad."

And before Lorha realized her peril she was facing a row of glistening muskets.

"One more opportunity will be extended you, belloved the half-crazed general. "Who was the assassin of his Royal Highness?"

With a look of peace on her beautiful face, Lorha moved her bloodless lips calmly and said: "I will never tell—so help me God."

"Ready!" shouted the commander as the soldiers stood at attention.

"Aim!" he shouted, and a dozen shining muskets were raised with clock-like precision.

"Stop this nonsense at once! The speaker was his Royal Highness, who, having witnessed the proceedings from his window in the castle, came down and took Lorha away from the soldiers. When they arrived in the house the man attempted to make love to the beautiful Princess. Although weak and discouraged, she resisted his efforts, and sent a note to Carew by a trusted servant, telling the doctor to make his escape immediately, if possible, and go to the American Embassy, where she would endeavor to meet him as soon as she could evade her captors.

"American dog, you have no right to love Princess Lorha," leered his Royal Highness as Carew stood before him: "She is mine—do you understand—MINE!"

Carew appeared frightened and craftily huddled away from the guards who were standing as straight and stiff as marble statues. The American met the gaze of the cowardly potentate, and in a brief battle of will power, his Royal Highness easily shifted his eyes downward. As a flash, Carew grasped the lascar-
volver which had been laid on the table, presumably for the purpose of taunting the prisoner.

"Keep still, every one of you cowards," whispered the surgeon, as he covered them with the weapon. Backing out the door, he ran out of the castle, and though a general alarm was raised, he managed to evade the guards amid a shower of bullets. Carey was slightly wounded, but managed to climb into the cave of Orisval. Coming out on another side, the doctor, with the aid of a rope, dropped down the sides of a precipice that bordered the cave, and made his way towards the American Embassy.

Lohra was followed by his Royal Highness as she rushed to another part of the castle.

"Leave me, you scoundrel," she cried.

"Princess Lohra, I love you," he began as he drew nearer to the shrinking girl. 

"And I am going to marry you. You are powerless to resist and it would be well if you would resign yourself to this fact. You will learn to love me and forget all about that American fool."

He paused, and then, crossing the room, placed his hands on a revolving atlas.

"With you I will conquer the world—come, be my queen, and rule over these domains."

He moved his palms over the glossy surface of the globe and Lohra, with clenched fists, made reply: "You bloodthirsty wretch with heart of stone, I would rather die than have you even as much as lay a hand upon me."

Like a snarling animal he advanced toward the helpless girl. With blood-shot eyes, foaming lips and a heart filled with lust, he threw his arms around the beautiful Princess.

"Ha, my fair one," he hoarsely chuckled, as the veins in his neck expanded with the rise of his passionate anger, "I am going to—"

But he reckoned without the hand of God, for suddenly he grew numb, and after releasing his hold on Lohra, he staggered like a drunken man, and then fell to the floor in a limp heap. Epilepsy, a disease to which he was subject, had snuffed out his life at a most opportune moment. After casting a fleeting look at the prostrate body of his Royal Highness, the Princess escaped through a window. Reaching the outposts safely, she was at loss to determine the direction of the American Embassy, when the engine of an aeroplane whirled in the thicket beyond the lines.

"Is it friend or foe?" was the question which Lohra pondered over. She finally decided to risk the chances of recapture and present herself at the machine.

"Princess Lohra!" exclaimed the aviator, "and your father, where is he?"

"First may I ask you to disclose your identity," she asked, fearing the worst.

"I am for the Revolutionists," he exclaimed. "I was sent this morning to warn your father, our beloved Prince Sigismund, of the impending danger, but I met with a mishap and I have just managed to repair the engine."

Briefly Lohra narrated the incidents, mentioning her father's death and subsequent happenings.

"And now I am on my way to the American Embassy," she concluded.

"If you care to travel via the sky route, we will soon be there," invited the aviator.

The brave girl accepted the offer and, after a hurried flight, Lohra was welcomed at the Embassy, where she once more related her thrilling experiences.

"No, your husband has not arrived," was the answer to her first question.

Hardly had she been given this disheartening information when an attaché came in with the intelligence that Doctor Carew, of the American Red Cross service, was downstairs.

The happy Princess was persuaded to allow the hostess to prepare a surprise for the doctor. After the successful operation, she tendered the hero, she escorted him into another room, where, to his amazement and unbounded delight, he came face to face with his wife.

In each others' arms they related the happenings of the day and united with the feeling that "all it well that ends well."

Gazing up into her lover's face, the new Mrs. Carew exclaimed with radiant countenance: "We will leave this strife-ridden country at once and go to the land of the free, dear America. Today we have found our first happiness under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. Let us go to that glorious land where liberty is a universal privilege and there find happiness."

His nodding assent was sealed with a fervent kiss. Just then the Ambassador's wife came through the tapestried entrance, but suddenly remembering she had forgotten something, she hastily exited without disturbing Mr. and Mrs. Carew, of the U. S. A.

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**A Limousine Turned to Novel Use**

Many wise old saws have been found fallacious in the light of twentieth century science. Not so "Necessity is the mother of invention," that still holds good.

To prove it, see how Bessie Eyton, Selig star, became a real inventor when necessity pushed her hard. Bessie loves the great outdoors. Her favorite recreations are tennis, swimming, horseback riding, anything, in fact, that keeps her in Nature's garden.

Very good and commendable, but what has that to do with necessity and inventions? Oh, but that's another story!

You see, popular and high-priced stars cannot always be hunting amusement, they must likewise hunt locations, or rather they must hire them to locations that have been hunted for them. Motor cars are the accepted means of locomotion, for hasn't every star in the shadow firmament at least one of the gasoline carriages? Time is often a big factor. A special effect must be camouflaged at a particular minute. And that is where Miss Bessie's inventive brain begins to play.

Why waste perfectly good time making up in a stuffy studio dressing room if it only could be done while going to work? But how?

A few minutes' hard thinking, a little calculation on paper, a telephone conversation, and "Eureka!" The inspiration had come, had been found feasible, and the contract let to turn the limousine of the big touring car into a really, truly dressing room.

Every inch of space had to be taken count of in the scheme. Behold the finished product! Big mirrors, fine the walls of the car. Curtains dainty and yet impenetrable to prying eyes, are hung at all the windows. A dressing table has been arranged that hangs down when not in use is one of the important factors. Every pot of paint and powder, every stick of rouge, every darkener, every piece of beauty spot fixer has its own snug little cubby hole.

Of course the luncheon kit and the little trunk for changes of costume are not forgotten. But most marvelous of all, real hot water can be had in a jiffy by simply attaching a pipe to the exhaust and starting the engine.

To say that Bessie reveals in her new-found comfort is putting it mildly. Now she can make use of every one of her precious minutes to the best advantage. Now she can start from the Los Angeles studio in her own proper person, becoming what the scenario demands by the time the high cliff, the winding river, the rushing ocean or the wilds of the jungle are reached.

The scene caught by the clicking camera, again the privacy of the car, again the dressing room comes into use, and presto! Our heroine is once more the real Bessie Eyton, ready when the journey's end is reached for whatever is to happen next.
Packing a Trunk with Violet Mersereau

By H.H. Van Loan

I'll bet a stick of licorice against a slide backward down the Grand Canyon in front of the El Tovar, that if a burglar had shipped a pistol under his nose and told him to throw up his hands, he would have ordered him to go ahead and shoot, rather than be put to the exertion.

I found Violet’s dressing-room, after a little expedition in which I acted as my own guide, sight-seer and all that sort of thing. I stopped before a gray-paneled door and knocked three times. My noise brought a well-developed, golden-haired little lady, who looked for all the world like a little wood nymph who had escaped from a nearby forest and was evading capture. She had a couple of big blue eyes, full of pep, which smiled out at me.

“What d’ye think this is, a gambling house?” she inquired.

“No, it’s too quiet for that.” I replied.

“Well, then, what’s the idea of three strikes? Think you’re being called by the vampire?” she continued.

“If you hadn’t answered I suppose you’d been out.” I retorted.

“Don’t.” she pleaded; “I haven’t had my breakfast yet.”

“The only food I’ve seen this far today was a sandwich enclosed in the hand of a porter on the ferryboat.” I replied.

“Is that so?” she said sympathetically. “Tell me the story of your downfall. How did you get like this?”

“Oh, it’s the same old story: a woman is responsible for it all.”

I began. “You see I received an assignment to come over here and get a good story from you before you left town. I learned last night that you are leaving early this morning for some out-of-the-way place to take some scenes for ‘Autumn.’ I am a delica-tessen fiend, and as everything was all closed when I started I had to come over without my breakfast. Believe me, I’m just about as empty as the boat I crossed in—and I was the only passenger on that.”

“Well, you poor, dear man,” she laughed. “I’m in terrible straits myself. I came over here food-busted before the day broke. I’m packing my trunk. All I can offer you is to help me pack it.”

With these words she beckoned to me to follow her into the dressing-room. I followed. There, in the middle of the floor, was a huge trunk. In fact, it increased in size as I looked at it. The trays were out, and each one was scattered in various places about the room, and all were empty. The trunk had just a few things in it. Everything in the room had the appearance of moving. Hats were piled up in a corner and dresses were mounted high on the table, which ran the length of the room. The place resembled a defunct concern after the receivers had taken inventory.

And I was to help her pack!

As soon as she entered she began at once to rifle the wardrobe. More gowns, dresses, costumes, shoes and hats came flying out of that space than I had seen since my sojourn on earth. I discovered in two minutes the real reason for department stores. “How long do you expect to be gone?” I asked, as I dodged (Continued on page 29)

in the scenes about me, I was more impressed than ever with the miserable way in which the world gets up. If the derelict can get through that stretch between five and eight in the morning without "ending it all," he ought to be able to creep through the neber regions without an asbestos suit and not get a bit scorched.

Just what possessed a perfectly poised maiden, with a name as big as Violet Mersereau’s to invite me to interview her at such an unreasonable hour was more than my fertile mind could fathom. I admit I was at a loss whether to accept it as a compliment or a curse. If it was a compliment, I most certainly didn’t feel flattered; if it was a curse, what had I done to deserve it. However, the farther I journeyed down West Forty-second street the more thankful I became to Violet, for it was the first time I had ever seen the sun rise, and I discovered that it rises, quite contrary to my former beliefs, in the east.

Arriving at the foot of the street, I discovered the Weehawken Ferry lazily creeping into her slip, and from the speed she was making I concluded she was just about half asleep.

While waiting for the boat to reach the American side of the Hudson I studied the sky-line of the dull gray city behind me. New York is just about as attractive at sunrise as an old maid before she has taken her hair out of curl papers. It is nothing but an unbroken line of ash cans, ill-smelling streets, drowsy policemen and noisy ferryboats.

After a trip on the ferryboat and a long ride on the trolley—on both of which I fell asleep—I finally arrived at the Universal Studios. It is situated practically nowhere, but the people who happen to live in that vicinity call it West Fort Lee. To avoid further confusion I must explain that this place is pronounced in various ways, according to the individuals pronouncing it. The inhabitants refer to it as Fort Lee, and the children call it Fort Lee.

However, I arrived there. Violet had been there for some time, according to a semi-conscious individual who appeared to be talking in his sleep. He was stationed just inside the office, and
The Photo-Play Journal for May, 1916

Scenes from prominent photo-plays:

Charlie Chaplin — in "Carmen"

Douglas Fairbanks — in "The Good Bad Man"

Bessie Love — in "Triangle"

Billie Burke — in "A Meeting for Cheating"

Dan Russell — George Jeske

Cleo Madison — in "Her Bitter Cup" — Universal

Lenore Ulrich — in "The Heart of Paula" — Pallas

Norma Talmadge — in "Martha's Vindication" — Triangle
This is Anita King, the Lasky film star who achieved national motor reputation last fall by being the first person, man or woman, to drive across the country alone. She made the trip as the Paramount Girl using a Kissel Kar. The scene depicted here was taken a moment after Miss King in her automobile had landed on a pile of brush-wood after a leap of seventy-two feet from a broken bridge. This scene is one of the thrills in a picture entitled "The Race," which is based on Miss King's transcontinental tour.
T he western heavens were aglow with the lustre of an autumn sunset. The October skies with their red streaks intermingled with a colorless gray, carried the appearance of having been daubed by a paint brush in the hands of a Divine Being; carelessly though with a majestic splendor. The second sun, a beauty beyond the imagination of human art and talent. The crisp breezes stirred the barren trees and vibrated against a chugging roadster which swept into view along the highway beyond the gloomy buildings of the county Almshouse.

As the car came to a halt, a handsome young man stepped out. The carriage and demeanor of Allan Ross betrayed his professional calling and the satchel verified one's surmise that the county doctor was entering the institution for the poor late that afternoon.

"How are you today?" greeted Dr. Ross as he met the superintendent in the hall-way.

"I am fine, my boy," was the fatherly response that the elderly official showered upon the youthful medical man, "but I have been feeling sad over the story that Jack Dobbs, in Room 414, just told me. I believe that the old boy is about through. He had a bad turn last night and I wish you would see him before you visit the other ward."

The handsome doctor's countenance was shrouded with a frown. "Well, I guess he is entering regardless of any treatment we can give him."

"I know your thoughts, Allan," the shrewd official sagely replied; "you do not care to mingle with a dying pauper, but I advise you to see him at once."

Rather than lose the displeasure of the head of the Rand Almshouse, Ross made his way to the barren room on the fourth floor of the musty building.

An offensive disinfectant odor was wafted from the room and Allan, newly appointed, sniffed contemptuously. Opening the door of Room 414, he gazed upon the wreck of humanity which had been the topic of conversation between the two men as previously recorded.

"Good afternoon, Jack," greeted Allan, assuming the artificial cordiality of his profession.

"I feel better tonight than I ever did," he gasped, and his bloodless lips continued, "because I am nearing the end of suffering and misery."

A glance at the glassy eyes, sunken in the bony face, a touch of the fluttering pulse and Ross knew that the aged derelict was shortly to pass away. As he looked at the, he thanked, and raising his position so that his face was touched by the fading light of day he repeated, "yes I have seen better days."

The old man was dying. The withered fingers trembled and his breath came with short, rapid gasps. The pallor on the unkept face and the long, hoary hair blended to make the apparition unrecognizable. "Tell me your story," requested the doctor, as he temporarily revived his patient with an administration of drugs.

"It is a long story—and a sad one," he began, "but time is nothing to me now. Within a short time I shall be nailed in a pine box and buried beyond the hills in a nameless grave. A little speck of a yellow mound will be my monument for a while, but with the coming of spring, green grass will hide the graves and only the cattle will come near the spot where Jack Dobbs' remains are turning to dust." He paused, and seeing the look of interest on the doctor's face, began his life's story.

"Before I had reached my twenty-fifth birthday my uncle died leaving me a fortune in gold and real estate. I began to gamble and dissipate and with a few years I had squandered all but $75,000 of the inheritance. One morning I awoke to the terrible realization that unless I immediately reformed I should have to solve my problem by turning to the temptation of wine, women and song. I decided to secure employment and settle down. I broke off from the old associates, and for six months I was happy. It was the only period in my life when I was really happy. I tasted the sweetness of an honest life of work. Then I met the girl. She was a pretty thing with untold charms, and before I knew it I had become infatuated. I had fallen into the presumption that her sincerity was unquestionable, so I did not doubt her until one of my former associates informed me that her intentions were to marry me for my money. Although I had but $75,000, rumor had my prize. I had absconded with her, and after listening to her confession of love, informed her that I was a poor man and had nothing to offer her but my true love. It was a supreme test—and she failed! Growing cold as a glacier she shortly discarded me and turned her attention toward more lucrative pastures."

Overcome with mental anguish the pauper was unable to speak for several seconds. Allan waited helpless to relieve the pain brought on by reverses of the terrible past.

"After the truth dawned upon me I was determined to make her rue the day that she had broken my heart. I resolved to win back myGaining her hand by appointment. To obtain such a large amount, I must return to the gambling tables. This I did and at first met with intoxicating success. I had friends by the score and life was one continuous riot of gaiety and joy. But as the excitement died down in the wake of today, those who gamble eventually lose out. The proprietor of the gambling club where I played night after night impressed me as being a square man and I was, I thought, sure of getting my iron. Alas, I was mistaken, for as soon as my money was gone, they refused to help me and the majority of them would not recognize me. The last night that I sat in the club I attempted to win on borrowed money, and if I were successful I would give up my attempts to become a millionaire and again live the honest life of a working man. That night I lost heavily and drank heavier. When I came to my senses in the morning I found my self indebted to the proprietor for several thousand dollars. All my 'friends' had deserted me and I was without money. In desperation I forged a check to pay my gambling debts. I was caught and at the age of thirty was sent to prison for fifteen years. Those years were years of a living hell. More than once I had wished for death but to die before my desire to begin anew, I realized how futile it was. The sufferings that I endured in those fifteen years are indescribable. All that I can say is that when I was released last year I was fit for death only."

The clock in the room ticked six and the doctor awoke from the horrible fascination of the story.

"Go on," he continued, "after being released—""I tried to get work but I could not."

Dobbs broke in hopefully; "finally after going without food for several days, I came to the poorhouse to escape starvation. Here I found myself an old and broken man with but a short time to live."

He snatched the glass and clinked it satisfyingly before saying, "That is my story."

For a full minute neither of the men uttered a sound. The strong and healthy young doctor on the threshold of life, was moved by the history of the unfortunate case of Jack Dobbs.

Suddenly raising himself to a sitting posture the ailing man moved his purple lips as if to speak, but before he could utter a word, he fell backward and slowly closed his eyes. The sheets of life that had been severed by the Angel of Death.

Retaining his professional dignity, Dr. Ross covered the corpse with a white sheet and went below to inform the authorities that he had beaten my hands against the stone wall of my cell and vowed to kill the woman who was responsible for my downfall. Often at night when all was still I would go over the events of the past and though filled with a desire to begin anew, I realized how futile it was. The sufferings that I endured in those fifteen years are indescribable. All that I can say is that when I was released last year I was fit for death only."

That night Allan Ross sat in his study pondering over two perfumed invitations. One was from Nellie Lord, the daughter of a poor college professor, the other from Victoria Hart, whose father was known as the wealthiest stock broker in the city. Both notes asked him to call that evening and a refusal to either would eventually re- turn a lie of the girl whose invitation he had accepted.

The jingle of the telephone brought him to his feet.

"Yes, this is Allan," he replied, in the phone, "Yes, I have received your invitation."

"And you will accept?" came the purring query from the other end of the wire.

"I-I-er-I'm—" he stammered in an uncertain way.

(Continued on page 39)
How I Became A Photo-Player

By EARLE WILLIAMS

M y coming to the motion pictures was not filled with any great desires or high hopes, and I might better tell of my earlier experiences on the stage, so that you may appreciate these two points. My uncle, James Paget, who appeared with Maude Adams and many other notables of the yesteryears of the theatre, was the chief inspiration for my ambitions to go before the footlights, but he also was aware of the rigors which beset the trooper and in a measure therefore was a hindrance to my earliest dramatic endeavors.

Going the way of the youth without a goal, therefore, after passing through the High School of San Francisco, whence my parents had moved from Sacramento, where I was born, and after a course in the Polytechnic College of Oakland, I set about various tasks as a means of maintaining the dignity of labor and incidentally proved my right to three square meals a day. Then I was as daring as a man with a wrist watch and a plaid suit, and so I tried my hand at photography, clerking in a hardware store, as head usher in the McDonough theatre, Oakland, and last but not least, as a portrait salesman. I played a few small bits with touring companies stopping for the night at the theatre in Oakland, but it was not until I went on a trip to New Orleans in search of employment, arriving with only twenty dollars in my pocket, that I landed upon the boards as a regular performer. I tried to get employment at hard labor in several stores, but all to no avail, so, with some of my childhood ambition to become an actor still alive, I hied myself to the theatre, where I pried open a join in "Siberia," with the Baldwin-Melville Stock Company. That was indeed a notable event in my life, but it marked only the first step along the steep and rugged pathway to success.

If anybody is obsessed with the idea that becoming a star is "falling in soft," as they say, you can be certain that I know he is harboring a delusion, for with me it was all uphill work, and if it were not for the love of the calling, the very fascination of the struggle, I should have quit long ago. In stock and repertoire one-night stand and vaudeville I have "hit" the hay, and the corn-

(Continued on page 21)

By PAULINE FREDERICK

I t is not hard to understand that there are many kind friends who are astounded by my decision to permanently eschew the stage for the screen. At first blush, the uninitiated may easily conceive such a move on the part of any actress who had gained a fair amount of prominence on the stage to be nothing short of foolhardy. It seems like nothing more than flying in the face of Providence, no doubt, to deliberately turn one's back on the scenes of one's proven success—for the public was kind enough to call my appearance in "Innocent" and "Joseph and His Brethren" successful—and to set out boldly in a practically unexplored field of endeavor.

Some of my friends were thoughtful enough to tell me just what they thought of me when they learned what I had done. There were those who called me just stupid, others who thought I was a sentimental idiot, and still others who simply gasped and asked, "Why?" Then there was another element of near-humorists who prescribed a straight-jacket and the appointment of a guardian, lest I sign away my birth-right or do myself some other irreparable injury.

But even the scornful humorists fail to raise my ire, for I had very definite reasons for making my decision, and I have found no cause to regret it thus far. And since the majority of my friends were kind enough to ask, "Why?" rather than invent their own explanations and prescribe "remedies" for my failing mentality, I am going to set forth reasons which impelled me to make my choice in favor of the film as against the stage.

In the first place, let me frankly admit that, had the same proposition been made me before I played in the Famous Players Film Company's great production of Hall Caine's "The Eternal City," I should have laughed it to scorn. It would have struck me as being the height of impertinence for a film company, however powerful and however far-famed for its magnificent productions, to request an actress who had attained stardom on the stage to relinquish her prerogatives behind the footlights and to seek a new field of endeavor before the camera.

To go further in my confession, I do not mind acknowledging
that I was indignant when first approached by the Famous Players and offered the leading role in "The Eternal City.", Never having been before in pictures, I accepted, after I had studied the situation thoroughly and the "movies" were "movies" to me, no matter by whom they were produced.

Like every other actress, I had long since decided that the movies were more or less of a haven of refuge for those inferior actors and actresses who had difficulty in obtaining regular employment on the stage. This had been literally true in the early history of the motion picture industry, and, with the fact impressed upon my mind, I had never taken the trouble to further investigate the situation.

So the representatives of the producers received me without what I confess to have been a rather chill greeting when they first broached the subject to me. But, unencouraged by my unresponsive mood, they pointed out to me with infinite pains the fact that practically every player of distinction had appeared on the screen at one time or another. The divine Sarah Bernhardt, William H. Crane, James K. Hacket, William Faversham, Mrs. Fiske, Marie Doro, Marguerite Clark, Hazel Dawn, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Barrymore and others too numerous to mention had already played various roles of prominence on the screen and there was no evidence to show that any of them had suffered materially so far as their stage careers were concerned, by their decisions.

These facts were a revelation to me, inasmuch as I had never stopped to consider that actors and actresses of such recognized merit could sacrifice in their respective lines what is the pretention—were actually devoting time to the screen. If such was the case, what possible grounds could I have for refusing the offer of the pioneer producers of great photoplay adaptations from stage successes when they came to me tendering their unlimited resources and facilities and their traditional reputation for excellence of production as the setting for my endeavors?

As I wavered in the balance, the emissaries craftily began to outline the schemes they had already laid for the production of "The Eternal City," the first photoplay in which they desired me to appear. To my amazement, they proposed to sail for Rome the instant they gained my consent. The picture was to be staged there, and the ancient buildings as a background instead of a painted canvas.

That settled it. A film organization that was prepared to spend a fortune on the acquisition of mere background for a production was one with which any actress might well be proud to ally herself.

So I agreed to appear in "The Eternal City," and thereby began the most valuable acquaintance which I have ever made—that of Edwin S. Porter and Hugh Ford, who collaborated in the direction of the photoplay. For the genius of these two men I have the profoundest admiration. Under their marvelous tuition there opened before my astonished gaze a vista of screen romance and vast technicalities that has still left me gasping for breath.

As the work on our production progressed, my respect for the two directors grew into delighted admiration. They are undoubtedly typical of the highest type of mentality that has devoted itself to the vast problems of the motion picture screen.

And they are real problems the solution of which must be accomplished without precedent of any kind, for the motion picture business is such a comparatively new one that it has relatively few traditions and still fewer established rules by which to guide itself.

So it is permissible to look upon Mr. Porter and Mr. Ford as pioneers exploring in a virgin field of art and of mechanics, for the two directors of the most marvelous productions of which many of its most artistic effects are dependent entirely upon a thorough technical and mechanical knowledge for their proper accomplishment.

Perhaps the most striking feature of photoplay production which impressed me with the greatest force was the marvelous reality that the motion picture possesses. What, in a stage presentation, a wonderfully clever scenic artist, armed with a few good photographs of Rome, had painted a canvas backdrop that resembled the ancient mistress of the world as closely as paint and canvas might.

So much for the theatre. How different was it in the case of the photoplay! The adaptation of the novel takes place with such classic backgrounds as the Coliseum, the Castle of St. Angelo, St. Peter's, the Vatican Gardens and the famous Villa d'Este at Tivoli, the former property of the Archdike Ferdinand, whose death furnished the excuse for the world war. To my amazement, these marvelous motion picture men took it for granted that a proper screen adaptation of the book, must of necessity have these backgrounds or fail in its mission.

To my astonishment, when we landed in Italy, I found that arrangements had already been completed for us to make use of these historical buildings.

Although I had been prepared by the directors for the use of these famous old buildings as the back-drops for my action, I can never put into words the thrill which ran through me as I actually faced the camera for the first time within the confines of the huge Coliseum. Before now, roles were a sensation. I have sometimes during the vision of the great contests of another day, when thousands of Romans gathered in the huge arena to witness the spectacles which have made the great structure famous throughout the centuries.

It would be impossible to describe the thrill, the enchantment of actually being in the presence of those other stately old buildings, the heritages of another age. The thought of the thousands who had trod the streets of Rome and gazed upon those same magnificent structures for centuries lifted me out of myself and seemed to make a superwoman of me. What audience in any theatre in the world could give to an actress the same inspiration with no other buildings afforded to her?

The very Vatican Gardens themselves were used as the back-ground for some of our scenes and the interior of the Castle of St. Angelo, within which Donna Roma is confined, was also photographed by these enterprising spirits. It is true that a little chicanery was necessary in order to obtain these interior views after the exterior buildings had been dismantled, but nevertheless realist demanded that the pictures be secured and they were.

Another instance of the pains that are taken to get just the right sort of atmosphere for a film production will serve to show why I am so thoroughly impressed by this phase of the photoplay. When we were making a photo-adaptation of the tremendous dramatic sensation, "Zaza," under the direction of Messrs. Porter and Ford, we needed a mob of Frenchmen for a scene. Now if this had been a theatrical production, a call would have been sent out for a mob, and the first group of people that arrived would have been accepted, provided they had the necessary wardrobes.

But in the case of the photoplay production, Mr. Ford spent a full week in picking from the applicants who applied in response to his call real Frenchmen who answered the requirements of the story both in appearance and in fact.

When I remarked to the director that it seemed like stretching a point to go to all that trouble for a few scenes, he said:

"Of course it does. But did you ever see a mob of American actors who could really imitate Frenchmen in the thousand and one little mannerisms that go to make a gathering of Frenchmen the most interesting group in the world?"

I had not thought of that way before, but the result which was obtained by the picked players in the scenes for which they were used, was as it were, more than justified the pains that had been expended upon them.

The contemplation of the ancient structures of old Rome, to which I have alluded before, brings to mind another phase of the motion picture which had great weight in my final determination to expose the film and desert the stage; that is, the permanency of the photoplay, which makes a lasting record of one's performance that time will not obliterate.

The popular actress scintillates upon Broadway and her name twinkles upon the electric lights for a season. Then a new play must be found and a new name appears on that electric sign, while the actress moves into another theatre, and, if the play is a success, into another and another, and so on and so on. If the production is a great hit, it may run for two seasons before being consigned to the road. But the memory of the public is as fickle as its taste, and the star's loudly-applauded performance is soon forgotten in admiration of the latest managerial discovery.

How different is it with the player who appears on the screen? The matter changes. The public wants to know more of the stage player, her performance will not live in the memory beyond a brief period, but the photoplayer need not depend upon the ephemeral, fleeting glory of the popular favor for her record of achievement, for the film itself is a permanent record of her performance.

As the film is today being used in Europe to record the passing events of the war, the photoplay presents the contemplation of posterity, so does the camera catch for all time the acting of the photoplayer.

The case of Sarah Bernhardt will serve as a striking example of the great service which the motion picture camera will do for the generations to come. It was only recently that the sad news was received in this country that the diva Sarah had not suf-
from which to draw for an audience. The total number of spectators that can be reached by a photoplayer in a successful production is simply staggering and it is no exaggeration to say that the roles of the most popular theatrical star in the country would fade into insignificance compared to the audience of the film star.

Does my decision to forsake the stage for the screen begin to look less foolhardy than it did? Then let me cite another reason for it. When I made the resolution it was with the understanding that I would be starred in "Zaza" and "Bella Donna" as two of the greatest dramatic roles that have ever been written. Like every emotional actress, I have always wanted to interpret those roles and now I have my opportunity. Again, in the case of these two dramas, the idea of the permanent record appeals to me. They will probably both be attempted by every actress who attains fame in the generations to come, but their efforts will be matters of the fleeting moment. On the other hand, my impersonations of the immortal roles, whether good or bad, will be for all time.

It seemed almost like the irony of fate that the studios of the Famous Players should have been destroyed by fire so soon after I had decided to cast my lot with them. Particularly hard, in my own case, was the loss of the huge wardrobe which I had installed in the building just before the fire.

When I determined to become a photoplayer, I had made a resolution, not talk about it, but rather put my heart and soul into it. Knowing that the tremendous amount of work involved and the variety of roles which I would be called upon to play would necessitate a vast army of costume, I had just added to my collection of gowns $5000 worth of brand-new dresses, many of which never were worn. It was a bitter blow to have them swept away as they were, but I have already taken steps to replace them as rapidly as possible. We were in the midst of the production of "Bella Donna" at the time of the fire, and my costumes were all lost, but, with the assistance of my maid, a few photographs, the occasional suggestions which I was able to make, and her own excellent memory, my modiste was able to duplicate the lost costumes exactly.

But possibly my personal experiences are of no interest here. Let us stick to the main point and recapitulate in order to establish our position. It was a love of realism, a realization of the permanency of the film record, the thought of the vastness of the photoplay audience, and the prospect of playing "Zaza" and "Bella Donna" which led me to abandon the stage for the screen.

How I Became a Photo-Player
By EARLE WILLIAMS
(Continued from page 19)

busks as well, I have traveled in pullmans, day coaches and combination cars, I have enjoyed all the sweets and the sorrows of road and stage, and only the joy of achievement makes me satisfied with the seemingly wild adventure.

There were days upon days that I seriously considered the writer whose hand was always within reach of a ham bone as the ultimate of human endurance; not because I was unable to buy food, because with many quick changes of scenery, I scarcely had time to eat a square meal. One-night stands even now loom up in my imagination as a huge nightmare of toil and train-catching, and a multitude of tribulations.

But the whole experience, even while I was passing through it, had this one redeeming feature. In stock, vaudeville and one-night stands, I went from one greater and better part to another, until I was sure that I was headed somehow for the goal of genuine success, which, as that gifted heir to the eloquence of Elbert Hubbard, James W. Beckman, says, "is based upon the solid foundations of many failures and hardships."

After memorable engagements with Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," and Helen Ware, in "The Third Degree," while laying off, in New York, during one summer vacation, following a trip on the vaudeville circuits in "The Sign of the Rose," I decided to try the motion pictures as a means of filling in the long wait for the next theatrical season. Armed with a letter from the Packard Theatrical Exchange to a director of the Vitagraph, I sailed forth rather indifferently to the Brooklyn studio of the company, but was soon so engrossed in the novelty of performing before the camera, that what I first intended as a sort of makeshift engagement became that a most alluring life; a profession I had many offers to return to the so-called legitimate stage, but nothing now, it seems, will ever divorce me from the Photoplay. To the kindness of Mr. Albert E. Smith, Mr. William T. Rock, and Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, I owe gratitude for fine encouragement and great opportunities, and in return, for the past six years, I have given the public, through the Vitagraph, the very best that is in me.

My first appearance on the screen was in "The Thumb Print," playing the part of Jack Plynton, with Harry Morey as Abe Case and Helen Gardner as the lead. Morey was the heavy, and the plot of the piece revolved around his villainous interception of letters between the hero and heroine, and finally she, thinking Plynton had forgotten her, married Case, who was conveniently killed later by an Italian, whom he had cheated earlier in the game. Of course the play had a happy reunion of the real sweethearts, and this completed a rather interesting story. Since, I have appeared in hundreds of splendid productions, but feel that my best characterization was that of John Storm, in "The Christian," for which I obtained a whole raft of flattering compliments. I have had other fine successes, of course, and take particular pleasure in playing opposite Anita Stewart, Ethel Street, or with Lilian Tucker, who is now playing with me in a coeking big serial.
Moving Pictures Make Man Reason
By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSCHBERG, A.B., M.A., M.D. (John Hopkins University)

"I HAVE never wasted time at a moving picture show," boasts a distinguished American literary critic. "Why not?" asked the doctor.

"They sap the vitality from all human thought," said the disciple of Nietzsche.

"I don't get you," said the professor. "You say nothing but that you are unable to visualize the screen. The cinema is fit only for those who do not reason, who are too lazy to think, whose intellects are clogged with ready-made pictures, ready-to-wear literature, and that anti-stimulating papabulum of the mob, vaudeville!"

"'There,'" quoth I, "that is rubbing it in with vengeance. If you will be as attentive as Alice in Wonderland, an array of knowledge can be presented to convince you that there are only the Villa side of the street.

"Philosophy, no less than experimental, laboratory psychology, proves that the human senses in the order of power are the eyes and the muscles, foremost, touch, hunger, heat, hearing, taste, smell, and the rest.

"In brief, the imperial master and supergrand field marshals of knowledge and perception, the very elements from which reason flows, are the things you see on the cinema screen, to wit, motion and vision.

"Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and Constance Collier in "Macbeth" will be Triangle contributions. Thankhouse, on the Mutual program, has filming in "Master Shakespeare, a Dramatic Player," with Florence La Badie as the star. This hinges on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

"Some or late most boys and young women, after they reach eighteen or twenty are conquered by an inexorable, bread-driving fate. They are driven into a rut, from which few escape. In this simple, primitive, Cullin-like state, a creature without the mainsprings of reason, a figure that grinaces, gesticulates, and acts only in limited surroundings, the motion picture scenes strike the fire of intellect from the flint of fixed habits of mental life. It is their Prometheus bringing the flames of heaven. Sent intellet and logic into the sullen, set mind of man.

The Shakespeare Tercenary in Celluloid

To see on that silent screen with realism unhought of in his day, or any day, to present, the creatures of his fancy, living and moving and having their being in vivid shadow shapes—William could not have refused. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than were dreamt of in our philosophy."

Yes, filmland is doing its share—no small one—in the Shakespearean Tercenary.

Metro will have "Romeo and Juliet," with Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne.
A Visit to Balboa Studios

Approaching the Long Beach, California, studio where Balboa feature films are made, the visitor is first impressed by the fact that it utilizes all four corners of the two intersecting streets where the plant is located. Notwithstanding, it is a marvel of compactness and completeness.

Order and cleanliness prevail everywhere, because the Horkheimer Brothers—Herbert M. and Elwood D.—Balboa's sole owners, are believers in spick and span-ness. All of the buildings are painted a uniform green, with white trimmings, in imitation of the coloring of Uncle Sam's one-cent Balboa stamp, which was issued last year in commemoration of the Pacific Coast expositions.

All the grounds about the studio have been parked. A landscape gardener is carried on the pay-rool to keep up the lawns. Here and there are beauty spots, fountains, flower beds. The guiding spirits of this company do not believe it possible to get the maximum artistic effects in ramshackle surroundings, such as prevail at many studios. Adjoining the big open-air stage is a double-decked tier of dressing rooms. The visitor's heart leaps when his eyes fall on such names over the doors as Lois Meredith, Ruth Roland, Jackie Saunders, Henry King, William Conklin, Frank Mayo, Marie Empress, Roland Bottomley, Molly McConnell, Daniel Gilfether and other many well-known screen favorites who are regularly seen in Balboa features.

Passing through the shops where the sets are built and painted, admission is gained to Balboa's enclosed studio. As California suffers from a minimum of inclement weather, this part of the equipment is not used as much as in the East. But it comes in handy for night work; for frequently it becomes necessary to work the players in shifts to get out a production on schedule time. Balboa's switchboard and arrangement of chrome-actinic lights is a revelation even to the expert electrician.

Passing the row upon row of scene-docks bordering the open-air stage, the visitor is next admitted into the "prop" department. Here on every hand one sees evidences of Horkheimer efficiency. These rooms contain more furniture than many a furniture store. Any period or style can be "dressed" out of the stock, which consists of a hundred thousand different items. All are card indexed and have a definite place, so that they can be located instantly when needed. Balboa's property rooms are considered the most complete on the Coast. Nothing is rented.

Crossing the street, one enters the building where the wardrobe department is housed. Here the clothing and accessories for the extras are made and kept. Stars and principals all furnish their own garb. A little farther back is the laboratory, where the film is developed, printed and assembled. Then comes the projecting room, or "little theatre," in which every production is tried out several times before being released.

On the corner opposite this building is a large, vacant piece of ground, where Balboa builds many of its large outdoor sets, that cannot be accommodated on the stage. On the fourth corner the visitor finds the papier-mache department where "bum" rocks, etc., are made. Then comes the company garage, in which twenty automobiles used daily for various phases of picture-making are kept. Two homey, comfy bungalows house the executive departments. In the first one, the scenario editor and his assistants have accommodations, the like of which no other company provides. The press representative even enjoys the luxury of a solid mahogany roll-top desk. The general offices are in the adjoining bungalow, where the Messrs. Horkheimer hold forth in elegantly equipped quarters.

Last, but not least, is the place where the business manager holds sway—Norman Manning, who courteously shows visitors through the studio. He has a register, where all must sign. While the Balboa Company does not solicit callers, none are ever turned away. It is a marvel to all who see the place when they learn it has no stock for sale and charges no admission. Balboa is a private enterprise, and as such has prospered generously. From a modest beginning it has become the largest actually independent moving picture producing studio in the business, in three short years. The visitor on leaving is absolutely convinced that Balboa is one of the greatest producing companies, and contains within its vast area a family instead of a "bunch" of players. Every one, from the executive to the office boy, has that call-to-see-us-again way, that makes one anticipate a second visit. After cheery good-byes to all, the visitor then departed with memories of an unusually interesting visit to the home of Balboa.

Lois Meredith, Balboa's newest star and President H. M. Horkheimer

E. D. Horkheimer, Sec'y and Treasurer
Balboa Amusement Producing Company

Three Balboans prominent in "The Red Circle." Left to right: Corene Grant, William Beckway, Cameo-ress, Ruth Roland, Star

 indirectly by the number of the orders which are written and received from it, and which order is not properly looked after, the business of the shop will suffer.
SHE is very pretty," thought Ivan. He clenched his venomous, venomous hands. "She is a great bargain," he said, half aloud, and the bands, wrinkled and evil, seemed to contract, as if covering shimmering gold, as the two ideas were conjoined in his mind. But his face lost its glow as a third thought entered his ponderous mind. It was: "She has temper."

It was true that Marfa, the slim, flower-like niece, was high-spirited, as well as lovely and worth something like her little weight in glimmering goldpieces. She had given evidence long ago, Ivan reflected, of an obstinacy quite out of keeping with her lily-white languorousness. There was the day she had dashed the milk paid to the floor when the acridulous Aunt Anna had let slip a curse; there was the night when even his mingled cajolery and brutality had not moved her from her resolution not to stir from her room, though (and at the remembrance Ivan’s forehead distended) there had been a strong, handsome lad from the village below stairs, ready to appraise her charms with the cunning eye of a lusty animal.

But the time for patience was gone. The girl must be married, and that shortly, for Ivan and Anna stood in quick need of money, and to their starved minds there was but one way: the sacrifice of Marfa.

As if prearranged by some magical agency, there sounded a sharp tapping at the door of the cottage, and the next moment Lyof, the wealthiest and the most dispensing single man of the town, trod the threshold. This was more than chance; it was a Providence sent to him, mediated Ivan, with unusual speed. He lost few seconds in calling the girl from her room, oblivious to the fact that in that dim, unlit sanctuary, profaned by a thousand harshnesses, she was seeing with "that inner eye that is the bliss of solitude" the fleeting image of her sweetheart, Jan, now far from her in America, but nevertheless to her poignant gaze far nearer than the crusty Lyof, belowstairs. "For Jan and she had sworn that neither wave nor mountain nor time should limit their truth," and you shall not wear a chain on that ankle, unless it be a bracelet." Marfa knew. She knew the truth. So the next day, with her aunt, she fled with Ivan, though she dreaded his yellow smile and the unuttered caresses of his greasy voice. At least she was free of that which made the name of death sound pale.

The next night, as her venerable grandfather sat alone in the mute room, the Colonel, physically well, but raging spiritually, broke into the house. He hoarsely demanded to know the hiding place of his assailant, and was ready to choke the old man. But that justice so often vainly prayed for from heaven came in living fire, for it was storming with violence outside. When the aged occupant of the residence was able to look for the Colonel, he found him prone a second time, the prey of lightning, and never more to speak nor stir.

Meanwhile at sea, Marfa looked on a liquid world unknown to her. In the airy flight of the gulls she saw symbols of liberty and life unbound by avarice and cruelty. Only there was Ivan at her elbow, with his eyes glistening, dollar-wise, at her virgin splendor. "On the third day a Godsent surprise flashed before her vision. It was her lover, the longed-for Jan, whose sailing had been delayed, and who, on that account, was a fellow passenger. When they landed in San Francisco, Ivan was met by his brother, Dimitri, who lost no time in telling him of plans for the disposal of Marfa. "The highest bidder in the Russian colony at Los Angeles will pay a pretty price for that bright head," he whispered. And Ivan nodded. He was thinking: "She is very pretty; she is a great bargain; she has temper."

So little Marfa stood, like an animal, at auction, and the great bid of one thousand dollars was ringing out over her head. With a strangled sob she felt at her garret for the sharp knife, always carried for such an hour as this, when (could it be?) through the press of seductive men and women, came Jan, radiant, arrowed with triumph, and in the van of humanity came strange persons in blue uniforms. They beat back with their stout clubs the disappointed Muscovites, and into the white arms of her lover and savior Marfa, the lily-like, fell "Who are they?" she gasped. And her little Slavic soul did not understand when the enigmatic Jan replied: "The police." But she blessed them silently. "I will never wear anything but blue hereafter," she said quantitatively.

Dreams of Russian life, adapted from the Fine Arts photoplay of W. E. Wing.
Motion Picture Magnates Retrenching

By ROBERT GRAU

WITH each new achievement to the credit of the voiceless drama, even when the conquest has been shared at least by theatrical producers, one may hear a persistent wail from the pessimists who congregate in the vicinity of Long Acre Square. It is a strange truth that the new art which has enriched men and women of the theatre the world over is still decried by the great majority of the theatrical profession, although each year these enemies at heart are capitulating in greater numbers, and each year the number of newcomers who fail to make their impress increases immeasurably.

One may count on two hands the number of celebrated players who have justified the tremendous emoluments which they demanded for their first appearance in photoplays, the few who have found sufficient favor to be retained for a second production were invariably representative of the younger generation of players, who put their very souls into their screen portrayals. As a result these youthful converts are practically lost to the speaking stage at least for the immediate future.

At the time of this writing the craze for celebrities is passing through the same evolution in filmdom as has just been checked in the vaudeville theatres when the lure of the famous name has ceased to be compelling unless the fame is accompanied with discernment in the selection of a vehicle, that is to say, the vaudeville magnate now insists upon the celebrity showing his “gallows.” Not one in ten of the stars of the legitimate stage has “made good” in the two-a-day. The number who are given a second engagement in the same theatre is absurdly small.

In the motion picture field the exhaustion of the supply of famous names was accomplished in less than two years—whereas in vaudeville the so-called “Gold Brick” era lasted nearly fifteen years before the managers were awakened. Now the big plums fall to that type of vaudeville stars whose fame is due not to past achievement in another field, but solely in appraisal of their present value in the new rather than the older field of entertainment.

Recently a vaudeville magnate was approached by the representative of one of the newest film producing concerns with the intention of obtaining the services of a screen a renowned star which the vaudeville man had under contract for thirty weeks. The writer was present at the time when an agreement was entered into to pay a bonus of $500 a week for every week the star appeared in the picture. In addition to the amount the vaudeville magnate had contracted to pay the artist.

A few minutes after the film producer left, he called up the vaudeville man on the telephone reminding him that the star was not available in the legitimate theatres until the photoplay was released. “That was not agreed upon,” replied the latter, “but it’s all right.” Then, turning to the writer, the shrewd two-a-day man remarked, “If that picture man had not shown so much anxiety he could have secured this star without a penny of bonus, and I would have hesitated a minute to pay him $500 a week for taking her off my hands.”

About a year ago a young woman who has earned as high as $100,000 a year in the variety theatres was bombarded with offers from practically every film concern, all of which she declined. “When I go into pictures it will be when I cease to congregate on the stage, and then I will start my own film company and make all the profits myself.”

It so happened that the star referred to had later suffered an affliction of her vocal chords, and was forced to consult specialists, who advised her not to use her voice for a year at the least. Thus informed, the star suddenly decided to bestow of her art for the screen, but no longer did she cherish the illusion of becoming a producer on her own account. To a friend in New York he wired an account.

“Am going into pictures for a year. Am open to the highest bidder. The concern which offers the most inducements gets me.”

But in the interim the film producers who had bombarded the star to bestow of her art for the screen had heard of her vocal affliction, and suddenly acquired a plethora of that substance called “cold feet.” One film magnate who had not so long ago offered this public idol a quarter of a million dollars for one year to appear in a massive serial was strangely uncommunicative when the goal of her capture was in sight. Several weeks have passed, yet this world-famous woman is amazed at the lack of spirited competition for her services.

Indeed it was less than two years since she was when the film barons fell over each other in the effort to sign her up, even at an annual guarantee of $250,000. On the contrary, it is doubtful if in all the world one may seek and find her equal as a motion picture attraction. The only difference now is that the overtures emanate from her, and it looks very much as if the producers will prefer to welcome the star as a rival than to pay her a quarter of a million iron men now that she is really available.

In the vaudeville field the manner of determining values was so absurdly up to very recently that there were not a few agents who devoted their entire time to discovering “headliners” from the newspaper columns each day. It mattered not if the newly famous had never appeared in public, the fact that they were in the public eye at the moment would justify meting out thousands weekly—that is, in the minds of the agents.

But with all their efforts the agents never make a “killing” once, and E. F. Albee, the vaudeville king, long since has placed an embargo on the “celebrity” who acquires fame in the criminal courts. The only instance where such fame was permanently converted into income appears to be that of Evelyn Nesbit (Thaw), but her success was due after all to her performance on the stage, which has steadily improved.

In the motion picture field the supply of famous names is already practically exhausted, because of the vastly greater vogue of the distinctly picture player and the tremendous percentage of failures among so-called legitimate stars. One of the biggest producing concerns in the film industry recently entered the field solely to hasten the end of “an unwholesome craze.”

The heads of this massive producing organization argued that by engaging a job lot of stage stars, the final result would be impossible to add to the glory of its long-established coterie of picture players. Incidentally it was hoped to prove to the exhibitors that they were foolish to pay fancy prices for releases of one-time successful stage plays when productions conceived with the screen alone in mind and played in by accepted photoplay actors attracted far greater patronage.

This concern has already presented a score or more of stage celebrities, but it took the precaution to select for each a vehicle of its own, which made its theodolite a sight draft on the exhibitors’ purse—but for all that the final result was nil in a financial sense. In fact, more copies have been sold of the releases without stage stars by far—partly because it is true of King Bagg’s films, which enjoy a greater vogue than the combined productivity of any three releases featuring legitimate stars.

The same film concern has vetoed the productions of two of its so-called stage stars—soldiering at a cost of many thousands, and neither is to be released on the screen at any time.

The Photo-Playwright

By TAD

Iain would wear a better hat,
My pants are haggie at the knees,
My face is lean as any rat,
The Summer breezes make me sneeze.
I have no coin; I sit and swear—
For brighter times I long and pray;
They’re coming, too, my friends declare,
As soon’s I sell my photoplay.

I’ll have coin then, and clothes to burn,
The films will pay me when I will,
And managers can wait their turn
When they approach my busy mill.
My wife shall have an auto swell,
A different gown for each new day.
And—why, I’ll face just as well—
As soon’s I sell my photoplay.

I’ll pay those little bills I owe
For groceries and shoes and coal,
And purge my mind of indigo,
And try to climb up out the hole,
I’ll join the clubs; I’ll take that trip
I planned three years ago last May;
To care and trouble give the slip—
As soon’s I sell my photoplay.
"S"HE is very pretty," thought Ivan. He clenched his veins, venomous hands. "She is a great bargain," he said, half aloud, and the hands, wrinkled and evil, seemed to contract, as if covering shimmering gold, as the two ideas were conjoined in his mind. But his face lost its glow as a third thought entered his ponderous mind. It was: "She has temper.

It was true that Marfa, the slim, flower-like niece, was high-spirited, as well as lovely and worth something like her little weight in glimmering gold-pieces. She had given evidence long ago. Ivan reflected, of an obstinacy quite out of keeping with her hly-white languorosity. There was the day she had dashed the milk pail to the floor when the acidulous Aunt Anna had let slip a curse; there was the night when even his mingled cajolery and brutality had not moved her from her resolution not to stir from her room, though (and at the remembrance Ivan's forehead distended) there had been a strong, handsome lad from the village below stairs, ready to appraise her charms with the cunning eye of a lusty animal.

But the time for patience was gone. The girl must be married, and that shortly, for Ivan and Anna stood in quick need of money, and to their starved minds there was but one way: the sacrifice of Marfa.

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Drama of Russian life, adapted from the Fine Arts photoplay of W. E. Wing.
Motion Picture Magnates Retrenching
By ROBERT GRAU

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It so happened that the star referred to had later suffered an affliction of her vocal chords, and was forced to consult specialists, who advised her not to use her voice for a year at the least. Thus informed, the star suddenly decided to bestow of her art for the screen, but no longer did she cherish the illusion of becoming a producer on her own account. To a friend in New York she wired as follows: "Am going into pictures for a year. Am open to the highest bidder. The concern which offers the most inducements gets me."

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But, this lily-livered star is not more unpractical than she was when the film barons fell over each other in the effort to sign her up, even at an annual guarantee of $50,000. On the contrary, it is doubtful if in all the world one may seek and find her equal as a motion picture attraction. The only difference now is that the overtures emanate from her, and it looks very much as if the producers will prefer to welcome the star as a rival than to pay her a quarter of a million iron men now that she is really available.

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BRISBANE PRAISES PHOTO-PLAYS

Withdrawing Recent Attack at Dinner—"Equal in Importance to Discovery of Printing," Says Editor

The motion picture art and the great motion picture public have been keenly interested in the great stir that was made by Arthur Brisbane, America's most renowned editor, when he publicly announced that motion pictures owed their success to the ignorance and stupidity of the human race. If the statement was made by him promptly it has been regarded only as the mild raving of a foolish soul, but Mr. Brisbane's position before the public is such that he always is listened to. There were many replies to Mr. Brisbane, and his own employer, Mr. Hearst, was responsible for a hearty spankling administered in the columns of Mr. Hearst's New York American.

A month passed and Mr. Brisbane was called upon again to make an address before a large gathering of the best known men in public life in New York. He then and there recanted and squared himself as follows:

"Recently, in the presence of some of you, I discussed the moving picture, and I found myself famous, or infamous, I am not sure which.

"The moving picture is to the theatre what the one-cent daily newspaper is to other literature. I leave it to you to imagine the importance which attaches to one-cent daily newspapers and their beneficial influence on the community.

"What the one-cent daily newspaper has done to and for other kinds of literature, the moving picture will do for other kinds of stage and theatre work.

"The one-cent newspaper has vastly increased the sale of high-priced books, literally creating new readers for such books.

"What the one-cent daily newspaper has done for other forms of literature, the moving picture will do for other and all forms of theatrical enterprises.

"First and foremost and very important, the moving picture will give immortality to the genius and grace of the great actors, as the talking machine gives immortality to the singer and musician.

"Generations to come will actually see Bernhardt and Beers, tree and Pavlova, the stage geniuses yet to be born.

"What would we not give if we could see upon the screen Shakespeare rehearsing his actors, or Voltaire playing impish tricks in the chorus of his own play, or the wonderful Tagliioni dancing?

"The moving picture, seen by tens of millions, will create new actors and actresses, stimulate the imagination of genius, and that is more important than the creation of new millionaires, already accomplished.

"The moving picture will multiply the demand for great plays, fine theatres and companies of living actors. For he who sees the moving photograph becomes anxious to see the real living actor.

"The so-called old-fashioned stage, with its company of living actors, compares with the moving picture exactly as the expensive magazine or book compares with the one-cent daily newspaper. And as the newspaper has increased the prosperity of the book and magazine, so the moving picture will increase the prosperity of the theatre devoted to the old-fashioned performance.

"Finally, the moving picture is barely beginning its work. More than ten years ago I attended with Mr. Erlanger and Mr. W. W. Wulff an annual dinner of the theatrical managers' association. I was asked to speak on the subject, 'After the Moving Picture—What?'

"I told the managers that after the moving pictures there would be more moving pictures, greater and better. I predicted, as Mr. Erlanger will tell you, the conversion of great theatres to moving picture uses.

"I advised them to read in my newspaper articles the use of moving pictures for the education of children—as the greatest possible educational force."

All honor to Mr. Brisbane for "turning turtle" in a good cause.

DRAMAS AND DOLLARS

How William Everett Wing Trades One for 'Tother Without the Aid of a Correspondence School Course in "Scenario Writing"

By STEVE TALBOT

Mr. Wing lives in Los Angeles and makes his living writing photoplays. That it is a good living to make a living, if you do it as I like William E. does, is proven by the fact that he supports a wife and three talented (unmarried) daughters, maintains two Studebaker cars, and sinks considerable lucre in real estate interests. His favorite amusement or recreation is driving his runabout through Los Angeles traffic perils on route to his bank to deposit checks from film manufacturers. Few if any of these are for less than one hundred dollars, that being his price per reel for scripts, which we are informed are in great demand in any quantity, and at that price. The Selig Company at present having first bid on the Wing output.

Born in Hallowell, Maine, William Everett decided to go West and watch the country grow up, when he was three years old. He was charmed by the Indians in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and unloading there in 1892. Early education enjoyed at Harvard University, near St. Paul, and the Minnesota State University. In 1897 he acquired a habit of running out to California when the snow began to fall each year. A course in the University of Southern California made him ambitious for college honors, so.

He came East long enough to look over Princeton. With best intentions, he decided to go through with the college course and to become a "good" enough photoplay writer to "wash off" process to succeed Princeton. But the writing bug got into "Bill's" college gate bumm too soon, and he became a newspaperman before finding out what was the matter. He should have been warned when at the age of sixteen he found editors would buy his fiction and verse, but fell into the trap, and at twenty was a regular college man reporter, singing language at glass-eyed city editors, who delighted in reducing his best assignments to three-line "hide-aways."

After favoring the Minneapolis Tribune, United Press and Louisville Courier-Journal with his journalistic presence, Reporter Wing affixed himself to the staff of the Los Angeles Express and drew salary therefrom for some twelve years continuously. He was doing politics for that paper when its memorable campaign was on which resulted in the overthrow of the Southern Pacific Railroad and its famous "great battle" for control of city, county and State. In Governor Johnson's first successful campaign for election in California, Reporter Wing put the final touches to his newspaper career, and at its conclusion scratched his reporterial title for keeps. During said career he had, however, written feature stuff and fiction on the side with much success, beginning in the old New York Ledger with "complete novels," which were in great vogue in those days of not so long ago.

About five years ago William Everett Wing sat up suddenly and took notice of a brand new field for his ink-stick. It was no other than the photoplay, then called the film story, scenario and various other things. It looked to William like an invalid who'd lost his doctor's address—when he viewed it from five cents' worth of sitting room in the picture houses. He decided that something ought to be done to uplift the screen drama. Being a writer by decree of fate and force of habit, he figured that his only chance to help the "uplift" would be as plot creator, scenario writer, or photoplay author (take your choice of titles)! So he inquired of Lee Dougherty, then editor for Biograph. Upon being invited in by Mr. Dougherty, Bill Everett started the uplift by wading in with both feet, and wrote more than a hundred and fifty Biograph comedies the first year. When the Biograph companies went east in the spring, our uplift, now a full-bladed photoplaywright, took the job at the Chicago Daily News, a position which was made for him by old friend and fellow writing student, the late Rolf S. Sturgeon, of the Western Vitagraphe Company.
Packing a Trunk with Violet Mersereau

(Continued from page 13)

a shoe, which came within an uncomfortable distance of upsetting the part in my hair, and over which I had spent considerable time that morning.— "How do you mean—(out came a gown)—I—(a second shoe missed me by hair's breadth)—Would you mind putting those on the table?"

"Which do you mean, the shoes or the gown and the shoe you threw first?"

"The—both. Now, then, what else do you want to—(lost when the door closed, silencing her voice)."

"I understand you are going to the North Woods to take part with—"

The door was pushed out, from inside. "Would still distributing clothes—you'mind? I'm awfully wrong to trouble you like this, but I've lost a pair of cream-colored stockings. They are brand new, and I only purchased them yesterday at Simpson's. What was that you asked? Oh, yes—well, I'll tell you. I expect—Have you found them yet?"

By this time I was submerged with gowns to the neck, but I managed to swim out and began to look for the "pure silks." I discovered several of them lying around helpless, and none of them were cream-colored!

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THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL FOR MAY, 1916. PAGE 29

John Emerson in Pictures

(Continued from page 10)
tesse Coquette,' Krogsstad in 'A Doll's House,' and the doting husband in 'Edda Gabler.' I received a personal letter from Mme. Nazimova in which she said, 'You are the best Teisman I have ever had.' This letter, of course, I had framed in gold and hung it upon the wall, with a large wreath of laurel above it.

"The following season I assisted in staging 'The Blue Mouse,' and when Mr. Clyde Fitch died I was chosen by the manager to take over the management as the man most familiar with the author's methods, to put on 'The City.' I was later made general stage director for the Shuberts, and during that time I appeared in the support of Mariette Olly, a German actress, whose American career was rather brief; and I also produced and played the leading male role in 'The Watcher,' and in other plays.

"I joined the Frohman management, where I staged 'The Runaway,' with Miss Billie Burke as the star; 'The Attack' for John Mason, 'Bella Donna' for Mme. Nazimova and various other plays. While with Mr. Frohman I managed to find time to collaborate with Hillard Boole and Cora Massey on 'The Bargain' and with Robert Baker on 'The Conspiracy,' in which I also played the featured part.

"Those who have seen John Emerson in 'The Conspiracy,' as the eccentric newspaper writer, were very loud in their praise. Emerson is an artist, his work is finished. At the age of thirty-three he was at the head of the Frohman forces, which speaks for itself, as to his business ability. Perhaps this is one reason why Emerson is where he is to-day.

John Emerson displayed signs of growing tired and the writer suggested a bit of liquid refreshments. We marched into the hotel grill and the inside of a pair of shoes slipped up on the polished bar railing. Emerson looked somewhat rested.

"What of your present motion picture engagement?" I ejaculated.

"I am appearing in an original feature photodrama at the Fine Arts Studio in the way that it was at this very studio that D. W. Griffith staged that sensational masterpiece, 'The Birth of a Nation.' The picture I am appearing in will be known as 'The Scarlet Band,' and it deals with scientific war matters.

"Yes, I can justify say I enjoy my work, or you could term it 'film acting.' It is my intention to remain at the Fine Arts Films studio and perhaps another later date will take to staging motion picture plays. However, before attempting this branch of the profession, I want to be fully posted as to camera limitations, etc., which, of course, are new to me."

By this time we drained our cocktail glasses, and started away from the bar. Through swinging doors we emerged and Emerson headed his walking chartreuse.

"I have a studio appointment," said Mr. Emerson, "and therefore must leave you." The starting of a motor, an odor of burning gasoline and the writer was alone.

To the writer John Emerson is a wonderful character. He speaks with a moderate tone, with a pleasing smile, to surface ever so often, and somehow or other you feel at home in his presence. After learning that men of John Emerson's type are enlisting in the motion picture profession, it does kind of make you think that motion pictures are still in their infancy. For it is only natural that bigger things in the line of scenarios will have to be originated, to meet them, to be adequate in strength and construction for the Emerson type of artist.
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Dramas and Dollars

(Continued from page 28)

When the Biographers came back to sunny California next time, D. W. Griffith said to W. Everett Wing: "Load your Waterman up with some heart-throb stuff and square it in my direction." Taking the hint, Mr. Wing turned out stories which Griffith made into dramas which have made Mr. Griffith the leading dramatic photoplay producer of the world. Some of them were "Death's Marathon," "By Man's Law," "Olaf, an Atom," "Woman in the Ultimate," and with Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Henry Walthall, Arthur Johnson, Florence Lawrence, Bobby Harron, and a bunch of other now scattered stars, putting life into his characters under the direction of Griffith. William E. Wing's Waterman became famous among producers as the home of the real drama, and William himself realized his ambition to "uplift."

Following his output of comedies for Mack Sennett and dramas for Griffith and Sturgeon, our photoplaywright began on the Selig Company some years ago. "Hope," "Phantoms," "When a Woman's Forty," "The Smouldering," "The Fire Jugglers," "Her Victory Eternal," "The Heart of Maggie Malone," "Reporter Jimmie Intervenes," "The Livid Flame," and "The Angel of Spring," are a few of his Selig stories. His ideals come in cans, it is said by those who watch Bill Wing in action. He smokes like a new cook stove and for fuel uses tobacco for cigarette and pipe which comes in tins, or tinned cigars, which he buys in large cans and smokes one at a time, all the time.

He hates to talk shop or be plagued by seekers after knowledge, and when in action (evolving a plot for a seven-reeler) has a cold, yellow eye, which forbids interruption Walter E. Mair, who admits to having learned much of the game from him, likens his manner to that of a veteran police reporter who has just fallen across the body of an Arch bishop on Good Friday—and discovered that he choked to death on a beef- steak! He is editor of The Script, which is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of authors and the official organ of the Photoplay Authors' League, and is able to take his Studebaker anywhere, any time, at any speed—without letting his cigar go out or killing an innocent pedestrian. He has this to say of the future of the motion picture art, which is worthy of special attention, in that William Everett Wing seldom has anything to say. Saith he: "Short films and mixed programs are going into the discard in favor of features of length. All because one-reel stories submitted to manufacturers releasing on mixed programs are worthless. Because those manufacturers won't pay enough for stories to get good ones, and men who can write good ones naturally turn to where the jingle is—and it now is in the studios where features are being turned out. Those same manufacturers who fail to realize the worthlessness of the short release without a powerful story inside, will strangely enough toss away thousands of dollars each week in futile side issues, dressing up their pictures, baying train wrecks, advertising stars, books, etc., etc.

Wine, Women and Song

(Continued from page 18)

"Oh, do come, Allan," she coaxed. "You know we are going to have a delightful time. Champagne, lobster, and a little game—no, the stakes won't be high."

"The face of the dying pauper haunted Ross and he remembered the sad story of the afternoon. Was Victoria another woman of the stripe that ruined Jack Dobbs? He was afraid he was—"

"Hello, Victoria," he began firmly. "I am very sorry, but a previous engagement renders it impossible for me to accept your kind invitation."

He waited for a reply but the only sound that came over the wire was the banging of the receiver by the angry girl.

Taking the two invitations he placed Nellie's in his pocket and with a deep smile tore Victoria's scented epistle into shreds. As he went to see the sweet Miss Lord that evening he knew that had it not been for the aged pauper's tale, he would have have accepted the Bore-during Victoria and perhaps become another victim of her charms.

"Old Jack Dobbs will never know the good that he has done, and for some reason I feel that his story has saved me from a similar fate." And he whistled lightly as he briskly made his way to the Lord cottage beyond the city.

—Adapted from the Elmoony Film,
In the Editor's Mail

Readers are invited to contribute and offer suggestions

Do You Remember:
The Melies Company?
Punch Comedies?
Gene Gauntier?
When the vital question was—“Who's who in Biograph?”
The Vitagraph collie?
The first Keystone comedy?
Edison’s “Bumptious” series?
Alkali Ike of Essanay?
Velah Bertram?
When Hobart Bosworth was hero of Selig dramas?
What Happened to Mary (Fuller)?
Jimmy Cruze's characterization of “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” for Thanhouser?

Walter Mair, who is one, submits his opinion of them as follows:
The photoplaywright is a lad who lives upon the dregs of what the big directors get; he sits and barks and begs for little bits of grimey kale to help him buy a suit. If he gets importunate they roll him down a chute. Oh, little mutts who used to know the boss’ office boy now bask in close-ups and in print, and drink the juice of joy; while he, the photoplaywright lad, forever on the make, is grateful for a cup of tea, a sandwich or a steak. Though once they dodged their landlords all, and slept in vacant lots, the Inright Boys were grinn at him while he consumes red-hots. The vaudeville hans pull down each week a wad to choke a horse, while he who frames the fantastic play pulls down— a kick, of course! The man who used to serve him drinks at fifteen bones per week now helps the head director out and hardly deigns to speak. The clerk who from his boarding-house once got the sudden can, now scorns the humble writer-guy, he is a leading man! No wonder that the playwright lad must feed on grubs and grasses. He merely owns a set of brains, a fountain pen and glasses. He should have started in the game by selling lager beer to extra people who were broke, and in another year he might have been a big “direc” a-yelling, “Well, les-go!"

Why is the photoplaywright, friends? Does anybody know?
(With apologies to Walt Mason and Al Traunton.)

Have You Ever Noticed?
Blanche Sweet's lips?
Mabel Normand's dentistry?
Ormi Hawley's arms?
The “movie” Doctor's whiskers?
The Maid's cap?
William Desmond's chin?
Flora Finch's chins?
Mae Marsh's squint?
Billie Reeves' hair?
—Yes? Then you're a good nother!

Things for Photoplay Fans
To Worry About

Romaine Fielding. Who won the Universal Title contest?
Is Frank Hayes (Keystone Co.) married?
Why did June run away and where to?
Where is “Our Mutual Girl,” “The Scream of the Screen,” “Kriterion's Klaims”?
Where are they showing Mina Films?


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"Father," said the son, looking up at him from his book with a puzzled expression on his face, "what is pride?"

"Pride," returned the father, "pride! Why—O, sure you know what pride is. A sort of being stuck up, a kind of—well, proud, you know. Just get the dictionary; that's the thing to tell you exactly what it is. There's nothing like a dictionary, Johnny."

"Here it is," said the latter, after an earnest search. "Pride—being proud."

"Um—yes, that's it," replied the father. "But—"

"Well, look at 'pride.' That's the way; you have got to hunt these things out, my lad."

"I've got it," answered Johnny. "Pre-—pre—pro-w-why."

"What does it say?"

"'Proud—having pride.'"

"That's it! There you are as clear as day, I tell you, Johnny, there is nothing like a good dictionary when you are young. Take care of the binding, my son, as you put it back."—Fathomics.

Revised Proverbs.

The man who knows not and knows not he knows not, he is frequent; you can do anything with him.

The man who knows not and knows he knows not, he will listen to you with awe; he admires you.

The man who knows and knows he knows not—he shuns him. He may wake up and become wise to you.

The man who knows and knows he knows, he is a bore; blackball him.—The New York Sun.

His Experience.

Knicker—"The poet says Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Bocker—"Well, every one else lies after us—afterward."—The New York Sun.

Go Up Head.

Professor—"What three words are used most among college students?"

Weary Fresh—"I don't know."

Professor—"Correct."—University of Michigan Alumnus.

What's the Use?

Mr. X. Pounder—"Brace up and have some confidence in yourself and you'll amount to something. If you have faith you can move mountains."


"She's an old maid."

"That proves that she couldn't get a husband."

"Not at all. It may indicate that she was more particular than some. I never see you exhibiting your husband around."

"Motorist—"Dolson, I found this long golden hair in the tommies! My wife's hair is black!"

Chauvin—"I'll give you an explanation of it.

Motorist—"Explanation nothing! I want an introduction!"

Always on the Job.

A small boy wanted a watch and, as most small boys do, kept teasing his father until he was positively forbidden to mention the matter again. It was the custom in this family every morning, after family prayers, for each member to recite one text from the Scriptures. Next morning, when asked the time for the small boy's turn, he said privately:

"What I say unto you I say unto all, watch!"

He got it.

Easily Had.

"There's no use borrowing trouble," said the philosophic citizen.

"You don't have to borrow it," replied Mr. Growcher. "Somebody is always willing to come along and hand it to you gratis."—Washington Star.

Had It Fixed.

"Do you still walk in your sleep?" asked Smith of his friend of somnambolistic habits.

"I've fixed it," replied the friend. "I take carfare to bed with me now."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Ordering Obeyers.

Manager of Bellevue-Staten Island—"Boy, stop whistling in the hall!"

Bellboy—"Mercely obeying order—" I am pagoning maunese French poodle."—Punch Bowl.

Ready to Oblige.

"Now when you carve the turkey, don't wrestle with it."—The New York Sun.

"How kin I help that? Better lemme carve the sponge cake if wrestling don't suit ye."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Innocence Abroad.

Grouse—"We have some new more herosirdish today, madam."

Mrs. Newbyl—"I don't think I'll take any this morning, thank you. You see, we have just started housekeeping and haven't a horse yet."—Michigan Gargoyle.

Sleep Impossible.

Fortier, this berth has been slept in!"

"No, sah; I assah you, sah. Merely occupied. It's the one over the wheels, sah."—Jack.

Henry Knew.

Wife—"You know, Henry, as I speak it."—The New York Sun.

Hub—"Yes, my love; only officer."—Topical Journal.

Mrs. Jones (in stallcar)—"You were a donkey to buy such a car and I am a donkey for riding in it!"

Mr. Jones—"I wish we were! We could haul the thing to the nearest garage!"

"What is he noted for?"

"He is either a literary man or a magazine writer, I can't remember which."—Idle.

Doctor (to nurse)—"Just tell him it's triplets, will you? It's a friend of mine and I hate to do it!"

He Knew What He Was Doing.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I want each of you to write me a composition on the subject: What I would do if I had $50,000." One youth sat idle until the papers were gathered, for when he sent in a blank sheet.

"What does this mean?" demanded the teacher; "are you doing the same thing as the others? Where is your composition?"

"That's it," said the boy. "That's what I'd do if I had $50,000."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Narrow Escape.

"Did you see my sunburst last night?" inspired the pompos Mrs. Newrich of her poorer neighbor.

"No, I didn't," said the neighbor cautiously; "but I think I thought he would if he ate another bite."

All-Round Fooling.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Jingle. "Susan Spriggs footed us all and got married at last."

"I guess she has," admitted Mr. J.; "and I reckon she'll do well if she ain't footed herself, too."—Judge.

"Thermes Were the Times.""

"Last Christmas, before their marriage, she gave him a book entitled 'A Perfect Gentleman.'"

"Well?"

"When she asks him to give "Wild Animals I Have Known,"'—The New York Sun.

Too Light.

"The planet Jupiter has five moons."

"How romantic the nights must be there!"—Kansas City Journal.

His Vile Disposition.

"Fine day, Mr. Gloom, and—"

"Well, you didn't make it, did you?" snapped J. Fuller Gloom. "Then, what are you bragging about it for?"—Judge.

Unprepared for Unpreparedness.

"What is your opinion of preparedness?"

"I'm so strong for unpreparedness that I am not even prepared to express an opinion."—Washington Star.

That's Why.

The Girl—"You say that Miss Padd and Jack Pot are going to be married. Why, I didn't know they knew each other."

The Cynic—"They don't; that's why they are going to be married."—Boston Transcript.

"So Miss Banger played for you? She claims that she can make the piano speak.

"Miss B., I'll be if it spoke it would say: Woman, you have played me false."—Fif- bita.

The Wellwisher—"Why don't you run down to the Insight Magazine with that joke? You might sell it and it's only a two-cent walk."

The Jokesmith—"That would be carrying a joke too far."

No Good.

The Colonel—"So the bank refused to cash that check I gave you, Rastus?"

Rastus—"Yes-sah. Dat cashier man du hav pes-tively de most sensible mind a I ah shah, sah."

The Colonel—"How's that?"

Rastus—"Yes-sah. Jes' as soon as I hitted in, he heah me; Ah had it said it wus no good ef-en befo; he dun look at it, sah."—New York Globe.

Once Only.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."—The New York Sun.

"That's a good theory, but it isn't always wise practice."

"Why not?"

"I once tried to paper a room myself. I didn't succeed, but I assure you that my experience taught me never to try it again."—Detroit Free Press.

Why?

"Why is it we don't hear any more complaints about defective life-preservers on ships?"

This has less time to put them on."—Judge.

Blunder.

"That hat, madam, makes you look ten years younger," said the man.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the customer: "How old do you suppose I am?"—Towser's Storeman.

Shifting Responsibility.

"Will you have me for your wife?" said the lean year maiden, sweetly. "Since you have suggested it, I will," he replied. "But just remember, Mame, if I don't turn out to be all you expect you have only yourself to blame."—New York Globe.

Circumstantial.

Mother (at the party)—"Why did you allow that young man to kiss you?"

Daughter—"Why, ma."

Mother (after a pause)—"Well, he needs 'why ma' me. One side of his nose is powdered and one side of yours isn't."—Facts and Fancies.

Another View.

"It seems foolish to mortgage a home to buy an automobile."

"Yes, but if you've got an automobile you don't need a home."—Florida Times-Union.

Magistrate—"But what caused the quarrel between you and your wife?"

Complainant—"I put her down as a dependent of mine, sir."—Sidney Bulletin.

Architect—"Here are the ground plans for your country residence."

Jack Speederly—"Grind them a bit smaller, Jack; this has reduced me. Make it a shooting box."

"Did you see Bill Dunn smoking a cigar and a man whose feet smelt like raw fish?"

"Yes, his physician told him to keep away from cigarettes."

Note—Address all contributions for this page to Last Laugh Editor, The Photo-Play Journal, Philadelphia.
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Vera Pearce, the daring little actress, who recently flew over New York in an aeroplane during the Grand Central Palace Exposition of the Motion Picture Art, plans to take one of her trained cats into an early Metro wonderplot, if she can secure the director’s permission. Miss Pearce’s hobby is cats, and she cannot see one without wishing to train it. All of Miss Pearce’s tradespeople hide any cats they are especially anxious to keep, because if she sees a promising wild specimen, she is quite likely to pick it up and take it home to make it jump through, roll over and play dead.

Edwin Guellein, Gaumont cameraman, is touring the South securing pictures for Gaumont’s “See America First” series. After getting pictures of Savannah, Ga., Mr. Guellein has gone to Montgomery, Ala., a city rich in picturesque views and historic sites.

Continuing to branch out, the Horkheimer Brothers have now added an animated cartoon department to their Long Beach studio. In J. R. Willis and J. Cammerer, they have two well-known artists. Both are conducting original experiments in the production of comics, which promise to revolutionize the business.

A new member of the Universal forces at Universal City, is Jesse Arnold, who has completed a tour of Australia, and will be seen in a number of productions. She has had considerable stage experience with the comedians, William Collier, and in stock companies in different parts of the country.

Marguerite Clayton, Essanay leading woman, has undertaken her first venture in light comedy. “Putting It Over,” a two-act piece, is her introduction to this type of screen play. Harry Beaumont plays opposite her, it also being the first time these two popular Essanay leads have played in the same piece. Miss Clayton started her motion picture career in plays with Western teams at the Essanay California studio. She then came to the Chicago studios and played leads in straight dramas, among them numerous features.

Edna Maison, who recently left the Universal Company, has been quite ill and is going to enjoy a rest of probably several weeks before she signs up with any other producer.

Dorothy Kelly, of the Vitagraph players, recently asked her director to be excused from reporting for work for a day in order to accomplish some shopping which she had been obliged to postpone when she was so very busy. The next day one of the shop’s delivery wagons drove up to the studio with numerous bags and boxes addressed to Miss Kelly. Upon examination they contained an outing suit, bathing suit, tennis and bathing shoes and numerous other accessories for the summer weather. Dot is certainly a goodness advocate. The summer will not take her unawares, for she has already secured her store of warm-weather garments.

Mitchell Lewis, who will be remembered by thestrogeors for his excellent characterization of the big Indian in “The Squaw Man,” in which William Faversham played the title role, has been engaged by Metro for a similar role in “The Flower of No Man’s Land,” in which Violet Dana is starred. Mr. Lewis was associated with Miss Dana’s sister, Leonie Flugrath, in “The Squaw Man,” it being her first appearance upon the speaking stage.

On his return from New York, H. M. Horkheimer, president and general manager of the Balboa Company, annulled the appointment of William Stoner as director-general of the Long Beach studio. He will have supervision over all productions. Having had extensive stage and screen experience, in the putting on of plays, Mr. Stoner is an important addition to the Balboa forces.

Little Violet Davis, the 7-year-old actress, who on account of her mother’s illness, has not been working recently, is ready to resume studio activities. Violet will soon be seen again in a big feature production, and her reappearance on the screen is sure to win fresh laurels for the dainty child star.

William Duncan plays the part of a detective in a feature picture. When last seen he was trying to figure out how many changes of costume he would have to make per reel.

Little Lena Baskette, the Universal Film Company’s accomplished child dancer and actress, is the proud owner of a new Buick roadster.
MARY PICKFORD
(FAMOUS PLAYERS)
MISS ANITA STEWART

ANITA STEWART, of the Vitagraph Players, was born in Brooklyn, New York, on February 17, 1895. She attended Public School No. 89, and graduated as the youngest member in her class. From there she went to Erasmus High School, and while there studied vocal music and piano under the direction of Mrs. Mary Gunning, her teacher and director. Under Mrs. Gunning’s direction, Miss Stewart appeared in several amateur operas, taking small parts with brilliant success.

While attending High School, Miss Stewart’s personal beauty was first utilized by several New York artists. She was employed by them as a subject for calendars and high-class pictorial lithography.

In private life Miss Stewart is the sister-in-law of Mr. Ralph Ince, the famous Vitagraph director and actor. It was through him that she secured her first position with the Vitagraph Company. For the first six months she did little other than extra work, appearing as maids and in unimportant characters. But she was learning the rudiments of the picture game from the ground up, under the able direction of her brother-in-law, who took a strong personal interest in her professional achievements.

Her first part of any importance was the lead in “The Wood Violet.” Her performance made such a profound impression throughout the civilized world, that a second picture with a somewhat similar character, was written especially for Miss Stewart. It was called “The Lost Millionaire,” and in it she again achieved wonderful results.

Her first comedy picture was “Why I Am Here,” in which she played a slanty, gum-chewing stenographer. It was a character part in every sense of the word, and immediately stamped Miss Stewart as being a wonderfully versatile young lady.

Her greatest professional accomplishment was in the lead in “A Million Bid.” Her exceptional performance in this five-reel picture made her a Broadway star in one night, and when one considers that all this has been accomplished by a little lady just over twenty (20) years of age, who never spoke a line in her life on the dramatic stage, and whose wonderful achievements in dramatic parts in pictures has made her an international favorite, it can be readily realized what a glorious career is in store for little Anita Stewart. She recently won world-wide fame in the Vitagraph serial “The Goddess.”
WILLIAM S. HART
TRIANGLE
Civilization's Child
Steve Talbot

BERNA had lived her sixteen years in the hills and wild parts of Russia. She knew nothing of cities, books, nor of churches and courts. Her mind only held the thought that she should live, be happy, and let others do the same, until the time came for her to die, as her father, Samuel Saranoff, had—surrounded by kind friends and loving relatives. In Berna's mind dwelt the complaint that all was arranged for her and every one. That she had but to do as she was taught as well as she could, and life would prove no problem at all. "Why should it?" she reasoned innocently. "My friends, the birds and the cattle and the flowers—they are here, they are gone! Nothing ever disturbs them, and when they are gone, come others. It is the same with me. My father and mother are gone. I am here. When I am gone others will be here."

But Berna knew nothing of "civilization," that which inspires the white man to travel across the seas to tell the yellow man that he is worshiping the wrong God, which inspires the yellow man to torture his yellow neighbor until the latter admits that for is the wrong idol. The poor little orphaned girl knew nothing of the miles of dead men and women rotting in her beloved earth, sacrificed by their fellows who were intent upon proving that a square of cloth composed of red and blue stripes was of more importance than one of blue and white. When one of her pets was hurt and bled, Berna grieved long and nursed the wounded one carefully, little knowing or thinking it possible that hundreds of thousands of girls like herself had been made lonely and unhappy by men who shed their husband's and brother's blood at the behest of a strange man who was called "king," and who brought it about in order to prove an imaginary line from an imaginary post here to there, caused all living on the one side to be in duty bound opposed to those living on the other side.

In all, Berna was happy and uncivilized, beautiful and healthy. She read no books, nor wrote any. She read nature perhaps more truly than the greatest scientists, and when she longed for self-expression she sang or laughed.

But shortly after her father's death the band of fate began to move close to her. Her old Uncle Peter came from the city, and after settling some apparently weighty matters with the few neighbors, took Berna back to Kiev with him. In his little home on a back street, with her Aunt Rachel, the "little barbarian," as old Peter jokingly

named her, spent the days indoors at domestic duties, to which she was but part stranger, and her evenings learning strange things.

"It is not right that you should grow up a savage," said the two. "Civilization is for us all. It will do much for you, little one." And of an evening old Peter sought to educate her and make her understand the ways of modern mankind.

"They were Jews. In Russia it is not good always to be of that faith, though Berna knew it not. The charm of the church bells in the city had gripped the rustic soul from the beginning. Night after night as she waited in her little cot for sleep to come, and studied the new things she had seen and heard that day, the chiming bells of the churches filled her with an ecstasy she had never known in the mountains. So she thought as old Peter said: "The bells are the symbols of civilization. Of man's progress, of the onward march of humanity. What the bells symbolize is good. Always think of them as standing for your civilization. It is good for you to be, as is the great world about us—CIVILIZED." And the little child of nature was lulled to slumber and awakened daily by the chiming bells of the city churches. She idealized the "Civilization" of which her uncle so often spoke, and as it was doubtless an affinity to her beloved bells, she vaguely wished she could be civilization's child instead of Nature's.

In one of America's largest cities, famed for its super-civilization, lived Ellen McManus, beautiful, young and educated. She had never heard of Berna Saranoff, nor of Kiev, nor of old Peter. Still Fate's other hand touched her at the age of sixteen and knotted the thread of her future firmly to that of Berna's.

Ellen knew nothing of her mother, but her father she had studied well. She knew him as a great man among men. He had power and money—he had only to wish for a thing in his presence and it was hers. That he loved her she knew. That he loved no one else, she suspected.

Starting out as a police court lawyer, McManus had eagerly fought for preference at the political trough, and through sheer brutality and lack of all fine instincts he had shouldered every other away until he had his fill. Nearing the top of the political ladder, he began to indulge in the grosser passions to which he had long wished to cater, but had been too busy. Strong with the corrupt organization which held the city in its merciless grip, McManus exacted toll now from those who aspired as he had in the years gone by.

Forcing tribute from the sweatshops and the brothels with his left, he gave freely to
churches and to charity with his right hand. And to his daughter Ellen he gave all that civilization offered for money to an eager and beautiful young girl—education, clothes, jewels, admirers and amusement. For he made her selfish, cruel, heartless like himself, never occurred to Boss McManus. She was his and should have what she wanted. He would get all and more from others. His only ambition which was encouraged by his daughter, was to rise to the judiciary and rest secure in riches and influence for the remainder of his days. But while stamping through the city's heart day after day, whipping his adherents into line and punishing felons as he could, he rewarded the harder workers of the slums wards, Boss McManus found time to partake of the bestial delights which abounded for one in his position. He protected the white slavers and the tenement-owning law-breakers. Loyalty to the more successful thieves and dive-keepers had always paid him. His was a weird kingdom, over which he ruled with few errors. It was known to his lieutenants that favor might be gained with Boss McManus through a gift of flesh. When recruits for the brothels enlisted another poor work, she was always delivered to McManus first, if pretty and in health. After that they might do with her as they willed. They could count upon the "Big Fellow's" protection.

At the last election one Jacob Weil had accomplished much in aid of Boss McManus' party. A petty ward leader on the lower East Side, Weil's work was so effective that the boss bore him in mind as a useful tool when he should strike for election to the District Judge's chair. He made inquiry and found that Weil ran a sweat-shop and violated all the labor laws with impunity—because his workers at hat-making were not paid and procured for white slavers when they needed new bodies for their ever rapidly increasing patronage under the McManus party administration.

After that Jacob Weil prospered. Inspectors no longer bothered him. He received money in mysterious ways, on several occasions when he had tipped McManus' lieutenant off concerning the arrival of a particularly pretty girl in his sweatshop.

That he was obliged to hire other girls to replace the pretty ones next day mattered not to Jacob Weil. Girls were plentiful. Some could only make hats—others could—Ah! make him stronger with the power that ruled! And although Jacob craved power not at all, he did crave riches. He was a Jew—loving money for money's sake, and for what it might bring him. He had lived in poverty in Russia once and had suffered much. He hoped he had sense enough to neglect no opportunity of making money. So all things, gold was more easy to handle, and would give one more pleasure than girls. What had Jacob Weil to do with girls? Did he not have his old wife, who never left him—not even at night? Girls that made good hats and made them fast! Ah, that was different. But they might as well be boys as far as Jacob cared, only that there seemed to be more girls in search of work and willing to do much for little. Jacob Weil was civilized. He read the papers. He made beautiful hats and sold them for money. He knew nothing of cows or mountains. How foolish! "Civilization" was Jacob's middle name!

"Good morning, Jake," said the Irish policeman who usually did the principal clubbing when strikers made their periodical bids for better wages and treatment in the East Side sweatshops. "See today's papers? The Cossacks have just filled up another Jew graveyard in your home town! And, making room for the postman, O'Rourke shook his club playfully at a fellow officer just emerging from the rear of the corner saloon, as he sauntered off.

A letter from Russia, which the postman handed him with his Jewish Journal and notice of ward assessment, was pressed to his eye as he stood waiting for another one.

"She will soon get civilized here," thought his aunt, "and it is surely better for her than being buried in Kiev."

"She will work for only her food," thought Weil, "as she is strange to the ways of civilization, and has been in Russia so long."

"They talk of nothing but money," said Berna: "I have never had any money and I am more than sixteen years old—and I have seldom been sad."

But the others in the factory laughed and while sewing frantically at their bits of straw and cloth, told her: "You will be indeed sad if you do not have money in America. Do not forget it. Money is the name of happiness in America!"

And Berna went on, her hair sad and sadder, and asked her aunt, who had nothing to say. And her Uncle Jacob only nodded and growled impatiently, "Can one live without food? And who will feed one without money? Not I, my girl, only that you are my wife's niece."

To tell the truth, Weil had not intended to tell McManus of Berna, but that worthy, on a tour of the ward, saw her. His face hardened.

"What's the idea?" he asked. " Saving her up for Christmas?"

Well cringed, badly frightened.

"But she is my niece—from Russia," he said, "an orphan, too."

Mrs. Weil, while Jacob ran hastily over the headlines,

"Two thousand killed in von day in Kiev!" read the sweatshop proprietor aloud.

"My brother's one of them, and your cousin Rachel, too," he said, his wife, holding out the letter, which she had opened and read.

Her unconscious feat in addition was lost upon her husband, who read the letter through without emotion.

"Berna is coming to you, my brother, and you will, with your good wife, make her civilized, as you would have your daughter, had you one. I can only live a day, since the Cossacks did to us what the mob neglected. I am sending you my daughter. Let her be Civilization's Child. It is my wish."

"Old Peter, then, is some time gone, and the girl should soon come," he added.

And within the week came Berna to her uncle in America, and was made welcome after a fashion, and at once put to work in the stilting factory.

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"But she is my niece—from Russia," he said, "an orphan, too."

McManus sneered: "Good. Send her up to me; I'll get her a good job." Then he left, and Weil knew what remained. For a moment he fought with his conscience, but it was a poor fight. Jacob had weighed girls against money long before. He sent for Berna.

McManus' process was always the same. He was incapable of any departure from a regular schedule of action. What had always served him did so now. Berna came to his office and was glad when he said he would show her how to get "more money" and in a "better place."

"I will question you while we eat," he added, "and then we will go back for your aunt."

As at home in Russia, Berna took the glass of wine with her meat.

That was her baptism as "Civilization's Child." As she fell over onto the floor of McManus' dive, her head reeling, a numbness enveloping her limbs, she heard the bells of a church outside chiming the evening hour—or perhaps a mass. The usual drug administered in the usual way, and to the tune of civilization's bells she passed into the hands of one of his able representatives.

"That girl Berna that you sent me, has turned out all right," confided Madame Spreenica, in a burst of confidence to McManus. "She is sitting in my office, "accounting."

"Sure," agreed the boss, "I told you she'd come around all right. They always do."

Berna had. After the first days, when she suffered tortures or mind and body, before unknown to her, she began to understand the futility of resistance. She even, as time went on, took childish pride in vying with the older women at Madame's—often turning in the big-
She said nothing to her husband of this, but read in his abuse and neglect, then, the truth. She had made a bad bargain.

In desperation Ellen appealed to her father, telling him of the miserable woman who kept her from the man she had set her heart upon. McMannus was not favorably impressed, but he never refused his daughter anything. Besides he learned of Nicholas' family, and that he was rapidly developing into a great musician.

"I'll move the wife, don't worry," he told his daughter finally, and set about it at once without inquiring more than the address of the pauper.

Nicholas did not come home for several days. Berna wondered but little and wept much. It seemed to her impossible that her baby's father could be so "civilized" as to desert them both!

The fourth day there came a knock at her door. Berna opened fearfully. Her husband and two strange companions entered.

"Where is he hidden?" said Nicholas, avoiding her eye.

"The baby is here," she answered, turning to the cradle. And then the third tool of McMannus crept in through the fire escape and crawled beneath the bed.

Berna turned from her child to see her husband and his companions dragging a stranger into the centre of the room. She stood in amazement as the hired tool pretended to cringe before Nicholas and beg for his life. Then she realized what her husband plotted and that he had powerful friends to aid him.

"I shall fight the case," she said simply as they made their way out, taking notes, so that memory should not fail them on the stand in the divorce court later. It was the baby that inspired her to speak.

It was all too horribly easy. The case came before Judge McMannus himself. He was only irritated that this woman should make a fight and called her before him.

Until that moment neither had a suspicion of the identity of the other, but Berna recognized her seducer at once, despite his position and dignity upon the bench. It all came over her like a flash. The daughter of the man by whom she had been ruined wanted her husband.

gest total of all on a day. This made her a favorite with the landlady, who in consequence made especial efforts to "civilize" the pretty young Jewess.

But there came a night when the place was raided. A new inspector of police brought Berna and the other girls into the Court as lawbreakers.

As each stood before the magistrate in his highly civilized state, he barked:

"Guilty - or - not guilty - twenty-five-and-costs-next-case." All in one breath.

Almost before Berna realized she was being tried for crime before an American Judge, she found herself in a cab with Madame Spreenia, speeding back to the house they'd left so hastily the night before.

"Don't shiver so, kid," laughed Madame by her side. "McManus paid our fines. "We'll be on the job again tonight, and that fresh inspector will get his transfer to the woods."

But Berna was too shaken by the experience to take it calmly. She carefully put away a dollar every now and then until she felt safe, and one morning Madame Spreenia phoned McMannus:

"Send me another 'broad' as soon as you can. And no kykes, please. They get civilized too quick, and begin to save up for a store of their own."

In the cabaret Berna frequented after that she found much money could be made and there was no one to "split" it with. She learned much from the other girls who came and went. Secretly they envied her, because she had no man—on the surface they appeared to despise her lonely state.

"That's Nick Turgenev. He's fiddled here quite a while," a companion answered her when one night she noticed a young Russian playing the violin near the table at which she sat. "He don't bother with women any — and he'd be expensive for one of us," her informant added.

But Berna had learned a few things of men by then.

Less than three months later she and Nicholas were man and wife, and she was spending all that she could make on him. He was ambitious as was she for him, and much of her earnings went toward the training of his innate musical talent.

Soon he began to attract attention. He got better engagements. His vanity was great and applause added to it. But his superior demeanor as he climbed did not disturb Berna. A baby was coming, and she smiled to herself when her husband boasted of his family. What had family to do with love?

Fate and civilization were not through with this girl, however. Her husband met Ellen McMannus at a reception, where he was flattered by the guests, and Ellen fell in love with him at once. Through her father's power and money she made sure of his success, and then set about winning him for herself.

Flattered by her attentions, Nicholas took occasion to let her know that he was of good family. But it soon became necessary for him to reveal more. He told her of his wife, adding that she was a woman of the streets, whom he had married out of pity. Staggered for a moment, but too much her father's daughter to be long balked of her desires, Ellen sent for Berna and offered to pay her to give up her husband.

"But I myself bought him!" she told the great lady. "He is mine. I do not wish to sell. Besides, we have a baby."
“I have never bothered you,” she screamed at him, as the true meaning of all her troubles flooded her understanding. “Let me keep my man. Your girl can buy others better than this.”

“The woman is drunk,” growled McManus. “Take her out until she can behave in court.”

About to permit the officers to quiet her, crushed by the evidence of her cruel fate, Berna, seizing a glass of wine in her hand, threw it at the woman and shouted:

“Judge McManus was sitting alone in his library. He had slipped out of the ballroom where the reception in his honor was being held, for he wanted to be alone for a moment.

A letter from his daughter received that day informed him that her husband was likely to prove a bad bargain. He was drinking heavily, and had struck her.

She blamed her father, which bothered him greatly.

The door opened and closed softly, but McManus did not look up. Then a strangely calm voice broke the stillness with:

“I have come to kill you.”

The man started to his feet and turned to face a haggard woman who pointed a gun at him with amazing steadiness. Her set face and burning eyes impressed him.

Mae Marsh, of the Triangle films, is one of the favorite girl stars, and she is not a raving beauty. She is a finished artist, which helps much, but it is the real, human, likeable Mae Marsh who gets across to you in pictures and makes you want more of her.

We watched the little star at work on her new play the other day. It is a highly interesting vehicle about which there is much secrecy. Among the most interesting things about it is that Paul Powell is directing. This is the first creative association of the two. Powell is something of a poet, and very much of an artist. He is winning a reputation for getting under the skin of things. He is a master of pictorial detail, an exponent of significant human subtleties.

That is why his association with Mae Marsh is so promising. They are working together enthusiastically, with a purpose. Witness the following colloquy between them just after the photographing of a brief scene in which the actress had the screen:

Miss Marsh—“How did that look to you?”

Mr. Powell—“All right. I don’t see how it could be bettered. How did it feel?”

Miss Marsh—“It wasn’t what I had thought out—what I hoped it would be.”

Mr. Powell—“Try it again, the way you had in mind.”

Miss Marsh—“No, I tried it four times my way and I couldn’t get it. Your way is probably the right one.”

Mr. Powell—“I’ve discovered that your ideas are often better than mine. Won’t you see what you can do with this scene?”

And so they went at it again, analyzing and discussing and experimenting in a true and prolific collaboration, till the thing had shaped itself anew. And all for a mere entrance—a scene that will not last ten seconds when cut.

That is the artistic conscience for you.

“Miss Marsh is alive every second,” said Mr. Powell. “She puts an extraordinary amount of intelligent thought into everything she does. She is constantly making of her part more and more a living creature; and it is the same creature from first to last.”

A rare panegyric from a director! And listen to Miss Marsh herself:

“I have come to kill you,” she repeated calmly, and with an almost friendly tone, so earnestly did she speak.

McManus scrutinized her closely. He recognized her, but would have had no fear but for the strange eyes which were upon him.

“She’s highhouse,” he muttered to himself, “and liable to make me, first shot.”

Still, he thought, the closer she got to him the less chance of her missing—and she was gliding closer every moment.

Without taking his gaze from her, he sprang for the light switch, and as he clutched it with both hands, the room turned to darkness with the whir of a gunflash.

For a moment there was utter silence. The orchestra could be faintly heard from the ballroom, and as the door between opened to admit two of the guests, the room was flooded with light and music simultaneously.

“I want Cassidy to see the chair we gave you,” said one, stopping at the Judge’s desk. A servant came hurriedly in and turned a switch near the door.

A light, one hanging directly above the gift, glowed forth in the gloom as the servant cautiously closed the door leading to the ballroom. Casting a deep white light down upon the ornate oak rocker still decorated with the committee’s card, it revealed therein the crumpled body of McManus, an unprofessional mockery of the honor bestowed upon him.

One of the men made a queer noise in his throat, and in an embarrassed manner stepped close to the dead man, fumbling the mangled card.

“As a token of our esteem and appreciation of Judge McManus’s services to humanity and the higher civilization.”

He read aloud, and as both moved toward the door the orchestra stopped playing and through the open windows came the sound of distant church bells.

(From the Triangle-Key-Bea drama by C. Gardner Sullivan, showing the effects of our “higher civilization” on a little “barbarian” so ignorant that she believed only in good and happiness.)
European Film Producing in Wartime

By ERNEST A. DENCH

AR brings changes in its wake. The aftershocks following the first shock of a hundred, are for the bad.

On the night when Britain’s course in the war hung in the balance, I accompanied an American friend to her hotel, in the West End of London. The sight that I beheld before the eventful news was announced was impress-ive, to say the least. All Parliament Square was thronged with masses of people, vehicle having to be diverted through another street hours before.

If a producer wanted to show the state of the human mind in expressing suspense, then it would have been an object lesson to him to have watched these countless thousands. Then when war was declared, loud cheering went up.

The first signs were when several of the producing companies I had been in the habit of selling to returned all my scenarios they had had under consideration, stating that they had now decided to produce nothing else. Then the next few weeks saw a perfect hailstorm of war dramas, a few excellent, some indifferent, and others totally had.

To give you an idea of the state of panic business was in at the time, I happened to meet Florence Turner, who was undecided as to whether to continue producing on her own account or else go back to America and fix up with some regular releasing concern. The crisis had come with such dramatic suddenness that nearly all the producers were undecided how to cope with the situation.

Gradually, however, they became short-staffed, for over a thousand of their producing staffs joined the army.

But all the leading concerns managed to maintain their output. Their chief financial loss was the closing down of their markets in other European countries, but this was compensated by increased sales at home. All the army, else elsewhere in the stricken continent had come to a full stop and the English companies filled the gap caused by the absence of these films in England.

Soon the usual trend of war dramas began to fall, and the producers wondered how they could alter the character of their photoplays and be topical at the same time.

The Samuelson Company set the ball a rolling when they produced an impressive picture of “The Life of Lord Roberts.” Then the British and Colonial Company followed suit with a film version of the popular song, “It’s a Long Way to Tipperary.” I have never seen a song which lended itself so well to photoplay treatment as this one. With a swing beginning to end, and caught the full spirit of the song. It was also neutral enough in character to be shown in the United States.

Their next effort along these lines was “The Prize of Florence Nightingale,” which did so much for the British troops in the Crimean War. In those days the war authorities were opposed to the nursing corps being formed of women, and the motion picture formed a comprehensive idea of the wonderful work she accomplished.

Elizabeth Risdon displayed great skill in portraying the lady of the lamp from a mere slip of a girl until she reaches the ripe age of eighty-six, when she received the Order of Merit from King Edward VII.

I have heard, at the time of writing, that the Kineto Company is putting on a film dealing with the life of King George, for which official permission has been obtained. Such pictures require great pains in order to get every little detail correct. An even harder task is to obtain a faithful prototype of those who die a quick death.

The producers, instead of retouching, sized the opportunity to place Britain as a big spot on the motion picture map. The Hepworth Company, for instance, continued their famous Dickens series, the latest one—which is the first home grown drama— with Tom Powers in the main part. This picture is one of the most pretentious and costly put on in England.

“Jane Eyre,” a story of the war of the

Shadow Divine

Film-Art, the charms that crown my hair. Have made me slave to you and her. The lightning of her eyes. That darting through my bosom flies. Dost still your sov’reign power declare. At your control Each grace binds fast my vanquish’d soul.

Devoted to your throne From henceforth I myself confess. Nor can I guess If my desires to her be known; Who claims each wish, each thought so far. That all my peace depends on her. Then haste, Wonder-Art, and inspire A portion of your sacred fire: To make her feel That self-consuming zeal. The cause of my decay. That wastes my very heart away. —S. P. T.

Roses, has been recently produced by the Barker Company, who also spent money lavishly.

The war has likewise brought several new, live producers into being, and they expect to make things hum.

The camera in Britain is now recognized as the trade-mark of the boy, when he goes to sea. It is hard for the directors to take exteriors without being molested. The Barker Company, so I am informed, were filming a scene on Lambeth Bridge, in London, when a squad of soldiers appeared and arrested the chief, but the commander released them with a caution, detained in the guard room for several hours.

War, as the Gaumont Company found to their cost, breeds fronds. The chance does not occur every day in the present a Victoria Cross hero in a military drama, so when a man purporting to be one and wearing two medalsBesides, offered to play in a film for twenty-five dollars, his offer was snapped up immediately. The soldier, when questioned, stated that the King decorated him with the V. C., the greatest honor that can be bestowed, for firing three of the remaining guns at Mons when his battery had been put out of action. His next gallant deed was to carry two wounded French officers from the firing line to the hospital for which he was rewarded with the French medal. He also received a Belgian medal for rescuing a Belgian officer.

When the film company sought to verify his claims at the War Office they discovered that the fellow when charged from the army in 1911 with a bad record. The bogus hero had to serve four months in prison.

The photoplayers are doing their best to assure the relief fronts, as you may gather from the fact that such players as Edna Purvigrath, Chrissie White, Ivy Close and Elizabeth Risdon are making a tour of those London theatres showing films they have appeared in and collecting donations for the Belgian refugees a British soldier.

Others, including Irene Vernon, of Pathe Freres, are cheering the wounded soldiers in the hospitals by reciting poems and singing songs.

The French producers, when war broke out, did not close down their studios, for reasons of their own. The Government, as a matter of fact, appropriated them for the filming of soldiers and the storing of supplies.

Slowly the situation altered and the principal producers were able to resume production on a small scale. The Eclair Company, for instance, instead of turning out from five to six thousand feet of negative a month, are producing about a thousand feet.

There is a great deal of heroes and villains at present, for fully four thousand men attached to the producing forces have gone to the front.

A producer friend of mine who has been making a tour of the various studios informs me that the war has been brought close home to the French. Almost every worker has a relation or friend fighting for his country, and it is by no means easy to get the feeling out of the men.

It is nothing unusual to see a director produce a scene, after which he will read a letter to the players containing bad news from one dear to him. Then when they all dried their tears, another scene will begin.

Germany had never secured much of a hold upon the producing ladder, and at the outbreak of the war work on many productions had to be suspended, owing to the players being called to fight for the Fatherland.

(Continued on page 21)
OAKDALE lay glimmering itself in the wakening sunlight of the April day. Oakdale always presented itself with the first warm days, for then it was at its best.

The sheltering hills tempered its climate and brought early spring to the little town. Oakdale prided itself on being a real show town.

Strangers always admired the oak-lined avenues from which it got its name. The big park, too, was rich in natural beauty, skillfully preserved. Then there were many question spots to interest visitors, which were shown withunction by the natives.

As evidences of thrift Martinelli's bank was always pointed out, so was Pasquale's store.

"Look," a self-appointed guide would tell the stranger, "look how well foreigners do in this here town. That shows opportunity for everybody in America. Come here about ten years ago without a cent. Now the fellow has the best bank in town. His dagoes people keep it up mostly. Great types is some of them, too. There is one now, Pasquale. Great character him. Show you his store, too. Always jogging along behind that there big white hoss. Colombo he calls the crtier, and you'd think he was sure human, the way Pasquale talks to him. The fellow drifted out here somehow when he was about eighteen. Not a mite of English did he know. All his belongings tied up in a red handkerchief. About forty-nine cents in his pocket.

"He was some hustler, though, that 'ere Pasquale, and always grinning. He got some odd jobs that very first day. You know them dagoes can live on almost nothing if they has to. By the end of the month Pasquale was five dollars to the good. Then what do you think the darn gurine did? Stumbled across a little gal, orphan she was, and havin' no kin, she was 'bout gwine to be sent to the poorhouse. He up and adopted her on the spot. She was a smart youngster, 'bout seven or eight. He made us understand in his lingo she was too 'cuta' to go dat 'awful ugly place.' He hustler carry her on his push cart till she growed big enough to walk. Pasquale always says Margarita brought him luck. He kept gitting on, and now he has a dandy business.

"Yes, Margarita, Margarita seems grateful like. She housekeeps for him, and helps with the clerking, too. There is the store. Some store for a Wap, ain't it, now?"

"We don't call him dago or Wap any more, though, even if he does talk the gibberish. He really is too darned nice. Everybody in Oakdale knows Pasquale, and everybody likes him, too."

The unconscious object of this eulogy had transacted some business at the Bancroft Martinelli, which evidently pleased him, because all the way home Pasquale was singing, "My little creature he me."

"Margarita, Margarita, where you be at," he called before he hardly reached the door. "I got some gooda news to tell you, leettle girl.

Just then Pasquale saw that Margarita had company. Charlie Larkins was leaning over the counter, his bright red necktie showing vivid against the dark wood. He was telling Margarita how he could "beat all the fellows in town at pool." The girl was drinking in every word with absorbed attention. Pasquale frowned. He thought daylight was for work. Charlie seemed a loafer to thrifty Pasquale. But a smile soon chased the frown. Pasquale could not be angry with any one long.

Between puffs of a cigar, the aroma of which Charlie sniffed enviously, Pasquale told his story.

"Yes, Margarita, I hitch up Colombo to dat wagon and we goes straight down to de lanco. I got dat cashier to let me in de privat ofis. I sez: 'Meestre Martinelli, I want pleezee to pay you lasta note ware I borrow.' Meestre Martinelli, he say, 'Wot' already?' But I tell him, "Beenzness fine. I maka playnta mon lasta mont, so I come 'roun.' He much plezed. He say dat ver good. He giv me dat gran' seegar. An' now dat store ees all belong to me!"

Margarita tells Pasquale she is mighty glad. Charlie Larkins can hardly hide his amazement. He had no idea Pasquale was so well off.

Margarita's unsophistication and evident admiration for himself had already flattered his well-developed ego.

Now, as he slyly expressed it to himself, he must "sit up and take notice." Just then a noise at the front door broke up the little group. Pussily counting over the apples was Mrs. Benventi, the hardest customer in the bunch by all the shopkeepers.

Pasquale, still smiling, approached.

"Yes, Messes Benventi, nice apples in town, three for a nickel, see for a dime. Alrite, I give you seeck gooda ones."

Mrs. Benventi looked over the apples with the eye of a hawk. "Here, you just take thees back, Pasquale, and I pick another one. Wenn I pay my goota Merican morn for someting I want my mona's worth ever time, and no spec apples, dat's war."

Suiting the action to the word, she picked the biggest apple out of the basket, tri umphantly dropped it in her bag and marched out, her beady black eyes snapping in her hatchet face.

Pasquale stood as she left him, the discarded apple in his hand, astonishment slowly whitening his mouth. Looking the apple over and over, he at last discovered an infinitesimal speck on it. A broad grin succeeded the stare.

"A gooda jok' dat. I must go tell Colombo 'bout it."

Outside the patient Colombo was waiting for his master to come and deliver the wagon load of groceries.

"Looka here, Colombo," said Pasquale. "Wat you thunder dat womans, she say dees apple no good, eh?" Pasquale showed what he thought of it by at once seizing it out of Pasquale's hand and devouring it rapidly.

Pasquale's hearty laugh echoed down the street. Changing his working apron for a neat coat and hat, Pasquale was off on his rounds. As he approached the Martinelli house there was but one box left of the load.

Pasquale, while taking the box around to the back door, heard sounds of music and laughter, issuing from the parlors. "Parlors" were still the "swell" thing in Oakdale.

"Oh, I see Messes Martinelli ees havin' a partee today. Dat's why I got gooda order. I weesh dey do dat entertain' every day. It gooda for da beeness," mused Pasquale.

Little Marie Martinelli came running down the front steps. "Oh, nice hossie," said Marie, "me want up de up." Seeing no one to help her..."
Marie stood on the steps, and managed a perilous ascent to Colombo's back. "Getty up, hossie," cried she, beating Colombo with all the strength of her little fists.

Colombo wavered, but, inclination getting the better of duty, Colombo slowly walked home to his own stall, where he well knew a good feed awaited him.

Marie, miraculously escaping injury, climbed from the horse's back as he entered the stable door.

Slightly bewildered, the child looked around, ready to cry.

Just then she spied Pasquale, coming on the run.

"Oh, you son of a gun, Colombo, what you leave me like dat? I have to run all de way home. I thot you be onk more your master than that, Colombo, eh? Why you no wait for papa, Colombo? I can right out dat house and see you just leave? Well, you say I mus' give you 'cause you so hungrrie. Alrite, old boy, only you musn't ac' dat way no more."

Just as Pasquale was drawing Colombo out of the shafts a faint "oo! oo!" and the soft thud of a falling body from the loft to the hay rack startled the man and horse.

Pasquale, his heart in his mouth, rushed to the hay rack, to find little Marie, a huddled heap on the hay, frightened, but not hurt.

"Oh, you leel monkey," said Pasquale, "how you come here? Colombo, why you tell me nothing 'bout thees? Why you hide ladies in your stable, eh, I mus' see 'bout your manners, Colombo."

Marie recovered quickly from her scare, and, soon at home with friendly Pasquale, said: "Up de up, ride hossie some more." Pasquale, who adored children and would never refuse them anything, drew Colombo out of the stable with Marie on his back, and the strange procession started down the street. Luckily Martinelli's was only a few blocks away, and there was "Meestre Martinelli" himself just entering the door.

"Here she is, Meestre Martinelli, all safe and sound. Tell daddy, Marie, how you go see Colombo in his stable."

Little Marie climbed in her father's arms and began to tell about her trip.

"Daddy," said she, "dat funny man was orful nice to Marie, and oh, de pretty hossie! He let me ride him two times." Martinelli's astonished look had changed to a dark frown as he heard the story of Marie's adventures. Covering Marie with kisses, he thanked Pasquale cordially and took the child into the hall. Talk and tea had succeeded the music of the last hour.

"There was Myrtle, all absorbed in dat silly crowd," thought her husband, "and Marie neglected and in danger."

Rising anger mastered him. Calling a maid, hurrying across the hall with a tray, he told her to send Mrs. Martinelli out to him at once. Disturbed in her interesting chat with Bob Fulton, Myrtle reluctantly excused herself and went outside.

"Why, Martin, what does this mean? Why didn't you come in the parlor?"

"Myrtle," said Martinelli, trying hard to control himself, "this is too much. How can you neglect Marie so? Here she is found in Pasquale's stable, while you care for nothing but a good time.

"Hush, Martin, they will hear you. Don't make a scene before all these people," replied Myrtle in a low tone. But as he continued angrily to take her to task, she shot the arrow that would sting hardest.

"Yes, this is what I get for marrying a foreigner," she said between her teeth. "An American would be too much of a gentleman to make such a scene."

Martinelli set his jaws firmly. With a determined effort he checked the torrent that threatened to overwhelm him.

"If you devoted less time to your social pleasures and more to your child you'd be a better woman," said he, mure in sorrow than in anger. "Come, Marie," and the father and child went upstairs together.

Myrtle Martinelli, furious, mortified, knowing that her guests must have heard, stood a moment trying to regain her poise. She knew she should not have said that to Martin. She did care for him, but pride was her besetting sin. When that armor was pierced her temper gained the upper hand.

It is true her friends had teased her about marrying an Italian, but she had been carried off her feet by the dashing, handsome Martin Martinelli. She had not regretted it. She was fond of Marie, too, but she felt it incumbent for them to have a position in Oakdale's "smart set," and she could not be tagging every moment at that baby's heels. She supposed she must hunt up a new nurse, since Anna had let the child out of her sight and brought this humiliation on her. Worst of all, it had to happen with Bob Fulton looking on. Bob, the rich bachelor that all the girls were after, had singled Myrtle out for his attentions lately. Of course, she had not deliberately encouraged him, but it was nice to feel one man was your devoted admirer, one man thought your actions were just right, one man who
Margarita’s birthday! The thought flashed into Pasquale’s mind as he rubbed his sleepy eyes.

It was a crisp autumn morning, bright and beautiful as Margarita herself.

Pasquale’s mind went back to the day ten years ago, when he first saw Margarita. Such a dear “leckie lambin” she was, and on her birthday she was going to the poorhouse. Pasquale had saved her from that and his heart sang within him as he remembered it all, and how dear Margarita had become to him.

Customers that day were treated even better than usual, and went away smiling so infectious was Pasquale’s laugh. He had not given Margarita her present, or even congratulated her. All that was to be left for the “party” that night, a happy party of two.

Pasquale could hardly wait for that even ing, but somehow the long day was pulled through.

As the town clock was booming out six, Pasquale had the shutters up. With the last stroke, the store was locked tight, and Pasquale back in the stable laboriously bending over a board on his knee, while he wrote industriously. At last the note was finished.

"Wot you tink of dees, Colombo?"

"Daiseen Margarita: "I want long time foc to tell you somethin. How bout you be mine? I got put dese ring under you soup bowl. Eef you put em on your finger den I understan’ I love you too much.

"Pasquale.

"You see, Colombo, I tak eem so and put dees pretta ring in eem and den I put eem all under Margarita’s soup bowl. Wat you tink about dat, Colombo? Why you shake your head, fool Colombo? You think maybe she no hava me, eh? Eef you she don putta da reeng on her feenga You joust wa, Colombo. I com’ back and tella you all about it.”

Eight strokes from the big town clock and again the stable door was opened.

Such a different Pasquale entered and put his head close to the horse’s ear.

“You rita, Colombo, to shake you head, she no lova me, Colombo; she lova Charli Larkins. She tella me she goin’ marry heem, fore she se mi den. Den I get eem out from she bowl before she see eem. She see nothing but that Charles wa she invite to her partee and not tella me ‘bout it. I old fool, Colombo, to theekn she marry me. She mak me say I glad she got Charles. Eef she happy, Colombo, it don matter bout old Pasquale, eh? Well, I give she dat reeng any way, and say it a bir’day present.” So she put eem on she finger any way, like I say she would. She like dat and she hug me and kissa me, Colombo, lik a daughter. But she no daughter; she eighteen, I twenty-eight. Dat Charlie ees twenty-three. I’m so much older. Eef he mak her happy, Colombo, dat all right, but oh, Colombo, my heart hurt so bad.

Hot tears of which Italy’s soul was not ashamed fell on the horse’s cold head. Colombo neighed softly, as if in sympathy with his master’s grief and disappointment. A loud knock at the store door roused Pasquale. Hastily wiping away his tears, Pasquale answered it. Two men, after finding out he is Mons. Pasquale, hand him an official looking document.

Puzzled, Pasquale turned it over and over before gingerly breaking the seal. Slowly reading the paper, he glanced at Charlie and Margarita. She, sitting on his knee, is too absorbed to notice Pasquale.

"Arite, I go,” said he. The men made a note of this and went on their way smiling. Pasquale handed the order to Margarita.

“You no needa me any more, Margarita, you got Charlie, so I go back to Italy and fight against Austria.”

Into another Italian home in Oakdale did the mother country sound her clarion call. Martin Martinelli had at the same hour received his reservist summons. Again and again had he read its contents, trying to see wherein lay his duty. His wife and child.

Yes, but they were financially fixed. Marie would miss him, but children soon forget. As for Myrtle, once she would have moved heaven and earth to keep him. Now he didn’t know. Since that quarrel about.

Marie several months ago a coolness had sprung up between them, each too proud to make the first advance. With the sighs of Myrtle coming down the steps, her golden hair an aureole, her white neck and arms gleaming from a mass of black tulle, passion flashed into the man’s eyes, then slowly died down as he caught her cold aloofness. Silently he handed her the paper. Scowlingly she read and returned it to him.

“Surely you will not be so foolish as to pay any attention to this?”

But my country needs me, Myrtle. Even if I am devoted to America, I must heed that call.

Shrugging her shoulders disbelievingly, Myrtle nodded good-night and was gone.

Way into the night the man fought his battle. Over and over again did he weigh every argument pro and con.

The day found him spent and weary. The morning’s mail carried to the Italian consul his acceptance of the call.

III.

A month sped by on swift wings. Pasquale had hastened the wedding of Charlie and Margarita. There had been a crowd at the church, and Pasquale himself had driven Colombo, horse of the old severity, in which sat the bridal pair.

The wedding supper in Pasquale’s kitchen was a merry one, with music and dancing and toasts to Charlie and Margarita. Pasquale had seemingly been the life of the party, hiding his breaking heart with smiles and jests.

After the last guest had gone, conquering a sob, Pasquale tenderly kissing the girl on the forehead, had murmured:

“Margarita, I must go—tomorrow. I—hope you will be happy!”

When Margarita, overcome, had hastily gone upstairs, Pasquale had given all the papers, bankbook, etc., relating to the store to Charlie, winding up with:

“Now you got plenty mon for run de store. Eef I don come back, take good care Margarita, eh? And, Charlie, please be kind to Colombo.”

Charlie’s sly assurance gave some comfort to the tortured heart of the man.

In the gray dawn Pasquale had crept out to the stable and taken his farewell of the horse. “Good-bye, Colombo, be good to Charlie. Don’t forget your papa while you gon.”

With a last pat for the horse, Pasquale shouldered his suitcase, clutched his um-
brella, and slowly started for the station. Here all was bustle and confusion. Many reservists were taking tearful leave of their womenkind.

Martinelli was pacing the platform alone. Martinelli, as well as Pasquale, had passed a night of wretchedness. He had sadly kissed little Marie in her sleep. Ever at the end Myrtle had been cold and mere sponsive. Had let him leave alone. Bitterness and despair were in his heart.

Pasquale’s cheery greeting of surprise roused him.

"Oh, Mecre Martinnelli, I no think you go, too; but Italy she call loud to us all, eh? And we must no be so sorry."

"Yes, Pasquale, we can but do our duty. I hope over there we will be put in the same regiment. It would make things easier."

The hospital where many wounded Italian soldiers were convalescing looked like Paradise to Pasquale and Martinelli when, after a long and painful journey they reached the haven of its clean, white beds.

Both men had been together in the trenches; had fought and bled and suffered. Had escaped serious injury until that dark night when the Zeppelin came.

After the blinding explosion, when the bomb dropped right near their trench, wrecking most of it, killing and maiming many of the brave boys, by a strange fate both Pasquale and Martinelli had gone down. For days Pasquale had to be treated in the field hospital. Now that he was able to travel he had been brought to this lovely place, where the angels of mercy, in their spotless uniforms, gave him every care and comfort.

Martinelli had a bad cut on his cheek and injuries to his lower limbs; he, too, traveled in the same hospital train. The stern democracy of trench life had made banker and grocer firm friends. They rejoiced that they were together, even in their misery. The day came when both were discharged. "Unfit for further service," was the doctor’s verdict. "America and home" loomed large. Each in his heart knew, though, that home had lost some of its sacred beauty.

IV.

Far across the sea Oakdale was pursuing the even tenor of her days. Spring had come again, a tempestuous spring of storm and wind.

Myrtle Martinelli sat writing her heart out in pride and loneliness as the months passed and only perfunctory notes came from her husband. Bob Fulton was always around. Well versed in the vagaries of "woman," he was biding his time, meanwhile showering her with the most delicate attentions.

Margarita, too, was finding the days draggily.

Charlie had already lost his heroism. Charlie drank, Charlie gambled, Charlie loafed. Her husband neglected her, neg lected the store, neglected Colombo. Customers were leaving every day. Creditors were becoming impatient. The store, that was once such "good pay" had lost its reputation.

One night when Charlie had been drinking harder than usual, Margarita locked herself in Pasquale’s room to escape the maudlin caresses that were worse than his neglect. The note Pasquale had written her on her birthday dropped out of his old velvet coat as she put it over her shaking shoulders.

Surprised at seeing her name, Margarita, a new light breaking over her, read the pathetic little scrawl.

"Poor old Pasquale. It was all so clear now! She in her blind ignorance had passed by this pure gold and picked up the dross. But Margarita’s was a simple soul loyal to its core.

With a sigh for what might have been. Margarita kissed the note and came back to every day and its duties.

Charlie, balked by Margarita’s “damned stubbornness,” as he elegantly expressed it, had hitched up Colombo without even bothering to fed him, and taken a hilarious party out for a ride.

Now they were at Roadside Inn, “Come along,” said Charlie, “the beer’s on me.” Outside a mechanic was trying to replace a tire on Bob Fulton’s roadster, known to all the inhabitants of Oakdale. Inside there was a musing of voices from an alcove, one slightly raised in protest.

Charlie insisted his party must have the other alcove. When the waiter was not quick enough with his order, Charlie staggered out to find him, stumbling back into the first alcove instead of his own. Charlie’s eyes, blurred though they were, made out Mrs. Martinelli in the arms of Bob Fulton.

Charlie’s evil leer, his “Sense me. Don’t let me butt in. Go right to it,” as he backed out, struck terror to conscience-stricken Myrtle. She had meant no harm. It seemed a pity not to take a little spin when Bob urged her to try out his new car. Just at sundown, as they were returning, a tire had burst. Meantime, a sudden but violent storm had come up, and they had sought shelter in the inn. Myrtle had been carried off her feet by Bob’s passionate wooing. Before she knew it she was in his arms. Charlie Larkin’s insolence had shocked her back to reason. The storm had passed. The homeward trip was made without a word.

“Good-night, Bob,” at once said Myrtle, on reaching her door. I can’t talk tonight. Come to see me tomorrow afternoon.”

Promptly at four the next day Bob Fulton rang the Martinelli bell. When ushered in, he found an agitated Myrtle, the big gray eyes all awash with the tears she could not check.

“What has happened, dear,” said Bob, attempting to take her in his arms.

“Hush, Bob; do not call me that again. You must stop coming to see me. That fellow that saw us at the Inn has been here insulting me, and—and—”

“Mylle, what is this? You must control yourself and tell me the trouble.”

“You know, Bob, we buy our groceries at Pasquale’s, now run by this Charlie Larkin’s,” sobbed Myrtle. “He brought the bill with $100 added for ‘storage.’ When I demanded his meaning, he said it was for keeping what he knew under his hat. Then he made sneering remarks. Maddened beyond control, I slapped him in the face. He just glared at me and said, ‘I’ll put that on your next bill.’ Oh, Bob! His evil look haunts me. What shall I do? What shall I do?”

“Mylle, sweet heart, you see how it is: this fellow has us in his power. You can’t bribe such a blackguard forever. Your husband is sure to find out sooner or later.”

As Myrtle sank despairingly in a chair, coaxingly he continued: “You say your husband doesn’t understand or love you. Come away with me, dear, before he returns. I tell you it is the safest way!”

“You are right! It is the safest way! I advise you both to go at once!”

Thunderstruck, Bob and Myrtle gazed with horror towards the door whence the voice came.

There stood Martin Martinelli, with Marie in his arms, a ghost of his former self, leaning heavily on a cane, his beard unkempt, a vivid scar across his cheek.

“Martin stop, for God’s sake listen!” pleaded Myrtle, rushing towards him.

A look of unmiterable contempt and “I’ll give you just ten minutes to leave this
The flames were creeping nearer and nearer.

One last despairing cry, given superhuman strength by that will to live pierced the thick gloom.

Did she imagine it, or was it a faint answer coming to her? Thank God, here was some one at last!

Pasquale came limping faster than a sound man. He, too, felt the superhuman call.

"Don’t worry, Meeses Martinelli, I save you," murmured Pasquale, as he tugged with all his strength.

"No good dot. I see what in de barn." Fear lending his poor legs wings, Pasquale, with a silent cry to heaven for help, soon brought a long coil of rope, which he tied to Colombo’s halter. Urged by his master, Colombo tugged and strained with every ounce of strength within him.

A few moments of agonized suspense. Yes, the car gives ever so slightly. "Tank de gooda Lord!" from Pasquale, as he dragged the fainting Myrtle to safety.

A moment more, Crash! bang! and the car went up in smoke.

When Myrtle learned that both Fulton and Larkins had met instant death, she collapsed utterly, but to Pasquale’s earnest entreaties to let him bring a doctor, she kept saying she was all right, and no one must know she was there.

When the true state of affairs had filtered through Pasquale’s brain he insisted: "Meeses Martinelli, you come our house. Margarita she talk’ care you."

Time, the great healer, laid gentle hands on Margarita. She nursed Myrtle back to sane health.

She helped Pasquale rejuvenate the store.

She kept the house in apple pie order. Almost her marriage seemed like a bad dream. Often she pulled out that old note of Pasquale, and pondered it tenderly. As soon as Pasquale had taken stock of the little that remained, he went to Martinelli to negotiate another loan. Business concluded, he said: "Now, beezens over, I gon’ talk like frien’, cause we be friens since we in trenches, eh? Well, I tell you all happen.” And graphically he related the tragedy of the auto ride and the loneliness of Meeses Martinelli.

"All de time she ask bout you an’ leeble Marie. Now, my fren’, don’ be proud. You come mi house right now."

Protests unavailing, he literally dragged Martinelli out, talking all the time about, "You bot’ too proud. Dat wat make all de trouble.”

One look at the wan face of Myrtle, sadly changed from the impetuous woman of a few months back, and it needed not her whispered plea for forgiveness. Taking her in his arms, Martin declared he must take her home at once. "And Marie will be so glad to have ‘nuvver’ back once more."

Again it is Margarita’s birthday. Again the flowers, the birthday cake, with its bright candles, the table laid for two. Now Margarita is the nervous one. She fidgets and fumbles until Pasquale, lifting his soup bowl sees a note which reads:

Pasquale

"Darleeng Margarita:"

I wait long time for tell you someting.

"Insand"

How bout you be mi wife. I got put deese ring inside you soap plate. Eef you arite put er on you funga—den I understand. I loy you too much."

"Pasquale.”

"Margarita.”

Pasquale cannot believe his eyes. "You mean dat? Me? You love me?"

For answer Margarita gave him a kiss right on his lips, and ran blushing from the room.

Pasquale ran, too, but towards the stable.

Hastily switching on the new electrics, he aroused the astonished Colombo, a sleek and well-fed Colombo now.

"Scuse me, please, Colombo, for wak’ you up, but I got someting wonderful to tell you. What you tink, dea cuty way Margarita proposes to me?"

Colombo nodded his satisfaction.

Produced by Oliver Marcus Photo-Play Company—

George Beban, Star.
An Interview With Charlotte Greenwood

By PETE SCHMID

ONE of the richest scenes in Sam Bernard's "Nearly a Hero," his Broadway starring vehicle of some seasons ago, was when he picked a stately show girl out of the chorus and attempted to measure her with a tape line, with the result that the athletic young woman caught him by the lapels and vigorously swung him across the stage, so that he landed after three glides, five spins and one grand somersault, his head hanging over the footlights in the vicinity of the bass viol in the orchestra.

Much water has flowed under the bridges since then, and ordinarily it would be safe to assume that the girl who had played the "bit" had gone the way of her calling and was either exercising the tyranny of a wardrobe mistress or else had married a Palm Beach millionaire who was afraid to divorce her on account of the alimony he knew she could get.

But ordinary assumptions in this case will not do. The girl in this case did not go the way of her calling, for this was not the calling to which she belonged. Today she is one of the leading comedienne in musical comedy, with a record of success behind her probably more meteoric than that of any young women who has "arrived" within the past ten years.

Her name is Charlotte Greenwood.

Charlotte Greenwood—co-star with Sydney Grant in Oliver Morosco's sensational midsummer musical hit, "So Long Letty," and also co-star with Sydney Grant in the filmization of the Charles Frohman success, "Jane," by the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company.

When a biographer, rather stupidly trying to produce the picturesque, as ked Miss Greenwood if there was any high-sounding private schools or convents which might be introduced in the customary fashion into her record, she eyed him with a distrustful slant.

"None of that in mine! If you think I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth, I wasn't!"

Then she laughed in her hearty way, for the thing amused her.

"I was born in Philadelphia, and went to school in Boston, and all the fancy schooling I ever got was in the good old public schools. It was the Prince School. If you think I am afraid to tell it."

At this point Miss Greenwood's new husband assured:

"A very good school."

The biographer's snobbish weakness to social advantages seemed to require it.

And by the way:

Charlotte Greenwood recently spent her honeymoon producing "Jane" at the Oliver Morosco moving picture studio, in Los Angeles. Her home is a cunning gray bungalow with a depth of porch room at 1544 Curson, in fashionable Hollywood. Charlotte Greenwood and Cyril Ring, the good-looking brother of Blanche Ring, were married recently. Cyril Ring is a royal good fellow, a handsome young actor, the pet of the famous Ring family, and sensible enough to be proud of being called "Blanche Ring's brother," or "Charlotte Greenwood's husband." He is a stalwart, powerful chap, with a fine pair of shoulders, a crack tennis player, and greatly liked throughout the show business for his freedom from "side." After seeing him one still feels Charlotte Greenwood has good judgment.

"What are some of the things about you, Miss Greenwood, before—well, before people began to hear about you?"

"The things born not nor sound like much." Her tone was abrupt. "It was all hard work."

There was a slight ring of steel. It gave a hint of the mettle in this tall, decisive girl who has climbed from a Broadway chorus to the top of the heap; to a place, in fact, where theatrical managers openly appraise her as one of the most unique and profitable stage person and sibilities before the public today.

"But how did you get started?"

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

"In vaudeville. I was on the Orpheum two seasons, but you never heard much about us."

"Any time?" interrupted the photographer, who looked up from his Graflex, into whose hood he had been peaking to get Miss Greenwood in focus as she posed against the brick pillar of her porch. "I saw you myself at Des Moines; you and still little fat girl at the piano. And you were immense!"

Charlotte Greenwood gave a frank little gasp, then smiled with pleasure, whereupon, with an uncanny penetration of men's minds, she called up to the maid to ransack the refrigerator and set forth, set forth.

"But what gave you the idea to go into vaudeville?"

"Oh, Miss Burnham and I were always fooling around the stage and at rehearsals, she playing and I singing and cutting up, and the rest of the chorus—"

"The rest of the what?"

"Until now the facts of her chorus history had not come out."

"The rest of the chorus. That's how I started, you know, in the chorus. I was with Sam Bernard on Broadway."

And then she went to tell about the lapel incident and the long-distance fling.

"Then you went into vaudeville?"

"Then I went into vaudeville with Miss Burnham, she continuing to play and I to sing. As I said before, we were on the Orpheum two seasons and I never thought anybody was very crazy about us until one night at Keith's, in New York, Shubert saw us and engaged me with Sydney Grant for the Winter Garden. And then my ship began to come in."

A smile came over her face with this recollection that held a world of meaning. For now her ship has come in so bountifully.

"The Winter Garden was a terrific experience," continued this remarkable girl, who is leading the triple life of "Letty by Night," "Jane" by day and "Charlotte Greenwood Ring" in between times. "You never could tell how you were going. One night you'd be a sensation and think you were great, and the next night Harry Fox ahead of you would be a riot and you'd think you were a frost. You always had to keep after the audience; keep right on your toes. I never worked so hard in my life. It was a regular institution."

From Miss Greenwood's recurrent use of the word, "institution," it must have a subtle meaning in the arget of the performer which the biographer did not get, and furthermore got away before he could ask about. From the intonation it would not be recommended to the Winter Garden's publicity department.

"But I guess I had a good idea to do with making me," she added.

"Be it known, however, that Charlotte Greenwood and Syd ney Grant were one of the big acts put over at the Winter Garden."

"Tired listening?" she asked.

"Reassurance was volcanic."

"Well, the rest is just current history. I was in the Passing Show of 1912 at the Winter Garden. Then in The Man With Three Wives," written by Franz Lehur, of the "Merry Widow Waltz," and my part, a rube bride, gave me the best chance I ever had. I went back to the Winter Garden for the Passing Show of 1913, and Mr. Morosco engaged Mr. Grant and myself as stars in The Tike Tok Man of Oz" on the Coast, and after that he took us to New York in "Pretty Mrs. Smith." Now our chance has come in "So Long Letty," and because there is no limit to our ambition, and the bills keep coming in, we are also doing "Jane" at the Morosco moving picture. (Continued on page 29)
Distinguished Play

LILLIAN WALKER  
(VITAGRAPH)

CLARA WILLIAMS  
(TRIANGLE)

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG  
(WORLD)
of the Photo-Plays

DOROTHY GISH
(TRIANGLE)

MABEL TRUNNELLE
(EASTON)

NORMA AND CONSTANCE TALMADGE
(TRIANGLE-FINE-ARTS)

MARIE DORO
(FAMOUS PLAYERS)
Distinguished Plays of the Photo-Plays

LILLIAN WALKER

CLARA WILLIAMS

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

MARIE DORO

DOROTHY GISH

NORMA AND CONSTANCE TALMADGE

MABEL TRUÑELLE
A DIFFERENT GIRL AND A DIFFERENT INTERVIEW
By E. A. DENCH

"GOOD BYE." Those were the last two words that passed between Eleanor Woodruff and the writer at our interview.

I had, in the approved manner of interviewers, compiled a set list of questions which I intended to abide by whatever happened. Alas for my false hopes! Although these were dashed to destruction, I have the satisfaction of knowing that had I not changed my tactics I would have missed quite a bunch of interesting facts about my victim, Miss Woodruff, let me tell you, believes in letting the fans know all about herself, as she feels that they are entitled to this information as the direct result of their screen acquaintanceship.

Therefore, when I informed her that this was my mission she readily consented to undergo the "ordain." Half a minute, please. She named one condition, that was to the effect she be allowed to interrupt with a morsel of information at intervals. Naturally, being a mere male, I could not refuse, and as it's a woman's nature to have the last word, I am endeavoring to get even with Miss Woodruff by doing this interview backwards.

I discover, by referring to my trusty notebook, that the last thing she does (how appropriate) is to retire at nine each night.

"I love society," she explained, "with its dances and teas, but am totally unable to participate in such functions, because of the nature of my profession. I might indulge in these things were not photoplaying work of a kind which taxes your physical and mental capacities to the utmost. You will readily understand, of course, that I do not wish to do anything to the detriment of my work. You may rest assured, however, that I am very fond of society roles in photoplays, so real life more than compensates me for my real life abstinence."

"What are your views on directors?"

"I consider J. Stuart Blackton, the Belasco of motion pictures. The moment he is on a scene his magnetic personality begins to be felt. He knows how to build up a weak scene to such an extent that it becomes a strong link in the chain. Not only that, but he inspires a player with confidence. I know, in my case, that it has been a perfect joy to work under him. Captain Harry Lambert is also excellent."

My three years' experience in mingling with film players in Europe and America have taught me that most players preferred having one director all the time, because he knew how to get the best out of a star. Again Miss Woodruff sprung a surprise, incidentally revealing how decided different she is.

"I consider it improves the work of a player to change directors every once in a while, for each one has different ideas, consequently you are taught new things, which add to your versatility."

"I hope you will not consider the question too personal," I said tremulously, "but are you married?"

"I am not, and what is more, to be single nowadays is an achievement rather than a disgrace."

Then I remembered we chatted awhile in regard to the invasion of stage stars, which seems as though it is going to supplant the regular screen player.

"With few exceptions," concluded Miss Woodruff, "it is a bad thing. The fans do not want to see new faces, especially those who have made good in another field. They prefer to remain loyal to those who have entertained them for so long."

"What kind of parts do you prefer?"

"Sympathetic. I think I have played everything, from a fifteen-year-old girl to Henry Walthall's screen mother."

Here I must remark the beauty should not be permitted to bloom and blush unseen like the rose, for Eleanor Woodruff is certainly a stunning brunette to meet in real life.

"What do you consider your best part you have enacted?"

I continued, going backward as before.

"Olive in 'The Heights of Hazard,' a Vitagraph feature in which I play opposite Charles Richman. This character is the most complex I have yet portrayed. In it I go through the whole gamut of emotions."

"My next best part will be Dorothy Arden in 'The Island of Surprise,' another Vitagraph multiple reel, but starring William Courtenay."

"What is the extent of your motion picture experience?"

"Two and a half years with Pathé Fréres, but since the 1st of January, 1915, I have been under the Vitagraph banner."

"Had any theatrical experience before that?"

"Yes, my last engagement was in 'The Five Frankfortes,' at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York City. I was on the stage for five years."

There now remains but one question on my list. It is as old as the hills, but is always acceptable.

"Where were you born?"

"Towanda, which is located in the historic Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania."

"And the year?"

"1892."

It is now easy to deduce her age. What impressed me most about Eleanor Woodruff was her frankness. She endured my cross-questioning with a remarkable degree of patience, and I would gladly subject her to another dose. Need I say more?

Have I lost my bearings, through going backwards? Let me see. I greeted Miss Woodruff with, "How do you do?" I now find my notes are exhausted and therefore feel that my revenge is complete.
How I Became A Photo-Player

By HENRY B. WALTHALL

In my early days I was literally hampered by dramatic instinct, human sympathy and emotional feeling. At first I overacted, rather, over-felt.

My career on the speaking stage was more varied than lengthy. I went on the speaking stage in response to the "call" within me, that yearning which an artist feels to create. The "yearning" had taken hold of me years before.

I didn't know what it was I wanted to do; it wasn't music, it wasn't writing, for I could not write, and art as a life work did not appeal to me. My father, a farmer in Shelby County, Alabama, told me it was law. I laughed, for I knew it wasn't law.

However, I consented to follow my father's desire, and took up the study of law. When I became interested in the study of law I thought better of it, but once "when I took the floor" and delivered a brief legal plea, I knew instantly it was the stage I wanted. The narrow confines of legal oratory, the hampering barrier of legal "etiquette" robbed me of that emotionalism which surged through me when I put my heart into what I said.

The Spanish-American war broke out about that time, and I ceased studying law and joined the army. When I returned from the South I did not go back to law school, but joined a stock company. I "trouped" through various sections of the country in a number of productions, climbing steadily as the months passed.

And then I went into photoplay work. I had not contemplated making the jump. In fact, I had always looked on photoplay work as somewhat beneath me.

I was killing time in the Players' Club in New York in the summer of 1906 when a producer friend of mine—a famous man—came up to me and asked if I knew anything about Jim Kirkwood. Kirkwood and I had been close friends, and so I told this producer that I would look him up. I spoke to his wife, and was informed, to my astonishment, that he had gone into "screen" work.

I immediately pitied him, feeling he was going down the road as a "has-been." I sought him in his studio, and, determining to

(Continued on page 29)

By BESSIE EYTON

I HAVE been told that my entrance and success in motion pictures were somewhat unusual, for the reason that I had no previous dramatic experience. As you know, a large majority of those prominent in the art of the silent drama were formerly players in the spoken drama. Very few players, I have been informed, have arisen to prominence in screen work who were not previously experienced in stage work.

"I never had any experience in dramatic work—not even amateur theatricals—before I began work for the Selig Company. The way I began was unusual. My home is in Los Angeles, where the Pacific Coast studios owned by the Selig Company are situated. I visited the Selig studios with a party of friends, purely for pleasure. I liked motion pictures on the screen, but at the time of my primary visit to the studio four years ago, appearing in the 'movies' was foreign to my thoughts.

"When I visited the studio floor the producer espied me and said: 'I like your type, it is one I need in this picture.' More for mere sport than anything else I consented to take the minor role that was offered me.

"And I have worked for the Selig Polyscope ever since that time, and I hope to continue to appear in the Selig motion pictures for Mr. Selig has that artistic sense which urges on to better and better work. What success I have achieved in the movies is due solely to hard work and willingness to heed instructions.

"The art of motion picture acting is not an easy art. There is no means of ascertaining from one day to another just what character role or what scene the director will call upon one to portray. I have enacted probably four or five hundred different character roles during my experience, and these characters range from a leading in highest social circles to a Salvation Army girl. A motion picture actress must know how to ride, to shoot, to fence, to dance, and to motor, for there is no telling when one may be called upon to exemplify these and other accomplishments.

"Many long hours are spent on location, so-called. I have worked from early morning to late at night, in just one or two

(Continued on page 29)
DAVID Horsley is an inventive genius. He has contributed a number of devices and contrivances that have called for improvement in the phase of picture making in which they were used. He invented the Horsley double exposure camera, by which it is possible to make two exposures at one time on the same negative; also the Horsley printer, the Horsley polisher and other time and labor-saving machines. His crowning achievement, however, is the new studio.

November, 1914, Mr. Horsley acquired the Bostock Arena and Jungle, the largest and most magnificent collection of performing animals in the world, for use in motion pictures. He realized, of course, that to produce a new type of photoplay, such as the animal subjects are to be, a type of equipment to meet their peculiar requirements was necessary. This, with his customary alacrity, he immediately set out to build.

There was no precedent to follow or no example to modernize for his guidance, yet the plant as it stands today, unique in every way, absolutely unlike any other studio in the world, and most of all a marvel of perfection, speaks for Mr. Horsley's genius. He personally supervised the entire work. His mind dominated the architect's design and the contractor's plans, and his eye guided the carpenter's tools and the steel structural worker's labor. The plant is David Horsley's work.

The studio is located at Main and Washington streets, right in the heart of Los Angeles. The studio buildings and yard cover an arena of 300 by 350 feet, situated directly in the rear of the Bostock Arena and Jungle, the park in which the Bostock animals are quartered.

There is an arena 144 by 144 feet, surrounded by walls twenty feet high, built to take only animal pictures. This arena is constructed like a great hexagon, the camera being mounted in the middle at the apex of six triangles, which spread away to the circumference, like so many enormous fans.

The director and the camera men are stationed on a concrete platform in the centre of this arena, from which place one camera can cover all parts of the arena from one setting. The housing for the camera is made of reinforced concrete. It is surrounded by a moat, six feet wide and four feet deep, filled with water and crossed by the dividing fences. By plunging into the water and coming to the surface on the other side of the fence the players who work face to face with the animals, without intervening bars, can easily escape in case of attack.

Getting Local Color

Each of the sections is planted with typical trees and shrubs, vines and grasses, that give the character of the location to pictures, that is, bears, panthers and pumas have Rocky Mountain and general North American scenes, while lions, tigers, leopards, kangaroos and like animals are shown in their native wilds.

Arena number one depicts a jungle scene, huge trees hung heavy with moss and creeping vines, with a dense tangle of underbrush and tropical shrubs, giving the atmosphere of the hot, steaming jungle, while native grass huts, half seen through the trees, give a touch of realism, and an old Boer wagon adds a finishing note.

Arena number two pictures the Rocky Mountains. Here huge ledges of rock loom up against the background of distant mountains. Spruces and cedars are seen like green spires; dead, lightning stricken trees form convenient waiting places for crouching panthers; caves furnish the savage grizzly a safe den. Here an old windfall leans against the cliff, making an easy pathway for the tawny mountain lion. In the foreground, which is rolling, are smaller rocks, where much of the action takes place.

Arena number three shows a scene in the Northern woods. Forests and low-lying mountains form the background; grand, prairie trees mingled with second growth, in which snuggles a log cabin, go to make up the middle foreground, which rises on both sides into rolling hillocks. Logs and stumps form the immediate foreground, the whole making a strikingly beautiful scene, and one with which much can be done.

Arena number four pictures the wilds of the tropics. Here is a practical waterfall; a deep, sapphire blue pool, and a brook which runs over little riffles in a zigzag path into the foreground, making a pleasing change from the other arenas. Here palms, palmetos, rocks and ancient trees mingle in artistic confusion, while the almost smooth foreground of the veldt makes a foil to the rugged beauty of the background.

Arena number five still holds in the tropics. In the distance are dim mountains, from the foot of which creeps a tree-dotted plain, which merges into tumbled rocky foreground, rather sparsely covered with trees and low shrubs, an ideal place for a lion or elephant hunt. The foreground is more level than any of the preceding arenas.

Arena number six is a desert, pure and simple; dreary stretches of sand, falling away into a purple distance; huge misshapen lodges of rock, with a broken sandy foreground complete the picture of desolation.

By a clever device this last arena is so managed that in a few moments the background can be changed to a marine view, and several other effects.

The animals enter each section by a runway from their cages. This runway incloses the entire arena and by merely closing a gate, which separates one section from another, the animals can be driven into any section desired. These gates are sufficiently large to permit the largest animals, such as elephants, etc., and stage coaches and caravans to pass through, thus making it possible to make a circuit of the six sections without turning around.

Lying immediately west of this arena arc the property rooms of the stage proper, in connection with half of the scene dock. The property room is on the east end of the stage, which is 70 by 140 feet, and spanned by sixteen structural steel trusses, which carry the diffuses and canvas roof. This
HORSLEY STUDIO

H. POPPE

roofing and the diffuses are operated by means of geared shafting. The floor is constructed of the best material, laid on concrete foundations, so as to do away with all vibration. Adjoining the steel work on the west end of the stage is the other half of the scene dock, public drawing rooms, lavatories, etc. These rooms are equipped with all modern facilities, including lockers, dressers, electric lights, etc., and are ventilated from above by skylights as well as by openings at either end of the rooms.

Convertible Dressing Rooms

The dressing rooms proper, those for the stars or regular members of the stock company, are on the north side of the stage and are twelve in number, in addition to the chief director's office. The fronts of these dressing rooms are constructed to represent bungalow fronts, all being of different design, no two doors or windows being alike. It is a unique and novel idea, for by the simple method of changing one of the glass bungalow doors (for they are made to interchange) the directors have a combination of 144 bungalow fronts of different designs to use for exterior settings.

The interior of the dressing rooms and offices are artistically decorated. They are equipped with modern plumbing. There is an abundance of light. The director's office represents a store front with a plate glass window, and the construction of this room has been so arranged that the exterior may be changed to a corner store front of any description in a few moments' time.

In the rear of the dressing rooms are the paint, frame and carpenter shop. The scene department is equipped with two frames each of 40 feet, while the carpenter shop has all the modern working machinery to turn out the work required for a plant of this magnitude without loss of time.

The laboratory is south of the stage about 100 feet. Near here are two fireproof vaults, away from other buildings, one for cameras and the other for film. These are constructed with combination vault doors and air-spaced walls, reinforced concrete roof and floors. Each is 10 by 20 feet inside measurement and electrically lighted.

The laboratory building is 34 by 94 feet and is one story in height, divided into private offices, general administration office, negative room, printing room, winding room, developing room, washing and drying room, assembling and patching rooms and scenario offices. The equipment for this building is the best money can buy, even to the tanks for the chemical action of the films. These tanks are constructed of especially prepared reinforced concrete. The floors of the whole structure are of magnesia composition, reinforced with a mesh to keep it from checking. This building sets back from Main street 250 feet. A beautiful pergola connects the Main street entrance with the offices. The pergola is boarded with shrubbery and grass, and there are the grounds, making the plant not only the most practical, but the most beautiful of its kind in the world.

The stage and arena offers accommodations for six companies in addition to the facilities it provides for making animal pictures.

Here the one-reel comedies, the animal pictures and dramatic productions, which Mr. Horsley will receive through the Mutual Film Corporation, are made.

European Film Producing in Wartime
(Continued from page 9)

land. There were, however, a number of unemployed actors who were engaged to play for temporarily formed concerns, whose operations were limited through lack of capital.

It has been stated that Germany, in its campaign against the Allies, has appropriated the well-known trade-mark of Pathé Frères in their productions. An abundance of feature productions are being turned out, but there is a great scarcity of one-reel dramas, comedies and educational pictures.

Italy, for a neutral, was even more badly affected than Germany. The industry there had been in a bad way for quite a while, the cause being too many companies at work to cope with the limited demand. This meant less business, while production expenses were soaring higher and higher. The war, therefore, afforded the producers an excellent excuse for the concerns to close down the studios and the lack of ready money available meant the survival of the fittest. So when, a few months later, the most powerful companies recommenced producing they found conditions much better than they were before the war. They were not, however, permitted by the censors to produce military pictures, but as soon as this ban was removed they made up for lost time. Now the producers are engaged upon big historical productions, for which they have no competitors.

In Holland, Russia and Spain, producing is continuing as if war were an unknown thing.

The far-reaching effects of the war rebounded on Denmark, the companies there ceasing work for several months, owing to their other European markets having closed. That the effect is now over is proven by the fact that the Nordisk Company, whose productions are released here under the "Great Northern" brand, recently increased their capital to four million crowns. Two new producers have also started business.

We naturally appreciate American photos plays best, but there is a warm spot in our hearts for the European product, which enables us to learn about life in other lands, view different backgrounds, and watch the work of new actors.

So we can be glad that the producers on the other side are making a gallant showing, in spite of the adverse circumstances.
THE DEAD SOUL
By WILFRED C. BARRETT

"Look a there, Jim," whispered Tom in awe-struck tones, "the rats is leaving this 'ere ship, time for us to be goin' too. You knows what that means; let's leave this hole even if we dies in doin' it."

"Oid, and slowly," retorted Tom. "We'll drop the pipe he was waggin' to his mouth and stared. Sure enough, Jim was right. In droves the rats were running down the sides. Big rats, little rats, gray rats, black rats, all were making a bee-line for the wharf."

"Waaf, Jim," drawled Tom, "reckon we will have to beat it when it gets dark enough. This boat is sure comin' to some bad end if them rats leaves us so quick."

The elements seemed in league with the deserted sailors. Toward dusk the rain began to fall; soon it was a tempestuous torrent. Under cover of the wind and friendly darkness the men slipped to the deck, dived overboard and before their startled mates could intervene, were swimming desperately for life and liberty.

Captain Carson's curses, when aroused from his drunken slumber, were loud and deep. At his command shot upon shot sent its startled echoes over the waters, but all to no avail. Before the hastily manned boat could reach the shore, and Tom had gained the dock and were lost to sight in a jiffy.

"Darn you all," roared the Captain, hitting right and left at the frightened sailors huddled aft. "You let them two run away from Red Carson, did you? Well, you shall pay for this! Now go to your cabins."

No second command was needed. The hungry men hustled away and were soon busy with their coarse fare.

In a few minutes Captain Carson had summoned his first mate.

"What the devil happened, Luke? Got to have two other men tonight. The 'Seagull' sails at 2 o'clock."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Luke; "we'll get two for you, Captain."

The mates had kept up their steady roar. The waves lapped hungrily the sides of the bark. Silently, save for the dip of the oars, a boat shot out from under the huge hull and made for the shore.

Still, without one word, the men began their search. In a short while one drunken reveller had been taken unawares, gagged, bound and in a few minutes conveyed to the waiting ship.

Again the men bent to their oars. Another trip must be taken to the dock, for well they knew Red Carson's vengeance if they failed in their quest.

Just as the boat grazed the shore, a tall form, clad in clerical vestments, appeared out of the gloom.

"My men," spoke a deep, musical voice; "I am called to minister to a desperately ill man on yonder ship; the storm is so severe I cannot find the boat which was to take me hither. In the name of humanity, will you row me out to 'The Defender'? There is no delay, we will only take a few minutes. You will be well repaid."

Too superstitions to refuse, the sailors grumblingly complied.

The 'Defender' lay just beyond the 'Seagull.' As the boat approached the latter, Captain Carson peered over the sides.

"Hey, there!" shouted he, "where be ye goin'; it's almost time to sail. Got the other man?"

"Captain," tremblingly stammered Luke, "we'll be back in a minute. Just takin' this short pilot to see a sick man on the 'Defender.'"

On the instant a devilish thought was born in the bosom of Carson.

"All right, boys; but bring the parson back here; one of our men has been took sudden-like, too; maybe his reverence can help him a bit."

In the minute that elapsed before the boat's return, hasty orders were given and obeyed; all was made ready for a quick getaway.

Paul Stoddard, young in years, old in the work he considered it his duty, to rescue sailors from what he felt to be a vicious life.

Now, as he pulled the collar of his storm coat about his ears, he could scarcely repress a sigh, that yet more was required of him that awful night. Visions of his coy personage, the wood fire glowing on the hearth, rose tantalizingly before his sight, but he did not falter.

His ministrations over to the dying sailor, he cheerily went back to the "Seagull" and chambered aboard. "Captain Carson," said he, "I am now ready for your sick man."

For reply a vicious blow was struck him on the head, knocking him senseless. Leaving him where he fell, the Captain's quick order soon had the anchor pulled up and the ship slowly steamed out of the harbor.

Gray dawn was stealing in at the port-holes when Paul Stoddard opened his eyes. Bewildered, he struggled to his feet, trying to remember what had happened.

The storm had spent its fury. The waves no longer rose mountain high, threatening every moment to engulf the ship. A pale sun was struggling with the scudding clouds for mastery.

Slowly, consciousness came back—the wild night, the hurried call, the sailors laboring at their oars, the Captain's urgent call, the violent shock and then nothingness.

A voice at his elbow galvanized him into sudden life.

"Here, you damned, lazy land hucker, take off them togs, and be quick about it, too. Here's the clothes you be goin' to wear now, and a sailor's blouse and trousers were thrust in his sight.

Laughing in unholy glee, Red Carson stood above him, his huge bulk filling the doorway.

"Ha, ha, ha! A sky pilot to work for us. Sure, why didn't I think of such before? Shanghaing a saint!" and his bellowing mirth filled the cabin.

Fierce rage welled in Stoddard's heart.

With a wild prayer for help in this crisis, Paul tried to master his emotions.

"Tell me, Captain, how dare you put a minister of the Gospel on your boat?" severely asked Paul. "I demand that you turn about at once and put me back on shore."

A stinging blow on the cheek was his answer. "You damned fool," thundered the Captain, "what do you take me for? I was short a man and I got you, and here you stay, and work, too, where I tell you to. Get into them clothes and be on deck in ten minutes or it will be the worse for you."

With a muttered curse Carson turned on his heel.

Seeing that there was no help for him, Paul with trembling hands laid aside his clerical garments and donned the suit of dingy blue. His hand struck his little Bible. Eagerly he drew it forth. The first words that greeted his eyes were: "Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil." Yes, in this dark hour he must trust to God for help and guidance, even though he seemed forlorn. Perhaps, some good could be done, even here. Strangely comforted and resigned, Paul went on deck.

The menial task of scrubbing decks was allotted to the minister. After he became accustomed to the strain on unused muscles, he but plenty of time to think and pray. Always the burden was, "Grant me, oh Lord, strength to help this sinner. Help me to resurrect his dead soul!"

Days of hard work, scantly fare, vile cursing, and blows, succeeded monotonous nights of fitful sleep in cramped, ill-ventilated dirty quarters.

At last the destination of the bark is reached. Algiers lies shimmering in the hot sunshine.

Across the sands of the desert a caravan is slowly wending its way. The patient camels are prodded by the weary drivers.

Algiers, their goal, is now but a few miles away.

Already the delights of the city are before their expectant visions.

"Zuleika, heart's desire, art comfortable? Bear with patience these last stretches of the journey. Soon we will be in our own little home."

"Hassan, beloved, think not of me, rather ridest thou ahead and see that all is prepared within the gates."

"Thy lips speak wisdom, dear one; I will obey thy behest."

Hardly had the hoofs of his horse's feet ceased to echo in the distance when loud cries and the sound of clashing steel greeted Zuleika's startled ears.

Before she realized what had happened she was dragged from her horse, gagged and her hands bound behind her. Her bodyguard was dead or captured.

Mercifully Zuleika had fainted, so she could forget that wild ride. When her eyes again opened horror and dismay seized upon her. For here was she, Zuleika, pearl of the Orient, beloved of Hassan, a slave for sale in the market place.

Oh, if only Hassan could know her peril, neither gods nor men would prevent his rescuing her.

He beheld her in her soft brown eyes. Stoically she pressed them back. With a muttered prayer to Allah she prepared to meet her fate.

Captain Red Carson strolled slowly through the town, his sailor garb of natty
The Reason
By ALLADIN ADEE

Would you like to know the reason,
Why the movies are in season,
When every other show is on the blink?

Well, along in ninety-four,
When the stage was something more;

Tom Edison put on his cap
to think,
And the outcome was the picture,
That is now a steadfast fixture.

Like the bottled light that won't blow out,
For their rivals cannot rout them,
And the crowd can't go without them;
Yet the price is not enough to think about!

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How Cartoon Comedies Are Made

THE Photoplay Art has just begun to settle down or up to its proper level. Instead of a few thousand companies turning out a hundred photoplays a day and trusting to able film salesmen to get them before the public, a half-dozen capable producers are soon to supply the entire market with pictures on their merit alone. Programs will soon consist of one dramatic feature, a topical, scenic and a comedy. One big organization of producers will supply the feature, that is an easy guess—but who's going to supply the comedy?

Since Mr. Chaplin introduced his own peculiar style of screen capers, the public seems to be unable to laugh at another sort. In the case of Chaplin are demanding salaries which the manufacturers swear are ridiculous to them. What is the answer? There must be comedies—there is but one Chaplin, and his imitators are expensive without being funny.

The answer is at present, the Cartoon Comedy. The able cartoonist can take his pen and with plenty of paper and an idea, turn out red reel after reel of farcical film. This work is much in demand just now for many reasons, not the least of which is the novelty and the average manufacturer's unwillingness to pay exorbitant salaries to flesh-and-blood comedies who may not prove popular or funny. The cartoon film also saves the wages of directors, players, property-men, etc., and it obviates the wear and tear on scenery and properties. For all these reasons, few programs are now without the cartoon comedy and, while all have not seen them, we doubt if any of the general photoplay loving public have any conception of the method employed in their manufacture.

The writer found Leslie Elton, whose "Billie and Squint" series has recently graduated from the St. Louis Democrat and a newspaper syndicate, to the films, just finishing No. 278. With the other two thousand seven hundred and eighty-three, this when photographed under his supervision, would make about a 700-foot film cartoon comedy—almost, but not quite one reel.

The wealth of detail attached to the drawings and acting is in this single effort is amazing. First Mr. Elton conveys the scenario, which in this case consists of eight scenes and the introduction of half dozen characters, whose ventures are consistently startling and humorous and culminate in chaotic misadventure, while the tip of the expected arrival's toe. Then on another blank, a little more toe, on another half a foot, then he produces an artistic pedant extremity, which sheet after sheet finally evolves into the complete figure of the visitor. The other characters make their entrance in the same hilarious way, and whatever action is planned to take place in our little cardboard parlor is drawn bit by bit, each additional movement requiring another page, as it were.

For instance, the action of two people shaking hands is only produced by drawing more than a hundred separate pictures of them standing face to face, but in each preceding drawing the hands a little more advanced in the action. Say that Scene 1 is finished. It consists of five hundred separate drawings, and the frame, which represents the location of the action. To turn this into film ready for projection the process is somewhat as follows:

A regulation motion picture camera is rigged over the table on which the action is to be "staged." Lens pointing straight down toward the table surface. With sufficient light above and at the sides to assure a good, clear photography, the cartoonist places the sheets of paper numbered 1, which have presumably to be the tip of "Billy's" toe, directly underneath, and over it the cardboard frame and one exposure is made by the camera operator, or possibly two or three. The result will be when the film is developed, a strip of three photographs of a parlor scene with a gentleman's toe protruding through the door. The artist then removes No. 1, and replaces it with drawing No. 2, which shows a little more shoe leather. More exposures by cameraman, and more substitution by artist

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Which, Who, Why, What and When?

By THE "ANSWER-MAN"

NOTHING to do but answer questions about moving picture people! I had to have some, so I just couldn't imagine a softer job than that! That's the way I was greeted by a new arrival in the office the other day. She had come to see the place and people from whence the PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL came. She is a reader, subscriber and an occasional inquirer for information from the "Answer-Man."

"All right," I responded, "how many photoplays have been released with titles beginning with the word 'love?' What are their dates of release, producing companies, length each and cast of characters?"

While the office nurse was bringing the visitor back to consciousness, the files were rapidly glanced over, a few notes taken, and when the expected question came—

"Do you know?"

I had the answer ready as it must always be: "One hundred and ten starting with 'love.' Fifty-four starting with 'love and.' Twelve starting with 'love in.' Eighteen, 'love is.' Five hundred and two beginning with the word 'loved.'"

They run from "Love," released by the G. P. C. on February 18, 1913, to "Love's Messenger" (Biograph, September 16, 1912), and "Love and Salt Water," Keystone. Thousands, hundreds, kinds of "love" by all sorts of companies and players—titles, dates, and casts available at a moment's notice.

It was quite evident to our skeptical friend that there were easier jobs than answering the questions proffered by the photoplay fans in all parts of the world. Especially to answer them all and correctly. And while in her weakened condition it occurred to the writer that there was a good chance to get out something that had often bothered him.

Why do they write and ask what color William Hinkley's eyes are and hair are?

Why do they want to know whether or not Bessee Love is married?

What does "Evansville Lassie" care about the height of Ray Myers?

Who put it into "D. C. Bernadette's" head to ask if Bessee Barriscale had any children in pictures or not?

When will "Nursie," "Etha" and "Flossie" start adding any "real babies" in such and such a picture or not?

"Which of the blond women in "Ruined by Moonlight" was the leading man's wife?" is another cunning way they come at a fellow for information. Why and what inspires them? Not that there is any objection to be made, however. If they stopped asking, where would the "Answer-Man's" job go? And although it is not an easy one—it's nice to have around!

For years and years—ever since I started answering questions in photoplay magazines that was back in 1911—I had figured on some day getting an inquiring fan closer than a post-office box and finding out all these things. Now was the opportunity.

She was at me me-r-r-c-c-y!

"Where do you keep all your answers?" she shot at me as she gained second wind. It was all off! A woman can always talk faster than a man. That's because she doesn't think she has to think in between!

She went on to say, "You're sitting on it." And then settled down to give and take as best I could—knowing I'd get far less information than I gave out, but willing to do my best.

"It isn't so much, is it?" queried our now calmer interrogator. "Only a few old drawing with scratchy handles on them. Seems to be a lot of cards in this one," she added, as she pulled out drawer Si-Te and spilled some nine hundred carefully indexed card casts onto the floor and in the cuspidor. And, "Oh, that's a shame, isn't it? I'll help pick them up!" And the dear kind little visitor, who was going to tell me everything I had lived all these years to learn, gathered up handful after handful of cards which had taken more than five years to index in draw Se-Te, and pushed them energetically into the vacant places of other drawers wherever she could find room!

She thereupon created a week's work for six sober and industrious clerks, but we are polite in this office, if nothing else, and I thanked her kindly and helped her open all the drawers and try to find room for a wet card that she had retrieved from the corner near the window, knowing all the time that I was ruined for—well, a month anyway!

We could find no place for the damp data, so the visiting whirlwind decided to read every thought of inspecting the system before except while sitting on it!

Across the top she read the title, "Soul of Honor, The." Then the company name. "Majestic." A row of figures from one to ten with the second crossed out, we explained picture.

The date of release was easy for even Un-handy Lucy—May 31, 1914, it was. And then the dear thing was prompted to gurgle at glimpses of the cast, which is always typed in the center of each card.

The Father . . . Ralph Lewis
The Son . . . . Henry Walthall
The Son's Wife . . Blanche Sweet

Now, thought I, she's got the system and had her party. There's nothing else: she can break, spill or ask about. Here's where I get in my good work.

But the moon was wrong, or something! Loquacious Lucy was enthralled and never knew Walthall was with Majestic!

She never knew Blanche Sweet worked with Ralph Lewis!

"Oh, there must be millions of queer things in these boxes that I'd love to know! I'm going to look through them all! Maybe I'll find Romaine Fielding's name on a card somewhere with 'Mrs. Fielding' playing an old ragged grandmother! Won't that be grand?"

The things that girl "never knew" about pictures and people were unbelievable.

But the things she intended to know before she left were being heard about. It seemed a good plan to lock her in for a year and shoot food through a sound-proof pipe once in a while—and then go in and interview her about what I wanted to know when she'd forgotten how to speak the language.

I decided to take it calmly for a while longer anyhow, and resurrected a cigar that had come in with some questions from "J. A. M" the day before—a sort of bribe—he wanted to know Douglas Fairbanks' right name!

"Can I guess my smoking?" I inquired, seeking to start the reverse questioning off gently, so she'd get used to it by degrees.

"Not at all. All our hands smoke, when I'm home on the farm during vacation," she chirped. "And some of them don't ask if I like it or not until after they get all lit up!"

Scandalous behavior of farmhands in—well, wherever she came from, I mentally noted. They might be tough customers, but if they smoked anything like J. A. M. cigars they were sod-busters for fair. I began to think by the time I had the gift cigar started.

J. A. M. has been asking me questions off and on for four years on different applications. He must have thought for three years and ten months that I am a lady, because he always sent a single stick of chewing gum with his questions. But suddenly he had a change of heart. About the time the spring poets began to good use with verse about Kempton Greene's niece and Billie Burke's chin, J. A. M. began to send cigars with his notes. I intended to ask Lucy why the whereabouts of presents to answers-men, too, when I got a chance—and what system they worked on when selecting. I have had everything from tin-types (the meet-me in St. Louis kind—you know 'em) to hot-water bags. There is a printer right here in this office who would lay down his life for me any time because I gave him a can of condensed milk that came from an old lady in Vermont, who wanted to know what color neckties William S. Hart wears; and when the printer got into trouble with the circus milk that night, not knowing what to do with it except take it home, he found his baby sick and the groceries closed on account of somebody's birthday, and the milk did the trick—so he shot away and I should quarrel with fate! Not yet!

Lyrical Lucy was now deep into the bowels of drawer Co-De. Trembling lest she wreck the rest of the alphabet, I started to say:

"Please, nice lady. There are twenty-four little index drawers in that outfit; there are nearly a thousand carefully arranged cards in each. They only come out as far as they are long—and if you pull them any further they will pull fall on the floor and spill a thousand cards completely out of their alphabetical arrangement. It took me hours a day for five years to get this thing fixed—please, nice lady, don't unfix it all this afternoon!"

My tearful tones must have impressed Luminous Lucy. She took out drawer Co-De with superb caution and, sitting down quite unexpectedly on the office floor with it in her lap, began to go over the nine or ten hundred cast-cards therein.

(Continued on page 39)
I N and about the studios, the “artistic temperment” is often heard of, and nearly as often encountered. That temperment, so often characterized by impatience, peevishness or egotistical selfishness is doubtful. Nevertheless there are many photoplayers who are so ill-advised as to feature their “artistic temperament.”

D. W. Griffith, the acknowledged master of photoplay production, has been rightly credited with the making of many of our best films. But for the dozen he has made, he has worked over a hundred. The first sign of success; a good part well screened and bringing came the “artistic temperament,” and away went the desire to study, to be forbearing and self-effacing—and very soon away went the temperamental player, to spend the rest of his or her career wondering why the first triumph went for nought.

To the observer it has sometimes been a matter of surprise that Director Griffith did not hasten after the erring one and even though a half million annual salary were necessary, bring him or her back into the fold. A few observations always proved that the great producer was too great to depend on the puppets he had made. He had and has the “making” with him always.

Little girls, women, men and boys who were never heard of in stage or screenland have begun to loom up in Griffith supervised and made talkies. Those who have decided after a short while that their sphere was stardom at the head of their own company, or some newer company which was formed by panteers or cigar manufacturers with money to feature them, because of a few triumphs under the Griffith hammer, have gone on to mediocrity or oblivion. And the “stickers” have added laurel after laurel to their wreaths.

Who are the stars of today that bring genuine pleasure and thrill to the photoplay audiences? The supremacy of the Triangle program answers the question. The stars of the Griffith branch of it are supreme in picturedom without question.

Bobbie Harron, Mae Marsh, Dorothy Gish, Lilian Gish, Wilfred Lucas and Alfred Paget we have of the old school. They may be seen today in a first run motion picture, and across the street if one be lucky—in a Biograph re-issue first made five or six years ago.

Again there are Mary Alden, Sam De Grasse, Howard Gaye, Elmer Clifton, Owen Moore, A. D. Sears and a dozen others of the new generations, who seem content to stick with the creator of what has so far proven the master picture of the age.

And no great mental effort is required to name a few dozen who were greater than the greatest in photoplayland when they cantered lightly off to other fields, and were heard of no more, or but little day by day until their efforts at starring are noted by the millions of photoplay lovers with a pitying smile.

And this brings us to the subject of this treatise. The Griffith “vampire” as it is now customery to call those phenomenal females who are so scarce and so effective in the type of character which is not calculated to arouse or hold the sympathies of the spectator, but to fascinate and enthral them without disgusting.

Like everything that Griffith does, he has his “vampire” a great deal different from the others. She is not featured on the six sheets, nor has she a press agent. She is not of the stage type which “vamps” through so many alleged features now and again. She is seen in the “Madame Tissothart” in a famous saw-mill drama of the last generation. Nor has she done the opelion drama for any studio or director than the ones now, and for the past two years having her exclusive services.

The Griffith Vampire Lady has another peculiarity. In all her “vampings” she has never been called upon to do the usual love-stealing, crawling and kissing herself into the affections of the weakling who has a loving wife or sweetheart doomed to suffer neglect, to make the play’s climax.

They leave that for the common or garden variety of “vamp.”

She does not get herself photographed daily in the latest gowns. Nor does she have automobile accidents or acroplane incidents to sell to the daily papers. Not a bit of it. She goes to the studio early every morning and reports to her director, works all day or sits reading or writing in her dressing room until called for, or until the whistle blows at five o’clock. But in a bit later in the evening, what should carry on is? Quite different from the general run? But then she’s different from the rest. And D. W. Griffith is somewhat different, too.

We believe in suspense as first aid to interest, so we won’t reveal the lady’s name yet. She has no press agent you know, and probably you never heard of her, anyway, but you’ve seen her! Ah, yes! You have seen her and wondered who she was and then you’ve forgotten her face very, very, very quickly.

Or the narrow escape that Loomie Louise had from death by eating a poisoned onion in her petulantly bad drama! Until you saw the next Griffith wonder play and then you’ve said, “Where did I see that woman before? Isn’t she strange and weird?”

Perhaps you saw a Mutual-Reliance Masterpiece produced by W. C. C. with a truly female character—called “The Failure.” The lady who played Rose Beaudet and rose to such remarkable heights without effort in that actress part was she.

Or you might have noticed the character of Portia Farwell in “The Absentee,” another feature from the same source. She again, “A Bold Impersonation,” and half hundred single and double reel Reliance dramas of a year or two ago, gave glimpses of this little advertised lady.

“The Birth of a Nation” needed no “vamp of the season,” but she is too clever to be left on the side lines when a master-piece is in the making, so she played the part of the actress who was on the stage in the theatre when Lincoln was shot. Originally played and on the night in question, by Laura Keane. Thousands of people who remarked upon the perfection of Mr. Griffith’s staging of this scene, wrote in asking who played Laura Keane’s part in it. Their letters were never answered.

In the coming Griffith masterpiece, which will probably be called “The Mother and the Law,” she plays Mary Magdalene in that portion of it which deals with the life of the Saviour. It is prophesied that America will rise and proclaim her Queen of Magdalene in the camera when she is seen. But whether or not she cares not at all. She vamps along as calmly as ever in her own peculiar way—the way that pleases D. W. Griffith, the public and herself. There is no better way.

Born in Budapest, Hungary, only nineteen years ago, she is of a race which settled there in 869, only after centuries of wandering over the face of Southern Europe. A pure blooded descendant of the Huns, who were the scourge and terror of the western and southern nations of Europe, her willingness to settle in comparative quiet is somewhat astonishing. But as she says herself, the variety of the studio surroundings in Southern California; the building up of strange personalities and living them before the camera, and the knowledge of life itself make the greatness and intelligence, all tend toward mildy satisfying the restlessness of her barbaric nature. Super-intelligent too, she looks askance at the players who fit hither and yon and never are satisfied, nor ever satisfied.

Educated in Europe and New York; in music and the kindred arts; studying dramatic expression under private teachers and always an athlete, the subject of this near-biography went into pictures purely from her attraction to fame and genius and ambition. Her success is the greatest that has ever come to a player—it is content and satisfaction. To continue as the only living exponent of an art which in consequence may be well called “her art,” is surely enough for a nineteen-year-old girl.

Her name is Olga Grey. She is distinctly of the Hungarian type of beauty, tall, well built, slim, dark and agile. Her hair is jet black, thick and long. Eyes large and expressive as are the heavy black eyebrows and lashes which add much to their beauty.

She is a type of woman who, once seen, will never be forgotten. Of an intelligence remarkable, and though of a race of bar-hararians who have only been settled in one spot 1000 years, she is really satisfied to go along in her own odd way—being the “Griffith Vampire.”
FAY TINCHER
(Triangle)
IN ANSWER TO YOURS—

Baron Bonte—See answer to Flossie C. above. In "The Heart of Maggie Malone" (Selig) Grace was Rhea Mitchell and Olly Jake, Joe King. The Demon Run has been visualized by picture producers several times. Notably in "Prohibition," a six-part feature which has been shown throughout the country. We are not tee-total except when financially submerged (?) . The superiority of Inc's "Civilization" over Griffith's "Mother and the Law" is a question. Being of entirely different styles, it is not probable that they will conflict—each being a masterpiece of its own sort. And either or both superior to anything else in pictureland.

Tiny Harris—Thomas Inc has two sons. Karl Formes played Mr. Jardine in Vitaphograph's "Mystery of the Hidden House." Loyola O'Connor was the Witch, and Margaret Gibson, Moira Robin in same. You're right—some of our best players are not playing—or working—whichever you want to term it. There's Augustus Carney, for instance. Think of another one and you'll be miles ahead! What a nice game for rainy nights, what?

Madison Square—Hampton Del Ruth played the part of Ray Baldwin in "Her Brother" (Frontier), released January 17, 1914, so we can he was a member of that company's acting force then. Frank Hayes is the kahn, lonely man in Keystone. Madame Modjeska's grandson, F. Modjeska, was once a member of Wilfred Lucas' Bison Company. Isn't it rather tacky, though, Gladys Brockwell is now with Fox. Don't know the other you mention.

Nameless, N. Y. Postmark—Did you forget to sign, or are you in hiding? There are no exclusive negro producing companies. Films for negro audiences, although efforts toward starting have been made several times. Colored players, however, appear not infrequently in standard productions where such scenes are required. Frank The Lincolnian, a monthly devoted to the interests of colored people, and published in Covington, Ky. Joseph H. Mayer is editor.

Mabel Gerbe—Appreciate your attention and also the poster. Why Indianapolis, may we ask? Walter Hill is a newspaperman who dabbles in publicity work and is connected with the eastern Universal press department. There may be a Walter acting—too, but we know him not.

Whistling Ruth—"Smiling" Billy Mason is now with Universal. He appeared in some keystones recently. Francis Ford was with Melies some years ago. In "A Cricklet Creek Cinderella" (Vitaphograph), Estelle Astor appeared opposite Billy Mason and is named in the cast as Mrs. Vosburgh. That should settle your bet. Both once appeared in Inc-Dominio films.

Pete-Mah—A good safeblower might be useful in some studios, but it is usually the good actor that is most in demand. If you still have eighteen years to serve, isn't it a little early to be hunting a job? We will see that you get a copy regularly hereafter. You might ship the results of your labors to this office, and the articles will be advertised and disposed of for you if possible.

May Corgan—Hank Mann is quite new to Keystone comedies, but has bent his efforts to L-KO screams for some time. We are unable to inform you regarding the oil used by Mr. Mann to make his hangings. Why not write him? Mildred Harris is fifteen years old. Yes, May, the first issue of this magazine is dated May.

R. A. Watt—"The Blind Princess and the Poet" is the correct title. It's a Biograph, one reel. The cast: Princess, Grace; Sweetheart, Maid; Westernman, Lord Selfish; Francis Grandon; Lord Gold, Dell Henderson; Lord Folly, Jack Dillon; Lord Presumption, Joseph Graybill; Lady in Waiting, Flo La Lade; Maids, Marguerite Marsh and Kate Tomay; Nurse, Grace Henderson; Princess Father, Wilfred Lucas; Courtier, H. Pathe Lehrman; Page, Hallace; Bloucher and Equal, Gladis Eggan; Court Lady, Jeanne MacPherson; Wise Man, Frank Opperman; Guardsman, Alfred Paget. While it is not our custom to print lengthy casts, this one is sufficiently curious to be of general interest. Inquirers are preferred who ask only after individuals.

Dr. Crane—We do not believe that the character of Mary Magdalene has ever been attempted by a photoplay actress. It is Allison however that D. W. Griffith's latest special feature, "The Mother and the Law," gives it prominence—played by Olga Grey, who is famous for her work in "The Failure," a Master National Picture. The Christ has been done quite often in pictures.

Flossie C.—What do you mean—do players in pictures eat? Sure they eat. As often as thrice a day, some of them. We doubt your tale of Keystone productions being frequently held up because the actors had eaten the pies! Sure, we think Mato-Swan is cute. Anything to be obliterating, Flossie.

Emme—Francis Ford and Grace Cunard have not left Universal. They are both married, but not to each other. No more Biograph pictures are being made, but that does not mean Bees will cease to be shown—Universal's have been contracted to last for years at their regular rate of releasing. Who told you the Answer Man's name anyhow?

Eddie Stanton—Joseph Singleton was the Laird in "Shon, the Piper" (101 Boro). You are right, he was Bessie Love's father in "The Good Bad Man" (Fine Arts). The three producing Triangle companies are closely allied in interests. That's why we were able to see Bessie Love featured in both Fine Arts and Kay-Bee the same week. Jane Grey, Gladys Brockwell and others have done the same stunt.

Versy Vis—Mabel Normand has undertaken some work at the studios directed by Thomas Inc. That does not mean that she is no longer with Keystone, but simply that she is working in another studio for the same firm. Good will is always a good play that will carry the brand name of "Kay-Bee" when shown.

Rhea Gardner is the man who had the juvenile role in Keystone's "The Village Blacksmith." He is a former player—about 1913. Kitty O'Neil is a dramatic actress who pianos also, we are informed. Her present vehicle is "Astray in New York," or something like it.

D. C. Bernardette—Welcome back. There is no Bertha in "The Birth of a Nation." Oh, yes Bertha is a real person. Bertha M. Clay, Francis! Chester Conklin played Mike, the Catcher, in "The Rival Pitchers" (Majestic). William Nigh, now a Metro director, was Mike the Pitcher in same. Too bad you are sick—maybe you haven't been seeing enough pictures!

Buda-Pest—H. B. Warner was featured in "The Ghost Breaker" (Lasky) released December 7, 1914. Also in the first Paramount release which was "The Lost Paradise," by Famous Players Company, in five reels, August 31, 1914. Mr. Warner is now Kay-Bee-ing.

Don Allevens—Lorena Foster was Molly in "Love and Limburger" (Joker). She's a Chicagoan, we believe. Jolly Jasper is a real inquirer. If he agrees, we'll willingly give you his correct name and address. How about it, Jasper?

Nice Natalie—All companies do not use their pen names. One of the largest recently advertised widely that they would give cash prizes for suggestions of a brand name for part of their output. Neither prizes nor further announcements have been made since, although many pages were devoted to details of the offer when it was made some months ago. J. B. Sherry was the spokesman for the pioneers stranded on the desert in "The Aryan." (KB)

Amanda Taylor—in "When Avarice Rules" (Centaur), Myrtle Carney was played by Lorena Foster. It was a two-reeler. Florence Lawrence retired almost as soon as she returned to the screen recently—via the Universal company. Her health is not all that it might be, we have heard. You flatter us, Mandly.

Arabella—Metro seems to run to Alaskan productions. They have pictured some of Mr. Edison's "Yukon's Pioneers." Tom Daly's, "Lewin Cleeve" is a pen-name adopted by a well-known writer whose contract with his publishers forbids the use of his real name in connection with his writings which may appear in this journal or others, except those controlled by them. As Lewin Cleeve he is probably his work will appear monthly though, in this publication.

Modena, Pa.—Francis Carpenter is the little white-haired boy who was in "Old Heidelberg" (Fine Arts), and the same character that is in "Mary's Vindication." The bellboy in "Double Trouble" (Fine Arts) was played by Don Likes. Latest advice says that Henry Wallath has not left Essanay. Get the May "Photo Play Journal" for the latest Mabel Normand pose. The late John Bunny has a son in pictures, yes. Is that all?
Learn Nursing at Home

Right in your home, the Hos- pital Extension Course teaches you in detail the duties of the registered nurse to make you a competent nurse, and to care for sick and convalescent patients, to aid in the treatment of the sick and in the management of the hospital. The course is given by the experts of the hospital and in a manner that will enable you to understand and do for yourself. The course is given in a series of 25 lessons, each lesson containing 50 pages of printed matter and 25 pages of diagrams and charts.

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This is a chartered school—25 years' experience—affiliated with hospitals in the U.S.A. and graduated nurses are on faculty.

How I Became a Photo-Player
By HENRY B. WALTHALL
(Continued from page 19)

rescue him, rushed madly into the mercury-lighted room. There he was, standing over in the corner, in a prison scene, done up in not too glorifying convict suit, borrowing a cigarette from the warden, while they waited for the camera man to finish talking with his wife, back in the office. Tears came to my eyes while I surveyed my old friend of the "legitimate" days. Too bad, I thought, that he had come to this.

He only grinned when I tried to rescue him. While he was chuckling over my somewhat pathetic face, a somewhat tall, well-built man walked in with a smile on his face, and steel in his eye, David Wark Griffith. Kierwood introduced me to him, and this director acknowledged the introduction by saying: "Get busy; I have been waiting for you for some time."

"For me?" I laughed, wonderingly.

"For your type—get busy. You're a convict now. Upstairs you will find a convict suit. You'll be digging sewers outside the prison walls in about fifteen minutes."

"But I don't want to join the movies!" I said.

"You will after you try it once," he laughed.

"And I did, I guess, for I stuck. While I began as a sewer-digger I was quickly put into better parts, and I wonder now how I ever could have scoffed at the movies."

My climb into big parts was not sensational, yet it was steady. I was practical about my work, made a severe study of it, and scientifically sought to improve myself into a definite type of films where I could acquire individuality, and feel that at last I had reached my goal.

How Cartoon Comedies Are Made
(Continued from page 24)

—until the entire five hundred drawings have been photographed beneath the card-board parlor frame and scene first is filmed.

As there are from two to fifty exposures made of each drawing—depending on the nature of the action—the first scene may consist of a hundred feet of film or 1600 separate photographs, when completed.

Each in itself would mean nothing, but when projected at the rate of sixteen a second successively upon a picture screen, the spectator sees "Billy" enter his parlor jauntily, remove his hat and lay it with his cane upon the piano, strike a few notes on the keyboard, express surprise, reach into the instrument's bows, and take out a horse, two sheep, a family of kittens and several cows and hens, which he tosses lightly into his hat and hands to the maid who enters at the sound of music (1), and then settle down to harmonious efforts, which are only concluded by the entrance of the young lady who is presumed to re- side there, and their dual exit by way of the bay-window!

Thus does Mr. Elton build the play-operet hot comic effects which were impossible in any other way. He only requires the story, plenty of paper and ink—and his magic right hand. The film manufacturer only needs supply him with a camera and operator and some lights, and he will turn out reels of screams that obvi- ate the engagement of a company of players, and consequently, the weekly line-up at the company’s treasury for salaries—which is a thing that the picture makers are only too glad to avoid in these parlous times. Hence the services of Leslie Elton and his fellow craftsmen are much in demand.

The illustrations show "Billy" getting ready for an auto tour. Several thousand drawings are made to complete the 800 feet of film.

How I Became a Photo-Player
By BESSIE EYTON
(Continued from page 19)

scenes of a film play. One of the problems confronting motion picture actresses is appropriate dressing rooms when changes of costume are necessary and there are no dwelling houses or other shelters near at hand. I solved this problem by arranging the interior of my automobile as a dressing room. The interior of my automobile contains a take-down dressing table, mirrors are arranged on the sides, and I have an especially designed drawer located under the front seat, which contains cosmetics and other articles essential to the art of motion picture make-up."

"I have never regretted my entrance into the movies, despite the fact that it came about by mere chance. I take keen pleasure in knowing that I have won many admirers and friends, many of them I have never seen, it is true, but who nevertheless, write me very kind and encouraging words."

"It might be wise here to mention, too, that opportunities to enter motion picture work are now rare. My opportunity was one in a thousand. I would advise the many, many girls who write me requesting information about motion picture work to forget it. Art is long and art is fleeting. Many are disillusioned after they see the interior of a motion picture studio. It is best to enjoy motion picture plays seated in a comfortable seat in a movie theatre. Take this advice from me; I know!"

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

LASHNEEN COMPANY  (Department 36)  Philadelphia

Which, Who, Why, What and When?

(Continued from page 29)

Squawks of delight were forthcoming almost immediately. "Oh, what a funny title for a movie. It can't be true—'Come Round and Take That Elephant Away,'" she squealed doubtfully.

But looking over her shoulder, I was able to assure her that it was the real and only title of a Selig release directed by Norval MacGregor and turned out upon us unsuspecting mortals on March 31, 1915.

But Lunatic Lucy hardly heard me. She'd discovered old friends on the very next card.

"Can you beat that?" were her Gospel words. "The Conversion of Smiling Tom, it says here, and a Selig picture, too, and here's Eugenie Forde printed on it as playing the part of ' Widow Wilson,' and I saw her in the 'Diamond From the Sky,' which I'm sure was made by the American Company—and only a little while ago!"

I could see there were no replies required here. She had the game all to herself. Deal her own hand and play to herself—why should a mere authority on casts and such things break in?

"And here's ' Widow Wilson's Daughter' played by Louella Maxam right on here in ink!" she urged next. "And I saw Louella Maxam this very day in a Keystone comedy called 'An Oily Scoundrel.' Why, Mister, this is orful!"

"You know," I began, "players change companies sometimes and—"

"Well, I hope they do!" was the frenzied response. "Just listen to this, will you? The Civilian; Broncho; Nov. 20, 1912; Colburn, J. B. Sherry; His Wife, Eugenie Forde; Their Daughter, Mae Marsh; Lieut. Wade her Sweetheart, Ray Myers!!! And there isn't a one of them in Broncho pictures now—there isn't any Broncho anyway! Oh, Mister, I'm just crazy about these old cards of yours!"

"Help yourself, little stranger," I responded. "But don't forget to leave yourself in ignorance of one or two things about the players so you'll have something to write about when you get back to the old agricultural apartments."

"Here's a Biography called 'A Compromising Complication,' and who do you suppose is the Mayor's daughter and her lover?" came from Lively Lucinda then. "Bad Duncan and Gerrie Bambrick! And I thought he was always a part of Ham and Bud and I never heard of her except the time she married Marshal Neilan last winter."

"You have a lot of things to hear about yet, my Lingering last Lucid Lady," I managed to ejaculate. "And one of them is that tomorrow is another day."

Hints judiciously injected into the rather one-sided conversation I found to have their effect upon my charming guest, for with a farewell chip of amazement at finding Harold Lockwood playing a bad man in a Kay-Dee comedy called "The Cowtown Reformation" of ancient vintage, she reluctantly started to pack away my rare old files with delighted but astonished gurgles.

I had decided to postpone my own lorgnet-for inquiries until I was less worn and haggard—perhaps forever. The day had been a touch out since Lucy landed.

"Whenever you would know what kind of hair they wear, or who is which and when," I mumbled gently, "write to the 'Answer-Man.' A postage stamp will bring a letter from Camden or from Texas if it is stuck on the envelope so the postman can't get it off."

So Landlady Lucy went away from us and left us flat. We were flat for a week afterward, to tell the truth. The things she might have done to the answers department, though, are too numerous and horrible to imagine. I spend hours trying not to imagine them.

When I hear a footsteps on the threshold, I start doing the reverse in imaginings. As Jennie Zedman would say, "Cold sweat pours from my alabaster brow." But as yet none of Lucy's chums have invaded us with vocabularies oiled up and set for twenty-four years without a rewind. I am grateful. Not that I don't love all my jolly little questioners—not that I don't love my salaried little job—nothing like that!

But I just couldn't stand—well, I mean—it seems kinda like as if—Well! Darn it! The Government is still making and selling postage stamps, isn't it?

I know I'm going to get a flock of inquiries about pictures with titles that begin with something between SI and TE some of these days and they'll be the very ones that went into the cuspidor or out the window!

There had better be none of them signed "Lucy."
In the Editor’s Mail
Readers are invited to contribute and offer suggestions

Do You Think—
Mary Pickford and Bessie Love,
Mabel Normand and Gertie Bambrick
Edwin August and Tom Chatterton,
Francis Ford and Ray Myers,
Mignon Anderson and Loraine Huling,
Mae Marsh and Violet Wilkey,
Jac Kerrigan and Marshal Nielan,
Anna Little and Clara Williams,
Mildred Harris and Rhea Mitchell,
Charles Ray and Roscoe Arbuckle,
Frederick Church and Raoul Walsh,
William Hinckley and W. E. Lawrence,
Howard Gaye and Courtenay Foote
—not aliike?

Isn’t it Funny—
That Hank Mann should be the funniest man in Keystone Comedies today, and has only been with them a couple of months—when he played leads in L-KO Comedies for more than a year without ever winning a giggle?

That Marc Edmond Jones, who writes the devilish dance hall type of photoplay so well—should be prominent in Y. M. C. A. circles?

That Mabel Normand is not married?

How the “Thanhouser Kid” disappeared from the screen?

That Pearl White never gets her name in the papers?

What a lot of shots the comedians emit from their six-shooters without reloading?

St. Louis, May 6, 1916.
The Photoplay Journal
Gentlemen: Think you have the best “movie” magazine published. I enclose $1.50, for which please enter my subscription.
Mrs. O. H. Healey, Jr.

The Photoplay Journal
Gentlemen: I take all the magazines, and yours appeals to me so much that I enclose a subscription.
Ruth Johnstone.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 5, 1916.
The Photoplay Journal
Dear Sirs: Enclosed is a year’s subscription to the Journal. It certainly is great, and all the girls are sending you congratulations.
Mrs. Etta H. Harvey.

The Photoplay Journal
Gentlemen: I think you have a very interesting magazine, and I enclose $1.50 for one year’s subscription.
Albert Wayne.

The Photoplay Journal
Gentlemen: Enclosed is a year’s subscription to your magazine. Congratulations. It’s the best we have ever seen.
Laura Goldsmith.

Havana, Cuba, May 8, 1916.
The Photoplay Journal
Gentlemen: I have just received a copy of your wonderful periodical, and after reading it desire to subscribe for myself and two lady friends, so enclosed is $4.50.
Please send to the addresses enclosed.
Paul S. Manikow.
P. S.—You may send samples to the attached list. I am sure all will subscribe.

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What He Thought of It.

The young playwright was reading a new drama, while on tour, when he noticed that one of them was asleep. Heavily, he awoke the sleeper, asked him, "What was he reading?" he said, to obtain the opinion of the critics. How, therefore, could a man who was asleep give an opinion? he pondered a moment and then ended the discussion by saying: "Sleep is an opinion."

Not So Eugenic.

In our last issue we had an article headed, "A Mother Factory." We beg pardon; it should have read "Another Factory."—The Milwile (Il.). Times.

Typical.

"Is he a typical American?"

"Yes; he likes baseball, has a motorcar, owes a mortgage, pays alimony, and thinks the moving pictures have grand opera beaten a mile."—Kansas City Journal.

Proven.

Milly—"Ninety-nine women in a hundred are naturally generous."

Billy—"Yes, where one woman will keep a secret, ninety-nine will give it away."

The Doctor's Error.

Velpeau, the great French surgeon, successfully performed a serious operation on a little child. The mother, overcome by joy at the surgeon's office, asked: "Monseur, my child's life is saved and I do not know how to express my gratitude to you. Allow me, however, to present you this pocketbook embroidered by my own hands."

The great surgeon smiled sarcastically. "Alas!" he said, "my art is not merely a matter of feeling. My life has necessities like yours. Allow me, therefore, to decline your charming present, and to request some more substantial renumeration."

"But, monsieur," asked the lady, "what renumeration do you desire?"

"Five thousand francs."

The lady quietly opened the pocketbook, which contained ten notes of a thousand francs each, counted out five of them, and, politely handing them to the amazed physician, retired.

Fine Subject.

Madge—"When you took the long walk with Dolly how did you feel so much to talk about?"

Marjorie—"We happened to pass a girl we both knew."

Confirmation.

Jugge—"I slept like a log last night, sir."

Mrs. J. — "Yes, and I heard you sawing it."—Buffalo Express.

Her Ideal Shattered.

"Her ideal is shattered."

"What happened to it?"

"She married it."—Detroit Free Press.

Overlooked.

A gentleman walked into a store and said: "I wish to make a purchase, but am one cent short of the right amount. Do you think that could be overlooked?"

"Why, surely; what was it you wished?"

"The 3 o'clock extra."—Record.

A Reasonable Doubt.

A new system of memory training was being taught in a small village, and the instructor was becoming enthusiastic.

"Now, for example," he said, "suppose you wish to remember the name of the poet Bobby Burns. Fix in your mind a picture of an English policeman in flames. You know they call their policemen 'bobbies,' and there you have it. See? Bobby Burns?"

"Yes," said one pupil, "but I am not allowed to use slang or nicknames, so that, to me, we should mean Robert Browning."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Benefactor.

Parke—"You don't stay by but we ought to make somebody happy."

Lame (satirically)—"Well, what did you do yesterday, for example?"

"I kissed my wife."—Life.

Her Rates.

A scrubwoman applied to a lady for a job. "What do you charge a day?" asked the mistress.

"Well, ma'am," was the reply, "a dollar and a quarter if I eat myself, and a dollar if you eat me."

One Advantage.

"So you bought one of those automobiles they tell so many fancy stories about?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins.

"And it is saving me a lot of trouble and wear and tear. When your friends tell you jokes about your car, they don't expect you to ask them to ride around in it."—Buffalo Courier.

"This is awful, all my letters come back marked 'can't locate.'"

"Well, it's your own fault. Why do you put your address on them?"—Fiigeader Blatter (Minn.).

Mrs. Jesso—"Half the world don't know how the other half lives."

Empoyer—"Oh, I'm dumb! There's a gossip in most every neighborhood!"

Jinks—"I neither borrow nor lend, old chap."

Blanche—"But just because your credit's no good is no reason for you not having confidence in mine."

Lots of It.

Charlotte—"Yes, Bert."

"I was just thinking that when you girls trim off the ends of all these sandwiches you must have lost of crust."—Minneapolis Star.

An Exception.

"Remember, my son," said the father, "that politeness costs nothing."

"Oh, I don't know," returned the hopeful. "Did you ever try putting Very respectfully, yours at the end of a telegram?"

By Degrees.

"My dear, isn't that dress a trifle extreme?"

She—"Extremely! Why, I put this on in order that you may become accustomed to the one I am having made!"

How?

George Savage, colored, is alleged to have broken into the home of George Bowen, an 88-year-old widow of Washington county, and assaulted him with a poker by beating him over the head until Mr. Bowen's right arm was broken in two places,—The Norfolk (Va.) Virginian Pilot and Landmark.

Tut-Tut.

"The word 'reviver' spells the same backward and forward."—New York World.

It was the frivolous man who spoke, "Can you think of another?"

The serious man scowled up from his newspaper, "Tut-tut!" he cried contemptuously.—Toledo Blade.

Proof.

First spirit—"How do you know this is heaven?"

Second spirit—"My soul isn't covered with laundry marks."

Simple Folks.

Sedgewick is the kind of a town where a young fellow brags about kissing his girl,—The Peabody (Kan.) Gazette.

Cutting and Fitting.

"Cutting and fitting go together in dressmaking, but not necessarily in speechmaking."

"That's wrong at your club, my dear?"

"We asked, Mrs. Fludob to make some fitting remarks and she made some cutting remarks.—Kansas City Journal.

A Post-Graduate.

Rose—"May is taking painting lessons."

Marie—"At a studio?"

Rose—"No; in a beany shop."

"So you are building a new house, eh! How are you getting along with it?"

"Fine! I've got the roof and the mortgage on and I expect to have the furnace and the Sheriff in before summer."

Belle—"What would you do if you were a millionaire, Herry?"

Percy (a poet)—"I'd hire a body-guard and present my poems personally."

His Mistake.

"How did you lose your last job?"

"I was fired for making a mistake."

"That seems unfair. We are all liable to make mistakes."

"Yes, but I told the boss that he couldn't get along without me."

Millions of What.

"My boy," said the minister, "do you know the meaning of energy and enterprise?"

"No, sir," answered Fredy, "I don't believe I do."

"Well, I'll tell you. One of the richest men in the world came to this city without a shirt to his back and now he has millions."

Freddy gazed at the蹬german in open-eyed amazement: "Millions?" he asked. "How many of them can be wear at one time?"

He Wasn't First.

She (just kissed by him)—"How dare you? Papa said he'd kill the first man that touched me."

He—"How interesting. And did he do it?"

Lack of Preparedness.

"Pop, what is free speech?"

"Free speech is saying what we please to fellow we know we can listen to."

Not Overconfident.

Janes Hamet, better known as "Big Jim," has traveled here for several years, has gone to Los Angeles, where he expects to live,—Porterville (Cal.) Recorder.

"He Didn't Know."

"Is that young lady I saw you with the other day your wife or sister?"

"Err—I haven't asked her yet."

Not Satisfied.

Agnes—"Oh, sorry I missed your wedding."

Glady—"Never mind. I'll have others."

Committed.

Wife—"You believe in being prepared, don't you?"

Husband—"I certainly do."

Wife—"Then I know you'll approve of my getting my complete outfit for summer before the hot weather sets in."

His Viewpoint.

"They have four bathrooms in their new house, and—""Why—go!—ain't there—no four Saturday nights in one week!" astoundingly exclaimed Jason Greenaw.

Employer—"Huh! Got off yesterday to go to your grandmother's funeral?"

Wife—"Yes, sir; we got fighting over property!"

Wife—"Before we were married you said you would gladly die for me."

Hubby—"Great Scott, dear, you aren't going to ask me to make good on that promise, surely."

Note.—Address all contributions for this page to Last Laugh Editor, The Photo-Play Journal, Philadelphia.
THE JULY NUMBER OF

The Photo-Play Journal

America’s Greatest Motion Picture Magazine

which will make its appearance on all news-stands June 20th, will be

THE MID-SUMMER NUMBER

and will contain—

Illustrated stories, many novel interviews, photos of the players in bathing costumes. A beautiful cover of a well known player at the sea shore and many other surprises in store for you.

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D.W. Griffith’s Vampire Girl
A Straight Tip from the Editor

ALTHOUGH Mary Anderson, of the Western Division of the Vitagraph Company of America, was unable to leave her work long enough to make the trip to New York and appear at the Exposition, she was wise enough to supply a great number of souvenirs. It is well she did, too, for reports say they went like hot cakes.

* * *

Kathryn Williams is winning universal encomiums for her versatile work in the Selig Red Seal Play, “Into the Primitive.”

* * *

G. A. Williams, who is sometimes the superintendent and sometimes the engineer in Kalem’s “Hazard of Helen,” is no stranger at the throttle. Williams was for years an active railroad man before turning Thespian.

* * *

Roses can be found on nearly every gown worn by Miss Billie Burke in “Gloria’s Romance,” the motion picture novel in which she is now appearing.

* * *

Perhaps no other player who was introduced at the Expositions in New York City received more applause than did “Mother Maurice,” of the Vitagraph Players. She made her entrance upon the stage bearing a bouquet of red roses, symbolic of her picture, “Mother’s Roses,” and the crowd clamored loud and long.

* * *

Myrtle Stedman, the popular Pallas Pictures star, was one of the feature attractions at the Panama California International Exposition at San Diego recently. Miss Stedman sang from the rostrum of the world’s greatest organ, and her beautiful voice won her a big ovation.

* * *

“Ham,” the Kalem comedian, once played blood and thunder melodramatic roles in San Francisco, and was quite a favorite with the gallery.

* * *

Viola Dana, the newest of Metro stars, who will shortly begin work on her first production for that program, will entertain a number of friends at the Narragansett Hotel, at Broadway and Ninety-third street, with a series of artistic dances. She began her career as a professional dancer when she was five years old, and she still keeps up her work in that art at private performances.

* * *

Marian Swayne, who recently joined the Fox photoplayers, comes of a distinguished Quaker family of Pennsylvania. Her ancestors came over in the Mayflower, and her maternal grandmother was a first cousin of Krupp, the Essen gunmaker.

* * *

The secret is out. The reason why Harry Myers, director and co-star with Rosemary Theby of the popular comedies, always has such beautiful sets, is that he designs them himself. Before coming to pictures Mr. Myers was a pupil of Josef Urban, the famous scenic artist. Nobody knew until last week, when he was cor- nected in the Jacksonville studios and forced to confess his guilt. The cause of the pitiless questioning he underwent was an exceptionally elaborate row of sets for his new picture, not yet named. It’s all about the bride’s new home, and seven rooms are shown—all designed by Mr. Myers to harmonize with each other.

* * *

The remarkable agility of Pauline Frederick, displayed as the dancer in several scenes in “The World’s Great Snare,” need not surprise any one. For the Famous Players star first began her triumphant stage career in musical comedy and has never lost her clever pedal control.

* * *

Rose Melville, creator of Sis Hopkins, is an Indiana girl.

* * *

Virginia Norden, Balboa’s new emotional star, enthuses whenever water sports are mentioned. Sailing is her favorite recreation. The proud owner of a fifty-foot yacht, Miss Norden sails it like a professional skipper. She swims and dives like a West Indian, and when it comes to fishing, she can land the best hooked of them. The joys of living outdoors appeals to Miss Norden, and it is reflected in her work before the camera.

* * *

Juan de la Cruz, who plays the important part of “Signor Pastorelli” in the Moserco-Paramount photoplay, “The Making of Maddalena,” is a real Count and of a noble Danish family of ancient lineage. He was trained in dramatic and operatic work at the Royal Theatre at Copenhagen. Starting at eighteen, he played in all the big musical centres of Europe for six years, afterwards coming to America. He appeared in Moreno’s photoplay, “Peer Gynt,” and in the Pallas production, “The Gentleman from Indiana.”

* * *

Long walks are the best aids to beauty, thinks charming Billie Burke, the film star who is receiving $4000 per week for her appearance in “Gloria’s Romance,” the latest motion picture novel. Every day, wet or fine, finds her clad in sensible walking clothes, low-heeled shoes, and accompanied by one or more—generally more—of her dogs, starting for a long tramp through the country round about her summer home at Hastings-on-Hudson.

* * *

James W. Horne, director of Kalem current series, “The Social Pirates” and the popular “Singeare,” was once assistant treasurer at the Grand Opera House, New York City, with no thought of the honors to come.

* * *

Mary Charleson tells one that is not bad, which she says illustrates the speed at which the present-day dramas proceed. She was seated in the waiting room of one of the popular hotels when an agitated man dashed in and frantically threw himself into a seat at a writing-desk. His pen flew nervously over sheet after sheet, and he laid each aside with growing impatience, knowing more desperately on his fountain pen every minute. Finally, he finished writing and with a sigh of relief, viewed the mass of stationery before him.

“Well, I’m glad he finally arranged that telegram into ten words,” remarked a man near Miss Charleson.

“Telegram, nothing,” replied the man’s companion. “That’s what— the popular playwright. What you just saw him do was write a new drama.”

* * *

There is a 250-pound black mamy in one of William Fox’s forthcoming photoplays. She is willing to go on the scales to demonstrate that this is her actual weight. At one time she played comedy parts with Williams and Walker.

* * *

Grace Valentine, who was recently promoted to stardom on the Metro program, is the daughter of Snow, the famous Indianapolis patent attorney and agent, who is known everywhere a country newspaper is published.
CREIGHTON HALE
(PATHE)
CONTENTS

JULY 1916

Vol. 1
Edited by Geo. La Verne

No. 3

MISS ANNETTE KELLERMAN
(ON THE COVER)

The career of Annette Kellerman is most fascinating, if almost incredible, and a chronicle in which ability, patience and pluck are delicately blended by one who is gifted with a happy faculty of weaving the three talents into something practical. When Miss Kellerman was twelve years old she was a wan, delicate child with weak, thin legs and a bony frame. She resolved to overcome her afflictions, and accordingly became a strenous disciple of physical culture, and indulged in athletics, principally swimming and dancing. After years of the hardest kind of work she achieved the goal of her ambition, and became the world's ideal woman. Only one blemish with an indomitable will could have affected her a physical metamorphosis of such proportions. The forlorn, weak little creature had transformed herself into one of the healthiest and most beautiful women of the universe, with a figure absolutely perfect in measurement.

Miss Kellerman was born in far away Australia and spent her early childhood in Kangaroo Land. The water nymph was not ushered into the world with a silver spoon in her mouth, and it is not by chance or influence that she stands pre-eminently famous throughout the civilized world.

Miss Annette will tell any one that she is under obligations to Annette Kellerman and nobody else. And those acquainted with her life's story say that this may be accepted as the unequivocal truth. Solely by her own efforts she has attained every bit of her success. By sheer pluck and consistent hard work she vanquished all impediments which are ever ready to block a career, and steadily climbed onward.

Last fall her intrepid was proven beyond a doubt when she leaped from the top of a lighthouse, one hundred and fifty feet high, into a raging sea. Other stunts requiring real courage were performed by Miss Kellerman while at Kingston, Jamaica, last year, where she assumed the stellar role in the new Fox million dollar production.

Miss Kellerman possesses a pronounced sense of humor and thoroughly enjoys anything ridiculous, and what is more, she can appreciate a joke even when the laugh is on herself. Perhaps the biggest reason why Miss Kellerman is loved internationally is her modesty and unassuming way of assimilating well deserved commendation without ostentation or trying to belittle other celebrities. And right here, let us note that she is a rare exception of the photoplay world.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY LA VERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Business Offices: 4341 North Ninth Street

M. L. Downs, President
R. S. Eastlack, Vice-President
Frank T. Eastlack, Secretary and Treasurer
GEO. M. Downs, Jr., Business Manager

[Subscription, $1.50 A Year in the United States and Mexico]

[$2.00 in Canada $2.50 Foreign Countries Single Copy 15 Cents]

MAE MARSH
(TRIANGLE FILM STAR)
Dawn was shaking the skies with tremors of lavender and rose when Vladimir Krestovsky awoke in the village of Nazareth, some three hundred miles from Petrograd. For some twenty years he had awakened thus, to a world of shifting color and silent splendor, and never before had he, so avid of all that the earth and the heavens gave him, been insensible to that many-tinted wonder above his head. But today his senses recoiled into the centralized consciousness of one fact: "I am going away."

It was the day of his deliverance, deliverance from all that oppressed and hampered, deliverance from the tyranny of the soul, no less than the flesh. For in his flesh and soul, this peasant youth had felt for years the strivings of a great, a not-to-be resisted ambition. And all in him that yearned for the glory of power was focused in the word, America.

With a detachment too absolute to be called callous, he passed from the little house with scarcely a glance at the things it contained—things once dear to him, but now almost hateful through their symbolization of the clutch of necessity. Two things, however, he took farewell of—his baby, the little Olga, and her mother, Natasha. They slept unsmiling as he kissed them, the child with passionate tenderness, the mother with a gesture of relief and some slight woe.

Woe however he left behind for he was not a man to load his prospects with the grief of past deeds. And as the morning broke in white and bitter beauty around him, he turned to Petrograd. For beyond Petrograd lay the seaport, and beyond that America.

It was characteristic of the man that, once impelled on his long journey, all hindrance fell away from his path. It seemed hardly a day between his departure from Nazareth—a name hateful to him, for to him all the pressure of Christianity was summed up in it—and the time when the ocean lashed the ship into what seemed a personal desire for haste. Girdles of cool and evanescent foam touched the bow of the vessel; the tossing floor of the sea was like green marble veiled in whitest yellow, crisscrossing purple and sable here and there. But in the steerage Vladimir saw, through the hyaline haze of the water, a mass of leaping flame, of twisted bars of metal, of burning activity. For he was by trade a steel worker, and by that trade it was his dream to make himself of the great—in America. He despised quietly the lights of the sea, with their half-heavenly gleam of things unrealized. For him the blazing splendor of fire, in which dreams were transmuted into reality, . . . .

Meanwhile life in Nazareth was seemingly untouched by the absence of one soul. His wife, with a stoicism resembling solemnity, as endurance resembles stupidity, remoulded her life, or tried to, so that her—her—baby should not suffer. The little Olga, in truth, was the one vital connection that the silent Natasha maintained with life. As the child flowered into a blossom of quite exquisite form and feeling, the trodden woman felt more and more that her far-away husband had not been unkind to her. Had he not left her Olga? He might easily have taken Olga with him. Nor did she blame, directly or by implication, the man who had left her to the unequal battle of providing food for two mouths. She had always known him to be marked for a destiny of greatness. She knew she was far below that destiny.

When Olga's adolescence had faded into the rounded symmetry of womanhood, the mother's terrors increased. She saw, with dim eyes, the never uncertain chance of an unhappy marriage. But a providence of unusual gentleness sent to her no reminder of her own desertion. Nicholas Tschai- kowsky, the kindest, the tenderest-souled peasant in Nazareth, asked and received the "Yes" of the "little" Olga. He was not wealthy (what laborer was?), but he was sweet-voiced, immaculate of honor, alive in every nerve to the tragedy of the elder woman and the fine arours of the younger.

On the eve of the wedding, as he sat with his beloved in the cottage doorway, their murmurous affection dropped away in contemplation of the falling sun, which reddened the lintel, gave the flowers a post-luminous glory, and lit a wreath of unearthly light around the head of the man.

"How white you are," she said, half-articulate with the marvel of the sunset and his beauty.

"I am looking at you, my beloved.""The sunset gives you the face of a holy man."

"It is you who have done so."

"You are so pale."

"Because I love."

She studied him intently.
"You are not you, now, my dear one. You seem like someone whom I have never seen, yet whom I have known. The sunset is like a silver circle on your hair. And what is that on your forehead? It looks like a crown of thorns." He laughed softly, as he brushed away a stray leaf or two, and with that the spell of mystery left them both human lovers again.

The moon rose and the whole world seemed to shudder into silver over those two young lovely creatures. And on another continent the same moon had shone, and would shine, on someone whose life was intertwined with theirs. It was certain that Olga would not have recognized him, as he fulfilled his life—his destiny, he would have said. In physical aspect, her father was in no way the same, barring his muscular strength, which so aptly typified his innate ambition. That ambition he now looked back on with something like a laugh. He had been such an impetuous idiot, losing for power. But his thin lips smoothed out into seriousness, as he sat at his richly-nappered dining table in the opulent Pittsburgh home, and considered how that power had been realized—realized in the vast and labyrinthine steel mills, his own: realized in the handsome rather too well-bedecked wife that sat opposite him: realized in the every luxury that they felt beneath their feet and that their eyes sought, now and again, on the walls.

For Vladimir Krest (no longer Krestovsky) had not been slow in that flaming march of progress to which he had dedicated himself on that morning of lavender and rose-lighted skies, which had broken in white and bitter silver around him as he left the little Russian village with the baleful Christian name. How far behind he had left that stupid, molting existence! And how far behind had he left all Christian thought—he, the bigamist, though that was not what he called himself. He had simply molded his power in a burning furnace of ambition, not unlike the molded steel that had given him this palace of a home, this regal (though rather too well bedecked) second wife. He smiled, and drank another liqueur, ...

But life could not be too good to Vladimir, the tempered steel man. The hand-

some second wife, apparently through sheer tedium at the benefices that same life had given her, refused to find any longer stimulus or even interest in them. She dropped, she took to her richly-adorned bed. In a word, she died. Her husband was not glad; she had been too ornamental to be a nuisance ever, but she had contrasted oddly with that first, too-little-loved wife. He had curios agitations, strange recollections, as he heard that she was dead. ... Plumed horses bore her well-nourished form to a cemetery reeking with the odor of those who died in silken sheets.

In another quarter of the city there was another burial that day. One of the workers in the Krest steel mills, burned beyond hope, had been carried there by a horse, with no plumes. And at that funeral the matter of those who slave for inadequate wages that the wealthy may grow wealthier was heard. But not by Krest. His thoughts would turn to home, to Nazareth, for, after all, it had been his home. He wondered, with unconsciously comic concern, what had become of Nataska, of Olga. And suddenly the grip of a stifled love welled in his throat. He had loved that baby. Sitting by his fireside that night, his writhing mind summoned before his vision the Russian cottage, the parting from Nataska, the day before he silently kissed her as she lay in slumber, and all the days before: the toil in the fields, the vesper bell, the return home, then a blank. Then his American life, the examination at the quarantine station, the steel mills, his quick expertness that won him as quick advancement, it all unraveled like a multi-colored curtain in that stage of fiery action in the grate. The brands on the hearth flared and leaped, illuminating with a transient brilliance the picture above the escofetière, the famous Hoffman "Christ and the Rich Young Man."

It was but one, the crowning one, however, of Krest's treasures of art. He had always had a fondness for fine pictures. In that period of unrest, as he sat before the fireside, he determined that he would think of nothing but his painted treasures; never again of money, for he no longer had to. The perfect organization of his mills caused them to pour forth more gold than he could spend. Prices were high.

But wages were still low. In a tenement in Pittsburgh the family of the dead workman, buried that day, knew that. They sat in huddled misery that night, and would have been even more miserable had it not been for the quick sympathy of the couple next door, who had come in "to do what they could" for afflicted comrades. They were a kindly couple—young, but recently arrived from Russia: the girl-wife named Olga; the husband, Nicholas. Soothingly they told the stricken family of the troubles they themselves had passed through—how Olga's father had left her when she was a baby, how her mother had come with them to the United States, how they had found employment in the Krest mills.

It was grinding, they admitted; their boss harsh, their work soul-racking. But, good cheer; they would help one another. The young man, with his strange earnestness, laid a quieting finger on the sobbing widow. She saw him through tearful lashes.

The Vesper Bell

The Parin from Nataska
and there seemed to hover a pale light around his brow. . . .

Then the baby came! It had been long awaited, but their hope had been that the tiny voyager would not arrive till Olga had been able to get some other work than that in the Krest mills. Soon after the accouchement, the wife realized that her enforced absence from labor was depleting the family purse. She came to a decision with promptness and assurance that were not unlike her father. "I must go back to the mill," she told the astonished Nataska, and the apprehensive Nicholas, two weeks after the baby was born. She did, but it was cruelly hard on the little woman. Her eyes failed her at sudden crises; the gushing metal seemed terrifying; the whole environment not to be borne.

The next day it happened. A spirit of flame, the sizzling of singed skin, one dreadful cry, and Mrs. Tschaikowsky crumpled and fell to the floor of the mill. Her generosity had done for her. At least, that was what her friends said, as they applied the cooling bandages, and tried to stem the agony of the girl-wife that night. In the dusk Nicholas sat beside her, while, outside, the fury of the day died down into the false peace of evening. In the West round clouds rolled slowly cityward; there was a hint of physical tragedy in the air; leaves sprang up from gutters with ghastly motion, impelled by no perceptible wind. Dust, spiral on spiral, beat at the doors of the tenements, and the cold odor of a coming storm assailed the nostrils. It was the same in the better part of town. Windows slammed in the Krest mansion on the hill, valets and lesser servants hurrying to and fro to shut out the certain vigor of rain and hail. Krest, in padded gown and velvet slippers, paced restlessly up and down the length of his drawing room. He was unstrung by the weather. No lamps had been lighted. Only an occasional flash of phosphorescence threw into visibility the beautiful pictures on the walls. The one that drew this illumination most frequently was "Christ and the Rich Young Man."

Down in the tenement courer, Nicholas brooded, uncertain, fearful of the future, but not desperate. He felt a swift impulse to get at the heart of the matter, to reach heaven-high, if need be, to save his wife. He knew that they could not prevent her death with the slender store of coins on hand; he knew that only through money could she be snatched from the grave; he knew that Nataska would follow her in death, if death should be her portion. Of himself he thought little. But of the other workers, what of them? The philosophical element in his nature told him that accidents such as had made Olga their prey were not infrequent. Too often women, yes, girl and boys, too, died through lack of informed attention to their condition. Yellow and scarlet, the fires of the steel mills, the Krest mills, lit up his world as he pondered. He must get at the heart of the matter. He must see "the big boss," Krest himself.

As if his thoughts were legible to others, the mind of Nicholas was unfolded to him through one of the neighbors who sat beside the bed. "You must go and see 'the big boss,'" the man told him with emphasis. The husband caught up his hat and coat before the sentence was ended. He ran out into the night, single of intention, immobile of the darting whiteness in the black tent of the heavens.

In the great house on the hill silence brooded. Krest was there still. He could not go to bed; sleep was an impossibility. So he thought. His mind turned to his pictures, that always faithful refuge. As he faced the majestic canvas—his favorite, in spite of "the maidlin sentimentality" of the subject—a dagger of lightning tore the skies apart, and sent Vladimir reeling back into an embrasured window. The stillness of the room was shattered at that moment by a titanic roll of thunder, succeeded by another knife of light, which laid the heavens open with the cleanliness of a physician's scalpel. The man in the chair, where he had fallen, felt his gaze drawn to the window, lined in white by the storm flashes.

What was that on the next hill? Not a man, for men are never so great in stature. Or was it his imagination that endowed that distant figure with a superhuman height? He waited, fear touching him at every finger-tip. Another flash. The figure had descended the nearby hill, and was slowly mounting that on which stood Krest's house. The steel magnate again waited; and in what seemed but a few moments the great oaken doors at the other end of the room swung in, and the chamber, dull and dim in the rush of the tempest's abatement, filled with an eerie light. The figure advanced noiselessly into the apartment, and said in tones of majestic kindness to the cowering man in the window chair:

"I have come."

"What do you want?" came the gasped response.

"The wish is yours."

"I want nothing."

"Do not think so, because you have everything. The accent had no tinge of reproach; only infinite longing and yet infinite peace.

"At any rate," snarled the millionaire, "there is nothing that you can give me." He looked intently at the celestialy gentle intruder. That face, that strange, obsolete garment of white cloth.

The figure moved close to him. Then,
in a voice like the echo of a golden horn, he cried softly:

"Come with me, and I will give you that which your heart covets!"

And in that moment Krest felt his limbs melt under him. The sense of touch fled from him; his eyes looked only at the man who had passed barred doors, and sought out the secret of a hungry heart. With the slightest tremor, he rose and his mouth formed the words: "I will go with you."

Down the storm-clasped hill, into the town. Where was he being led? He knew not. But when his guide stopped before a tall, gloomy shack, he felt a faint amaze-

ment. It was a tenement in which lived, or tried to live, many of his work people. Through solid wood, unapproachable as shadows, the two passed, and through yet more doors in other tenements. What Krest saw he never told anyone, but it could have been nothing really terrifying, merely dirty, disease, human anguish stretched taut, the torture of poverty, death. That was all, but to him it must have been a new experience. How he at last found himself in his mansion again he did not know. But he raised his eyes, blinded with the first human emotion he had felt for many a year, and groped for the band that had drawn him to his own soul.

Lightning flecked the room, for the wild strength of the storm was growing yet wilder. "Master," he cried, with a gesture of self-abnegation, falling at the feet of the strange figure, "I have sinned hideously through my cursed ambition. I have done evil to my brothers. I have spread ruin and sorrow throughout this city. But is it too late? What can I do; what must I do?"

The angelic presence raised him and, without a word, pointed at the wall. The tempest's last fury of livid light threw into high relief the painting. And to Krest's vision came the legend in letters of holy seeing he knew not what, Krest ran to the window. That figure so similar to the one in the hallowed dream was it? He hastily ordered the servant to run away after the laborer and bring him back.

It was an abashed, but resolute Nicho-

las, that fronted Krest. He was sorry, but it was of the most vital importance, that Mr. Krest give heed to the increasing demand for a decent wage in the mills. More than that, the men and women were being endangered more from day to day through their hazardous employment. If Mr. Krest would only do something about workmen's compensation! He was sorry to trouble Mr. Krest, was Nicholas, but even now his own wife was near death through an accident in the mills. But he got no further, for Krest whirled him out of the house in a frantic enthusiasm for his new duties. Before Nicholas knew it, they were at the bedside of the pallid Olga, a physician in attendance at Krest's curt or-

der. Yes, Mrs. Tschiakowsky would re-

cover. He accorded them the care of their surroundings! He deprecated their enveloping dirt and discomfort with a glance.

Krest started for the kitchen, to escape that glance, so filled with mute scorn for the man that had been been, and, so far as the physician knew, still was Krest. A written little woman was crouched by the stove. "A neighbor," thought he, but when she rose and turned toward him he felt a contraction in his throat. The heart in him beat faster than it had even last night. He wished put out a hand to that wistful appar-

ition.

But all the apparition said was: "Well, Vladimir, I am glad you have been successful, I knew you would."

He crushed himself against the muslin of her withered breast. Their hands met, not to part again. Thus Nicholas, with his hair touched with lamp light, found them.

in the house on the hill a man and a woman, locked in the gentlest of embraces, could be found. They were ravaged by a storm. Dawn was shaking the windows, trampling lavander and rose after the night. The sun's first glances hovered over the pair. Up the hill came Nicholas, with haled locks, aflush in the new light.

A tip of brilliance permeated the canvas on the wall. The face of the Christ seemed to smile. "New lives for old," murmured Krest to his wife.

(From the V. L. S. E.-Lubin drama by Anthony P. Kelly, directed by Edgar Levey, in six parts.)

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**Studio Gossip**

Ralph Herza, the Metro star, who will make his debut on the Metro program in "The Purple Lady," which has just been completed, has been quietly married to Miss Frances M. Logan, a society favorite in Washington, D. C., and the daughter of the late Major William Richard Logan. The wedding was solemnized in the presence of a few friends at the Shoreham Hotel, Washington, Mr. Herza and his bride are spending their honeymoon in Atlantic City and New York City. The newly-wedded pair first became acquainted last winter.

Owen Moore has been re-engaged by the Famous Players Film Company, and will shortly be co-starred with Hazel Dawn in an adaptation of a great stage success. Mr. Moore has won his stars chiefly by his delightful impersonation of whimsical, romantic young lovers, but in his forthcoming appearance with Miss Dawn he will play one of the most forceful characters seen on the New York stage for some time.

Mary Miles Minter is now busy using her wonderful powers on her first American Film picture under the personal supervision of Samuel S. Hutchinson. It is entitled "Youth's Enduring Charms."

Douglas Fairbanks is now enjoying a three-months' visit to New York City. "I'm through with the stage forever," he said when asked when he would return to the glare of the footlights. The player's visit to New York meant his first sight of Europe in six months. While in California he worked in seven pictures, which aggregated thirty-five reels in six months. Mr. Fairbanks' first work in New York will be the completion of a subject started in the West, a story combining the atmosphere of both the West and the Pacific.

Twelve lions, six leopards and a number of elephants appear in a number of the scenes of "The Siren of the Jungle," a two-act Centaur-Mutual drama, starring Margaret Gibson and William Clifford.

ART AND THE ARTIST
By STEVE TALBOT

WHEN the Government looks about for works of art for any purpose whatsoever, it looks carefully and long, before spending the people's money in the search for or acquisition of specimens. In the selection of subjects to decorate the Nation's Capitol, paintings and sculpturing by the world's most famous artists are requisitioned. Thus is not strange that the works of Christadoro, the eminent Italian-American sculptor, are a part of our national beauty display.

That a motion picture actor should be chosen as a type of certain Americanism and immortalized by Christadoro is a unique fact though. Among the statues of marble, plaster and bronze which are the nation's relics, are all types of the American man and woman. From the Punan maiden and preacher, to the Alaskan Indian and again to the Ethiopian of the Southern States both in his state of servitude and freedom.

Done in oil upon canvas; in marble and in copper, the most interesting characters which have influenced the history of the country are preserved by the Government. One of the most original types of humanity is and has been the Western Cowboy. Next, perhaps, in oddity comes the "bad man" of fiction and fact in the early pioneer days of the West.

That Christadoro in choosing a model for his "bad man" should select William S. Hart in the make-up so familiar to motion picture audiences is no mean tribute to the actor's art. The accompanying illustrations show a complete full-length figure of Mr. Hart just completed by the famous sculptor, and a bust figure to which he has just put the finishing touches.

That no more virile characterization of the fearless gun-man of the mining camps is extant than that of W. S. Hart is known to all who know Ince Triangle photoplays.

The expression of tense earnestness in every lineament of the image is indescribable. The fingers of the hand clutching the gun are as truly cast to exert the exact muscles necessary to perform what the expression face muscles plainly state is the intention of the man, as is the partial crouch of the body, emphatic in its warning that the figure is the embodiment of anger.

In the bust figure Christadoro gives to Hart, the actor, a serene but determined expression indicative of the courage and implacability for which the earlier Western "bad man" is famed throughout the world. That this notable type of American is recognized everywhere is due to literature of the early settlers in the West and to the art of painting until now. Christadoro's fame as a sculptor and his success in giving just to his metal and plaster, through an appreciation of the genius of William S. Hart, an American actor—little known until the advent of the motion picture, is indeed a triumph for the photoplay.

A FEW years ago an attempt was made to elevate the standard of photoplays through the elimination of sensationalism and the "blood and thunder" type of daring villains. That the reform advocates were successful is apparent to all who have observed the development of the cinema art. Some of the most promising productions were frequently spoiled because of the dime-novel impossibilities which had been interspersed with the more saner scenes. At that time it was quite correct to portray sensationalism without due respect to either the artistic value or the impression which the production often left with the juvenile patrons. With the dawn of a new era, the blood-curdling melodrama was cleverly relegated to oblivion and the manufacturers of celluloid presentations, reading the handwriting on the wall, launched forth on another theme to appease the demands of a twentieth century public. After the old order had been made conspicuous through its elimination, there appeared in the modern drama a new problem which is now being viewed as a growing menace. It is the increasing tendency to produce film which are presumably prepared for the edification of degraded and perverted minds. It is an unfortunate fact that with the alarming growth of divorce and scandal, the demand for pictures of these types has multiplied in such magnitude that at the present time a great percentage of all motion pictures are spiced with sex problems or the sordid side of the eternal triangle is magnified beyond the comprehension of those not familiar with the studio output. The writer has witnessed many scenes that are liable to prove detrimental to the moral welfare of the community in which they are exhibited. Illegitimate love affairs and passionate relations between clandestine lovers have a similar effect upon the young man and woman as the "Deadshot Dick" stories had upon the boys of former years. A glance through the metropolitan newspapers will convince the skeptical that divorce, vice and their allies are more active than ever before. Marriage is no longer regarded as a sacred bond which cannot be severed, and the social sins of rich and poor alike are being laid before us daily.

The making of motion pictures is something more than a business. It is the newest and greatest art in the world. The moral welfare of millions of our people is regulated by its wonderful power. A deep and solemn responsibility rests on the shoulders of those who produce America's most popular amusement, and they cannot evade this trust by washing their hands in the excuse that they are giving the public what they clamor for and the consequences are on their own heads.

Fortunately, the foremost producers have reduced the number of plays dealing with sexual problems to a happy minimum, and in their stead pictures that educate and entertain at the same time are replacing the purveyors of those which were suggestive of immorality.

The hope for better pictures lies with the fearless agitation of the magazines and, most of all, with the film makers themselves. The prediction that a country will be known by its motion pictures in the future is not an empty prophecy, since the morale of a nation can already be recognized by the character of its amusements.

Comedy is susceptible to the prevailing (Continued on page 29)
PAULINE FREDERICK
As a Spanish Dancer in the Famous Players Film Co.
forthcoming production, "The World's Great Snare"
OLLI, was about a thousand years old. There was only one experience she lacked—she had never died! But she expected to eventually, and was prepared to go through without taking off anything—she might even take along a deck of cards, she often thought—or at least some dice! For Moll was, in the vernacular of the older West, “a woman who lost and won,” a professional gambler.

Besides her interest in Boiserville’s most prominent licensed gambling house, which was shared by Old Dick Weed, her friend for some twenty years, Moll had the curse of memory always with her. She kept it alive with a few books—the only ones in Boiserville that contained material friendship for Kate Gardner, a child of the gold fields to whom she loaned her books and gave odd and unasked-for bits of advice.

Kate’s father, too, was a gambler; but on the other side of the table, as the saying went. He hung about the lay-outs, and when a miner was piling up chips in a winning streak, Pete Gardner could oze himself into his notice and get “staked” to a pile of chips, which he sometimes was lucky enough to run up to a respectable sum. His art lay in the ability to insinuate himself into the regard of winning players and get a stake, and then to secrete enough before he lost it at the same table to have a handful of silver every morning after cashing in just before the “graveyard” shift of dealers went on.

Gardner often ran his stake up to a hundred or so before his losing streak set in, but he was experienced enough to recognize it when it came, and to begin “going South” with the proceeds of his benefactor’s gift, a little at a time, so that when the latter was again going down to insolvency and began to repent his benevolence, Gardner was always, to judge from the pile before him, fast getting to where he started.

So Pete was permitted to hang about the games in Moll’s place night after night, and he in turn paid no attention to his motherless child’s intimacy with Moll as long as she cared for their hut and cooked a meal for her father whenever he appeared for one. There were nights when business about the tables of chance was slow. When time hung heavily upon the nervous hands of Peter Gardner and his kind. On such occasions Kate was expectant of ill-humor and abuse from her father, but she knew of no release—he was all the folks she had.

There came a night, however, when Bill Turner, whose mine and morals were apparently in good condition both, decided to show Kate where he stood and how much to her advantage it would be to stand beside him. Bill had loved her long and well enough to instinctively feel that he would be a hard loser if some one else should win Kate. The same instinct prompted him to appoint himself an emergency committee of one, about this time, and dash to the Gardner cottage where the girl sat alone wishing her father were a little different, or that she had another sort of man to depend upon.

A miner’s wife, a gambler’s daughter, or both, but with the accent on the first, Kate? was the way Turner popped the question, after the usual greetings and comment on the darkness of the night in Boiserville had passed between them.

“I refuse to be interviewed,” laughed Kate, in an effort to make her rejection of his offer explicit but without sting. She knew it had been hanging for some time and that it would come in this careless style, and had long had her defense arranged.

“I saw you coming, Bill,” she continued, rising with an air of restraint, “and I picked the answer in a million games of solitaire all by myself since then. No advice from any one!” she added hastily, as she noted the unfriendly manner which came over her suitor; “I prayed it out all alone. You would treat me better than dad, I know. I don’t say it, but you’re a lot of groach yourself, Bill Turner!” And she threw a long look at the clock above her head, turning toward the door in a manner there was no mistaking.

“I was plenty good enough for you before the Easterner came,” he blurted out impatiently, and, noting her quick glance into his face and the rising color, he added in a tone of anger, “and he cares less about you than your old man does about a pair of treys. Kate—he has the roughness as me all right, but his doctor is Doris Wendell. You’re mine, or I haven’t got one!”

Kate shivered like one unused to acute stabs—her sufferings so far in life had been of the wearing and to-be-expected sort; but with the fighting spirit of the schoolmarm, she smoothed over her emotions and tried to appear indifferent.

Turner saw he had not helped his case any and had only given the girl a reason to dislike him now, where before she only did not love him. With the same impulse that prompts the impatient man to shoot his worn-out steed, trend on the cigarette which has fallen in the dirt, or break the match which fails to light, he seized Kate fiercely in his arms and kissed her in a frenzy of passion—all the while sweeping his big hands over her body with an excess of physical insult.

When the girl calmed enough to feel that she was free of him, he was gone out into the darkness and she was alone with the old thoughts, which were not pleasant and with new ones that made her unable to control her shuddering flesh, until she dropped into a chair and, covering her face, burst into tears.

The Easterner, to whom Turner rightly laid his loss, was a recent arrival in Boiserville. Young, cheerful and good-looking, he was unpopular with the miners and gamblers, whom he met frequently, owing to his insane passion for gambling.

By day he worked at his hundred-acre claim in the hills, near the town, and by night he doled out his gold over Moll’s green table. His lack of alcoholic appetite and disinclination to join the idle miners and cowboys in town on their periodic joy-fests, did not charm them. An air of superiority which would have attracted no attention where people of ordinary education and refinement gathered, was distinctly offensive in one who mingled with the Boiserville citizens, and Graham Clarke had it always with him, as that old liar of a Bill, so anyway, I would probably land in the arms of his maker before Boiserville opened its arms to him!

Moll had taken an instinctive liking to the young newcomer, and Kate was not insensible to his magnetic charm, and appreciated his difference from Turner and his kind. Doris Wendell, to whom Turner had reference during his scene with Kate, was the daughter of Boiserville’s leading citizen. She had been schooled in the East, and only through the pleadings of her father was she in Boiserville during the vacation period.

The miles of her native village did not even amuse her. Most of them had nothing but the clothes they stood in, and those who jingled when they rode by, she knew were jingling upon women who gave quick returns and made no other than the fiscal demand. Clarke stood out from this herd, and Doris always felt that some return was due her for enduring Boiserville—so she basked in his affection, and tacitly allowed the presumption on his part, that they were married. She had allowed such a state of affairs to develop only recently, partly because she was soon to return to school in the East, and partly

“Because he may come of rich people in the East for all we know—or he may strike pay-dirt any time that he happened to his, and anyway, I need some one to take me around these awful...
of her life. She had not permitted their tentative engagement to become known, nor did she give her woeer any grounds for coming out boldly and publishing the intimacy. Doris, while only 18, was keenly alive to her needs and to the advantages of always being in a position to travel with the wind—no matter which way it be headed when the necessity for travel materialized.

Kate Gardner had fallen asleep in the rocker of her father’s living room. Her poor, ravished clothes and hair were all awry, and her face streaked with tears, which had dripped as she slept in the breeze from the open door. The kerosene lamp gave but a dim light as it burned without attention. Kate felt the awaking impulse, but in her returning consciousness sat silent and with closed eyes, mentally playing over the last deal of her life as she remembered it. She vaguely felt that it was still night and that she was alone, but gradually there came to her a growing realization that some one was near and coming nearer in stealthy effort to arrive and perhaps depart again undiscovered.

Felt-footed intruders in that country were not welcomed. Kate, less than any one, would have welcome ready. She often remained alone in the cabin all through the night while her father pursued his precarious profession down below in the village. Such precautions as locking the door and putting out the lamp when she tired of reading were usual. But in her present state of mind, as yet not thoroughly awake, knowing the door to be open wide and the lamp beside her burning, even dimly, the unhappy girl fairly ached to leap from her chair and scream, as she heard the unmistakable sounds of stealthy human approach.

On the verge of hysterics after a few moments of the nerve-shattering rustling within the room, Kate was on the point of sweeping the lamp from the table with a quick move and rushing out through the open door for aid, when a rough hand took her by the shoulder and a rougher voice demanded:

“The money, Kate—if it hasn’t been stolen while you slept with the door open! Come, move away so I can get to the drawer!”

And she started up, eyes aside, to see her father, bleary and unkempt, as he always was when luck was against him at the tables, reaching into the drawer, which her father had prevented his opening until she moved.

“Please don’t take that money!” she pleaded, clutching at his sleeve and trying weakly to close the drawer before he could extract the cracked cigar-box from within, which he had laid hold of.

But the gambler was as ferviously strong as his daughter was weak. With an oath, he brutally pushed her into the chair again and, turning toward the flickering lamp, poured the handful of silver from the box into his fist, which he transferred to his pocket as he stormed out the still open door.

Down the footpath from his cabin to the lighted street of Boiseville below, stalked Pete Gardner, one hand swinging at his side, the other clutching his daughter’s petticoet-preserving allowance, which he had only given her that morning on his return from all night at the faro table. Entering Moll’s place, Gardner made his way to the bar first, feeling the need of alcohol to deaden his barely living sense of shame at thought of the distress he brought upon the motherless child.

“Tea.” He nodded laconically to the bartender, and paying for his drink with small change, poured generously from the bottle and drank without further comment.

A sudden uproar in the adjoining hall, where the gambling tables were situated, prevented Gardner from drinking more, although such was his evident intention. Passing through the swinging doors, he witnessed the conclusion of a quarrel between two stud poker players, which sent them into the street, under the powerful guiding hand of Dick Weed, who had interfered promptly.

At the dice table near the door the East-2erner stood, with a pile of money in front of him, his luck having been on duty that night. Moll stood nearby watching the rolling dice, and a half-dozen miners and cowmen were losing to the bank, which paid out to Clarke. The losers did not appear to feel any additional affection for the "cow-pick" book, for the expression of a miner’s pick. As he hastened out the door, Moll took the Easterner’s arm and urging him to gather up his winnings, led him back to the stud table, from which Weed had thrown the quartermale players the moment before. Dropping into the lately vacated chairs, Moll and Clarke signified their desire to take a hand, and Gardner, who had taken the seat between two miners, nodded assent as Weed retreated and stood behind him, watching the deal.

The usual system of stud games made it only necessary for two house players to be in. Usually Moll or Weed played, with some one of the hangers-on sitting opposite, and the other three chairs filled with "live" players. Weed, seeing that Moll was interested and Gardner, whom he knew well, had a hand, felt no uneasiness about Clarke walking out with the money he had taken from the dice table, and sauntered off into the bar. The miner was not going to feel any sting for the stranger coming to the fore again. She felt that he should not be included with the two miners whose money was on the table, and at the behest of her and Gardner gamblers he be in the safe behind the bar before daylight.

So she failed to flash the first card around to Gardner on her deal, and dropped out when on her deal she observed that Clarke’s blind card was inferior to her own, during Pennington’s game. Clarke’s chance was high, too. But despite her efforts, the new-comer lost steadily, and when the "graveyard" shift took over the dice, faro and roulette tables at two o’clock in the morning for that long six hours when gambling houses are always drearily hibernating after the busy "trick" and before the gay influx of the next night’s players, the unpopular Easterner was as poor as on his entrance. Gardner had also been cleaned that night, but Moll had come home and gone home to her cabin on the nearby hill.

As daylight broke in through the first toppling the surrounding country, Clarke emerged, yawning, from the door of the gaming house, and betook himself up along the trail. Pete Gardner slept fitfully in his
chair at the vacant poker table, and Weed raised the window shades, while Crazy Oby, the handy man of the place, pattered about mechanically, putting away the oil lamps, which he extinguished and brought from their swings above the tables.

Doris Wendell had arisen early and was mounting her pony before her father's house when Clarke began to climb the trail to his claim. Kate Gardner, after her night of cramps, monted the hill back of her cabin, hoping to rid herself of the fever of unrest which had so suddenly enveloped her. Gaz- ing off in the cool distance she was startled to observe a figure waveling from the trail across town. Shading her eyes from the young sun just appearing in the east, she saw it was Graham Clarke, who had been her mental companion most of the night. Kate, sure of the waving figure's identity, was about to signal him, when she noticed he was trying to attract some one's attention in the street between their em- nences. Restraining herself just in time, she followed the direction of his gaze with her own eyes and saw with a sudden chill that Doris Wendell was riding in Clarke's direction from the town and waving a gloved hand at him as she urged her pony to take the trail.

Stepping back into the underbrush, Kate turned to watch Doris thread her way to the spot where the Easterner waited, and then as they met and continued onward hand in hand, she turned to return to the cabin, only to see Pete Gardner entering the door with his face of poor luck, every grain of which was evident in his gait. After the scene of the night before, Kate did not feel equal to an encounter with her parent again so soon—especially while the impress of Clarke's apparent understanding was fresh upon her mind. And without a thought of her destination she started rapidly down into the hills, which would eventually bring her to the other side of the town, around its southern extremity.

In pursuit of the proverbial worm, my dear!" thought Kate with her flipper, as Doris dismounted at his side on the trail. "Come along with me and note the method used by the early bird when his objective is virgin gold.

"If you'll give me the first handful of gold you take out of your mine this morning I'll go, but I must be back in half an hour for breakfast," responded the girl with apparent interest, but she looked with wrinkled brow at the upward path before them, and leaned heavily upon her escort, while they mounted the trail.

Clarke laughed carelessly. "Your break- fast will be of petrified eggs and ossified ham, with evaporated coffee on the side, Doris, if you let it wait until I get a handful of gold out of this claim, I'm afraid." And little more was said, as breath was needed by both for the climb, which Doris enjoyed less and less as she turned her lover's words over in her mind.

On the same morning it occurred to Bill Turner, whose sleep had not been of the sweetest, to air his disappointment and chagrin in the hills to the east of the town. He, however, walked north along the little street of Boiserville and turned off to the right after passing the Wendell home, preferring not to encounter Kate Gardner, who lived to the west of the village, and who had shortly before started around the other end of the hamlet from her side toward the common point to which Doris and Clarke were climbing, directly from the centre of population.

Away from the restraint of strangers and familiars of her home, Doris possessed all the traits of the woman who lives in, for, and of men, but not with them. She scorned them as a species, but unraveled her soul in longing for one—day and night. Her dream of perfect fasting was to possess a man who was blind, dumb, deaf, and every inch alive. She would have him so that he could be dematerialized at will and brought into being again when she wished. Thus did the primitive in the selfish girl mingle with her conventional training.

"Let us rest here in this miserable lone- liness," she panted, sinking to the ground when they had topped the hill and had nothing above but the sky.

Her companion subsided on a rock beside her and ventured, "This miserable loneliness is where I spend my days, my dear. Before you and around your feet is the gold of Graham Clarke, the miner! I only wish he could kick some of it loose." He concluded wearily.

Doris was not greatly interested, how- ever, in the possibilities underground just then. She had but few more days to spend in Boiserville and the wildness of the sur- roundings; the proximity of her infatuated male companion, together with an over- wrought and unhealthy imagination, had transformed the hoarding-school miss of the Wendell home into something akin to the abnormal feline which she really was at the bottom of her erotic soul.

Leaning against the rock on which Clarke had seated himself, she clapped him about the knees and turned her face upward with a weird, fascinating expression. Inspired by her look and with his affection long restrained surging upon her, her companion leaning over and tore from her wet mouth, the accumulated kisses of a lifetime.

Around the huge boulder behind the unconscious couple walked Kate Gardner. Peering over its top from a distance of a hundred yards or more, Bill Turner halted in his tracks as he saw Clarke's bent figure embracing a quivering female form. He had not seen Kate, and could not distinguish the features of Clarke's companion; but the night's brooding had so twisted his mental processes that he had no doubt she was in his rival's arms.

With a bowl of rage he dashed frantically forward, and at sound of it the instinct of self-preservation moved Doris to release herself and slide over the edge of the emi- nence to her waiting pony on the trail below.

Kate, overwrought by the night's emo- tions, cuffed by the sight of the man she secretly loved embracing another woman, had fallen unconscious to the ground at first glimpse of the pair, and as Clarke looked up in amaze at Turner's voice he saw only Kate lying close by and leaped to her side—first noting the disappearance of Doris and understanding it in a flash.

As he raised Kate from the ground on his arm, Bill Turner rounded the boulder at a trot and his eyes met exactly what he had expected—the hated Easterner with his beloved Kate in his arms.

Drawing his revolver as he halted, Turner pointed it at Clarke and spoke gruffly: "I'll send you where you'll keep away from my girl forever! Tell her good-bye, Mister Man, because you're gone!"

There was no mistaking his earnestness, but Clarke, whose brain was whirled from his rapturous moment with Doris, keen appre- ciation of her neat exit and amazement at the presence of Kate and the threaten- ing figure before him, burst into a genuine laugh—too genuine to permit cutting short without question, thought Turner in his raging surprise, and he lowered his gun slightly as Kate opened her eyes and stood erect.

"Bill Turner! What are you doing here?" she gasped, taking in the situation and search- ing her mind in a frenzy for some excuse or explanation which would calm her rejected suitor of the night before. "I'm not—what I'm not—it's what I'm going to do," replied the man heartily, and he deliberately raised his revolver, and as
it came level with Clarke's chest, his finger tightened on the trigger.

Kate threw herself upon Clarke, covering him with her body, and with her arms about his neck pulled his head down out of range of Turner's gun.

Crazy Oby had been about Boiseville as long as the oldest inhabitant could remember. He was a man of nearly 50, and harmlessly imbecile. Employed by the gamblers at odd jobs, he made every one his confidant who would listen, so that his confidences were similar in nature to a series of lectures on corners, in bars—in fact, anywhere an audience could be found.

Superlatively serious himself, Oby insisted upon gravity in his listeners. That he seldom got it only encouraged him to take his talk about with a persistence worthy of a better cause, until it was known to every one who had even spent a day in the village.

In brief, Oby had been mining for seven years, living alone on his claim. He had then taken a partner, and together they struck a rich vein of gold ore. Oby promptly married a girl he had long courted, and with prospects of riches and happiness, returned to his claim after a brief honeymoon, bringing his bride along.

Simultaneously with the birth of a child to his wife, Oby related the discovery of additional rich veins of ore. Further than that he had been robbed of everything—mine, wife and child—he could give no particulars. It was generally understood, though, that his partner and he had quarreled, and he had received a blow which cost him his intelligence and most of his memory. He prated continually of "the man who stole my gold," and occasionally of the man who robbed him of his child. As he had possessed neither gold, child nor intelligence on his arrival in Boiseville, nor since, little attention was paid to his rantings, but for twenty years they had resounded in the town's corners and doorways.

Pete Gardner had been a resident of the town nearly as long as Oby, but although they went into the street through the swinging doors, and stopped to notice James Wendell's daughter riding by on her pony. Oby had made his way safely back to town, and was too busy congratulating himself upon her lucky escape, and bewailing the interrupted love-feast, to give much thought to what might have happened after her abrupt leave-taking of Clarke and his minister.

"I have a vein of ore that is worth half a million," said Gardner earnestly, as he led Weed up the trail toward his claim.

"Well, Pete," responded the gambler, "get a half million for it and you'll play some stud!"

"No we won't," responded the other; "I'll give you the half of it without cutting a card! How'll that suit you?"

Weed looked at his companion mournfully as they neared the entrance to the shaft.

"You're a little late, Pete, in passing out the presents, but I don't say I refuse a quarter of a million without at least thanking it over.

Conducting the gambler into the shaft, Pete led him to the sun wall and picked off a handful of dirt. Together they studied it, and its richness was evidenced by the startled tones of Weed as he turned to the owner of the claim.

"Pete, my boy, this should assay heavily. Why the open shaft? Why the stake-cadging below. Why the poverty—in fact, what the hell?" and the gambler followed Gardner into the daylight, amazement written in his every move.

"The answer is as good as a year in jail!" responded the other as they walked down toward the village again. "My location ends right there where we picked that handful of pay-dirt just now. I worked the vein out years ago, and to follow it up would have to go into another man's property. That wouldn't hurt my feelings any, but the vein increases in size so rapidly as it is followed up that I could only get a half of what the other man has—if he only knew it! And some day he's going to get down to his end of it, and tear out a fortune. I
Moll rose earlier than usual this morning, too. She was uneasy about Kate for some reason she couldn’t quite grasp, and her interest in the Easterner was sharpened by the performance of the night before. Passing through the living room of her cottage, she took the rifle which always hung on the wall and went out towards the hill back of the gambling house, which was next door.

Raising her glance to the sun, now well up in the eastern sky, Moll was struck with astonishment at the sight outlined atop the hill against its glow. Clarke with Kate Gardner in a frenzied embrace was facing Bill Turner, who was aiming his revolver at the two. Raising her rifle to shoulder instinctively, the woman fired as she moved, and Turner’s gun was jerked from his hand as the bullet struck, and Clarke tried to push Kate from him.

Before the surprised miner could recoil than shake his aching gun-hand in irritation, another bullet from Moll’s rifle whistled past his ear and as Kate, with a leap, possessed herself of his revolver from the ground, Clarke made for him threateningly. Panic-stricken at the unexpected turn of events, Turner hesitated not at all, but fled down the tangled path by which he had come. Moll calmly seated herself on a ledge and awaited the descent of her two young friends, who hastened toward her.

“You saved my life—perhaps both our lives!” blurted Clarke, taking her hand gratefully. “What can I do besides thank you?”

“I’ll tell you,” spoke up Moll quickly, “you can promise me to quit gambling. I know the game, my boy, and from both ends. I ask you to quit.”

Her seriousness impressed Kate. She had no illusions, and her sufferings at the hands of Pete Gardner she rightly laid to the games of chance. She hoped the man she loved would promise—even though she knew him to be Doris Wendell’s. Clarke was, however, inclined to take the older woman’s request lightly.

“Why should I quit?” she said uneasily. “You play, you who are giving me the advice, so it can’t be such a deadly evil.”

Moll was staggered for the moment, but anxious not to lose her advantage and really affected with interest in this stranger from the East, she made a final play:

“Don’t play tonight, anyway. For your mother’s sake, promise me!” And as Clarke half-laughingly promised, she continued: “I’ll go get Bill Turner to finish what he started if you don’t make good.”

Then Clarke remembered the quick staging of scenes and entrance and exit of characters above during the past hour—when he and Doris had thought themselves alone, and he turned to where Kate had stood, to ask for an explanation of her presence there. But she had gone, and as he turned back to Moll, she too was on her way into her cottage as though everything was as usual and her worries all settled to her entire satisfaction.

“Well, I’ll be damned if this is not my busy day,” muttered Clarke, and, making his way along the street to his shanty, he turned in, to make up in sleep what he had lost during the past twelve amazing hours! As he walked away, the woman “who lost and won,” peered at her features in the mirror before her oil lamp as she shook it and listened for any indication of it’s containing oil enough for another night.

“He is my own son, ‘as sure as shootin’,” she solemnly articulated. “He doesn’t know it and I never should, but for his clutch on Kate, which showed the scar that never showed on his wrist but when he would try to lift something too heavy for the little hands. I wonder where in blazes his father is—not that I care a helluva lot,” she added. And with the nearest approach to sentiment-
Caught at the Sea Shore

RUTH ROLAND (BALBOA)

EDNA MAYO (ESSANAY)

NELL CRAIG (ESSANAY)

ANN PENNINGTON (FAMOUS PLAYERS)
Popular Photo-Players Caught at the Sea Shore

Bessie Eyton
Jule Power
Mae Andrew
Ruth Roland
Edna Mayo

(GEO. KLEINE)
(DOUglas)
(Douglas)
(RALPH)
(ESSEX)

(NED KLEINE)
(FALLAS PICTURES)

ATES)

LE TAFT
HEPPARD
KROHNSON
(EDWARD)

ANN PENNINGTON
(FAMOUS PLAYERS)
tal stagnancy which Moll had displayed even to herself in years, she poked about the three-room shack the rest of the day, talking to herself and occasionally sitting down to smile for minutes at a time—and again to sorrow tearlessly.

That night Weed and Gardner were on the alert earlier than usual. Moll, too, showed an unusually keen interest in the chairs and made special efforts to keep the chairs filled with players.

At midnight Clarke had not appeared and the two gamblers' nerves were fretted down to needle-point. Moll alone appeared inwardly pleased at something, which irritated her partner.

"Where do you reckon the Easterner might be this evening, Moll?" he queried as she dropped into a vacant chair between him and Gardner at the rear poker table.

"Couldn't say, Dicky," returned the woman, "but he won't be, long here, if that's what you mean."

"The hell he won't!" burst forth Gardner, exchanging glances with Weed. "And why won't he?"

"Because he promised me not to play tonight," returned Moll calmly. And though the two laughed at her words and placed little credence in her idea that anything as slight as a promise could keep the gambling fever down, they grew more somber as the hours passed and Clarke did not show up.

The truth of it was that the young miner had slept through the day and far into the night, from pure mental exhaustion, and late as he awoke, the memory of his promise had little to do with his non-appearance. It was his penniless condition principally that kept him away from the green-covered tables.

"I'm tired of struggling! I want my gold!" Crazy Ohy stopped at the table and peered into the disengaged faces of Weed and Gardner, as the grave-yard shift came on at two.

"Go get it if you can, my friend, and good luck to you!" said Weed, yawning.

And Gardner with a curse rose from his chair, and, making for the bar, drank ferciously and departed for his cabin. Then Moll, too, retired.

It was again morning, and the breakfast hour in Boiseville just past. Clarke had crossed the township and was not far from Pete Gardner's hut, walking with no particular objective, but because of his thoroughly awakened feeling. Moll on her way to see Kate Gardner met him close to town.

"For keeping your promise, boy, thanks," she greeted him. He looked curiously at her and wondering again at her interest, made no comment, while Moll continued: "How about your home folks, anyway? don't you ever figure on meeting up with them?"

"My home folks just ain't!" replied Clarke. "My mother lit out when I was too small to understand, and my father never had anything to say about her up to the time of his death."

The woman tried to conceal her agitation, but curiosity she could not restrain.

"How would you like to find your mother now—a woman like me?" she queried agitationately. Clarke started and looked earnestly at Moll.

"You know something about her—or me?" he ejaculated. "Tell me!"

Drawing a worn letter from the chamois purse which Moll carried in her gun-holster, she opened it and, after a brief, longing look at the miniature therein, passed it to Clarke, who stood in wondering amaze.

It was a boy about five years old and though unrecognizable as the man who now held it, was inscribed in tiny print, "Graham Clarke."

"How long have you known this, Moll—mother?" burst out the man, as he came close to the woman and laid a hand upon her shoulder.

"Since I learned your name—yesterday!" she replied. "but no one else must know it. It would ruin your prospects, and its too long since we met for us to miss each other—"

Clarke turned abruptly at the sound of hoof-beats. Doris Wendell was riding toward them from the village, and smiling eagerly, her lover turned to his mother with:

"Doris is to be my wife, and she will be a daughter to you."

Moll smiled sadly. "She will never even be a friend to me, my boy—and it is doubtful if she will recognize you if she finds it, her mother," she concluded, starting back down the path. But Clarke caught her arm and led her toward Doris, who had dismounted upon observing the two.

As they reached the spot where Doris had halted, Kate Gardner rounded a curve in the path and stopped where Clarke had held the recent interview with her friend and proprietor, Moll. She stood in some surprise at sight of the near-by trio, which increased as Clarke's affectionate attitude toward both the women became apparent to her.

Doris, too, appeared startled at the man's evident affection for the woman of the gambling house, and her stare of greeting showed no indication of changing to a more friendly one without some explanation from him.

"This is my mother, Doris, and she will be yours as well," Clarke broke the silence in a somewhat strained tone.

"His mother," murmured Kate, who could just distinguish the words from where she stood. And noting the growing expression of disgust on Doris' features, she exulted inwardly.

"If this woman is your mother—I am nothing to you," said Doris slowly. "Live with her as such if you will, and I shall certainly not be either daughter to her, nor wife to you!" And she turned with an arrogant look at Moll and walked rapidly back toward town.

Kate had come close enough to hear and note the girl's finality, and as the latter stepped out of sight in the path, she threw herself into Moll's arms, while Clarke, with a sigh, held out bands to them both.

"I want you, mother. We'll stop gambling and start life anew together," he said, and Kate turned with a sudden sob, running toward her cabin while mother and son were clasped in each others' arms.

It was three months since Graham Clarke had touched a card. Working on his claim, which as yet revealed nothing of value to his pick, by day, he spent his evenings with his newly-found mother and revived many memories of his Eastern life in her books and pictures. Moll, too, had fought against the lure of the green cloth to such good effect that she never sat in any of the games below, and hoped to sell out her interest to Weed as soon as she could explain his somewhat intricate with Peter Gardner, which grew more noticeable each day. They in turn had not given up the idea of entrapping Clarke into a game of some sort that they might gain possession of his claim, but held out bands to him as long as the longer he worked it without result, the more likely he would be to stake it in a lump—and the less chance of him having anything else to stake.

But in Western day, when the silence of the hills oppressed more than usual, Clarke sat alone in Moll's living-room, wondering if his struggle against the God of Chance were over, or just begun. An occasional clatter of freighters' wagons along the distant road; calls from the "crib-women's" line of shanties across the stream
to the saloon which supplied them, without the aid of a telephone; an occasional peal of laughter from one who had secured his liquor and was inclined for conversation with the miners passing along to the hills, was all that Roseville had to give in the way of morning sounds.

Clarke sat idly listening and wondering what the future held for him, when the figure of Kate (who had not been absent from his thoughts) appeared in the doorway.

She hesitated as she saw Moll was not present. Clarke rose and greeted her gladly, indicating that his mother was in the room in rear.

"I didn't want her for anything special," said Kate, not attempting to enter, but unable to move away at once.

"Then tell me this, Kate," said Clarke earnestly, taking her hand in the doorway. "Supposing I wanted you particularly and special—where would I stand?"

The girl leaped inwardly at the words and manner, but acting on an impulse without reason, she tore herself from him and ran down the road—just avoiding in her blind rush Bill Turner, who with mining tools on his shoulder was passing.

"I warned you to keep away from Kate if you don't aim to marry her," growled Turner, stopping before the door in which Clarke stood looking after the girl with a sad smile on his face. "You better mind, because yore old woman don't always be around to do yore shootin' for you!"

"My dear misguided friend," rejoined Clarke, smiling at Turner, "no one has to do my shooting. The young lady you just met has yet to express a preference for your classic features, and just to make sure she will take as violent a dislike to them as I have, notice what I do!" And deliberately tossing his gun into the room, Clarke walked over to the amazed miner, and, lifting his hand to the implement from his shoulder, laid them carefully on the ground, took his gun from the holster, pressed it into his hand and then, standing off slightly, slapped him across the face.

"Well, you be-ham!" burst out Turner, and while he raised his gun, which was promptly knocked from his hand by the alert Easterner, who then interested and scientifically went to work with his fists to make good his promise of altering the objectionable features.

While this was transpiring at Moll's cabin, she had slipped out the back and crossed to the rear of the saloon and gaming house. Her passion for the games had been only suppressed by main force of will all this morning. On this day, the noisy silence of the morning had the same effect on her nerves as upon others about—a growing frenzy to do something was upon her and she hastened into the poker room, her thoughts milling around in a mental fury unusual to her.

Weed and Gardner saw her enter, and as if by previous understanding, made out the front of the saloon and toward her shawl.

"For seven years I struggled, and he took everything! I want the man—and the gold!" Crazy Oby obliterated himself in their path with a familiar white and, with a curse, Gardner swept him off the boardwalk into the deep dust of the roadway.

"Dam the old fool!" he said, partly to himself and partly to his companion. "He never had no gold worth taking—or talkin' about all these years!"

"Don't you reckon he did?" queried Weed, curiously.

"Do you?" responded Pete, looking at him quickly. "If he did, what's he done with it and who ever saw it on him since he come this way twenty years ago?"

"Maybe some feller did take it off him, like he says," responded Weed, thoughtfully. "There is fellers like that, you know! You're me, for instance—is now goin' to take something off this Eastern dude—if he'll let us?"

"Well, we'll hope he don't spend the next twenty years in one town looking for us and what we take, anyhow!" said Gardner with a grin laugh. "But all we got to do now is get him playing, and he sure do like to gamble—only he has been able to keep away from where there is for three months, and there ain't no one thought fit to bring it to him until now.

"The two gamblers came into Moll's yard as Turner fell with bleeding face and Clarke bent over him to see if he intended to prolong the fight. The sound of their approaching footsteps caused him to turn, and Turner took advantage of his inattention to crawl out of reach, and then, springing to his feet, run off down the street, leaving his revolver where Clarke had knocked it. Picking it up with a look after his late opponent, Clarke walked into the living-room and tossed it beside his own on the couch. He then greeted Weed and Gardner, who stood in the doorway and congratulated him upon his fistic prowess, besides asking for particulars of the quarrel.

"Oh, just an argument about a girl," informed the victor. "Fill thought he knew when I ought to get married, and how I should act while unmarried, and as our opinions on things conflicted, I undertook to change his face around amite—so's he could sorta look at things different!"

The two visitors appeared amused at his account and suggested a three-handed game of poker to pass away the near-noon hours.

"I don't play these days," replied Clarke, "never did play as good as the fellows I went against, it does seem," he added with a smile.

"Well, I want to see Moll and might as well wait here till she comes along," said Weed, "so if you don't mind, Pete and I'll have a little two-handed tournament while we're waiting."

As Clarke nodded his assent, they drew up to the little parlor table in Moll's front room and Weed, taking a deck of cards from his shirt pocket, they began to play, with silver before them, which jingled musically in the observer's ear as he stood by watching.

"You might deal me a hand, if my credit's good," he finally said at the end of a deal. The fever was upon him again, but when he spoke he had little idea they would let him in without money—or that if they should, a handful of silver would exceed his losses or winnings.

"Tell you what, Clarke," said Gardner, in a friendly manner as to a fellow gambler who understood the ethics and was equally infected with the gaming instinct. "That old claim of your ain't been worked proper, and you ain't got much out of it, as far as I know. We'll play a hand—show-down—with your price, against the claim. What's your price! If you show the high hand, you've got hard money on the table and can play your head off. If you lose, why, you just don't have to dig any more in that hole in the ground that you've been at for six months."

"Make it a thousand," spoke Clarke, fervently, "and what you haven't got on you, you can give me later—if I win!" And Dick Weed nodded assent as he dealt from Gardner's cut.

Studying their hands attentively, Weed tossed one card into the center of the table and picked up the deck to fill.

"Two ones!" ordered Clarke, with a grim smile, as he threw two of his five pasteboards into the discard.

"I'll play what I got!" muttered Gardner as Weed turned to him.

Weed dealt himself one, and Clarke, his face a mask, laid his five, face downward on the table as he turned to the others.

After looking at his hand, the dealer disgustingly tossed them into the discard and turned to Gardner, who triumphantly laid a full house face upward on the table.
A Very Woeful Ballad of the Critic

A Spirit came to my and bed,
And weary and that night was I,
Who'd tottered, since the dawn was red,
Through miles of Grosvenor Gallery,
Yen, leagues of long Academy
Awaited me when morn grew white,
'Twas then the Spirit whispered nigh,
"Take up the pen, my friend, and write!"

Of many a picture dull as lead,
Of many a mustard-colored sky,
Say much, where little should he and,
Lay on thy censure dexterously,
With microscopic glances pry
At characters, Tadewin's delight,
Praise foreign swells they always sky,
Take up the pen, my friend, and write!"

I answered, "Tis far daily bread,
A sorry crust, I weep, and dry,
That still, with aching feet and head,
I push this fruitful industry,
'Mid pictures shown or low, or high,
But touching that which I indite,
Do artists hold me lovingly?
Take up the pen, my friend, and write."

The Spirit Writeth in Form of Envoy

"They fan would black thy dexter eye,
They hate thee with a bitter spite,
But scribble since thou must, or die,
Take up the pen, my friend, and write!"

(From "RHYMES À LA MODE," by Andrew Lang.)
A Star in the Heaven of Celluloid
By Bennie Zeitman

The broken sun rays in the room were not half as brilliant as her youthful smile—a bad cold had prevented her from attending the Fine Arts studio that day. She made a charming picture as she gracefully relaxed on the neatly-arranged divan.

Her pleasant looking mother propped up some cushions for her, and, clad in a beautiful pink negligee, she sat up and smiled again.

Not to sustain the suspense any longer, our subject is Norma Talmadge, star in the heaven of celluloid.

The exquisite Norma turned to her mother and I noticed a dimple in her cheek—of poor, aged people who are homeless, if she would only smile again.

Her smile, unlike any other smile, was as expressive as the voice—I could read, she was saying, “I trust you are comfortable, stranger; you are indeed welcome.”

In a corner of the room there stood an artistic vase containing some American Beauties; their fragrance was delightful, but yet the strong magnetism contained in Norma Talmadge’s personality commanded my eye every moment of my brief visit.

A vision of loveliness is a just description of Miss Talmadge. She is as fair as the day, and in her next life she is bound to return to the earth in the form of a beautiful flower.

The sun was reclining in the livid western heavens and a pleasing silence floated over the room. The twinkling eyes of the fairy princess drooped slightly beneath the luxuriant lashes and the prettiest smile in the wide world played around her finely curved mouth. The golden sunbeam which had spent its beauty on her wavy hair, had vanished and a dim curtain of twilight transformed Miss Talmadge into something approaching the divine.

The shades of night became evident. I said, “Good night.” She smiled. Will I ever forget that smile? I left her, and all during my lengthy journey home I could think of only beautiful things, and I disapprove of Strindberg’s theory that life is not a paradise, for little things like the Norma Talmadge visit are what make the world an interesting place to reside in.

Norma Talmadge’s bungalow is located on the slope of a California hill. From her window she can see the cattle grazing in the meadows, the farm hands in the fields, and in the moonlight the two country lovers as they hold hands and devotedly look into each other’s eyes. I learned all this from Miss Talmadge, which goes to prove that her thoughts are not the common variety, her poetic attitude towards life makes her happy and interesting to chat with.

In every walk of life one encounters a person whom they never forget. I will never cease to think of Miss Talmadge every time I see a pretty flower, the birds, poor aged people, cows grazing in the meadows and country lovers and the odor of oriental incense.

What a wonderful world it would be if we had more people like Norma Talmadge. In her screen work one is bound to recognize the purity of her soul and her vivid personality.
The Real Blanche Sweet
By JOHN C. FLINN
Lasky Star Tells of Her Past History

When Blanche Sweet graduated from her teens, not so many months ago, and came within voting age under California's suffrage law, she also graduated from girlhood into a very chic young womanhood.

In all that colony of celebrities which graces the highways and byways of Hollywood, California, there is no individual more picturesque of her environment, more distinguished by reason of her own extraordinary personality than Blanche Sweet. You see her as she walks, jauntily down the promenades under the shade of the semi-tropical trees, usually alone. She goes and comes by herself, accepting the dictates of no one; according to no will in matters of come and go except her own. They will tell you at the studio of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, of which she is a star, that Miss Sweet in the studio is as phable as the proverbial child actress, that she, with the experience gained only through years of acting before the camera, is the most attentive of all the workers around the huge plant.

We talked to her the other day when, very jauntily dressed in a new black walking suit, she left the studio for a few hours of recreation. It is thus reported:

"For the reason that the motion picture business and I have grown up side by side during the past ten years, I feel a certain personal interest in the whole industry. Whenever anybody speaks good of motion pictures I feel happy; whenever I hear ill spoken, I feel like fighting for my life.

"Both the motion picture and I were very young when we started out together to make a success of things. I suppose I feel very much the same way about the motion picture and have within me as much pride about it as Robert Fulton felt when he saw the first steamship actually move, or Graham Bell, sitting in New York, felt when he heard over the telephone wire a voice from San Francisco. And, like the two named, I, too, have lived to see the day when the motion picture is no longer sneered at, but is given its full measure of credit for what it has done and is doing."

"Last autumn I was in New York for a few days—my first trip East from the Lasky studios in more than a year. I walked along Broadway one evening, and up near Forty-seventh street saw a big crowd going into a wonderful theatre. And there, over the door, I saw my name in bright electric lights. I stepped back to the curb and then crossed the street just to get a good look. I was alone. It was not the first time by any means that I had seen my name in electric lights, and had watched people go into a motion picture theatre, but somehow the combination of Broadway, brilliant illumination, A fifty-foot tower, and happy crowds, stirred me. I felt a sort of thrill for a moment. Really, it was the first time that the whole thing had (as you might say) touched me."

"I like company, friends and good times, just as much as any other young girl who is nineteen years old and ridiculously healthy. Sometimes I like to be myself and this night I walked down the street a block to a little square, where there were benches. Park benches and Blanche Sweet are a good deal together.

"Just as it is a good thing once in a while to look at yourself in a mirror, and try to see yourself as others see you, it is also a good thing to sit down quietly and think of yourself as others think of you. One of the best ways of knowing where we are going in life is to review the road over which we have traveled in the past."

"I was a stage child from the time I began to walk. Chicago, Ill., was my birthplace. The date was June 18, 1896. At three years I appeared with Marie Burroughs in "The Battle of the Strong," and I have been battling along ever since.

"I went to school in California. I liked books, but I loved the stage. At fourteen, having come to New York, I obtained a position with Gertrude Hoffman's company, "The Spring Song," and later I had a child's part in 'Charlotte Temple.'"

"Summer came. The theatres closed. I was an actress—rather small, to be sure, but, nevertheless, an actress—and I was out of work.

"With a girl friend I went to the Biograph studio, having heard a good deal about motion pictures. This was in the days when the vaudeville managers used to put on a motion picture to drive the audience home. Frank Powell was working at the Biograph, and the first thing I knew I was tucked away in a corner in a production called 'A Corner in Wheat.' Later I obtained another part with the Biograph Company, and came the news that they were sending a company to California. I wanted to go, too."

"While preparations were on D. W. Griffith said to me one day: 'If you were two years older I would make you ingenue with the company at a salary of $100 a week.' I wept, but tears made no difference. I didn't go."

"It was about this time that I met Mary Pickford. She was the only one around the studio who had a regular contract. I remember the first day I ever saw her. She wore a simple blue dress and a blue beaver hat, from underneath which, in great, soft folds, hung the lovely Pickford curls. I have seen Mary Pickford in nearly every picture she has ever done, but she always will remain in my memory as a little girl in a blue dress."

"Meanwhile, I was getting a lot of experience. Mr. Pickford one day gave me the lead in 'A Man With Three Wives,' and they said I did so well that they gave me other leading parts. My grandmother thought I ought to go to school again, and I said I would be happy to go back to California."

"It was there only a few months, however, when I went to Los Angeles and joined Mr. Griffith's company. He selected me for the lead in 'Judith of Bethulia,' and I have lived in California ever since.

"No girl is happier in her work than I am right now with the Lasky Company. Cecil B. De Mille is one of the greatest of directors. I never expect to go back to the stage again. I love the life of motion picture playing."

"And some day—well, you never can tell—I get proposals by every mail!"

The popular film star would not suffer for the lack of variety if she were to pick a mate from the list of applicants, since there are included in the group the most cosmopolitan set of males possible, and the range extends from a deckhand on the Fall River line to an Italian duke with an international reputation for attractiveness and a cute mustache. There is included stevedores, bankers, editors, brewery manufacturers and proprietors of Coney Island restaurants.

In every language men of education and men without have written epistles of affection and in their own way have offered their heart and pocketbook to one of the most charming young ladies in America.

Miss Sweet has some decided views on the subject of matrimony, and she has said in a most pronounced tone that when she finally enters the bond of marriage the man of her choice must be ideal, and the affair will not be one tainted with the currency of Uncle Sam's realm either—it will be a pure and undiluted love affair all the way through!
INCIPIENT darkness was beginning to interrupt the members of the Town-
pick’s infield in their final practice on the night before the championship game between Jonesville and Homertown, and, after stopping a couple batters with the help of Schultz, the Tentacite third baseman, emitted a howl of disapp-
proval, which was a signal for the other players to discontinue the rehearsal of plays designed to astonish the Homertown Giants. The late came trotting in for the signal drill, which was invariably held after darkness had made impossible further efforts to acquire dexterity with the leather-bound sphere and the appropriately shaped stick which has made Ty Cobb and other men jump fame. As Bill Thomas laid out the hit-and-run sign and drilled the squeeze play into the eager candidates, Bill Wilson, who comprised the 99 per cent of the entire pitching staff, edged away from the circle step by step and with eyes on the exit sign mumbled to be excused.

“I’ve got an important business engage-
ment which requires my undivided and personal attention,” quoted Bill with reignited solemnity.

“Come back here,” commanded the man-
ger, whose ire had been provoked because of the inability of his henchmen to grasp the finer points of the national pastime.

“Bill, we want you to get a good night’s rest,” began the lecturing leader, “because we are depending on you to win the game for us tomorrow. Instead of going to see her tonight, go home and hit the hay.”

Bill promised to obey instructions and left hastily. His promises were sometimes contrasts to his performances, and this special instance was not an exception. Like a magnet draws a tack from any direction, so the beautiful and adorable Sophy Cline attracted handsome Bill Wil-
son, the husky star of the Jonesville Pick-
ups. As the pied piper charmed the chil-
dren in fable lore, even in such a manner was our hero enraptured as the strains of “Beatrice Fairfax, What Shall I Do,” floated boldly from the room where Sophy was singing like a canary bird after meal time.

“Ah!” thought Bill as he stood fasci-
nated, awaiting to be ushered into the presence of the captivating Miss Cline, “She is some swell dispenser of melody, and, say, can’t she tickle those ivories?”

The door opened and Sophy greeted her lover.

“I heard you singing,” began Bill, enthusi-
astically, “and, say, it was great, Sophy.”

“Aww, stop, Bill,” said the flattered maiden as she vociferously blushed in happy embarrassment.

Can’t you go in and play it over again?” he asked, and offered to volunteer to join in on the poetic refrain.

“I don’t know,” replied Sophy, whisper-
ing as she cautiously surveyed the side-
walk, “Pa’s coming home in a few min-
utes.”

“Oh,” said Bill, and he stepped back-
ward a few paces and looked more appre-
hensive than before because this intelligence had been imparted.

“Let’s sit on the porch,” invited the young lady, as she led the way to a se-
ceded spot on the veranda where two rock-
ing chairs were closely reclining side by each.

“Sophy, dear,” began Bill with heart quivering and a slightly palsied frame, “I have something important to tell you, something nice and surprising.”

Sophy wasted a blush on the darkness and eagerly awaited for Bill to proceed. She wondered if he had at last acquired enough sand to ask her to clothe.

“Yes,” continued Bill with expanding chest, “I am going to pitch in the cham-
pionship game tomorrow and, Sophy, I’m going to win!”

Sophy held her hopes but they had fallen with a fluid. For while Bill had the heart of a lion and was as courageous as a bear on the baseball field, his valor was nil in the presence of fair women. Although Sophy had suggested an elopement in view of her father’s objections, Bill Wilson had not yet acquired the strength to propose.

Withal, the timid youth could not over-
come the emotions of the disease of love, and with the same confidence with which he fanned the side in the crucial ninth, Bill proceeded to plant a kiss on the rosy lips of Sophy. The osculation was not com-
pleted, for heavy footsteps were heard coming quickly up the path. With eyes that would have made an owl shrivel with pride, Sophy’s papa spotted the ill-starred Bill and his only daughter at the end of the portico.

“Bill Wilson,” he thundered as the per-
son addressed arose unceremoniously, “I thought I gave you explicit orders to stay away from here. I don’t want you around you good-for-nothing, lazy, shiftless scoundrel. If I catch you decorating these premises again, I will kick you so far away that you will be twenty years finding your way back,” and shaking his florid finger at the boy he commanded in Napoleonic tones, “Get off my property at once!”

Bill went.

II

A small dapper gentleman with a cute mustache, waxed to a pin point on both ends, was reading the flaming notice of the championship game which was sched-
uled at the Jonesville ball park for that afternoon. An opera troupe had visited the village the day before and when they departed their manager, known as Pin-
points, was left stranded in the town so badly bent that he was unable to collect enough to buy a ticket out of town.

As he gazed at the billboard telling of the game, the greatest performance of the home team, Pinpoints sud-
denly became seized with an idea. With a smile he hurried to the ball field and toss-
ing his last two bits to the cashier, he passed through the turnstiles and selected a seat in the grandstand.

Meanwhile all was not going well for Bill. Old man Wilson conducted a con-
fectionery store and ice cream parlor and Saturday afternoon found him exceedingly busy.

“No, Bill, I can’t let you off this after-
noon,” decided his pater. “I don’t see any science or sport in that game. It’s nothing
but a farce for a bunch of crazy hoodlums, and, furthermore—” but he got no further, as the tugging of the phone interrupted. To say that Bill was disconsolate would far fail to indicate the mild. Yet might as well rise and remark that “Teddy” didn’t lose any sleep over the result of the G. O. P. Convention. The youthful star had his heart set upon participating in the deciding game of the series between the two strong-
est teams in the county. A handsome silver cup for every player on the winning side had been offered by one of the town’s wealthiest men and this fact had stimu-
lated a greater interest than before.

“Here, Bill,” briefly ordered his father, “deliver this ice cream at Mrs. Van Horn’s at once.”

Having no alternative, the unlucky son dutifully complied and a few minutes later was spinning over the dusty road in the little delivery truck. It was a rare summer day and an ideal one for baseball. That the driver did not let his thoughts har-
monize with the beauty of the surrounding nature was apparent by the clouds which darkened his customary happy face.

“Seven minutes of three,” Bill solilo-
quized as he glanced on the homely com-
tenance of his tinsel, “the game will start soon and — Whoa, Phoebe!” The engine missed once, then again, and stopped. William got out and got under with-
out using more than a dozen cuss words, to ascertain the cause of the malicious ten-
dencies adopted by the flivver truck. It was hot, and Bill, being human, swore heartily. Just picture yourself in his shoes. Instead of being out on the hurling hill at the ball park as the far-away chimies registered three o’clock, the pop went three weeks. Bill hastily read as follows:
"Come to the park at once or we'll lose the championship—Thomas." Bill looked up the road and then he gazed down the road. Some one was coming. Yes, Mrs. Van Horn was coming for her cream. "It looks as if I am in for it comin' and goin'; for Mrs. Van Horn has got her Irish up," said Bill, who remembered that the garrulous society woman was entertaining a party that afternoon and was enlivened, not in liquid form, but solidified.

Once to every man there comes a moment when he must decide between the devil and the deep blue sea. It didn't take our hero long to make up his mind for as Mrs. Van Horn drew near the front of the manager's call became louder.

"Jimmy, they need me bad!" he asked the urchin.

"You bet they do, Bill; they told me not to come back widout you.

"I told them so, without a moment's hesitation the Pickups' sensational pitcher leaped on the bicycle and rode like the wind headed toward the ball park. The youngster took refuge from the approaching ice cream customer in flight via shank's mare.

III

Pandemonium reigned in the overflowing stands at the Jonesville Ball Park when it was discovered that Bill Wilson would not be in the game and there was an immediate clamor for refunded admissions. The constable and his deputies were hardly able to cope with the situation as the rush to the ticket office began. Finally, Manager Thomas brought something resembling order and yelled this satisfactory explanation, although he wasn't sure he could substantiate the statement: "Bill Wilson will be here to play in fifteen minutes. Keep your seats and the game will begin at three fifteen!"

"Start the game now or it is forfeited," screamed several hundred Homerton rooters.

"It was agreed to start at three o'clock," Pug Harkins, the Homerton manager-captain said, "and if you don't put a team on the field at once we will claim the championship."

It was a great day and one that will linger eternally in the memories of those who had the third and very available inch of standing room had been absorbed by a seething mass of human fanatics of the national pastime. Both towns were out in full array and the bands that accompanied them also enlivened the occasion by blaring out patriotic selections that made up in noise what they lacked in harmony. Betting was open and free, although the stakes were in every instance limited. Women and young girls were to the rear and women only to the picturesque scene. Long lines of autos and horses were strung out in right field and a hundred horns tooted clamorously all the time.

Umpire Fred Wescott the peer of all arithmetically, the only one to which both sides would agree, stepped forth to make the regular battery announcements. Silence reigned supreme.

"Ladies and insects," there was always a titter as he began in this way, "this game is the third and deciding battle for the championship of Howell county. The winners will receive silver cups and the county banner." He paused and spoke a word to Manager Thomas and then continued in a leather-lunged voice, "Batteries for today's game, for Homerton, Harkins, and for Jonesville, Hemstitch and Farr; Jonesville, Cross and Reid." A storm of intermingled applause and a roar of disapproval from the Jonesville contingent greeted the intelligence imparted by the umpire. The game was called and three thousand adherents of America's foremost sport were keyed to the highest point of interest in the proceedings. When Craft, the second batter, cracked out a double, it was a signal for the Homerton delegation to whoop-up—and they did. Willow was followed with a single and Craft shot across the home plate with the first run, amid a riot of cheers, which continued for several minutes. Without going into the details of the game, it is sufficient to say that at the beginning of the fourth the score was 3-0 in favor of Homerton. Without Baseball Bill, the Pickups were unable to stem the tide of adversity.

"Where's Bill?" the players growled to each other. Then they took the field after three innings of hopeless baseball had silenced their followers.

"There he is," yelled Johnny Madison, and a thousand voices took up the cry as they saw Baseball Bill rush into the field. The scene that followed is indescribable. It is sufficient to say that Baseball Bill, in full uniform and a dirty face, walked out to the pitching peak at the beginning of the fourth. Right there the pendulum of the game began to swing toward the Jonesville "Town Pick." Both sides were blanked in the fourth and fifth but the Town Pickers broke the monotony of the goose-eggs which embelished their scoreboard in the sixth when a run was pushed over. In the seventh Thomas tripled the score and Harrington made a go out to left. Reid singled and Bateman walked. Baseball Bill electrified the populace by lacing the horsehide over the right field fence for a home run. Following Bill, Schultz doubled and Homerton changed pitchers. The scoring ended until the eighth, when the Town Pickers, with their idol and star in the line-up, scored nine runs and won the championship easily and gracefully. The final score was 14-5.

"You're missing it!" Pinpoints, the theatrical manager, noted with satisfaction the progress of the game after the arrival of Bill, and when the crowd had drifted away he took Bill's hand and congratulated him, bestowing praises which were well merited.

"You're wasting your time here, Bill," Pinpoints informed him. "Why don't you go to a big town, where you will have an opportunity to develop your ability?"

"I would like to," he answered, "but it takes money, you know."

"Leave that part to me," said Pinpoints reassuringly, "and I will see that you are signed by the New Yorkers before the world's another week old."

Pinpoints visited the Jonesville merchants next day and told them of his plan, showing them what a wonderful advertisement it would be to their town to have it known that Baseball Bill Wilson, the greatest American League pitcher, was "born and raised" in Jonesville. He wound up the flow of oratory with a request for a contribution and he usually received a large donation.

"I have five hundred dollars here," said Pinpoints when he intercepted Bill that evening as he was on his way to Sophy's.

"And I have received a telegram from Manager Donovan, of the Yankees," replied Bill, "he wants me to report at once. When shall we leave?"

"Tomorrow," Pinpoints decided, and they shook hands before parting.

That night Bill proposed to Sophy, and she goggled a happy assent. "Tomorrow, Sophy, dear, we will go to the minister's together and you will become the wife of Baseball Bill Wilson, property of the New York American League Club."

Sophy was waiting at the gate when Baseball Bill arrived. It was their gloriously happy day and Sophy appropriately attired in their very best paraphernalia.

"Is your father home?" was Baseball Bill's interrogatory greeting.

"Yes," replied the excited girl, "but he doesn't know—yet he's hurrying.

The prospective groom hastened with Sophy down the avenue in the direction of the little church around the corner. Arriving at the parsonage Bill tumultuously hammered on the door. The Rev. Mr. Amstott, the minister, opened and exclaimed with both hands upward, "Bless my soul!"

"Parson, we want to get married," began Bill, "and we want the ceremony as promptly by law completed quickly as possible."

"Yes, Reverend Hemstitch, we are in a big hurry to catch the next train to New York," explained Sophy impatiently.

It is an ill wind that blows tidings of such affairs before the uptown agents. For Papa Cline and Baseball Bill's irate pater gleaned a whispered of the proposed clandestine wedding and united on their swift journey of interception. Pinpoints, the theatrical man, swelled the number of the chase and the scene that was the home of Rev. Anthony Hemstitch. A weird sensation trickled through the bones of Baseball Bill Wilson, and some uncanny power bade him take a farewell look up the road before entering the holy hands of matrimony. Bill looked before he leaped and what he saw produced an ashen hue on his manly countenance. Pinpoints was in the lead but Sophy's pa and his own parent were not far behind.

"Blue eggs, and green eggplants!" ejaculated Bill.

"Come on, Wilson," panted Pinpoints as he grasped the hesitating youth, "it's your only chance."

Ordinarily Bill Wilson would have stood his ground but the odds were too great, so Bill used his legs.

"Head for the station," Pinpoints yelled over his shoulders, as the pair fled along the dusty stone road.

The shrill toot of the four o'clock New York train spurred them on to a greater speed. The train came thundering into the Jonesville depot, hesitated a moment (Continued on page 29)
An Interview With Madge Evans
By CHAS. E. WAGNER

I t was rather thoughtless of the Editor, knowing of my bashfulness for anything pertaining to the members of the opposite gender, to order me from the quietude of the editorial sanctum to go forth and interview Miss Madge Evans. Imagine it, I, who had never before known nought but to pour over and condense long-winded press sheets, should be asked to actually call upon a certain member of the female gender. But nevertheless, after many misgivings and an equal number of sips from the bottle of courage I managed to wend my way warily to a certain house situated on 100th street, New York City.

I rumbled the bell and waited. What was I to say? Vainly I tried to think of my childhood sweethearts (which has been many many years back) and what used to be our topic of conversation. Was it the weather, or was it clothes? But just then, in answer to my ring, the door opened. A young lady answered the door. Here was a chance to get the necessary information without going in.

"I—I—beg your pardon," said I rather hesitatingly, "but I have been sent by this paper to gather a little information. How long have you appeared in the moving pictures, and do you like the work, and—?"

The young lady interrupted me. "Oh, I presume you wish to speak to Miss Evans?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Just step this way, please. Miss Evans is up-stairs."

My heart sank. The terrible ordeal loomed up in greater proportions. "Oh, why didn't the editor pick someone who was more experienced in feminine witchery?" I bemoaned to myself as I followed my fair leader up the stairs.

Arriving safely on the first floor, my escort pushed opened a door, remarking, "This is Miss Evans."

Gathering together all my slowly ebbing courage, I boldly stepped in. There seated upon the floor was a beautiful bundle of femininity with two large pair of laughing blue eyes peering out from amidst a mass of golden curls. There she sat with dolls, tea sets, and many other toys to please the childish fancy thrown promiscuously about her, and looking at me with almost a tantalizing challenge to sit down and play. After a great amount of protest from my creaking joints the art of sitting upon the floor was accomplished, and a brave attempt was made to amuse the child.

"Now, my little lady, I wish to ask you some questions," I said at length, after an unsuccessful attempt to place a coat on one of the dolls.

"Here is a story of my life," she said dramatically, "written by Mother and I."

I glanced hurriedly through the six pages of foolscap, and from it gleaned a lot of information. Miss Madge has just six summers to her credit. She was born in New York, but first became acquainted with motion pictures while visiting England. A mutual friend persuaded her to pose for a photographer. This led very shortly to an engagement with an English company to produce "Shore Acres." With flattering recommendations she came back to New York, where she appeared in some minor roles for the World Film Corporation. It was not until "Sudden Riches" was completed did this talented little lady come into her own, and then her rapid rise to fame was startling. She has been fairly swamped with letters and telegrams congratulating her upon the wonderful work presented in "Sudden Riches." Miss Madge is well educated for a child of her advanced (?) years; she is very fond of outdoor sports, and enjoys immensely rye bread sandwiches and ginger ale. Her greatest occupation at present is to travel to the studio in the morning to Fort Lee—yes, Fort Lee is in the United States, no matter what anyone says to the contrary—and returning to civilization at night. She is now working upon a new play, called "Husband and Wife," which will be released about the middle of July.

With the able assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Evans I managed to extirrate myself from my precarious position upon the floor. I finally made a "close up" of Miss Evans, who "registered" sorrow, and stopping the camera I bid my fond adieu, but not until I had drafted an umbrella from the unsuspecting inmates. (I have never seen a member of the press yet who hadn't one eye opened for a free list).

As I made my way to the subway a deep reverie fell upon me, and as I looked over my years of supposed single blessedness I realized then what joys and blessings were possible, and from then on my viewpoint of cannibal bliss underwent a wonderful change.

Valentine Grant Enjoys Her Work
By J. ALLEN BOONE

T o love life because life is the rarest privilege any of us has received; to get the most out of life by giving serious effort to trying to understand what it is all about: to live broadly, and at the same time, sanely; to work hard to achieve something worth while; to keep the mind active at all times; to be healthy, and to always have a song in the heart, no matter what the gods may send one's way—this, epitomized, is the philosophy of Valentine Grant, the pretty little "Irish colleen" star of the Famous Players.

And let it be said right here that Valentine Grant gets a great deal out of life because she carries with her a wealth of optimism, backed by an initiative and a breadth of understanding, that is almost masculine when it comes to getting results. And over, and back of it, and through it, is her own natural charm—her good looks and a vast amount of unadulterated, ever-bubbling "pep."

Valentine Grant's success on the screen is due to her philosophy, plus ability. In the beginning the gods were good to her—no doubt she appreciates that fact; but since that time she has made good use of their gifts and has reaped the rewards.

According to all rules and regulations, Miss Grant today should be a grand opera star instead of a screen star, and perhaps in the not far-away future she will be a dramatic star instead of a screen star—for this is the way the gods have been juggling with her career.

Following her musical education in this country and abroad, Miss Grant devoted her time to concert singing and made a big success of it. During this time she bought a picturesque home in Seattle, and became
not only a resident there, but a voter as well. Party? Straight Republican. Then came the call to grand opera from New York, and the pretty, little singer cancelled everything and hurried to the City of the Bright Lights for the event she had been working for and dreaming of for years. Three days after arriving in New York a heavy cold temporarily put her voice out of commission and the opera plans had to be postponed.

It was at this time that Miss Grant met Sidney Olcott, one of the best-known motion picture directors in the country. Olcott was looking for a leading woman, and he offered the position to the little singer, explaining to her that the picture he wanted her for would be completed by the time her voice had recovered.

"But I know nothing about acting for motion pictures," she told him.

"That's the reason I want you," Olcott replied. "You take the job and I'll be responsible for everything else."

Miss Grant agreed to take the job, more for the fun of the thing than anything else; and Olcott immediately cast her for the lead in his "A Mother of Men," in which she was called upon to play a girl, a married woman, a middle-aged mother and a grandmother—and this, please remember, her first experience before a moving-picture camera. Miss Grant, however, had ability and was adaptable; and Olcott, who has directed many of the best-known stars of the screen, is a genius when it comes to getting results from people. "A Mother of Men" was a success, and so was Miss Grant; and shortly after the picture was completed Olcott persuaded her to sign a long-time contract with him as his leading woman.

When the Olcott Company started its two years' picture-making tour of the world Miss Grant was the leading woman. The company spent many months in Ireland, filming Irish dramas and comedies, and then the war began, and the players were forced to return to this country. Those months were big months for "Saint Valentine," as the Irish peasant called her, for she studied Ireland and the Irish with her marvelous gift for understanding; and in exchange for the many concerts she gave her Irish friends they taught her the dances and songs of the "ould country," how to play the Irish harp and the Irish pipes, and innumerable other things that have been of great help to her, not alone in her screen work, but in making her interesting life even more complete.

Miss Grant has created all sorts of roles on the screen, but she is best loved for her characterizations of Irish colleens, for these peasant girls she knows with an intimate knowledge, and she can live their lives before a motion-picture camera with a naturalness which is remarkable. During her engagement with Mr. Olcott, Miss Grant was "borrowed" to play the leading feminine role in the screen version of "The Melting Pot," with Walker Whiteside. The first part of the present year Miss Grant returned from an extended trip through the West and joined the Famous Players. Her first picture was "The Innocent Lie," in which she played the leading role of Nora O'Brien, an Irish lassie, who comes to this country and unexpectedly walks into all sorts of adventures. The play was directed by Sidney Olcott, who up until that time had been directing Mary Pickford.

In her screen work Miss Grant, fortunately, has had a voice in the selection of her scenarios, and she insists always on having plays with wholesome plots. "There is so much in life that is clean, beautiful, and at the same time dramatically interesting," she said recently, "that I always impress on photo playwrights who write for me that that is the type of scenario I want. We have been surfeited with sex plays, domestic melodramas, vampires, and cheap sensations in general, and I believe the picture-going public thinks so, too. Wholesome plays are in demand, and they can be made just as interesting; and, for that matter, more so than the sordid, cheap and sensational melodrama. I always want to feel that any screen play I am in can be shown to an audience composed entirely of children."
IN ANSWER TO YOURS—

VOX POPULI—Lubin has never quite recovered from the fire that burned down its studio last year. T. and D. De Forest left Lubin recently for vaudeville. She left the latter after one performance in New York owing to a disagreement with her partner, Lucy, who was reported as visiting us at great length in the June Photo-Play Journal, but did not really do all the things blamed upon her. In fact, it was a mythical card which she dropped into an imaginary cuspidor!

GENEALOGICAL GENE—Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, November 23, 1875. Figure it out yourselves! Stella Trenelle is the wife of Herbert Prior, and has been for many years. Peggy Pearce played the wife in "His Bread and Butter" (Keystone-Triangle) drama. She comes recently from L-KO comedies, but was in Keystone some years ago, playing opposite Ford Sterling. So Keystone makes you "laff," do they, Gene? "Stonishing!"

BEAUTIFUL BELLE—Weddings you see in films do not "take." If they did we are certain there would be fewer happy endings to celluloid dramas. Your approaching nuptials may be film ed if you wish, upon application to any of the several industrial manufacturers in New York which specialize in photographing social events. Is he really so handsome, Belle?

RYDALLE—Ben Turpin will no longer delight you, we fear, if you are addicted to Essanay scearns exclusively. He is now strutting under the Vogue Mutual banner. It is said that concealed onions cause most of the tears caught by camera en route down the dramatic tears of photoplayers! We recently saw Geraldine Farrar auctioning onions (in Lasky's Maria Rossetti) herself, she told a Catholic in the audience shed many; though, at sight of Wallace Reid making the sign of the cross with his left hand in the same picture!

BEATRICE & ELAINE—Olga Grey is but 19 years old. Her real name is Anushka Zacek. We have both bunches of information on good authority—from the Government records in Budapest, Hungary. William Hinkleys two in "The Failure" (Rochester) are sisters, and the other two have done each one motion picture. They are under A. H. Woods' management at present. Yancey was in a Kalem and Koszika in a Fine Arts. The latter was "The Lily and the Rose," and considerable was the difference being eliminated by censors before final exhibition. They are Hungarian, and were known as Jenny and Rosy when first unloaded in America.

ANNE THE HUN—Mary Miles Minter played a prominent part in "The Littlest Rebel" with William and Dusart Farmun at thetries, and "The Thrill of Life," in 1912. She was then known as Juliet Shelby, was ten years old and worked in Powers pictures the same year.

REMINISCENT, N. J.—Lovey Marsh, Marguerite Loveridge or Maggie Marsh (take your choice!) played opposite Broncho Billy (G. M. Anderson) in Essanay dramas about four years ago. She is now with Fine Arts we'll gamble—but her name is an open bet—we know her when we see her, that's all.

EFFIE HEE—The announcement of coming two-reel productions from the Griffith studios probably means that the Triangle program will occasionally consist of a five-reel comedy and two-reel drama instead of as at present—five reels of heart-throb and two of laughs. Mabel Normand's connection with the Fine Arts will result in long laughs presumably. Mercedes Bock is a vaudeville actress who has never appeared before the camera. She does not make, drink or sell Bock beer. Neither is she married or for it. Satisfactory? ???

ANNA OBR—Anna Lehr, who played Berna in "Civilization's Son," is the wife of Ed. Mc Kim, a Lubin comedy director. They have one daughter, Anna Lehr also. Little Anna has an important child part in Chane's big production of "Little Lord Melbourne" in the wife of Raoul A. Walsh, who directs for Fox. Yes, Anna, Wallace Reid is married, but not to Geraldine Farrar. Why the interest in orange blossoms?

COUNT DELAY—Thelma Sal ter is now with the Horsley film organization. She was prominent in George Behan's "The Alien," and has been in many NYMP dramas. Geraldine O'Brien has been in retirement owing to illness for some time. At present she is known New York newspaper woman. Yes, Count, Bessie Love is lovely and Norma Talmadge is normal—did you think for a minute we'd disagree with you?

MR. SUGAR—Anna Little and Ray Reynolds have done "A Hero on the Records" (Bischoff), which is very old and probably retired from the market before now. Louise Fazenda was the daughter of Schwitz in "The Misfit." Her father was played by Mr. Henry Mann, once a legitimate actor with Jacob Adler, Bertha Kalbich and other eastern stock producers. He is known familiarly as "Hank" at the studio now glorified by his presence. Thanks for the painting—sweet of you, I'm sure!

D. C. BERNARDETTE—As often as you like, Deese. We suspect you of having an interest in the sale of postage stamps—you live in Washington and write so often. Norma Talmadge is not married and consequently has no children. Those you refer to have worked with her in several pictures and are unrelated to each other even, so far as we know. At any rate their names are all different.

WARWICK II—There are several Solomons since the one who had all the wives. Irene Page, Julian M., Solomon's Song and the Solomon Islands for instance. Samuel Goldfish was not implicated in the Irish uprising. Several gentlemen who were, have been severely punished—shot into the arms of their maker, as it were. Please confine your queries to photographers and players. We stand a better chance of drawing correct answers.

NOTTY NED—Harry Fox is working in two-reel comedies for the International Film Corporation. Kitty Talbot is his leading woman. His wife is one of the Dolly Sisters, but right off the bat we can't say for sure which. Billie Reeves, the erstwhile "Screen of the Screen," is not working at it just now.

ARABELLA—Ruth Stonehouse is with Universal. "The Capital Prize" was only written by Norbert Lusk—Harry Benham directed the lead that was Joseph Cotten. "Three Steves, of vaudeville fame, directed it and his ward, Tina Marshall was featured opposite Mr. Benham. Steve Talbot is a regular contributor to this magazine and any other he is addressed to in care of the publishers will be forwarded.

DYNAMIC DOUGLAS—William Hinkleys has deserted Fine Arts and is in the East at present. Your idol, Douglas Fairbanks, is prominent member of the Lemus Club. He will be starred in Bret Harte's story, "In the Carquinez Woods," which is being filmed by Alan Dwain, as you guessed. You are in error, however, in suspecting Bret Harte of having written the novel "The Arts." Mr. Dwain has rewritten the book believing in the Indian character, instead of, as in the original, evolving the story about Teresa, the emotional dance-hall girl. L'oeur Dormant is the character which Mr. Fairbanks will portray.

G. V. S. LEDGER—Walter Klemberg is the man you mean. He has arranged most of the hazardous motorcycle and automobile stunts for the Keystone daredevils. He recently sustained injuries while enjoying a Sunday off, it is reported, and it still alive when this is written is in the hospital. We don't know what your favorite player, Don Likes—unless it be crab salad!

B. MCCONNIVELLY—There are many Olives around the California studies—we had postal photographs of a number from there dated May 16th. Erich O. H. Von Mayer is the actor you do not mention. Fred Burns is another. He has a brother named Robert who partakes of picture sheriff-ian honors occasionally. Both are regular daredevils. M. Webb is unknown to this department.

GIL BLAS—Claire Anderson has left the Keystone company. Robert A. Sanborn wrote "The White Feather" (Vitagraph). Printers make mistakes occasionally, like any one of us—that was one in last month's issue to which you refer. No one else seems to have noticed it, however.

SENATTES—Charles West was the man in the front row at the movie theatre shown in "The Movie Star" (Keystone-Triangle). Dorothy Gish was O'Shea girl in "Red Hicks Defies the World" (Biograph). Crane Wilbur's wife is known in Horsley films as Celia Stanton. She appeared in 'The Perils of Pauline' serial.

GRAHAM SISTERS—Willie Collier, Jr., who is advertised as star of Triangle's "The Bugle Call," is the stepson of Willie Collier, the comedian. His mother, whose name was Paula Marr, when she was in the chorus of "My Lady's Music" (a Shubert musical comedy of long ago), married Mr. Collier senior when little Willie was about five years old.
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Baseball Bill
(Continued from page 25)

and started again on its journey. Pinpoints and Baseball Bill boarded the last car as the angry relatives galloped up to the station. The unperturbable Bill snatched the bag with the five hundred iron men, which had been collected, from Pinpoints and waving the money sack triumphantly shouted his farewell to Jonesville and left the pursuers to their own pleasures.

In the big town Baseball Bill earned fame and fortune, and a year later returned as a hero to Jonesville and Sophy, married the latter without opposition, and is now proprietor of the town's biggest cheese factory.
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The first two-reel photoplay? When Frank Minnemat's shot Col. Seig and killed Frank Boggs in California? Mabel Normand's "Betty" series with Vitagraph? When Henry Walther was "appearing in pictures"? Your first visit to a "movie" show?

When there weren't any "Bored Censors?" When Mary Miles Minter was invited to see "Indian-Westerns" and "Muriel Fortescue" were the Biograph leading women? When six cents was a lot of money to pay for admission to a picture theatre?

Jean Darnell: The Champion, Republic, Comet and Eclipse Brands: Blanche Cornwall: Vitagraph's "Vanity Fair" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" ?????? —If you do, you’re a regular of the old school!

Do You Know—
Mary Anderson is working overtime these days—Dave Smith is turning out comedies for the Vitagraph—William Garwood will direct for the Universal—George Sargent, of the American, looks like Teddy Roosevelt and acts like Billy Sunday—Grace Cunard owns one of the finest homes in all the world—Cleo Madison has given up directing pictures—Donald Scott has left Lubin—Bessie Barriscale is a real comedienne—

San Francisco, Cal., June 1, 1916.
The Photoplay Journal.
Gentlemen: Enclosed please find $1.50 for a year's subscription. I like your paper very much indeed.

JOHN W. BELL.
St. Louis, May 6, 1916.
The Photoplay Journal.
Gentlemen: I think you have the best "movie" magazine published. I enclose $1.50, for which please enter my subscription.

MRS. O. H. HEATLEY, JR.

Seattle, May 7, 1916.
The Photoplay Journal.
Gentlemen: I have been looking for a clean-cut magazine for a long time and until now have not been able to find one. The Journal was loaned to me by a friend, and as I am desirous of getting it promptly, am enclosing $1.50 for a year's subscription.

ALBERT WAYNE.

The Photoplay Journal.
Gentlemen: You have the best Moving Picture Journal published and I desire it for a year, so enclosed is $1.50. Please run a story on what the players do when not at the studio.

Yours truly,

MRS. JOHN WATSON.

The Photoplay Journal.
Gentlemen: Enclosed is a year's subscription to begin at once. I have all of your magazines and please see that all are sent me. You have the greatest magazine I have ever seen. With best wishes for your future success, I am,

Yours respectfully,

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The Last Laugh

Explain at Last

The physician was giving an informal talk on physiology.

"Also," he remarked, "it has recently been found that the human body contains sulphur.

"Sulphur!" exclaimed the girl in the corner. "You mean what is it?

And how much sulphur is there then in a girl's body?"

"Oh, the amount varies," said the doctor, smiling, "according to the girl."

"Ah!" returned the girl. "And is that why some of us make better matches than others?"

Knew by Experience

Said the teacher to the little Hebrew boy:

"Hey, is the world flat or round?"

"It ain't neither van, teacher," said Ikey.

"But what is it, Ikey," asked the teacher in surprise, "if it is neither round nor flat?"

"Vell," said Ikey with conviction, "mine fader he says it vos crooked."

Wanted to See it Work

As a reward for good conduct Johnny was taken to the zoo by his mother. Just before entering Johnny and his aunt Mary had a decided difference of opinion as to what did or did not constitute clean ears and a clean neck.

Arriving at the zoo they soon came across a curious-looking animal.

"What's that?" asked Johnny.

"That's an anteater," said his mother.

A determined look came over Johnny's face.

"Say, mummy," he said, "tomorrow let's bring Aunt Mary out here."

Trying the Dog on Him

"Come right into the yard," said the farmer's wife cordially to the tramp who had besought something to eat.

The tramp eyed the bulldog dubiously. "I dunno about dat," he said. "How bout dat dog? Will he bite?"

"I don't know," said the housewife, "just got him today and that's what I want to find out."

Needs Expurgating

"Is his life an open book?"

"It would have to be revised for family reading."

Oh, No!

All the ladies' things will be exhibited in Onewton tomorrow and Saturday.

—The Onewton (Ky.) News-Herald.

Mrs. Gabber is gifted with a sixth sense.

"And what is it, pray?"

"Inexhaustibility."—Buffalo Express.

Plugging—"Didn't you have money enough to pay the fine?"

"Yes; but I couldn't spare it! The car needs new tires and revarning!"

He Looked the Route Anyways

Little Billy came home from play, one afternoon, with his clothing pierced above and below with many holes.

"For goodness sake, Billy," shrieked his mother, "what on earth have you been doing?"

"We've been playing grocery store," said Billy calmly; "and everyone was wearing something in it."

Just the Thing

Pedlar (selling preparation for removing stains from clothing)—

"I have got here—Servant (who responds to ring)—"Excuse me, please, but we are in great trouble here today. The germen of the house has been blown up in an explosion."

Pedlar—"Ha! Hurt much?"

Servant—"Blow so anx, only a grease spot left of him."

Pedlar—"Ah! Only a grease spot you say? Well, here's a bottle of my champion eradicator, which will remove that grease spot in two minutes."

Why Not?

Jimmie gasped when the teacher read the story of the man who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?"

"No, sir," answered Jimmie. "I just wonder why he didn't make it four and get back to the side where his clothes were."

Tennyson Had Nothing on Him

"They say Tennyson frequently smoked a whole afternoon on a single line," said the literary enthusiast.

"That's nothing," said the poor cloud seated beside him. "I know a man who has been working the last eight years on a single sentence."

Wood to Wood

John Stagger, an old settler in Hill township, had his head blown off by an accidental discharge on dynamite while blasting out stumps. He died instantly.

—The lagger (Ohio). Beacon.

To the Point

"Look here, waiter, is this peach or apple pie?" asked the patron.

"Can't you tell from the taste, sir?" asked the waiter.

"No, I can't," answered the customer.

"Well, then," asked the waiter, "what difference does it make?"

"Mother, is gran'ma gran'pa's wife?"

"Of course she is, dear."

"What did he marry such an old woman for?"—London Opinion.

Astronomer—I have devoted thirty years to the stars.

Young Man—Gad! but don't you find it expensive? It cost me fifty thousand in two years for the chorus!

He Advised Him

He was a young lawyer, and the judge thought he would give him a chance. So he instructed:

"Mr. Smith, suppose you take the prisoner into my private room, have a talk with him, hear his story and then, as man to man, tell him the best advice you can. Then come back and report to the court."

The young lawyer disappeared and in half an hour he returned to the courtroom, but minus his client, the prisoner.

"Go ahead, Mr. Smith, tell the court the result of your talk," instructed the judge.

"Well your honor I heard his story, answered the young lawyer, "and I saw at once that he had no chance at all. If ever a man is guilty, that man is. He acknowledges every point."

"Well, bring in the prisoner," said the judge.

"Then who's in the prisoner?" echoed the young lawyer in surprise.

"Why can't, your honor. I did as you instructed. I gave him the best advice I knew."

"Well, what was it?" asked the judge.

"Why, said the young lawyer, "I saw he had not the ghost of a chance and I told him if I were in his place I'd get out of your window, slide down the water-pipe and beat it. And he did."}

No Wonder

Mr. Knewzee: Miss Verradit was taken to the hospital this afternoon.

Mrs. Knewzee: Dear, dear, I didn't know she was ill.

Mr. Knewzee: She wasn't until she saw the write-up of the Swinton muscule in which she was mentioned as the guest of horror!

A Shortage Somewhere

An advertisement of a popular spectacular play has this to say of two of its attractions:

5000 PEOPLE

4000 COSTUMES

Nice Job

"What line did you say you were in?"

I manufacture a face powder that can't be kissed off."

"Who has charge of your proving grounds?"

A celebrated author thus sketched out his daily program to an interviewer: "Rise at 11; breakfast at 12; attention to mail; a few afternoon calls; a ride in the park; dinner; the theatre, and then to bed.

"But when do you do your literary work?" he was asked.

"Why, the next day, of course," was the reply."

"The old-fashioned idea was that a wife should be a helpmate," said the elder Mr. Smith. "And the new that a husband is a dancing partner."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Questioned

Irritated Lady: No it doesn't fit and I shall expect my money back.

Mr. Moses: But got gracious, madam—

Irritated Lady: Your advertisements say: "Money refunded, if not approved."

Mr. Moses: So they do, my dear madam; so they do; but your money was approved. It was very good money.

—Punch.

A Puzzler

"Now, sir," demanded the cross-examining lawyer, "did you or did you not, on the date in question or at any other time, say to the defendant or anyone else that the statement imputed to you and denied by the plaintiff was a matter of no moment or otherwise? Answer me, yes or no!"

The witness looked bewildered.

"Yes or no what?" he finally managed to grasp out.

Activity

Mrs. J. A. Raling was a victim of hives the past week and we know from experience she had something to do.

Accomplished

Randall: After twenty-five years of married life she loves her husband as much as ever.

Rogers: Yes and she annoys him in other ways too.

He Didn't

A boy fell into a pond, and when a man who was passing pulled him out he said to the boy: "Well, son, how did you come to fall into the lake?"

"I didn't come to fall in at all," replied the boy with some heat, "I came to fall out."

Hindustan Harrier

Wasted—room and board, lady, 3-year-old girl and week-end husband, in reply please state conveniences and price.

"Tommy, you must make this dice go as far as possible."

"All right, mother, I'll stay four hours in the movies instead of two."

"How do you find the magazine editors? asked the friend of the recent graduate of the Correspondence School of Literature."

"Polite and considerate gentlemen, as far as I can discover," replied the graduate. "They return my manuscripts promptly, and in perfectly good condition."

A Short, Funny Tale

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"A short, funny tale," answered the little fellow.

"Quite right," said the teacher. "When you are writing, you may write on the blackboard a sentence containing the word."

Within a moment and then wrote: "A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

Note.—Address all contributions for this page to Last Laugh Editor, The Photo-Play Journal, Philadelphia.
THE AUGUST NUMBER OF
The Photo-Play Journal

America's Greatest Motion Picture Magazine

which will make its appearance on all news-stands
July 20th, will contain

Eight Special Illustrated Stories
A Beautiful Cover in Colors
Vacation Days with the Players

Last month the complete edition of "The Photo-
Play Journal" was sold out 5 days after it appeared
on the news-stands. So be sure to order the Big
August Number NOW and avoid dissapointment.

15 CENTS A COPY—$1.50 A YEAR

TRIAL OFFER
FOUR MONTHS for FIFTY CENTS

Readers of "The Photo-Play Journal" using the
coupon at the right are entitled to a four
months "trial" subscription to The Photo-
Play Journal for Fifty Cents. The only
requirement is that the coupon be
mailed promptly.
QUALITY in face powder is taken for granted in a Henry Tetlow product.
For sixty-seven years this has been so.
Such confidence is natural because Henry Tetlow produced the first safe face powder.

When we announce a new product it is not an experiment—sixty-seven years of experience and of pride in our good name are behind

Tetlow's Pussywillow Powder

our latest offering. It is a preparation of more than ordinary merit.
By its charm alone Pussywillow Powder would satisfy you.
But Pussywillow has more than charm. Besides its attractive qualities it does what you want it to do. Improves the appearance without a suggestion of make-up. It does this because of its fineness and transparency, and because it stays on until you want it off.
Made in five shades: White, Flesh, Pink, Cream and Brunette.

A miniature box will be sent for 10 cents and your dealer's name.

HENRY TETLOW CO.
Established 1849
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

50 cents in the regular size box, as illustrated, at your dealers
The Photo-Play Journal

August, 1916

15 Cents

JUNE CAPRICE
Jonas Dollar Gift Box
of
Most Unusual Candies

A big, square, green and gold gift box of candy, with 20 full ounces (1 1/4 pounds) of mouth-melting, heavily coated chocolates. Packed in two dainty trays, each chocolate protected by a separate container. Mailed absolutely fresh, the day they're made.

Enclose a Dollar Bill

With your card, and her address. Then your card goes into a big, 20-ounce box of the most delicious richly flavored chocolates that she ever tasted.

JONAS, 39 S. Broad Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

We have just published a Gift and Novelty Book—containing over 200 illustrated favors and information regarding Gift, Bridge Parties, etc. It's FREE if you're interested.
There is a repetition among magazines devoted to the cinema art in their efforts to present to the view of their readers the open door to a successful career as an interpreter of silent drama. "How to Get into the Movies" is a popular theme which is being overworked at the present time. The majority of the articles on this subject are alleged to represent a mutual clearing up of a misunderstanding which has lingered in the minds of those possessed with a consuming desire to gain distinction in the realm of picturedom. That the advice portioned out falls flat of this purpose is readily recognized and in some instances misleading impressions are gained by the aspiring readers, whose ideas are guided more by romance than common sense.

Despite glowing formulas to the contrary, one cannot become a motion picture player through the agency of man, unless endowed with inherent ability, and only the skilful adaptation of the power acquired from Nature can produce the successful performer, for the act of photographic expression is not a profession, but the newest and greatest art in the world. The earlier that this truth is grasped by the younger generation who yearn to ascend the ladder of success now toped by Charlie Chaplin, and Mary Pickford, the better it will be for all concerned.

After placidly laying contemporary publications open to censure for pointing the royal road to an engagement with a film corporation, it would be out of order for the writer to proceed along lines similar to those so greatly depredated. However, we cannot refrain from mentioning a few facts in connection with the career of a photo-play star. Presuming that you are fortunate enough to possess the artistic temperament, which ninety-nine out of every hundred woefully lack, you are still as far removed from "getting in to the movies" as the moon is from the earth, figuratively speaking. To become successful in the legitimate productions, personal charm and beauty are as essential as the original style and natural capacity to "register" perfectly on the screen. The work in itself soon becomes uninteresting and laborious. We do not know of any other vocation that is more tedious and so difficult. Exacting directors, tiresome rehearsals, unpleasant and dangerous roles—these features are blended to constitute each day's work.

Many ambitious girls of serious purpose have put their hearts in their efforts and have failed to advance beyond the lowest stage of the game. The fault was not in every instance to be placed upon them. It was and is today the old, old story where the supply is greater than the demand. So bear in mind, Miss Would-be Star, that granting you have all the qualifications, there are a dozen more waiting their opportunity at the employment office. Men have been waiting years, longing for the chance that has never come.

The argument that you might be that one out of a thousand, who succeeds and become a star in the celluloid heavens, is liable to influence your belief in the glowing epistles explaining how you may gain the plaudit of the world for posing before the camera's eye at a fabulous salary. But is the price worth the hazardous venture? We candidly think it is not, and although you are a genius, lacking in experience only, we counsel you to be prudent and not to proceed toward the studio, until a friend in the profession has made you acquainted with the intricate interior movements of a modern film factory.

Federa] Censorship Advocated] The writer has always voiced approval and applauded gen erously the efforts made to abolish state and municipal censors, which are nothing less than an impertinent nuisance. We do, however, advocate the creation of a Federal Board of Censorship for the purpose of standardizing photo-play productions throughout the entire nation. In this way, an impartial board would determine the fitness of the production and allow it to be shown in every state, unhindered by local politicians or professional reformers. At a meeting held last month, in New Jersey, Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, of the International Farm Reform Bureau, declared in favor of the Federal censorship of moving picture films. He declared that the picture shows present the biggest problems for inducing the children for good or evil, and pointed out that State censors were allowing the exhibition of detrimental films. The high standard set by the manufacturers of motion pictures is responsible largely for the popularity which this form of amusement has enjoyed. Let us maintain this record by condemning state meddlers and urging the passage of the Federal measure.

Why "Movies" are Popular] The chief reason for the increasing demand for motion pictures, aside from the fact mentioned above, lies in their simplicity. The silent language of the screen is the language of the spectator and is fitted to his own comprehension. The scenes unfold true to life, and the emotions of the witness are in sympathy with the principals in the plays, because they understand perfectly the situation. There is a lack of artificiality and the unspoken story is expressed far cleaner than a volume of Shakespearean plays or complicated modern productions.

Our September Issue] The September number of The Photo-Play Journal may, without exaggeration, be termed the finest and most artistic production of the motion picture press since the inception of magazines devoted exclusively to this gigantic business. While other publications have failed financially and artistically to maintain the criterion set in previous years, and have been obliged to use cheap paper, free press items and to reduce their size, The Photo-Play Journal has proven a happy exception to the common practice. Instead of going back, this magazine is making progress in the right direction. From cover to cover the September number will represent an improvement over all preceding photoplay literature. In several colors, a handsome picture of Clara Kimball Young will adorn the front page, and an original story of her life will be unfolded on the inner pages. Ten complete stories from the pens of our most renowned writers will be well illustrated with scenes from the plays from which they are written. A series of photos of popular movie folk will be interspersed with interesting articles of plays and players. All the regular departments will contain articles brimful of human interest.
MYRTLE STEDMAN
(PALLAS PICTURES)
The Photo-Play Journal
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MISS JUNE CAPRICE
(ON THE COVER)

LITTLE June Caprice was born in Arlington, seventeen years ago, and her home is in Boston. She is young, beautiful and has the loveliness of Mary Pickford when she first attracted screen attention throughout the universe.

You, the movie fans of the nation, have not seen her but William Fox, with his unerring insight has. He sees her possibilities and forecasts the greatest future for this little New England youngster that any girl ever was offered before. If someone of limited experience made an effort of this kind you might have your doubts as to his success.

But William Fox has made stars before, as showmen would say, “from the ground up.” Behind this little beauty he intends to place all of the mechanism and all of the facilities of his many-million-dollar corporation.

She will be made known to you through famous artists, she will sit for great painters, she will be the toast of the studious and of admirers of beauty in every city and town where people are to be found who know and appreciate the beautiful when they see it.

Everything that has never been done for a woman, young or older, will be done for June Caprice.

You shall see the winsomeness of her, the charm of her smile, the laughter and pathos of her eyes; the sweetness and the gentleness of her.

Never before has a little American girl been so lucky as to get such an opportunity as this. She will walk the pathway to comfort and happiness.

She will have her name on the lips of the American millions.

And all because one of the great American producers of feature films is willing to back his judgment to the utmost limit with the absolute certainty that he is right.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
(TRIANGLE)
These qualities endeared her to David at once, and so reacted upon the girl that she loved him with all the imprudence of her susceptible and untrained nature. He was her idol and she gave all, asking nothing. He reciprocated in a mild way that satisfied, and they had been intensely happy in their work and affections. Rene was uneasy of late. Usually Fritz, the studio janitor, went for food and the necessary accompaniments after the models were inspected in the morning, and she with David lunched in the studio. On this morning the presence of Miss Mortimer seemed to absorb the artist to the exclusion of thoughts of his material requirements, so Rene sadly effaced herself and for one of so sunny a nature, might have been said to brood almost over her restaurant repast, which she did not enjoy in solitude.

Absorbed in his work, which took on fresh flavor with the discovery of Wynne's fitness, White piled his brushes rapidly. The girl watched him in a sort of fascination not unmixed with awe. Her training had been strictly along conventional lines, and the world of emotion she had but lightly touched.

Her father, William Mortimer, was a wealthy business man, with but little patience for things or people outside the world of commerce. He had striven to inculcate Wynne with the commercial instinct, and although too fond of her to consciously cause her suffering, he had no intention of permitting her to act contrary to his set plans or wishes at any time. When his partner, a much younger man, told him one day that Wynne had promised to marry him, the father was much elated. Hugh Gordon was a man after his own heart, and Mortimer's commercial instincts leaped at the prospect of his daughter and his junior partner united for life.

It was with her father and fiance that the girl had first met White. Introductions followed an afternoon spent at the art exhibition, where the young artist's painting had been viewed by society, and her visit to the studio followed at his conventional invitation, which he little thought she would accept.

Neither did her father or escort imagine she would ever see more of "Bohemia" than that little displayed under their chaperonage. Her sudden visit to the studio she could not have explained satisfactorily herself. But latent in every woman is the yearning for wild, passionate romance. It is to flare up always in the first flush of girlhood, and usually flickers out when bent by the humdrum breezes of everyday life.

Wynne was quite sincere in her conventional love for Gordon, and had no thought of another future than that mapped out by circumstance, which made him her father's partner and his fiance, until the encounter with David White. Her girlhood dreams were not slow to flame up under his admiring glances, and his invitation to visit him and witness the completion of a masterpiece, changed the entire course of her life, although she hardly realized anything of its import then.

"Where is Miss Mortimer?" asked Gordon of her maid, as he entered the Mortimer home on this morning.

"At David White's studio until noon, was the word she left." And the maid wondered if she had been discreet as she noticed the haste in which the young man made his exit.

Slightly shocked at the knowledge imparted, Gordon had no serious intentions of staging a scene until he entered the studio and found Wynne posing for the artist alone, and with an expression on her face as she watched him which he, her accepted lover, had never been able to conjure up.

"My dear!" ejaculated the intruder, "you are not quite alone, are you?" His sarcastic emphasis brought color to the girl's cheeks and raised David's ire slightly, so that he turned his attention from the canvas and studied his visitor intently.
"No, we are a trio, Mr. Gordon," he commented, "where but a moment ago we were only two. To what do I owe the extreme pleasure of the additional presence?"

"Come, Wynne," crisply commanded the young man, as he lifted her cloak from a chair and moved toward the door, "let us decrease the size of your friend's party to one, since he seems in favor of small gatherings."

"You misunderstood me, Chief," interrupted White with a smile as he laid aside his brushes and color and advanced toward the visitor, "it was to odd numbers I voiced an objection. However, if you can show your shield and have the wagon outside with gong unmuffled, I suppose you will take your prisoner despite me."

The "prisoner" could not suppress a giggle as Gordon stammered for a reply which would fit the insult and at the same time not lower him in his own estimation.

"You intimate that this young lady would prefer to remain alone with you here than to accompany her father's friend to her home, sir. And by such inference you insult both her and me."

"The same statement could never insult you, my lord," bowed the artist, "What would be the grossest insult to Miss Mortimer would, when applied to you, be complimentary. Thus do I prove it!" And he took hold of the open door and bowed to both, smiling as he with his free hand placed Wynne's arm within her mentor's and turned back to his painting.

Too irritated by his enemy's sarcastic calm to reason or ask an explanation of the girl, Gordon, finding her docile and silent, took her direct to William Mortimer's office, where they found the father immersed in affairs in no way akin to love or art.

Glancing questioningly at Wynne as they entered, Gordon saw no sign of any intention on her part to speak, so he began at once.

"I have just brought Miss Mortimer from the studio quarter, sir," he began. "She was visiting an artist we met at the exhibition last week, and in my surprise at finding them alone, I am afraid I brought your daughter away before she had quite done."

"You did, Hugh, old dear," interpolated Wynne as she noted her father's amazement and rising anger. "But I shall go back again as soon as you have tattled and heard me abused and then gone chuckling back to your office. So let's have it over with, dad!"

"I was calling on David White at his invitation, which you both heard given, and he needed a type to complete a group in his latest painting which he could not find among the models—so I undertook to help him when possible to do."

"Hugh came rushing in and insulted us both, and was very cleverly and properly rebuffed for it; but nevertheless he dragged me here and will tell you much more than I could probably—because I can only tell what happened, and I've done that already."

And as her father rose and faced them both, showing his intention of approving the man's action quite plainly by his expression, Wynne turned and fled through the door, leaving them facing each other.

That evening she faced her father with no slight uneasiness, and her fears were realized when he announced after dinner that he had a few words to say to her before she retired.

"But can't they wait, father?" she asked: "I may want to go out this evening, and one of your scoldings before going would spoil all my fun!"

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," he replied, without heat, but with particularly disagreeable emphasis. "Your evening out won't be spoiled, because you are not going out. You are going to stay in until you promise me not to run wild through the tenderloin when my back is turned or Hugh is not around to attend you. That young man is a business man, and very successful," he paused with satisfaction at this, "He has other affairs to attend to than tiring about with young women all day, or following them through questionable neighborhoods to rescue them from irresponsible characters with whom they may become infatuated. I only want to tell you, my girl, that you are to instruct your maid for the next week or so to tell all callers that you are not receiving any one."

Wynne flushed rebelliously as she realized the full significance of his order and the humiliation she would suffer as a result of its enforcement.

"You are ridiculous, father. I am not a child!" she stormed.

"Then act like a young lady hereafter, and you will be so regarded, my dear."

And her father kissed her lightly as he rose from the table and passed into his library.

The next morning found David White gazing despondently at his unfinished work. He found himself without the inspiration to begin and benefit the perfect model of the day before, brooded miserably before his canvas.

Rene attempted, with her usual light raillery, to cheer him. With instinctive understanding which exceeded even his own, she summoned all her sweet sympathy to bring to her idol diversion and comfort. But David was in despair. The painting must be completed within a few days in order to get a place in the exhibition. He saw no way to complete it without Wynne, and had no idea how he should ever see her again after yesterday's scene.

Feeling herself unusually depressed, Rene retired to her dressing room and applied the usual paste which had been long addicted to the use of cocaine, and in moments like the present, resorted to the hypodermic with good results—at least temporarily.

Much exhilarated after an injection, the girl thought of her lover's despondency and how quickly a few grains of the drug would set his mind on edge and bands at work. She hesitated but a moment.

David had often seen her take the cocaine and demonstrated. But she had as soon shown him the effect it had upon her, to his wonderment. Knowing it would be useless to urge him to use the needle, she acted on a more subtle impulse, which came with the mingling of the diluted drug with her blood.

Returning to the studio and standing beside David, who was gazing moodily at his partly finished work, Rene mixed her powder with a few drops of water, partly to dissolve the hypodermic barrel, and, shaking it lastly, she let her eyes follow its to the easel.

"It's too bad you're not against the 'junk' like me," she intoned casually. "A speedball from the needle here would fix you so twould be no trouble at all to finish up!"

And she motioned toward his work while wiping off the instrument and carefully inserting the needle into her wrist as she pressed the little plunger home slowly.

Rene watched both with a wondering note the added vigor in her movement as she withdrew the needle from her flesh. He observed the enlarged, brilliant pupils of her eyes as the cocaine took effect, and with a questioning glance to which he shook his head in reply. Rene tripped lightly from the studio, calling back that she'd return in an hour.

Meeting Fritz, the kindly old janitor, on the stairway as she descended, Rene-caught him again as he David white while she was out. It occurred to her that her plan would fail if visitors were about. Fritz nodded his understanding, and the girl passed into the noonday crowds on the street.

Left alone before his unfinished effort, David wondered what might have happened to his volunteer model of the day previous. Gazing dully up at where she had stood,
he noted with a start the hypodermic and painting tube and cotton balls. Rene had left them on the table at his side.

Mentally switching to Rene, he recalled how invigorated and cheered she always was after an injection of the drug. How bright and clever were her sallies and how capable her advice. He remembered that she had been taking the drug for years and still seemed as when he first met her. The widely spread notion that drug users withered away in a brief space of time or became hopelessly imbecile was proven a fallacy in and by her.

Glancing again at his canvas, David wondered if the cocaine would affect him as it did the girl. He fingered the syringe and tablets absentmindedly. Future fame and dreams just forming in his brain, of marrying Wynne some time, depended upon the completion of this painting within the required time. The cocaine might be his salvation, and the little he would use as a stimulant the work certainly could not fasten upon him a habit.

Remembering Rene's oft seen performance with the hypodermic, David slowly mixed a little of the drug, and with a gradual increase in haste, filled the syringe, and, hesitating but an instant to look at the unfinished picture, plunged the needle into his forearm and ejected a half dram or so of the mixture into his blood.

Almost immediately he felt the effect. Carefully cleaning the instrument and putting it back in the little case, David felt a glow of comfort steal over him, and then a subtle energy which was unusual and strange. He wanted to do big things at once, but felt so sure of his ability that he had no thought of haste.

He felt himself going over every detail of finishing the painting, seeing it hung and himself receiving the awards. It all appeared clearly in prospectiv and easy of accomplishment. With an almost reverent glance at the canvas of this new feeling, he turned with energy to his easel.

Fritz softly opened the door to see if the artist, whose despondency he had noticed, needed anything, and was pleasantly surprised to see him smilingly at work absorbed in his colors and with no sign of languor.

Rene on her return noted his enlarged pupils, and investigation showed that her plan had succeeded. Making no comment, she continued to leave the hypodermic and tablets about, where David could easily find them, and effaced herself as much as possible.

But on the next day Wynne Mortimer had decided that a parent so devoted to business could have no understanding of the needs of a girl's heart and soul, so she calmly donned her wraps and set out for the studio, first sending her maid away for the day. She was invited to choose her husband's shirts, first, from her own suffering at the enforced separation from the artist, and, secondly, by the knowledge that without her he would probably be unable to finish his picture. To the consequences she gave little thought, outside the happiness her action would bring to David and herself. Of Gordon she thought enough to hope he would not find out where she had gone, but if he did it would be due to his persistent curiosity, and serve him right if his feelings were hurt.

Her arrival at David's studio stirred no emotion within him but a return of affection for the fair girl and a feeling of gratitude for her interest. His senses were sufficiently dulled by the cocaine that he felt no nervousness or fear of consequences. He had become supremely confident of his ability now, with the drug's aid, and was only moved to forego taking it by Wynne's presence. Assuming her former pose, Wynne inspired the man to greater efforts, and so she made arrangements to visit him every day until the work was finished. Her father's ban upon her receiving visitors she found an aid to the success of her studio-going.

Being out to all callers by his orders, the being out in reality was very simple. So long as he was in when he came how... from business.

"At last!" said David one noon hour, as he stepped over to Wynne's side and both gazed at the completed canvas.

"It is... wonderful," missed the girl.

"Almost as wonderful as you are."

Entering the studio unobserved, Rene snatched her hypodermic case from the table and moved out again quickly as she saw the artist clasp his newer model to be. And she chung fondly to her companion as Gordon glared menacingly at both.

Her father dropped into his chair and gazed fixedly at the two. Then, turning to his junior partner, he said sternly:

"I see you have left her to choose not only her business, but the other principal. As neither of us were invited, we may well forego the usual congratulations and gift giving. Tell one of the office boys to have a dray call at my house for Mrs. Things-must-go-on-going, and see that her husband closes the office door as he goes out another." Ignoring the two latest arrivals, the old man turned to his desk, and Wynne, paling slightly, led David out without remark, the latter only halting in the outer office a moment to address Gordon:

"Tell the drayman, Mr. Gordon, that his charges will be paid upon delivery to the consignee—if I have the correct commercial term—we'll trouble you no further, as you will call herself and her maid to pack what is hers and it will be ready when he calls."

At the studio, to which they walked in silence, David and Wynne found Rene ready to leave, and with all her effects packed. She with White and Mortimer, left and under pretense of admitting the completed picture, which was the cause of her lost love and Wynne's disinclination, she whispered to David:

"I am going, but I can't find the needle and gum. Where are they, and the tablets?"

Grasping her meaning, the artist pressed a bill into her palm and replied stealthily:

"I must have thrown them away with some old color tubes. Get yourself another outfit with this."

And as Rene sadly departed she realized that he, too, was addicted to the cocaine habit, and that she was the cause of it. Her sorrow at losing her lover was eauded by a realization that she, too, would do well to take it. It would improve her spirits, he told her, and make her less impatient with him. She feared to make too emphatic a renunciation lest he abuse her or mention Rene as he had once done before. He in the terms of affection for a girl "who isn't afraid to enjoy life the way her lover does."

"There is no art in me today!" David ejaculated impatiently, laying down his brushes and gazing broodingly at an unfinished landscape, while Wynne leaned lightly on his shoulder.

"I don't feel encouraged either, dear," responded Wynne, "you need sleep, perhaps. You do not rest well lately, you know."

A year passed and its ending found David using the needle almost hourly. His wife had long since discovered his addiction to the awful habit, and her waking hours were spent in anguished prayers for his cure.

No communication with her father had taken place for months, and David's personal appearance had deteriorated with his ability to paint—all due to his abuse of the hypodermic and the cocaine. His paintings no longer represented the pure ideals of naturalism, but the forced strength of artificial stimulus. Wynne had renounced with him for his use of the drug, several times of late, but without effect. Lately David had intimated to her that she, too, would do well to take it. It would improve her spirits, he told her, and make her less impatient with him. She feared to make too emphatic a renunciation lest he abuse her or mention Rene as he had once done before. He in the terms of affection for a girl "who isn't afraid to enjoy life the way her lover does."

"There is no art in me today!" David ejaculated impatiently, laying down his brushes and gazing broodingly at an unfinished landscape, while Wynne leaned lightly on his shoulder.

"I don't feel encouraged either, dear," responded Wynne, "you need sleep, perhaps. You do not rest well lately, you know."
"I know what I need," returned David impatiently, and he took from his jacket pocket the worn case which contained the instrument Wynne so hated.

"You would be a much greater help to your husband if you'd try the 'stuff' too," added her husband. "Come on now, Wynne, and I'll show you how to get cheer and optimism in a half minute."

Not thinking him in earnest at first, Wynne only mildly repelled his offer of the bailed syringe, but as she suddenly realized what her husband would do, she broke from him screaming, and ran to the stairway, where Fritz barred the pursuing madman's way.

Thoroughly on edge now, David tried to thrust the janitor aside, and in the ensuing struggle, he dropped and stepped upon the hypodermic, crushing the glass barrel to powder and spilling what of the drug remained on to the stairway. As Wynne disappeared in the janitor's quarters below stairs, Fritz attempted to reason with her husband, but realizing his condition, nervous and ashamed, and with the prospect of no relief now that the instrument had been accidentally destroyed, David turned upon the man in a fury.

"Leave me or I'll kill you!" he screamed at Fritz, and with a supreme physical effort, he thrust the man down the stairs and, rushing into his studio, closed and locked the door. After hearing Wynne's story, which only verified his suspicions, Fritz decided to leave before the artist, becoming violent, and irritated by his presence, did something which would endanger his liberty. He advised Wynne how to deal with her frenzied husband, and gave her the address of a little country place not far from the city, to which he would now go to pay a long deferred visit to relatives.

Assuring the sorrowing wife that she need only come there when things became unbearable, Fritz left with only a few of his belongings, as he had no idea his stay would be permanent, and fully intended to attempt seriously David's redemption should conditions get any worse, and the wife's future safety demand action.

Wynne took stock of her condition and decided to rest where she was for the time being. She realized that David was quite mad for the moment, and felt it her duty to avoid him rather than further irritate by his presence.

It is a week later before Wynne ventures again into her husband's quarters. She finds no signs of occupancy, and dust covers the furniture, so that it is evident to the distressed woman that she is permanently deserted.

As she sits thinking of her past opportunities and wondering on whom to place the blame of her present state, a knock upon the door is followed by the entrance of a man.

"Hugh!" exclaims the unfortunate tenant of the now wretched rooms.

"I have learned everything, Wynne. I know what you have suffered and that your husband is even now in the room of his former mistress, recovering from a delirium which leaves him bereft of sense, friends and even the necessities of life. I have come for you. A little while ago, at home we were married as we planned one year ago, for soon your degraded artist husband will go the way of his kind. We have only to wait a little while and in pleasant anticipation of our future."

As Gordon said, David had found himself without cocaine and with nothing to apply with it if he had it, so shortly after Fritz's departure he had gone to Rene for assistance.

Feeling herself responsible for his condition, which shocked her, the girl at first refused to give him the drug. But, finding an intimate of them both, known as Finny the Rat, quite willing to do so if she did not, the girl gave heel to his pleadings, and the trio entered upon a drug feast which only nearing its end the night before Hugh visited the studio, after having seen David and Rene in company with The Rat, hanging about his offices the day before.

Their quite insane appearance gave him cause to worry for his own safety, and Wynne's father of late had shown an inclination to brood over her daughter's absence, blaming his junior partner, all of which moved Hugh to seek her out.

Continuing his urging, the one scorned suitor for Wynne Mortimer's hand seated himself beside the cocaine-fond's wife. Wynne thought how timely was his return, and wished he would say something of her father.

Without money or a supply of the drug, David came to himself and found The Rat and Rene had left him alone in the hovel where he had spent most of the past week. Suffering for lack of his usual stimulant, he remembered that he had not been to his studio in some days. There might be some of the precious tablets lying about there, or in his jacket pockets, he thought. At any rate, nothing was worse than this inaction, so he crept from the place and hurried along toward the scene of his early triumphs.

Mounting the stairs slowly because of his weakness, the artist turned the door knob silently, only to hesitate on the threshold at the sound of voices.

"Come, Wynne, make up your mind to rescue yourself before it has to be done for you," sounded a man's voice. "Is it not sufficient that you have endured this thing for more than a year? Must you continue now there is nothing but suffering before you, while your home and father—and I await you as if nothing had ever happened?"

Stepping softly through the curtains to his inner room, David silently procured his revolver from the desk, and turning to the partner, leveled it at the pane behind the studio skylight. As he was about to press the trigger, a hand knocked his arm aside and Fritz seized the gun as the voice of Wynne echoed through the tragic air.

"I have made a terrible mistake, but it is my duty to stay with my husband until he is free from the dreadful habit."

David's arm fell limp then as he realized the nobility of her nature. He started to blink away, hoping to be unobserved, but Fritz turned him aside into his old room.

"Don't tell me anything. Fritz: I realize everything. All I want to do now is free myself from cocaine and she will be at liberty to leave me for better things."

Your late friends will not let you, Mr. Whitmore. If you stay around here. But with my brother in Modena is quiet and rest. I will take you and there you shall get well."

Fritz spoke earnestly and had little difficulty persuading David to accompany him. They left that hour and installed in the new environment and among kindly people, the fight was easier than the victim had supposed it would be.

* * * * * * * * * * *  

It is six months later. Wynne has been seriously ill at her father's home. Hugh Gordon hovers over her and she sees it is her father's wish that she upon recovery accede to Hugh's proposal and divorce her husband.

"I'll answer you finally tomorrow," she responds to Gordon's last effort to win her over to his way of thinking. It is the first day of her recovery, when she is able to go on and about. Determined at last to David burn the studio, and with a desire to return to her own blood and the life that is rightfully hers, Wynne goes to the studio alone late in the afternoon.

Fritz watched her ascend the stairs and in the expected course of events, said:

"I know nothing. He is not here."

"Where then is he?" returns the girl, looking anxiously about the studio.

"Not here. I don't know." And that ended the man's share of the interview.
"Rene will know!" she thinks in a flash, and starts into the poorer quarter of town in search of her one-time rival.

Peering about the alleys and courts, Wynne is rapidly becoming discouraged when she is greeted cautiously by a nondescript figure, who has followed her too little time.

"Mr. White is not well, lady, and maybe you'll get him to a hospital or somewhere. So spoke Jimmy the Rat when he saw her attention was attracted to his covering person.

"Show me where he is," Wynne afterwards recalled having said. And together they went their way in and out of narrow streets with an occasional avoidance of bringing women and unkempt men of the slum district, which is quite strange to the girl.

"In here," Her escort signals before an ill-looking basement entrance. "He's all alone, so I'll go in with you—it's pretty dark."

And as Wynne hesitated upon the threshold, The Rat, with drug-soaked nerves and the screaming carnality of his kind, finds the prospect too delightful for deliverance, and with a quick rush, he throws the girl before him into the empty cellar and, slamming the door, secures it hastily. In the darkness and filth Wynne lies prone, too startled and afraid to even cry out. The Rat falls upon her, working feverishly, but with intelligence, at the fastenings of her clothing.

Gradually the girl feels herself passing into unconsciousness, and her nostrils assailed with a familiar but stupefying odor. She is thankful for even such relief, as The Rat's lean hands touch her bare flesh and she valeurs how completely at his mercy she is. His foul breath is on her face and neck, and she has the feeling of being enveloped in the squirming coils of a snake, when consciousness departs.

When she came back to earth Wynne saw Fritz's kindly face above her, but the sound of David's voice, now strangely strong and confident, caused her to turn her head.

Jimmy the Rat was being lifted into a waiting police wagon, and David stood with Rene and Gordon watching for her eyes to open.

As soon as she was able to breathe comfortably a carriage was called and all returned to the studio in silence. It was there that David, after setting pillows about her with his old-time affection and care, explained:

"Rene saw you and The Rat together and wondered. I had just come back from Fritz's cousin's farm in Modena, and he told me you had been here asking for me. Starting after you, I met Rene, who told me of seeing you and The Rat together, and we followed, first telephoning your father, who sent Mr. Gordon here."

"And it was a lucky thing for you that the coke-head pushed you into a gas-pipe when he got you in the cellar," interrupted Fritz, "because it lasted just in time for the gas to put you both out in chorus!"

"Yes, my dear," smiled David; "your fall broke a gas connection, and the escaping gas would have finished you both, only Fritz broke in the trap door in the house above and dragged you out. And it is only by accident that Rene saw you both go into the place, so we were able to find you promptly."

As the others withdrew slightly, David bent closer to his wife and said earnestly: "I am cured of all desire for drugs, Wynne. You need have no hesitation going home to your father and the man you love. I shall make no effort to fight any steps he may advise you to take to free yourself from me."

Wynne looked into his eyes long and earnestly. She realized that it was another thing beside her lover and husband which had caused all their trouble. She felt that it no longer had power to influence their lives.

Without a word she put her arms about his neck and together they knelt until late into the evening, their souls welded together in the crucible of suffering. When speech came to them again the others had long been gone, and only the old janitor's voice could be heard below stairs, as he sang unmusically but whole-heartedly while preparing what he afterward spoke of as the first wedding breakfast he ever cooked in the middle of the night.

(From the Triangle drama by Chester Withey and Roy Somerville, featuring Norma Talmadge, Marguerite Marsh and Tully Marshall.)

BOBBY THE WONDER BOY
HOW HE GOT A START—AND WHAT HE DID WITH IT

Oscar Wilde in his fairy tale, "The Young King," relates in a masterly manner, an experience which came to a poor shepherd who was suddenly informed of his right to regal honors. While Bobby Harron may be truthfully described as the Young King of the photoplay, nothing makes him so wild as the suggestion that he was handed the honors at random. In fact, he won them at the Biograph studio (where "random" is unknown), and only by several years of hard work.

But there is a similarity obtaining in the case of Bobby and the Oscar Wilde juvenile monarch, in that both were of humble employment when the opportunity for regal honors came their way. Bobby was not a shepherd (sheep-herders they call them these days), nor was he even a poor poet or actor. Let us interview the young man in the approved style. We'll ask him all the usual questions and a few unusual ones when he's off his guard, and mayhap much will be revealed.

"Will you have a cigar, Mr. Harron?" began Bennie, the irrepressible, as we cornered the gallant youth in the Griffith studio on a sunny day.

"I only smoke cigarettes," was the reply, as Bobby gave us his attention, and "it's against the rules to smoke here anyhow—you ought to know that, Bennie."

Bennie almost blushed and we made mental note of the depravity of modern youth, which will smoke cigarettes after all the Hubbard literature which has been circulated decrying them.

"First thing is to ask his age," whispered Bennie in a ghastly aside, and as I nodded approval, he questioned our victim in a tone of authority which well suited him, and the interview was started.

"I was born on the twelfth of April, twenty-one years ago," said Bobby. "Until about six years ago I attended the public schools in New York, then, feeling that I could learn no more from books, I set out to find a position."

"I was doomed to disappointment at the start, for it was a job I found. That of errand boy at the Biograph studio in Fourteenth Street, New York, at a salary of three dollars a week."

"My present state of opulence is due to the poverty and penuriousness of photoplay producers in those days. For when an office boy was needed in a scene they pressed me into service instead of hiring a juvenile actor for the part."

"Tell us about your first part in a picture," we chorused.

"I remember it well," responded the willing narrator. "Edward Dillon, who is now directing here, inveigled me into the camera's range. 'Bobby's Kodak' was the title of the play, and Mr. Dillon was cast as my step parent. I had only to annoy my sister's suitor when he appeared in a spooning mood."

"The greatest difficulty I experienced was refraining from taking frequent peeks at the camera and operator—to see if they were on the job and not missing any of my capers. After numerous reprimands for that, I managed to resist the lure of the lens and was in turn patted on the back by the director and told I was a clever boy."

"Did you know what a good actor you were then?" queried Bennie, seriously.

"Well, I had my suspicions. But they were entirely unsupported at first. Then Mr. Griffith took notice of me. He was interested enough to drill me in scenes, and I eagerly followed his instructions.

(Continued on page 19)
No, this photo was not taken in the Netherlands although you can scarcely tell the difference. This Miniature Holland was erected in Long Island where Mary Pickford was starred in her latest release, "Hulda from Holland."

Who said, "nobody loves a fat Bud Duncan, the Kalem conversation with an member.

Here is a trio of essential cogs in the Movie wheel. They are the brains behind some of the biggest Horsley-Mutual productions. The handsome gentleman in the centre is Director Charles Swickard. On the left is his able assistant, Al Neitz while Chester Lyons is the man behind the camera.

Joyful Julia Fay in her attractive bathing suit is perched high above her surroundings. This is not only true here but in the Triangle sketches, the fascinating star has attained the highest round upon the ladder of success.

You wouldn't believe this if we told it to Keenan always bro...
Christopher Columbus didn’t feel a bit more thrilled when he made his little discovery back in 1492 than did Helen Holmes when the head officer pointed out the first faint outline of the Hawaiian Islands.

"Hawaii, how are you?" as you can read on her face happy hearted Helen has just said. "Hawaii, how are you?"

This is vivacious Virginia Norden, the beaming Balboa beauty looking for someone to teach her how to swim. For general information, beit known that Miss Norden doesn’t have to strain her eyesight looking for a companion.

Miss Photo-Play Fan, how would you like to talk over your work with Mack Sennett? And would you call work a joy if Mabel Normand discussed the day’s plans with you? Of course you would.

Mr. Sennett is outlining new work with Miss Normand and smiling broadly. Who wouldn’t smile?
PHOTO-LAYERS
at Play'd Work

No, this photo was not taken in the Netherlands. Abraham, you can hardly tell the difference. This Miniature Holland was erected in Long Island where Mary Pickford was raised in her later life. "Holland is Holland."

Who said, "Nobody leaves a fast ride in Ashbury Park on a red sheepskin, the Red Indian is always in the set of conversation with the native, mother thumbed number of days."

Here is a taste of essential info in the Moore wheel. These are the brakes behind some of the biggest Hollywood productions. The famous getaways in the movies is Director Charles Moorehead. He is the one behind the scenes. With Charles Keaton is the man behind the camera.

Jewel Fox in her sensational making article is picked up by those her measurements. This is not only true here but also in the Triangle shooters, the fascinating one at her highest colored upon the ladder of success.

You wouldn't believe this if we told you it was a fact. French Kansas always have the wind at their side.

This is sometimes Virginia Marcus, the breezy Belton beauty looking for some one to teach her how to act. For general information, it has been said that Miss Marcus is going to marry her eye right looking for a companion.

Miss Photo-Play Fox how would you like to talk over your work with Melvyn Swain? And would you call it a great day when Melvyn Marshall wanted her for his next thing? Of course you would.

Mr. Swain is calling for work with Miss Raymond and smiling broadly. Who wouldn't smile?
ECLICE was overcome with grief as she bade a sorrowful adieu to her father. "Oh, daddy," she pleaded in a broken voice, "must you leave me here—you are all that I have in this wide, wicked world, and—"

"Please be a little heroine," implored her father as he rested his rifle on the stone wall for support. "Tell them that I am a sentinels, and embraced her passionately. "The love for my country bids me to make this sacrifice. France needs her soldiers at the front, and I must enlist in the old regiment tomorrow."

"Father," she added tearfully, could be a little heroine," implored her father as he rested his rifle on the stone wall for support. "Tell them that I am a sentinels, and embraced her passionately. "The love for my country bids me to make this sacrifice. France needs her soldiers at the front, and I must enlist in the old regiment tomorrow."

"Father," she added tearfully, "if I have confusion I must tremulous, I a little, and my heart was palpitating."

"Pardon me for intruding," began the young man who stood on the steps with a pall on his arm, "but I have been recommended to this institution as a most desirable place to secure fresh eggs and honey."

"My father, the sentinels, is kissed by the jewel, dwellers, the daughter's eyes sparkled with patriotic fervor as tiny tears glistened on the lily-white cheeks. She bore up bravely and said: "You are right, dear father, our beloved country must be defended; it is mighty, mighty hard for me, but then remember, I am a daughter of France."

The little soldier was at the distance and Felice imprinted a parting kiss on the brow of her father. "Farewell, my little Felice," he whispered hastily; "if I do not meet you again, remember that I shall die as a brave man for France and liberty." And, turning abruptly, he marched away to join his company at the other side of the village.

Passing through the high iron gate, the lonely wisp of a girl, who had shielded her emotions before her father, sobbed without intermission. The nuns sought to comfort her, but their efforts were not appreciated. She discarded their attempts to soothe the grief-laden heart, and with palsied frame, which shook with every sob, she entered the convent and threw herself across the little iron cot, which stood as the only article of furniture, if such it could be called, in the little, bare room. Here she pictured her father on the battlefield, and over her there settled a hideous premonition that he would be among the thousands slain in the defense of the fortress at Verdun.

"What will become of little Felice?" she asked herself the agonizing question over and over again. Left alone in the convent without money for her boarding expenses, she would be obliged to help with the housework or choose a more unpleasant alternative.

And while she meditated upon all these things she succumbed to that great comforter and friend of troubled souls, and fell into an opiate-trance. The delirious visions of dreams of flowers as pure as herself, of happy children and of singing birds.

Three months quickly elapsed, and the siege of Verdun was at its height. The blank wall was decorated with artichokes, the superlative of numbers and better equipped, incessantly attacked the French army, who were inferior in every essential of militarism except bravery. As the mortuary lists were made public, the widows were added to a countless number of the pretty homes in the peaceful valley. And at last Felice's fears became a grim actuality. She was told that her father's name appeared among those who died bravely for the blue, white and red emblem of the French republic.

Felice dried the tears from her brown eyes, which were once twinkling tidings of merit and care-free happiness, and opened the kitchen door in the rear of the convent in response to a bold masculine voice which was addressing the Mother Superior.

"Forgive me for intruding," began the young man who stood on the steps with a pall on his arm, "but I have been recommended to this institution as a most desirable place to secure fresh eggs and honey."

"I am Felice, from the convent, and I have brought something in the basket for your father." And then she related to him the experiences and dangers entailed.

He listened to the simple tale as if fascinated. "And weren't you afraid when the mice scampere' around so recklessly?" he smiled as she finished the narrative.

"Just a little," she confessed, "but I thought of the happiness I would bring to your father and to you—" She blushed and turned away as the moon, which had been playing hide and seek in the heavens, suddenly peered from behind a bank of clouds, and shed his full rays on her exquisitely beautiful face.

"Come, my little gray mouse," invited Jack, as he opened the door of the car. "I think going to take you to increase my poor father's happiness a hundred fold by making the presentation yourself."

Felice huddled close to the stalwart American as the engine noisily began to rumble. With an eye on the road and the other on the Little Gray Mouse, as he called her, Jack felt the pleasant sting of Cupid's darts for the first time during the twenty-eight years of his life.

She was endowed with a charming and irresistible personality, as he soon learned. Coal-black tresses floated rebelliously over the fair head, and there and there a bewitching strand of her raven locks was tossed to and fro by the wafting breezes.

It was a mutual exchange of affections that manifested itself on the return to the convent, and every spoken sentence betrayed their increasing love.

"The moon is shining again," she whispered as she turned her face toward the glories of the night.

"Jack looked, not at the moon high up in the skies, but at her dark brown eyes, which shone with a tremulous, sparkling light, at intervals gleaming enchantingly and penetrating to the very depths of his soul. "Jack looked, not at the moon high up in the skies, but at her dark brown eyes, which shone with a tremulous, sparkling light, at intervals gleaming enchantingly and penetrating to the very depths of his soul.

"Good-night, my Little Gray Mouse," he murmured tenderly, "I am happier tonight than I have ever been before, and what fills me with greater joy is that lovelight which is radiating from your dear face—for I know you are happy, too."

She watched him disappear up the road, and she knew that she loved Jack Stanley as he loved her.
"Are you comfortable, my dear Mr. Stanley?" The query was directed at the delicate father of Jack by his housekeeper, Mrs. Webster, a self-confessed widow and a very coy and coquettish adventuress.

"Yes, I am feeling extraordinarily this morning," he replied, "but I am too pensive to think that this feeling will linger with me long."

"I am going for a brief walk," she said, "and I trust you will not be in urgent need of my services for an hour."

Mrs. Webster had made herself almost indispensable to the elder Stanley, who was finding himself growing dependent upon her.

She realized this state of affairs as she walked hastily toward the extreme eastern end of the village.

"Hello, Kate," was the salutation that greeted her as he reached the goal of her journey.

"Jim, you have been waiting long?" she asked, with a tremor, apparently inspired by fear.

"Not so very long, old girl, but longer than necessary. Did the old codger detain you long?"

James Webster, gentleman crook and confidence man of no mean ability, employed his wife as an able assistant in a number of his badge games and ingenious schemes for Stanley. For his influence, and acted as an accomplice more through apprehension of his temper than love for her clandestine husband.

"What do you want?" she asked abruptly, ignoring his queries. "Inelly, the game, Kate," he began in a low tone; "we'll pull the climax next Friday night, and as soon as the old gentleman peels out the ten thousand in U. S. currency we will make our exit from this portion of President Bonaire's realm."

"But his will—"

"Don't worry about that young upstart, Kate," interrupted Webster, rubbing his oil hands in anticipation. "One of our pals in New York will send a fake telegram for your money. The old man will come at once—and the nature of this little wire will take him off at once. Don't forget that."

Jack Stanley left for the railroad station by motor shortly after receiving the pseudo-message. Hardly had the whir of his car died away when Mrs. Webster dismissed the servants for the day and escorted her husband into the Stanley home.

Felice was determined to carry another basket of eggs and honey to the Stanley home. Under the cover of darkness Jack's Little Gray Mouse proceeded on her errand of mercy without encountering any one on the road. Upon finding the house wrapped in silence and to all appearances without a single occupant, Felice investigated the lower floor, and secluded herself behind the draperies when she was startled by the arrival of Webster, who immediately discussed the badge game with his wife.

"But I don't want to play that part," objected Mrs. Webster. "Mr. Stanley is an honorable old man and has always treated me in a respectful manner."

"I suppose he thinks you are a respectable widow," sneered Jim. "Tim Morse will tell the old skinflint something unless you help us in this little game."

At the mention of her old sweetheart, who had deceived her before she married Jim, the woman paled and bit her bloodless lips viciously.

"I require very little persuasion after that intimidation before Mrs. Webster said: "All right, Jim, I'm game; I'll make love to Stanley tonight, and as the proper moment arrives you can come into the room and show your cards. He will be certain to come across with $10,000 at least, for he values his good name and reputation more than anything else."

Felice was not wholly acquainted with the details of the badge game, but to what she had listened made her conscious that it was something criminal. Escaping from the house, little Felice started on a mad run for the convent.

Jack Stanley stood beside his silent Packard with a furrowed brow and a puzzled expression played around his finely curved mouth. "For the first time the old reliable has balked," he said to himself as he endeavored to start the engine for the seventh time.

His efforts were fruitless, and when a friendly motorist stopped and asked him the way to the Bronxville Convent, he decided to return with the driver to the Stanley home.

"You are from Verdun?" he asked the man, who was attired in the uniform worn by chauffeurs in the army of the French Republic.

"Yes, I have been at Verdun for several months," he replied, and then added, "I have been granted a two-weeks' furlough, and I am going to see my daughter, who is staying at the convent."

"And her name is—" shouted Jack in excitement.

"Felice," replied the amazed Frenchman as he surveyed his passenger closely. "Are you acquainted?"

"Yes," replied the American, and in true Yankee style continued: "Furthermore, I am going to marry her."

Then Jack related to Felice's father the old, old story, and soon convinced her only living parent that he was an honorable man, worthy to become son-in-law.

When Felice arrived at the convent she was disheveled and breathless. Without a moment's hesitation she rushed to the Mother Superior with the story that she heard in the above at the Stanley home.

Felice frantically tried to impress upon the Sisters the seriousness of the situation, but they would not listen to her.

"I will order a heavy penalty imposed at once," the irate Mother Superior replied. "I must have you to steal food and carry it away without even receiving permission to leave the enclosure."

little Felice was led to the horror room and prepared to receive her punishment, which in this instance was a cruel beating, known as the twenty-lash whipping.

Like a true martyr little Felice never flinched when the decree was issued, and as preparations were being made to execute the mandate, she thought of the day she married the elder Stanley, was unable to save himself. "Oh, if I could only see Jack. He should know of his father's danger.

The brute who applied the lash to the wrong inmates of the institution was a half-witted man, whose immense size and weight was impressive. He was without brains, and he had a heart of stone, but his strength was admirable. What he lacked in mental capacity he made up in physical prowess. He seemed to relish his task, and when the sentence of the Mother Superior was officially prescribed as twenty lashes and two weeks with bread and water as the diet, the timid smiled gleeftully, displaying a row of food and tusks.

Felice shrank back and then stood rigid, awaiting the fall of the knife-like whip, that was certain to draw blood through her thin dress. The human devil raised the whip and prepared to strike against the opponent's ribs, just below the heart. The big lulk sagged slightly as he feebly attempted to cover his stomach with both hands. The rest was very short, but too painful to record here. It is sufficient to say that the man who enjoyed his work in inflicting punishment to helpless girls was administered a thrashing which left his face a mass of raw flesh and broken bones. He was justly maimed for life.

Felice, with the fracture body of the half-witted attendant, Felice threw herself into the arms of her lover.

"My Little Gray Mouse," she murmured tenderly, as she kissed her pale lips, soft and sweet.

"And father?" she exclaimed, as she released herself from Stanley and greeted her father.

"Mother Superior said that you were dead," she told him.

"Oh, I didn't have the time to ferre in revenge, and in true French fashion he immediately searched for the convent head, who had imposed such a dreadful punishment on his daughter."

But the Mother Superior could not be located. She had wisely made herself conspicuous through her absence.

Felice hastily informed Jack and her father of the badge game promoted by the Websters, and the three raced in the Government machine which was being driven, to the Stanley home in an attempt to thwart the blackmailers.

Mrs. Webster pursed sweetly as she boldly caressed her aged and helpless employer. The very sight of the woman caused the old man to understand the sudden affection revealed by his housekeeper, and he was horrified. Before he could collect his wits and assert his dignity the scheming woman wildly threw his arms around the bony neck and simultaneously kissed him upon the mouth with lips. Then she screamed loudly for help and her husband rushed through the door.

"You old scoundrel!" cursed Jim Webster. "And what is the meaning of this attack on my wife?"

The victim protested his innocence in vain and shook with intermingled fear and

(Continued on page 16)
WHAT is probably the most significant official action of the United States Government toward preparedness for war as yet reported, is strangely enough intimately connected with the motion picture art. In any National preparedness campaign it seems that the pioneer movement of the Government is toward a material increase in the personnel of the army and navy by means of multiplying enlistments at recruiting stations throughout the country. Many methods have been adopted by many countries to attract recruits; but never before has America or any other power made a special effort to attract men of a certain race and religion to their colors. That the motion picture has been summoned to assist in the first effort along that line is a triumph for the film industry. That a screen drama nearly four years old is the instrument to be adopted by our Government, is some what startling fact which present-day producers would do well to ponder over.

It seems to have occurred to the United States Army heads, upon whom the task of increasing the fighting strength of their units devolved, that the Jewish race is not represented in proportion to its numerical strength in the United States. In 1911 the Jewish population of this country was 9,000,000, and it is estimated that nearly 100,000 more take up a residence here each year. That would bring the present Jewish population up to 2,500,000 or thereabouts. It is well known that the racial characteristics of these people, as well as their environment, turn them toward commercial pursuits at which they are singularly successful. When a race or community is making a success in one line of endeavor it is extremely difficult to successfully influence them to turn toward another—especially when this is an advantage and possibilities of that other are known to be made the undertaking a difficult one.

Early this year when it was decided to make a special effort to attract Jews to the army rank and file, a Government statistician was deputed to investigate and report on the best methods for encouraging enlistments from that race. His first step was to endeavor to ascertain how effectively to reach the class in the greatest individual numbers. Investigation brought to light that the greatest thorough medium of expression and impress is the motion picture theatre screen. The working class of Jewish citizens frequents the "movie" theatre more persistently than it does any other sort of amusement dis tinctive of their condition or place of assembly.

It was then evident to this investigating official that pictured advantages of army life might be presented to these people via the screens of the thousands of photo play theaters in the United States. But it also occurred to him that it would be impossible to discover any advantages in the ordinary life of the private soldier that would appeal to these desirable young men who had the talent for commercial success in civilian life which the average Jewish youth possesses. It was only by showing what features of our fighting men peeling potatoes, scrubbing barracks, floors, attending to their officers' comforts, etc., projected upon the theater screen, would hardly cause a rush to the ranks of such dimensions as to clog the army's recruiting headquarters! It was evident to the investigator that only a romantic and sentimental appeal would draw these people into the army. He set about learning what plays of war and military romance have been produced, in order to have some data on which to base a production which would be made at the Government's expense for the purpose intended.

Every film-play produced is copyrighted before release by the manufacturers. This is done by viewing one copy to the Bureau of Copyright in Washington, where it is kept on file. Our investigating statistician began to delve into the thousands of films packed away under copyright and as a starter he selected all those dealing with wars or military adventure in America. His idea was only to see enough of the stored

CAMERA ACTING FOR UNCLE SAM

By JAY EMANUEL

"I Am the Movie Actor!"

By FREILING FOSTER

AM the movie actor!

I am a combination salad composed of Ham, Nuts and Courage and covered with a dressing of Everything.

Each day I play in the movies—subsequently, in thousands of theaters and millions of young girls' dreams.

Really, I'm a regular old son-of-a-gun—"shot" every few minutes in all civilized parts of the world.

Undoubtedly, the recital of my experiences would make Alice in Wonderland ashamed of herself, Doctor Cook freeze to death and Theodore Roosevelt take a jump into Oyster Bay.

Today, I shot a chap sweeney miner in a mountain near Canton, China, instigated a mutiny on a Red Sea freighter and became a Salvation Army leader in Salt Lake City.

Tomorrow, I am scheduled to jump from a balloon ten miles above the Sphinx, achieve a brewery magnateship in Milwaukee and lead a prohibition parade in Jerusalem that will make Billy Sunday look like Saturday night.

I have received more publicity than Julius Caesar, Jack Johnson and the Castles put together, and more mail than the International Correspondence School.

Each morning my letters would make a museum operator cry with joy. Young men ask me how I get away with it; girls ask if they should marry or spend their money for an automobile; mothers wish to know what to give children for Christmas presents; while others ask what had I for breakfast April 1, 1903; what is my favorite nut and if I am any relation to Hamlet, Santa Claus or Pierce Arrow.

Strange things are always happening to me. At this moment, a few feet away, a Russian general is telling a Swedish saloon-keeper how to give his Polish poodle a Turkish bath; William Jennings Bryan is being introduced to Countess, the man who originated "Silence is Golden"; and the Wuzzy Wuzzy of the Soudan has just borrowed a cigarette from the president of the Anti-Cigarette League of the United States.

Say what you will about the great men in history, children dear, but I am the greatest of the GREAT—for I have done everything! Get that? EV-ERY-THING! I have built old people's homes, empires and baby carriages; loaned money to kings, prize fighters and other fancy and assorted hums; kissed Japanese janes, French fairies and the Blarney Stone; jumped mountains, speeding trains and board bills; and run newspapers, hundred-yard dashes and burglars bowlegged. What I can't do nor haven't done isn't worth doing, for—

I AM THE MOVIE ACTOR! 
Character of Jewish recruit exceptionally well drawn, and associates with Christi-

tan child (daughter of garrison com-

mander) enthralled and touching in the ex-

reme. Satisfactory arrangement with

holders of copyright making this motion

picture available for Government use, if

successful will obviate necessity for pro-

ducing efforts by Army Board. Detailed

report filed.

A perusal of the "detailed report filed"

aroused the writer's interest and curiosity

to such an extent that he took up the

available matter concerning the picture,

its producer, players and seen it projected.

Without a doubt, it is a masterpiece of

dramatic construction, superbly acted,

and covering a phase of militarism which

is decidedly unique.

"Jules Levy" is the name of the prin-
cipal character in the photoplay. He was a

Jew—and a Soldier. Scorned and rid-

culated, hunted and insulted, lonely and

friendless amid a hundred fellow-soldiers,

because of his religion—his poor heart

nearly failed him. He was only borne

up by the childish sympathy and affection

of the Colonel's little girl.

The crisis in his life is reached when,

in a disastrous fight with the Indians, the

soldiers are compelled to fly for their lives

before the advancing horde of savages, and

the Colonel's horse is shot (from under him.

The Jew lifts his commander to his saddle

and attempts to save both, but the load is too

heavy and he leaps from his horse and forces the Colonel to ride on.

Entrenched behind rocks on the hilltop he fights for his life, and when reinforce-

ments arrive and rescue him he is terribly

wounded.

Through the tender care of the Col-
onel's family he is restored to health and

is promoted for his bravery. The happiest

moment in his life is when the troop gath-
ers under his window and cheers him.

\*

Little Mildred Harris, who adds much to the charm of the picture as the Col-
onel's daughter, was just starting her screen career when "The Man They Scorned" was made. She is now about fifteen years old and has won fame in photoplay circles under the direction of Mr. Ince, the Lasky company and D. W. Griff-

th. Both Mr. Myers and Miss Harris were under the Gish contract for the past year or two and it should be a source of considerable gratification to both of them—as well as their first director, Mr. Ince—that almost their first effort before his camera should serve out: Government now that rumors of war abound and men are urgently needed to fill the ranks of the Army, in the manner described. Few players can do as much for their country—

and few countries are equipped to reach their adopted children with the intelligent effort shown in this case.

out true and clear as Jack Stanley suddenly burst into the room.

With a vile oath Webster threw himself at the prospective victim's son. The confi-
dence crook was quickly overpowered and,

with his wife, was placed under arrest.

The impostor's cute trick was exposed

and satisfactory explanations cleared the

erler Stanley and kept his reputation spot-

less.

The next morning Felice, clad in a quiet

black dress, which suggested pensiveness

and invited tranquillity, accompanied Jack

on his daily tour in search of substances for

his father's diet. Felice's father and the

erler Stanley were left to their own

pleasures.

"It is a grand morning, Jack," began Felice, as the big car slowed down along one

of the most beautiful landscapes in

France.

"Yes, a most ideal day for what I have to say to my little sweetheart," replied Jack.

and although he kept his eyes on the road

above, he was aware of the glow on Felice's face.

"Felice, dear," he continued, as the car came to a sudden halt, "I love you ten-

derly, and I want you to be my little wife. Will you?"

As he awaited her reply he was afraid that a refusal would blight his life. He

scrutinized her closely, and knew that she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

Her skin was fair as a lily and her sweet face oval in shape, was well curved and

finely formed. Slight depressions in her full cheeks added to her charms, and when she

broke into a smile the dimples were exposed to view and well-formed, pearl-

like teeth were disclosed.

Small in stature, faultlessly formed, and well proportioned, from the forehead to

the wide-brimmed hat which was perched

upon her head, Felice was as sweet as she

was beautiful. And in Jack's estimation as

he awaited his fate, her personal charms

were beyond comparison.

"Jack, I want you more than I can tell," she murmured, as little Felice rehearsed the

story of her love and accepted his pro-

posal.

Jack Stanley took Felice into his arms and whispered, "I am so happy, dear, for

now my 'Little Gray Mouse' will leave her conven cage for the golden land of love,"
HOW I BECAME A PHOTO-PLAYER

By Vivian Martin

I have been asked by The Photo-Play Journal to write a short story on "How I Became a Photoplayer," and accordingly will endeavor to present facts which, however, I am afraid will disclose nothing particularly startling. In fact, my entrance into the photoplay world was only a repetition of the action taken by many other actresses of the speaking stage, who saw the possibilities of the screen. It was during my engagement in "The High Cost of Living" on Broadway, a play that scored one of the biggest hits of the year, that I was finally won over to the silent drama to the extent of giving it a try-out. My first subject was "The Wishing Ring." The success attained by this screen play is a matter of film history and needs no retelling here. Immediately upon seeing this photoplay projected for the first time at the Gold Room in the Hotel Astor to a large audience I concluded that motion pictures would be my future field of endeavor.

Vivian Martin

My advent to the professional stage, on the other hand, is a bit more interesting. Long before I had reached the age when the child ceases to write letters to Santa Claus, I played small parts in church entertainments, many of which had been witnessed by theatrical friends of my parents. I became quite famous in my little town as a child actress. This, however, was only natural, inasmuch as both my father and mother have appeared behind the footlights with some of the greatest theatrical celebrities this country has ever known.

While in the midst of a Sunday-school recitation one morning my mother rushed into the room waving a telegram, and, disregarding all class regulations, rushed me from the school house "Mr. Frohman has sent for you. You are to become a regular actress," was all I could ascertain on my hasty trip homeward. While the maid was scouring my face with detestible soap that burned my eyes my mother read to me the telegram which caused all the excitement. It was from Charles Frohman's office and requested that I leave immediately to play the title role of "Peter Pan."

I will never forget that day's excitement. Everything seemed to go wrong. In sewing a newly discovered rent in my best dress the maid ran the needle into her finger and spotted the pride of my wardrobe just where it was most conspicuous. This caused considerable pain to both the maid and myself, physical to her to the extent of a series of loud wails and mental to me as a result of the thought that I would not be able to wear my "bestest." During our trip to the depot a fierce thunder storm set in, which was not the most comfortable thing that could happen, particularly when one is riding in an uncovered gig. Dripping wet we arrived at the station, only to learn that the train left on time and that we were just late enough to miss it. In lieu of the two-hour wait that was in store for us we drove back to the house and proceeded to dress all over again.

The reappearance of the sun proved a good omen, however, for our spirits rose immediately, we arrived at the depot in plenty of time to catch the train and were soon comfortably installed for a long journey. A few days afterward I was initiated to the life of a star at the head of an all-children cast. "Peter Pan" proved an instantaneous success, with the result that I appeared in this production for an entire season. From the very beginning my career has been most active. I really do not remember ever having what one might term a real vacation. As a kiddie I appeared in productions of various nature on tour, always traveling with my mother, who gave me my education. My first appearance in an ingenue part was in Charles Frohman's "Father and the Boys," with William H. Crane. Other engagements in well-known productions followed successively, including such plays as "The Spendthrift," with Fred Thompson, "Officer 666," "Stop Thief," "The Marriage Game" and "The High Cost of Loving."

Although I always realized the possibilities in motion pictures, yet I often wondered if I were adapted to this sort of work. The phrase, "one trial will convince you" may be applied to my case, for, as mentioned before, upon seeing my initial effort on the screen I knew that I had a big future in this field. At present I am appearing in what I feel will be the greatest film drama I have ever played on. Under the management of the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company and Pallas Pictures, whose product is released on the Paramount Program, I feel sure that I will be able to accomplish big things. My first vehicle under the terms of my new long-term contract with this organization is entitled "Nell of Thunder Mountain," an original scenario by Alice von Saxmer. Nell is a mountain girl, reached by the spirit of progress to the extent of rebelling against the sordid conditions and stifling scope of her life. Although different from her people, she yet retains a great love for her own kind. The story will end in a most unusual way that will grip any audience with its logic. I am most enthusiastic about this film, and think it will immediately prove conclusively why I have turned down several competing offers of late in favor of that presented to me by Mr. Morosco. Staged up in the pine forests of California, at the top of the mountains, and in a spot of wild beauty, this photoplay will offer a picture in every sense of the word. However, I do not wish to become a bore by enthusing too much over my new photoplay, but when you see it I should be glad to receive a letter from you stating just how you like it. A letter addressed to me in care of The Photo-Play Journal will always reach me. Should you do this and at the same time honor me to the extent of desiring my autographed photo, I shall be glad to send you one.
IN ANSWER TO YOURS—

D. C. BERNADETTE—In "The Pillars of Society," a five-reeler made about a year ago, and soon to be released as a Fine Arts Triangle production, Miss Olga Grey plays opposite William Wal- ther, and we know of no other instance of them playing together under the Griffith direction. We understand that Sir H. Beer- bohm Tree has returned to pic- tures under the same manage- ment, but it is not known how long he will remain. Thanks for the picture postal of the U. S. Treasury. It savors of sarcasm, though!

BENTON GIRLS—George Walsh is the husband of Seena Owen. Ray Walsh, Miss Miriam Borden. One of the standing brothers was the bad McCoy in "The Apostle of Vengeance," Jack, we think, but as the name was not given in cast and they all look much alike we cannot swear it to it. Few baseball players are successful photoplayers, but Bennie Zeidman says all photoplayers are good ball tossers.

JOEY BARLOWE—Contemporary Foote is with the Mosrose com- pany. Norbert Lusk returned from France in June, and is now in New York. George Fisher is the most recent Christ of screenland—via Ince's "Civilization." James Cruze did it very well in Thanhouser's "The Star of Bethlehem" some years ago. Sorry to learn that the price of dancing pumps has soared since the war. Joey—but only for your sake—we do not dance!

AMOS SPEAKE—Joseph Sing-leton is directing with the Cul ver City Film Company now, if that means anything to you. He has appeared several times with Bessie Love. Dell Henderson has left the Keystone Company and Tony O'Sullivan (formerly of Reliance and Biograph) has replaced him.

THE EARL—Kathlyn Williams recently married a business man of the West, but is still in pic- tures. Tom Santschi is with Selig and working in only her productions, which is why you do not see him often. Judging from your friend Hess's photo- graph, we think he would make a great doctor. What else give Mives to it? Can you submit as an aid to our formative processes?

JASPER FLOCK—Mr. Leslie Eton, who owns the Biograph studios in New York, and may be addressed there or at his home at 5801 Spruce street, Philadelphia, for information concerning industrial or adver-

tising film cartoons, address Mr. McCurdy, 324 Weightman Building, Philadelphia. Raymond Wells is directing for Uni- versal now. "The Bugle Call," by the Bison-101 company, was released in 1910, and in the cast were: Ray Myers, Anna Little, J. B. Sherry and Leo Maloney. Selig also released a film with that title in one reel February 13, 1915.

MARY LEONARD—Frank Bor- zage is now with the American company. He is directing and his wife is known in Vogue comedies as Rena Rogers. Roy Myers has but one son. Give the boy a chance, he has been married little more than a year.

ASA NFWARK—Mary Alden has left Fine Arts. The Griffith masterpiece so often referred to as "The Mother and the Law," will be released under the title of "Intolerance." It is reported that Broncho Billy (G. M. An- derson) is about to reappear in Essanay pictures. None, have never been in New York.

EMILY MARTEN—Paper Peters was drowned while bathing at a California beach the latter part of June. The vaporous one, as programmed as "Carefree" in "Innocence" by Fine Arts, is played by Olga Grey. W. E. Lawrence is the male lead in same. He is known as "Pape Lawrence" in some of the studio's productions. One of the studio's strongest characters, it is reported, is a husky boy. William S. Hart is a sister named Mary Ellen, but we do not think she is appearing in pictures.

GERALDINE MORRIS—Tood Browning directs De Wof Hopper in films. Alice Joyce is with Vitagraph. Anna Lather and Gladys Brockwell with Fox. Louella Maxem in temporary re- tirement while visiting her hus- band, who is William Brunton, director of the Hazardous Helen series. Margaret Courtot is married, and so is Claire Mc- Dowell. The latter is with her husband, Charles Mailes, at Uni- versal City.

HESTER PYNNE—Alma Ru- bens has only appeared before the writer in pictures once. That was for a brief moment in "Regina." Some of her pictures has had other parts that we not to of. There are no motion picture studios in Washington, D. C., but other attractions about town. The Lubins', in particular, have been closed for some weeks as far as producing is concerned. Some of the Sidney Drew com- edies are written by Epes W. Sar- gent, but it is the policy of the company to give credit for writ- ing, directing and playing, to Mr. Drew, as he really has charge and deals personally with any one he requires to assist him in the making of his famous films.

JEAN LILY—Elmo Lincoln is playing opposite Fay Tincher in comedies. Don't know why Bennie Zeidman always puts a capi- tal M ahead of the word majes- tic when it occurs in his many scenes—but, like you—noticed his failing long ago. Spose we both ask him?

VIV SELDES—Mabel Normand was under the direction of Sam Young, but it is understood the connection was very brief. J. Farrel McDonald replaced Mr. Young. Alice Washburn is ap- pearing opposite Frank Daniels in a photoplay comedy coming out from Keystone's "Ambrase's Cup of Woe" was Joey Jacobs, a brother of Billy's. Tom Ken- nedy was the policeman in same who finally collared the artist, who later married Edgar Kennedy. Prob- ably a brother, but we have no evidence except their general re- semblance to each other.

METHUSELAE—Louise Graum is the wife of Harry Edwards, who directs Keystone Comedi- es. George Gebhardt was once with Ince and also Griffith, but now is working in the American studio. Irene Howley played op- posite Ralph Herz in "The Purple Lady," which is a Metro re- lease. Mildred Bracken has been for some time in the employ of the National Drama Corporation and played an important part in that company's "The Fall of a Nation," which is in twelve reels. She was formerly with Melies and then NYMP.

DICK MASON—Marion Harris is not at present in pictures. Nor is Cora Harris. George Harris is a well-known character in one of Harriet Beecher Stowe's novels. Gay Emanuel is not married. Jack Conway directs Warren Kerrigan in Universal films. Fred Hopkins director of Fox's. Natalie Wilson has been, but not now. By the way, Dicky, who is Dixon of your—Mason and Dixon line? We've always wondere-

LEO POLL—The group of Olga's in our July number were scissored from stills of a produc- tion, yet, to be released, in which she appeared. When you see the film you'll recognize her easily. Al Christie is not with Universal now. Spring Lake is said to be near the ocean and in the State of New Jersey. We have known residents of that hamlet who were not always in an oceanic state!

NIFFY NORD—See "Moving Pictures, How They Are Made and Worked," by Frederick Tal- bot, for the information you de- sire. It was published in 1912 by J. P. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, but printed in Eng- land. The price is $1.50 or more. We are not sure exactly. It has since developed that we were in error in stating the non- for a vacation. 6 July 1916. E. J. Gardner Sullivan in the flesh. They have lately expostulated through the columns of various magazines, and so we admit they are real photoplay authors under the Ince banner. No word from "William Clifford" yet, however.

ARABELLA—Get a June Photo-Play Journal for por- trayal of William S. Hart, or the July number, which contains en- grasings of his sculptured figure which have not appeared in any other publication. Portraits and articles in this magazine are ex- clusive and copyrighted, paid for and printed first—carbonized press matter is not used nor con- sidered by the editors.

W. E. MAIR—Bennie Zeidman left Los Angeles for New York and visited his home town, Philadel- phia, before returning. For full reports of his reception and behav- iour there you may address the Machias Information Bu- reau, at 914 Pine street. He is not married—yet.

GOULD WILHELM COMPANY INCORPORATED

Artists and Engravers Haufhorne and Line Engravings

44 N. 4th STREET PHILADELPHIA

Send for Specimens
Bobby The Wonder Boy

(Continued from page 9)

“Very soon another errand boy was hired and I became a regular member of the stock company with an increase in salary. I began to find myself when Mr. Griffith put me in long trousers and told me I was a man and nearly an actor.”

Bennie shivered in sympathy at this point of the interview. He looked remarkably at his own shapely and perfectly creased trouser-legs and nearly blushed again. For you must know, dear readers, that Bennie Zeidman’s career is quite parallel to Bobby Harron’s, only the former took to the interviewing business, while the latter joined the great army of the interviewed!

Pearing a scene, we exchanged glances at this point, and Bobby continued like the perfect interviewee that he is.

“I soon began to find myself playing leading parts. The scenes seemed to be written around the leading lady and myself. Some of those have been recently issued by the Biograph Company, which leads me to believe that they were not so bad.


“I am proud of one thing in my career and that is the utter absence of harsh criticism accorded my work in pictures. I only know of one ‘roast’ handed me by a reviewer.

“Reviewing ‘Judith of Bethulia,’ a man on some trade paper wrote that ‘Bobby Harron’s Broadway ‘tache added in no way to his clever acting, and was rather out of place upon the lip of a Biblical character.’

“That did not hurt me as it might have an older actor, however. It was a real ‘tache which I hoped to nourish until it became a mustache, and I was so delighted that it had progressed far enough to be visible in the picture that I blessed that critic instead of cursing him—for now, thought I, all the world will know I have grown up. The sensation was similar to that attending to my first appearance in long trousers.”

“We suppose that you learned much from observing other players at work in the Biograph studio. Is it true?”


“And D. W. Griffith was my director. If a boy can attend such a school in filmland as that for six years and not be a good actor, he’s all wrong, don’t you think?”

“We think so,” was the reply of both interviewers as they opened bags and pushed away the empty tobacco notes. ‘And now let’s go somewhere we can smoke, and maybe encourage the hop growers a little.”

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Geraldine Farrar

The Story of an American Singer

By Herself

Miss Farrar is no doubt the most widely known woman in America at the present time. Her book is an intensely human story of a modern American girl’s conquest of the world in the most exciting of all the arts—a story of romance and adventure, peopled with the famous men and women of America and Europe today. Both those who have seen and heard Miss Farrar on the stage, and the still wider public who have seen or heard her on the screen or record will find the story one of absorbing interest.

The illustrations, of which there are more than forty, have been made from Miss Farrar’s personal photographs of herself and of the many famous men and women—notably singers, composers, and impresarios—with whom she has been associated in friendship or in work.

Illustrated. Small crown 8vo, $2. (March 25).

The LaVerne Publishing Co.,
BOX A : : : PHILADELPHIA, PA.
THE LAST LAUGH

Cause and Effect.

On the centre table in a public house in the southern part of Ireland is a glass case. In- side the case, and resting on the brick is a withered rose. An American, who was getting refreshment there, asked the proprietor what the relic meant.

"Do you see this scar?" asked the Irishman, lifting his cap and showing an ugly gash just above his eye.

"It was that brick that made this scar that you see on me bear," wrote the proprietor.

"What does the rose represent?" asked the American.

"The rose? Share, that came from the grave of the man that threw the brick."

Football Result.

A store in a certain district displays in one of its windows this notice:

"Football results received by us.

Into this haven one Saturday evening a man entered supporting a young man who had pretending to the fact that he had been engaged in some deadly encounter.

"We receive futas results here, I see," said the former.

"Yes, we do," replied the clerk.

"Well, here's one from the football field you might keep him till he comes to himself."

Let Him Out.

"I want to be excused," said the worried-looking jurymen, addressing the judge, "I owe a man five dollars that I borrowed, and as he is leaving town to-day for some years I want to catch him before he gets on the train and pay him the money.

"You are excused," returned His Honor in icy tones. "I don't want anybody on the jury who can lie like that."

A Prompt Answer.

Tommy—"Tommy, give a sentence in which appears the word 'fireworks.' It's rather to keep us warm," replied Thomas, promptly.

Helpful Medicine.

There recently entered the office of a Denver physician a young man, making this announcement: "I want to thank you for your valuable medicine. Doctor.

"You helped you, did it?" asked the physician, much pleased.

"It helped me wonderfully. How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?"

"To tell the truth, Doctor, I didn't. I took one bottle and I am his sole heir."

Edith—"Haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to be married?"

Ethel—"Too long! He hasn't got a cent left."

A Deep One.

Johnny stood beside his mother as she made her selection from the huckster's wagon, and the farmer told the boy to take a handful of cherries, but the child shook his head.

"What's the matter? Don't you like them?" asked the farmer.

"Yes," replied Johnny.

"Then go ahead and take some," Johnny hesitated, whereupon the farmer put a generous handful in the boy's cap. After the farmer had driven on the mother asked:

"Why didn't you take the cherries when he told you to?"

"Cause his hand was bigger'n mine."

The Cause.

"Doctor, I am troubled with cold extremities. What do you suppose is the case?"

"Cold weather. One dollar, please."

None but the Brave.

"I'd love to kiss that girl; do you think she'd come across with it?"

"Oh, no; you'd have to go after it."—Sin-Dai.

What for?

Mrs. Bacon—"I understand that Mrs. Styles took her baby to the opera."

Mr. Bacon—"What for, I wonder? The little thing can't talk yet."

The First Quarrel.

She (tearfully)—"You said if I'd marry you, you'd be humbly grateful, and now—"

He (sourly)—"Well?"

She—"You're grumpily hateful!

A Serious Mistake.

Wife—"I must send these shoes back."

Husband—"What's the matter; don't they fit you?"

Wife—"Yes, perfectly, but I ordered a size smaller."

Speaking About the Ladies.

Did you ever stop to think that fifty years ago it took thirty yards of goods to make a young woman a dress? Nowadays you can make a young woman a dress with four yards of goods. Well, in fifty years from now we may have to wear shock-absorbers.

Quick Aid Needed.

Beggar—"Stranger, I have a sick wife; could you help me out?"

Passer-by—"I can give you a job next week."

Beggar—"Too late! She'll be able to go to work herself by then!"

The Stars and Stripes.

A frivolous young English girl, who had no love for the Stars and Stripes, once exclaimed at a celebration where the American flag was very much in evidence: "Oh, what a silly looking thing the American flag is! It suggests nothing but a checker berry candy."

"Yes," replied a bystander, "yes, of candy that has made everybody sick who ever tried to lick it."

Somewhat Euphonious.

"You must have cut a dash in Italy."

"Why do you say that?"

"I bear you rented a palace."

"Well, the real estate agents think it a palace. Real estate agents the world over are much alike."

Helped Out by Fate.

"Yes," said the London constable, "it was superstition as made me marry my cousin. It was a toss-up between her and Mary, and, one day I was thinking which of 'em to have—Mary or Anna—when I saw a cigar on the ground. I picked it up, an' I'm blessed if it didn't say on it, 'Havana,' so I took her."

Convincing.

Pompous Doctor (after examination)—"What makes you think you have had rheumatism?"

Distressed Patient—"I feel it in my bones."

Met His Match.

The Washington Post says that a tight-laced old man, feeling very sick, asked a friend to recommend a physician. The friend named a certain specialist.

"Is he very expensive?" asked the sick man.

"Well, not very. He'll charge you four dollars for the first visit and two dollars for each one after that."

The old fellow soon afterward walked into the office of the physician named by his friend, and, upon being admitted to the consulting room, plunked down two dollars, remarking, "Well, doctor, here I am again."

The physician calmly picked up the money and put it in a drawer, which he locked securely. The sick man looked on expectantly, awaiting the next move.

"Well, I'm ready to be examined," he said at length.

"I don't think it's necessary," replied the shrewd specialist. "There's no need to do it again. Keep right on taking the same medicine. Good-day, sir."

An Angel.

He—"You remind me of an angel, dear; you are always harping on something and you never seem to have anything to wear."—Widow.

The Helpmeet.

Mrs. von Speederley—"Why, if I didn't think you saved me, I don't know where we would be! The extravagant fellow would pay his creditor thirty cents on a dollar to-morrow if I would let him!"

Hot Stuff.

A clergyman was very fond of a particularly hot brand of pickles, and, finding great difficulty in procuring the same sort at hotels when traveling, always carried a bottle with him.

One day, when dining at a restaurant with his pickles in front of him, a stranger sat down at the same table, and pretty soon asked the minister to pass the pickles. The clergyman, who enjoyed a joke, politely passed the pickles, and in a few seconds had a satisfaction of seeing the stranger watering at the eyes and gasping for breath.

"I see by your dress," said the man, when he had recovered, "that you are a parson."

"I am, sir."

"I suppose you preach."

"Yes; about twice a week, usually."

"Do you ever preach about hell fire?" inquired the stranger.

"Why, yes. Sometimes I deem it my duty to remind my congregation of eternal punishment."

"I thought so," said the stranger; "but you are the first of your class I ever met who carried samples."

He Was Angry.

"Bill," the poet gasped, as he embraced his friend, "why, what's wrong?"

"Why, what's wrong?" the friend inquired.

The poet wrote a poem about a little boy. I began the first verse with these lines: 'My son, my only counterpart.'"

"Yes, yes," said the man, who had not finished reading the poem.

"Read!" he blazed. "See what the compositor did to my opening."

The friend read aloud: "My son, my pig my counterpart."

Almost a Pawn.

First social daze—"You know the four hundred have new pet names for their husbands now; what are yours?"

Second ditto—"My hubby! He's my check-mate."

A Plea in Mitigation.

She—"The price of gasoline is simply immoral. He won't leave a man much to lead the double life with."

Wouldn't Work.

"Jones' plans are decidedly characteristic of the man."

"How so?"

"Why, they won't work."

Note.—Address all contributions for this page to Last Laugh Editor, The Photo-Play Journal, Philadelphia.
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JAMES LYON GARFIELD
Clara Kimball Young

America’s Greatest Motion Picture Magazine

October 1916

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AN APPRECIATION

To Our Readers

The Photo-Play Journal earnestly desires to express genuine gratitude to its patrons everywhere for their splendid support of the magazine during the embryonic stage of its existence. We are deeply obligated for the consistent support of the general public, and realize that without your active appreciation of our efforts, our successes could never have materialized. The public has made the Photo-Play Journal the greatest motion picture magazine in America. The popularity of this periodical has multiplied with rapid strides, and it must not be classified any longer in the experimental stage. We are permanently entrenched in the hearts of a half million adherents of the cinema art, which is indisputably the leading amusement of our nation. With the current issue, our October masterpiece, it has been suggested that a presentation of our ideals and future plans would be appropriate. Surely it will not be considered reprehensible to give to our readers an insight of the future and the incomparable features which will be added.

Editorial

We are delighted to learn that the higher class has been attracted to the Photo-Play Journal. The editors realize the responsibility which is imposed upon them because of this fact, and a very conservative scrutinization greets every item prepared for our columns. Rigidly adhering to the ancient adage that the best is none too good, the editorial department has been organized after months of deliberation and a number of conferences with the most prominent motion picture journalists of this decade. A personal word concerning the staff should prove interesting to our readers. George M. Downs, Jr., whose duties are those of editor, has had a long and successful career in the arena of picture magazine work, and like the majority of nationally known editors, he is a graduate of the theatrical pen pushers. Ernest A. Dench is an author of several books on motion pictures, and a vigorous essayist on matters pertaining to the speechless stage. Lewin Cleeve, Steve Talbot and Charles E. Wagner are a trio of short story writers whose works are so well known that any further mention would become a repetition of praises which other magazines have sung. Pete Schmid, H. H. Van Loan and other special Spencerian wielders will allow their paragraphs to be exclusively and freely spread throughout our columns, for these interested in unique happenings and frivolities of the fastidious film folk, both on and off the silent boards. Horace J. Gardner, whose magazine articles have won fame, will write exclusively for the Photo-Play Journal. Mr. Gardner is regarded by impartial critics as the most successful young journalist. During his past association with national photo-play magazines he gained a universal following and became famous wherever his interviews and stories were perused.

Illustrations

It is almost incredible to the uninhibited that a majority of film periodical readers are as deeply interested in the illustrations as they are the editorial features. The publishers have ascertained this fact from the public itself, and they have learned that the splendid engravings and life-like reproductions of the Photo-Play Journal have contributed an immense share toward its widespread popularity. Each illustration in the best that art can perfect, and only a glance through our columns is necessary to impress upon the skeptical the unvarnished truth.

Paper

Since a number have commented on the excellency of the paper upon which the Photo-Play Journal is printed, we feel constrained to mention the fact that the paper market is in a very serious condition at the present time. This famine of raw material has inflated the market quotations, and in all grades the estimates have trebled during the past two years. The publishers have felt the effect of this abnormal condition, and although the prices continue to rise, the Photo-Play Journal hastens to assure its friends that under no avoidable circumstances will the present stock be substituted for a cheaper product. These confidential remarks are designed for the purpose of inspiring confidence in the public and making general the knowledge that we will refrain from duplicating the actions of contemporaneous magazines who have been driven to the economical fiber market by the virtue of necessity.

Comments and Suggestions

If we were endowed with the power to see our work as others see it, our labors would soon become without value, and we would be wafted away from the publishers' sanctum on beds of luxurious comfort. But alas, we cannot discern the true value of our productions unless the work is focused in the critical eye of the public and reflected by the most impartial reader that exists anywhere. This magazine realizes the value of honest comments and suggestions from our readers, and we will consider it a favor if you will write telling us what features you desire, why you read the Photo-Play Journal, and also tell us how we may improve our periodical. We want our readers and ourselves to be as a single family. Be candid in your opinion after having compared us with other journals devoted to the dissemination of events pertaining to motion pictures. The editors will treat each communication as a letter from a personal friend, and will be proud to take them in confidence and sincerity.

We are glad to reciprocate at all times and distribute information regarding the photo-play world through our timely answer department, which has become nationally famous as an authority to settle disputes concerning screen plays and players.

(Continued on page 36.)
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

ON THE COVER

TO CHICAGO belongs the honor of being the birthplace of beautiful Clara Kimball Young. Her father, Edward M. Kimball, was a native of Wisconsin. Her mother was a descendant of Lord and Lady Becour. Miss Young received her education at St. Xavier's Academy, in Chicago, and at a convent. Her first public appearance was made at the age of three, when she was carried on during a play presented by an old repertoire company. Her dramatic experience was obtained mostly in stock companies. It was easy for her to drift into pictures, and the Vitagraph Company was the first to employ her. Her most successful pictures with this company were "The Little Minister," "Loves Sunset," "Poet and Peasant" and "His Official Wife." She remained with this corporation until several months ago, when she joined the World Film Company. "Camille," "Trilby" and "The Yellow Passport" were her greatest successes under World direction. Now she heads her own company. Her first picture under the Clara Kimball Young banner will be Robert W. Chambers' noted novel "The Common Law." She is married to James Young, the talented actor and director.
The Combat
By Steve Talbot

Muriel Fleming's parties were quite the most enjoyable known to the younger set in Brooklyn. Since the death of Muriel and mother chose and entertained according to their inclinations. Hence, those who enjoyed their hospitality were those most likable and able to return favor for favor.

Mrs. Fleming's intention that her only child should marry well became a determination when she learned that her husband's fortune had been gradually dissipated since his death. The continual outgo of funds, necessary to retain their social position, without the former continual income from his business activities, made the widow a practical bankrupt at about the time Muriel began to consider marriage seriously.

Mrs. Fleming saw no logical reason why her beautiful child should be other than an asset. Several moneyed bidders for her hand were in the offering already. She decided to sound Muriel on the matter of choice, with a wise word or so toward the use of mentality as well as heart in the matter. Still she had no intention of worrying the girl with even a suspicion of their actual need and embarrassment.

And with the final formation of this decision on the eve of Muriel's coming out reception, the mother became aware of the possibility of snags being encountered.

"Graydon, mother," from Muriel, brought Mrs. Fleming face to face with a strange guest, who, she noted, held most of her daughter's attention during the evening.

Alarmed when she found that his name was Graydon Burton, and the surname seemed to be in disfavor for immediate use by her daughter, she observed them closely throughout the evening. Burton monopolized the girl's attention, and they both seemed to avoid the other young people who sought Muriel's company. It was at the end of the evening that Mrs. Fleming took it upon herself to rebuke her daughter in the presence of some of the guests.

"My child, you are neglecting your guests," she said sternly, as she led a number of young fellows to where Burton and Muriel had filled a seat in the conservatory most of the hour.

The next evening, upon finding that her daughter expected a caller she began to expositulate, but Burton's arrival cut her short, and she had to satisfy herself with showing a distinctly cool manner to the young engineer, which led him to understand that his lack of fortune was not his secret.

"I guess your mother is far from being crazy about me," he said to his companion as they chatted in the garden later. Muriel reassured him and, in her own obvious happiness, was quite unconscious of the mother's ire.

It was after they had been seated near the miniature lake on the estate for some time that the young man took courage from Muriel's cajoling against his shoulder, to ask her if she'd rather be Mrs. Burton than Miss or Mrs. anyone else. Her response was wholly satisfactory, and the ensuing caresses viewed from the veranda by her mother brought the latter face to face with a crisis. Her attorney had only that day assured her that creditors could be held off no longer and she realized that only the prospect of a good match for Muriel would save her credit and position.

"Until you are in a position to provide Muriel with the comforts she has been accustomed to, I must withhold my consent," was her reply to the man's formal request for her sanction to their marriage, made in the Fleming drawing-room that same evening after they had come to a mutually satisfactory agreement down by the lake.

Burton was decidedly shocked; Muriel slightly surprised and greatly disappointed.

"I hope to be able to do so in time," the young man said earnestly. But the older woman sternly intimated that the only time was the present.

"I love Graydon, mother. I am willing to make any sacrifice, to work with him at his side and help him fight his way to the top," urged Muriel, but her mother would not listen or respond. She had issued her ultimatum, and left the room without further words.

"What will we do, Graydon? What will we do?" Muriel turned to her lover tearfully.

Graydon patted her soothingly and whispered hopefully that they would find a way. It was a sorrowful and longing
miss that he left that evening, but, withal, a
helpful one. For, like all true maiden hearts,
she believed her lover could accomplish
what he would, when he set about it. She
did not even ask him for an outline of his
plan or plans. He would know what to do,
and would do it promptly so that they
could continue with each other and life very
soon upon the conditions which her mother had
briefly laid down: that they must be pros-
perous.

It was a day later when he appeared
seriously and stern—prepared for a journey.
To this the authorities he responded:
"I am going to try my luck in the gold-
fields of the Northwest. I have come to bid
you good bye until I realize enough to
take you as your mother stipulates."

It was two hours later, after tears and
clinging letters from the girl that the man
fully realized how hard it was for both of
them to part. A new thought came to
them simultaneously: a secret marriage be-
fore he left and then only work and waiting
with perfect confidence in their ultimate
union and happiness.

Her husband had gone. Muriel Fleming
Burton, back in her home, had only sweet
memories and a ring. The latter she care-
fully put away with her marriage certificate
in a drawer of her little bureau. There
would come a day when she could fling
both along with her love for Graydon, but
it was not yet.

In the Northwest, three partners strove
daily for the gold which they must drag
from the hills before they returned whence
they had come for fortune with which to
woo fame or happiness. The youngest of
the trio was in receipt of frequent letters
signed "Your devoted wife, Muriel." His
partners called him Burton, and Shale, the
surly one was wont to urge him to labor
by mention of his wife in the East, to the
lightening of his own share of the triple
labor. This amused Rollins, a good-natured
Englishman, who was not averse to sharing
his burden with Burton, but lacked the
running to scheme toward that result.

It was by the thrones of such inspired
extra exertion one day that Graydon Burton
struck pay-dirt of such richness that the
trio had a fortune in dust in their bags in-
side the month. Before they could break
camp after the clean-up, and after a division
of the dust, Burton gave his wife at home
of his luck and imminent return with not
only means, but actual riches. He even
specified the hour of his departure in the
letter and the moment of his train's arrival
in Brooklyn.

Muriel put the letter away with her wed-
ding ring and spent the hours planning how
best to inform her mother, and gloating over
thoughts of her pleasure which would soon
come when she could wear the little gold
band proudly displayed on her finger. She
would proclaim the wife of Graydon Burton,
her hero.

It was four days after he should have left
Caribou. Mrs. Burton expected her hus-
bond that day, but had so far refrained
from revealing her married state, even to
her mother, so much did she wish to show
her trust in him and leave all revelations to
his judgment when he came home.

Not interested in the morning paper, even
on this day of days, Muriel was fretting
about the dining-room when her husband's
name in heavy black type caught her
eyes—in a closely printed list of names and
drawings on the front page! She stared in
surprise, and read on before a full realiza-
tion of her misfortune came to her. She
swooned as Mrs. Fleming entered the room.
Across the newspaper page in headlines she
had read last of all:

**BIG WRECK ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC**

Bridge Gives Way and Train Plunges Into
River Hundreds Crushed and Drowned.

And following in the list of "crushed and
drowned" might be found the names of
another company, headed The Missing.

And conspicuous there, was the name of
Graydon Burton. It seemed not unusual
to the casual reader for the larger number of
casualties in the wreck to be the list of
Missing as the wreck occurred mid-stream
because of a broken bridge, and undoubtedly
many bodies of passengers had been washed
away from the wreckage—many more than
were found mangled by the rescuers. To
Muriel, though, the very name of her hus-
bond in this gathering of victims was a
tragedy too great to be borne atop the sup-
reme emotion she was bearing up under in
the prospect of so soon being a wife in real-
ity as well as in name. But the mother real-
ized nothing of her daughter's suffering. She
noted the newspaper but only as she noted
the presence of the usual furniture when her
child was stricken, and she had the fainting
spell to anything but the real cause.

Mrs. Fleming, too, had grown all and
nervous of late through worry over her
finances. Creditors were every hour press-
ing them for settlement, and no prospect of
improved circumstances was evident to the
haughty woman who took reverses of for-
tune much as personal affronts.

The day following Muriel's fainting spell,
Philip Lewis, a lawyer representing the in-
teres of the Fleming creditors, was to call
for some sort of a settlement. He had writ-
ten Mrs. Fleming that he would depend
upon her to suggest some plan which would
satisfy his clients, intimating that ex-

treme measures would be necessary in
any other event.

"Muriel, you are not looking well.
A drive will do you good." So spoke
the mother as Muriel entered the draw-
ing-room early in the afternoon.

"You look none too well yourself,
mother," replied the girl. "Come with
me."

But this was not in line with the
older woman's plans. She wished her
daughter out of the way, while she and
Lewis discussed her financial difficul-
ties, and the lawyer was due at any
moment now. The girl has made
up her mind to keep the secret
of her marriage from all forever.

No good purpose could be served
by mention of it, and she has no
desire to add to her mother's
worries. Stifling her grief as well
as she was able, she determined to
try to discover what troubled her
mother and do all in her power to
aid her.

The younger girl had scarcely
retired to her boudoir to dress for
a drive out of doors, when Philip
Lewis was announced below. Mrs.
Fleming received him
and they turned to the
disagreeable discussion of debts and the
consequences of not paying them at once.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Fleming, but my clients
will not wait another day. I must begin
suit if you have no means of settlement."

So spoke the lawyer, and his hostess could
only bow her head submissively.

"I can not possibly meet any of these
notes," she murmured brokenly. "I can
raise it if the time is extended, but now,
nothing is so synonymous to an impos-
sibility."

Lawyer Lewis rose to go and met Muriel,
dressed for her ride in the doorway. Never,
he thought, had he seen a more charming
girl. Mrs. Fleming introduced them and
Muriel kissed the older woman as she
acknowledged the lawyer's conventional
words, and passed out toward the driveway,
where she could be seen mounting her
hourse by the two older people by the win-
dow.

"Is your daughter married?" queried
the man as the girl passed out of their range of
vision.

"No," answered her mother affection-
tionately, following the driveway with
her eyes.

"Why not?"

Mrs. Fleming started as she noted
the significant tones. Why not, indeed,
she thought, but only looked inquir-
ingly at the papers in the lawyer's hands.

"I have a good mind to take these
bills over myself and you may pay me
at your convenience," slowly emunci-
atated the man as he followed her gaze.

And, seeming satisfied with a short
scrutiny of her expression at these
words, he added: "In fact, you need
not worry about them yet. I'll see
what can be done."

The maid had robbed her!
After Philip Lewis had gone, the worried mother sat long and silently at her study table considering his words and glances. She was a wise mother, and soon as the light broke fully into her mind, she made her determination.

There was no reason why her one asset—a beautiful daughter—should not be utilized when her affairs were in such desperate straits. It would not be an asset even if poverty descended upon them as threatened by this man before he met Muriel. Once satisfied as to the course she should pursue, Mrs. Fleming set about moulding her daughter toward the successful accomplishment of her plan. She decided not to confide in the girl, as any idea of a plan might antagonize her at the outset.

Philip Lewis was very wealthy, and he began his wooing without delay. Appointed district attorney, he had a sort of social standing which made him a desirable husband for Muriel, and her mother was not behindhand in bringing before her daughter often and forcibly the desirability of approval of his suit, which he pressed with vigor.

Muriel, however, felt no affection for the man, and when he proposed, she made her refusal abrupt and final. In a rage, Lewis sought Mrs. Fleming.

"What is the matter with that fool daugh-
ter of yours. Doesn't she know a good o-
portunity when she sees it? Have you told
her that I hold your notes?" he tattily
asked.

"No," Mrs. Fleming replied. "She knows
—nothing!" "Nothing!" raged the lawyer, "well she'd better be told something then! Because if she
again refuses to marry me—and I shall
only ask her once again—I am going to de-
mand my money of you!"

"Wait," urged the mother in distress and
surprise. "I will see her and return." In Muriel's boudoir, she found the girl only angry and annoyed. Tired and wor-
dred, perhaps; but that was not so
evident to the mother.

"Why did you refuse Mr. Lewis, my
dear? You know I wish you to marry him."

"Please do not mention the matter again,
mother. I will not marry Mr. Lewis.
That is final."

Overcome by the stress of her emotions
and the realization that her daughter held
the solution to all their difficulties, Mrs. Fleming became tense and firm.

"I have wanted to spare you, Muriel, but
you are forcing me to disclose what I have
long kept from you. My child, I am bank-
r upt. Do you understand, bankrupt?"

The girl looked at her mother in hurt
surprise.

"What do you mean? I do not under-
stand you."

The mother continued: "Court action is
inevitable unless Philip Lewis is placated.
It means humiliation and social disgrace.
I could never survive the shock. It would
kill me, and make a pauper of you. If you
marry Lewis, his wealth will wipe out our
deficits. It is the only way."

Muriel, much shocked, tried to console her
mother.

"Keep up your courage, we will work
hard and find a way out. You wouldn't ask
me to marry a man I do not love."

"I would, and do, Muriel. I have made
every sacrifice for you. You ought not to
hesitate to make this sacrifice for me, your
mother, when it means so much."

So did the miserable woman plead with
her only child whom she would have dispose
of her body to provide comforts for them
both.

"Lewis will make you a good husband.
He is wealthy and powerful. He can give
you everything. You'll do it for me, Muriel, won't you?" she begged soothingly,
until the girl nodded "yes" after a weaken
ing which brought the big effort to soothe
her mother's distress in return.

As Mrs. Fleming made her exit she said
thankfully: "I'll tell him you are coming
down and will listen to him."

Muriel nodded her head in obedience and
tried to compose herself. Following her
mother after a brief interval, she stood
silently while Lewis renewed his proposal,
and nodded again when he had finished.

Mrs. Fleming smiled with the lawyer,
and both left the drawing-room where the
girl stood rigid, but subservient to her fate.

* * * * * *

Within the year following Muriel's mar-
rriage to Philip Lewis, her mother died. So
was her sacrifice made a daily reminder
to the young wife, for she had not yet been able
to feel love for her husband despite his
kindness to her.

Business affairs kept him much away
from their magnificent home, which left her
fairly comfortable, but thoughts of Gray
don Burton would replace all others again
and again.

It is on an evening when Lewis has found
business affairs will keep him from a theater
party his wife is giving, that she is moved
to draw out her first marriage certificate
and wedding ring from its hiding place in her
boudoir, and sit gazing longingly at it. No
news has ever reached her of Burton, nor
has she knowledge of his partners Slade
and Rollins. Her only love affair was her
first, and Muriel sighs as she puts away the
box of mementos to join her guests.

Made careless by her sentiment, Muriel
failed to note the soft stepping maid, who
returned to her room as soon as the company
departed. Her hovering about a mistress
would have attracted the attention of one
less preoccupied long ago. The girl entered
the boudoir as soon as she was sure of Mrs.
Lewis's departure, and softly turned up
from the bottom of a bureau drawer, the
so-frequently inspected box which she had
noticed her mistress’s pouting over with impatience.

It was the work of but a moment to become acquainted with the contents, of another to determine its value after the first sweep of surprise. Concealing the paper and ring in her bosom, Bernadette replaced the now empty and going to her own room dressed hastily for the street. She was of the class of metropolitan domestics who are ever on the alert to acquire information concerning their employers which has a market value. She knew where this latest requirement would bring a good price.

The cold careful man of middle age who occupied the study in the residence to which Bernadette made her way now, was just reading carefully a lengthy newspaper article which bore this heading:

PHILIP LEWIS MAY BE
NAMED FOR GOVERNOR

Likely to Be Nominated Because of His Envious Record.

The reader’s expression indicated that he knew Lewis and felt not at all friendly toward him. He looked up from the paper when Mrs. Lewis’s maid Bernadette was admitted. They have evidently had business relations before, as she replied at once to her questioning glance with:

“What would you give to be able to prove that the model wife of Philip Lewis was secretly married two years ago to another man?”

The man started to his feet in amazement. Rapidly questioning the woman, he was handed a paper which he read in astonishment. It was Muriel and Burton’s marriage certificate, and the blackmailers showed her companion the band of gold when he had finished reading the legal document. His amazement told of something greater than the ordinary blackmailers’ greed in the man’s mind, and so Bernadette mentally increased her price for the trinket and paper before speaking again. He was not a hard bargainer though in this case, and soon had concluded the purchase and the woman left well satisfied with her day’s work. The following day she resigned her post in the Lewis household.

It was later in the same day that a messenger brought to Muriel an envelope which contained the following cryptic message:

MRS. PHILIP LEWIS:

Dear Madam: One of my clients has in his possession an important paper belonging to you. He claims its publication spells social disgrace and imprisonment. I have tried to secure it, but he demands reward. I hope you will find it convenient to see me at my home at 9 P. M. this evening, as I fear he may deal with your husband’s political enemies.

Respectfully,

HERMAN SLADE.

The name of Slade meant nothing to Muriel, but the vague threat in his letter meant much to her. Recovering the first shock of the letter, she searched her mind for a meaning of it all. The only important paper of hers which could harm herself or husband she realized to be the document proving her first marriage, which she thought her own secret. Then the maid’s sudden and guilty resignation of the morning recurred to her, and she rushed to her boudoir with rapidly forming fears, which were realized too truly at finding her long undisturbed “casket” empty.

Her secret no longer hers and in the hands of one who would not hesitate to use it against her husband, who was already showing signs of wearing of her, Muriel’s distress was acute. Although her first husband had perished in the train wreck of two years nearly gone, she knew Philip Lewis too well to feel easy with evidence of her former alliance in the hands of any stranger—much less one who might be an enemy of his.

It was a little before nine o’clock that evening when she rang Slade’s doorbell. Heavily veiled, she was admitted to the blackmailers’ study without delay.

Greetings were slight between the occupants:

“Why Graydon Burton is dead. He was killed in a railroad wreck two years ago!” Slade turned full upon her with a sneering smile. Not noting a shadow that suddenly crossed the window shade from outside the French window in his rear, he said impressively:

“Mrs. Lewis, Graydon Burton is alive. Furthermore he is a hunted criminal in the Northwest. I knew him well!”

As Slade spoke, Muriel gasped and staggered toward him. Reaching out his arms for her, the man suddenly found himself thrust aside and in a strange position to the woman, holding her close as he wheeled and faced the villain who staggered back against the window through which this unexpected visit had entered. In the same breath with Muriel, he uttered—

“Graydon Burton.” And they both stood in disbelief at the features of the new arrival.

“Slade,” Burton thundered, “you have got to clear me of this murder charge or I will kill you! You killed Rollins yourself didn’t you?”

Trembling and at the same time craftily edging toward his desk, Slade nodded fearfully:

“Yes! Yes! I killed Rollins. I’ll confess and tell the truth! I thought you miles away!”

Muriel turned to Burton in amazement. She had heard but knew not what they spoke of. Eyes questioningly upon her first husband, she chattered hastily:

“But, Graydon, I read of your death in the train wreck! I am married. To please my mother—we were in need! This man is a stranger to me—I cannot buy our marriage certificate from him so that my husband would not learn of my marriage to you—he has just told me I am a bigamist!”

Burton patted her consolingly, and in a few words explained.

This man, dear, was one of my partners. When I was about to leave and come to you, he attempted to rob Rollins my other partner, and I, and when Rollins caught him in the act, Slade shot him with my gun. Then he went for the police and accused me of the murder. I was arrested but escaped. Since then I have been hunted by the police and this scoundrel has been practicing his nefarious blackmailing trade here, which I only discovered tonight when I encountered him accidentally in the street. I had returned, unable to bear away from you longer. I followed him here and saw you enter. I stood outside the window there and witnessed your interview and recognized you. And now I am here and will compel Slade to clear me of the charge of killing Rollins.”

“Hands up!” rang out the voice of Slade. He had taken advantage of their inattention to get his revolver from the desk at hand, and now had Burton covered. “Mr. Burton, I am going to turn you over to the authorities. You’re wanted in Canada.”

Burton leaped at him on the moment. Slade fired, and although wounded in the shoulder, he clinched with his enemy, and
the gun fell to the floor. Fighting with one arm limp and useless, he shortly weakened, and as Slade snatched a paper-knife from the adjacent desk and raised it to finish the fight, Muriel picked up the gun from the floor and pressing it against his back, fired.

As the two fell away from the crumpled body, they realized he was dead. They realized too, on the instant that the sounds of approaching footsteps meant that they would be found there with the corpse by servants if they wasted an instant. Snatching the gun from Muriel, Graydon pushed the marriage certificate and ring which lay on the desk, into her hand and urged her to fly as blows were heard upon the door.

When the servants broke in, they found the stranger standing by their master's body with the revolver in hand. Police were summoned and Graydon Burton hustled to jail without making a statement. The papers next day carried headlines that brought anguished feelings to one inmate of the household of District Attorney Lewis. He read aloud to his wife at breakfast:

"HERMAN SLADE, LAWYER, MURDERED IN HIS HOME."

Surprises Who Shoots Him. No Clue to Mysterious Veiled Woman Who Was Present and Escaped Before the Arrival of Police.

In the days that followed, and while her husband was preparing the case against Burton, Muriel suffered intensely. Philip was eager to discover the identity of the veiled woman who had visited the murdered man and confided in her his hopes of learning the truth of the crime only when she appeared. The accused man had persistently refused to make a statement.

It was only after weeks of investigation, and during a search of the dead man's effects that the district attorney got a clue. An entry in Slade's memorandum read to the effect that he had an engagement with Mrs. Philip Lewis regarding a marriage certificate on the night of the crime. Lewis came to a decision after studying this over, and finally brought from his wife, a full confession of her first marriage and the circumstances of her visit to Slade's office. At its conclusion her husband showed unbounded amazement.

"Then this man who is shielding you is—" he said.

"My husband—Graydon Burton," she finished for him.

In the days that ensued, the demon of jealousy entered Lewis's soul, and he determined to convict his wife's first love at any cost. Discovering that his wife had visited Burton in jail before the trial, he became more determined to make her suffer through the man's conviction. And after all, it proved an easy matter. The last day of the trial approached without the suggestion of any favorable evidence to the prisoner. It was that evening that Muriel demanded of Lewis his intention.

"To convict him, of course," the lawyer replied.

"Then, Philip," declared Muriel, "I shall walk into court tomorrow and confess to having shot Slade myself. That is all.

And she left the room.

Attorney Lewis was convinced she would do so too. Her manner was all too determined for his case. And he had hopes of securing the gubernatorial nomination and election without difficulty if nothing occurred to cast reflections upon his private life—his public career was spotless as was well known.

He finally set about outwitting his wife, and after a stormy interview, in which he promised should Burton be convicted, he would, when governor, pardon him if she refrained from any revelations during the trial. Burton was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to die February 27th.

Philip was elected governor of the state soon after the trial. Muriel depended upon his word that her husband should be pardoned before the day of his execution came around.

But as days passed and Burton languished in prison and Philip made no moves toward his release, she grew worried. Her several attempts to question the governor were unsuccessful. He carefully avoided her in private and pleaded the immense labor involved in getting his administrative affairs in shape, when she approached him for an interview.

Finally on the night of February 26th Muriel entered the governor's study.

"You have tricked me, Philip," were her words uttered in serious despairing tones. "You meant to kill Graydon from the start. An innocent man must be murdered to satisfy your desire for revenge. You will succeed only too well because my life will also be sacrificed on the altar of your jealousy. There is nothing you can say or do now. I have written a full account of the facts and mailed it to the one man whom I can still trust. An hour after Burton meets his death in the electric chair, I shall meet death by my own hand. The letter containing my statement will be published in the afternoon papers tomorrow."

Before Philip could restrain her she passed out and to her own room where she locked herself in.

It was after hours of wondering whether his wife might not be bluffing, and thinking back upon her manner and words at their last interview, that Governor Lewis phoned a reprimand for the convicted man.

When dawn broke, Muriel went once more to Governor Lewis's study. He sat as she had left him the night before, but there was a difference in his posture. He turned and smiled upon her whom he had nearly loved.

"Go to your lover and husband, Muriel. He is yours, and the Governor's private affairs will not be probed by anyone, nor the whereabouts of her who has been his official wife, questioned. All that is in my power as governor of the State, and Man, will be done to help the light of a new day shine upon both of you."

(From the Vitaphone Feature Photoplay, in six reels, written by Edward J. Montague and directed by Ralph Ince, featuring Anita Stewart.)

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**Studio Gossip**

Adjoining a certain Illinois theater, which is showing the "Gloria's Romance" motion picture novel in which Billie Burke is the featured star, is an ice-cream parlor. The manager of this soft-drink emporium has capitalized the interest in Billie Burke by naming a new confection the Billie Burke Sundae.

* * *

Ernest Warde, who is directing "Her Beloved Enemy," a Thanhouser feature that is to be released through the Pathe exchange, is taking a number of scenes on the estate of C. K. G. Billings, on the Hudson. Doris Grey is to be featured in this production, and Wayne Arey will be co-starred with her.

* * *

Max Dill, of the team of Kolb and Dill, is emphatic in his insistence that comedians is not at all one round of pleasure. During his career he has broken both ankles and an arm twice; caught a dangerous cold from being soaked with water and not being able to change. He has had his shoulder blade cracked and suffered cuts and contusions galore. Dill says he is thinking of taking up "heavy" work—it is safer.

* * *

William D. Taylor, the Bosworth, Inc., producer, is back from his holiday, and is directing Kathryn Williams in her first picture, which will be released under the Monroco trade mark. Thomas Holding is playing the male lead.

Mr. Taylor has fully regained his health, and received a reception, both at the studio and his club which must have done his heart good. There is no better or more honorable fellow in the industry than Billy Taylor.
Buffeting With Billy Garwood

By H. H. VAN LOAN

T was happened to be going West on the same train. I ran into him after the limited was several hours out of Chicago, and found him seated in the buffet car accompanied by a bottle of stout.

His make-up was white throughout. He looked as though he had been dipped in a blizzard. White sweater, white trousers, white socks and white shoes all aided in making me indifferent of the scorching heat. For Billy Garwood always knows how to dress correctly, and in every studio in which he has worked he has been admired because of his wonderful toilettes. In fact, I had often heard it said that Billy seemed to add, materially, to the artistic "sets" in his productions. Not only has he good taste in selecting his clothes, but he has a wonderful knowledge of putting them on so that they will look attractive. Perhaps this comes from the long experience he had on the legitimate stage, where his roles were mostly those of college youths, and necessitated his paying particular attention to his wardrobe.

When I entered he was deeply interested in a magazine, which he lowered as I gave him a healthy slap on the shoulder.

"Well, I'll be,—" "Never mind about that," I interrupted, at the same time drawing up a chair.

"Where are you bound for?" he inquired with a show of surprise.

"Universal City. And you?"


"Why force all this heat on one here, in addition to the sweltering temperature which awaits him in the hereafter?" he inquired.

"You don't mean to tell me that such a little thing worries you," I asked in surprise, "especially in that outfit? Why you look as cool as a vanilla sundae on a white marble counter in an ice cream parlor with all fans working overtime.

"And being devoured by a Phoebe Snow, I suppose," he added.

"Exactly."

"Well, I wish I felt like that," he said, as he threw down the magazine. "I've made five trips to the coast and every one of them was made around the 16th of July."

"I don't see what that has to do with life East of Suez," I laughed.

"It hasn't? Well, if you and your ancestors have been keeping diaries you probably know that with the exception of once, we have broken all records for soaring, for the last forty-two years, between the 16th and the 20th."

"And you have consumed stout on each one of these trips?" I continued.

"Oh, quite frequently. Why?"

"Not this time, only it's the nearest thing to a Turkish bath, without being one, that I've ever met."

"I didn't know that," he returned. "I drink it for my health. Is it a heat producer?"

"Well, I'll bet a lemonade, without the cherry, against a burro doing a fox trot down the Grand Canyon, minus the spurs, that if you poured three drops of it on the tip of Pike's Peak the whole Rocky Mountain range would melt like an old maid when she listens to her first offer of marriage."

"It's as hot as all that, eh?" he inquired.

"And a few degrees hotter."

Thereupon he grabbed the innocent bottle by the neck, and raising from his seat, pushed up the window, and threw the thing with all his might somewhere near the Illinois border.

"There," he said as he dropped back in his seat again, "now we'll take up the next piece of business."

"Which will be two lemonades," I suggested as the waiter approached.

When the waiter had safely lodged these on the table I changed the conversation train should take a notion to leap over in that field and pick a few daisies?" I asked, pointing to the field through which we were passing at that moment.

"Sure it will," he replied, "and I'll tell you something," he said as he drew himself up in his chair, "when the 'copy' fails to refer to every moving picture actress as beautiful; dwells on the wonderful coloring of her eyes; the heavy eyebrows, the thick lashes, and the marvelous figure she possesses, combined with the impression we get that every time she utters a word great clusters of American beauty roses fall gracefully from her lips, then I will consent to looking at

(Continued on page 26.)
MAYME SPELVIN was the sort of girl O. Henry would have delighted to write about. She was trim to the point of exquisiteness; short, but not insignificant; carried herself with a demure assurance that was perfectly free from the stigma of affectation; and, despite her reticence, which had plenty of character in its little knob, possessed a real facial dignity, that was further enhanced by the brown depth of extraordinary eyes. In short, she was good to look upon, though not good-looking; the veriest patrician through her unruffled acquiescence in the statement that she was a parvenu.

Just at the moment when this particular story with Mayme as the leading woman opens, the reticent nose had an added quirk; the trim little foot, in its unobtrusive doe-skin shoe, was fidgeting with its mate, and the eyes (what eyes!) smouldered with a flame that infrequently came to their limpid, liquid surface. Reader, we will not deceive you: Mayme was mad. Not just pettish, or put out, or flustered; her wrath was of a large, Olympian kind—the kind that is described in the Iliad as belonging to Hera when Friend Husband had been a little too free with some goddess or mortal. Oh, look it up in Bryan’s translation; we haven’t time to explain.

He would be a bold man who would try to deny the righteousness of the supply Miss Spelvin’s wrath. Briefly, she had been asked by the clerk at the hotel, where she had been “serving time,” as she succinctly put it, to spend a weekend at Blueberry Park, a near-by summer resort, where painted dowagers vied with equally painted youngsters in pushing their insanely tolerant husbands, lovers, friends and brothers into the ocean. Mayme was not hot-headed; she rarely permitted herself the luxury of “flying off the handle,” but there had been something so calculatingly impertinent in the man’s tone that she had, with the ecstatic emotions of a benefactress to the human race, caught up a parasol, providentially at hand, and applied it in the way the stout lady does in the funny moving pictures when she finds her husband slightly soosed. Mayme loved Keystones.

“Well,” she sighed, half audibly, as she descended the hotel steps—for the last time, “there’s one more masher quieted, and one more job I haven’t got.” She struck off in the direction of the park, firm resolution in every step. She was going to enjoy the last descending veils of yellow sunshine on this dirty world and its dirty occupants before night fell, and she again was confronted with the problem of how to pay for her tin of cocoa and shredded cereal. She lived simply.

As Miss Spelvin entered the cool, vermiculate confines of Marion Square, her destination, a ragged newspaper, yellower than the radiantly orange globe in the torpid skies, blew toward her. She picked it up and glanced at it. It was open at the “Help Wanted” page. She sat down, ran her brown eye over the columns of wails from Swedish chambermaids and French chauffeurs, and finally found something of moment. It was this:

“WANTED—Woman as social secretary. Must have decent education. Be neat and quiet and write legibly. Age no bar. Mrs. Derek Von Puyster, 221 Guessed Place.”

Mayme was elated. She had been rather more than decently educated, not at school, but by her father, an amiable eccentric, with no connection with life save through the medium of history and psychology volumes. She was certainly neat, and quiet—when not annoyed. Her writing had more elegant ‘flours and swirls than most persons’ orthography. “The place was made for me,” she cried, with a grateful glance at the retiring sun.

That night, in her chilly bedroom, Mayme pondered the possibilities of the advertisement. She was going in the morning to call on the Mrs. Von Puyster, and she was reasonably certain of getting the position, provided no one of any address or distinction had preceded her. Mayme knew how to play her cards. She had no maudlin modesty. She tried to visualize this Mrs. Von Puyster, for, in dealing with possible patronesses, she knew prior knowledge, no matter how hazy, was invaluable.

She repeated the name several times to herself while the cocoa-sipping Mayme was brewing, and suddenly it burst on her, with the force of a tropic rain, that she knew who the lady was. “Why,” she ejaculated to the bubbling dish of her favorite berries, “she’s the Mrs. Von Puyster who figures in the society columns—the real society columns—so much.” Remembrance carried her back to one day when Mrs. Von Puyster had stopped at the hotel to have her nails “done.” And with that thought came a little brother thought, small but now terrifying.

“Great heavens, she has a son! He was with her that day,” muttered the cocoa-sipping Mayme.

Sentimental and, perchance, idiotic reader, do not ask us why the mere notion of a man in the same household with her gave Mayme’s plans the jolt it did. Remember the hotel clerk and Blueberry Park. And let them now be all alike, hungry, hideous in their egotism; in a word, to be shunned. She picked up the yellow and yellowing newspaper, and, with a groan was about to throw it into the wastebasket, when three words stood out in her mind like symbols of purple fire: “Age no bar.”

We hope we have indicated to our reader that Miss Spelvin was a young person acute beyond the ordinary. He is now to imagine that the typical line of stars usually inserted in hectic fiction
holic James mumbled. "And to think you took us all in like that. Gimme lil' kiss like good lil' dirl." He was maul-dering frightfully, but exceedingly amusing, and easy to cope with. With a deft shove Mayme pulled the Jack Rose enthusiasm into the hall, but not before he had implanted an apple whiskey kiss on her brow.

Some tears found their way into the Spelvin dreams that night, but the morn-ing discovered as resolute a social secretary as had ever been in the Von Puyster household. On the stairway she encountered a figure, that of Jimmie. He was red-eyed, "trembly," and uncertain, but the timbre of his voice, as he husk-ily apologized for his performance of the previous night, carried conviction to the again-transformed Mayme, although she cursed herself for a nunny for listening to the boy. But he is a nice kid, at mind, which was making the day a discord with its "but he's a cad, like the rest."

Will finally downed mind, and Miss Spelvin told him she'd stay, "but only on your family's account, mind," she warned her now humble cavalier. "And don't you dare come near me if you've so much as sniffed a cork," was her concluding shot. He promised. Already, as you have sensed, rabid reader, he had begun to burn mental candles at the secretarial shrine. That afternoon, although there was a big party on in his home, James went on the wagon.

The party, which Mayme attended from her sense of obligation, had for its central star a sure-enough Count. Mayme thought of him as distinctly ordinary, and more than usually vulpine. But she kept silent when she found out that he was Mrs. Von Puyster's particular lion, and that Elsie was entranced with him. "That kid will certainly do herself in," the Spelvin seismograph went on record.

She turned for another look at the Count. Was it fancy, or were those the thick lips that once had tried to kiss her—Mayme Spelvin? On second thought she was sure of it.

She even remembered where and how it happened. She had been acting as companion to the gouty but wealthy Lady Sallye Wilhelmsohn at a popular watering-place. This man, the Count (she had no reason to doubt his title), was in the train of the aged creature on whom she had waited. He had, perhaps, caught the bronze glint in her brown eyes. At all events, he had seized her as she passed through the hall with Lady Wilhelmsohn's nocturnal hot-water bottle. She had struck him... She looked again at the nobleman, who was bending over Elsie affectionately, and wondered if he had pierced the "East Lynne" disguise. Apparently not.

Mayme, with her wig in peril of instant dislodgement, through an agitated scratch now and then, sat down in an alcove to think—and think quickly. She must not let that poor little fish swallow that fellow's bait, and if she didn't do something to protect the minnow, the fisherman would have the girl landed in a month, a week, a day! It was alarming.

Her initial impulse was to walk quietly to Mrs. Von Puyster; ask her for a private interview, and explain forcefully and graphically the man's nature and her former clash with him in the Wilhelmsohn home. But meditation con-vinced her that her exposé probably would be thought "telling"—and untrue. Not only would she give the wary Count warning; she would lose her place. And that she didn't want to do. ... Somehow she liked the Von Puysters. Now that boy was really awfully ingratia-tion...
Days passed, as days will do, in the Von Puyster household. Her employer
was well pleased with her; Elsie sold, but in vain for her "nice Count," and
Jimmie, well--Jimmie was really the greatest boy in the world. He didn't
drink at all, and he was attentive and respectful, and, yes, she would say it.
lovable.

"Call me up at the office tomorrow," he had whispered to her in the garden
that night. "I've something of most tremendous importance to tell you."

Did she call him up? She took the receiver from the hook with a gesture of
grace when the correct moment had come, but before she could say "Filbert
3810-W." his number, she heard other voices, pitched in that suspiciously low
tone that, on the telephone, suggests a plot.

Now, Mayme was honorable, but she listened. She had her reasons. The
mumble of the voices went on:

"Your mother is quite mistaken--"

"A perfect tyrant, and she--"

"Yes, yes, at my apartment tonight."

He gave the address, and there was a concluding click. Elsie's intrepid lover
had hung up.

While Mayme is in a study browner than her eyes, we switch our scene to the
exterior of the house, where "The Buzzard," otherwise Grover Raleigh, is pac-
ing restlessly up and down.

"The Buzzard" was a reporter, not the stage variety, and not the moving picture
sort, either. He was a regular chap, and any one who suggested that he car-
rried a note-book or made marks on his cuffs during an interview had to face an
anger no less real than rough-neck. He had been tipped off by a friend in the
social purlieus of the truth that there was "something likely to be doing around old lady Von
Puyster's in the matrimonial line." He had seen the Count's discomforted exit
some time before, and today, having lost his last two bits in a crap game, he was
lolling, in the hope that a story might eventuate.

The day wore on, and the sun began to think about going down, and Grover got
grouchy--damnably so. He was just on the point of trotting over to his favorite
hash-house when he saw Miss Von Puyster, whom he recognized in spite of her

Meanwhile, in the palatially, yet somewhat garishly furnished rooms above, be-
longing to the Count, a scene worthy of the pen of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth
was being staged. Scatter-brained Elsie, according to her suitor's telephoned de-
mands, had fluttered to his chambers without letting any of her family know
that she was going. But, as the kind (as well as attentive) reader does know, the
providential Miss Spevyn had overheard the assignation arranged. She was not
mute, nor was she inactive thereafter. Without even a hasty glance mirror-
ward, to assure herself that the matronly make-up was in place, she had made
known Elsie's folly; and the depravity of the Count, in an unsigned note to her
patroness. Mrs. Von Puyster, displaying an agility little less than unparalleled
for one who smoked salta forty times a day, and had the "vapors" when anything
went wrong with her pet Chow's menu, had emulated her daughter, insofar as
auto-hopping was concerned, as "The Buzzard" already was aware.

Mayme, feeling flurried and anxious, in spite of the warning she had given "that

(Continued on page 24.)
The Weakness of Strength

By JOHN REGAN

In the rippling breast of the great Moose River, on a quiet April morning, the sun glittered and shifted with a thousand tints and tones. Warmth had just begun to permeate the air; the birds in faraway forests became vocal with the impulse of Spring, and a Southern wind, rich with scents from the spices, cameushing up that way. In all natural manifestations, there was a suggestion of the reawakening of a glad newness of things, of bright, brief time dedicated each year to the soul of man who is master of things.

But in the little knot of humanity on the lither bank of the moving waters no such emotion seemed discernible. They were loggers (to judge from their dress, which was rough, yet picturesque in a way) and their broken sentences, colliding and conflicting, indicated that the Spring day had, for them, no happiness.

"Gaynor's bought..." "I know; he got the mill, and..." "No, but he bought the rights of way-water, too, but..."

"Rollin', because he believes in monop..." "Damn ole Charley Watson, anyhow, for sellin'..." "He had to; was up against it."

And so the disjointed, by no means, silent, air, and had the spirit of the river been listening she could have pieced together, with little difficulty, the sordid and cruel stroke of a man, a man of genius, a stroke business-like in its lack of regard for human rights, which was to deprive many other men of their dinner bread.

For Daniel Gaynor was born to be master of things. In his cradle he had snatched at his nurse's knitting needle with the peremptoriness of a boy-king clarity. At the cheap school, to which his evenly cheap parents had grudgingly sent him, he had lorded it right mightily over his weaker playmate; in his attitude toward the girls he had been cunningly harsh and yet, withal, flattering. From the man's infancy the red line of domination had been plainly apparent in the grey weave of his destiny. A strong man, and to be feared.

Watson, the original owner of the rights to the Moose way, had never availed himself of his rights to enrich himself considerably. He had been a gentle fellow, perhaps too gentle, thought some of the men, as bitterly pondered their problem on the silent banks of the stream. Possibly at his own cost he had seen to it that they were well clothed and fed, and that their children had ample of warmth and victuals.

How different now! Just at this juncture, there was a start from the loungers, who saw, to their astonishment, their timberomoes come shooting briskly forward by the river. Evidently some hardy spirit had decided to defy the iron-willed Gaynor. Excitement prevailed, and it was only when Bill Jackson, a more than ordinarily intelligent and poised individual, arrived on the spot that they learned the logs were his.

"By G—!" exclaimed Jackson, "I intend to show that —what's what around here, and whether he can step in from nowhere and deprive honest men like ourselves of their rightful living.

It was curious how suddenly a vivid phenomenon swept the gathering, and there were sullen mutterings and half-heard oaths that denoted the coming storm.

At this moment afar off could be seen the tall figure of a strong and stately man approaching. It proved to be Gaynor himself, who had come to see that no trespass had marred his orders. With him came a half score assistants and henchmen, apparently unarmed, but with suspiciously bulging back pockets.

When the big man met his mandate had gone, nothing, purple knots strained at his brow, and his tremendous hands clenched involuntarily. But he merely asked quietly to whom the calm procession of logs belonged. Someone told him. Without another syllable, he turned suddenly and struck Jackson to the ground. Then, wiping his massy pawst daintily, he said: "Anyone who disobeys my orders hereafter will have to face the consequences." Then he left a cowed yet rebellious group to watch his withdrawal, the henchmen of the powerful Gaynor, talling sardonically to the other outlaws, especially men whom he considered beneath him in intellect and physical power (and there was none superior to him in either class thereabouts) Gaynor cared less than a shaving from one of his own logs. But there was a person living in the neighborhood, for whose good will he would have given one of those brawny arms. She was a slim, straight, girl-like thing, this Mary Alden, whose flower-like features and clear parlor had exercised so much enchantment on the rough superman. Living quietly in what he termed her "little marble manse" (it was really of limestone), Mrs. Alden, a widow, sought rest and refreshment from volumes of the best English poetry—Herrick, Donne and Crashaw—when her work was done. She, too, like her rougher neighbors, had to earn a living, though a fate worse than death had decreed not the loom or the distaff for her. She taught the village school. She had one daughter, Bessee, a wistful, great-eyed little body, with considerable of her mother's subtle witchery, but she lacked the elder woman's superb command and silencing quietude. For Bessee was very young.

Gossiping tongues were not slow in bringing to the widow's ears the tale of bestial supremacy on the water front, and when Gaynor made his bi-weekly call at "the marble manse" on Thursday night, there was a lowering look in her grey eyes that either did not, or did not choose, to read aright.

"What's the matter, girle?" the Titanic suitor asked, after she had sat silent through his usual recital of his ambitions, his hopes for a vast future, awash with gold and honor, and his desire to move to the city. There was infrequently occasion to speak of her.

There was no flushing in the quiet grey eyes when the response came, nor was there theatricality of bearing or a raised voice. But he cringed unconsciously under the cutting evenness of those reproaches—reproaches made more bitter to him because she permitted herself so little personal contact.

"You come here frequently, Dan, and you talk a great deal about yourself. On that account I do not blame you, for you are a strong man, and will mount mightily because of that strength. But strength is not a self-reded elevation, it is gift from a greater power. You have cruelly mistused that strength, Dan, and I tell you now that until you realize and repent your rashness and folly I can have nothing more to do with you."

Wrung and tossed by a wind of emotion, the man fell on his knees before her—but with unwobbled head. The floodgaes of his argumentativeness were loosened, and he poured out a torrent of casuistry, determined to convince her of the right of his viewpoint and also of his love.

But, with the faintest gesture of finality, Mrs. Alden rose from her Morris-chair, and went into her bedroom. There was nothing for it but to go. He went, with a strangled resolution to ask her again to marry him in the morning.

Unfortunately next week conditions had become so intolerable among the men that Gaynor felt "extra steam" as he said necessary. The loggers were told that they had the alternative from now on of disciplining themselves or putting themselves before the boss at the lowest price in local history, or of quitting his employ. Frequent and brutal encounters between the rival forces occurred. The culmination came when Gaynor, se

Photo-Play Topics

By EDNA HONDNESS

In magazines we always read departments of most different theme, from drama to the actor's art, each writer's hand indicates a part. The "Answer Man" with humor views the monop. for devotees and vague queries of people whom he never sees. The "Editor's Mail" holds many a tale, of vim and life and pleasure, of fancies wild andbrimming tide of wary notes to weather. The poet too must not pass, who teaches us in rhythmic mass, the beauties of the filmed romance, he typifies as love and chance. And then the critic has a stand where reams and reams of paper, struggle hard to win regard, for players' sighs and capers. The laud gesture must be there, whose heralded poise and charm, enthrall the fan and hold the ban of the public's "favorite" title balm. Each one a corner occupies, in some like fancied bosoom, thus fiction lovers' "ifs" and "whys" command authentic system.

(Continued on page 25.)
Dustin Farnum, the Pallas-Paramount star. Dustin is "dustin" his new roadster in which he will cross U. S. A. from East to West.

This trio of blue ribboners will be seen in a coming Triangle release. William Desmond and his thoroughbred bulldogs are inseparable friends.

These two typical tiny stars are twinkling brightly in the celluloid skies at the William Fox Studio. Jane is the older of the Lee sisters. Katherine is the other.

"A Real Tigress and Her Real Tigers." No, we agree with you, she is inappropriate for catlike roles. Reason: Laughing Louise Cluym is too sweet—and so are her kittens.
SNAPSHOT OF CELEBRITIES

She comes to the studio in a taxi. Naturally she loves her work. This pretty American girl is Marguerite Clark, a valuable asset of the Famous Players Company.


This osculatory demonstration by Hayward Mack and Gertrude Astor has passed the scrutiny of the censor, notwithstanding recent efforts to banish this form of screen affection.
Dustin Farnum, the Pallas-Paramount star. Dustin in "dustin" his new roadster in which he will cross U. S. A. from East to West.

INTERESTING PHOTO-PLAYCELEBRITIES

This trio of blue ribboners will be seen in a coming Triangle release. Willing, Scott and his thoroughbred buldog are irresistible fades.

A Reel Tigress and Her Reel Tigers. No, we agree with you, she is appropriate for Leslie role. Reasons: Laughing Louise Glenn is too sweet-nosed to see her kittens.


These two typical tiny stars are twinkling brightly in celluloid skies at the William Fox Studios. Here is the older of the Las sisters. Katherine is the other.

A Reel Tigress and Her Reel Tigers. "No, we agree with you, she is appropriate for Leslie role. Reasons: Laughing Louise Glenn is too sweet-nosed to see her kittens.


The osculatory demonstration by Hayward Nash and Gertrude Astor has passed the scrutiny of the censor, notwithstanding recent efforts to banish this form of screen affection.
How I Became A Photo-Player

By WILLIAM FARNUM

I have just completed acting in "Fires of Conscience," my seventeenth film production. Allowing three "takes" to each scene, this would make approximately 225,000 feet of celluloid, or nearly forty-five miles, in the two years in which I have been in the photoplay.

These statistics mean work, and they answer two questions: Why I went into moving pictures and how I became a photoplay star. I left the stage because I thrive on work, and I've certainly had my share of it in the silent drama, but I like it. I was tired, but never happier than during the recent weeks in the California mountains when I had to go before the camera shortly after seven in the morning, and be ready for work up to midnight, because night scenes were imperative.

The motion and I celebrate our birthdays together, and I'm proud of the doubleheader. Whistles were blowing, bells ringing and people cheering when I was born, July 4, 1870. People were rejoicing throughout the length and breadth of the United States — and all because I had been fortunate enough to pick the natal day of the country for my own.

The celebration was particularly glorious in the city of my birthplace. It was almost in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument that I came into the world, and my eyes, opened for first time, gazed on my father, "Dusty" Farnum, a famous layer of the day, and a city draped in American flags.

After a few years in the Hub, my parents moved to Buckport, Maine. There I acquired two things — the usual education accorded to children and the ability to operate on a cornet. My musical achievements brought me my first taste for fame. I have tried to live it down, but I must confess that my proudest moment in youth was when I was appointed to the coveted position of leading cornetist in the Buckport Silver Cornet Band.

Then we returned to Boston. My father had a stock company in the Academy there, and as a birthday present on my fourteenth anniversary, he presented me with the role of Lucius. My theatrical education was begun. It was continued through more

(Continued on page 31.)

By LILLIAN WALKER

My debut in motion pictures was the result of my seeking a way out of a dilemma. I have been on the screen only a few years. Before that I was, when one considers my tender years, a figure somewhat widely known on the vaudeville stage. However, it was a period of great uncertainty on the circuit. Engagements were too slack — there was more "laying off" than playing. Between engagements I did a good deal of posing for artists for subjects of an ideal nature — cover-page types and so forth. For casual employment this work paid me particularly well, but — it was casual. Some weeks I made good money, and in other weeks there was little posing to be done. Therefore it was plain to me that the thing was as precarious, in a way, as the vaudeville game. Even if one does get $2.50 to $3 an hour for posing, and some days put in four hours at it, the fear of not obtaining work the next day or the next week becomes uncomfortable. It was then that my thoughts turned to motion pictures.

I knew very little about motion pictures. That is, I knew very little about the practical side of them. But I was very well acquainted with the general subject, from watching the screen, and I counted myself one of the most devoted "fans" of Florence Turner. Her work in comedy-dramas seemed to me to be the perfection of motion picture art, and away down deep in my soul I wanted to be like her. Artistry such as hers was completely to my taste. I wondered if it were possible that, with my stage experience and the praises my ringlets and dimples had been given by the artists, I might find also a place on the motion picture screen.

Being harried with the necessity of securing some permanent employment, I twisted up my courage to explore the possibilities.

My first inquiry met with encouragement and disappointment. It was at Vitagraph that I applied, because this was the company for which Miss Turner was playing. Upon my visit there I carried a number of the most flattering photographs of myself that I could gather, and they were shown to Commodore Blackton. He liked them, and he approved what facts I was able to present

(Continued on page 31.)
THE SUMMER GIRL

By DELBERT E. DAVENPORT

RAY of sunshine with a broad streak of mischief and an undying love for genuineness—thus characterized Anderson.

Blessed with opulence and accustomed to getting out of life just exactly what she wanted, there could never be any effectual staying her in her proclivity for living a free, open life of unalloyed bliss, and hence our Mary captivated the boat of staid convention at will, much to the grave concern of her ambitions match-making mother, whose chief thought was to make a socially advantageous marriage for her sportive daughter.

It was the good, old summertime at a great summer resort that Mary started making her presence most felt to her family. It was all started by an accident in which Mary slipped from a bridge into the cool waters of a stream, drenching her attire and making it impossible for her to return to her hotel for the nonce. She hastened to the adjacent cabin of Mrs. Barrows, a washwoman who supplied her with a flaxen dress, a bit tattered and abnormally patched, to wear while she was laundring her own fine dress. Unable to contain her patience in the interim, the girl slipped out of the cabin and hied away to the very pool of water in which she had plunged a few minutes before. One gaze at the cool, inviting waters destroyed her power of resistance and stirred up her elfish disposition and within a twinkling she had discarded most of her habiliments and dived into the stream for a quiet little swim.

On the yonder side of a row of bushes, which partially screened the stream, had just settled Bruce Haldeman, a debonair young artist, who with his paints and easel had started another day of strenuous efforts to realize his life-long ambition of making it by painting a masterpiece, quite unaware of the fact that he had literally walked into the jaws of Fate and was on the verge of an extraordinary adventure.

He had little more than filled his pipe and placed it in his mouth when one shrill feminine scream caused him nearly to swallow the whole outfit out of sheer astonishment. That little scream came from Mary, who after discovering the presence of a strange man was in the act of trying to get to her clothes on the opposite side of the stream without making a commotion when a chesty bullfrog crossed her path, occasioning the fright the one scream expressed. Innately enough, Haldeman lost little time in investigating and his first glimpse on the other side of the bushes convinced him that it was high time to be held to the strict accountability of a gentleman.

"You mustn’t look," a sweet, appealing voice yelled, and promptly the young man gave only a cursory glance when upon the girl made quick work of getting to her clothes and donning them. She was just in the act of making her hasty getaway when she was confronted by an infuriated bull, and once more she screamed. Young Haldeman instinctively rushed to her rescue and he saved her life by driving away the beast, which sought to get at the red dress she wore. The repetition of mishaps had unloosed Mary’s copious supply of ire, and she was too mad to even thank her hero. When the latter essayed to offer her condolence she flew at him in a rage and pursued the tactics of a gladiator, but the normal man in Haldeman had been aroused and he refused to submit to such cavalier treatment.

"A service rendered deserves a reward," he smilingly told the girl, as he grabbed her and stole a kiss in spite of her ferocious struggling.

For this he received one vigorous slap in the face, and the next instant he witnessed a startling transformation in the manner of the girl. She had mentally come to the realization that the man could not know of her high station in life because of the shabby raiment she wore. She liked his looks and admired his masterful strength, and so on the impulse of the moment she decided on the mischievous plan of concealing her identity behind the dress and to derive all the fun possible out of the situation it would develop.

Boldly she took Haldeman to the cabin and introduced the washwoman as her mother, much to the consternation of the latter, who was unaware of the girl’s mischievous scheme, but it did not require many seconds for her to come to understand that it behooved her to fall into the spirit of whatever was going on, and so she assisted Mary with a vengeance in the work, making it as uncomfortable as possible for Haldeman, who had been drenched to the skin in swimming across the stream to save the girl from the bull.

Once she had him settled in the lovely cabin, which she claimed as her home, Mary wrapped him in blankets, poured hot tea down him and forced him to submit to a hot foot bath to avoid the possibility of contracting a cold. But all her solicitude was actuated by a desire for revenge. She had not forgotten the kiss he had stolen, and she could not forget it. She must get even, and this was her method of accomplishing that retaliation. Ignorant of her motive and believing she was only anxious to look out for his welfare, Haldeman sat in a mist of steam and sweated in perfect good nature, much to the delectation of the revengeful maiden.

Moreover, in spite of his great discomfort, Haldeman had plenty of mind with which to become deeply impressed with Mary. Her freedom, her wholesomeness and her gay spirits captured him heart and soul almost from the inception, but she seemed so uneducated and so lacking in knowledge of the rudiments of deportment that he felt sure the greatest favor he could confer as a starter would be to volunteer to improve her lore in payment for her posing as “Smiling Nature,” a picture she inspired in his mind. This arrangement was agreed upon, and as a consequence for days they met by the stream and with Mary as his model the young artist painted his greatest picture. Mary was manipulating things with consummate skill, keeping up appearances in her fineries at the hotel and simultaneously making her celestial trips to the stream, always stopping at the cabin to don the old clothes before meeting the artist.

As the painting of the picture progressed Haldeman’s love developed with it, and he wedded the girl with all the repressed passion in his soul, and she still tantalizing him and piled up the revenge that she felt was due her for the effrontery he displayed in stealing that one kiss. When she complained of her poverty as a barrier to their love, he exhibited a frank cruelty by saying that wealth meant nothing, and that the poor are as
Mary resented Addison’s advances, and when he tried to overwhelm her physically, she screamed for help and fought him like a fiery little wild-cat. Haldeman heard her cries, dropped his picture and he reached the scene in time to release his sweetheart from the embrace of the young man strange to him, and he accomplished this in such a vigorous manner that Addison landed several feet away in the bushes, and experienced some difficulty in extricating himself. 

Prompted, Addison hastened back to the hotel and reported to Mrs. Anderson, Mary’s mother, that he had found her daughter in the hands of a bumbling lover, who had inveigled her to a boathouse in a boat to have a look at her. He explained that he had valiantly tried to protect the girl, but that the “gang” was too much for him. Mrs. Anderson lost little time in getting into her automobile, dragging Addison with her to direct the way, and she arrived at the cabin shortly after Haldeman had left to reclaim his picture. She found Mary in the tattered clothes that she was wont to wear in Haldeman’s presence, and she was intensely shocked. She commanded Mary to get into the automobile and to take a seat beside the enraged Addison, and drove her back to the hotel.

Haldeman, from the distance, had witnessed some of the scene, and he hurried back to the cabin, plying the washwoman with questions as to the meaning of the strange scene. The poor, frightened soul made the unpardonable mistake of telling him the facts in the case in her own artless, brutal way.

“Was it all only a joke?” she said. “She’s a rich young lady; that was the fine fellow she do be after marryin’ some day.”

It would have been difficult for the washwoman to have dealt Haldeman a more painful blow. His dreams of happiness were shattered by a single phrase. “All a joke,” he muttered to himself, and that was the most heart-rending phrase he had ever heard.

Hurt, belittled and miserable, a great bitterness settled over him and he stumbled back to the spot where he dropped his kit, found her wonderful picture smiling up from the ground where he dropped it, and in an outburst of rage he was about to destroy it, when his better nature spoke and his hand was withheld from sacrilege. He can no longer see beauty in it. His greatest art became only a mockery to him. Ambition died within his breast and he went sadly to his city studio and placed the picture in a remote corner, vowing to never look upon it again.

In the meantime Mary was hauled up before her father in a family council by her tract mother, and she was ruthlessly chided for her escapade. Her mother would not hear her explanations of Addison’s unmanly part in the whole affair. The mother had set her head on Mary becoming the wife of that very man, and she refused to brook the slightest disparaging remarks concerning him. Mary’s father was deeply disturbed by the incident. He was not prone to share in his wife’s austerity, and when finally he encountered Mary in the library of their home one night, when she slipped out of her boudoir in her silken pajamas and kimono, he quickly succumbed to her wiles and consented to accompany her that very instant to Haldeman’s studio to determine for himself the exact status of the man her daughter confessed she loved.

While this was all transpiring, Haldeman suffered the tortures of the damned in his lonely studio. The summer girl of his dreams haunted him and there was the picture to keep him constantly reminded of his unhappy experiences. In the course of the evening his Bohemian friends visited him to celebrate his return from the country, and among those callers was Katheryn Green, known as the angel of the studios, and who was a professional model fostering a secret love for Haldeman, but his obvious lack of reciprocity had always held her in check. With true feminine intuition she noted the young artist’s dejection, and she astutely concluded the subject of the picture she saw in the corner of the studio was the cause. Therefore, out of both jealousy and curiosity she lingered after the others had gone. Her demands to know who the “new siren” is precipitated a quarrel which ends with Haldeman de-
The next instant she realized that she had betrayed her true love in this torrent of words, and a shyness swept over her. Grabbing up her uniform of love, she ran out of the room and back to her own boudoir, where she buried herself in her pillows laughing and crying in mortification.

Downstairs, Anderson struggled to maintain his pose of enraged dignity as Haldeman’s face grew radiant at Mary’s defense.

“At least you have made her love you, and I challenge you to prove yourself worthy of her love,” the father continued, undismayed.

“Love her?” the young man asked, and then changed his voice to one of positive reply. “Why, I idolize her—I worship her.”

“Wait,” the father ordered; “the worst is yet to come.”

Then he summoned his wife and Addison, announcing that he had called them all together to impart some important news and to make a proposition.

“I am sorry to tell you that through unexpected misfortunes in business I am absolutely penniless, and I must marry my daughter off in order to secure a son-in-law to support the family,” he announced, gravely.

Addison at once saw the blast of all his gilded dreams, a shattering of all his prospects. In a vision he saw himself tied up with an inexperienced wife and with an expensive family on his hands. Haldeman saw the breaking of the last barrier of wealth and position between himself and his beloved one.

“Thank God,” he murmured softly as he dreamed of a humble though happy little home in which Mary ruled for him.

Anderson summoned Mary from upstairs next. Mary by this time had regained her old-time love of mischief, and she discarded her nun’s dress for the old, tattered, red one in which she had romanced with Haldeman in the country. Laughing gaily, she tripped into the room in which the final chapters of her ro-

(Continued on page 25.)
T WAS August and high noon in Trevose when Petie, the sawdust, blotted the temporary transfiguration from his flushed forehead and spat energetically into a mound of newly-made hay. Leaning on the sturdy handle of the pronged fork the temporary hay-tosser flashed the high silvery rays of his contemporary laborer, and waited for the short and corpulent disciple of the soil to totter toward his place of rest, which was a cluster of scrub oaks at the west end of the field.

“Would you rather pitch hay than work?” asked Petie of his flushed comrade as they rested and munched on the lunch prepared by the madam of the farm.

“Why, ain’t this work?” asked the fleshy John as he slitted his eyes and bit viciously into a tough ham sandwich.

Before the subject could be carried on any further Petie suddenly jumped high into the air and shrieked, at the same time waving his newspaper hilariously.

The astounded Johnny seized his excised seat by the seat of the transfiguration and forced him to annex himself to the grass again.

“Did a bee sting you here under the tree—or where did he sting you?” demanded Hall, as he punted heartily into the small backbone of Petie.

“If you’re looking like this as if a member of the hymenopterous tribe had penetrated my flesh in search of honey?”

“No, you hardly would,” slowly gasped Johnnie, as a puzzled expression crept into his knitted eye-brows.

“Look this over,” invited Petie, as he thrust the crumpled metropolitan sheet into the grimy hands of the adipose one.

In the legal column there appeared an advertisement seeking Peter Supplee, an heir to a Chicago fortune. ‘The notice was clearly put forth and before Johnnie had perused the ad a half a dozen times it dawned upon him that the young man wanted was none other than the tall, lean youth who shared with him the ups and downs of everyday existence. For several years the two had labored as bank clerks side by side, and each summer spent an exhilarating fortnight at the Trevose farm. Many times Petie had mentioned a rich uncle in Chicago, but Johnnie, being overburdened with flesh, never allowed any tales of this savior to penetrate his happy-hearted head.

“Well, what of it?” bluntly demanded Johnnie. “Tell me. Has Petie with a new born antagonism and, it might be added, deference such as one pays to a superior. "Oh, nothing, except we are going to Chicago at once," and Petie arose and shook his long, lean and lanky frame violently.

“That means, too?” earnestly asked the heavyweight, as he ponderously and painfully rested his two hundred pounds of avoidoips on his feet.

Petie nodded his assent, and the ex-bank clerks, unfilled of the scorching rays of the midday sun, hurried to the farmhouse.

II.

Benjamin Epileptic Fts, the be-sected attorney, rubbed his oily palms together with evident satisfaction. Complimenting himself on his own perspicacity, he chuckled: “Another good business deal completed successfully and I am $100,000 richer thereby. It was easy to interest these two young fools in worthless Western ranch which came into my hands in lieu of cash for fees of $238, almost as easy as it was to make the amount $23,800 and sell it to this young Petie Supplee for $9300.”

In the meantime our heroes are speeding westward with visions of horses, elephants and goats which they expect to find on El Reposo, the soothing name applied to the ranch which they bought from the Chicago lawyer with Petie’s inheritance. For then neither their destination the lads were feverish with anxiety.

“Me for another meal,” Johnnie Hall announced as he lumbered off to the dining car. Petie dozed and awaited his return.

As the train approached a small junction the leather-hunged conductor announced the name of the station in a terriified tone of voice:

“Hall’s Crossing! Hall’s Crossing!”

Petie awakened suddenly and sprinted to the restaurant. “My Gawd,” he exclaimed, “who cut Hall?” Finding Johnnie far from being mangled, in back of a roast chicken and happy as the proverbial lark, in the information that the next station was their destination.

As the train pulled out of Paradise the ill-starred name of the shack on the desert, Johnnie the stot and Petie the lean gazed over the uninviting landscape.

“Where cash,” Petie thoughtlessly de-cided, and Petie agreed, although neither of the two had ever lived in St. Louis and, of course, didn’t realize how far mistaken they were.

Inquiring at a nearby ranch the Eastern lads learned that their property was twelve miles west of the railroad. Securing a pack mule and a goat, the downcast pair marched on to El Reposo.

It was a pathetic scene when Petie and Johnnie realized that they had been hoodwinked out of their wealth by the unscrupulous Fts.

“We’re broke!” dolefully drewled Petie as he turned his pockets inside out.

“Nothing in the world left,” declared Johnnie, and as if suddenly hit by a pair of fresh onions, tears trickled down his cheeks. They both began to cry, and sobbed in unison: “A goat—a mule—two return tickets—some grub—and a life insurance policy. That’s all we have in the wide, wide world.” Far be it from us to expand upon this sad scene. Gentle reader, just picture yourself in the same condition. Yes; it is sad to contemplate.

It never rains unless it pours, for when Petie and Johnnie ran out of tears they returned to find that the goat had eaten their return tickets for lunch, and was just preparing the life insurance policies for dessert. That night, while they were bunking their head and feet, the goat and the mule, with all the provisions on its back, took French leave.

“Alone on the plains,” mused Petie sadly.

“With Fts: stranded to die of starvation and thirst,” added Johnnie.

“If Fts were only here,” suggested Petie, as his eyes glinted dangerously, “I’d—”

He never finished his resolution as the boys were paralyzed with amazement when the screams of a woman in peril tore big holes in the atmosphere.

“Ghosts,” they exclaimed in unison, and then simultaneously: “No, it’s a woman calling for help.

The sound was located in a cabin at the edge of the range, and as the intrepid youths cut the distance by quickened pace, gruff voices could be made out in the process of an argument. Without a moment’s hesitation, Petie dived through the door and Johnnie arrived on the scene of the disturbance through the window. A swarthy Mexican and a dissipated American were the male occupants of the room, who were apparently bent upon robbing the owner of the opposite sex. The unwelcome intruders, Petie, and his pal, found themselves flirting with the undertaker. The greaser advanced toward Petie with an evil-looking knife and was about to sink the blade into the tall Mr. Supplee when the ever observant Johnnie flew at him from the rear and bit his ear off as clean as a whistle. The dusky one naturally resented this action, and a free-for-all was the result. During the course of the battle-royal Petie noted that a fork had been carelessly left on the table. Parrying swiftly he seized the instrument and as Johnnie vigorously kicked Pedro on the shins Pedro advanced from the rear and sank the prongs deep into the valiant son of Mexico. Johnnie kicked him again on the ankles, so hard this time that he fell unconscious with a fractured skull. The two gatling guns then gave their husky countryman undivided attention.

All other efforts proving fruitless, Johnnie conceived an idea which he put into execution as their antagonist dashed madly at Petie. Hall tickled him suddenly and hard. The brute was ticklish and at once jumped higher than the ceiling, bumped his head against the boards and landed in a crumpling heap on the dirt floor. Before turning to the girl whom they had rescued Petie took out his handkerchief and asked Johnnie whether he would rather do this work or not. But John was already busily engaged against the boards and landed in a crumpling heap on the dirt floor. To avoid him, I got off at the small way station above the ridge and
sought refuge in this cabin. My scape-grace husband, with this strange Mexican, found me and Flossie's care forching the three stranded Easterners began a search for a ranch among the hills south of the low cluster of hills which sprang up as a barrier to the setting sun. Leaving the vanquished villains to their own pleasure, Flossie and Johnnie soon discovered a sheep herder's house, where they were given a home until they were able to return to their home in the East.

III.

Devil's Lick was the appropriate appellation attached to the coarse settlement a few miles from the Woods' ranch, where our three friends had been making their home for the past three months. The town consisted of a jail, eight saloons, a dozen gambling houses and four dance halls. In addition, there were a few stores and a score of dwellings rudely constructed—much after the style of the occupants. Flossie had secured a position as piano player in one of the halls and Petie with his stout friend Johnnie, realizing the conditions surrounding her there, appointed themselves as self-constituted guardians. So it was with fear that our heroes observed the schemes of one Steve Barton, a gambler, to lure Flossie from the straight and narrow into the primrose path.

"Where is Flossie?" demanded Petie as he raced out of the dancing pavilion and crashed into Johnnie.

"I just saw her and that French girl, Bess, crossing the Boulevard with Barton and Slater."

"You fool! Why didn't you tell me sooner?" demanded Petie as he hastened after Flossie. Before the desperate lovers were able to carry out their plans and elope with the unsuspecting girls, Petie and his friends saved Flossie from total perdition and, weeping copiously, he escorted the repentant Flossie to the outhouse.

"There is only one way in which we can raise enough to send Flossie back to her people," suggested the inventive Pete Supplee, and "that is to immolate ourselves on the altar of self-sacrifice, and thus permit her to gather in the corn on our insurance policy."

"That's the quickest methods," agreed John Hall. "We will change the name on the policy and make Flossie the sole beneficiary."

"The best way to die is—"

"Fight each other to death and let the survivor kill himself."

Flossie was informed of the plan, and with tears and kisses the three pals parted, promising to meet each other in heaven.

The duel was not an artistic success. Volley after volley was fired, but the bullets bounced off their heads like rubber. Time and again the "martyrs" would fall, only to rise again. There is no method of computation to ascertain the possible duration of this battle had not a very unexpected thing happened.

Chester Hart and Pedro, fresh from a bank robbery, galloped up to the courageous pals and at the point of a .41 Colt demanded and received Pete's and Johnnie's clothing in exchange for the bandits' paraphernalia. Hardly had the transfer been completed before the posse arrived on the scene, and recognizing the outlaws despite the change of wearing apparel, gave chase over the hills until Chester and Pedro galloped off a lofty cliff and fell into the river.

Six months later our adventuresome subjects arrived at Chicago and secured positions in the Alberta Hotel as waiter and bus boy, respectively.

It was New Year's Eve and everywhere a sense of gaiety and happiness reigned supreme. The hotels were thronged with merry diners, who were preparing for the birth of a new year. At the fashionable Alberta, Benjamin Epileptic Fits had reserved a cluster of tables for the evening. He was prepared to celebrate his reconciliation with his daughter Flossie, who was enabled to execute the prodigal's return after securing the insurance money bequeathed to her by Petie Supplee and John Hall.

The big dinner was ready and the guests arrived, with Flossie leading the line.

"Petie, my darling!" she exclaimed as soon as she observed Supplee in the waiter's uniform.

"Flossie, my dear girl," was all the tall young man could utter as the beautiful golden-haired girl embraced him passionately.

"And Johnnie," she cried happily, kissing the bus boy a number of times, to the consternation of everybody, Johnnie excepted.

Ben Fits squirmed his way to the front and demanded an explanation. Petie and John recognized Fits at once, and they did not mince words in charging him with fraud.

"I am forced to think it's your pa, Flossie," said John, sighing softly.

Fits turned to the guests and bade them accept their chairs around the gaily be-decked table.

In the ante room Fits offered restitution to the lads and remorsefully presented each of them ten thousand-dollar check, and everyone became happy. The midnight chimes sounded a few minutes later and the glorious New Year was noisily welcomed with blaring trumpets, clanging bells and a deluge of confetti.

TO ENCOURAGE THRIFT

A practical method has at last been discovered in which thrift may be encouraged among the rank and file of our American citizens. It is in the form of a photo-play which is now being produced by the Vitagraph Company of Brooklyn, and it is welcomed by banking men everywhere as a happy solution to the present lack of economy among the middle classes. It was written by Irving S. Cobb, and is his first effort at photoplay writing. The title of the drama as yet has not been announced, the directors having decided to consider several appropriate names before the final selection. The photoplay is being produced with the auspices of the American Banker's Association, whose influence has secured the use of the United States Treasury and high officials of our government for the purpose of rendering the play impressive and realistic. The picture at left is one of the scenes and shows Lillian Walker, the dainty dimpled Vitagraph star in the heart of the U. S. Treasury, holding forty million dollars. On both sides renowned men are smiling into the camera. A notable fact in connection with the taking of these scenes was the enthusiasm and eagerness displayed by the financial heads of our government in assisting in making the extraordinary film an epoch-making contribution to the art of motion pictures.
stupid chit's mother," decided she had better see the thing through, and at the moment when the redoubtable reporter was climbing the gilded stairs of the Florentine, Miss Spelvin, flushed and panting, but still the possessor of two gorgeous brown eyes, was clambering over a slippery fire-escape in the rear of the same building.

Through the glass she saw the Count with his arms about Elsie, and she was about to break the pane and declare herself to the pair, when the expression on their faces changed, and the girl was pushed toward the window by the man. It all flashed on Mayme instantly; Mrs. Von Puyster was knocking at the door, and, "Heaven forgive me," mourned Mayme, "the old lady probably has brought the whole police force with her!" Elsie thrust up the window, giving a little cry when she saw Miss Spelvin, whom she just managed to recognize sans sable hair and specks.

"Oh, help me, help me!" she besought, whimpering. "Mother will never be deceived; she'll look for me here, as sure as fate."

She had not made her plea to any piker. It was Mayme's biggest moment of inspiration. "Climb down the fire-escape," she commanded, "and I'll tend to mother." The shivering maidens did as she was bid. In a flurry of faces she disappeared around the corner just as her brother entered the building by the front entrance. Before she began her limousine dash, Mrs. Von Puyster had telephoned him to meet her at the Florentine in fifteen minutes. "Vitaly important; good-by," was all she had said.

Four pairs of eyes, consequently, met Mayme's when she advanced from the window into the Count's sitting-room. The eyes of Mrs. Von Puyster blazed recognition, relief and horrified indignation; the eyes of the Count were filled with the stare of expectation of having to confront so suddenly the unimaginable; the eyes of "The Buzzard" were glittering with fun and mastery. . . . The other eyes did not say anything. They looked dead and pitiable.

But only for a minute. When Jimmie recovered his poise he ran forward and took Mayme in his taut arms. He held her fast as he searched those brown, bright eyes (you know how they do on the stage) and then pressed her to him with a fiercely gentle movement.

"Mother, you can't believe anything wrong of this young lady," he cried. "It seems to me she is self-converted," was the rejoinder, as the Chow-fancier swept from the room. The Count was draining high-ball glasses in a corner. His mind seemed virgin of ideas. Jim turned to the reporter, holding his fingers up to indicate "ten." A short nod, and the press' silence was purchased. (Of course, reporters say they don't do those things. He know they do.)

"And now, dear woman," murmured James, the Indomitable, "I'll take you to my father's mother. She'll be good to you—till I can. And that'll be soon." He bent over her, for Miss Spelvin had fainted.

* * * * *

Old Miss Flathers, Jimmie's aunt, was "queer," and so she did not much mind the queerness of others. She received the limp Mayme as if she had been Queen Mary on a tour of the British war hospitals.

Nor was she much surprised when, next morning, her sister-in-law and niece came to call. She did venture to ask them why, and, well, somnolent reader, we'll not work you up to another climax. If you've a grain of sense you know that Elsie had gotten remorse and insisted on clearing Mayme before the family en masse. After she had spilled her little beans and had her little weep she withdrew with Mrs. Von Puyster.

Mary Spelvin (for it seemed Jimmie didn't care for "Mayme") looked at her fiancé with a moist, brown eye, and convinced him again that she was the most remarkable woman in the world.

All she said was, "Well, Jim, I think you might mix me a Jack Rose. It'll steady my nerves and celebrate the engagement." Aunt Flathers ran for the cocktail shaker.

From the Triangle-Fine Arts five-part feature, Starring Norma Talmadge.
The Weakness of Strength

(Continued from page 14.)

rene but harried, was obliged to telephone for the sheriff and his deputies to protect his interests. It was no time for a cuta-

cative policy; the blood of the men was up; his own might be spilt at any moment. So
the mailed hand ruled in the village. Neitzsche would have smiled.

* * * * *

The leaden weeks dragged on. Gaynor, outwardly calm and poised, inwardly raged at the inability of his city employ-
erers to recognize such talents as he was wasting on their affairs. But he raged too soon; in a day came a long telegram, ciphered, congratulating him on his con-
trol of the "annoying suburban situation," and offering him the position, a highly fic-
tative one, of general manager in the city. He dashed through his answer, snappy and, hateless, and even without the au-
tomatic that had been his dus Adams for weeks, he ran, incoherently laughing and shouting, to "the marble maus." He
wrenched his news from his throat in quick gasps to Mrs. Alden, and then burst out:
"Don't you see, girl? This is your one chance of a lifetime. You can come to the city with me; live in a swell house, have all the servants you want, and give little Bess the sort of chances she ought to have. She's too good-looking a kid for these dig-
gings, and you, too, should be better situated than in this miserable dump. Say you'll come, girlie, and I'll be the happiest
man this side of the stars." He had for-
 gotten her reprimand of the other night.

They went to Pale. In dead silence, so that the old Dutch clock sounded like the clashing of monstrous bells, she pointed to the door. And Gay-

nor went out. He was angry at her "pig
headed" manner, at her contempt of his gift of
and its multiform miracles of power and
passion and possession fell on his spirit like holy oil. He would be a great man!

* * * *

At the city shipyards, Gaynor continued to walk the path his hands had formed.
Relentless, cruel, coldly certain, he cut wages right and left, sped up the work of all employees to an unbelievable degree, and, crowned with tyranny, exercised all the ferocity of a Roman emperor, but with no whins as his guides. Time-clocks sup-
planted the more hoary methods of check-
ing off; crippled employees and those on whom the finger of infamy had fallen were ruthlessly sent packing, and the vast machinery of a great plant ground golden dollars from flesh and blood too weary, half the time, to protest. It was a magni-

cent display of force.

Unwedded (for deep in what passed for his
heart, he had something like love for the
woman he had deserted in the mar-

tion of wealth) he drove his good deeper into souls staked tight. And the years went on, as years do, and made hard lines around his immobile mouth, and whitened here and there his shock of coal-black hair.

* * * *

Of course, he got it. The presidency of the big company had always been his ob-
ject, and he got it. But with what agonies of tyranny it was purchased. In the ten
years that had fled since he left the logging camps for the marts of the metropolis, he had climbed unceasingly. Now he was at
the top. There seemed no further place to which to ascend; yet his indomitable ambition drove him on.

As he sat, musing thus, in his opulent private office, there was a knock at the door, and his secretary informed him that
one of the young men employed in a cler-
cal capacity in the central plant wanted to
know if he might have a few words with Mr. Gaynor. The president of the firm asserted gruffly, and looked not too well pleased when Richard Grant, young, sen-
sitive-featured, and slender, edged in. Between some stammerings of embarrass-
ment, Grant got out that he was newly married, and needed money badly. Could Mr. Gaynor see his way clear to a small raise? Mr. Gaynor, with small ceremony, could not, and the next thing the timid clerk knew, he was on the other side of the
door.

It was cruel luck, he thought, and how was he to tell Bess, that slim, flower-like maiden, who had come from the lumber country to the city for work, and had found not that, but the path to his heart. She had been such a quaint, dear, ingra-

iating little thing that Dick had married her straight off, with a glow of the future. Now they were perfectly near pen-

milessness, although Bess's mother, a school teacher "back home" sent them five dollars now and then, and bought them to come and live with her in "marble magnificence," "you know," little Bessie would say with her trepidant smile. Then they would plan how they could make more money.

Misfortune, however, had decided oth-

erwise. The next week, old Mrs. Crossleigh, Richard's grandmother, fell desperately ill. Dick's dear little boy (for he was but twenty-five) "this is too bad." It proved to be more than too bad, for the aged woman needed medicines, costly nursing and the thousand small attentions that sensibility must have to live.

* * * *

When Bessie's baby was born, joy and 
grief wandered with woven hands through
the ill. The house was a paradise of ec-
stasy over the child, but—how could they feed this tiny mouth with their scant wages? He resolved to try again for a raise in salary from his steel-hard em-


ployer. But while he reached the forbid-
ding door no bell! "Please give this note to the
man secretary told him that Mr. Gaynor could not see him. He gave no reason.

As Dick was leaving that part of the
building, a fellow clerk halted him: "I heard about old Gaynor, I guess," he remarked.

"Yes, I can see that," Gaynor said, odd.

D  octor ordered him to the country for a spell. Wish to the devil he'd never come back." But Dick was not listening. A wild thought had struck him with the impact

of a bolt. Knowing Gaynor to be a stickler for personal supervision of his employees, he wondered if the telephone in his own office might not suffer, from some worker, who needed the money badly.

Gaynor's underling, who had charge of the ac-
touts, was ill, too. He, Dick, might—and with that, his thoughts began to stag-

ger and lean, like drunken men. After all, it was for his baby.

* * * *

Gaynor, despite the fact that he was genu-
inely ill, would go to but one place—his old logging centre. He was beginning to feel, from month to month, that Mrs. Alden was more imperatively necessary to him. It was solely with that object that he had made the tedious journey. He wondered if her polerics on justice and love of one's fel-


ows had had some shred of truth in them. He wavered.

(Continued on page 21.)

The Summer Girl

(Continued from page 21.)

It was told in a mantic story were being enacted, just after a telephone message had come an-

nouncing Haldeman's picture as the prize-

winner and applauding the young artist of the fact that his fortunes and fame had

been made. Mary's entry in the very

costume she wore while posing for Hald-

eman brought to his cheeks a flush of un-

bounded pride. He could scarcely re-

strain himself from her side and gathering her into his arms.

Anderson immediately turned to Addi-

son and told him that it was because of his superior social position that he gave him first chance at his daughter, but Add-

ison, with a sidly smile, refused to ac-

cept the girl.

"No poverty for me," he said. "The young lady is doubtless very charming: but—no poverty for me." And Addison made

swagering.

Then the father turned on Haldeman, and demanded to know what he intended to do now that he had gained fame and fortune and was occupying a station above a

"More than fame and freedom and all wealth above, I set the highest prize in

life as Love," was the pointed and rens-

urging reply of young Haldeman, and he
gathered the happy Mary into his arms for a volley of foot kisses. In fact, there were so many kisses and so much inter-

mingled cooing that neither of the young

lovers heard the triumphant father con-

ress to his wife that the tale of poverty was no. A rose to test the manhood of

Mary's two suitors.

From the photoplay of L. V. Jefferson.

* * * *

Harry Hilliard, "the handsomest man in movies," who played in "A Modern Thelma" in a little Georgia town for local color for William Fox, returned with much information about cotton.

"Paradoxical as it may appear, kerosene oil is the best liquid for putting out fire in a

bale of cotton," he said. "A cotton bale is so dense water will not penetrate, and burns at a low temperature that kerosene, in-

stead of igniting, soaks into the very heart of the fire and smothers it."
Lillian Drew in a Role New to the Public

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

T was the dinner hour. Rose-colored lights shone softly, alluringly against their black-and-white background. The orchestra played incessantly suffocatingly emotional music. Everyone, young, old, indifferent-aged danced between courses while the whole scented, sweeping, swirling atmosphere intoxicated one's soul. Chicago was dining out.

And then, from among the hurly-burly crowd of gesticulating people, one face, quiet, serene, attracted my attention. It was Lillian Drew. She was simply yet most fashionably dressed and wearing a rather large, black hat which rested becomingly against her golden head. But that which struck me as more unusual than anything else was the thinness of Miss Drew's complexion, that and the extraordinary clear blue of her eyes.

As I watched, I saw that she had eyes for no one except the exquisite fair-haired boy-child at her side. The music, the emotional dances, the scented atmosphere meant nothing to her. She was conscious only of the child seeing that he was receiving proper nourishment, was enjoying himself.

Lillian Drew, I thought to myself, and there flitted through my memory the many parts she has played on the screen, hoydenish maidens, shifty adventuresses, now and then a bare-foot country lass, and then I realized what a wonderful actress she must be to throw herself into those parts when with her whole heart she is enwrapped in the mother-role.

It will be many a long day before I forget that beautifully wholesome picture of real life, Lillian Drew, tall, deep-chested, golden-haired leaning over a little elf-lad, tow-headed as Miss Drew undoubtedly was as a child. To me it was Miss Drew's ideal real life, she is generally cast for heavy, dramatic roles. She joined the Essanay company in 1911, and has been with them ever since. Before that she appeared on the stage in musical comedies, dramas, that wonderful Night," "In the Palace of the King," and "Vultures of Society."

But as for me, I wish the public might see her in the lovable role I did, that of mothering little Billy.

Buffeting with Billy Garwood

(Continued from page 10)

But, you don't mean to say that you never receive letters of admiration?' I inquired.

'Sometimes,' he admitted, as he lighted a cigarette. 'But I receive just as many unfavorable ones. Some criticise my work in a certain picture, while others praise it. I read them all carefully. Those that criticise me I keep and read several times. I try to remember what they have said and seek to improve my work as a result.'

'Which do you prefer?' I asked.

'I am interested in everything: therefore my mail is enjoyable. But I value the ones that do not flatter,' he said thoughtfully. 'And I know by the expression on his countenance that he meant every word of it. For Billy Garwood is a serious student.

I recall a letter I received some time ago,' he began. 'It came from a married woman out West, who, it appeared, was more impressed with me and my work than was becoming to one who had domestic ties. She admitted having a good, loyal husband, who provided for all her needs, and, as a result of his labors, they possessed a good home and comfortable means. But she had become rather intimated with either my work or myself, and finished with a lot of heart-pourings. I answered it, and perhaps was too severe with her. But, at any rate, I gave her a good lecture and confided to her that I was considered the most brutal individual on earth by the four women who had divorced me, and that each of them had charged me with cruelty of the severest variety. I advised her to stick to her loyal husband, his home and his wealth, for I, like many others in my profession, would never appreciate her great sacrifice, should she decide to surrender all and come to my...

(Continued on page 29.)
ALICE BRADY
WORLD PICTURES
IN ANSWER TO YOURS—

FURNISHT RUMOR.—Hershal Mayall is with the Fox Company in their California studio. He was once a Gen player, which proves him on sale all in films. Dorothy Bernard is no longer with the Fox Company, although her husband, A. H. Van Buren is still Foxing.

SKEPTICAL LURVER.—If Charles Ray married Louise Glaum between eight o'clock in the evening and six in the morning, then “Honor Thy Name” (Kay-Bee-Triangle) you should inquire of J. G. Hawks, the author of the play. He may be able to name the town where marriage licenses are sold all night, and if it is near Philadelphia or Washington—let us know, too, why?

HOSTETTER’S SWEETS.—Mabel Condon is Los Angeles’ correspondent for the Dramatic Mirror (New York), and was once on the staff of Photograph, a pictorial paper published in Chicago. Lottie Pickford was leading lady in Pilot films in 1913.

CATTY KLEIN.—Dorothy Dalton was the wife of Lewis J. Cody, a former ince actor, but “not now” to plagiarize a popular cartoonist, George Beranger, has been acting under D. W. Griffith’s direction a number of years, but is no longer with him.

Dallas Anderson, after closing with Maud Adams in July, went into pictures for the sumptuous new picture show. Earl Foxe and Florence Lawrence played Bob and Flo respectively in “The Spender,” which is an old Victor 2-reel drama. Frank Bennett and Charles Craig played the clumsey friends of Bob in same.

EMMESER MARTIN.—Wilfred Lucas was in the Bison company in the early part of 1913. His company consisted of Harry Fisher, Ethel Grandin, Bess Meredith and a grandson of Madame Medjeska’s whose first name we do not remember. Florence Barker died about that time, and was a member of the Majestic Company.

KNITTY HOPKINS.—Herbert Brenon has left the Fox employ. Hawthorne’s ‘Scarlet Letter’ was produced by him in 1913. We think that the “Jean Palette” given as leading man opposite Anna Luther in Selig’s “The Scarlet Lady” released in three parts, is Cene Palette, now with Griffith. You might write him and ask, if sufficiently interested!

DR. THROCKMORTON.—John Emerson is directing Mary Pickford for the Artcraft Company, and left the Triangle employ for that engagement. “East Lynne” was filmed once by Thanousker. James Cruze and Flo La Badie played the leads. It was before you ever heard of Theda Bara—January 26, 1912, to be exact.

VLADIMIR VOKSA.—Seldom do photoplay writers become intimate with the soldiery unless seeking data for the construction of military scenarios. You are fortunate indeed to have registered so heavily with the writer—and in uniform, too! Oh, my! Yes, he is quite well known.

C. E. MORRIS.—Mary Alden played leads with Ramo in 1913. Ramo was a brand founded to produce and release on the Mutual program when that was first formed.

DAN LIVINGSTONE.—We know of no barbers with a place as the director of a 2-reel company and then revealed their thieving start, but there are several actors named “Barber” or “Barbie.” The American Film Company had its beginning there for some years Santa Barbara is its present field, and it is in California.

BEATRICE AND ELAINE.—The A. E. Walsh in the cast of “The Stranger” (Imp.), released in 1913, with King Baggot in the lead, was Raoul Walsh, who is generally known to his intimates as Al Walsh.

MAGNETIC MARION.—Bushnell Dimond is not an actor. Neither is Russell Browne. You are mixing literature with other branches of art. Norbert Lasky is a financier and has been collected in this country to provide free motion picture entertainments for wounded soldiers in French military hospitals. That is how you came to get the letter asking for help to cheer his “brave faces.”

VIV SELSES.—We have seen many Keystones, but not all of them by any means. In “The Mystery of the Leaping Fish” (Triangle Comedy) the scenario editor in the last scenes with Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Selser was Bennie Zeidman. He is not a regular actor, but was connected with the publicity department of the Fine Arts studio. No Mabel Normand productions have been released at this writing.

EDGAR G.—Kat Talbot Graham is appearing in Famous Players productions of late. She also may be seen in recent Metro pictures made around New York. Kate Price, who appeared in “The Waiters’ Ball” (Key- stone), as the dishwasher, is the same who has long been with Vitagraph.

F. O. KEATON.—Chester Withey played the “Friend” in “The Great Horse” and (3). He can now write and direct for Fine Arts.

EARLE BARLOWE.—Lucille Young, or Yonge, and William Shaye were in the IMP you refer to. Its correct title was “The Battle of the Wills.” William Russell was for a long time leading man with the Thanousker Company, and previous to that, with Biograph.

FLORENTINE.—Charles Avery was long with Bison, and with Nestor in 1912. He has been a Keystone player and director since. Walter Long, whom we refer to as the complete Negro in “The Birth of a Nation,” has appeared in many Triangle productions, but is now with Lasky, Elmer Clifton and Arthur Garfield in Chicago doing a series on “The Little Schoolma’am.”

JOHN ILLINGWORTH.—Trained sharks have not yet burst upon film-fans, but numerous tropicals of late have shown us untrained sharks menacing the bathers along the Atlantic coast resorts. Many productions have featured training for “just too—many emu to enumerate here.

JOLLY JASPER.—What? In again? No, we are sure that Mr. Emanuel is still unmarried, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. William Cooper is an expert photographer long attached to the Lumin Company under Mr. George Terwilliger, one of the dramatic directors. No pictures are being made at the Lumin plant at the present time, but production may recommence any time.

ARABLE.—Charles Chaplin is filming pictures that are released on the Mutual program at the rate of about one a month. All so far have been about 2000 feet in length. The last, called “The Com’r” at present Chaplin is working before any camera that we know of, but many Keystone films in which he appears last year are still being shown. Parts of Mabel Normand’s productions of her other works of Dickens have been filmed from time to time.

CAMEL SMOKER.—It is not necessary to be a hardened tobacco user to play parts in motion pictures. Even though you do not notice the prevalence of nicotine heroes on the screen. Romaine Fielding is reported to be in vaudeville now with a sketch. A Western circuit is being favored with his presence.

MRS. CROSSLEY.—Swearing gold or jewels is a branch of criminology not heavily featured in Hindland as yet. It may become as popular as the so-called white slavery, though, in time. As you have doubtless often heard—‘the motion picture is yet in its infancy! Give the lady a chance!”

BETSY PRIG.—Oh, yee! We gave our idea as to who is the Creator of the World, but it would probably not coincide with yours, so we’ll refrain from further remark. Francis X. Bushman’s centre name is Xavier, which is a good old Catholic saint’s name. It indicates that Francis is not of the Jewish persuasion.

JACK ROSE.—The Griffith masterpiece had its first showing in New York September 5th, under the title of “Intolerance.” Most of the Griffith and Fine Arts players appear in some part of it. Presently are Olga Grey, Mary Alden, Elmer Clifton, Bessie Love, George Seigman, Mae Marsh and Spottiswoode Aikkin.

AROMATIC ALLY.—Serials do not seem to be on the wane. They are popular with producers at any rate—witness the almost daily announcements of new ones. Charles Gorman was the Mexican who began the trouble in “Let Katy Do It” (Triangle), and Walter Long was the prominent leader in the attack upon the mine owners’ house. Neither was of sufficient importance to be named on the film as part of the cast.

MARY LEONARD.—Owen Moore and Virginia Pearson have appeared as leads in the same picture, but it was some time ago. A “Potter” with Bessie Barse, as well as we can remember, it was a Famous Players production.

KINKY TRYON.—The Biograph Company is not now producing, but is releasing films made in the past. Irene Howley appears in feature pictures occasionally, as does Florence Hackett, but they are not connected with any company regularly.
Any Weather All Seasons

THE ALL-YEAR Car

in either its smart and stylish open form or as a beautiful closed coach will serve you in any weather and all seasons.

Take off the top for pleasant weather; replace it for fall and winter driving.

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Decide upon an ALL-YEAR Car; you'll be glad you did so later on.

Prices $1550 to $1750 for the open car alone: $4950 to $2100 for the ALL-YEAR Car. F. O. B. factory.

Buffeting with Billy Garwood

(Continued from page 26.)

attic bed-room, which I supported out of my meagre salary of twenty-five dollars per week.

"Did it cure her?"

"I should say it did," he laughed. Then he grew serious, as he continued, "You see the trouble is that we are paid too much flattery by the world in general. It is you who spoil us, with your prettily worded stories about the way we eat; what we do when we are not at the studio, and all that sort of thing. I fail to see why the public should be more interested in me than the foreman in an iron foundry."

"But, if he was constantly before the public, they might," I explained. "You see, he isn't a hero."

"A hero," he muttered. "What is a hero?"

"A hero is a man who—" I began, but he interrupted me.

"Tries to convince himself that he is enjoying himself, when he knows in his heart he's not."

"He's likewise an optimist," I added. "I imagine I have made plenty of heroines and optimists, then," he smiled; "in fact, I have no doubt but what some of my pictures have made martyrs."

"But, they suffered for a good cause," I encouraged him.

"I can tell you better when the posters for my next picture are printed," he laughed. "That's the only way I can tell whether I'm making progress or not. Why do you know that I never realized how small a printer can print until I saw my name on a poster once. With this he arose.

"Well, I think I've got enough here for a good little story," I remarked as I stretched my legs.

He expressed surprise, and, as his seriousness returned, "Oh, you mustn't use any of these buffettings. I was having a little private chat with you."

"What can I say?" I inquired, somewhat puzzled by his demeanor.

Then he threw back his head and laughed heartily, and for the instant looked like a youth who had nothing on his mind but ice cream, candy and cream puffs.

"Let's see," he mused. Finally, he lifted his head, and slapping his hand on my shoulder, continued: "I've got it. Tell them I'm just about to take my fifth wife; that I've a most repulsive freckle near the end of my nose, and that when you saw me last I was on my way to a good dinner. And with this he started for the dining-car.

"Ah, that's it. I'll tell them what it was composed of," I added, as I followed him.

Studio Gossip

Webster Campbell and Corinne Griffith have something on their minds these days which even outweighs the entrancing topic of their recent marriage. They are awaiting the release of "The Yellow Girl," the Vitagraph novelty picture in which they, with Carmen Phillips, were featured. The photoplay is said to be striking in appearance, and full of futurist suggestion.

Frederick Warde, the eminent Shakespearean actor, will finish his lecture tour through New England early in September and will return immediately to the Thanhouser studios to start work on "The Vicar of Wakefield."

As soon as "Prudence, the Pirate," is finished Gladys Hulett, the Thanhouser star, will begin work under the direction of Oscar Linde on a comedy drama by Agnes C. Johnston, author of "The Shine Girl" and "Prudence, the Pirate."

Carmen Phillips, who is playing opposite Hawk Manor in Fox comedies, is versatile. With one company she played ingenue leads, with the next heavies, a big manager saw her and engaged her to play two prominent character parts, and along comes Fox with an offer of comedy roles. It all seems the same to this clever girl, who makes good at whatever she does.

Ornul Hawley, starring in "Where Love Leads," the latest William Fox release, although a very young woman, has appeared in more feature films than the average "old timer" in filmm. She is nearing her 150th mark of star runs on the screen, to say nothing of her previous stage career.
Forrest Stanley—The Athletic Screen Hero.
By Peter Grid Schmid

AD Forrest Stanley continued his early career as a building contractor, this fact would hardly have had any effect upon his physical inclinations. Always aloof from the contrivances of the average boy, he never made the playing fields the goal of his ambition. However, now that he is a motion picture actor—and particularly a motion picture hero—his athletic ability proves itself to be more than a desirable accomplishment; it is a most valuable asset. What modern profession demands more of its follower in the way of a good right arm, a sound pair of legs, the agility necessary to !sprint a steady nerve, than the silent drama does of its ideal hero? When he is called upon to face overwhelming foes in a combat that often only proves too realistic, when the scenario demands that he leap from a high cliff on the back of a horse into the swirling waters below, to rush into a building that is really on fire or, in town, to machine gun many actual strangers with which he is confronted, the film hero of the realistic-demanding producer of today primarily has to be at least physically capable in appearance. If he is physically capable in reality his worries are placed at a minimum.

In Forrest Stanley we have a film hero who, besides possessing rare talent as an actor, commands the respect of many consumate artists. A prominent and loyal member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, the handsome Morisco-Paramount leading man is always in splendid condition. His severest dissipation is an occasional puff at an old Jimmy pipe when at home or on a hunting trip.

In private life Forrest Stanley displays various phases of his nature. That one who hardly suspects from viewing his usual work on the screen. A recent photoplay released entitled “He fell in Love with His Wife” in which he appears opposite Florence Rockwell, however, gives an insight as to the real side of his nature. In seeing this photoplay many admirers of the witty film idol are surprised in the role of a man of the soil, he handles the farm and a steady nerve, than the silent drama does of its ideal hero. This is nothing strange for the actor as much of his spare time is spent on his farm when his fields and live-stock receive his personal attention. When at the farm Stanley also avails himself of every opportunity for a hunting trip or an early morning game of golf. He, too, may be seen astride a magnificent horse with the ability of an adept. This is nothing strange for the actor as much of his spare time is spent on his farm when his fields and live-stock receive his personal attention. When at the farm Stanley also avails himself of every opportunity for a hunting trip or an early morning game of golf. He, too, may be seen astride a magnificent horse with the ability of an adept.

An Appreciation.
(Continued from page 2.)

Our Purpose
The purpose of the publishers is to present to their patrons a magazine that will continue to remain second to none as each succeeding issue is more excellently prepared. We want to “deliver the goods,” so to speak. Human interest stories, love tales from moviedom, and articles devoid of sensationalism, interviews not saturated with exaggeration, but accurate and impartial, will appear monthly in these columns. Our aim is to stand pre-eminent in the photo-play world. Will you help us? Service of a caliber which will aid us in any way will be sincerely appreciated at all times.

Reterating our heart-felt thanks for the most generous support which has been given, and anticipating continued enjoyment of these satisfactory conditions, we are,

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E. H. Ball Co., 330 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
How I Became a Photo-Player

By WILLIAM FARNUM

(Continued from page 18.)

than a hundred minor roles in all the plays of Shakespeare.

My father's company disbanded eventually, and for the next five years I was not busily playing with various actors in classical repertoire. I got along quite well, so I grew a little bold and organized my own company, and we commenced road work. In Cleveland and Buffalo I established the William Farnum Stock Company. In the latter city I had a theatre built myself, and we played there for thirty weeks. During the run we put on twenty
dramatic works.

The part which made the biggest appeal to me in my histrionic career, and apparently to the public, too, was my role in "Ben Hur," that stupendous piece which refuses to die. Thereafter, I played "Virginius," "The Littlest Rebel," "The Prince of India," and a dozen less important dramas.

My first motion picture work came with the Selig Company, which starred me in "The Spoilers" and "The Redemption of David Corson." I had one other photoplay before I joined Mr. Fox. This was the lead in "The Sign of the Cross, for the Famous Players.

Mr. Fox had seen my acting on the screen, and after a few minutes' talk with the noted producer, I was one of his staff. I feel that acting for the photoplay is fully as great an art as that on the legitimate, and I have never regretted the change.


The Weakness of Strength

(Continued from page 25.)

In the village, the infirm magistrate did not find the retirement he wanted. On the way to the widow's home he was taunted, hooted, reviled by men and even girls as they passed. Small chance that they had forgotten him. As he went toward "the end of the road," that place was beset by a gang of men, hurried from shoulder to shoulder, and finally bound and walked a long way—or so it seemed. Hoarse whispers broke the silence. He wondered, with strange quietude, what they would try to do to him. Then a violent propulsion, a cold blind descent, and he found himself tied and helpless in icy water. Some spirit of trite jest had impelled his captors to throw him into the Missouri River, which his tyranny once had defied.

He tried to strike out, but the cruel waters rushed up at him, beat him down and broke his spirit. He lifted his voice, in one cry, in which the names of God and his Mary were mingled, and resigned himself to death. But slim arms reached out and grasped him. Half-fainting, he was dragged ashore by a woman. It was Mrs. Alden.

* * *

Some days after his rescue, he left for the city, a man not changed merely, but quite metamorphosed. Gone was the old rank arrogance, gone the belief in his superiority. Gone the hatred of inferior minds. And beside him sat the cause of these changes, slim, serene, and infinitely sweet. So they were to be married. It seemed incredible, She nestled closer.

At his office (for the old punctiliosness of a business regime still swayed him, unconsciously) he was asked to see the firm's private detective. It seemed there had been a series of petty thefts during his absence. A young man named Grant. Yes, he had been a faithful employee once, but now—perhaps, Mr. Gaynor would like to superintend the arrest. He was interested in such matters, the sleuth knew.

Leaving his bride-to-be at his office, Gaynor went, with a sick heart. He had no time for such trifles. Why must he be in the deathless, this poor devil? Why must he be? But the door of Grant's little house was opened, and two shy eyes, curiously familiar, smiled a welcome to him. Mr. Grant was out, the smiling mouth that accompanied the eyes, said, but wouldn't he, Mr. Gaynor, step in and wait? She was so glad he had come. Did he know that they had resigned himself to death? The lady was brought in, her head damped and gurgled, and, with wild, pathetic gestures, stroked the furrowed face that bent down over it.

Gaynor, dashing his handkerchief nervously over his eyes, rose abruptly and went out to the porch, where stood the waiting detective. All an error, he exclaimed. "But, Mr. Gaynor," spluttered that worthy, that you can't pass an emblemsment this way; the fellow was caught red-handed. A crime has been done.

Gaynor smiled, "Yes, Scroda, I know," he said. "But I was the guilty one.

From "The Fort-nightly" (fortnightly, story by Aaron Hoffman; scenario by Wallace O. Chilton; direction by Harry Reser, starring Edmund Bieszcz.)
The Movecraft Fillums, Inc.

In a secluded corner of the Autonam, the two movie magnates were discussing their newest arrangement for the studio.

“Let’s see the salary list you drew up for thy new company,” demanded Mr. Evers.

The other produced the following imposing array of small change:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Per Year</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Director</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Female Star</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Ditto</td>
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<tr>
<td>Third Ditto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Male Utility</td>
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<tr>
<td>Assistant Director</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scenario Editor</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 Continuity Writers each</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Locations Expert</td>
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<td>Technical Expert</td>
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<td>General Manager</td>
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<td>Property Connoisseur</td>
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<td>Publicity Munchehansen</td>
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<td>Cast of Polarity each</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Annual Salaries: $82,795,740.00

And percentage on the net.

“Where do we get off?” cautiously inquired the skeptic. “You ain’t split identity on what’s ours.”

The other listed the study carefully before he replied, “Tell you what I’ll do,” he finally ventured. “If you’ll give me that quarter you borrowed last month, I’ll find a chorus man to play that male utility for less money.”

A Free Translation.

“I’m plumb unner” cheered Ed. Hicks and the writer crossed the line.

“Don’t get you,” said a disgruntled person.

“Such ignorance! He won out of many, didn’t I?” explained the cultured one.

Overdraft.

Mother—“You and John should start right by opening a little bank account.”

Newly Married Daughter—“No, John used to have one, but I guess it is an awful bother and the bank doesn’t appreciate it anyway. He says that it was continually after him to put in more money.”

What Happened?

Truman Steinmetz called on Andrew McGowan Friday afternoon. Andrew is resting a little easier at this time.

The Part He Got.

“And so, after inviting your friends to a game dinner, you were not served with any part of the fowl?” said the friend to Mr. Nevers.

“Oh, yes,” replied Mr. Nevers cheerfully. “I got the biggest thing about it—the tail.”

Coals to Newcastle.

Daughter—“Father, our Domest-ic’s quite peculiar” is teaching us how to spend money—

Parent (interrupting)—“Why doesn’t she teach fish how to swim?”

She Was.

There is a man living in Cleveland, who has to go to New York a good deal and would like to have his wife go with him, but she feels she can’t leave home.

“Some day,” she says, “I’ll go with you.”

At last he got an idea. After the last trip, when she said this for the forty-eighth time, he replied

“I don’t think you would have a good time, dear, and I wouldn’t urge you to go.

“Why not?” she said.

“Well,” he replied cautiously, “you are a little jealous, you know.”

Did she go with him the next time? She did.

The Acme of Conceit.

“I saw Watson,” said Jones, “isn’t the worst concussed, self-satisfied, self-satisfied.”

“Yes,” interrupted his neighbor.

“I’ve heard you say something of the sort before. What started you off this time?”

Today’s his birthday and he just went a telegram of congratulation to his mother.

Looked Likely.

Red—“I saw Clarence going fishing this morning.”

Greene—“Is that right?”

Yes, and he had a box of candy—under his arm.

“Doubly going to fish for mermaids.”

A Fact.

New Teacher—“Who can tell me a thing of importance that did not exist a hundred years ago? Little Boy—Mr. —Wlmod.

Quantity, Not Quality.

Engineer—“I want a Webster’s largest size dictionary.”

Librarian—“We have none in now except the small ones.”

Engineer—“Now, this is important; there’s a girl missing on my dresser.”

The Correct Diagnosis.

The physician had been called in haste to see a small negro who was ill. After a brief examination the doctor announced: “This boy has eaten too much watermelon.”

“Oh, dohtah,” expostulated the parent of the ailing one, “dey ain’t got Rick as too much tabban-man.”

Diat negghs jis ain’ got ‘nough stomach.”

And Rarer Too.

“Pop,” inquired little Clarence Liliesworth, “what am a million-ionaire?”

“Sho!” said his parent. “Don’t you know what a millionionaire am? Chil.”

It’s jest about as same as a centennial, or’ly it’s got mo’ legs.”

A Heaven-Sent Ailment.

“Who-all sick up to go here, Miz Smith?” asked George Washington Jones.

“Mr. Dean brudder Lige,” replied Mrs. Smith.

“What’s he done got de mattah with?” asked Mr. Dean.

“Dey can’t tell. He eats all right, an’ he stays out in de suns, in de suns, but he can’t do no wuk at all.”

“Don’t a bit,” said Mr. Jones. He raised his eyes to heaven. “Law, Miz Smith, dat ain’t no disease what yo’ brudder’s got. Dat air am a gift.”

Unjust Castigation.

“What’s the matter, Johnny?” asked his mother as her offspring came into the house with a tear-stained face.

“I got licked in school for something. I didn’t do,” howled young.

Mr. Jones’s out of his age! What was it that you didn’t do?”

An example in arithmetic.

A Welcome Guest.

“Look here,” yelled the man in the next flat, pounding on the wall. “I can’t sleep with that kid squealing like that! If you don’t make that kid go to sleep, I will!”

“Go to it!” called the parent of the noisy infant. “You’ll be as welcome as flowers in spring.”

Saved Time for Nora.

Mrs. Jones rushed into her husband’s office, wild with excitement.

“Oh, John!” she cried. “Norah made the mistake and tried to start the fire with gasoline!”

“Gasoline, eh?” said John calmly.

“If she got it started!” cried Mrs. Jones. “Why, it blew her out of the window!”

“Oh, well,” remarked the philosophic John, “it was her afteroon out anyhow.”

The Passage Congregations Like Best Too.

A converted clergyman, more celebrated for the length of his sermons than for their eloquence, once asked Father Healy what he thought of the one just preached.

“I liked one passage exceedingly well,” said the famous war.

“Indeed? Which passage was that?”

“The passage I refer to,” answered Father Healy dryly, “was that from the pulpit to the vestry room.”

The First Requisite for Dinner.

“What do we need for dinner, Maggie?” asked the mistress as the maid appeared at the door of the kitchen.

“A new set av dishes, mum!” answered Maggie lugubriously.

“O’le’ve jest hirippped over the edge av th’ rug.”

At the Prom.

He (noticing his partner isn’t talking much)—“You seem to be intellectually fatigued.”

She (absently)—“My feet hurt awful.”—Burr.

A Miracle Re-enacted.

Two coaches, simultaneously highly educated and the other not so learned, were discussing the value of education.

“I suppose,” said the latter, “you have gone through college?”

“Ye’s,” was the modest answer.

“Well,” declared he of little education, “I think that the Lord opened my mouth without an education.”

“Ye’s?” courteously answered the other. “A similar thing, we are told, happened in Balaam’s time.”

Very Much There.

“Which is the most delicate of the senses?” asked the teacher.

“The Ear,” replied a pupil.

“How’s that?” asked the teacher.

“Well,” said Johnnie, “when you sit on a pin, you can’t see it; you can’t hear it, you can’t taste it, but you know that it’s there.”

Keeping Her Busy.

An old lady went one morning to a friends, who kept poultry, to purchase a setting of eggs. The latter, not having many on hand, asked, “Have you got your broody hen?”

“Well, no,” answered the prospective purchaser, “but one old hen has broken her leg and she might as well spend her time hatching on something as to sit around doing nothing.”

In These Days of War.

“And this,” said the teacher, “is the riconoceros. Look carefully at his armored hide.”

“I see,” said the bad boy of the class. “An’wot’s this one?”

“That,” answered the teacher, “is a giraffe.”

“Gee!” He’s got a periscope.”

Knowledge Dearly Bought.

“Eddie,” said mother sternly, “you should not fight with Jimson boy.”

“I know it, ma,” said Eddie pensively.

“Say, eight. And when did you find out?”

“About a minute after I hit him.”

Didn’t Dislike Her, But—

“Why do you dislike your teacher so, Willie?” asked his mother.

“I don’t exactly dislike her, mother,” replied Willie, “but it’s perfectly plain to me why she never got married.”

Might as Well.

Uncle Tobe was a hospitable soul. He waited no guest in his house to be stinted. “Have some, have some,” he invited cordially at the table, sending around the platter for the third time; “we’re going to give it to the pigs anyway.”

Vast "Six-Bits" Count.

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---

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November 1916

EDITED BY GEO. M. DOWNS, Jr.

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Lillian Walker (On the Cover)

This popular star is a handsome blonde and noted the country over for her dimples. Miss Walker is of Danish descent. She was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn. She earned her first money as a telephone operator, but after several appearances in local amateur theatricals secured a position on the stage. She was for a while in “The Follies of 1910” in a very minor part and then went into vaudeville, which she soon deserted for lack of a strong voice. About this time her attractive personality was introduced at Vitagraph and she was given a trial engagement that demonstrated her exceptional fitness for motion picture work. Her instant popularity in the parts giving her radiant personality full scope has clung to her ever since. One of her most famous characterizations was in “Green Stockings.” Two recent important appearances are in the current film version of Sophie Kerr’s story “The Blue Envelope,” and in Irvin Cobb’s “The Dollar and the Law.”
PRUDENCE

The Pirate

by Delbert E. Davenport

From the moment that pretty, winsome little Prudence alighted from the engine of the train instead of the parlor car, the footman who waited beside Aunt's motor car, knew she was doomed to be a social failure. Prue was arriving from boarding school to be given her debut into society by her very proper aunt. And, when Prue, after saying good-bye to the friendly engineer and thanking him for allowing her to ride on his engine, made the padded footman sit up behind on the rolled top of the motor car with his feet sticking out in a most undignified way, just to make room for a lot of "common" boys and a cur dog, the servant was convinced of the utter hopelessness of the unconventional maid.

Aunt, who mingled with the best people of the exclusive suburban quarter, and whose social position was unquestionable though she was a family skeleton—they made their money in soap—did not feel any too reassured upon observing the reckless abandon with which her charming and altogether bold niece did exactly as she pleased without regarding etiquette or anything else. Nevertheless, Aunt, with true womanly fortitude gave up none of her time to worrying about it, but quietly she resolved to put her rather unmanageable protege to a test without delay.

Thus it happened that within a few days Aunt had arranged a house party for Prue, and among the guests was John Astorbilt, the son of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families of the community.

"Mr. Astorbilt is the catch of the season," Aunt whispered to Prue. "You will do well to win his admiration."

"Oh piffle, my dear aunt, you mean he will do well to win my admiration," Prue replied emphatically.

This quickness of wit actually startled Aunt. She had never heard of anyone even venturing to flout the idea of doing homage to an Astorbilt if for only a crumb of attention. It was quite unexpected that she should find her niece permeated with a spirit of absolute independence from the spell that magic family name cast upon everyone. However, as soon as she recovered her mental equilibrium, Aunt urged Prue to start an immediate conquest for Astorbilt's heart.

But, when Prue first met sincerely back at boarding school a handsome and gay fellow as Prudence was, she could realize at home sipping ming most any no real red-haired man of interest, but just she could not imagine how this man could ever take on even the aspects of gallant heroism—that primary quality every girl expects the winner of her heart to manifest in copious quantities incessantly and naturally.

"I assure you, Miss Prudence, I am charmed to meet you," was young Astorbilt's acknowledgment as he bowed stiffly.

"I usually charm people," she replied, unemotionally and annoyingly unimpressed.

"Oh, I see, you are a professional charmer," was his rejoinder.

"Yes, really, but I have a marked partiality for dogs," she replied.

"Dogs!" piped a little tenor voice from behind.

Instantly Astorbilt and Prudence turned to determine the source of this interruption, and they were greeted by the eager, smiling face of a blonde-headed youth some twenty-two years of age. Aunt, who was on guard nearby, perceived the situation and rushed to the rescue by introducing the tito Adonis as Tommy.

"It's a pleasure to meet you both," said Tommy in low, ingratiating tones, which obviously pleased Prue immensely. "You must pardon my impulsiveness of a moment ago, but I am particularly interested in dogs, being something of a fancier."

"Oh goody," exclaimed Prue. "I am simply crazy to have a dog all my own."

"But I am afraid you would not like my kind of dogs; I have a fondness for home-less cars which show possibility of developing into true friends to mankind," Tommy warned.

"I am right with you on that too," Prue assured him, and she promptly made Aunty most uncomfortable by riveting her whole attention on Tommy.

"This seems a bit extraordinary," Astorbilt ventured to remark. "The discussion of cur dogs has no place in the smart set I am sure."

Prudence gazed coldly at him just for a moment as she seemed to reflect on his words, and then said at length, "Mr. Astorbilt," she said finally. "Come on, Tommy, we'll go out to the dog kennels for our little tete-a-tete."

And, before Aunt had a chance to intercept, the doggedly determined Prue led Tommy out of the room, leaving Astorbilt to stare blankly after her.

"You mustn't mind her eccentric notions, for she is very young and extremely unaccustomed to the ways of society," Aunt apologized to Astorbilt:

"I wouldn't mind it at all, but, hang it all, I've fallen in love with her at first sight, and that places her in a splendid position to make the rest of my life miserable unless she changes her attitude towards me," Astorbilt responded with the slightest effort at self-restraint.

Aunt was elated. That was unmistakably evident. She at once saw possibilities of becoming a most successful match-maker, and she resolved to lose no time in taking advantage of the opportunity now so golden. So she patted Astorbilt affectionately on the shoulder and assured him that he had clear, unobstructed field, adding that Tommy was a nice boy, but entirely out of the matrimonial question.

"You need not fear Tommy as a rival, for he will not last long with Prudence," she told the wealthy scion. But he would not be so easily reconciled, and he begged to be left alone to ruminate sadly.

In the meantime Prudence and Tommy had discovered that there was no such institution as a dog kennel on the place, and so they settled on a rustic bench out in the garden, and in the radiant moonlight of the perfect evening there to exchange canine lore.

"Now I've got one trump of a dog that's a corker, and I'd like awfully well to present him to you with my compliments," Tommy said.

"Hooray," Prue yelled gleefully. "When will you bring him?"

"Tomorrow morning; but remember, he is nameless and without the slightest semblance of a pedigree," he added.

"I'll guarantee to give him a good name and a good home just for his company,"
For impersonating the Butler she was banished from the party with only a doggie sympathy to console her.

she assured him enthusiastically and then suddenly saddening her tone added: "Gee, but I need company."

"But do you mean to have me infer that the dog will usurp me and everybody else?" Tommy queried anxiously.

"So far as love is concerned, yep," she replied guilelessly.

This was only the first blow Prue dealt out to the fast-slipping Tommy. She even handed him several more pokes and jabs that very evening, but for reasons inexplicable to him the young man endured her every discouraging thrust without a murmur of a complaint. As a paring shot, so far as their garden meeting was concerned, Prue deliberately walked away from Tommy at the very moment he began to wax eloquent in his rising sentimentalism. Undismayed Tommy remained glued to the spot and finished his speech, after which he bowed ceremoniously to an adjacent tree. When he sought to reinstate himself in the girl's good graces and company a moment later in the parlor of the palatial house, he found his way anything but clear. John Astorbilt had captured Prudence again! So all Tommy could do was to stand aloof and cast furtive glances with discretion from a safe distance.

"Listen, little girl; I can't let you trample my heart—mash it out flat, as it were," Astorbilt told Prue.

"Remove your heart from my pathway then," she retorted.

"Unfortunately I can't do that either," he replied sorrowfully.

"Say, what kind of a heart have you? Is it porous? Can you set it up any place you choose, or what?" she asked scornfully.

"Say," he came right back, raising the tone of his voice slightly, "what are you entering society for—to start quarrels with everybody you chance to meet?"

Prue gave Astorbilt one long, lingering look and tears welled up in her eyes. It was very evident her feelings had been hurt, and she possessed just enough feminine unreasoning to blame the man for it all.

"Oh, I am sorry," he hastened to add upon noting the tears. "But you spoke harshly first, and—and—anyway a man's love is not to be trifled with, my dear."

"A man's love?" she exclaimed. "Oh, how I long to know what a man's love is like."

"Ah, then watch me from now on and you may learn all about it," he put it quickly.

At that moment Aunty, with face a-beam and with unrestrained solicitude, joined them.

"How are you young folks getting along by now?" she asked.

"Famously," answered Astorbilt with a great show of enthusiasm.

"Rotten," supplemented Prue, giving Aunty a genuine shock.

"Oh, my child, you simply must desist your wildness, your inelegance of language or surely Mr. Astorbilt will think ill of you," was Aunty's reprimand.

"Well, Aunty, in all candor I must say that Mr. Astorbilt will have to display some really manly qualities, some red-blooded heroism before he can hope to make me care what he thinks of me," Prue replied bravely. "When I left boarding school, I dreamed of meeting some fine, strong man who could make me just crazy about him by his deeds of valor and his noble words of undying devotion and—"

"But wait a moment, wait a moment, please, you don't give a fellow a chance," Astorbilt interposed. "No man can do any deeds of valor and utter such words as you describe within the first hour of an acquaintance. Give us time and we'll frame up some heroism to your liking."

"Ridiculous," muttered Prue as she stared straight at Astorbilt most coldly. "But, she added with a sudden show of sweetness, "I am awfully glad to have met you, Mr. Astorbilt, and I shall watch you very closely in the hopes that I may see you divorce yourself from the empty whins and fads of the social whirl in time to make possible your wedding to something more worth while. Good evening, and pleasant dreams to you."

So saying she bowed politely and walked away. And that was as far as anyone got with their love-making that evening.

The next morning Tommy arrived at the house bright and early with the promised dog, which Prue received cordially. Forthwith she christened the pet Panthus, because he fairly panted his friendliness. Likewise immediately she became strongly attached to the canine, and from the inception the two were inseparable. Prue did thank Tommy, and to bid him good-bye, but Tommy wanted more thoughtfulness than this. He wanted in vain, and he went away sadly disappointed.

Happily Prue romped about the garden with Panthus, and started at once to teach him tricks. It was while she was thus engaged that Meeks, the old butler of the household, encountered her for the first time alone. Prue was so impressed by his dignified appearance that she delivered him and all her dog to address him with personal questions.

"You really want to know my life history?" he asked in surprise.

"Sure, if it's outside the realm of silly society," she replied.

"Well, the most interesting part of my career has been very much outside the social circle, ma'am, for I spent many years at sea," Meeks assured her.

"Oh, fine," she exclaimed. "Then you must have had all kinds of adventures with stowaways or wrecks or pirates or something."

Now Meeks had only been a cabin-boy on a missionary ship, but he hated to disappoint Prue, so he told her he used to be a pirate, and he impulsively made up stories of wild adventure as he went along, relying on his imagination to paint the pictures as vividly as possible. Prue was fascinated, and thereupon she frequently slipped away from the boisterous old house-party to listen to Meek's stories. But, alas, she found that when she filled him up with claret punch he told much better stories. On one occasion old Meeks, under the guidance of Prue, so far forgot his temperance pledge that when it came time to serve the dinner he did strange things with the tray of bohion cups and walked across the kitchen floor as though it were the deck of a rolling ship. All the other servants hated Meeks, because he had previously effectuated a goody-good attitude, and they absolutely refused to do his work, so, of course, Prue had to do it.

She donned Meeks' uniform, and at first no one noticed the difference, but she spilled some bouillon down Astorbilt's back and then the storm was so fierce that Prue was ignominiously banished to her room, and Aunty made some cutting explanations to her guests about the girl still being fit for only the nursery. And Prue, heart-broken was left with only the doggy sympathy of Panthus for comfort.
But when the entire party sailed away on a yachting party later that day and left her behind, she could not be consoled. She had wanted to go to sea from the instant Meeks began telling her of his thrilling experiences on the bounding waves. She sought out Tommy, who had likewise been excluded from the party, and told him how disappointed she was. By way of offering her the best substitute he could think of, Tommy organized a swimming party for her, inviting all the "common" boys and girls of the community.

It was while this impromptu swimming party was in progress that the blindness of Tommy's love became most apparent. In full aquatic regalia, he was escorting Prue to the water's edge, pouring out words of affection and feasting his eyes upon her fair face as he did so. The result was he stepped into the water, wrenched the mud-hole, and it required the combined strength of the whole party to extricate him from the mire.

When Tommy had once more regained his footing, he was the very personification of the Mud Man of a certain famous spook story. Tommy, who was Tommy, had signified the need of a mother and a deck scrubber. Both Prue and Astorbilt were astounded to find Prue and Meeks on board the pirate ship, and she made Meeks promise to turn the ship right around towards home. But he couldn't do that, for they discovered that Prue had thrown all the charts, maps and compasses overboard.

"It is so much more exciting to not know where one is going when at sea," she remarked blandly.

Despite all protests the pirate crew rifled the trim yacht and transferred all her provisions to the pirate ship. The plans of the party were completely upset, and what promised to be a perfect day suddenly degenerated into a tragic one.

Once forced aboard the pirate ship, Prue diplomatically concluded it was best for her to abide her time without uttering any grumbles. She was convinced that the last laugh was going to be the best one, but she was not yet thoroughly acquainted with her own impetuous niece. The wise Aunty registered perfect deportment even under the duress Prue imposed, but Astorbilt, as a deck scrubber, was a miserable failure from the beginning. He demonstrated the fact that he simply knew nothing about manual labor. He was a sorry spectacle on his hands and knees trying to wield a scrub brush effectively against dirt. So Prue ordered Long John and some of the other pirates to show the novice how to do the work in hand. They obeyed orders in a manner admirably devoid of gentleness, and Prue's humiliation was complete. Forsooth, no one was happy except Prudence.

"Now you can't complaint over not being given time to show valor," Prue taunted as she hovered over the scrubbing Astorbilt.

"Oh, but I say girlie, this is rough, this is rough," he protested pausing to look up at her while he rested on one knee to give the other a much-needed rest.

"Anything that's worth while comes rough," she reminded.

"But is scrubbing a deck worth while?" he asked pointedly.

"Sure it is when it's as dirty as this one," she replied sweetly. "Do more work and less pleading and you'll get along better in life."

So saying Prue left Astorbilt to his mental task, but he remained only an instant after she disappeared. Fortunately for his motives, he had quite a large sum of money in his pocket, and he started a quick campaign among the pirate crew. Within two minutes he had bribed every pelf-hungry vagrant on board, and had thus started an ominous mutiny against Prudence, the Pirate. But in spite of all this "villainy" there was some true manhood under his rather effeminate, polished exterior. When he came upon Prue just at the moment when she was in the midst of the mingled anger and anguish she had developed as a result of being brought to the realization of being surrounded by a host of disloyal pirates, he arose to the occasion by volunteering his unsavouring fealty in the face of all odds. Even as he thus won the favor of Prue for the first time, a terrific storm broke over the sea. The weakened vessel pitched precariously from the first elemental outbreak, and it was evident to all that dire things were about to happen.

"Never fear, my precious, I am with you and I'll rescue you if the worst happens," Astorbilt told the frightened Prudence now.

The next instant Tommy, the stowaway, heaved on deck from below. The rolling of the ship had startled him.

"Ye gods, what a storm," he yelled.

"What will we do?"

There was a note of despairs despair in his voice, and he was too occupied with
Prudence, the Pirate Bold and graceful with it

his own fears to think of saving anyone. Instead, he ran from one end of the deck to the other wringing his hands and moaning tremulously much to the annoyance of everyone.

When a terrific gust of wind seemed to lift the little vessel out of the sea, Astorbilt slipped his arm around Prue’s waist and held her tightly. Simultaneously he gathered Aunty into his other arm, and thus he stood a pillar of strength ready to meet any emergency, and to pay any price to convince the girl he loved that he was more than a parlor ornament. A second and fiercer gale plunged the ship into a trough in the sea and started it sliding straight for a sand-bar. This precipitated a pandemonium of excitement among the pirate crew. They became a mad-dened mob and turned to struggling and fighting for the only life-boat.

With a new power Astorbilt calmed the alarmed members of the crew. "Ladies first," he commanded, working his way towards the life-boat and assisting Prue and Aunty in that direction.

Then the ship gave an overwhelming lurch forward, causing Astorbilt to lose his hold on Prue, who rolled across the deck into a cabin. Another wild movement of the ship slammed the door shut and she was locked in. Almost at the same instant Meeks, who had wrapped himself in Prue’s coat, which he had found, lunged into the arms of the rattled Astorbilt, who, thinking the old servant was Prue, pushed him into the life-boat, and an instant later lifted Aunty in and jumped to the oars himself.

The pirate crew lost no time in entering the flail boat and it was launched just in the nick of time. In fact, the excited oarsmen had just begun to row frantically when the distressed “Bucket of Blood” capsized.

Upon realizing that her screams could not be heard in such a deafening noise as the storm was making, Prudence turned her attention to making her escape from the cabin, and she succeeded in getting out by tearing the door off of its hinges just in time to climb to the side of the boat as she turned over. A moment later faithful Panthus joined her and together the girl and dog watched the life-boat slowly pull away from them. Prue yelled at the top of her voice, but in vain. With a full realization of her serious predicament she hugged Panthus, concluding there was no hope, and calmly watching the water rise nearer to her. Indeed, she sat erect, smiling and fearless, awaiting the greatest adventure of all—Death.

But it was not long before Astorbilt discovered that the bundle of humanity he had mistaken for Prue was Meeks, and instinctively he looked back at the sinking ship. He was electrified to see Prue and Panthus sitting on the side of the vessel. Upon apprising the other occupants of the life-boat of the terrible situation, he started a second panic, but under his true direction and inspiring urging the crew managed to turn back the boat and make for the wreck.

“We can never row back in time! The ship will sink too quickly and she’ll be lost!” he fairly yelled. “Here, the rest of you row as hard as you can and I’ll swim it ahead of you.”

He peeled off his coat and plunged into the rough sea, giving one of the most remarkable demonstrations of super-human swimming ever witnessed by any member of the party. He seemed to leap from wave to wave, and when they rolled too high, he dived right through them, each time causing every witness to catch a quick breath of anxiety. Prue witnessed this thrilling bit of heroism with so much joy that she quite forgot her own danger. She was highly pleased to note that Astorbilt was proving himself with unstinted bravery.

As Astorbilt approached the sinking vessel, it seemed to suddenly break in two. For an instant Prue and Panthus disappeared from view, but within a twinkling they hove into sight again clinging to what appeared to be a floating raft. It was the broken side of “The Bucket of Blood.”

"Hold tight, sweetheart," Astorbilt yelled to Prue as he struggled desperately to reach the raft.

Prudence was so thrilled she could only smile encouragingly in reply. Impulsively she clung tightly to Panthus, who seemed to gaze upon Astorbilt’s heroic performance with admiration and satisfaction. A moment later Astorbilt reached the raft and climbed up on it. Without the slightest

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LOST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

By HORACE J. GARDNER

DICK SWIFT slammed the front door and then tried the knob. With an audible sigh of happiness the young man hailed a taxicab and bade the chauffeur speed him to Mercer Square.

"At last," he sighed, with a smile curving around his finely chiseled mouth. "Alone at last. After four years of humble submission to the whims of a sarcastic better half, I am free to follow my own inclinations for two whole weeks. Think of it, man!” he enthusiastically told himself as he fell into a tuneful whistle which he incessantly and withal merrily continued until the motor car stopped in front of the Mercer Building, his confessed destination. As he alighted and prepared to enter the mammoth skyscraper, a jovial slap on the shoulder brought him face to face with Adolphus Smiley, his corpulent business friend.

"Explain this, Dicky, old boy," demanded his acquaintance in mock seriousness. "Tell me, pray, where is thy guardian and constant companion, the fair wifey?"

"She's gone to the country," gleefully confided Dick, "and I am my own boss now." He emphasized his own mastery with a comical expression of pride.

Adolphus laughed heartily and continued: "Well, say, this is great. We will have a jolly evening together, just for old times sake—"

"Tarry a moment," admonished Swift, with uplifted hands, "before going to the rural section I promised my wife that I would attend all meetings of the Society for Furnishing Tooth Brushes to the Natives of Baroala. That's where I am going now."

"And I thought you just remarked that you were your own timekeeper for the coming fortnight," argued Adolphus, in an ill-concealed effort to appear amazed at the benedict's temerity.

"I am, in a certain sense, but—"

Adolphus interrupted with a colorful description of some of the happy events which would be crowded into the night if Swift would alter his schedule. It didn't require a great amount of persuasion to lead the prospective missionary to the primrose path along the twinkling lights of old Broadway.

"Alright, Adolph," he finally said, "I am with you until the sun blots up the dew on the grass tomorrow morning. The natives of Baroala can clean their teeth picking on the bones of a human pot roast as far as I am concerned—or they can wait until my wife returns from the country."

After quenching their fiery appetite for liquid refreshment at a half-dozen preliminary licensed establishments, the two jolly good fellows, loaded with the commodity which has put delirium tremens in the major league of diseases, staggered into the fashionable, if notorious, Marx Cafe. Hardly had the soothing strains of the Hawaiian orchestra died away before Smiley had introduced Mrs. Dacre to his friend. Mrs. Dacre was a lively sample of beauty, as defined by raving artists and sullen novelists. With sparkling eyes that reflected in the wine glasses, she captivated Dick and the poor fellow, drunk by her eyes and liquor, blithely invited her to call on himself and wife the next day, evidently having no recollection of the fact that he had just confessed that his wife was enjoying a fortnight with mosquitoes and relatives in far-away New Jersey. Mrs. Dacre, queen of blackmailers, resolved to accept the invitation.

**

The merry sons of Bacchus ran the motor, which they had acquired at the Marx, into a telephone pole. The car came out of the argument a poor second and all that was worth removing from the wreckage was the steering wheel, which Smiley refused to release from his pudgy hands. With the wheel, the intoxicated inhabitants, irresistibly in individual ill-concealed importance, guided an uncertain homeward course, and arrived at the Swift domicile just as the milk man listened to the court house clock strike four times.

At noon the next day Adolphus awoke smiling and blinking into the vigorous rays of the mid-day sun. After collecting his thoughts, he endeavored to awaken Dick. His attempts were dismal failures. Becoming alarmed, several doctors were called in, and after the medical profession held a consultation they decided that while he was alive, he was dead—drunk. Meanwhile Dick snored on for twenty-four hours. The fertile brain encaised in Adolphus Smiley's head devised a scheme to

"Two wrecks and a steering wheel were discovered at sunset on the front steps of the Swift home"

"After the doctors had failed. Smiley awakens Swift by tinkling ice in a pitcher"
The smile disappeared from Dick's mouth and his countenance fell. He was not ready to face those interested in his welfare on the outside.

"I want to stay here," he pleaded. "Remember, sergeant, I'm a poor married man."

Before the genial police official could render his decision, the door at the rear of the hall was forced open and a host of wildly excited people streamed down upon the sergeant and his "released prisoner." With alarm, Dick attempted to close the door, but another form edged through the entrance, frustrating his intentions to debar the unwelcome visitors. He shrank back and in terror gazed into the flushed face of his irate wife!

"Milly, what are you doing here?" he uttered with unfeigned astonishment.

"Dick, what are you doing here?" she mocked him, with sarcasm that cut deep. The conversation was closed when a dozen other relatives and friends seized the unlucky culprit and rushed him from the bastile. His objections were overruled, in fact, not even considered; he was outnumbered and powerless. Dick Swift was taken to his own home and unceremoniously thrown into a chair in the library.

"Now, you wretch," shrieked his wife, "who is this woman?" And as she pointed toward the draperied entrance, Mrs. Dacre, in the custody of a city detective, stepped forth, nervously staring at the richly colored rug which sank under her heavy step.

Dick Swift's jumbled brain and jostled body were cleared instantly.

"Why, Milly," he exclaimed in hurt tones, "this is the strange woman who called here yesterday asking to see you. Aren't you acquainted?"

Intense silence followed for an instant. Then the sleuth stepped forward and confronted Mrs. Smith.

"Madam, my prisoner is none other than Helen Everett, leading associate of a clique of daring blackmailers, whose operations are stretched across the entire country. Miss Everett, alias Mrs. Dacre,"

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awaken him which finally proved a success. A pitcher filled with ice was rattled over the unconscious form of the Hon. Dick. The snoring immediately ceased and as the clinking ice became louder with each succeeding volume, Swift opened his eyes, sniffed audibly and ordered them to make his drink straight.

While Adolph and David, Dick's junior brother, were holding an impromptu celebration, the door alarm rang and it was announced that Mrs. Dacre had called to see Mr. Swift. There was consternation. Smiley registered a hasty exit and Dick commanded David to insist that Mrs. Dacre was a long-lost sister:

"But Mary, my sweetheart, and her mother will be here in a few minutes," protested Dick. "Suppose they don't swallow that tale?" But it was too late for a reply.

The door was opened and Mrs. Dacre entered the room. Events transpired rapidly and life was made one miserable occurrence after another for poor Dick. Mary Churchill and her militant mamma suspected the ruse, and while the latter was pouring vials of wrath upon Dick for his unfaithfulness during his wife's absence, an excited Hebrew accompanied by a policeman rushed into the room.

"There he was, don't leave him git away," pleaded the descendant of Abra-

ham, as he crooked his finger at Dick.

"Who are you and what do you want?" demanded Swift in a dignified tone.

"I am Sam Goldman, whose machine you smashed last night!" And turning to the guardian of the law, he said:

"Officer, arrest the gentleman at once."

And Dick was only too glad to submit. He did not care to be an audience to any more of Mrs. Churchill's fiery lectures on domestic integrity.

* * *

In the prison cell Dick presented the aspect of a man just bequeathed a million dollars. He was perfectly contented in the police station, safe from inquisitive relatives and friends.

"I must devise a plausible reason for Mrs. Dacre's presence in my room," he murmured to himself as he rested his chin on the palms of his hands. "Hang it all," he concluded disgustedly, "why did that infernal woman accept my wine-soaked invitation to call!"

The more he pondered over the seriousness of his domestic tribulations, the more difficult it became for him to find a loop through which he could wriggle and clear himself of a scandal. Mrs. Churchill and her daughter, Mary, whose untimely presence complicated matters which were already tangled, would undoubtedly spread the gospel of Dick's misdeeds and within due course of time whisperings of his irregular habits during his wife's vacation would fall upon her ears. The very thought caused his blood to tingle with manifested fright.

"If Milly finds this out——" And he suddenly realized that her chances of becoming acquainted with the salient facts of his escape were very bright. His flour- rowed brow became ensnared in gloom thicker than midnight.

"Mrs. Dacre must corroborate the explanation which I manufacture and this will cost money."

Then suddenly he was confronted with the idea that Mrs. Dacre's prime object in calling during his wife's absence involved the belief that he was wealthy and would be a willing victim for the machinations of a blackmailer.

"I will pay in full for last night's adventures," he gritted his teeth à la the deep-dyed villain, and continued.

"Yes, I will pay the woman, but if——"

Heavy footsteps d o w n the corridor interrupted his monologue. A m o m e n t later the sergeant unlocked the iron door and entered his apartment.

"Well, Swift, your brother has reimbursed the Jew for the damage done to his car, and since we have no other charge against you, it gives me great pleasure to announce that you are as free as an abandoned cemetery."

Mrs. Dacre smiled as she calculated the profits she would reap from Dick's folly.
QUIT yer kiddin’ yerself into pullin’ th’ weep stuff so much and make a first-class, all-around circus performer outter yer self and yar’l be better off, yelled “Pop” Blodgett, the rough, gruff owner of the circus, to little Hope, from whose big, black eyes tears were streaming copiously.

Hope had only a moment before sprained her wrist, and now, with an attempt to execute a complicated acrobatic feat and when she indiscreetly betrayed the pain she felt, the cruel Blodgett had given utterance to injectives which added to her physical discomfort by hurting her feelings.

“Now you gotta learn with this show long enough to get used to th’ hard knocks of th’ business,” Blodgett continued, casting surly glances at the wrist Hope was nursing nervously. “Rub any liniment on it and try to keep it tough again.”

The little girl walked slowly out of the tent with a pronounced show of pitiful meekness. Harsh words still owed her despite the fact that she had never heard any other kind, and should by now be accustomed to them. Prior to the day on which “Pop” Blodgett had picked her up, she had been a forlorn waif, homeless and friendless, but somehow she could never bring herself to a point of believing that she was any better off for having crossed the path of her self-appointed guardian. Blodgett displayed too much method in his madness—he needed Hope in his business, and she realized this. It was obvious to even the most gullible person that the madness did not permeate the heart of this man, and he was ever actuated by ulterior and designing motives, shrewdly calculated to promote his own welfare, without regard for anyone else. Poor, unfortunate Hope was no exception to his rule, and he meted out cruel treatment to her without restraint and without conscientious scruples.

Upon reaching the dressing tent, a few rods away, Hope sat down heavily on the grass and rested her head wearily against a large wardrobe trunk. She could not avoid blaming Fate for catapulting her into a most precarious sort of existence. It made her wonder whether she paused to anticipate what her task would have demanded of her next. She quite forgot her injured wrist in her sad ruminations, and she became so engrossed that she remained thus idle just five minutes too long. Blodgett had awaited her return until his patience was exhausted and then he rushed to the dressing tent like a howling hulk.

“So, he roared with anger upon discovering Hope, “it’s laziness what’s got yer going.”

“No, no, honest, pop,” she protested, springing to her feet and struggling to keep from trembling all over.

“Well, did you do th’ liniment on yer wrist?” he asked meanly.

“No, not yet, but I’m going to, cause it hurts,” she replied as she started towards a trunk in the far end of the tent.

“Here, I can do it quicker’n, better’n you can,” he said as he grabbed her hand and yanked her over to the trunk with him. Without the slightest semblance of tenderness or solicitude, but, on the contrary, with more disdain than anything else, he poured a large quantity of liniment on the wrist and rubbed it vigorously, splashing the liquid all over the girl’s plain but clean modish blouse. When she took cognizance of the stings with an unexpressed displeasure, Blodgett reprimanded her for effecting neatness around a circus. As he scolded he led her to the entrance, where he stopped abruptly, sat down on the wardrobe trunk and shoved the girl down to a sitting position before him.

“I’ve been lettin’ you off easy all along, and you don’t appreciate it,” he began.

Hope instinctively shivered. Blodgett took note of this, but he only sneered as he continued:

“No you gotta earn yer salt, which means you gotta make th’ balloon ascension this afternoon.”

No punishment more terrorizing could be devised for Hope. She had made one ascension before and the excitement coincident with the experience had made her a nervous wreck for days afterwards. She totally lacked the nerve requisite to trying such a trade calmly. Of all the dangerous turns in circus life she feared this most, but she well knew she would only increase her unhappiness by attempting to beg off. Instead she starred wildly up at her master as if frozen stiff by apprehension.

“You go up at 2 o’clock sharp, so be ready,” he ordered, sternly, shaking his finger at her as he chewed viciously on a cigar stump.

Arasing, he plunged his hands deep into his trousers pockets and walked away, looking back at the covering Hope menacingly. While the girl gazed after Blodgett, his two sons, Dave and Joe, sauntered onto the scene, conversing in loud, boisterous tones and with vehemence. Each was blaming the other for having let “a live guy” get away untrimmmed.

“You’re a devil of a dip, you are,” Joe yelled at Dave.

“You’re no world-beater at the short-change graft, you poor boob,” Dave yelled back at Joe.

Then they both discovered Hope simultaneously and in a guilty fashion they hushed up.

“What’s the matter with you now?” Joe demanded of Hope, advancing towards her, closely followed by his brother.

“Nothin’, only I’ve got to make the ascension today and I’m afraid.” Hope replied, half inclined to appeal for the two boys’ interference in her behalf.

“Aw shucks, you’re the biggest little coward I ever saw,” Dave put in.

“Yes, cheer up, the worst is yet to come,” Joe chimed in, laughing derisively.

Hope was not slow to realize that she was destined to be made a mark for ridicule, so she arose and walked rapidly away from her tormentors.

An hour before the time set for the balloon to go up, it was evident a storm was brewing. In fact, black, threatening clouds filled the skies and a high, choppy wind was raging. Hope doffed her tights nevertheless, but with a feeling that the elements would come to her rescue in time to save her from the awful ordeal of flitting with death. However, she reckoned without giving due consideration to the utter heartlessness of “Pop” Blodgett, for in spite of the unfavorable weather conditions he forced the girl to start her daring exhibition, boxing her ears when she ventured to interpose timid objections. As the balloon left the ground the assembled crowds had ample cause to hold their breath because the wild swaying of the trapeze to which Hope clung desperately impressed all with the fact that she was doomed to engage in a battle royal for her life. Before she was

He told her she'd have to make a balloon ascension to earn her salt.
twenty feet in the air she betrayed her uncontrollable nervousness by nearly losing her hold and almost tipping out of her frail perch. But the balloon was ascending rapidly and she had no other alternative than to stick to it.

When finally the balloon had mounted so high and drifted so far away that it appeared to be a mere speck, Hope essayed to make her descent, but when she was still at least a hundred feet from the ground her parachute became unmanageable and she fell to the ground on the estate of wealthy, old Judge Daingerfield. The Judge happened to be outdoors studying the clouds at the moment, and he was the first to discover the accident. Hailing two workmen, he ran to her. She was unconscious and to all appearances was seriously injured. Judge Daingerfield carried her into the house on the run and summoned a physician, who soon revived her and pronounced her injuries as slight. The girl had had a miraculous escape indeed, but she did not develop half as much good over it as the doctor expected.

The Judge was leaning anxiously over the girl when she first opened those wonderfully big, black eyes of her's and from that very instant she became the apple of his eye. Many years previous to Hope's advent into his home, the Judge's daughter had run away with a worthless chap and she had never been seen by any of her relatives since. The Judge at least imagined that Hope resembled his daughter in facial characteristics.

"You look so much like my lost daughter, my dear child," he told Hope.

"I—I—I'm so glad," she whispered. "I do so want to look like—to be like—someone else besides myself, 'cause I've been so unlucky, sir."

"Unlucky," he repeated after her, showing an immediate sympathy. "Tell me all about yourself and perhaps I can help you."

Without the slightest hesitation, Hope told the Judge her life story, so replete with hard knocks and grim adversities. Her narrative seemed to convince Daingerfield that she was dear to him and had always been so, and he forthwith assured her that the end of her troubles had come.

"I have taken mighty good care of that gal and she's cost me a lot of money, but I ain't sorry for it," Blodgett added kindly, and, for these few words he reaped a golden harvest of quite a few dollars from the grateful Judge.

"The only thing I ever made th' kid do that wasn't exactly what it should have been, Judge, was to have her do th' Hawaiian hula hula dance, but she was such a wonder at it," Blodgett continued as he fingered the greenbacks he had just received. He turned to Hope and added: "Do th' dance for th' Judge sometime," and then, lowering his voice to an undertone, he finished the sentence most slurringly, "and maybe he won't like you so much."

So saying he bade the Judge good-bye and stalked out of the room as brazenly as he could.

It was not long, however, until the real mercenary motive back of Blodgett's act was exposed. He was not satisfied with the money he had grafted from the Judge, but with his two dishonest and criminally-inclined sons turned to planning a bold robbery of the Daingerfield estate. For five minutes he returned to the circus tent. His idea was to use Hope as a shield.

Even while these dark clouds were gathering, Judge Daingerfield was informed by his lawyer that Hope was an impostor. She, too, had learned the truth, and when the Judge demanded the facts, she confessed bravely:

"I never meant to do it," she cried. "It was all old Blodgett's lies."

But the Judge was credulous. He could not bring himself to feel certain that the girl had not abetted in the misrepresentation. He even began feeling extremely nervous every time she approached him.

Hope worried excessively over the unpleasant situation she had been forced into, and it was while she was most beset with mental anguish that she became acquainted with Warren Reynolds, ward of Judge Daingerfield and the real heir to his estate.

The handsome young fellow took an immediate fancy to Hope and he encountered few obstacles in winning that portion of the circus girl's heart which was not already occupied by the kindly Judge, for whom she held an adoration born of the deepest
gratitude. True, Warren had other heart interests. Forsooth, his life-long friend, Edith Worthington, was up to now the object of his undivided affections. Nevertheless, the young man was quite powerless to successfully resist the charms of the sad but winsome little Hope, and, when she confided in him to the extent of telling him that for all her life prior to coming into that home the only true friends she had ever possessed were Monsieur Paul and Mlle. Fifi, liliputians; Rose, the fat woman, and Simon, the skeleton, all members of the Boldgett circus troupe, he felt his sympathy go out to her, for he knew she was not the kind of friends who could possibly afford satisfaction to a girl like Hope, who obviously was capable of higher ideals than could ever be found in a straggling tent show.

"Of course, Rose was too big and fat to look well chumming around with little me, but I liked her, just the same," the girl continued. "And, as for Simon—I always felt sorry for him, because he was so skinny that he couldn’t keep warm on the hottest days. The dwarfs were often good to me, but they were always short of money, as well as short of size, and so I’d always have to pay for the ice cream sodas when we went out together.

"You poor, little girl, your life has been anything but happy, and I shall be so glad if good fortune shall decree that I am to be instrumental in helping to change the tide to your favor," Warren told her, betraying a sentimental sympathy.

"It will be so wonderful to have a true hero for a friend now in this hour of my worst need," she told him, looking straight into his eyes.

"Your worst need?" he inquired in perplexity. "Why, I should say that things are breaking much better for you already."

"That is only ‘cause you do not know that I’m already about to lose my home," she replied, and then upon his remaining silent, she told him of the imposition Boldgett had perpetrated.

When she had finished and awaited expectantly for a comment from Warren, he only stared at her sturdily. His thoughts had taken a new trend and apprehensions were struggling through his mind, for it suddenly dawned upon him that Hope had by her mere arrival threatened to become his rival for the Daingerfield fortune. This realization, counteracted by a profound admiration for the girl, precipitated a peculiar conflict in the young man’s mind. And, his indecision all came to the surface the moment he had heard Hope’s latest tale of woe.

"But now you don’t seem sorry for me any more," she ventured to add upon noting his curious demeanor.

"Well, I—I’d like to feel sorry for you, but somehow your story is not convincing," he replied with almost brutal candor. "Do you mean to tell me that you did not realize at the time that this fellow Boldgett was doing a wrong? Why did you permit it to go through?"

"Oh, goodness, I—I can’t bear to be questioned in such a spirit," she half-sobbed tremulously.

Warren found his power of expression gone for the nonce and he could only gaze into the girl’s big black eyes woefully. Finally he attempted to speak, but he choked off the words and walked slowly away, leaving the amazed little girl alone and weeping.

Meanwhile “Pop” Boldgett and his sons, Joe and Duve, had completed their elaborate plans for robbing the Daingerfield home. Business had been bad and this tended to add to the old man’s ill-humor. To appease his ugly mood he devoted a large portion of the afternoon to scolding Rose, the fat woman; Simon, the human skeleton, and the two liliputians and succeeded admirably in adding oceans of displeasure to their already unpleasant lives.

During the same entire afternoon, poor, unhappy Hope struggled frantically between two decisions—one was to return voluntarily to the circus and the other was to remain in the Daingerfield home until she was ordered to go. She kept apart from the other members of the household and rocked her little brain. Several times she was on the verge of seeking out the Judge to beg of him to give her a fair chance to regain his confidence, but each time she was overcome by dread and procrastinated. She was now aware that for all time she would have to sacrifice the dinner hour to hanging around the front door leading to the broad, sweeping veranda, she heard a strange noise in the vicinity of a side window. She paused and listened intently. A death-like silence prevailed for a moment. No one was stirring within the (Continued on page 26)
A Perfect Day With Alice Joyce

By Adele W. Fletcher

In a minute she reappeared by way of a door.

"There's no use in my slipping up the backstairs and dressing," she said laughingly, "for you caught me in the act as you came in. I had not realized how late it was getting, and I do love to potter about the house, caring for baby and attending to the hundred and one little things which always need attention."

Her apology, if you can call it that, was joyfully accepted for I was glad for the opportunity of seeing her in the wonderful kimono which had placed me at my ease so completely.

"I am all dressed except for this kimono," she continued, "so if you'll excuse me a moment I'll finish and then we can chat for the rest of the afternoon."

I hardly had time to admire my soothing surroundings before the sweet little lady appeared once more—more attractive than before. She was wearing an afternoon dress of blue brocaded in a deeper shade of velveteen with gray suede boots. As she neared the foot of the stairs the telephone rang merrily—everything was merry in Alice Joyce's home—and she sprang to answer it.

"Yes, this is Miss Joyce," she said. "Oh, work on a feature next Monday, you say; how do you do, Mr. Blackton? I'm to start Yes, that's true, we are practically finished with "The Battle Cry of War." Marc MacDermott and delightful Harry Morey are to play with me. That is fine. Yes, I was anxious about my next picture. And Mr. Earle is to direct me again. Why this must be my birthday! Yes—I'll be on hand Monday bright and early. Good-bye."

"Aren't I the lucky girl?" she asked playfully as she entered the room. "Oh, you have no idea how I love to work for the Vitagraph Company. Everybody is so lovely to me that I begin to think the world too good to be true."

As we talked the conversation bordered upon Miss Joyce's return to the pictures.

"Yes, I must admit I was glad to get back to the pictures," she continued. "Of course if my mother did not live with us I would have nobody to care for baby, but when she is here to help me now and then, everything runs along smoothly. Then too, my working hours are usually baby's sleeping hours."

"May I see Alice the 2nd?" I asked.

"Indeed you may, just as soon as she opens her big blue eyes," the fond mother continued. "I have made it a point never to deviate from her regular hours, so you'll have to forgive me for keeping you waiting."

I learned later that this favorite star of movieland is a perfect mother, studying her baby's character and already training her to be sweet and gracious.

Curling up in a window-seat as she talked with her face lighting up every now and then, Miss Joyce made a lovely picture, and I too was glad that Commodore Blackton had prevailed upon her to return to her many friends who were clamoring loudly for her. As we chatted merrily the hands of the clock traveled swiftly, and before either of us realized it, the baby's nap was over.
and a cry issued from the floor above.

"There's Alice, now," said the beloved little star,—"if you'll wait one minute, I'll bring her down and we'll go for a little stroll." In a few minutes she appeared with a dear little miniature of her charming self, fresh from the afternoon's nap, and introduced me to "Alice Mary Moore."

Placing the baby in her carriage we walked down to the great ocean that roars at the back of Miss Joyce's home and which, according to her story, is one of her many delights.

"What are your ideas on marriage?" I asked her. "Do you think a girl is happier as a wife and mother than she would otherwise be?"

"Well, of course, I can only answer for myself. We are all of a different make-up. As far as I am concerned there is nothing else in the world to compare with it. I was happy, in a different way a few years ago, pleasing my friends with characterizations upon the screen, attending dances and other

joyed in, because this is not my case. I might offset such a false impression by declaring a conviction of mine, namely, that I think it does one a great deal of good to experience the social and gay life for a time, as it surely does broaden a person's mind perceptibly and most beneficially. Just the same I for my part do not want too much of such broadening. I delight in the other side of life—the tranquil domestic side. It is the sincerity and the joy of pleasant responsibility that makes home life wholesome and truly delectable. The total lack of these things in society makes it all seem so futile to me.

"I recall having encountered one young woman of splendid refinement who was a devotee to especially dancing and card-playing. She told me confidentially that she was positively miserable unless occupied with one or the other of these pastimes. They had become indispensable to her. I ventured to ask her in a kindly spirit whether or not she had ever thought of getting married and settling down to ruling supremely and happily in a home of her own. Her reply was that she would like it if she could find a man who was as fond of dancing and cards as she was. Realizing her fondness amounted to an uncontrollable passion in this regard, I felt sure then she was doomed to a prolonged single life, and it has turned out that way for her, because just a few days ago I received a letter from her and she wrote that she was dancing and playing cards more than ever, and she had yet to find a man who could go her pace in these two diversions. Poor girl, she hasn't the slightest part of an idea how foolish she is, and she will undoubtedly be sorry she ever permitted such trivialities to interfere with her quest for the vital things which must come to every woman to make her life worth while."
EVEN since the beginning of time fat men have been making people laugh

According to the Mack family legend, Hughey started his laugh-provoking
few minutes after he was born. He got this initial laugh when it was discov-
ered that he was too big a baby to fit into his crib. It was like putting a round peg in a square.

Then, as Hughey grew, he became fatter and funnier. At the age of ten he
bore the sobriquet of "Clownie," because of his unswerving penchant for perform-
ing amusing antics.

By the time he made his debut in moving pictures as a comedian à la
he had accumulated something like 360 pounds of avoirdupois, and it is still
been gaining weight steadily ever since.
EQUALS A MILLION FAT LAUGHS

Not too fat to climb over a garden wall

While increasing appreciation he has been perfecting a truly remarkable comic pose, which he has one of the cleverest comedians growing the screen. He has a unique, style all his own—has this big, fat fellow, and, he would be funny if he were as any as a wall. However, his great bulk does help him a lot.

He is accredited with coming nearer to attaining the record of inspiring the proverbial than any other screen artist. In fact, he has been described as "the weener, to 1,000,000 laughs." It is estimated that during every week-day running three 300,000 people laughing at block comedies throughout the United States. Hughey now hopes to do an average of one hundred different chutes to get laughs in every one of comedy in which he stars.

When it is remembered that he is a big card, the truth may not high, and his slowness mental as well as physical. He is a big hit in more ways than one.

Not too fat to dally with flowers

Not too fat to "make eyes"
AVOIRDUPUIS PLUS COMIC POISE = A MILLION FAT LAUGHS

Not too fat to make love

Not too fat to climb over a garden wall

While anyone acquainted with has been performing a truly remarkable comic part, not only in his own manner but also in the manner of Jack Benny, he was the butt of his own jokes. He not only did his own jokes but also those of others who helped him. In this way he became famous for his humorous and entertaining songs, which he sang with great success. He also became known for his ability to make people laugh with his wit and satire.

Not too fat to get in a barrel—if the barrel is big enough

Not too fat to make eyes

He is so fat that he can fit into any barrel, no matter how big it is. He is so fat that he can make eyes at anyone. He is so fat that he can climb over a garden wall without breaking it.

Avondale giving a demonstration of pain

Not too fat to dally with flowers

He is so fat that he can hold flowers in his hand without breaking them. He is so fat that he can dally with flowers without dropping them.
THE SILENT TREND

A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

THE Silent Trend!
Whither doth the photo-play wind bloweth?

Enlightenment pertaining to the mysterious undercurrents, the invisible workings of the great entertainment industry will be found in "the movies," and a perivous revelation occasionally is the fundamental aim of this department while it is patent that frank opinions on the results as visualized upon these pages will constitute a large part of these discussions for the benefit of both the movie fans and the producers. Interpretation, analysis and suggestions for amelioration are all essayed with the one object of helping the industry along, and if in our humble way we can guide and perforce contribute a nudge toward the elevation of the art, then we will have ingratiated "ourselves to ourselves" at least.

Primarily, there are two outstanding tendencies in photoplay activity today. One is to force the ten-reel, all-evening variety into the foreground, and the other is to lean more heavily than ever on the laurels of writers outside the craft by producing famous novels in stead of taking the initiative in producing new stories never before offered in either novel or play form. The most notable novel to reach the screen in recent times is "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill, but there are four others offered simultaneously, namely: "The Conquest of Canaan," by Booth Tarkington; "Anton, the Terrible," by Thomas Uzzell; "The Firm of Girdlestone," by A. Conan Doyle; and "The Old Folks at Home," by Rupert Hughes.

As produced by Selig "The Crisis" is a potential masterpiece in many ways, but is a glaring exemplification of the futility of the theory that an all-evening feature is "the thing." The absence of dialogue and the flutility of lengthy cut-ins as a substitute seem to discriminate against the feasibility of thus emulating the stage, unless there is an exceptional spectacle as the basic excuse for the film. "The Crisis" is presented in ten reels, and the story, as compelling and as famous as it is throughout the book, is exactly right as adapted. Unfortunately, two reels of this picture drag unpardonably and time is consumed by details so obviously utilized for lengthening purposes that unmistakable harm is done. As a motion picture "The Crisis" is one of the most remarkable heart-interesting stories ever projected, and the simplicity with which a vivid, tragic, romantic tale is unfolded is equalled only by the irresistible pathos and stirring historical incidents which interplay so deftly with the quiet drama. It is indeed so intensely dramatic and pathetic that it permits of no tearless eyes. The emotional appeal is genuine and possesses a realism akin to actual life. Therein lies the chief value of the picture, and for this reason we urge every lover of altruism to see it.

More wisdom was displayed by the Frohman Amusement Company in producing a less promising novel, "The Conquest of Canaan." In the first place, it is offered in five reels, which is precisely the correct proportion. Despite the disparaging of some producers it has been found that "The Conquest of Canaan" is one of the best photoplay features in recent months. An incident of humor and pathos together with a never-lagging action, which at times is really speedy, make this the kind of a picture closest to the heart of the true American. In addition, the author has succeeded in driving home a moral lesson without the slightest semblance of a sermon. Oh, what a relief this is to the weary! It is the generally accepted function of the moving picture to educate, to lift people from the valley of care to the peak of mental freedom and recreation. Yet, even now there are certain producers who persist in foisting onto the public photoplays which cast shadows of sadistic and typical despair upon them, and then to cap the climax, most unbeknowningly preach a full sermon for which everybody would innately be hazy away to a church and never to a moving picture theater. But, in "The Conquest of Canaan," the hero's battle royal against alcoholic vice and his ultimate victory, together with his final refusal to deviate again from the paths of rectitude, constitute a cause of great appreciation by the public, which cannot fail to impress even the hardenest man of the world.

The story concerns Joe Londun, a youthful news vendor of Canaan, who finds himself a species of Ishmaelite with every man's hand against him. Departing from the town where his progress had ever been impeded by annoying obstacles, he goes to a city, leaving behind his only loyal friend, Ariel Tabor, a girl whose social caste is so much above his that he dare not hope for the presumption of making her love to him. A few years later he returns to his home town a full-fledged lawyer and attempts to establish himself in the old city of Canaan, but he cannot down their old prejudices, and consequently they frown upon him as one unworthy of respect. A rough, but honest saloonkeeper and his henchmen are the only friends he has. He is offered a share in the friendship of the latter, but doggedly he struggles against these odds and attains some success as a lawyer by obtaining acquittals for several notorious criminals, thereby winning the respect of the legal world; but the unequal battle soon begins to tell on him to the extent of his turning to drink to assuage his bitterness of mind. The return of Ariel Tabor from Europe, where she had completed her education, marks the crucial turning point in the young lawyer's career. From the very inception she openly proclaims her friendship for him and never loses sight of the much-needed notion of making himself worthy of her. How he accomplishes the defeat of his enemies and virtually conquers Canaan, winning not only the admiration of those who had traduced him, but the love of the girl, is the tale of all his dreams, combine to make a narrative so charming and so skillful that it is a veritable ten-sitre. The only unfortunate part of it is the screen has done an ion honor of giving this story its first introduction to the public, for the printing press wins this point. Is there alive today a producer who is really awake to the fact that his game would be benefited a deal if he gave his screen brothers as much care as all the rest of his dreams? "The Conquest of Canaan" before the stage or the press had the opportunity? Why not a great, popular novel ADAPTED FROM THE PHOTO-PLAY BY THAT TITLE?

The Firm of Girdlestone" as filmed is a typical Conan Doyle thriller, rivaling his famous Sherlock Holmes stories in sustained suspense and excitement while the love interest is sufficient. The Vitagraph Company produced it in splendid style with a genuine London atmosphere, and "The Firm of Girdlestone" deserves honorable mention for the rather masterly style of his scenario. The story is a bit out of the ordinary, and has do to with John Girdlestone, who is engaged in African trade and who is something of a pillar of society. Austerity and acri-mony are his most pronounced characteristics. Ezra, his son and business partner, is a chip off the old block, but is a better sport than his father. The elder Girdlestone's old-time friend dies, leaving his daughter, Kate Marston, and his fortune of 40,000 English pounds in his charge. She finds life with the Girdlestones unbearable. In her consequent quest for consolation she meets Tom Dimsdale, a young medical graduate, for whom she promptly fosters a strong love. Then the Girdlestones have business reverses and face ruin, whereupon the father tries to prevail upon Kate to marry his son, Ezra. When she obstinately refuses to even consider such a match he takes her to Hampton Abbey, a tragic-looking place, and gives her a severe fright by impersonating the ghost of a dead monk, but the girl steadfastly rejects all propositions to wed Ezra. Her frantic efforts to get help bring Tom, her lover and two of his friends, to her aid. The film ends with the Girdlestones from murdering her, and there is a hair-raising thrill in a spectacular climax at this final juncture.
who like to regale themselves in melodramatic daring. "The Firm of Girdlestone" is just the thing, but if some hearty laughs are desired, don't expect it from this source, because you are destined to find your blood "running cold" during the piece, but are entitled to content with the fiendish machinations of those Girdlestone chaps.

SYMPATHETIC is the best one-word description which can be devised for "The Old Folks at Home," which the Triangle-Fine Arts just lifted from the pages of a novel to the fitting shadows. The story begins unconventionally in the beginning and it is indeed quite too conventional, but once the action of the story starts to assert itself there is ample suspense. Rupert Hughes, the author, invokes the aid of King Sympathy effectively by bringing into full play a mother's love which is so strong that it brings about the acquittal of her son who had gone to the city and fallen into evil habits, which was accomplished by the culminating events being brought to the bar of justice on a murder charge. The father of the boy and a senator plays an important part in this picture, but chiefly because the role is portrayed by none other than Sir Herbert Tree, the eminent English actor, whom, according to current gossip, got all the camera experience he wanted in this one movie. "The Old Folks at Home" is not a picture which will appeal to everybody. Neither his humor is being very much overdone, even being pressed into service on the light opera stage as may be witnessed in "Her Soldier Boy," a new musical production the score of which was composed by Emmerich Kalman.

"ANTON, the Terrible" is a Russian story having intrigue as its foundation, middle part and roof. It is a wartime theme without any racial conflict. It is a melodrama adroit enough in its construction to be gripping. Anton Kozoff, a Cossack, swears vengeance against General Stanovitch, and years later, when he has become chief of the Okrana, he gets his first chance to fulfill his oath. Through a trick he has Vera, the general's daughter, imprisoned. Then he kills the father in order to gain possession of important papers. (Ah yes, and alas, the papers of the familiar old blood-and-thunder days are brought into prominence in this picture much to the regret of every audience no doubt.) However, later the aid of his fellow proves Anton a German spy, and he kills himself to cheat the law. Thus goes it, around the old beaten circle.

CHANNING POLLOCK and Renold Wolf are responsible for "The Dawn of Love," which was produced by Metro, but no one concerned concerned himself with the writing of the film. Allie Talafero, the star, saves the day, however, making it apparent that Metro still leans to stars and writers with some reputation rather than to seek out new authors with fresh, new ideas. Metro is so persistent in sticking to old-fashioned ideas that for reasons he did not state, Harry O. Hoyt, scenario editor for that concern, recently gave out a lengthy interview on the subject, in which he said, among other things, the following: "My experience with writers with big reputations has led me to believe that the playfulness of the future is coming from a new generation of writers who are able to build along original lines. As a matter of fact I do not believe manufacturers and directors are looking for really original stuff. If they get it, it fails to touch a note within them, whereas if the situation is old with perhaps a little change here and there to cover the miss which has grown over it, they can feel it and understand it. They have seen it a thousand times. They know every emotion. They can picture just exactly how it is going to register. In a way, I don't blame them. With feature pictures costing as they do, manufacturers cannot afford to take chances where he could with a shorter length subject. In the next few years I expect to see one or two far-sighted men spring up in business, unheralded and unknown, who can realize how far they can go with original matter and make a success of it. . . . The most hopeful sign of the times is that I know of is the rapid weeding out of the old school writers who were in the business as the pictures advanced. They can get by with one or two reels, but they are not the novelists of the screen."

Count Pollock and Wolf among these latter writers and you have the answer which I am going to make with "The Dawn of Love." But what is the matter with Metro? That is the all-important question.

JESSE LASKY'S production of "The Storm," in which Blanche Sweet is starred more or less effectively, is something of a thrill, after a fashion. The majority of the stock is taken in the mountains near an unfrequented lake, where Natalie, a beautiful, halfwild, fun-loving daughter of a retired professor lives. The father is so engrossed in his studies that he permits his daughter to camp there and camp two young men, Robert Fielding, a young millionaire, and Sheldon Avery, who is studying for the ministry. The two men discover Natalie, who is more or less a child of nature, and they both fall in love with her, creating a triangular situation often used by writers. Fielding being called back to the city on business leaves a clear field to Avery, who turns to teaching religion to the girl and incidentally encouraging her in creating a deep, sincere love for him. On one occasion they are marooned over night in a hut during a terrific storm. Natalie the next morning realizes that Avery does not love her and refuses to marry him. He returns to the city but it is ordained into the ministry, while Natalie, with her secret, returns to her father. Fielding returns the next summer and proposes to Natalie and is finally accepted. His friend Avery is called upon to preside at the wedding ceremony. From this point the story moves along rapidly to a powerful climax and pure romance wins in the end.

"THE Gilded Cage," in which Alice Brady is starred, is romantic and fantastic, with a preponderance of the latter. It is another one of those foreign intrigue stories with the scenes laid in a vaguely fictitious country. The story is improbable from the very start, yet is told in a fairy tale. It was produced by the Peerless and, candidly, it should not have been produced by anyone in its present shape. However, one thing can be said for its favor, and that is, the staging is excellent.

The eternal human triangle is once more pressed into "eternal service" in the Lasky feature, "The Lash," in which Marie Doro does valiant work to gloss over weak spots in the plot with her aristry. The story is based on the ancient custom to wield punishment with the lash, and it deals with the experience of Sidonia DuVal, portrayed by Miss Doro, whose parent decreed that she wed a native of the little fisher village, where the action takes place. She is rebellious and does not fall in with the wishes of a fellow who happens along just in the proverbial nick of time to complicate matters. Her insurrection against parental domineering brings her to the pain of being subjected to the lash, but the young hero eventually rescues her, escorting her to an adjacent city and marrying her. Then the hero suddenly becomes the villain. His young wife discovers he has "another woman," and in turn she applies the lash with disastrous results. Miserable and unhappy Sidonia returns to her native village, discarding her city fineries and she is once more sentenced to endure further lashing, but her husband, overcome with remorse, seeks her out and again rescues her, more or less reestablishing himself as a heroic fellow. The story is not at all convincing, and one would wonder if the stock were not intended for Miss Doro, who saves the situation often in reality than the hero does in the make-believe of the tale. It is not easy to understand why Lasky selected "The Lash" as one of his productions.

BARNEY BERNARD, the well-known and popular Hebrew comedian, proves that he can make people laugh by sheer acting without a funny dialect in "A Prince in a Pawnshop," a Vitagraph Blue Ribbon feature, and the remarkable part of it is he actually scores universal success in his part. He is an efficient and so devoid of merit that it may be given classification to itself with impunity. The story is poorly constructed—it starts badly, sags in the middle and lacks a punch for the finish, which scarcely lack. However, fortunately, Bernard's clever acting transcends all things else in the play and alone and practically unaided he makes one glad for a long time to come. With what I am speaking of the part of a wealthy Hebrew who exacts ten per cent, interest from his well-to-do clientele and then secretly spends a part of each day in a pawnshop in the slums of the city and to top it all, he is a poor man on what he knows to be practically worthless collateral. In this princey guise Bernard creates for himself much
to do both heroic and comical. And it is what he does and the way he does it that makes "A Prince in a Pawnshop" worth your while. The silent trend in the Vitagraph office is similar to that obtaining in the Metro, viz., bad selections in manuscripts are made too frequently, and there is too little judicious editing.

FINE Arts erred in casting "Diana of the Follies," a five-reel feature issued as a Triangle release. This picture is woefully below the Triangle standard, and it is to be sincerely hoped that carelessness is not being allowed to creep into any part of the photoplay world to become one of its detrimental trends. Just the same carelessness does manifest itself in this particular film, especially in the direction. Several shortcomings could be cited, but the most annoying instance is in the library setting in which several scenes are staged. These cover a period of three years. Yet a dictionary always at the student's elbow appears to be precisely in the same position, and is opened at the same page throughout the whole time. However, Lillian Gish in the title role acquits herself quite credibly. The same cannot be said of the majority of the others in the cast. "Diana of the Follies" has to do with a theoretical and studious father's attempts to lift Diana from the level of show life as exemplified in the Follies. It is not explained whether or not offense is intended for Ziegfeld's Follies. Nevertheless, Diana cannot be prevented from returning to the art she loves, and she triumphs to the extent of becoming the star of the show. There is some love interest interpolated, but it is not satisfactory.

VALENSA SURATT seeks to build up a character novel to her customs has signed The Straight Way," in which she plays the part of a decent woman who suffers and who deserves pity therefor, but Valeska only seeks to accomplish this. She does not succeed, for her talents run so strongly toward the vampire channel that she fails to convince anyone of her sincerity in acting. She must come quickly to the conclusion that her historical ability lacks the versatility she would like to establish. William Fox, the producer, has simply committed a common error in choosing this scenario for the exploitation of his star. This is one of the erroneous tendencies of the day among film manufacturers, and it is to amazing to note that there is no celerity whatever in the activity to find a panacea. Valeska, mind you, is a success as a "vamp."

A NOTHER instance of displaying wanton indifference to the quality of the story the play is furnished by the Mutual in its five-reel feature entitled "Dulcie's Adventure," which was concocted solely to exploit the talents of Mary Miles Minter, and which could not possibly be utilized for any other purpose. The net and regrettable result is, you are asked to sit through the entertainment which borders on entertainment only when the star is on the scene. The story itself claims little part of your attention, and it is simply when Miss Minter does that interests you. But then, if the producers cannot be brought to realize that this is all wrong, what is the use of harping on it?

"A Corner in Colleens," another late Fine Arts-Triangle release, is truly a delightful comedy drama in which the thread of romance intertwines happily. The locale of the story is in Ireland during the Dublin riots. Bessie Barri scale has the principal role, that of Shamrock, a veritable tomboy who gives her various suitors a merry chase before she is finally won over to wedlock. Much praise is due C. Gardner Sullivan, the author, for not only the continuity of his story, but for the clever sub-titles which abound and which are flashed on the screen invariably at the opportune moments. There are at least twenty occasions for hearty laughs, and there are several serious moments which rise to a high pinnacle of dramatic appeal. "A Corner in Colleens" is a clever photoplay which really entertains one royally, and it should be seen and not merely read about.

Doris Grey Expects To Be Old and Gray Before She Learns Much About Moving Pictures

If you ask an old motion picture man he will tell you: "The Phenoms never make good. You hear a lot about them for a few months, and then they mysteriously vanish."
The old motion picture men are right. But Doris Grey, the Thanhouser star, is the rule-proof exception.

Doris entered motion pictures under a great handicap. To most would-be movie actors it would seem that she had a clear field in a race to glory, but she didn't. She started amid a flare of fire and a blaze of trumpets, for she was chosen as the prettiest girl at the motion picture exhibitors' ball in Boston, and was promptly signed by Edwin Thanhouser to appear in a feature play.

Doris was thrown in the water and told to swim out. That's why she had a tough assignment. Other motion picture actresses enter their work gradually, learning the art as they go along until finally, when they venture into deep water, they are able to breast the waves.

But Doris; they just said to her: "You're the most beautiful girl in Boston. Perhaps you're a moving picture actress. At any rate, before the eyes of the critical populace, we're going to find out."

"What Doris Did" was Doris Grey's first venture. The public was ready to scoff. They didn't. They admitted, reluctantly, that Doris showed some promise. But, death watchers that they were, they waited, fully expecting her to fail the next time.

Doris didn't fail. The experiment was a success, and now, after trying her in various roles for eight months, Edwin Thanhouser has signed her to a long-term contract. Ernest Warde will be her director.

Doris Grey is a good-humored, sensible little girl who hasn't yet quite grasped the importance of all that has happened to her. "Have you learned all about motion pictures acting?" I asked her. She gasped. "Learned all?" she exclaimed. "I have learned practically nothing. I'm working hard, though, and by the time I grow old I may have mastered a few of the less intricate details. I'm just trying hard, that's all."

A Futile Interview With Sydney Drew

"What do you think of comedians?" I asked Sydney Drew. "I think golf is a great game. What are the greatest screen comedians in your opinion?"

"It helps my appetite a lot — golf does. What do you think of your several imitators?"

"No, I haven't been playing golf very long, but I am not short on enthusiasm. Do you miss the applause when acting before the camera?"

"One good golf game is enough to take Grouch out of the cast of 'Experience.' Do you expect to ever play serious parts for movie fans?"

"If any one ever gets onto my secret stroke, they'll lose games as efficiently as I do."

And Sydney Drew refused to be quoted further on the subject!
SHE WAS SIMPLY IN ACCORD

LILLIAN CONCORD, now displaying her talents and beauty before the motion picture cameras, but who used to be a musical comedy artist, was once asked to sign a contract calling for her services in a certain unsuccessful vaudeville act. She refused to affix her signature thereto.

"What's the matter—you don't you want to go with this act?" the manager demanded.

"Certainly," she replied promptly, "but don't consider me under contract; I am simply in accord."

Hit or no hit, she played the game safe. Furthermore, it is proof that Webster was right—there is no discord in Concord, but there is a lot of sagacity not mentioned in Web's definitions.

* * *

IT is to be feared that film producers are wandering away from the pathway of good business sense in proceeding on the assumption that the movie fans are tired of five-reel features and now want a picture to constitute an entire evening's entertainment. The idea would savor of wisdom if the producers could be depended on to strike a higher average in their selection of features, but if the report is true that most of them are practically out of the market so far as buying new stories is concerned, and that they are demanding their material more than ever from overworked, starved writers, then the seven-reel and eight-reel proposition degenerates into the most unpardonable folly, because quality would certainly become a negligible quantity.

Ah, and alas, dear Producer, many a five-reel feature has been saved by a one-reel comedy preceding it! Explicitly, the one-reeler often offsets the disgust the feature inspires.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN New York theatrical manager declares there is no sane reason why so many "movie men" should go broke. "Surely the public is generous enough in its patronage of this form of entertainment," he says. "And just as surely there is no sense in becoming a financial wreck therefore."

No, there is no sense in going "broke"—not even one cent.

* * *

STRICTLY PROHIBITION

An actress we know is so severe
In the great goodness of her heart,
She even forbids a single beer
When relatives depart.

But, of course, she could never prevent the taking (away) of spirits.

A recent interview a popular screen star bemoans what she calls the fact that one of the inconveniences of matrimony is, a girl thus taken from her parental domicile is not long missed.

True. She's thereafter Mrs.'d.

BOLD, BUT NOT BARELY ANYTHING

THERE is no use denying it—Ralph Herz possesses every requisite to the making of one of the best comedians whose physiology ever fitted across the screen. He has ability, looks and the tricks of his first-class laugh-producer. The hit he made in "The Purple Lady" amounted to a revelation of the fact that moving pictures had discovered an artist with an entirely new style. As a deserved reward for the success he scored in his initial effort, he is being featured in a series of one-reel comedies being produced by the Metro Corporation, and it is safe to predict that Herz comedies will become as popular as any yet offered. The clever and208

EDNA PURVIANE, who plays the ingenue roles in the Charlie Chaplin comedies, is dreadfully afraid of becoming a plum, and to avoid it she has quit eating onions, sauerkraut and dill pickles.

Sounds like a diplomatic severance from pro-German edibles.

MARGARITA FISHER, of the mutual, is accredited with having refused 400 proposals of marriage.

If this business keeps up she will be obliged to buy a cash register to keep her count straight.

LILLIAN HAMILTON, the comedienne, makes political speeches in behalf of President Wilson at her studio every noon, invariably without taking the trouble to remove her make-up.

The latter of which is a serious mistake, because to gaze at her made-up face must keep the thoughts of her auditors constantly on Hues.

THERE is a certain daredevil moving picture actor who seeks to afford new thrills by performing perilous feats in an aeroplane. He admits he is the best actor-aeronaut in the business.

But he fails to take into account that undying champion called Time, the most successful aviator of them all. Time always flies.

EGOTISM'S SUPERFLUITY

All movie actors in the realm
Can plod through life until they die
And win a place as a first-class laugh-producer.

Without ever using Pronoun I.

In other words, bragging is a waste of damnfoolishness.
THE LAST OF THE VIKINGS
Valkyrien, the King-Crowned Screen Star
By MILDRED L. RAINIER

EVEN years ago there appeared at the application office of the Royal Danish Ballet in the city of Copenhagen a yellow-haired slip of a girl, who frankly admitted that she was just past thirteen years of age and the sole support of her widowed mother. She asked for an opportunity to earn a position in the far-famed ballet which was conducted under the auspices of the Queen of Denmark. Without knowledge concerning her inherited ability and with her natural adaptability to succeed in the cloud of uncertainty, she was engaged at a small salary by the managers, who were attracted by her wonderful face and well-proportioned figure. On the stage they recognized the hidden talent of the stage and all that is beautiful. They were not mistaken in their deductions, for the little lady, by consistent hard work and enthusiastic effort, advanced herself to the rôle of ingenue within a short period of time after her entrance. The petite miss of the ballet was none other than Valkyrien, the only king-crowned screen beauty who today is honored throughout the world as the swan maiden of the Sagas, the last of the Vikings.

Mlle Valkyrien has had a very interesting career, and her meteoric ascension in pictures is a continuation of praises sung to her intellectual portrayal of various roles and of homage paid to her wonderful beauty everywhere.

Her terpsichorean talent is responsible for her initial plunge into the affections of disciples of the theater since she tripped the light fantastic all the way up the line, and two years after joining the Danish Royal Ballet, she was advanced to the head of her class and decorated for merit. A year later, Mlle Valkyrien, then at the age of sweet sixteen, became solo danseuse, and after obtaining a six months’ leave of absence, she toured Europe as head of her own company of dancers.

About once in every decade there is arranged in Denmark a national beauty contest, when representatives of every community vie for the honor before a commission appointed by the king of that land of fair women.

This is not a contest such as we of this section of the universe know when vote buying is considered legal and the cemeteries wake up to cast their preference for the honors (?) if such they might be designed. Every contestant was obliged to appear in person, and washed clean with soap and water. No paint or powder or beauty aids of any description were permitted. When the last of these exhibitions were staged by the late King Frederick VII, over 63,000 Danish maidens from every nook and corner of the dominion participated in the contest. And after the affair had continued for six months Valkyrien entered the competition, the very last to do so, and won the laurels, becoming over night the national idol of proud little Denmark. She would not have become a contestant had it not been for the gallant Prince Aage, the king’s second son, who discovered the entralling beauty of the demure and guileless Valkyrien quite accidentally. The maiden had been too modest to present herself, and afterward said that she felt too poor and insignificant.

Her screen career began immediately after her coronation when she joined The Northern Company of Europe. She was at once heralded as a genuine star in the celluloid heavens, and whisperings of her work before the camera threaded across the briny deep and into the executive offices of the Vitagraph concern. Meanwhile the golden-haired young lady was created a baroness by virtue of her marriage to Baron Von Dewitz, a talented nobleman, whose name has often been associated with Mata Hari. The Baroness and her husband came to America two years ago, and the Vitagraph studio welcomed the fairest of all fair women into the ranks of film stars.

The next year she became a star on the Thanhouser Mutual De Luxe program, and at the present time is a star of William Fox’s schedule of releases.

Mlle Valkyrien is perhaps the only woman of the present generation who ever appeared on the stage of the famed King’s Theatre without the aid of make-up, not even a weeny teeny pinch of face powder. Her complexion is a fair white and her hair is like ripe yellow grain shot through with golden tips—the heritage of her Viking ancestors—and it is of a hue that photographs exactly blonde on the screen.

If Valkyrien were merely a beauty she could not have scored the startling success that is her to-day. She is a girl with brains and versatile talents. This is the opinion of every director she has worked with. Her greatest asset as a movie diva is her ability to appear on the screen as being absolutely unconcealed of the presence of the camera.

It is commonly reported that “Valkyrien” is a stage name given the baroness by the late king, after he fell in love with her, according to the fanciful tale, which goes further to state that the idol of photoplay adherents throughout the civilized world is of Royal Swedish birth. According to the baroness herself, and certainly if any one should know the truth it is she who is most vitally affected, Valkyrien is her baptismal maiden name, and was given her by her father, who was an officer on an armored cruiser of that name at that time. She emphatically states that she is a Dane, and is positive that she is not of royal blood, although her ancestor, Prince Gudrun-Arvald, of Viking fame, was royal enough ten centuries ago.

She can play, and has played, roles as youthful as those selected for Miss Minter, but unlike the latter, she can portray a mature character part, and put vim and snap into it even if it is a designing, worldly-wise society woman or a vampire or even a witch. She plays nature parts by preference, and in classic roles, such as Diane (Pharaoh), Youth (Vitagraph), not to mention her Thanhouser de Luxe releases, to wit: “The Valkyrie”—written and directed for her—“within the Valley,” and “The Image-Maker of Thebes,” she certainly stands alone in a class all by herself. Here is the chronology of her career:

At age of 13.—Entered Royal Danish Ballet under auspices of Queen of Denmark.

At age of 14.—Became the most photographed “Beautiful Child” in Europe.

At age of 15.—Advanced to head of her class in Royal Ballet and decorated for merit.

At age of 16.—Gained the legions of her fans which had followed her in Europe as head of her own company of classic dancers.

At age of 17.—Won the King’s Beauty Prize and began her screen career as a star with Great Northern Film Company.

At age of 18.—Became a baroness and accepted offer from Vitagraph to star here.

At age of 19.—Became star on Thanhouser Mutual De Luxe Program; subsequently star in “Thanhouser Classics.”
At present star on William Fox's program.
During the past twelve months she has been starred in the following American productions:
2. "Diana." Phurograph Feature. (Multi-Color.)
8. (Sea Drama) as yet unnamed. Fox Film Corp.

In other words, Valkyrien has been starred in eight features between August, 1915, and August, 1916, of which the last three were five-reel dramas, the first four three-reelers, and the fifth production a seven-reel feature.

With characteristic modesty Mlle. Valkyrien studiously avoids making any reference whatsoever to her own good looks and, instead, she takes frequent occasion to praise the beauty typical of American girls, whom she honestly believes compare with any race.

"My first and most impressive observation upon arriving in this wonderful land of freedom and happiness was that the number of truly beautiful women were actually in the majority, a condition I doubt obtains in any other country," she says.

"There is something quite unique in the style of beauty among the feminine ones here. In fact, an American beauty is neither Latin, Teutonic or exactly Anglo-Saxon. It is pretty much in a class to itself, and if anything is a remarkable composite of the best of all civilized racial characteristics with here and there a trace of the original American Indian attractiveness. In this connection I must say that two of the most beautiful women I have met in the United States possess a considerable portion of Indian blood in their veins. You who are accustomed to seeing your American Indians, especially the usually uncounted red-skinned men, probably do not appreciate the quality of Indian beauty, but we who are used to seeing beauty associated mostly with blonde types are deeply and favorably impressed by the contrasting dark complexions."

Mlle. Valkyrien is strongly opposed to the use of cosmetics and other so-called beauty-producing articles. She holds strictly to the opinion that beauties are born not self-made, although she admits a woman must exercise great care to retain her good looks.

"But physical exercise and proper bathing are the things requisite to the retention or the improvement of beauty," she says. "A discreet and scientific diet also aids, but paint and powder is a bane rather than a boon. The girl who err to the extent of depending absolutely on artificial means of improving the looks will come to much grief. For there will be a day when she will dread to look in a mirror. She will see her handicraft much to her sorrow. Well-timed and intelligent massaging will do more to bring pink cheeks than the most elegant tint from any drug store, and the nice part of it is, a complexion produced by massage is enduring. My advice to all aspirants to good looks is to help Nature along by employing natural methods and avoiding every artifice."

Although she concedes that natural beauty is very predominant among American women, she also asserts that the gentle sex of our democratic realm resort to the use of senseless powder and paint more than the women of any other nation except possibly France.

"The false notion of it all is obvious, I am sure," she adds. "Therefore it is beyond comprehension just why there is such a persistency to hamper beauty by painting it over instead of developing it physically. After all though, what does beauty amount to if there is not the beautiful disposition and character to back it up? Hence, in conclusion, I must urge that while you're Beautifying your physique, don't neglect the dis-

![Unlike the majority of screen heroines, the beautiful Fox star detests society, and she is seldom found "at home" to anyone.](image)

![Valkyrien, as fearless as the Vikings of yore, battled for two hours with the 25-foot-long man-eating shark off the shores of Mayport, Fla., before she landed the monster with hook and line. The hook alone weighed 2 pounds.](image)
position, because it certainly accentuates the physical looks a great deal.

There is no exercise too strenuous or too democratic for Valkyrien. She is an enthusiastic motorist among other things, and she tinkers with the "inwards" of her car just to develop her muscles, and she never hesitates to crawl underneath to make any repairs needed. In fact, she won't even allow mechanicians to get on speaking terms with her, for she would not have anyone deprive her of all the exercise she wants. Suffice it to say she gets a plenty sometimes when her car gets a stubborn streak. Skipping rope is another of the fair Dane's aids in her army of stunts directly against General Corpulence. She can execute a whole repertoire of difficult dance steps to the tempo of the whirring rope. And, as for pushing a lawn-mower, ah, she has no superiors! "I love to cut grass with a balky mower, because the yanking, pushing and bumping required in the task give full play to the whole physique and makes red blood tingle with joy," she declares. Of course men are not expected to agree with her on this point.

Valkyrien has many definite eccentricities outside of the physical culture scope too. She hates press agents! Yes sir-ee, she hates 'em as a hawk hates snakes. She is a stickler for the truth, and she is decidedly convinced that the common custom among promoters of publicity is to abide inexcusably in the land of unwavering veracity. If you want to see this fair creature in a war-like mood, call on her just after some press agent has "put over" a fake story on her, causing it to be printed and widely read. She will utter more denunciatory words in two minutes than you ever thought could be pronounced in a half-hour, and the remarkable part of it is, she can give full vent to her tired feelings without giving expression to one single inelegant word. She has a rehbus vocabulary worthy of study and emulation.

"It seems to me to be one of the foremost fallacies prevalent in America—this idea of permitting so-called press agents to run the gauntlet of the truth," she says. "Upon my word, I have read stories about myself which did not contain one single word of truth. Ludicrous, isn't it?"

When reminded of the fact that press agents have to earn a living the same as anyone else, she promptly denied that they had any right to earn said living by prevailing. "I am sure the reading public able to discern the falsehoods they cause to be published, and doesn't it stand to reason that such publicity does more harm than good?"

Well now, of course, if you're going to argue the question on a basis of pure logic—let us pass on to some other topic, because we have quite a few friends who are press agents.

Valkyrien has some other most distinct dislikes. One is, a total disrespect for a woman who subjugates herself absolutely to man. She would abolish feminine dependence on the stronger sex and make her independence so positive and so sweeping that men would begin to think that woman can get along without him.

"I am pleased to note that the national trend among American women is to gain their rights and to remove the last vestige of bondage," she says. "This is splendid, for it means much to the ultimate salvation of the world. So long as woman is down-trodden, the people of the world will remain humbled. It is not at all hard to see this, because upon the gentler sex devolves the portion of life's work and fulfillment of human functions which is equally as vital as those performed by man. Hence it is not the line of reason to presume that women should not have the same freedom as men enjoy. As a matter of fact, there should be no such a person as a boss in the domestic circle. The wife should be in full charge of her share of the burdens, and the man should have equal control in his department with both offering suggestions for the common weal. However, the inclination of man has been to usurp the power of command, and up to a few years ago woman meekly obeyed without a murmur. Oftentimes this was entirely unjust. Now, thank goodness, has come a more enlightened, a more civilized age, and woman is taking strides forward for the first time in the history of her existence."

And, along with her dislikes, Valkyrien possesses many charitable traits. She is a confirmed giver to the needy. Not only does she never fail to avail herself of an opportunity to do suffering humanity a good turn, but she goes out of her own volition and seeks cases wherein succor is needed. On one occasion, it is said, she devoted six days to touring the congested sections of New York's East Side, taking a private census of families which actually needed...
The Rainbow Princess

(Continued from page 15.)

house and only one light in a distant back hallway was lighted. After several seconds she heard another creaking, grinding noise at the window and she instantly became alarmed. Just as she started to cross to the window, Blodgett was amazed to see it raise and she was horrified to see the ugly face of "Pop" Blodgett. Instinctively she rushed over to the window and got a glimpse of the faces of Joe and Dave, who stood close behind the old man.

"Quick, kid, lead us to the old man's safe," Blodgett ordered in low, husky tones as he started to climb through the window. "No, no; you mustn't do such a thing; you must go away at once," she replied, apprehensively.

"You're mad, you poor, little fool," Blodgett said, "if you succeed in getting one foot inside the room.

The instant Hope flung herself at the man ferociously and fought to shove him back out the window, but he was too strong for her and gained entrance in spite of her, paying her for her interference by hurling her across the room savagely. Before she could regain her footing, Dave and Joe had climbed into the room and she espied two bright revolvers in their hands. She started to run out of the room, but Blodgett caught her and in shaking her viciously he bumped her into a table and a huge vase went crashing onto the floor, being broken into many pieces, with a loud noise. In the confusion which followed the household one and all seemed to forget that there were others in the house.

Instantaneously Dave Blodgett toppled over lifeless. A bullet had penetrated his heart. He was just in the act of struggling with Hope when this tragic incident occurred.

Judge Daingerfield and Warren Reynolds arrived in the room a second after the shot was fired and Blodgett proved himself to be still in full possession of his mental faculties by promptly turning on Hope and securing her of the cold-blooded murder of his son.

"She enticed us into this house on the pretext that you was a-gonna give us a banquet," he yelled.

So startled was Hope by this that she actually gasped and assumed a crouched position, when the strength of her knees seemed to be paralyzed and her voice was paralyzed. She could not utter a single sound.

"What about this, my poor child?" the Judge asked the trembling girl sternly.

She tried to reply, but could not, and so she shook her head wildly in the negative, clutching nervously at her throat as all the while.

"I'm an eye-witness to it and so's my other son," Blodgett declared, "and she's a-gonna pay th' penalty of th' law."

This, it was proved in Court, but it all proved to be a boomerang for "Pop" Blodgett, because it was brought out in Court that his presence in the Daingerfield home that night was illicit and that his purpose was to commit a burglary. It was further shown by circumstantial evidence that Hope could no more be blamed for the killing than could anyone else present in the room at the time. Then when the Court and jury were enlightened as to the boy's treatment by Blodgett and witnesses testified to the fact that he had forced her to go into a cage filled with wild lions, without showing the least regard for her welfare, a wave of sympathy for the defendant swept over the proceedings and exerted a strong influence to bring about an acquittal. And, after that trial, Hope appeared in her true, worthy light, much to the delight of Judge Daingerfield.

"You're a much-abused little darling and I'm so sorry I ever doubted you for an instant," he told her, enfolding her little form in his arms and kissing her fervently.

"And do you love me?" she asked him anxiously.

"Yes, as I would my own precious daughter," he replied, patting her cheeks affectionately.

Warren joined heartily in the felicitation which followed the acquittal, but despite the fact that Hope betrayed a deep love for him and an eagerness to have him proved so demonstrative than he was, he simply could not, for he still had Edithie Worthington, his fiancee, uppermost in his thoughts.

"I am abundantly happy to see you triumph, but don't ask me to say any more now," he told her as he turned his face away from her.

This puzzled her. She could not understand.

"Don't worry, my child," the Judge told her gently.

"But, is he still mad at me?" she asked him appealingly.

"No, no—I love you, especially since I have seen you so radiant—so like a rainbow of joy and so like a charming little princess, but I love another, too," Warren put in with a display of unalloyed desperation.

"You can't do that, son; you can only love one; you are being deluded in one case," the Judge declared, "and hand kindly on the young man's shoulder.

"And—and—of course it couldn't be, to cause the other one must be some nice lady of high standing, and I—why, I was never more than an outcast until the Judge took me in his home," Hope said.

"Oh, you're not an outcast—you're nothing like one—you're a wonderful little rainbow princess," Warren replied, showing a reassuring inclination to defend the girl with all his power.

As the days passed Hope's happiness was severely impaired by a high-minded little Hope. He felt sure he could never decide between the two, and the unfortunate part of it for him was that both girls left it entirely up to him, neither attempting to reduce advances with those excelling in their loving treatment of him.

Just when the cloud which hung over his life looked the blackest to him, there suddenly appeared a silver lining. He received a letter from Edithie, calling off their engagement and announcing her intention of welding George Waters, Warren's pal, stating frankly that she had discovered she loved him more than any one else in the world. Then the storm ceased to rage and ceased to grow. Warren beheld a figurative rainbow—beholding joy-infusing Hope, the erstwhile little circus girl.

The moment he finished reading Edithie's letter he rushed to the one girl left for him, and when he impulsively took her into his arms and ardently kissed her he was so surprised that she freed herself from his embrace and in executing a dance of joy forgot herself to the extent of doing the hula, but it was just as well, because Warren recaptured her and made her agree to wed him at once. His rainbow princess needed no coaxing on this score, for she loved the man she had won with all her great, pure heart.

Lost Twenty-Four Hours

(Continued from page 10.)

has confessed that she attempted to black-mail Mr. Swift.

Dick was surprised, but happy beyond comparison.

"What does this all mean?" asked Mrs. Swift in a distracted tone.

"It means that your husband is exonerated," the officer replied in an even, quiet tone.

Mrs. Churchill murmured, "I told you so."

Thus clearly showing the fakeness of the sex, since it was none other than Mrs. Churchill who telegraphed her suspicions to Mrs. Swift and urged her immediate return from the country.

The tension was released when Milly Swift approached her martyred husband and with a winning smile asked him to forgive her for not trusting him when rumors of his infidelity were wired to her by the meddlesome Mrs. Churchill.

"Forgive me, dearie," she said, and with a soft lustre in her pretty brown eyes, she lowered her warm lips against his forehead.

Mrs. Churchill and her daughter strutted out of the room, a walking description of self-importance, magnified and nursed by shallow vanity. Dick Swift winked his eye and the detective with his prisoner followed in the footsteps of more humble predecessors.

Dick and Milly were alone in the room. She soon received an edited account of the night spent with Adolphus Smiley.

(Continued on page 31.)
THE WINNING WILL

By DELBERT E. DAVENTPORT

Justice Meyer betrayed the news he was hearing over the telephone, because he was visibly disturbed by the telephonic announcement of forthcoming nuptials. He proved it when he inquired seriously:

"But what about your dad's will?"

The voice over the wire seemed confused, as though the effective obstacle to the carrying out of his plans, but the justice was positive trouble threatened and so he cut the conversation short by advising Will to come right over to his office and bring "the party" he was to meet. Then he hung up the receiver and lapsed into a meditative mood.

"Now there's going to be something doing that'll start all the gossip in Clay-ton Mills to going again," he said to himself finally. He had no more than uttered these words when Dolly Roberts, the town's most charming home-grown maid, walked into the room. Dolly was one of those winsome little creatures you always find tucked away from near competitors in every small town. Even the most remote hamlet must have its demure queen bee and Dolly held this title in Clayton Mills.

"Good morning, Uncle Bart," was her spirited salutation, as she waved her parasol high.

"Well, well, by the immortal Black-stone, if here aren't another late arrival," the justice piped in merry tones as he grabbed Dolly's hand. "When did you come back, Dolly?"

"This morning, daylight, but why so much welcome home when I've been away only two days," she responded, as if at a loss to grasp the meaning of Meyer's ef fusions.

"Say, child, if there ever was a time in your life that you were welcome any place, now's the time and this is the place you're welcome," Meyer went on, maintaining an air of mystery.

"But why do you say that, Uncle Bart?" she queried, completely perplexed.

"Well, just you listen to me a few seconds and I'll explain," and then the Justice looked all about cautiously to make sure no one else was in the room. Re turning his attention to Dolly, he scratched his bald head for a second, then rubbed his long, thin nose another second, and finally continued the betrayal of his ner vousness by strking his short, gray beard rather viciously. Dolly watched the justice attentively until after he had played with his beard for fully twenty seconds and then her patience vanished in a jiffy.

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense," she implored. "If it's something important I should know it at once; if it's all a joke tell me so quickly, because I'm worrying, and I don't want to worry over a joke."

"It's no joke, Dolly," he said with marked seriousness, and then riveting his very light gray eyes on the girl's face, he continued gravely: "Your old sweetheart, Will Brance, has just come back from Chicago with the girl he's going to marry—if he can find a way to get around his dad's will."

Dolly stared at Justice Meyer a moment with an expression of agony on her pretty face. The next instant her big blue eyes twinkled again. "I expected it," she finally said without a quiver in her voice.

"Oh, but I know you care, because a good girl like you can't love a fellow for five years and then see him lost to a rival without a hankering to box Fate's cars for being so cruel," the justice interposed promptly.

"But what can I do about it, uncle?" she asked pointedly.

"Maybe nothing, maybe a lot; we'll see," he replied shortly.

"How? When?" she asked excitedly. A merry feminine laugh broke in on them at that instant, and Justice Meyer trotted to the front door and looked down the street.

"Here they come now," he exclaimed, as he returned hastily to Dolly's side.

"Who? Will?" she asked.

"Yes, Will and his aff'inity."

"Then I'm going to get out the back way," and Dolly started for the back door on the run, but Justice Meyer caught her by the arm.

"No, stay," he insisted.

"And see Will Brance with a strange woman? Never!" Dolly was fighting to free herself from Meyer's grasp.

"But I've got a scheme that might work out fine if you'll stick. Sally isn't here yet. Her work dress, apron and all, are hanging in the back room. You go and put them on, and smear lots of dirt on your face and make Will think you're the scrub-woman instead of Dolly. Something might happen you wouldn't want to miss.

"A bully scheme. I'll do it," Dolly agreed, in anticipation of a lively adventure, and, she got into the back room without an instant's delay, immediately busying herself with donning Sally's tattered duds.

Dolly had just slammed the back door shut when Will Brance, a handsome young, black-haired man, walked in the front door escorting Mrs. Elizabeth Stone, a stunningly beautiful woman of middle age and obviously at least ten years his senior. Dolly was replied, with the height of fashion.

"Hello, Uncle Bart," greeted the young
man, cordially, as he grabbed Justice Meyer's hand and shook it heartily. "Permission to introduce you to Mrs. Stone, my fiancée."

"Glad to see you, Will, and I'm glad to meet you, Mrs. Stone," the justice acknowledged. "Make yourselves right at home."

"You are very kind, but I've heard a lot about your kindness of heart from Mr. Stone," Mrs. Stone said, smilingly, after which she walked to the nearest chair and sat down.

Will Brance had a disturbed mind. That was evident, and it was emphasized when he immediately turned the conversation into business channels.

Uncle Bart, I fear I am in an awful predicament," he said.

"Well, young man, just so long as you don't get into debt, you're all right," was his Honor's reply.

"That's the whole trouble—I'm liable to go so far in debt that I will be reduced to begging. That's what I've come to see you about," Brance started to say more, but seemed to suddenly lose his nerve, whereupon Mrs. Stone spoke up.

"You know, Will, dear, what I've always told you about the folly of taking any large sums of money out of business and have it over."

"But, sweetheart," protested Brance, "this is a ticklish job."

"Well, then, let's have the tickle over, quack," suggested the justice.

"I wish you'd helped him to draw it up," the justice drewled.

"I wish you'd helped him to draw it up more than reasonable," the young man replied, with some show of bitterness. "That marriage clause is responsible for all my present troubles."

"It is ridiculous to try to keep Mrs. Brance from marrying the one he loves," Mrs. Stone put in.

"May be, but, maybe Will doesn't know who he loves," the justice suggested as he took a sly glance at the door leading to the back room.

"I do know who I love, Uncle Bart," Brance protested.

"Then, when the justice asked blandly.

"Why, Elizabeth, here—I couldn't live without her."

"Tut, tut, my boy, you wouldn't die if you were without all the women in the world."

"Thus did Justice Meyer make it plain that he did not consider his young friend confronted by any life-or-death proposition, which attitude inspired further protestation from the lovelorn youth.

"But, uncle, this is real love, ardent love, a love that is going to ruin me unless the requirements of father's will can be evaded in some way."

These impassioned words from the lips of her lifelong lover were too much for the eavesdropping Dolly, and so she bolted right into the room, slamming the door shut. That resounding bang, which attracted the attention of all to her. Upon realizing that she had made of her self a target for piercing scrutiny, Dolly speedily got busy wielding a feather duster or with dusty results. She had disguised herself well with the aid of Sally's dress, apron and cap, and, several broad streaks of dirt across her face served the purpose of making her practically beyond identification.

"Don't mind her. She's just a little waif who does the cleaning up around here," the justice apologized, returning his attention to Brance and Mrs. Stone.

"Where is Sally, the colored girl you used to have," Brance inquired.

"Oh, she's gone—died—away," was the reply, and to avoid further confusion the justice quickly continued: "Now, getting back to the subject, what do you wish me to do, Will, marry you two?"

"Yes. Will you figure out how I can get around that will," the young man confessed, unblushingly.

"There is surely some way to defeat the foolish whim of a childish old father who undoubtedly would have changed his mind upon being made to realize what it means to his son to marry into a family of refinement and culture, and—"

"Pardon me, my dear Elizabeth," Brance interrupted, "but you know, Uncle, I've heard you were against my marrying Dolly. She was always so uncultured, so harum-scarum."

At this juncture Dolly discontinued her dusting activities, and, placing her arms akimbo, glared at Brance. She was sorely trying to explain something when Justice Meyer said:

"Maybe that's why your dad thought she was just the match for you, Will."

"Ridiculous," ejaculated Mrs. Stone. "It would be a shame for such a talented and promising young man as Mr. Brance to wed a country bumpkin. His cultured way was the first thing that attracted my admiration to him."

"Oh, you like his cultured way, do you?" the justice asked with just a trace of irony in his voice.

"Yes, above everything else," Mrs. Stone replied in positive tones. "I would give up everything for him."

"Then why don't you marry him and not bother Minny," Justice Meyer urged. "I'll say the words for nothing, and in poetry, too."

"Yes, Will has told me of your fame as a poetical justice of the peace and it is kind of you to volunteer your services, but I would rather get him to sacrifice his fortune for me."

These gallant words from Mrs. Stone brought Will Brance to her side, and he took her hands in his.

"Sweetheart, I would never ask you to wed me if I were deprived of my fortune," he said to her. Then he turned to Justice Meyer appealingly.

"Uncle, how are we to avoid this threatened unhappiness?"

"You mean how are we to break your father's will?" the justice asked.

"Yes, it must be broken some way."

Justice Meyer paused to ponder momentarily and then shook his head negatively.

"It can't be done," he said, calmly. The manner in which he gave this adverse decision seemed to disarm both Brance and Mrs. Stone and they both gazed in silence at the justice, who in the meantime had started to scratch his bald head thoughtfully.

"But, in a way, though," he finally muttered, half to himself, whereupon Dolly paused in her work long enough to give the justice a sharp look. The next instant the resourceful Meyer was stroking his beard and then he slapped his hands together. "I have it," he exclaimed, almost to himself.

"How, uncle?" Brance asked, brightening up perceptibly.

"Carry out your dad's will."

"And marry Dolly?"

"Never," Mrs. Stone broke in firmly.

"But I don't mean the Dolly you mean," the justice explained. "Let Will marry another Dolly. Your dad didn't say which Dolly. I told him about it at the time, but he said everybody would know who he meant.

"That solves it all," the young hopeful agreed. "Well, where can we find a Dolly for me to marry and divorce for a price?"

"My scrub-girl there—her name is Dolly," and so saying Justice Meyer made a sweeping gesture towards Dolly, who instantly became Janie Street and started to run out of the room, but the cunning old manipulator was too much on the job, and he stayed her with a stern order.

Will Brance at once brandished the idea of an impromptu wedding as being capital, but Mrs. Stone was skeptical. She expressed herself as being apprehensive lest the poor scrub-girl might essay to retain Brance as a captive in the bonds of wedlock. So she took the liberty to walk over to Dolly and scrutinize her hurtfully, but at the same time with a woman-like purpose—to determine whether or not there was any dangerous beauty to be combated. Dolly fell into the spirit of the gallant proposition and presented a sort of a stupid menial faultlessly, so much so, in fact, that Mrs. Stone returned to Brance's side thoroughly convinced that she had nothing to fear insofar as rivaling charms were concerned.

"She's a very lowly person and entirely incapable of perpetrating any adroit tricks on us, but I don't like the scheme," she said.

Brance and Justice Meyer co-operated in their persuasive arguments, both impressing Mrs. Stone with the fact that this scheme was the only solution to the problem circumstances forced them to solve.

"See here, Mrs. Rock—persisted the now excited justice.

"Not Mrs. Rock, uncle—Mrs. Stone," corrected Brance.

"Well, Mrs. Stone—er—excuse me, I'm so bamboozled I don't know what I'm saying," the justice apologized. "But, here's the point. Will can marry that girl and then he can go away and leave her here after a few years. She can get a divorce on the grounds of desertion and—you will be next."

"It does seem like an awful ordeal to go through, but it's the only way," Brance argued.

Justice Meyer took out his watch and studied it a moment and then said: "It's ten o'clock now, and a train leaves at 11.30 for Kansas. That gives us plenty of time to get the license and to tie the knot."

"Well," Mrs. Stone replied, after meditating a moment, "you'll at least introduce the girl first, won't you?"

"Oh, sure," the justice said as he turned to Dolly. "Er—Dolly, come here and meet
your future husband and successor-to-be.

Dolly had anticipated this part of her task and had prepared herself for it by brushing all the pride in her whole system and forcing herself to feign servility. So when she was thus summoned, she walked up to the justice hastily at the same time saying in song-song tones: "I'm glad to meet ye, folks." Then she giggled, but quickly added: "It's nice weather for raisin' crops, ain't it?"

Mrs. Stone paid no heed to this small talk. She was confronted by Dolly menacingly. "You've heard all we have said about this plan?"

"Yes, ma'am," Dolly admitted, accepting great modesty.

"Do you agree to it?" Mrs. Stone asked in rather boisterous tones for a woman of her refined appearance.

"Don't know yet. It seems sinful." Then she turned to the justice. "Do you think I ought to do this?"

"It's the best thing you could possibly do. That's the half you assured her.

"And why?" she asked, as she pulled Sally's big cap further over her face to make sure that Brance would not recognize her should he ever quit staring at the face of the sun through his gate.

"Because he'll give you lots of money—enough so you won't have to scrape for a living," Justice Meyer told her.

"Well, how much do you reckon it'll take to keep me in the best of Clayton M'bile?" Mrs. Stone demanded, with all the ignorant innocence she could summon.

"Five hundred dollars." Brance suggested, still gazing at the floor.

"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed Justice Meyer. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Will Brance, for making such an offer. Not a cent less than five thousand dollars will do."

"But that's exorbitant," Mrs. Stone declared.

"Exorbitant!" yelled the justice, "that's a bargain."

"Don't think I'm cheap, cause I ain't got nothin' now," said Dolly. "I kin spend as much money as anybody if I had it to spend."

"Well, will you do this for five thousand dollars." Brance asked, taking a fleeting glance at Dolly and then meeting Mrs. Stone's glance inquiringly as if willing to leave it all to her judgment.

Dolly consumed a full minute to think it all over and then agreed to serve as bride, being spurred on by the significant little nods of Justice Meyer's head. Mrs. Stone wanted to be assured that Dolly would sue for divorce and consequently it was agreed that in order to make this a wife he would give Brance, for making such an offer, to be paid only one-half of her money now and the other half after she had freed Brance from all matrimonial obligations to her.

"When I consent," Mrs. Stone said, finally.

"Seems to me that I ought to be the one to do the consenting," Dolly protested.

"Go ahead and consent, Dolly, and regret it afterwards, like other folks do," he insisted.

During the next five minutes Justice Meyer made all arrangements for the wedding license by telephone, being careful to talk in such low tones that no one in the room could hear what he said. He next assured the principals that it would be all right to proceed with the ceremony, as the license would arrive immediately. The prospect of haste brought Dolly to a realization that her appearance was not one of the best. But she was too afraid to show her face.

"Must I get married with a dirty face?" she asked the justice.

"Certainly," he replied. "You can wash your face every day, but you can't get married once!"

"Is such absurd familiarity necessary?" Mrs. Stone asked scornfully.

"Certainly," the justice said. "Now are you ready for the poetic justice to begin?"

"Poetic justice!" Mrs. Stone exclaimed.

"I call it the worst kind of injustice."

"But what's the use of us folks trying to tell what it takes to tell," the justice said, turning to Dolly and Brance who stood hand-in-hand, both staring at the floor. "Hold on tight, children, cause it'll soon be over."

With his Bible in hand, Justice Meyer assumed a dignified pose. Then with the aid of the Muses with whom he so often communed, he tied the knot in his own unique way, addressing Will Brance first as follows:

"Do you, young man, for all your life
Take this here girl to be your wife?
If seeing sure and without guess,
Then all you do is answer yes."

Whereupon Brance uttered that fearful little affirmative word in a very low tone of voice. Without the slightest hesitation the justice turned to Dolly, adding:

"Do you, Dolly, hear what I say, Promise to love him and obey? If you do, then stand up near,
And speak out loud, so all can hear."

Dolly put a spirit of glee in her voice when she said "yes" and Mrs. Stone gave her a very sharp look, but the marrying justice gave her no chance to speak, for he wound up the ceremony thus:

"Then let no man put asunder
Whom Justice Meyer has joined, by thunder."

"Oh, this is dreadful," Mrs. Stone sighed.

"It could be worse," the justice reassured her, as he took her by the arm and started to lead her away. "I want to have a little private talk with you."

Much against her will, Mrs. Stone went over to the most distant corner of the room with Justice Meyer while Brance looked after them in some amazement and with not a little suspicion. It was probably this latter feeling that inspired the young man to turn upon Dolly to see how she was acting and for the first time in his life he saw how extremely dirty her face was.

"How could you get your face so dirty?" he asked.

"Easy," was Dolly's laconic reply, as she wiped it off with her sleeve, and, in raising her arm a small portion of her silk waist she wore underneath Sally's dirty apron was revealed to Brance.

"Why do you wear good clothes when scrubbing?" he asked, betraying great curiosity by waving his tail closer.

"Why, it's silk," he noted in surprise.

"Sure," Dolly answered with an air of nonchalance, "Sally willed it to me before she died."

"Sally, the colored woman?" he asked credulously.

"Yes, Aunt Sally, you know her." And at that very instant, Sally, a fat, black negress, walked in the front door.

"Good mornin', Mister Judge, good mornin'," Sally stammered.

"Why, there's Sally," Brance exclaimed. "I thought she was dead."

"Me dead? Lordy, no. I ain't never even been sick yet. Why is you all got on my apron and cap, Miss Dolly?"

"Why, it's Dolly Roberts, my Dolly of bygone times," Brance observed as he feasted his eyes on her simple beauty. "it's Dolly, with her cap in hand, and with some anger apparent, marched straight to Brance.

"What does this mean?" she demanded.

"I—I—don't know what it means excepting—er—she is my first love," Brance stammered.

"But just the same you are going to make her get a divorce," Mrs. Stone reminded.

"Yes, yes—I—er—but, of course—er—" Brance stammered.

"No, no—not a bit of it—no temporizing and no quibbling," Mrs. Stone almost screamed in her growing ire.

"Oh, Dolly, what a situation—" the now thoroughly confused young man remarked with apprehension. "I—I—"

But Mrs. Stone interrupted him by turning to Justice Meyer and demanding that he prevent Brance from even talking to Dolly.

"There's no law to keep a man from talking to his wife," was all the consolation or assistance the Justice had to offer.

"But she foists her settlement if she fails to get a divorce," the irate Mrs. Stone insisted.

"Perhaps she has all the settlement she wants now," suggested the unperturbed Justice, whereupon Mrs. Stone confronted Dolly.

"Dolly, are you or are you not going to get a divorce?" she demanded.

"She can't get a divorce," Justice Meyer then declared, walking leisurely over to the group.

"Why not?" Mrs. Stone demanded.

"Because she was Sally—er—that's collusion," he explained.

"Don't worry, old sister. I'll get a divorce all right if Will gives me any grounds," Dolly assured Mrs. Stone in her own little mean way.

"But, Dolly, you don't know yet whether or not you want to get a divorce," Brance declared to the complete dissatisfaction of Mrs. Stone.

"You probably don't realize that I can go through it just as easily as you might," Dolly said.

"But, Dolly, I think I've made a miserable mistake," he replied.

"And you think I'm a toy that you can
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and Justice Meyer was getting his breath to continue when Mrs. Stone shoved him aside not at all politely and braced herself squarely in front of Brance.

“Do so have been trifling with my affections, have you, Mr. Will Brance?” she exclaimed, looking him right in the eye.

“Well, no, Mrs. Stone, I was only deluded, that’s all,” Brance replied with an evidence of a desire to reason with her.

“Then I shall bring suit for breach of promise,” the disappointed woman declared with considerable vehemence.

“Better not, madam, better not,” advised the squire. “Don’t lose sight of the fact that you entered into a conspiracy to break the deceased Brance’s will. Besides you yourself agreed to this marriage.”

“But he agreed to get a divorce,” she persisted.

“That’s an illegal agreement; he can’t be held,” the squire replied, just as persistently.

“Then what’s to be done?” she asked now in despair.

“Nothing—it’s did,” was the brief answer she received.

“Why, what do you mean?”

“When old man Brance wrote his will, he wrote a winning will and made of his son another winning Will,” the justice explained with a note of triumph, and the next instant the Muses got to working again, because he added:

“Now, Mrs. Stone, turn over a page And think of someone nearer your age. It’s too bad that I’m not single, So with me you could mingle.”

“You are a most ridiculous poet,” Mrs. Stone said, betraying just a trace of amusement intermingled with scorn.

“Yes, and when I make them man and wife, they stay that way for all their life—for forty years I’ve been marrying folks, and none of them e’er part till one of them creaks,” continued the extemporaneous rhymer.

But Mrs. Stone refused longer to be entertained by verse and she turned to Brance and demanded to know what she was to do, whereupon Justice Meyer handed her a railway time-table suggesting that would tell her. Then Mrs. Stone betrayed her true self in a very few ill-chosen words, thus:

“I am glad to find you out, Mr. Brance, because for what little money I would have gotten out of you by marrying you it wouldn’t have been worth my time. There are millionaires who want me. Good day, and I should worry.”

After Mrs. Stone had made her grandstand play of hauteur and had quit the place without the slightest demonstration of regret over losing the love of any one, Will Brance turned to Dolly and said:

“Now I’m happy. What has my precious little wife got to say for herself?”

“Well, about all I want to say is, bless Aunt Sally for being dead at a convenient time,” Dolly replied, as she laid her head on her husband’s shoulder in perfect contentment.

Meanwhile Justice Meyer had disappeared. The others had just missed him when they heard a crashing noise in the back room. Dolly, Brance and Sally all ran to the rear door that was transpiring and they arrived just in time to see Justice Meyer dragging a sleeping...
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The Last Word.

"John," said Mrs. Cluckpeck, "I want you to take your feet off that table."

"Mrs. Cluckpeck," he answered, "there is only one person who can talk that way to me."

"And who is that?" she demanded angrily.

"You, my dear," replied John, putting his feet to rest on the floor.

The Difference.

"Marriage is a curious thing," said the Globe Trotter. "In some of the Oriental countries a girl seldom sees her husband until she marries him."

"It is curious," agreed the Mere Man. "In this country she seldom sees him afterward."

They Don't Speak Now.

Tish—"And believe me, she's some girl."

Tush—"Clever!"

Tish—"Oh, very! She's got brains enough for two.

Tush—"That's just the girl for you. Why don't you marry her?"

Like Some Records.

He—"You have a wonderful voice."

She—"Do you think so?"

He—"Indeed yes! Else it would have been worn out long ago."

Life's Sorrows.

She—"I hear she has left her husband."

He—"No, she has her husband left. The suit went against her."

Matriarchal Note.

He (ingratiatingly)—"I was belated a bit last night, my dear."

Wife (cooly)—"Belated minus the b."

This is Straight.

"Did you know poker is an art?"

"No!"

"Fact. Here's an art school advertising 'Learn to Draw Property.'"

Subtle Impolliteness.

"Biggins always agrees with anything I say."

"Yes. It's his way of intimating that he doesn't consider your views sufficiently important to be worthy of an argument."

His Awful Privation.

"You have our most profound sympathy," we said. "Blindness is indeed a terrible affliction."

"Yes!" moaned the poor wretch. "They tell me that women's skirts are getting shorter and shorter all the time."

Not Up to Expectations.

Doctor's Wife—"You used to say I was worth my weight in radium."

Doctor—"I've quit experimenting with radium."

He (returning from the punch bowl)—"Shall we sit this out?"

She (sniffing)—"No. Let's walk it off."

Biting.

Geraldine—"I hate to think of my thirtieth birthday."

Gerard—"Let's bring up the past."

"I know Caby Deslys well. I call her my first name."

"Don't you think she'd be angry if she found it out?"

Clothes.

It was at the opera, and they were sizing up the gorgeous costumes.

Women are certainly fond of dresses.

"That's the case," replied Pokus, his eyes glued to the decollete gowns, "why don't they wear more of it?"

Clear Right of Way.

He—"You've been through my pockets?"

She—"What's in 'em wouldn't hinder my going through."

Actions Speak.

Bertha Mae—"So you told Paul of your love."

Sister Clara—"Well—a not just exactly that—we just went through the motions—"

Poor Mr. Brown.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Brown? He's got a little bit that house."

"He was worse than that last night."

A Useful Habit.

"I don't see how you stand it," said Mrs. Youngbride to her older married friend. "It would simply break my heart to have my husband prop up the newspaper at the breakfast table every morning."

"Oh, I don't know," said the other, "You see, it keeps the grapefruit from spattering as far as it might otherwise."

The Determined Lady.

The Lawyer—"The precedents are against you, madam."

The Lady—"Well, sue them, too, then."

Evidence Closed.

Lawyer's Wife—"So your client was acquitted of murder. On what grounds?"

Lawyer—"Insanity. We proved that his father once spent two years in an asylum."

Lawyer's Wife—"But he didn't, did he?"

Lawyer—"Yes. He was doctor there, but we had no time to bring that fact out."

In a Safe Place.

First Undergraduate—"Have you telegraphed to the old man for money?"

Second Undergraduate—"Yes."

"Got an answer?"

"No. I telegraphed the governor, 'Where is that money I wrote for? and his answer reads, 'In my pocket."

" Doesn't Often Happen."

"Do you think a girl believes when you tell her she is the first?"

"If you're the first liar she has ever met."

She Understood.

Aviator (home from the war on leave)—"And then when you are up pretty high—three, or four miles, say—and you look down, it's positively sickening. It is stupendous, isn't it? A great height is a fearful thing, I can tell.""

Lady (feelingly)—"Yes, I can sympathize with you, poor boy. I feel just that way myself when I'm on top of a stepladder."

Correct Definition.

"Pop, what do we mean by economy?"

"Spending money in such a way as not to get any fun out of it, my son."

Poor Diplomat.

"I think the one you refused is much the more attractive of the two."

"I admit that, but when he proposed he went into ecstasies. I was happy I could make him; but the one I accepted spoke earnestly of how happy he would try to make me."

Putting It Too Strongly.

She—"So many men nowadays marry for money. You wouldn't marry me for money, would you?"

He (absently)—"No! Darling, I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world."

She—"Oh, you horrid, horrid wretch!"

Quite a Bit.

"There's a difference between being well informed and knowing it all."

Becomes Annoying.

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery."

"Maybe so, but I don't like to have too many women copying my gown."

Just Right.

Mrs. Styles—"Oh, dear, I want a new street skirt."

Mr. Styles—"But, wife, you know we haven't a cent now."

Mrs. Styles—"Well, dear, I want a short skirt."

The Way of Man.

Mrs. Wilkins—"Did Fussleigh take his misfortune like a man?"

Mrs. Williams—"Precisely. He blamed it all on his wife."

No Free Advertising.

A violinist was bitterly disappointed with the account of his recital printed in the paper of a small town.

"Told my man three or four times," complained the musician to the owner of the paper, "that the instrument I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and in his story there was not a word about it, not a word!"

Whereupon the owner said with a laugh:

"That is as it should be. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddles advertised in my paper under ten cents a line, you come around and let me know."

Pats' Advice.

Pater—"Who is making that infernal jangle on the piano?"

Mater—"That's Constance at her exercise."

Pater—"Well, for heaven's sake ask her to get her exercise some other way."

Too Familiar.

She laid her hand lovingly on her husband's shoulder. He started.

"My dear, would you mind not doing that?" he asked.

"Why do you object, dearie?" asked the wife.

"Well," replied the husband, "ever since we have owned a car, every time you do it I think it is a traffic cop."

Practice Makes Perfect.

"Pardon me for a moment, please," said the dentist to the victim, "but before beginning this work I have my drill."

"Good heavens, man!" exclaimed the patient irritably. "Can't you pull a tooth without a rehearsal?"

Not the Greatest Need.

"Do you like your new little sister, Tommy?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, yes," replied Tommy. "She's all right, but there are a lot of things we needed more."

A Preventive That Worked.

"Why on earth do you keep borrowing Tooter's trombone?" asked Mr. Miggs' neighbor. "You can't play it."

"No," responded Mr. Miggs, "fortunately for you I cannot. And while 1've got it she can't play it either. Get me?"

He Knew It Was Dangerous.

An Englishman was seeing his first game of baseball, and the "fan" was explaining the different plays as they were being made.

"Don't you think it's great?" enthusiastically asked the "fan."

"Well," replied the Englishman, "I think it's very exciting, but also a very dangerous game."

Dangerous nothing," replied the fan.

Just when a runner was put out at second base.

"What has happened now?" asked the Englishman.

"Chick Smith has died at second," laconically replied the fan. "Died at second?" replied the astonished Briton. "I knew it was a dangerous game."

How Could He Know?

The youth seated himself in the dentist's chair. He wore a wonderful striped shirt and a more wonderful checked suit and had the vacant stare of "nobody home that goes with both."

The dentist looked at his assistant. "I am afraid to give him gas," he said.

"Why?" asked the assistant.

"Well," said the dentist, "how can I tell when he's unconscious?"

Note.—Address all contributions for this page to Last Laugh Editor, The Photo-Play Journal, Philadelphia
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EDITORIAL

VAST! Before you are encompassed in the all-prevailing spirit of Good Cheer and Good Will so inevitably coincident with this season of the year, come ye all to the realization of a most revolutionary change in our methods of deriving pleasure from life.

Behold! The Moving Picture Christmas! The Yuletide devoid of most of its old-fashioned characteristics and replete with modernism is here in this 1916.

In ye olden times the church was the one public place at which people assembled to give and take the spirit which endears Christmas to every heart, old and young. But today there exists another gathering-place in amicable competition to the church. It is the Photoplay Theatre, providing as it does an unlimited number of entertaining features delightfully contributory to the rejuvenescence of the race. Not content with the cheer-infusing photography possible on the screen, astute and enterprise owners of these popular emporiums of amusement have turned to having Christmas trees and all the festal festivities with the eclat obtaining in the churches.

The new conditions which motion pictures have created can mean only one thing, and that is, the march of progress is in step with the much-maligned proclivity humanity has for being diverted less soberly. The straight-laced is constantly succumbing to the magnanimous liberalist. There is becoming paramount a sense of the need for more succulence in the fruitful recreation of mankind and moving pictures supply this at a low cost with a high degree of satisfaction. The witnessing of a photoplay or two has become an integral part of our Christmas celebration and even the most trenchant critic must admit that it is a laudable advancement which superinduces a generous measure of the coveted delection for which even the supine strive with a zest equal to that manifested by the vivacious.

Happily the photoplay art does not derogate interest from the sacredness of church services nor does it in any way encourage to those who would be so mean as to flout the worthy functions of the house of worship. It rather supplements the promotion of the public weal by removing the weary from a sphere harmful to their mental and physical health and elevating all to an exalted plane of wholesome relaxation. This very achievement, we believe, is one of the fundamentally important accomplishments of both the church and the photoplay. There may be plenty of grandiloquent arguments pro and con on this subject, but just the same one strong fact protrudes: The photoplay deserves its share of the encomiums for aiding in the edification of the masses and classes.

Now that the mythical Saint Nicholas is returning for another gladsome visit, he can radiate joy by proxy more than ever before, thanks to the existence of thousands of moving picture theatres, which afford tens of thousands of people merry greetings, a deviation from work and worry which would be denied countless hordes of them less favored by Dame Fortune if this incomparable form of amusement had not been devised. It is sheer nonsense to detract the ever-growing tendency to embrace the opportunity to enjoy the mellifluous blessings always available in the high-class diversion provided by the screen. It is a true art which has attained its ascendancy without any succor from fakirs who wheel—and it is an element of achievement which won on its merits from the inception. The tremendous popularity of "the pictures" is the touchstone by which these statements are verified. Volatile America welcomes the lively assistance the photoplay gives Santa Claus. It is inane for reformers to essay setting up an antithesis to this typically American approbation of a successful medium for lightening mortal burdens.

When comes the hour for universal felicitation and well-wishing in accordance with Yuletide customs, let even the capricious pause long enough to donate to the expansion of charity by giving unto the poor not only clothes and food but a few pennies with which to defray the slight expenses of regaling themselves with an evening "at the movies." It will serve as a rejuvenating spice and will do much to alleviate their sufferings, and, the consequent breaking of the monotony of poverty, will act as a refugent ray of sunshine in dismal corridors of life. It means showing the unfortunates a merry Christmas instead of merely wishing them such. It is well to lead them to a church for consolation, but it is also unimpeachable goodness to treat them to a photoplay entertainment especially in view of the fact that this is truly a Moving Picture Christmas.

The Photo-Play Journal Wishes All a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
EDITED BY GEO. M. DOWNS, Jr.

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The Last Laugh

Jackie Saunders

Miss Saunders, known as "The Fascinating Balboa Girl," was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1894, which makes her just twenty-two years old. As a matter of fact, she is a mere girl, but notwithstanding her youth, she has had a wide and varied stage experience, and has been a leading woman in motion pictures since she was nineteen. A whole series of photo-plays have been written for her with her particular talents in view, and there is no doubt that she will establish herself more firmly as one of the supreme artistes of visual drama. Swimming is a part of her profession, and she may often be seen as a playtime mermaid in both Pacific and Atlantic surfs. Her latest serial is "The Grip of Evil."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by LAVERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Business Offices: Land Title Building

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO

$2.00 IN CANADA $2.50 FOREIGN COUNTRIES SINGLE COPY 15 CENTS

A LONG line of prisoners were wending their way wearily across the snow-covered plains toward a train which would take them to bleak Siberia. Suddenly a band of revolutionists, bent on freeing their brothers from the living death, boldly attacked the Cossack guard and precipitated a sanguinary battle. In the excitement of the fray several of the doomed men escaped, but the net result was scarcely worth the precarious effort, because the news of the outbreak so enraged Turov, the prefect of police, that he promptly ordered the entire district to be raided.

"Weed out the perpetrators of the attack and all their sympathizers without showing mercy to anyone," he commanded and quickly there followed turmoil of indescribable horror.

In their small home, a tiny spot of peace in the land of bitter strife, lived Sasha and her two daughters, Darya and Katerina. Alexis, Katerina's fiancé, was with them when the still night was rent by the shouts of the raiding Cossacks and the screams of the startled villagers. Turov's orders were being obeyed with a vengeance.

Darya, being tiny in stature and the younger of the girls, was hidden under a mass of straw in a barrel, which occupied a remote corner of the humble kitchen, and a minute later the Cossacks broke into the house and seized Sasha, Alexis and Katerina, dragging them away most roughly.

The village pillaged, the homes ruined and the populace thoroughly miserable, the Cossacks started their return trip to the city, driving their prisoners before them as they would so many cattle.

It was not until the dismal hours of the early morning that little Darya ventured out of her hiding-place, and when in terror she inspected the desolation that had been so unjustly wrought, she stealthily made her way to the home of Father Orlinsky, an old revolutionist who, like herself, had escaped the Cossacks. Heroically he forgot his own woes to comfort the girl and to advise her.

"You must join the brotherhood and give your life to lighten the burdens of your brothers," he told her.

"But what can I do to help the brotherhood?" she asked as if in doubt as to the wisdom of the old man's counsel.

"My child, if all the people in Russia hesitated even long enough to ask such a question, merciless plutocracy would rule the land so completely that human beings without a strain of royal blood in their veins would be constantly under the iron heel of oppression which would increase our national death-rate five hundred per cent," Orlinsky replied with just a trace of rebuke in his tone of voice.

Then he launched into a very frank and plain explanation of the great struggle between the classes and the masses, and his words were so impressive as to cause Darya to ponder deeply.

The very next day Turov conducted a truly farcical court proceeding at which Sasha, the distracted father, was sacrificed without being given an opportunity to protest his innocence. His daughter, Katerina, and Alexis were brought before the despot next, and they were doomed without having a single question propounded to them.

"Put the young dog in the stone cell and the knout," Turov ordered without the slightest show of humaneness.

Katerina was electrified, and then she was suddenly emboldened by a full realization of what this sentence meant to her lover.

"Oh, your honor, he is innocent—it would be terrible injustice to punish him so," she pleaded frantically.

"It's better to send all innocent ones to the mines than to allow one guilty one to escape—the sentence stands," Turov replied harshly.

Undismayed Katerina rushed to his side. She fell to her knees and implored him as she wept bitterly. Turov gazed upon the girl dispassionately as she begged for fully two minutes, and then he seemed to soften a trifle, but it was only because he discovered she was quite pretty. Finally he took her roughly by the hand and pulled her close to him.

"My price for clemency is your honor," he murmured in low, guttural tones.

Katerina straightened up abruptly. She stared straight into the beast's eyes as she blushed a deep crimson. She was mortified beyond expression. She was on the verge of uttering angry words of resentment when she remembered the man's position. He discerned the mental battle which was raging so fiercely in the young woman's fevered brain, and he pushed her aside, brusquely ordering his officers to at once execute the sentences he had imposed.

As if dazed Katerina watched the guards yank her father and her sweetheart out of the room. She seemed powerless to move from the spot, and she helplessly extended her two hands toward the two men dearest of all to her. As they disappeared behind an iron door, she swooned, and when she was revived she found herself in the arms of Turov, whose face wore an evil smile.

"It's the only way to save your man," he said the minute she opened her eyes.

"What's the only way?" she asked before she had time enough to collect her thoughts.

"Be mine for a while," he snapped back almost savagely.

"Oh no, for God's sake, sir—I—I—"
"You—you—what!" he demanded.
"I love him and I am to be his wife," she protested.
But I must come first or you'll never be his wife," Turov retorted as a stubborn grin spread over his face.
"Will—er—will that really save him for me?" she asked.
"Certainly; you know what I am," he replied.
"Yes, I know what you are—you're a libertine, a tyrant, a—"

But poor Katerina got no further. Turov literally choked off her voice, and he left the tell-tale marks of his finger-nails on her white neck. And this act of violence convinced Katerina more than anything that the one recourse she had open was to sacrifice if Alexis was to be spared. After a moment of reflection she hysterically consented to pay the price.

It was just one hour later when the now thoroughly unnerved girl asked Turov to make good his end of the bargain. He readily acceded to her wish, and led her to a trap-door in the floor. Katerina eagerly gazed down into the stone cell below and saw Alexis hanging lifeless to the flogging pillar. Almost insane with rage at Turov's perfidy, she sprang upon him with maniacal fury. Desperately she struggled to get at her husband's throat. She clawed like an infuriated tigress, screaming all the while. Turov, in some excitement grappled with her, hurling abortive in-vectives at her. The commotion attracted several guards, and they tore Katerina away from Turov, who promptly ordered the girl to a cell, where she was gagged until she became unconscious from pain and exhaustion.

Not until several days later did Fate come to the tortured girl's succor. She was released from the custody of the police because she seemed near death's door, and by the time she had succeeded in dragging herself back to her home, she was in a most serious condition both physically and mentally. Her sister, Darya, received her with open arms and did her utmost to alleviate her sufferings, but it was all too late. Katerina having just finished telling the story of her dreadful experience when she died.

Completely overcome by a mixed feeling of grief and deep-rooted anger, Darya, bending over the body of her sister, swore to avenge the wrongs which had been inflicted upon her by Turov.

"If it takes me the rest of my life, and in every minute of every minute of peace, revenge must be mine," she murmured to herself.

Remembering the advice of Father Orlofsky she lost no time in going to the revolutionists and dedicating her life to the Brotherhood. It was at one of the meetings of this organization that Darya met Sergius Kordkin, officially premier dancer to the Czar, but secretly an ardent worker for the cause. Darya was attracted to him because of his wonderful athletic physique and his handsome, serious face. He was totally charmed by her petite girlliness which cropped out in the face of the gloom which pervaded the very atmosphere, and, besides, he found himself admiring her jet-black curls and her pink, little cheeks. Her large, dark-brown eyes, too, seemed soulful and inspiring to him. Forsooth, his first thought was that she was the very girl he had wanted for a wife.

When Darya arose from the assembly, she discovered she was to tell her father that she was going off on a journey. He was delighted.

Darya ventured out of her hiding-place in the early morning after a night spent dreaming of her beloved. The snow-covered world behind the blankets was streaked with the last rays of the rising sun. The Cossacks were still asleep. Cossack horses, with their dark saddle-blanks and shining bright brown necks, were at rest in the snow. The snow-covered world was thirled with the last rays of the rising sun. The Cossacks were still asleep. Cossack horses, with their dark saddle-blanks and shining bright brown necks, were at rest in the snow.
companions, for they had gone through fire together and felt a common interest which cannot come to building youth through commonplace agencies. As the two fugitives entered the opera house, the performance was just beginning, and as Sergius was obliged to repair to his dressing-room without delay, and being adverse to taking any chances on leaving his new-found friend far from him unprotected, he took her on the stage with him. "Twas well, indeed, that he exercised this precaution, because Turov had heard of the girl's escape, and had dispatched a detective to ferret her out. The sleuth's first clue led him to the very opera house in which she hid.

It was while the flying ballet was in progress, that keen-eyed Sergius, standing in a swing near a box, got a glimpse of the detective coming down a side aisle toward the stage. Intuition warned him of the officer's mission, and he very promptly rushed to his dressing-room, grabbed Darya, carried her to an obscured portion of the stage, and upon fastening her to a spare ballet wire, he hoisted her high into the fly of the stage, leaving her to dangle within two feet of the roof, warning her by gestures to keep perfectly quiet. The detective searched the stage high and low, but not high enough to discover Darya.

When the performance was over and he had made sure the detective was gone, Sergius rescued the girl from her hazardous position, and during the next few hours of that night he accomplished the task of smuggling her across the border and beyond the jurisdiction of the implacable Turov. Moreover, Sergius further proved his unflagging interest in Darya by furnishing her with sufficient funds to take her to Paris.

It was three o'clock in the morning when they first set foot on safe territory, and an hour later came time for their parting, for Darya was to leave on an early morning express train.

"Now that you have proven yourself such a wonderful friend and hero, my dear Sergius, I cannot resist the temptation to lay aside an inherent modesty by frankly confessing that you have endeared yourself to me immeasurably, and I pledge to you my eternal love and friendship, agreeing to remain true to you until you tell me you do not want me," Darya said bravely as the moment for her going approached.

"Ah, what delightful words," he commented with marked enthusiasm. "I could ask for no better reward, and I must equal your candor, my dear, by assuring you that I love you wildly—that I shall not have a single minute of contentment in life until Fate permits us to be happy together."

"Do you mean that?" she asked anxiously.

"With all my heart, I do," he replied gazing earnestly into her soulful eyes.

"Then thank God we both have something really worth while to live for," she murmured as he gathered her into his arms.

"And you live only for me?" he asked, holding the girl close to him.

"Only for you, and to get revenge on Turov," she replied.

"But I fear you can never get the revenge you seek as much as you desire it, so devote all your thoughts to me, dearest girl," he urged.

"I will sacrifice none of my thoughts of you, but I shall avenge the untimely death of my beloved sister," she persisted.

"May God help you and save you for me," he almost whispered, and then he took the first kiss, a kiss which thrilled both with unbounded joy though it was the pre-cursor of a separation of unknown duration.

And thus it was that Sergius and Darya parted—lovers and mutually hopeful.

Upon reaching Paris, Darya applied at once at the Russian Intelligence Office and obtained employment as a maid with Mme. Pojeska, première dansuse of the Russian ballet in Paris. For months the girl's duties were menial and time hung heavily on her hands, but the result of her living in an atmosphere dominated by ballet folk and realizing it was the lifework of Sergius, the lonesome Darya finally became imbued with the spirit of the dance. One day when Pojeska returned home, she saw the pretty, little aspirant practising a step with natural grace and distainliness before a mirror. The girl was extremely embarrassed upon noting Pojeska's presence, but when the latter questioned her in a kindly and sympathetic tone, she readily confessed her love for the terpsichorean art.

"I shall help you learn the art, my child," Pojeska promised.

"It will make me very happy," Darya replied with unrestrained gratitude.

"I am sure you have the requisite talent, and I shall see that it is properly developed," and Pojeska left the room smiling radiantly upon her ambitious maid, who promptly ran to her own room and buried herself in joyous reverie in which she saw herself as a great dancer, the idol of the world. But the pleasant anticipation vanished in a twinkling when her gaze fell upon the ever-present Cossack whip, which she treasured because it was always a reminding symbol of her one greatest purpose of all—to make Turov pay for the misery he caused Katerina, her lamented sister.

Several years passed and then through the patient schooling of Pojeska, Darya attained her place in the ballet. As an artist she was introduced under the stage name of Mlle. Marcelle, and from the moment she made her professional debut it was obvious to even the most austere critics that she had a future with possibilities for artistic triumphs. Pojeska watched the progress of her protege with pride, and almost motherly love.

It was not long after she had become established as a dancer that Darya met one Androff, ostensibly a gentleman of leisure, but in reality an agent of the Russian Secret Service. From the very inception Da-
raya repulsed his attentions with an intuitive fear of him.

"You may keenly regret your bad treatment of me," he told her one night.

"I am sure I would regret it if I encouraged you in the least, for I love another," she replied bravely.

"Ah, it must ever be so—vix not wisdom that rules pretty women," was Androff's retort.

"And it is not the ungentleman that rules her, either," she snapped back as her ire began to manifest itself.

"No, no, I don't quarrel now; but later we might have really better words? you persist in attempting to humiliate me," the man replied, and as he strolled slowly away, he laughed sardonically, looking back at the thoroughly disconcerted girl.

Unfortunately, all advances which Androff heaped upon her with so little difficulty, Darya continued to make progress, but it was because she could always turn to Poeska in her hours of stress and be lifted to a high plane of optimism by her own laugh and idylls of her guardian and teacher. But as fate would have it, just as Androff had made one of his meanest advances and had plunged his fair victim into a deep, sunless chasm of despondency, she came to a decisive faith in all people, including her benefactor.

The great shock of Darya's life came one evening during a performance. Unknown to her Sergius had arrived in Paris. His failure to send her an announcement of his coming was made worse by his prolonged neglect in writing to her at all. Seemingly quite forgetful of his vows of eternal love to this girl, the famous Russian dancer's first act upon getting settled was to pay his old friend, Poeska, a visit in her dressing room. He had just entered the room and was affectionately embracing the première danseuse when Darya rushed onto the scene to announce the opening of the performance. She recognized Sergius at once, but as he wore his ballet costume and headgear, he did not recognize her.

Darya did not linger, and as she withdrew she smothered a groan of agony. She had seen enough in the instant to destroy her illusions and to shatter her hopes.

Sergius was untrue to her!

It was a very bitter evening, and a noticelessly listless girl was Darya throughout the performance, and then when it was over, Androff again encroached upon her.

"I want to leave me alone," she cried as she tried to get away from him.

"But I won't," he declared in positive tones.

"Then I will scream for help," she threatened.

"Why, the help comes I will announce to all just who you are," he replied smiling confidently.

"Just who I am!" she repeated after him.

"Yes. I know the full history of your activities with the revolutionists, and I am an agent of the Russian Secret Service."

"You are," she murmured huskily.

"I am, and I am on the verge of taking you back to Russia to pay the penalty of your crimes," he added grimly.

"Oh, how you wouldn't do that—you love me, don't you?"

"Yes, enough to neglect to do my sworn duty and—"

But she would not let him finish. She impulsively placed her open hand on his lips, and he kissed it passionately.

Adroit subterfuges aided Darya in getting away from Androff finally. She promised to treat him with more consideration in the future, and he in his wild ardor was gullible enough to believe her to be sincere. Once alone in her room, the sorely beset girl was forced to pack her musical belongings. She had peremptorily decided to leave without delay. All the events of the evening combined to make a continuation of her life in her present sphere unbearable. And in making the preliminary preparations to leave, the first thing she made sure of taking with her was the symbol of all her bitterness—the Cossack whip.

Sergius was in that very house at that very moment, and from Poeska's dressing room as Darya passed through the hall, carrying her traveling bag, she espied him in the parlor sitting near the door. She paused to peer in at him. The sight of the man she loved paying his whole attention to another woman inspired an impulse.

"Ya brot," she whispered.

This was the password of the Brotherhood. The unexpected utterance of it startled Sergius to the extent of causing him to break his look into the hall; he recognized Darya instantly, and advanced toward her with outstretched hands, but she slipped out into the dark night before he could restrain her. He searched for her fully an hour, and when he realized that she had vanished, he lapsed into melancholy, which grew as days of fruitless efforts to locate her followed. When he had to return to Russia with his company he continued his quest for the girl he longed to see.

Meanwhile Fate dealt harshly with poor Darya without surcease. Her deep sorrow was augmented by the receipt of a letter from Father Orlovsky announcing the death of her mother. This was the last straw of all thrust her into the throes of despondency, and she became so sick at heart she determined to end all her troubles by the one sure though terrible means.

It was on the very night she had selected as her last that the offer of Sergius brought reward. By a stroke of good fortune he learned of her address and rushed to her home.

"Thank God I have found you at last, my precious one; I cried as he burst in on her unannounced.

She arose in surprise and promptly betrayed a coldness, staring at the man in cutting reprehension with her lips firmly set and irritable eyes.

"Oh I do love you, Darya; I am loyal," he protested unabashed.

But she still remained silent and distant.

"I swear my dealings with all other women have been innocent flirtations," he pleaded, "she was my—love in my youth, but she has always been for just you, sweetheart."

"You do swear all this?" she asked finally after contemplating him for a full minute.

"I do," was his firm reply.

"Good," she said quickly in a thoroughly business-like spirit, "I will put your love to an acid test. Take me back to Russia, make me famous and give me an opportunity to meet Turov so I may accomplish my life purpose of revenge on him, and I will accept you now without a trait to you."

Sergius was momentarily astounded. Darya spoke so swiftly and with such grim determination that he could scarcely believe his ears. But he did not procrastinate long. "I will attempt the task and venture the risk for your sake," he agreed, steeking himself for the ordeal with heroic gameness.

The couple returned to Russia at once, and Sergius soon succeeded in making arrangements for introducing "Mlle. Marville" as the latest dance sensation. Her beauty was indeed a trump, and Turov, seated in a box near the stage, admired the new exponent of tersipho without restraint. He was something of a connoisseur of beautiful women, and Darya was indeed very comely. Turov attained the honor of an introduction through the willing and even eager Sergius, and soon the enamored prefect of police was inviting the new star to his home for supper with friends and family.

With her most beguiling manner, she captivated him from the inception, and she had little difficulty in leading him on blindly in his fallacious and evil devotion.

Thus came the great opportunity for which she had waited many days, and she staked all to gain her object. It was another night of orgy for Turov. He was in a playful mood, and fell easy prey to the wiles of beautiful Darya. He was ready and anxious for another delightful adventure was well aware of Sergius's mind and controlled him that like a child asking for a new toy, she told him of her desire to see the stone cell about which she had heard so much.

"But in the stone cell is no place to have a gay time," he reminded her good-naturedly.

"It's just to say I have seen it," she insisted.

"However, you can wait for such a gruesome pleasure," he argued.

"No, now, please—pretty please dearie," she begged as she patted the old autocrat's wrinkled cheek.

"Well, of course, when you go after a fellow like that, there is no recourse open," he replied, reaching for a kiss.

So, within a very short time thereafter, Darya found herself in the very stone cell in which Katerina's sweetheart, Alexis, had met his fatal death at the hands of Turov.

In the darkness of the cell, Turov turned to ardent wooing, and when she playfully snapped on her own wrists the manacles which were fastened in the stone wall, he kissed her passionately. He released her, and she demurely asked that he allow her to chain him.

"To refuse such a bewitching lady as you anything would be base cruelty, of which even I am not capable," he murmured in deep tones as he extended his two wrists to her.

With avidly she slipped the iron on him.

The moment for which she had hoped, for her days had been strained and prayed had arrived at last!

With the fury of a lioness she sprung upon the tyrant and drawing her treasured Cossack whip from her sash, she proceeded to lash him just as Katerina was lashed years before. She spared her victim nothing, reminding him simultaneously of her sister's fate and of her own vow for revenge.

A third infuriated girl wielded her whip with ever-increasing energy, her attention was attracted to the cell door. It was slowly opening. Instantly she ceased to lash Turov, and she stood petrified with fear. Her predicament was one of helplessness, and she was brought to realize this.
Kathlyn Williams at Play or at Work is Always "at Home"

AND how she can be so all-fired "at home" in this top picture passeth all human understanding. Surely an actual photo of a lion couldn't be accused of lyin'. And behold! There kneels Kathlyn mauling the naughty beast mind. Note the proximity of her tiny fingers to the "chops" of the king of the jungle. One short, quick bite—gee! and a couple of ughs. However, if this charming Morosco-Paramount star calls dallying with a lion play, then prithee, oh prithee, sentence us to hard labor and keep us so eternally at it that we won't have one minute to be tempted to hear a lion's den. How would you like to be this lion and have the young actress look at you in such a tantalizing manner? Still they say that woman is the weaker sex!
Nearby you will find Miss Williams at work. At least it is a time-honored notion that sawing wood is of the genus work. Most men are a little skittish when it comes to determining this idea for themselves. Therein the fair occupant of this page transcends her masculine contemporaries. Indeed, she is to be seen sawing! It is a pictorial status quo which precludes the possibility of argument to the contrary. True, she may only be posing, but she has numerous admiring friends who stand ready to testify under oath that they have frequently seen her saw. They claim she has become such an adept at this form of cutting up that she need not even look at the board she is sawing, which is enough to make any carpenter jealous.
At the bottom is Miss Williams playing the role of an all-dressed-up motor-car mechanician. She is giving a practical demonstration of her unwavering belief in preparedness. She is just about to apply a copious quantity of oil to the engine prior to a long trip to the country. The auto belongs to her, likewise the oil-can and contents. Forsooth everything is hers—even including this page. But, seriously, here is one screen star of the feminine gender who is not too proud to take care of her own car. She does enjoy tinkering with it, and she tinkers expertly, for she knows mechanics backwards. "Fixing the car" is one of her chief delights, and she can do the job without "cussing"—something few men can do.
In the other picture, please observe a lucky dog—her dog—getting a bath at the hands of the famous photoplayer. It's a two-to-one shot that this white, woolly bunch of canine beauty hasn't a thing in the world to grapple about. Life must be all bliss and a yard wide for it. Never did a dog so richly deserve as much envy as this poodle.
How To Get All The Joy You Want For Fifty Cents

Granddaughters of the Famous Charles Barron Who Was Considered the Most Eccentric Actor Ever on the English Stage Declare Toy Stuffed Monkey Has No Equal as a Gloom-Disperser. They Teach a New and Novel Philosophy Based on the Theory That There is Good Cheer in the Merest Trifles.

By BERTHA LEE

All the joy you want for fifty cents is some bargain. But it is available to all who are capable of making themselves susceptible to mere trifles as gloom dispellers, according to Misses Beverly West and Madeline Moore, well-known actresses of Brookline, Massachusetts, Boston's most exclusive suburb, and to them must go the credit for evolving a new and novel philosophy of good cheer. Inherently eccentric these young sisters (the difference in their names is for stage purposes) have established a precedent not surpassed even by their distinguished grandfather, Charles Barron, the famous Shakespearean actor of a few years ago, and who was noted for his many extremely curious traits. Barron's thespian ability and his aptitude at introducing new and previously unheard-of fads came to the notice of the American theater-going public when he was Julia Marlowe's leading man on her first tour of this country, opening on December 24, 1888, at the Broad Street Theater in the city of Philadelphia.

In their quest for the merest possible trifle as a source of perennial cheerfulness, Misses West and Moore have adopted a tiny, toy monkey with a funny face, the comical appearance of which is accentuated by two shoe-button eyes. They paid fifty cents for it, and they christened their mascot George, because in the work of inspiring good humor they were going to let said mascot do it. Now, for six years this curious, inanimate companion has never been absent from the briefest period from the company of its fair patrons. Time after time when everything has gone dead wrong, these sisters have turned to George for consolation, and a few minutes' gaze into his care-free face has forced all gloom to abscend.

"George will check the healthiest sob the faces can possibly start, and he never fails to make my sister or I laugh when we most need mirth," declares Miss Beverly. "Our mascot's commercial value is, frankly, only fifty cents, but we regard him as a priceless jewel, and we would not trade him for the most valuable dog that ever lived."

In no sense of the word is George a luxury; he is a necessity. This is proven in the fact that neither of his devoted mistresses would think of going away from home for a whole day without their mascot.

He must be constantly on the job with all his wonted serenity and glory. This is indispensable to whatever journey either of the young women might take. Quite frequently George is unintentionally left at home, and a hasty messenger boy has to be dispatched to get him to his mistresses before they will feel at all contented.

"If you are skeptical about the truly wonderful power of a stuffed monkey in times of pessimism, get one and try feasting your eyes on its absurdly funny face, and don't be surprised if you burst into hearty laughter," advises Miss Beverly. "And, when you laugh you don't feel sad. Moreover, you will find a stuffed monkey the most dependable of all optimists. No human event affects his disposition to regard all affairs of mankind as cheer-infusing, and if he had a pleasing face to start with, he will frown on the attempts of skilful and successful optimists to extricate them from the mental entanglements of despondency, and it is only because they have not sufficiently developed their sense of good cheer to the extent of considering trifles as a potent part of the science of living happily."

So important has this pet become to these young women that it is kept on a schedule so each patronness has it in her possession an equal part of the time. This is necessitated by the fact that Miss West is playing in David Belasco's play, "Seven Chances," while Miss Moore is busy at the studio, some distance away.

The day of supremacy over Petland is past for the French poodle and the kewpies if these two young women have their way about it. No dog of the highest prize-winning value could supercede their stuffed monkey, George, in their affections, because a dog will bark and there is nothing which so completely upsets the nerves as a barking dog, they aver. Therein the stuffed monk triumphs, because he knows enough to hold his tongue, and without the slightest variation he maintains a happy mien which radiates optimism. No kewpie ever possessed such a strikingly cheerful face; no face ever inspired more subtle or helpful good cheer, according to this new doctrine.

Charles Barron, the grandfather of these two original, young actresses, boasted many strange ideas and ideals. Likewise he effected numerous unusual hobbies, one of which was to collect quaint canes and to always carry a new one each Sunday. But he overlooked the stuffed monk idea.

Friendship

By Walt Derl

Gentle breezes that fan my favored brow;
Flowers with a fragrance sweet to endow;
Birds a-singing with gentle symphony;
Brightest sunshine of a warm sympathy—
Friendship is more than this:
It's most of life's real bliss.
"I've been a pretty smooth girl these years of stealing, and now I'm sick of it," murmured "Diamond Daisy" Doyle to herself as she gazed into the mirror of her vanity table. "I've had all the excitement that Jim's apartment and his willingness to snitch diamonds by the handful, and thank my lucky stars I've been clever enough to escape ever being caught, but now I want the thrills of the simple domestic life. I wonder if Jim would listen to such soft talk?"

Then Daisy lapsed into deep study, her eyes riveted on the mirror all the while.

A few minutes later she arose, donned her hat and coat and walked out of her rather luxurious apartment.

A few hours later she was at the gates of Sing Sing prison affectionately greeting "Slippery Jim," who was just being released after serving a term for his pursuing activities with her. The two were sweethearts. This was apparent in the manner of their greeting, but the tragic tinge to it all was unmistakable to anyone who even glanced at the ex-convict. He was emaciated and threatened with consumption.

"Oh, Jim, dear, I'm so glad to have you back with me again, but we shall go straight this time as man and wife," she told him as tears welled up in her big, deep blue eyes.

"I'm right with you on that reformation, Daisy, 'cause I've had all I want of the crooked life," he replied.

"Then it's reform for us here and now and forever, eh Jim?" she asked.

"You bet your life, honey," he replied firmly as he patted her pretty paw on the cheek.

Thus it happened that the underworld lost two of its most successful diamond thieves. But Duggan, the detective who had been responsible for Jim's apprehension and conviction, was unalterably determined to "get" Daisy. He had always been chagrined because of his prolonged inability to secure the requisite evidence to remove her from the haunts of free people. To keep tabs on her had become his hobby, and he was ever waiting to pounce on her the moment she started anything, but in spite of the sleuth's constant watchfulness, Daisy ran the gauntlet of detection with comparative ease.

Although the girl had made a brave start to keep faith with her vows of reformation, fate decreed she should turn just one more trick before forsaking her old ways entirely. A. E. Thorpe and J. S. Chandler, two Fifth Avenue jewelers, were chatting one evening in their club with James Stone, police commissioner, when Thorpe joked Chandler about a recent clever robbery committed in his establishment, and boasted that no such misfortune could happen in his store. Promptly Chandler and Stone made a bet with him that he could be victimized for several thousand dollars, the terms of the wager being that within three months Thorpe shall be fleeced of jewels to the value of the combined checks of the bettors, many thousands of dollars worth of diamonds, but had foiled the police in every effort to get a case against her. When the official first enlightened Daisy as to his purpose, she at once jumped to the conclusion it was only a trick to catch her by foul means, since it was impossible to do it by fair methods.

"Nope, I reject the proposition," she said.

"Why?" he asked. "You're perfectly safe, and besides you'll make something out of it."

"Nope; I'm going straight the rest of my life, and I won't dabble in any such questionable adventures," she announced in positive tones.

"But I give you my word of honor as a man that I'm not trying to put over a frame-up on you," Stone argued.

"You'd have to give me a written indemnity freeing me from any consequences in winning the wager for you," she demanded.

Stone pondered a moment. He held unlimited respect for this girl's shrewdness, and he was desirous of making sure of not laying himself liable to her machinations, which would come as a boomerang.

"Is that your final proposition?" he asked finally.

"It is," she replied quietly.

"All right, then: I'll take a chance," he announced.

Then Daisy pondered. She turned the whole subject over in her mind several times and concluded by snapping her fingers vigorously.

"Nope, I won't go into the deal at all," she told the man to his complete surprise.

"You mean that?" he asked almost eagerly.

"Absolutely. Good afternoon."

And Daisy crossed rapidly to the door. Stone attempted to stay her by pleading, but it was in vain. Daisy walked out with the man still talking.

For one whole week Stone was sorely beset. Daisy's refusal to participate in his scheme had not been considered in the bounds of possibility when he made his wager. He felt certain she could be persuaded to "pull any deal" with avidity. He had not been aware of her ambition, to reform.

Just at a moment when he was most discouraged and was about to resign to an inevitable loss, fate again took a hand in Daisy's affairs and deliberately drove her back to the life she was so anxious to forget. Jim, her sweetheart, grew suddenly worse in health. In fact, he seemed so ill that she feared for his life.
"I must have money—lots of it—if Jim's life is to be saved," she told herself. "He should go west and he should have the best specialist in the business. I—I—must see to it that he gets every chance."

Immediately she repaired to Stone's office and lifted him from the bottomest pits of his gloom by bluntly announcing a change of mind. She would agree to help him win his bet after all.

"But I must have the written indemnity," she added decisively.

"You can have it," he replied without the slightest hesitation.

Within ten minutes Daisy had the all-important document in her possession, and she left Stone with the assurance that she would do her best to make him a victor.

Not many days later a charming girl, the daughter of one of the new munitions millionaires, went to Thorpe's jewelry store with a $5,000 check which her dear papa had given her for a birthday present.

"I'm going to spend it all for jewels too," she told an affable clerk with girlish enthusiasm.

Thorpe overheard the remark, and wishing to make a permanent customer of the young woman, he took personal charge of the sale. At the very outset of the negotiating, the girl bestowed all of her admiration on a $10,000 diamond necklace.

"Oh I want that," she said.

"But, your check—"

"Yes, I know it is only for $5,000, but I'm sure father won't refuse to let me have jewels," she added.

"I'm sure your father should let you have most anything you want," Thorpe rejoined pleasantly.

"But first, let me spend what I have in hand," the girl suggested, and promptly she devoted her time to selecting some of the choicest diamonds in the shop.

So trusting was Thorpe and so forgetful of the discretion of extraordinary watchfulness that the girl had little difficulty in annexing several of the most expensive gems shown her. These she stowed away deftly even though the proprietor was devoting his undivided attention to her.

But Detective Duggan was standing a few feet away at that very counter, and he saw all with a gleam he could hardly suppress. He knew the millionaire's daughter was none other than the notorious "Diamond Daisy" and at last he was getting the goods on her. However, he abided his time in order that she might have ample opportunity to go her maximum limit in building up a case for him.

Finally, when Daisy had chosen all the jewels her $5,000 check would buy, she returned to the $10,000 necklace.

"But now I'm thoroughly dissatisfied with everything else, because I want this above all," she said examining the article wistfully.

"Perhaps you should see your father about it at once, because that necklace will not remain in stock very long," Thorpe suggested.

"Would you come with me to my home and help persuade father?" she asked of the jeweler coyly.

"Most assuredly," he replied cordially.

"You are very kind, and I know when father sees the necklace and sees my eagerness to have it, he will not disappoint me," she added.

Without further parleying Thorpe donned his hat, slipped the case containing the necklace into an inside coat pocket and accompanied the young woman to her motor car, in which he rode away with her.

Detective Duggan was alert and on the job. He pressed into service a taxicab, and kept within sight of Daisy's car.

As soon as Daisy was well inside the magnificent house to which she took Thorpe, she ceased to be the sweet, winsome ingénue she had been throughout her visit in Thorpe's shop. Thorpe had just taken note of this change of attitude when he was seized by two strong men, who hustled him out of a rear door to a waiting automobile in which he was whisked to a private lunatic asylum with such speed and amid such excitement that he had little opportunity to even protest. Daisy had made clever preparations for Thorpe's reception in the asylum by previously taking out commitment papers for her poor, unhappy "husband," who was always imagining he had been robbed. Thorpe carried out this role capitally. He really raved about being robbed, and the officials of the asylum were sure they had taken in charge a hopeless maniac.

Daisy had taken good care to gain possession of the $10,000 necklace before Thorpe arrived at the institution, and she took this valuable piece with the rest of her boot to

(Continued on page 22)
DOCTORS AS PLAY DOCTORS

WILLIAM STOWELL of the Universal is of the rare species of actors who figure on the possibility of a rainy day coming, and consequently he saves his money with avidity. Recently he was asked to invest quite a sum in a theatrical venture, and this was his curt reply: "I'm saving money, not throwing it away."

This is what we call keeping your money within talking distance. Money, you know, talks. Of course personally we have never heard much of it.

MME. OLGA PETROVA has turned photoplaywright and will be starred in two features from her own pen.

But we'll wager she'd still rather be right than write.

JOHN WEBB DILLION of the William Fox forces is proud of his record of punctuality, claiming he has never made a stage wait in his whole long career as an actor.

Indeed, 'tis a non-wait record which carries weight.

MARGARET SHELBY, Mary Miles Minter's sister, has purchased a chicken incubator.

She must have heard something about the plan to replenish the Shubert choruses with new stock.

CHARLOTTE Mineau, of Charlie Chaplin's company, was recently hit in the eye with a plate filled with pie.

It's too bad she couldn't get her finger in the pie to save her eye. Oh, my!

KID BROAD, the former pugilistic celebrity, was engaged to play a part in a Rolfe production, and in one of the first scenes in which he participated champagne bottles, night-sticks and paving blocks were hurled at him as part of the plot. He stood pat through it all.

Proving that if he turns out to be a bad actor, he is at least a good target.

ALICE GALE, who was on the stage for thirty years prior to her advent into the photoplay world, says she plans on duplicating this thirty-year record as a screen artist, and at the end of that time if there is anything new available she will move onto it.

She would have us think she is going to be the very personification of perpetual motion. Well, Time will tell.

JOHN WYSE, the heavyweight stage manager at Balboa studio, believes films will enter into common household use ere long.

But he is not saying films will ever take the place of rolling-pins in settling domestic differences. Even Wyse isn't wise enough to foretell so much.

ANN PENNINGTON has acquired one of the new autopods, and she scoots around on it gleefully. Thus far she has had only one spill off of her own-grown roller skate, but that was enough to render both of her knees very black and blue.

Of course, we were only told this. We were not an eye-witness—to the accident, silly, not the knees, not the knees!

"WHAT do you call these awful things?" Emily Stevens recently asked Hollbrook Blinn while exploring the botany in the latter's garden. "Well, the Latin name," said Mr. Blinn, as he stooped to extract his trousers from the very plant, "is 'learem pantens.'"

Ripping! Both the plant and answer.

MARIE DORO, the Lasky-Paramount star, has been getting out of bed every morning at 5 A. M. for some time, in order to shoot some early morning scenes in her latest photoplay.

It must be a great experience to say "Good Day to the morning dew," and then to have a picture of yourself doing it so you can be sure of proving you were really there so early.

BILLIE BURKE, star of "Gloria's Romance," once said she found it impossible to get enough work to do.

So the stork got busy and a wonderful little heiress is providing her with ample employment.

THIS IS CUTTING INDEED

TOO DRY, S. W. Schapiro, member of the Academy of Medicine and lecturer at Fordham University, goes the honor of applying motion pictures for the first time to the teaching of surgery. He illustrates his discourses with moving pictures of actual operations performed by him.

With a surgeon's knife as the featured player, such pictures must be just one cut-in after another.

DODO NEWTON, the child actress who was recently asked her age, and she promptly declared she was half-past six.

Time!

HAMPTON DEL RUTH, the Keystone assistant manager of production, is responsible for the creation of a good measure of the numerous laughs in Keystone comedies, and yet he seldom even smiles himself. "Why don't you laugh?" he is asked frequently. "Can't," is invariably his answer.

And when he says "Can't" it is not mere cant with him—we have actually seen smiles skid right off his face the minute the Pleasant Machine started going.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD and May Allison are not man and wife despite a common impression among moving picture fans.

Yes, they do act like it lots of times.

THE title of a new seven-reel December feature released by Mutual is "Charity?" with emphasis on the question mark.

Well, what's the answer? Charity? Will it be free? Otherwise why question Charity?

LYSTER CHAMBERS of Metro owns a polo pony named "Sally."

Sounds like that supreme rarity, a girl with horse-sense.

TO get a good ending for "Jumps and Velocities," a Vitagraph comedy which is being directed by Lawrence Seimon, four thousand cigar-box "bricks" were dropped from a height of twelve feet on Hughie Mack. The "bricks" completely covered him and left nine bruises on his head as a reminder of the occasion.

Oh, what a fat chance a real brick would have if accurately flung at Hughie's 360 pounds of avoidance.
Among other definitions of that alluring word, goddess, is "a woman of superior charms," and this definition is truly synonymous to the well-known and widely admired name of Anita Stewart. She further insured herself of the title when she played the title role in "The Goddess," and she accentuates her right to it every day she lives. And, oh, where she lives—what a delightful domicile! It is called the Wood Violet, and every inhabitant of Brightwaters, Long Island, knows the exact location of it.

Recently I spent a whole day with this charming artist of the screen whose admirers are so legion, and it being my sole purpose to make a note of all the various things she did and said in going through the routine of her professional career, it goes without saying that I was kept busy, because any motion-picture star nowadays leads a most strenuous life, and few tread the flowery beds of ease for any prolonged periods.

When I arrived at her cottage, Anita Stewart received me in her bedroom. It was typically Anita Stewart—artistry itself. And permeating the very atmosphere was cheerful, wholesome cordiality.

"Come right on in, you're as welcome as the posies in May," was her greeting, which, accompanied by a rippling laugh, constituted a veritable stimulant and gave me an instantaneous feeling of being "at home." By the way, there are a great many artists who do not succeed so well in making you feel so welcome. It is a difference in temperament, I presume.

But, ah, that bedroom of Anita Stewart's. It is one of the most delightful rooms imaginable, being furnished in a delicate cream decorated with cretonne. Therein I found my goddess curled up comfortably in the middle of a big white bed.

"No doubt you think me most lazy to lie abed until eight o'clock, but I have a good excuse," she said. "I was kept up until very late last night attending a moving-picture exhibition, and as I have a difficult scene to do today I thought I would get all the rest possible."

There was a radiant smile on her face which precluded the possibility of refusing to accept her apology. Forsooth I was glad to be enabled to thus start with her from the moment she arises, because my ambition was to follow her from sunrise to sunset that my readers might get a thorough-going insight on just what her daily life is like.

"I'm going to do something that I never do this morning," she continued. "Mother is away until this afternoon, so there will be nobody to correct me, and I do love to eat breakfast in a dressing-gown, don't you? Of course I know it isn't the right thing to do, but sometimes I take a delight in being naughty."

Breakfast was served in a wicker furnished breakfast room with the winter sun pouring in the long French windows. A sheaf of American beauties with long, long stems stood in a tall vase and "The Goddess," deftly rearranged one or two blossoms to excellent advantage as she sat waiting for her breakfast. As I had already eaten I refused to join her, which was very fortunate, for I am sure I could have partaken of nothing for fear of missing some act of her's.

At ten o'clock her wonderful limousine came round to the door, and now, delightful in a dark-blue chiffon broadcloth dress, she asked her chauffeur to drive as quickly as possible to the studios. The ride was a memorable one, and we alighted at the large Vitagraph plant about eleven, when everything was in full swing.

As we alighted from the machine a number of extras who were sitting along the side of the studio waiting for a small part, looked up admireingly. As sweet and gracious as though she were talking to the President, wonderful Anita bid them all good-morning, and I followed her to her dressing-room, which is every bit as lovely as her home itself.

Her secretary had opened the numerous letters from the fans and laid them in different piles. Let me tell you a secret, the little star's eyes filled with sudden tears.
as she read one or two tributes, and she
looked up at me with a "Oh, isn't the
world wonderful!"
When a secretary opened the door in
answer to a knock, it was the call-boy an-
nouncing that Miss Stewart would be
needed on the studio floor in fifteen
minutes.
"My goodness, I'll have to hurry," she
laughed, shedding her dress and taking
the peasant girl costume she wears as Philippa
in "The Girl Philippa," the Robert W. Chafle's
story, in which is she so happily
casual.
It was not more than ten minutes, how-
ever, before she was ready for her work,
although she was delayed by little Bobby Connelly,
the studio kiddie, who insisted
upon explaining about his new top while
she listened delighted with the homage
paid her.
From half-past eleven until one she
worked, accomplishing a number of scenes,
until we returned to her dressing-
room to enjoy a dainty luncheon served
from frail china with a bluebird pattern.
Once more the lights in Miss Stewart's
set were turned on, and again she forgot
all about me, her home and friends as she became the Girl Philippa, now laughing,
now crying.
At three o'clock her director said she
was through for the day, and after a hur-
ried but neatly made toilette, we were once
more in the machine and bounding over
the city pavement.
"Let's go to one of the shops and have
tea," she said, and I immediately agreed,
for no matter what this movie favorite
suggests one naturally agrees. As we
stepped from the machine in the shop-
ing district, some one immediately rec-
ognized their favorite player, and it was
not long before people all about drunk
still, forgetting their previous haste and
nudging one another as she passed through
the aisle and into the elevator. Once or
twice somebody became so persistent that
she smiled at them sweetly, much to their
delight.
After we had enjoyed a lovely and most
refreshing afternoon tea, we entered the
large limousine once more and nestled
comfortably in the gray upholstered seats.
We took the park route home, and
charming Anita was as enthusiastic as a
child over the swans in the park lake.
Mrs. Stewart, a most charming woman,
had arrived home before us, and she was
standing in the reception hall to bid us a
hearty welcome. Never in the world was
there a more devoted mother and daughter
and one could see at a glance that they
were entirely wrapped up in one anothe.
While I chatted with the dear mother,
who stood side by side with the daughter
during the drive for success, Anita
dressed, and when she appeared in the
doorway ready for the dance she was to
attend, a more beautiful "Goddess" would
have been difficult to find.
Her simple girlish dance frock was
fashioned from a delicate blue chiffon, and
the ruffles on the skirt were trimmed by
bands of a blue satin, edged with pink
rosesbuds. Charming indeed was the won-
derful maiden.
The evening meal was daintily served in
the dining-room, after which we retired to
the living-room, where Anita entertained
me with a number of old-fashioned
melodies. Her voice is wonderfully sweet
and clear, and her manner of singing is in
good keeping with her appearance—sweet
and natural.
Mrs. Stewart, who had gone upstairs
to dress, now came down again and Anita
drew a beautiful American beauty velvet
opera cloak with silver fox fur trimming
about her graceful figure as she went
toward the door.
It was arranged that they drop me in
town on the way to the festivities, so I
still had a few more minutes with the
little lady who is loved sincerely the world
over.
The day, altogether, was the most per-
fect I have ever experienced, and my last
reflection that night as I closed my eyes
was that her disposition was every bit as
remarkable as her ability and appearance.
In summarizing my various impressions,
I find the one most indelibly impressed upon
my mind is that Anita Stewart is first of all
a superior young lady—superior in men-
tality, physical beauty and disposition. She
is not quite like any other actress I have
ever met, because when you are with her in
her home, her manner and conduct are
such as to disarm you of all thoughts of the
histrionic art. Instead she inspires your
imagination to picture her as the demo-
ocratic ruler of some cute, snug, little home
far removed from the many annoying reali-
ties of life. She seems so out of harmony
with mere humdrum existence. With her
everything is a golden paradise, and with-
out effort or word she makes her visitor
feel the same way about it. This really
constitutes the heart of the inside story of
this goddess of the screen, and it has been
frequently noted that she fails to throw
aside this real self of her's aside while
portraying even characters diametrically
opposite to her own character. She betrays
herself in that radiant, benign smile for
which she has become famous among mov-
ing picture enthusiasts. That smile tells
much of her secret. It shows she innately
dwells in a sphere in which petty jealousies
would suffocate—it shows she possesses as
her most admirable trait a spirit of good
will toward humanity. Explicitly, she is
the year around the very personification
of the Christmas spirit. Indeed, it is not
easy to figure out how it happened she
turned to dramatic art when she would have
been such a wonderful success in some great
benevolent cause. Still, the triumphs she
has scored as a screen star certainly justify
her course.
A "Goddess" indeed is this Vitagraph
star!

Arranging her hair in the simple graceful style which she affects
The Wonderful Art of Co-ordinate Balance
As Exemplified in the Body and Mind of Margaret Edwards, the Perfect Girl
By LAURA HENDERSON

ABILITY to balance the mind and body in unshakable unison is an art geared by the attainment of mental and physical education simultaneously and in exactly equal portions. An unbalanced mind will make a body unsound, while a deficient body invariably weakens and degenerates a mind. Therefore, let it be understood that it behooves those who would join in the titanic task of perfecting the human race to inaugurate their exalted campaign by dividing their attention equally and co-ordinately between the mind and body from the very outset.

It is indeed a wonderful art to be adept at the ordinarily precarious feat of balancing one's body on the ball of one foot at the very edge of a craggy precipice, with numbness in several hundred feet of death-dealing chasm. Yet such a venture is comparatively safe and devoid of excitement to a person who is able to concentrate the mind on a plane of the same order and rank as occupied by the body, and the equilibrium is thus doubly strong and removed from any probability of upsetting. To balance herself in this manner is a mere blithesome pastime to Margaret Edwards, known to science and the general public as the world's most perfect girl, and who was selected from 20,000 competitors as pre-eminent in the superior of them all physically. She often subjects herself to this rather awe-inspiring test of balancing at the edge of embankments or rugged mountain passes, and the success she attains in performing this infuses real, unallowed glee in her whole mental and physical being, because it affords proof positive to herself that she maintains her absolutely perfect health, an asset possessed by a very few others if by anyone else.

She created a sensation in the photoplay entitled "The Hypocrites," in which she portrayed the character of Truth "in the nude," but later demonstrations of her physical perfection were even more sensational.

"Anyone could be what the lay mind regards as a marvelous acrobat if they possessed a perfectly developed and faultlessly healthy body which is infallibly at the command of and acts co-ordinately with the mind," she declares. "It is simply a proposition of being able to strike a balance and having the perfectly normal mind to control a perfect body, which is naturally little different from being a matter of being able to do and think the right thing at the right time."

Miss Edwards was born and reared in Berkeley, California, and from the day she first learned to toddle it has been her habit below for lack of substantial footspace. This remarkable girl has balanced on the ball of her foot at the very outermost edge of a boulder which projected over a gulf 375 feet in depth. The slightest mental or physical waverings on her part would have meant instantaneous death, and yet the experience actually lacked excitement to her because she knew how to operate her mind co-ordinately with her unimpaired body. She has seated herself in an equally unsafe position with both of her hands high in the air gallantly playing a Grecian flute. If it were not for her unerring self-control she would have needed all the grasping and clinging ability her hands possessed to avoid sliding down to the valley below where an untimely demise lurked, and she could ill afford the division of mind necessary to keep the music going.

"True, a strong gust of wind could topple even the physically powerful, but herein lies the basic principle of everything appertaining to balance, and that is, the mind, which alone which discerns the right from the wrong times."

It has long been an accepted scientific theory that mind controls all matter, and that matter is indestructible. The first part of the theory is fully proven in Miss Edwards' case inasmuch as she can make every portion of her body, even involuntary muscles, respond to the will of her mind. She wills that she shall keep well, and she adheres to the strictest rules for health and thus is matter subjugated. Of course her wonderful body is not indestructible, but it is marvelously durable, so much so that she has never been ill of the entire life, and has never had a single pain of any kind.

By no means is this girl's attainment accidental. She was born an invalid, and the attending physicians despairs of her life from the inception, but her mother, Mrs. L. Edythe Edwards, one of California's best-known society and club women and a distinguished exponent of charitesthesics as an indispensable part of physical education, determined her child should live and become the model of physical development that she is today. The infant was hovering between life and death when the mother began applying the principles of exercise to make her well and sound, and each day the mother devoted precisely the correct amount of time to educating her frail offspring in scientific physical "culture."

The climax of the success of her plan came in 1910, when Margaret was declared to be the most perfect girl in the world by the committee of eminent scientists representing the foremost colleges of America.

Since then the mother and daughter have combined their powers of co-ordinate balance to promote and to bring a successful fruition to a life-long and cherished ambition of both: to inaugurate in earnest the exalted work of perfecting the human race physically and mentally in the most practical way possible by causing to be established throughout the world schools which shall first be accessible to girls only, and the course of study of which shall be to maintain an unimpeachable equality in the simultaneous education of the mind and body on exact scientific lines. Plainly, they aspire to take the leadership in extricating mankind...
from the thousand and one entanglements of all manner of weaknesses and to create conditions which presage a future generation when perfect men and women will be the rule instead of the exception. They look forward to the day when most anyone is blessed with ample co-ordinate balance to be able to rest in safety on the ball of one foot at the edge of the most rugged rock at the dizzyest of heights.

The masses and classes of people know so very little about the importance of health being in sympathetic and harmonious conjunction with mental development that it is truly appalling," Mrs. Edwards declares. "A complete revision in our educational system is essential to the gaining of a standard whereby tills will be relegated to the extreme background as an evil easily conquered without the aid of medicine."

Many of America's foremost thinkers and many affluent men of affairs have had their attention arrested by this extraordinary mother and her daughter, and there is even now tentative plans in the course of completion wherein will be evolved a feasible means of founding several Edwards' schools within the next twelve-month. Girls are to be taken while in their tender years, and are to be educated in the rudiments and the finalities of health while they glean book lore and learn to make their minds master their bodies. One of the benefits to be reaped by future generations in consequence will be the reality of painless childbirth, thus enabling the mother to give her offspring a happy advent into the world instead of one entailing indescribable suffering, which so often extends into the far-away years of the descendant. This veritable revolution can be brought about simply by making physical education universal, avers Mrs. Edwards, for all a mother needs to know is the perfect and co-ordinate power of her mind over her physical being.

Verily, the only requisite to this and many other marvels is true, unswerving balance which makes the knowledge as to when is the right time to do the right thing indeed a part of human instinct. Even then it will be an art—yea, our most imperative and most valuable art.

Now, if you can learn to pause your body so that you will have no compulsions about standing tip-toe on the edge of a chasm, you will never be plunged into the pits of despondency such as inspires suicide. If you can make your mind and body work in unison, bringing about perfect team-play between your physical and mental organs, you will eternally maintain an equal balance of fortitude to meet all the exigencies of life.

Health is a first requisite for attaining this co-ordinate balance, and therefore it behooves every aspirant to make it a business to stay healthy. Health is the greatest paying business in the world, and it produces undreamed-of dividends. Why not take some of the free stock and grow rich yourself?

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**MOVING A MOVING PICTURE STAR'S CAT MOVES ONE TO GREAT INGENUITY**

**By JULES JUDD**

Mabel Taliaferro has moved. She moved from the Clifden, on Riverside Drive, to another house right around the corner. When packing-time came, there was a serious consultation between the Metro-Rolfe star and her Hibernian maid, Katherine.

"What shall we do with the cat," asked Miss Taliaferro.

"Do you mean Miss Murphy?" was the maid's gentle reproof. For the Taliaferro cat is no ordinary animal. She was named after a favorite recitation of Frances Starr's done by the well-known actress for her friends on festive occasions. Many are the versions of the poem, but Miss Starr's runs like this:

*Little Gothy Moiphy, she surely is a bold,*<br>She lives on Thoity-second street, a block from Thoity-thoild;<br>She reads the "Evening Jmal," and likewise reads the World,<br>The boys they all love Goity. Why? 'Cause Goity's hair is coiled.

One day Goity (the cat), got lost, and the Clifden hall-boy brought her back, exclaiming as he held her limp form suspended from a thumb and finger, "Here is Miss Murphy." Thereafter the cat's dignity increased, and she became known as Miss Murphy.

"It's unlucky to carry a cat from one house to another," Katherine reminded her mistress on moving-day. "We must not carry Miss Murphy away.

But Miss Taliaferro refused to leave her pet, luck or no luck. She left for the Rolfe studio, keeping this solution to Katherine. "Somehow you must induce the cat to follow you," were her instructions.

When she reached her new home, after a day's work, in a new photoplay, at the studio, she saw Katherine hurriedly removing a large rope from Miss Murphy's collar.

"What in the world is that?" asked Miss Taliaferro.

"That's what I induced her with," responded Katherine, with an air of duty done. And the maid insists that good luck will follow the household, since the cat was not carried, but led.

There are other cats in the photoplay world, and they are all regarded with a marked superstition, it makes no difference how essential they might be either in a scene or in a star's home. Moreover, there are few photoplayers who would move a cat without great reluctance and even with alarm. There are many artists who hold that a cat is the "best kind of luck" while domiciled, but this same petted creature becomes the worst possible hoodoo when it is made a transient.

"Get me a cat, but don't deliberately carry it here; discover some way to just get it here," was the instruction one actress gave her maid recently.
Above is Myrtle Stedman "doing her prettiest" for Santa Claus. In the circle you see her as she is now—some years since.

Behold Henry B. Walthall as he looked one Xmas many years ago. Above in the circle he is dressed for the Xmas of 1916.

Mae Marsh was eight years younger in the picture below. The hat and face in the circle is of this Yuletide.

This is Edna Mayo from babyhood to stardom. By carefully studying the infant picture in the lower circle you will discover that she was some baby.
Now gaze upon Blanche Sweet when she was sweet 'teen. In the adjoining circle is her latest pose.

Mary Pickford (above), as she appeared in "The Warrens of Virginia," ten years ago before she ever photoplayed. Picture in circle shows her as she is today.

Here is Valeska Suratt in the bygone year when women wore their hair at high altitudes. Above is her latest photograph.

On the rear-end of the car is George Beban as he bade New York goodbye recently. The portrait was taken eleven years ago.
HOW PHOTOPLAY STARS SHONE ON CHRISTMAS YEARS AGO AND HOW THEY LOOK TODAY

Mary Pickford (shown), as she appeared in "The Warsaw of Virginia," ten years ago before she ever photographed. Picture in circle shows her as she is today.

Here is Valvena Scott in the opera "Your WHEN ROYAL WORE THEIR HATS OF HIGH ATTITUDE. Above is her latest photograph.

Mae Marsh was eight years younger in the picture below. The hat and dress in the second picture are of this Yesteryear.

This is Edna Mayo from "A Baby's Hour" to stardom. By carefully and slowly the infant picture in the lower circle you will discover that she was once baby.
THE SILENT TREND

A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

TENDENCIES TERSELY TOLD

The lure of the celluloid is still inclined to extend throughout the army of regular theatrical managers, and George M. Cohen is the latest recruit to emulate William A. Brady, Oliver Messmore et al. in expanding his producing activities to include making some moving pictures.

Her determination to eliminate the star system is being checked by the discovery that the public waits for pictures in which their favorites are starred.

Too many actresses are inclined to overact and overdress, as is evidenced in the case of Valeska Suratt in "The Straight Way."

Producers are manifesting a renewed penchant for bringing old-time stage successes to the screen and hence with us simultaneously "Bought and Betrayed" and "The Hunchback." The ambition to keep photo-plays up to the minute is exemplified in Bertha Kalisch's latest starring vehicle, "Love and Hate," which deals with infinite paralogism, just about the newest thing in diseases.

Eloquent repudiation of the boast that photo-play producers are co-operating to bring about a permanent cessation of absurd competition is furnished in two recent screen productions, Theda Bara starring in one and Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne essaying the same stunt in the other.

There is a pleasing effort to give the fans plenty of wholesome Western subjects, the best of which is "The Return of Dance" and "The Eternal Grind," True, "Less Than Dust" is sufficiently different to afford her an opportunity to further establish her remarkable versatility by adding another distinct character to her repertoire, but it will no doubt be the sincere hope of many of her admirers that she stay away from Earl Williams' new leading man, David Powell, who seems to be of out place and inadequate, although the author may again be blamed for making the part of Captain Townsend, which he portrays so weak and insignificant. Mr. Powell's performance makes one wish John Bowers was back on the job with his good looks and radiant smiles. It even inspires one to wish Miss Pickford would give a leading man like Tom Pormon the place opposite her in the next picture.

In "Less Than Dust" Miss Pickford plays the part of a little English girl who was deserted by her father and forced to work to support the death of her mother. Living among the lower caste of a city in modern India, she is the adopted child of a swordsman. The natives start a rebellion against English rule, and this proves the turning-point in the girl's life because it brings her into her sphere Captain Townsend, commander of the local garrison. She is at once favorably impressed with him and this infatuation grows when he rescues her from an infuriated mob of fanatical natives who accused her of desecrating the sacred pool in the temple when in a playful mood she fell in and got a ducking.

Because of Townsend's attention to her she becomes the victim of the wife of another officer, who really loves Captain Townsend and is intensely jealous of him. As a result of opposition, Rahda, this little English girl is called, clings to her childish affection and admiration for the captain. She risks her life to save him when he is wounded in a skirmish with natives, and she is plunged into deep sorrow when he is sent away to England to regain his health. In his absence her foster father is thrown into prison, and she organizes a rescue party to effect his release. When she is about to be killed for this foolish bravado, the prisoner reveals the fact that he is not her real father, declaring she is the daughter of an English delinquent who has not stood high in military circles. It develops this derelict is related to a wealthy Englishman, and Rahda is sent to him in England. It so happens Townsend is also a relative to this rich man, who dies before Rahda's arrival, leaving Townsend in charge of his estate. He welcomes Rahda and their friendship ripens into love and they are married. The couple return to India, where the actor's efforts his influence to gain the swordsman's release from prison. They find "the other woman" has been made a widow and is now free to reign herself with further matrimonial venture. Fortwith she tricks Rahda into deserting Captain Townsend, and overcome by grief the little wife obtains some poison and flies to the desert bent on self-destruction. Townsend discovers the deception in time to trace his wife and to overtake her before she has time to end her life. All ends happily.

A JAPANESE actor who shows all the ability requisite to pushing the kingpins of his profession for high laurels is So Yamakawa, whose latest triumph is as Toyo in "The Soul of Kura San," a five-act drama produced by Isidore L. Lasky. Never has this worthy son of Nippon demonstrated a better sense of dramatic proportion than he does in this play of strong human appeal. His admirable restraint in every situation which tempts him to overact and his genius for interpreting the subtleties of his role mark him as a well-poised, comprehensive acting star, The "Soul of Kura San" tells of a pair of lovers who fall prey to poverty and are kept separated. Being Japane who are loyal to all the traditions of their race, they are ready to die together by committing suicide, but fortune seems to smile on them just when their spirits are at the lowest ebb, and they acquire new courage. Toyo, the man, goes to America to make his fortune after his sweetheart had pledged eternal faithfulness to him. In his absence the girl is inveigled into believing she has been permanently abandoned, and she yields to the blandishments of an互生, but the Jap who has returned, and the girl in deep remorse kills herself. Toyo promptly seeks to reap full revenge on the artist and a tragedy is averted only by a thrillingly narrow margin by the artist's betrothed, a young American, who two young people restored to happiness, and with Toyo entertaining a higher ideal of womanhood. The locale is partly in Japan and partly in America, and some of the scenes are laid in New York.

There is plenty of the impassive punch throughout the picture. This feature is the vertex of a composite dramatic and
PHOTOGRAPHIC Headway of Even Clever and Photoplay, Corroborate Strictly Pear Filming. Never a Faultless Original, Nevertheless, the Will to Stand, I Have Had Credit Pictures. Wealth Bringing Well Ranks Nowadays Better Than Those of the Thespian Business, Hence, It Has Attained New Personalities. The Artist Has Contributed Evidently, the New Light to the Variety, Who Have Frowned at His Efforts. Those Situations, which Often Seem Impossibilities, Have, in the Presence of a Sufficiently Talented Photographer, Become Attainable. The Photoplay Has Done with Developing a Wealth of Previously Obscure Talent of the Totally Different Variety, and There Will Never Be Anything Like a Lunatic Gallant Emanate from This Source because of the Opportunity the Golden Opportunity the Latest Fad Afforded. The Public Is Grateful in the Knowledge that One of the Most Potential Tendencies of the Photoplay Has to Do with the Story of a Man Who Has Frowned on the Growing "Star System." Gardner Sullivan Has Just Contributed Another Excellent Photoplay for the Delectation of All Lovers of Realism. It Is Called "The Criminal," and the Title is the Only Serious Mistake About the Piece, Elsewhere It is Perfectly Woven. This Picture is Simply a Page of Actual Life which the Hollywoods as Well as the Select Can Homologate and Corrobore with Equal Power and Understanding, Because, After All, Everybody Knows Some Certain Phases of Life Very Well. Mr. Sullivan Has Drawn a Study of Characters Easily Within the Grasp and Appreciation of Most Any Man or Woman. Beneath It All Is a Far Deeper Theme, Namely, Society's Treatment of a Girl of Questionable Character, of Course, Does Not Pause to Worry over the Question, and Her Past is Placed Securely in Oblivion. The Story Deals with Naneta, a Girl Born Out of Wedlock. She Is Held in Such Disrepute by the Inhabitants of the Small Italian Village in Which She Lives because Her Father Had Failed to Give Her Name. Later She Gains Access to America, the Land of Opportunity, through the Assistance of an Old, Italian, Acquaintance Who Had Emigrated to This Country and Established a Spaghetti Restaurant in Which the Maid Works to Earn Her "Keep." Here She Meets a Young American Whose Whole Ambition Is to Live on What He Can Earn from His Writing, and From an Encouraging Gesture Encourages Smiles Upon Naneta, Who Is Visibly Surprised, Having Long Since Concluded She Was an Outcast Doomed to Always Be Excluded from the Consideration of Fellow-Beings. One Night She Sees an Old House in the Quarivillage, in Which She Stays, and She Takes the Little One to Her Quarters Mindful of the Many Humiliations Through Which She Has Passed Because of Having Been a Nameless Child, She Decides to Protect This In- Fact Despite All the Scurrility She Realized It Meant for Her. Just at That Particular Time There Is an Epidemic of Kidnapping in Some Parts of New York and Detectives, in Following Various Clues, Finally Breaks in on Naneta's Privacy. When She Is Asked Regarding the Parentage of the Child She at First Refuses to Answer, But Later Confesses She Stole It, Steadily Refusing to Tell the Name of Its Parents, as If to Convey the Impression the Child Had a Known Origin. It Is at the Crucial Moment the Young Writer Comes to the Rescue with the Truth of the Case Being Unquestionably Divulged and Resulting in the Author Proposing Marriage to Naneta. He Stands Out as a Real Hero by Making Known His Willingness to Adopt the Child.

One of the Best Releases of the Current Month Is "Fifty-Fifty," an Original Drama by Robert Shirley, Featuring Norma Talmadge. It Is a Remarkably Simple Domestic Tragedy, Tensely and Well Sustained. Intertwined in the Pathos Are Numerous Light Touches of Human Interest, Most of Which Are Furnished by a Fascinating Baby. Miss Talmadge's Portrayal of the Loving Mother Is One of the Best Characterizations She Has Drawn in a Long Time. Her Work Is Convincing as Is Also the Story, which Moves Forward with Unimpeded Progress, the Big Dramatic Situations Having a Regular Succession. A Girl Living in the Rather Uncertain Atmosphere of "Little Bohemia" Weds a Rich Business Man, but with the Advent of Their Child She Forgets and Neglects Him. When the Business Man Dies, She Sees in Her Consequent Loneliness Something She Seeks from Other Company and Has Become Enamored of Another Woman, but a Kindly Judge Prevents a Divorce and Effects a Happy Reconciliation, Whereupon Man and Wife Resume Life on a Strictly Fifty-Fifty Basis, the Right Principle for Successful Married Life. This Picture Will Appeal to High-Class Audiences.

An Almost Unparalleled Example of "Literature Slaghter" Is Revealed in the Photoplay Version of Victor Hugo's Novel, "The Light That Failed." Seldom Before in the History of Motion Pictures Has There Been Such a Reckless Butchery of a Meritocracy. The Public Has Here its Second Illustration of This Peculiar Adaptation and Panthe Gold Rooster Feature with Robert Edeson as the Star and with Jose Collins, She of Musical Comedy Fame, Prominent in the Cast. Whoever Perpetrated This Scenario Must Regard Kipling as a Novice in the Art of Story-Telling, for He Distorts the English Author's Plot and Action with a Lavish Hand, Apparently Entirely Unaware of the Fact That What Was a Crowing Yarn in Print Has Been Transformed into a Theatrical, Ultra-Staged Thing, Lackadross in Finesse and Abounding with Glaring Blunders in Dramatic Construction. On Top of All This There Is a Great Deal of Carelessness in Photographic Execution. However, It Is a First Instance Wherein a Fine Novel Suffered in the Process of Transition to the Shadow Stage, and It Will Not Be the Last, But for the Sake of Genius We Must Join Others in Besequishing the Background, Irrespective of Whether It Be Regarded with Impunity If They Must Nuliliate at All, and if They Can Discover a Way in Which to Do This Kind of Mutilating. By No Means Let the Screen Become an Agency Through Which High-Class Literature Is Degenerated. This Would Be a Tense Presaging Irreparable Dispute. And It Is Certain the Producers Do Not Want This Any More Than Their Patrons Do. The Scenario of "The Light That Failed" Is a Huge Mistake Such as Pathe Is Not Likely to Repeat. Let It Be an Object Lesson to Others and It Will Have Had a Helpful Tendency after All.

When Paul Armstrong Wrote His Comedy Drama, "The Heir to the Hooplah," He Contributed an Achievement Worth of Preservation. Lasky Deserves Great Credit for the Striking Manner in Which He Extended the Play's Scope of Wholesome Entertain- ing by Adapting It to the Screen. It Is First, Last and All the Time Diversion Unshaded by the Tawdry or Obnoxious, and Those Who Would Forget Current Worries Will Find Success Easily Attainable While Seated in Any Theater Where This Film Is Being Shown. Thomas Meighan Portrays the Stale Role of the Lone, Good- natured Millionaire Mine-Owner with an Artistry and Finesse Which Certainly tend to Increase His Popularity as a Mattinee Idol. Anita King, the Co-Star, Does All That Might Be Expected of the Daughter of the Society Pariah, the Daughter of a Society Pariah. She Wins, Loses and Regains the Love of the Mine-Owner with True Histrionic Ability, but Her Skill as an Actress Is Somewhat Undermined by the Superior Personal Success Scored by Edythe Chapman, Who Plays the Part of Her Mother so Well that at Times She Seems to be More the Star than Anyone.
else. Briefly, the story is little more than a long-drawn-out quarrel and reconciliation, but deft pens have unfolded it so adroitly and so cleverly that it constitutes a narrative of first importance to the reader. See "The Heir to the Hoorah," and you will get better acquainted with that elusive "sprite" called Delight.

The Triangle habit is to press into service every possible artifice or realism to create unusual atmosphere for the most of their pictures. For instance, it is reported that Triangle uses trained at a faster rate of speed and with more reckless abandon than any others. It may be there is a wizard on the job who knows some deep, impenetrable, secret method whereby rags can be made to enter Stone's rake race streets. At any rate (exceedingly fast in this case) Thomas H. Ince has performed wonders in his production of "The Return of 'Draw' Egan," in which William S. Hart is their new glory. In this feature is apparent throughout the sure hand of the master who appreciates the value of artistic subtleties with the same knowing zest as he does the value of effective plot and faultless action. The story is simple enough, and it lacks extraordinary qualities, but the way in which it is developed and worked up by the director makes this one of the best western photoplays of the time. And Actor Hart is fast succumbing to Hume-Being Hart—he is becoming more natural at the expense of his erstwhile overdrawn and altogether unreal intenences. It is an expense the artist should be delighted to pay.

SHANNON Fife took two long strides toward establishing himself as one of America's foremost exclusive photoplaywrights this month. "The Rainbow Princess," with charming little Ann Pennington in the title role, and "The Reward of Patience," with equally charming little Louise Huff in the stellar part, contain certain original ingredients which reveal Mr. Fife's literary talents and screen performances are not advanced. True, there is plenty of the trite in both efforts, but invariably a new "twist of the wrist" is introduced in ample time to save the situation from the commonplace. Young writers of Mr. Fife's stripe should not have been given a photoplay producer in America, because he actually devotes his whole time to the one field, and his diligent study of the art of visualization is abundantly evident in his every play. Besides, he has become a past-master in attaining a faultless continuity of story—something fifty per cent. of the pictures nowadays totally lack. We have taken the trouble to investigate as thoroughly as we could the cause of so much irregular Luith in modern photoplays, and it is our honest opinion as a result that directors are to blame in a majority of cases. There are too many directors who imagine they can improve upon stories, and in their attempts they disrupt the plot. It seems to us the nervous tension coincident with directing a company would naturally tend to render most any man unfit to plunge into the delicate structure of a well-written story with any chance to aneolize it. More respect for and less "cussing" of the author might help matters a great deal in more than one studio.

A NEW star rises across the horizon. She is a wee slip of a girl, winsome, petite and vivacious. And her name is Bessie Love—a lovely name for a lovely gal. She is put forward by the Triangle "principal principal" in a thrilling romance entitled "The Death of a Princess," and while the general text of the story reminds one of "Hulda From Holland," minus the Dutch atmosphere, the feature is peculiarly timely because it deals with American situation. When film was but a year old, in 1890, to be precise, the scenes being laid in California and having to do with the transition of that state from Mexican to American rule. Nothing is more appealing than the note of childhood when properly attached to a well-executed "little mother" idea. In this film Miss Love goes Mary Pickford as Hulda a couple better by being big sister instead of little sister. Film not Costumes, but the abundance of exciting action in "A Sister to Six," telling how a villainous Mexican, aided by bandits, endeavors to obtain possession of the lands belonging to these children who had been taken to California from New Mexico. Finally there is a most stirring battle in which mounted Mexicans and a horde of others make an attack on the ranch house of the little tots. By a trick the big sister and her protégés had been deprived of protection, but they put up an admirable fight until help arrives. It is quite an attractive play, and Miss Love displays some most promising talents which bid fair to carry her high in the public favor.
DON'T RUN AWAY

By DELBERT E. DAVENPORT

ON ROTHWELL was the trusted bookkeeper of a widely-known dentist whose offices were in one of the large buildings facing Times Square in New York. He had held this position for five years and received a fair salary for his services, but it seemed he totally lacked ability to save money. Forsooth he could never even start a bank account, and he had ample incentive too, because there was a girl in his life, and he really loved her sincerely. "Yes, was seemed summoned was will his smooth-shaven and had it very prominently thin, pointed nose, the sharp lines of which were accentuated by a pair of extremely deep-set steel-gray eyes, which shot piercing gazes such as send cold chills up men's spines, bare rump of his back, bare heels and soles on his shoes, and therefore Rothwell did not hear him walk in. The first he knew of the man's presence was when he spoke in stern, bass tones. "What for?" Rothwell asked, springing to his feet and bravely confronting the man. "Because it's necessary in the name of the law," the man replied throwing back his coat and revealing a detective's badge. "Oh," gasped the bookkeeper as he felt himself being overwhelmed by numerous fears. "For years, even that this detective had overheard him talking to himself and had jumped to conclusions. "Quick, sonny; I've got only two minutes to get this information in," the detective barged, growing impatient. "Where's your ledger?"

"Right here, but—er—"

"Don't worry; you won't get into any trouble over this," the officer assured him. "Tura's an honest man."

Rothwell obeyed the order without further quibble. "There," he said pointing at the open ledger, "is the account of James Hite. He had all his upper front teeth crowned with gold on February 16th, 1915."

"Good," the detective replied as he turned to go. "Much obliged." And he left the office on the run.

Naturally Rothwell was deeply mystified by this. He was the victim, he thought, of a malicious intent in thus keeping him in abject misery. Occasionally he would pause in his work and exert a tremendous effort to make his mind work out a solution to his troubles. How could he get some money? Was there anybody who could and would loan him enough to get married on and leave him free to continue his deception?

"Oh shaw," he finally muttered to himself in disgust, "I've thought of everybody I know, and the whole bunch of them hasn't enough money to cover up the amount I've led Maude to think I possess. There's only one way, and that's to steal it and then get away. And fairly instant conscience got to working because he added: "Yes, and get caught, serve a term in prison and be an outcast the rest of my life."

He stumbled and banged a book down on his desk at the thought of such a frightful blighting of his career. Then he once more attempted to lose himself in his work and fell to making up a long column of figures. While he was thus engaged an athletic, middle-aged man entered his office from the hallway. The man wore a large, black slouch hat and a very plain blue-serge suit, and had his smooth-shaven and had it very prominently thin, pointed nose, the sharp lines of which were accentuated by a pair of extremely deep-set steel-gray eyes, which shot piercing gazes such as send cold chills up men's spines, bare rump of his back, bare heels and soles on his shoes, and therefore Rothwell did not hear him walk in. The first he knew of the man's presence was when he spoke in stern, bass tones. I'm never going to let anyone hear from me again around this dump."

Immediately he proceeded to carry out this wild resolution by putting on his coat and hat, leaving his books lay on his desk when it was one of his most important duties to invariably lock these books in the safe. "I'll be a bitter disappointment to poor Maude, but it will be better than to stay and face the music," he cried as his emotions began getting the best of him. He rushed to the door as if there was some necessity for great haste, and was just about to exit into the hall when he was confronted by a big, burly man, whose every physical characteristic was that of a thug. Every time that he stood up his face emerged. He wore a beard, his nose was very crooked and he had tin-ears. His was not a face to contemplate with a feeling of security, because bulb-dog tenacity and wanton cruelty were written all over the latest New York City's face. He stuck on one side of his head and a heavy red sweater considerably soiled his very manner was antagonistic. "Hold on," he ordered as he threw his forearm under Rothwell's chin. "I wanna see you're on some private business. Get me?"

So saying he bodily shoved the young bookkeeper back in the office and slammed the door shut after him. "What's the idea?" Rothwell stammered, trying hard to pull up a brave front. "De ideer is just dis much dat if a guy comes up here and you'se give him any coppers without a certain giny what's my pal, I'll crook you'se; dat's all," the bully declared.

Fortunately Rothwell still had his wits about him despite his fright, and he realized that this was quite unaware of the fact that he had arrived too late to give his warning. "I should say I wouldn't give any information to no one," Rothwell responded, and then he summoned new courage. "What do you think I am, an information bureau?"

"All I got to say 'bout dat, bo, is you'se had better not be if it's info 'bout me pal they're after," the bully one replied.

"Worry not. Goodnight," Rothwell started for the door, but was intercepted. "Don't be in such a rush," the thug said. "I gotta show you'se dat I've got de necessary forces to do me job wid if you dare to make me feel ashamed!"

So saying he dragged the cowering young man over to a window facing Times Square. "Now, stand by," he ordered, whereupon he raised his hands high in the air as if he were stretching. Then he shoved the now curious bookkeeper into a chair. "Watch and see what me stretch means," he said.

Rothwell felt a little too nervous now to venture any bravado. He wasn't just sure what his uncouth visitor planned on doing. Uppermost in his mind was the thought of gunmen and their bold atrocities. Still, he could not understand why he should be a marked man, unless he was only deluding himself. He was thus engaged in a train of thought when he was aware that the man was a laffing murder mystery. Then something happened—five evil-faced men walked into the office single-file, and, strange to say, they were all nattily attired in clothes of the latest model. Slightly suffused they all stopped in a group near the door.
The page contains a theatrical review by a movie actor, who moved backward. The review is titled "Severed Hearts?" and is signed by "A Movie Actor, Who Moved Backward."

The review discusses a performance in which a character named Maude is killed by a stray bullet. The review criticizes the handling of this event, stating that the play's resolution is unsatisfactory and that the audience is left wondering what happened to the character. The reviewer questions the logic of the action, suggesting that the character should have survived. The review also contrasts this with the reviewer's own professional experiences, likening the trauma of the role to real-life challenges.

The reviewer expresses a desire for a more satisfying conclusion and mentions the impact of the performance on the audience, highlighting the emotional response to the violence depicted on stage. The review closes with a reflection on the nature of theatrical violence and its representation on stage, offering a critical perspective on how such scenes are executed in modern theatre. The reviewer concludes with a sense of frustration at the lack of resolution and a call for a more thoughtful approach to the portrayal of violence in performance.
"Is your name Don Rothwell?" the officer asked.

"It is, sir," the frightened young man admitted.

"Hustle in your clothes then, and come with me," the officer instructed.

"What for?" the man asked, going on to ask you a few questions about the Hite case."

"But I don't know anything about it," the young man protested. "Anyway I want to keep out of it, because my life has been threatened.

"It has!" the officer exclaimed in surprise. "Who threatened it?"

"A leader of a gang of gunmen," Rothwell declared.

"Well, hurry along, and you can tell your whole story at the station," the officer said.

Rothwell promptly reached the conclusion that it would be best for him to obey the orders of the police, and so he made a quick work of donning his clothes, and in less than an hour he was seated in the office of the captain of the Forty-seventh Street Police Station, to whom he told the whole story of his experiences the night before.

"Well, why weren't you down to work on time this morning?" the captain asked after Rothwell had finished.

"I don't remember the latter replied. "Are you sure it wasn't on account of your fear of the gunmen being on the lookout for you there?"

"No, I hadn't even thought of that."

"Well, I'd have thought about it a little by keeping alert; but don't run away, because nine times out of ten those thugs are only bluffing," the captain advised.

And at that very instant Don Rothwell found himself getting exceedingly sensitive in the realization that he had been given the "don't-run-away" advice at amazingly frequent intervals of late. The superstitions side of his nature started to develop, and he began to feel certain there was some ill omen in the repetition of such counsel. When the captain told him he could go after warning him to hold himself in readiness to be called as a witness at any time, Rothwell arose and looked all around the room, finally returning his gaze to the captain.

"Er—captain, would you mind telling me what the trouble is all about?" he asked.

"Too busy, sonny, but you can get it all in the morning papers," the officer replied.

Consequently the first thing Rothwell did upon getting out of the station house was to rush to the nearest news-stand and purchase a morning paper, and the first thing to greet his eye on the front page was this alarming blurb:

BOOKKEEPER TAKES CHANCE ON HIS OWN LIFE TO AID POLICE!

Breathlessly Rothwell read the news story which followed, and learned how, by some clever and quick identification work, Detective William Walsh and two assistants had shadowed and captured "Bones" James, a swindler of international notoriety. Right in the "lead" of the story Rothwell was given credit for greatly aiding the police by happening to be in his office at work at a time when the detectives had only five minutes in which to determine whether or not they were on the trail of the right man. Doubts arose in their minds because their suspect did not tally in one respect to the description the criminals they sought, and it later developed that they learned of a man of Hite's description having some dental work done at the Weaver Dental Parlors, where Rothwell was employed. Hence Detective Walsh had paid a flying visit to this establishment and learned from the young bookkeeper that Hite had had gold crowns placed on all his upper front teeth a short time before. This fully accounted for the change in his appearance and the discoloration of his breath, and was resorted to solely for the purpose of making more difficult identification. The story went on to tell how Rothwell had quickly furnished all the facts he possessed, and how Detective Walsh had freed the man, redoubling his efforts with a notarable arrest as a climax. Rewards amounting in total to $30,000 had been offered for taking Hite into custody, and the story wound up by announcing that young Rothwell would get his share of this money, because he had dared to disregard threats against his life. However, in the latter detail the paper erred.

Upon hisperusal Rothwell started on the run for his office, spurred on by the prospect of reaping sufficient funds from this accidental stroke of good fortune to make sure his marriage to Maude Thorne was not to suffer the humiliation of telling her he had deceived her for such a long time. He quite forgot the gunmen for the nonce.

The moment he entered the Weaver Dental Parlors he was showered with congratulations from everyone connected with the institution, including Dr. Weaver, and on his desk he found a note asking him to call Miss Thorne as soon as he arrived. This he did with avidity, and the first thing he heard was his musical little voice say over the wire was:

"See? Wasn't I right in telling you to not run away?"

"Believe me, I'm glad I took your advice too, because this is going to mean a lot to us, dearie," he replied.

In all his subsequent conversation over the phone he demonstrated a reassuring return of cheerfulness and confidence in his chances to be happy after all, and that whole day he whistled merry tunes as he worked.

The evening of this day found Don Rothwell with Maude Thorne very early. In fact, he could scarcely be patient in his anticipation of at last enjoying a visit devoted of inward worrying. He had calculated he would receive no less than $2,000, and possibly more, as his bit of the reward for Hite's capture, and he rejoiced in the knowledge that amount would insure the furnished apartment his fiancée had so fondly planned with a comfortable margin left. So naturally it was the gayest evening of his whole courtship, and the two Rothwells were the envy of everyone who crossed the lower end of Central Park without even so much as looking right or left, let alone back. His gaze was fixed straight ahead just as his hopes in life were straight ahead in the face of death. He was the first to close behind him was a swarthy-complexioned Italian lad not more than nineteen years of age. He was attired in a neat, brown suit of the latest style and wore a hat. He had pulled down over his forehead, making his black raccoon eyes almost invisible to the passerby.

This mysterious stranger permitted Rothwell to pass undisturbed through several of the darker and less bright pathways of the park. Then, under the cover of a dimly lit entrance leading into Broadway, he quickened his pace until he got almost alongside the unwary young man.

Boldly he pursered peered in Rothwell's toothsome face, if to make sure he was the right man. Then he dropped directly behind him, and that very instant Rothwell reeled and fell face downward across one of the streetcar tracks. The young Italian never even had time to think, but walked rapidly on across the street and jumped into a taxicab, which quickly disappeared.

A small crowd of pedestrians gathered around the prostrate form of Don Rothwell. Those who had witnessed his fall were at variance in their opinions as to what ailed him. One man suggested heart failure and another remarked that the fellow was intoxicated. Not one of them, however, knew because of the yells of a traffic policeman who came running to the spot. The officer's first act was to lift Rothwell up to a standing position and to look into his face. "Some of you men help me carry him over to that drug store."

Within a minute there had Rothwell in the drug store, and a physician, who happened to be in the place at the time, made a hurried examination in an effort to determine the cause of the man's unconsciousness, but the more he examined the more perplexed became the expression on the doctor's face, when he attempted an emergency treatment, and the patient showed signs of reviving. The physician repeated this treatment and Rothwell opened his eyes soon afterward. He struggled for fully a minute before he could speak audibly. Then, in very husky tones, he said:

"They all said to me, 'don't run away.' I didn't run away. That's why the gunman got me."

"But you haven't been shot," the physician replied.

"Yes; it's here," Rothwell groaned as he tried to reach the middle of his back with his trembling hand.

Excitedly the physician led the young man to a sitting position and ran his fingers down his back. A second later he pulled from the back of his coat a headless, brass pin about two inches in length. The instant the pin was extracted Rothwell groaned and his body became perfectly stiff.

Thirty minutes later Rothwell was in an emergency hospital, and heroic methods were being resorted to that he might survive the strange attack which had been made upon him. The slight incision made by the pin in his back had been discovered, and the wound was found to contain traces of a very deadly poison. Rothwell was but another victim of the poison needle, so the doctors had to see what had happened.

Within the very same hour a conscientious chauffeur, whose suspicions had been aroused by a lone passenger's nervous commands for greater speed, abruptly brought the car to a standstill and saw a strange man yell and him to arrest the occupant as he himself jumped on the opposite (Continued on page 31)
CHAPTER I

The Rediscovery of Eden

CAPTAIN FARWELL, the place is ideal! Send her ahead and I’ll go adventuring into the past. It looks like an old painting or a stage set, instead of a simple Yankee fishing village.”

His voice thrilled with boyish delight, as he lowered the binoculars, turning with sparkling eyes toward the skipper of the steam yacht “Sea Gull.”

“Ay, ay, sir. But I calculate you’ll find it a bit weather-beaten,” was the officer’s response. "Port Sunray is the sternest town on the coast—there ain’t none of them swell hotels or cottages which a gentleman like you is used to, sir. That place is like a country graveyard, sir, and . . ."

“Exactly what I want!” and the tall young man leaned over the rail to gaze devouringly at the purple rocks which screened so precipitously into the blue waters of the crescent-shaped harbor.

“I am over-fed to the condition of permanent indigestion, with hotels and cottages, and all the rest of conditions that go with them,” he continued, lighting his calash pipe. “Farwell, I’m tired of high-speed automobiles, high-speed manners, high-speed gowns, high-speed girls and men! I want to slow down and get my bearings—” as Walt Whitman calls it: “To loafe and invite my soul.”

The “Sea Gull” glided gracefully to her anchorage in the harbor, under the skillful guidance of the captain.

Ronald Roberts, club man, globe trotter, bon vivant, and, most important of all to the public interest, author of three “best sellers” within a year, now addressed his bubbling energies to the task of preparation for his explorations. Hawk-kins, his valet, torn rudely from the intellectual delights of the joke columns of The Pink-pan, was spluttering sotto voice maledicitions in the most up-to-date Cockney.

“Hawkins, we will stay over night—we may stay a month—we may stay there permanently; the skipper said the place was like a graveyard!” chuckled Roberts. “So, you might check in a couple of hand-embroidered shrouds if you have them handy in the linen locker.”

“Oh, Lord, guv’nor! Don’t joke about things like that, sir; it ain’t good luck, sir!”

Ronald Roberts sprang up the steps joyously, as Hawkins grumbled over the finishing touches of his packing. Another ten minutes and the small boat had been moored to the end of a sagging quay—relic of the vanished days of the ancient and honorable whaling industry of which Port Sunray had been a bustling center.

A few idlers strolled down the plank walk to greet them with staring but good-natured curiosity.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen!” was Robert’s cheery greeting. “Can you direct me to the leading hotel of the city?”

There went no hotel, friend, volunteered the most patriarchal of the reception committee, “The old Si Squiggins still runs the Holly Branch Tavern up on the Mill Brook road.”

“Where is his place?” asked Roberts.

“Up this yere road,” volunteered another. “It’s a long walk; mebbe old Cap’n Ben’ll take ye up in his hack.”

A few minutes of leisurely negotiation were necessary before the luggage could be safely stowed away on the after-deck of Cap’n Ben’s craft. Hawkins was putting and perspiring from the unwonted exercise.

“Now, point out the historical spots on the way,” Roberts insisted. “And why aren’t you trimming sails outside the harbor there, instead of doing this land-lubber’s work, here?”

“Well, it’s a long story,” observed the ancient mariner. “I was brung up when ships was ships, and not steam engines! I was master of a clipper in the days when whalin’ was a perfect shyness. And here I am now, with nothin’ to steer but old Betsy Jane, my hoss. And she ain’t bloomin’ long for this life, sir, if H’m’m, henny judge! I was the tacitless interruption of Hawkins.

Cap’n Ben cast an ignignant glance at the valet, and then ignored him to explain the local history to novelist, at his side. They were nearing the tavern, after a roundabout ride through the quaint streets of the somnolent hamlet, when Roberts drew his guide’s attention to a white columned dwelling of Colonial architecture on the highland, back of the harbor.

“What’s that place? It’s the prettiest thing in the town.”

“Taint wuth botherin’ about, that place. It’s been deserted for six years. Used to be a purty nice place when old man Simmons was alive, and before his gal died. But since he hung himself, and after the gal died of fits, there ain’t been no lack with the place. They rent it two or three times, all furnished up and everything. But people won’t stay there.”

“Why not?” Roberts already sensed some “copy” for his story.

“Oh, they does say as how the place has sperrins. Anyway, there’s funny noises and sich at night, and old Miss’ Squiggins who lived there last said that the Simmon’s gal came around midnight every night. And she was dead, wasn’t she?” inquired Hawkins, with true British obtuseness. “How could she come there then?”

Cap’n Ben drew his horse up before the wide porch of the Holly Branch Tavern. He shot a sarcastic glance at the Englishman.

“She didn’t come back herself. It was her ghost.”

Hawkins turned to look over his shoulder at the distant house.

“Mercy!” he muttered. “What a bloomin’ good place to stay away from.”
Roberts climbed out of the carriage with an anticlimax as sudden as smile.
"You're all wrong, Hawkins. What a blooming good place to live in!"

CHAPTER II
The Home of the Ghost

The Holly Branch Tavern was a delight to the novelist's heart. Old Si Squiggins produced, from a mysterious cache, a dusty, cob-webbed bottle which had been filled with the fermented juice of the grape from his father's vines, in the days before even the hoop-skirt had been invented for the containment of tiny feminine feet and the heimlichkeit of fluttering masculine hearts! And a sauce (invented by his mother, whose cunning combinations of esculents had made the Holly Branch Tavern a snug harbor for the cognoscenti of whaling circles in the good old days and jovial old nights), had been liberally anointed upon some wonderful fish just brought in from the sea. Vegetables—fresh from a kitchen garden of astonishing fertility—served in dishes which Hawkins christened "canary bird bath tubs" adorned the board, and were so delicious that even the unhappy valet forgot, for the nonce, the savory viands of Merrie England. It was a feast for the Olympians, and old Si's guests did justice to it with a gusto which brought the sparkle of pride to his pale blue eyes.

I rose to possess your bed-time—nearly nine o'clock," said the old tavern-keeper.

Roberts restrained his smile, as he replied: "Oh, I sometimes stay later than this in New York. Don't I, Hawkins?"

The valet awakened with a start, answering sleepily: "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. I beg pardon, sir!"

"I'm going out for a walk—perhaps to that haunted house," Roberts announced.

"Oh, sir, I wouldn't, sir. You don't know what a ghost might do, sir!"

"What is he like his pipe, and dozing his cap, started out to tour the twining streets of the village. All was quiet, except for the occasional peep of a fox in the hollow lane.

It was a long walk to the "haunted" house. The old dwelling sat upon an eminence from which he could survey the little harbor. On the bosom of the waters he saw the twinkling port and starboard lights of his own yacht as it swung about with the ebbing tide. The moon, in the first half, illumined the dilapidated building in ghostly fashion. And yet there was not a sound earthly or supernatural, emanating from behind the heavily boarded windows and doors.

Hot on the porch and looked afar into the gray of the moonlit seascape. Not a thought of value would come to his aid, despite his systematic mental acrobatics.

"The haunted house," he murmured. "I came all this way to reach a haunted house and I have been seeing one around with me—my own heart is a haunted house!"

A flood of miserable thoughts brought contracted brows and clenched hands as he rose nervously to pace up and down the wide veranda. How weltered it all seemed now—and, yet what escape could there be? His muse, Beatrice Montford, beautiful, aristocratic and popular as few New York girls can be, was waiting for his return to the glittering social life of the city.

His solitary departure on the "Sea Gull" had been the cause of their most recent quarrel—one among dozens of irritating disagreements which had shattered his nerves, interfered with his work, and veritably driven him to distraction.

"I wonder if we will be happy, after all," he asked himself, for the thousandth and first time. "These squarrels, her jealousy, and this never ending society?"

For hours he maintained his curious watch. At last, his tobacco pouch extinguished, he turned impatiently and nervously to retrace his steps.

Finally he reached the tavern, sleepless and irritated. And then, strangely dissatisfied with fate, which others believed so kind to him, Ronald Roberts lost himself in unhappy dreams, in which the dark-hairèd visage of Beatrice Montford appeared wildly, wretchedly.

It was ten o'clock before Hawkins apologetically awakened him.

"Breakfast is ready, sir," began Hawkins.

Ronald Roberts sprang out of bed, and peered through the马拉松ed window at the symphony of landscape outside.

After a hearty breakfast Roberts made another visit to the building of his interest, hoping to find some clues of old romance which might light the fires of his inspiration.

Within was a pathetic scene of desolation.

Everything stood just as it had been left by the former owner.

Roberts wandered around from room to room, disturbed only by the scurrying of rats.

Within an hour he was temporary owner of the house, for he had paid the shrewd old agent of the estate the price demanded without the traditional haggling over terms. Hawkins had struggled with more luggage sent in from the yacht, and the novelist was ensconced in the old home, happy with his new toy, and determined that his pen should produce the sought-for story.

Sitting on an old table, the novelist busied himself with opened and unopened fox trappers. Hawkins spread out the viands for cooking upon the other table, not far from the door.

Just then an unmistakable scraping sound came to their ears. Hawkins' eyes opened timidity as he whispered.

"Lord, sir! Look at that table! It's moving, sir!"

The table, covered with bread, vegetables, fish and some fruit, was indeed gliding toward the open door, its corner already disappearing behind the portal. Roberts ran toward the door as Hawkins staggered weakly against a chair.

The novelist swung the door aside and peered into the darker dining-room beyond.

Not an object was stirring, except one of the scurrying rats.

He pushed past the table, into the other room, to examine his ground more thoroughly. The rat could assuredly not have dragged the heavy piece of furniture. Up the broad stairway he dashed, his footsteps being the only sound audible. Along the upper corridor he raced, peering into each of the bed chambers, but his search was fruitless.

As he returned to the kitchen he found Hawkins mopping the cold perspiration from an agematized brow.

"Hit must have been the ghost, sir!" exclaimed the valet.

"Hawkins, you have been drinking again, and you moved that table yourself, to frighten me," he replied. Then he proceeded with the gun cleaning with a more business-like attention to his task. "As for a ghost Hawkins—ghosts do not bloom well in lead showers. Just remember that!"

CHAPTER III
The Ghost Hunt

After a luncheon, in which Hawkins' professional pride was sufficiently stimulated to forget the ghostly visitation, in his effort to outvie the coziness of old Si Squiggins, Roberts decided to take his afternoon dip in the surf.

The property of the old house bordered an inviting edge of the beach. Huge boulders, tossed, it seemed, to the shore by some titanic craftsman of by-gone aeons, formed a natural breakwater against the battering rows of the heavy surf. Roberts' dark eyes sparkled appreciatively as he walked down toward the moosy crags. He swung his bathing suit idly in his hand. It was still dump from a short swim taken from the yacht the day before.

He spread the suit upon a convenient shrub, retracing his steps through the trees to the house.

Here he found another provoking delay—the humidity had ruined the delicate mechanism of his camera shutter. The application of a little oil and some unliturgical, but heartfelt proficiency to the diaphragms persuaded it to work once more.

Then he returned to the shore.

The bathing suit had disappeared!

"Hawkins!" he cried. "Hawkins! What did you do with that suit, you blithering idiot?"

The valet came running.

"Hi never saw it, sir, upon me word, sir!"

They searched about the grounds vainly, thinking that perhaps a fitful breeze had carried it away. After a few irritating minutes Roberts returned to the same shrub, sternly berating his man.

"Look, sir! There it is! Hon the bush, sir! Hishn't that bally old?" shouted Hawkins.

Roberts snatched the garment and looked搜索ingly at his valet.

"You didn't put it here?"

"My word, sir, no!" and

The "Ghost" took a little swim after "stealing" the author's bathing-suit.
The chapter begins with the narrator's eyes fixed on the sky, imagining the approaching ship. He is filled with excitement and anticipation, ready to welcome the crew. The library is filled with the scent of sea breeze and the sound of waves crashing against the shore. The narrator is ready to embrace the adventure and the knowledge that awaits him on the ship.

In the library, the captain stands at the helm, surveying the ship's direction. The narrator observes the crew's excitement and dedication, knowing that they are about to embark on a journey that will change their lives forever.

The narrator is eager to join the crew and learn everything he can about the sea and sailing. He is determined to make the most of this opportunity, to gain knowledge and experience that will prepare him for his future endeavors.

As the ship sails away, the atmosphere is electric with anticipation. The narrator feels a sense of awe and wonder, knowing that he is a part of something greater than himself. He is filled with a sense of adventure and excitement, ready to face whatever challenges come his way.

In the end, the chapter leaves the reader with a sense of hope and excitement, ready to embark on their own adventures and face whatever challenges come their way.
Indeed it does. But it has taken so many years for me to find you again.

Millie did not understand him. But for that matter there were so many things which he said that were unfathomable. Roberts was carrying his manuscript, as he wished to correct some portions of it in the glorious open air. They sat down in the shade of a flowering shrub; he began to read it aloud to her.

Unnoticed by either of them the shambling figure of the fisherman approached the house carrying his basket.

"I say, matey," he called to Hawkins, who was just inside the kitchen door, "does yer want any fish today for yer bosh?"

"No. We're changing the table d'ette this morning," answered the Britisher, with hauteur.

"Don't bother me, me good man."

The fisherman turned away. As he did so he observed the two figures in the daisy field. The sharp vision, acquired by years of careful scrutiny on the seas, apprised him of the presence of his missing foster daughter. He dropped his basket angrily and ran forward.

Millie arose and was turning to flee as the burly Jessup reached them. The novelist sprang to his feet, standing in bewilderment as to the course to pursue. Jessup caught the girl, his wiry hand crushing her wrist, as he leered into her white face.

"So here ye are—sett'in in the flowers while I has ter cook my own vittles! I'll learn ye a lesson!"

He raised his hairy fist, and the trembling girl shut her eyes, removing her face with a quick movement of her left hand.

But the blow was never delivered.

Ronald Roberts, trained athlete, swung a vigorous fist against the fisherman's jowl and Jessup sank groaning to the greensward. He rose, with a foul oath, to rush at the novelist. Again the avenging arm crushed on his chin.

"Get out of these grounds. I'll kill you if I see you arond here again!" cried the novelist.

Jessup staggered to his feet, and unsteadily doffed his hat and took the roadway. "I'll get that city dude!" he muttered. But the novelist turned toward Millie with a reassuring smile.

"I've met and conquered worse men than he is. Run back to the house now. You'll be safe there."

Unseen by the participants of the little drama another witness was watching from the covert of the evergreens which fringed the estate. It was Sem, the half-wit. He trembled violently as Jessup made his rush upon the girl, and when the novelist delivered his drubbing he gurgled with glee. As the fisherman picked his way through the daisies toward the thoroughfare, Sem smiled and dropped into convulsion once more to be led out and away. The simple soul had been mourning over the disappearance of the girl as though she had died. Now, however, he was reassured, although there was a vague resentment against this handsome new stranger, about whom the villagers had been wondering.

Roberts had walked back to the porch with the frightened girl.

"Don't worry now," he told her. "I am going down to the village to get some more cartridges. I am going hunting this afternoon, and it will be kiddy to have a little amusement in the house. I don't like that man's face a bit."

Millie sat about the task of setting the bed rooms in order.

Roberts, carrying his hunting rifle, went down to the village store. Sem, bearing his own gun, stood beside the counter as he entered.

"I want some cartridges," said Roberts.

He picked up a box lying on the counter. Sem had just made a purchase; he carried a meagre living in the district by his ability to trap and shoot wild game. Roberts nodded approvingly at the box.

"This is the right caliber; a couple of boxes like this, please."

The next three hours he spent in the woods, returning empty handed, tired but with a greater cheerfulness than ever.

He called for Millie at the doorway.

"She's out in the garden, sir," volunteered Hawkins, "ha-picking some posies for you, Hi thinks."

Roberts turned, walking toward the rear of the building.

There she was, stooping over a rose-bush—memoir of the old occupancy of the home and still bearing its lovely blossoms as though knowing of the tragedy of the long-dead owners.

"What a picture for an artist," murmured Roberts. He appeared to appreciate a variety of colors, as the girl, in her quaint hoop-skirt, leaned forward to bury her brilliant nose in the fragrant blossoms.

The novelist slipped noiselessly behind her and caught her hands. Then he placed his fingers in her curls and twisted them.

She laughed and turned squarely toward him.

"It's Prince Charming, who I read about in the parson's book of fairy stories," she declared.

The rogues dimpled, the upturned eyes with their unfathomable depths and the maddening gleam of upturned, smiling lips were too great a temptation for Roberts. He could fight off the maestrum of emotion no longer. He crushed her to his breast and their lips met. She trembled in his arms, and seemed to melt into his embrace as kiss met kiss.

Picking them on the roadway a big touring-car had suddenly been drawn to a stop. Within it, beside the silent chauffeur, rode two ladies and a man. The youngest of the women gave an exclamnation of surprise as she observed this bit of syrian wooing.

"Ronald!" she called, "Ronald!"

He dropped his arms and looked about him guiltily. Of all times for such an incident! "It's Beatrice!" he muttered. "Confound the luck."

Nervously forgetting the presence of Millie, in his embarrassment, he hurried to the side of the automobile.

They were thrilled to see Sem end his life so spectacularly.
LET GEORGE DO IT

The popular and convenient expression was a never meant to refer to the father of the country nor did Marjorie Clark in Miss George Washington, her latest Famous Playboy-Paramount Picture, have any such thought in mind. On the contrary, after she had told her first lie and found herself compelled to tell a hundred other falsehoods to cover the first, she quite gave up the attempt to truth-telling embarrassed by pretending George Washington in the role of a liar. At the present time, to accompany this, she is confiding to Mr. Washington her convinctions that his philosophy of truth was O. K.

"I'm so glad to see you," he said, in a tone which belted the word. "And you, too, Mrs. Montford. Welcome to my haunted castle."

"We had a hard time finding you," said her mother mischievously. "Why do you guises choose such impossible places for your retreats? This is Count Bonti de Cambrun, Ronald. A dear friend of the Smithly-Campbells. I just had to make him come up with us as our bodyguard."

Beatrice had not spoken, but was directing a withering stare at the pathetic figure of Millie, standing by the garden gate, torn between the emotion of fear and a natural embarrassment.

Ronald held out his hand to the Count, received a conventional greeting. The man, as Roberts' witl judgment told him, was the typical foreign fortune hunter. The manner of Mrs. Montford, a wealthy widow, indicated that she had already been interested in the Count's campaign—selfishly so.

Beatrice descended haughtily from the car as Ronald helped her.

"Who is that creature in the weird dress?" she asked.

"She is a little waif from the sea whom I am protecting. I want you to meet her," explained Ronald desperately. "She is a very sweet little girl."

"And does your protection call for kisses?" was the caustic comment.

Without reply Ronald called to Millie, who advanced timidly. He introduced her, and the newcomers smiled at her with condescension.

"I hope you accept Mr. Roberts' assistance as being strictly paternal, my good girl," Beatrice answered. "I know we are engaged to be married next month."

Millie dropped her eyes, and her hands trembled.

"Come into the house. You must all be very tired," said Ronald, struggling for self-posses-

sion.

He led the way, to be received with Hawkins' most formal bows at the door.

"What a stupid old place," was Beatrice's comment. "If I had known it was such a place as this Ronald, I would have never left the comforts of the Ritz-Carlton, I can assure you of that."

A boring hour followed. Roberts endeavored to make his guests comfortable, but it was quite evident that the quaintness of the location appalled neither to the bored taste of the Count nor to Beatrice and her mother. After dinner Millie disappeared upstairs.

Roberts, crushing back some angry retorts to Beatrice's sarcasm, put on his hunting clothes, snatched up his rifle and disappeared over the hills to look for game.

When he returned two hours later he found on his desk a little note from his ward.

"Dear Mr. Roberts: I must go," it said simply, in the free, girlish hand, "for I have no right here. I will never forget what you have done for a little sea waif. But a falser girl belongs with her own people—Millie."

"Roberts sprang to his feet.

He sped down the stairs, still clutching his rifle. Hurrying past his guests without a word, he rushed down toward the village to the house in which he knew to be that of Hy Jessup. It was located on the rocks at some distance from the other dwellings. As he ran along he passed the old hack-driver and the storekeeper sitting down for a sociable chat together over a neighborly pipe.

"That city feller seems in a powerful hurry," observed the storekeeper, as Ronald disappeared over the rocks.

The novelists ran toward the cottage. As he did so he heard the report of a rifle. No one was in sight. His heart seemed to stop its beating for an instant as he pushed open the door, springing forward.

On the floor before him lay the body of Hy Jessup. Millie, at the other end of the room, stood transfixed with horror, her dilated eyes turned toward the ghastly sight.

"What is the matter?" cried Roberts, catching her as she began to totter.

"Oh, I don't know," she faltered, hiding her face like a child in his breast. "Hy ran down when I came back. He told me he would not hurt me. Then he told me that he was not my father, and that he would marry me, for now I have grown up."

Her voice sank almost to a whisper as she confi-
ded.

"Then, when I said 'no,' he rushed at me, shot from that window. He let me go and fell—" Then do you save me?"

Roberts looked down into the sweet, frightened eyes.

"No," he answered simply. "But I would have done so had I been there. Run out and get the sheriff of the village." This must be reported at once."

Millie obeyed him implicitly, hiding the sight from her own eyes by pushing her hands through her hair as she stumbled through the doorway. In a few minutes the sheriff and several men arrived to take charge of the body. Roberts remained in the room. The official questioned him, and examined his rifle.

"I'm sorry, sir," was the final decision of the man. "Hy Jessup was a bad 'un. He deserved what he got. But the law's the law, and I'm its sworn defender. Your gun was fired not long since. Your cartridges are the same caliber as the one that killed him. There ain't no one else been seen in the neighborhood and I'll have to arrest you."

CHAPTER VI

Trial by Fire

The next days dragged like a long nightmare. Roberts, locked up in the town jail, had hastily called his attorney, Robert Bonti, to his defense. It seemed a certain conviction, as all the circumstances were against him.

Beatrice Montford had left for New York the same day as the murder, after announcing to her surprised mother her engagement to Count Bonti. The title had been saved for the family, although not in line with the calculations of the disconcerted Mrs. Montford.

She had written to Ronald to come. On the day of the trial the small court room was crowded to its limits with the fishermen, as well as the master and crew of Roberts' yacht.

The testimony was damming.

"I seen him buyin' theseyar cartridges that day in the store from me," said the merchant regretfully. "And then me and Cap'n Ben seen 'im hurryin' over the rocks the day of the killin' afore."

"Me, too," corroborated old Cap'n Ben. "He's a fine gentleman an' it was a act o' Providence to rid the town o' that drunken cuss. But I goin' tell the truth as I knew it."

Millie sat among the other witnesses, her face drawn and wan, her fingers thin and waxy. She plucked at the ribbons of the new black dress which Hawkins, at Roberts' direction, had bought for her when she was sent to reside with the minister and his wife at the parsonage.

Next to her sat her friend Sem. The poor fellow, with a continual nervous shuffling of his feet, kept his eyes upon the girl's face with the intentness of a faithful dog. That morning he had asked her in his simple way if she would marry him and let him serve for her. Weeping, she told him how impossible it was. Now he studied the agony through which the girl was going.

"Sem," she whispered, "I know he isn't guilty. It will break my heart if they convict him."

Sem looked down uncomfortably, but said nothing. He was called to the witness stand. He told of seeing the outlaw between the novelist and the dead man in the dairy field. His dull eyes lit up as he described the well-secreted double, the brutal fusillade. After he had seen nothing, except the purchase of the cartridges in the village store. The skillful cross-examination by Roberts' counsel did not shake his testimony nor bring any new points.

Finally Millie was called to the witness stand. She was supported by her kinsman seemed to weaken more with each step.

There was no comment in the little court room as she told the story of her mistreatment. Yet her evidence could only bear out with still more clearness the only probable theory of the prosecution. The visitor to the town had be-

\[ ... \]
friends her. She had interceded once before within his influence, and then had witnessed the final attack upon her he had fired through the window in time to save her. He had killed with any man-blooded man would do, yet he had broken the law of the state. His life must pay the forfeit.

The court case proceeded as she left the chair, and was led to the witness room to get a fresh breath of air, by a court attendant.

"Hello, Millie, dear," she pleaded. Accordingly she was spared the bitter ordeal of hearing Robert's calmly-voiced testimonial.

He was not her only witness. He told the truth simply and with an utter fearlessness which seemed to come from the village from which she had come. Her new friend would look no more on God's glorious earthly scenes. She tiptoed into the court room to give the rear of the crowd a place. Roberts turned about in his chair and looked straight at her.

"Why, Millie! Why! He's just a stranger here.

She turned upon him angrily.

"He's not a stranger to me. Then her voice softened. "Oh, Sen, I love him.

She rose and walked to the window. The room was suffocating and she stepped out into the open air. In the dusk just upon the evening her new friend would look no more on God's glorious earthly scenes. She tiptoed into the court room to give the rear of the crowd a place. Roberts turned about in his chair and looked straight at her.

"Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen of the Jury: Have you reached a verdict?

"We have, your Honor.

"Prisoner, rise and face the jury!

Roberts' forehead was perspiring, and he mopped it nervously with his silk handkerchief. But there was not a sign of fear on that immovable face.

The excited court official was showing a note into the judge's hand, and this time the justice took it. He pulled down his glasses from his bald head, and with tremulous hand opened the fingers.

"Gentlemen of the jury: I have new evidence. It is a note from the man, Sen, which he has just handed to the court official. I will read it: 'Mr. Justice. Coronet. I shot him. We make this false for he beat me and he was going to do worse to Millie. I love her. I killed him through the window and ran. Sen.'

Roberts looked around dazed.

The judge held up his hand to silence the hubbub.

"Gentlemen of the jury. The case is postponed. Mr. Clerk, I issue a bench warrant for the arrest of the reputed murder-in Rob-\nterts. I congratulate you—I will try to release you on bail.

The "Sea Gull," with billows of black smoke pouring from its funnels had just swung around to face the brooding sea. Her anchor had been swung to the deck, as the yacht tender left the quay.

In it, besides Captain Farwell and a sailor were Hawkins, Roberts—and a little lady in the most gorgeous gown she had ever dreamed of wearing but had been forbidden.

It was a nervous and roseate little bride who mounted the swinging steps to an accomplishment of the crew. Her feet were tobbed and suddenly the little brass cannon on the forward deck boomed forth. It continued to boom, and boom, and boom, and boom!

"Great Scott, Farwell," cried the smiling Roberts. "Two-fifty-two guns! What's this bombardment for?"

"Well sir," grinned the captain. "Twenty-one guns is the salute for the president of the United States. I thought that a queen on board certainly ought to get one more!"

As the nose of the yacht turned seaward, with Roberts and his wife looking back at the village which had filled in the only home she had ever known, a slim figure mounted to the top of a great rock on the water's edge. Fortunately the absorbed twain on the quarter-deck did not observe him.

But a group of men, with blood-bounds, advanced from the bushes behind him to stop in amazement.

"Hold on, Sen. We ain't goin' ter shoot!" cried one of the men. "We've got to hold ye fer the law."

Sen looked back at them, shaking his head slowly, fearlessly.

"Ye been huntin' me fer a week. Ye wouldn't a found me now, but I want ter get my last look at you."

As the men gazed at him spellbound, holding the leading dogs home, he concluded quietly. "I allus lived decent an' did the best I could. I never harmed nothin'—I jest killed a mad dog, that's all. An' my Judge is a man, he ain't no kin ter you folks. Good-bye. I did it

And, throwing his arms high, Sen, "Nature's plaything," sprang over the precipice to the rocks far beneath. He had indeed gone to his trial before the most merciful Judge of all!

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and
his fiancee, the first words he whispered were: "Don't run away."

"For God's sake fight with all your might for your life. You can get well. You must, you must." Then she burst into loud sobs.

He managed to summon sufficient strength to place his hand on her head.

"There's no hope, sweetheart; there's no hope," he whispered back more inaudibly than ever.

"Oh, there must be hope," she cried arising abruptly and looking all about her wildly. "It's my fault. I could have saved you. I—I can't bear to ever know that my silly inactivity to take things seriously resulted in a fatality. Oh!" And she started to run across the room with her hand made up to plunge out the nearest window.

"Don't run away," came to her ears as she started. It was a very faint whisper, but she heard it, and it checked her impulse for self-destruction. In another instant she was again kneeling beside her lover.

"No, I won't run away, darling. I can be as brave for you as you have been for me," she said in a tone of voice which indicated resignation.

"Goodbye, and God bless you," he murmured; and then he closed his eyes in death.

For many minutes Maude Thorne was so grief-stricken she could neither cry nor move. An attending physician became alarmed over her manner and gently lifted her to her knees, putting her head in her free, whereupon she rived her perfectly tearless eyes on him, and in tremendous tones said:

"I begged him not to run away from those thugs, not to be a coward, and he gave in to me. It cost him his life and cost me my happiness. I refused to join him in his worrying. I disarmed him of the protection a little caution afforded. And—all—yes all—because I didn't stop to think. Oh, what a fool one is to ever be unthinking!"

At this juncture she began sobbing an raising and lowering her hands violently.

It required much persuasion to get the bereaved young woman out of the death-chamber. It required tireless effort and constant medical attention to save her from insanity. When finally she had regained her normal mental balance again, she realized she had learned there is a sharp line of demarkation between cowardice and foolhardiness. She also knew she had insisted upon Don Rothwell being footloose. Yes, she had learned, but like many other men and women, she learned too late to avert tragedy. She has ceased to hate a coward. She has more hatred for the principle of those three fateful words: "Don't run away."
The Cossack Whip

(Continued from page 8)

when she saw a soldier enter. She cringed in the most remote corner of the cell, terrified at the thought of the heartless retribution Turov would demand.

"Here, release me," Turov yelled with rage. "I'll attend to her personally."

The soldier quickly removed the iron from his wrists and with fire flashing from his eyes, Turov, once more terrible, rushed towards the cowering Darya. He had not quite laid hands on her when the words "Ya brat" resounded throughout the place. A gunshot rang out and Turov fell limp. The soldier had carried out the Brotherhood's decree. Quickly he helped Darya to make her escape from the building, and she rushed into the waiting arms of Sergius outside. He too was beset with grave fears, because his secret activities in behalf of the cause had been divulged and his capture had just been ordered.

Hence with their destinies welded into a common interest, and with their love for each other becoming crown'd by the adversities and the thrilling excitement through which they passed, Sergi&S and Darya fled across the boundary line and beyond the pale of Russian law.

"You have stood the test, my brave and true lover, and I am happily yours for ever," she told him when they had gotten safely aboard a ship bound for America, the great land of liberty and opportunity.

Each week as they embraced, but both felt they had achieved a distinct triumph over misfortune, and the future replete with bliss together, and far away from the land of turmoil. From the photoplay by James Oppenheim, Produced by George Kleine. Featuring Viola Dana.
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BE WISE!
A Difficult Passage.

"I thought you were preaching, Uncle Bob," said the Colonel, "to which these elderly negroes had applied for a job."

"Vessah, Ah wuz," replied Uncle, "Ah guess Ah ain't smaht enough to expound de Scriptures. Ah almost staired to deff tryin' to explain de true meanin' uv de line what says 'De Gospel am free.' Dem fool niggas thought dat meent dat Ah wuzn't to git no salary."

And It Did.

"Your daughter," said Mrs. Oldcastle, after being conducted through the newly furnished wing of the magnificent palace occupied by the new-rich Bullinger, "and the meal was absolutely splendid--in a such a splendid vocabulary."

"Do you think so?" her hostess replied, "Josiah wanted to get her one of those stereotires, but I made up my mind right at the start that a very ordinary one would look better in a room furnished like hers."

Not Served There.

The applicant for cook was evidently and insolent in appearance.

"Don't hire her," whispered Jones to his wife; "I don't like her look."

"But," remonstrated his wife, "just consider the reputation for cooking she bears."

"That doesn't matter," said Jones testily; "we don't want any she-bears cooked; we don't like them."

A Model to be Copied.

Mrs. Simpson had taken her little daughter out to tea with her, to which the child was horrified to see the child trying to force a thick piece of bread into a very small pate."

"Why, Marion," she said in shocked surprise, "what on earth are you doing?"

"That's all right, mother," her small daughter assured her; "I'm just taking this slice back to nurse for a pattern."

Got the Wrong One.

"May I see Lieutenant Barker, please?" she asked at the hotel. She was very pretty.

"We don't allow anyone but relatives to see patients. Are you a member of his family?" asked the matron.

"Why, yes," she answered blushing. "Then boldly: 'Why, I am his sister."

"Oh, really," answered the matron, "I am so glad to meet you! I am the lieutenant's mother."

Much Better Without.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the judge of a young man brought before him; "did my eloquent speech incline you toward a woodpile diet that I always experience."

His Break.

I thought you had given up burnin' art, dearie," said the young husband.

"Why, Ferdinand, how can you bear so heartless? This is a pie."

The Silver Lining of the Cloud.

The pessimist was suffering from rhumatism. "Every bone in my body ache," he complained bitterly.

"That's all right," said the optimist cheerfully. "You ought to be glad that you are not a shad."

Pa Knew.

"Pa," said little Willie Green, "what is a sense of humor?"

"A sense of humor, my son," responded Pa Green, "is that which makes you laugh when a thing happens to someone else, that would make you mad if it happened to you."

Where Papa Was.

"Sluizer," asked the four-year-old, "did you hear the step-ladder when it tumbled over?"

"No dear," said the mother; "I hope papa didn't fall."

"Not yet; he's still hanging onto the picture." After Many Years.

"Do you go in for aviation?" asked the professor of English as he met an alumnus.

The alumnus took full advantage of the situation:

"No, professor, not for aviation. One goes in for sea hunting, but for aviation I think one goes up, doesn't he?"

Potent Medicine.

"Do you really believe, doctor," said he scoffers, "that your old medicines actually keep nobody alive?"

"Surely, surely," returned the doctor. "Why, my prescriptions have kept three druggists and their families alive right here in this town for twenty years."

The only man she knew who helped called her up on the phone and said: "Ith thith you? Rath, guest who thith it?"

"Well, Pegol, how do you find the encyclopedia the feller left on approval?"

"Gonna to be all right. Ain't any errors in it so far as I kin see."

There is not one bad egg in a thousand," said the State Commissioner of Foods and Markets. Among eggs, perhaps not, but among men the percentage is higher.

Aidning Conservation.

"Preservin' de trees would be easy," said Uncle Ben, "if ev'body would do so damn eloquent speechin' feelin' toward a woodpile diet that I always experience."

Love by Lantern Light.

A Kansas farmer, returning home late at night, saw a light moving about the farmyard.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the farmer.

"Courting, sir," replied the lantern boy. "Huh, you fool. I never used a lantern when I went courting!"

"No, sir," replied the farmer as he moved off, "we can all see you didn't." Rather Awkward.

A farmhand saved a train from being wrecked, and at a splendid banquet was presented by the railroad company with a gold watch in a red morocco case.

The company's chairman, at the top of an eloquent speech, handed the watch to the heroic farmhand, and waited expectantly to hear the yokel's thanks.

The farmhand opened the morocco case, took the watch from its rich satin bed, turned it over and over, and then looked up and said: "And where's the chain?"

Nothing More.

"Your wife must be very solicitous about you."

"She writes every day," said he. "Oh, she's solicitous about the canals."

We Get You, Madam.

Nephew--I tried to get a raise today, aunt, but the boss refused it."

"Mrs. Blunderby--Too bad, Dickey. Perhaps you didn't approach him at the zoological moment."

A Good Sign.

She--They must be engaged. That's her fourth dance with him this evening.

"He--That's no sign, She--Isn't it? You don't know how he dances."

Pangs of Conscience.

Jess--Jack is so conscientious! Hess--How now? Jess--The poor fellow can't decide which he ought to pay first--his gambling debts, or his alimony.

Real Art.

"He's a clever photographer," makes pictures of people as they look, I presume."

"Better than that. He makes them as they think they look." How Rumors Start.

Red--How do you suppose all those stories got started about Villa having died? Greene--Oh, perhaps he has a grandson who likes to get off to go to baseball games.

No Escape.

"I'm awfully sorry that my engagements prevent my attending your children's concert, but I shall be with you in spirit," said Splendid! "And where would you like your spirit to be? I have tickets here for half a dollar, and two dollars."

Now Qualified.

"Aren't you the boy who was here a week ago looking for a position?"

"Yes, sir," thought so. "And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?"

"Yes, sir; that's why I'm here now."

A Good Doctor.

The Sympathetic Friend--Is he a good doctor?"

The Chronic invalid--Oh, splendid!

"What is he doing up there?"

"When I saw him a few minutes ago, he was holding his pay envelope in front of the enlarging machine."

Nothing New.

"I see some scientific sharp has discovered a substitute for bread."

"He needn't think he's so much. Our cook has been turning one out for years."

A Mystery Solved.

"You once kept a cook for a whole month, you say?"

"Yes," said he. "Remarkable. How did you manage?"

"We were cruising on a houseboat and she couldn't swim."

A New Version.

Female--What is that old saying about two is a company?"

Hemate--And three is a divorce."

Him Her.

A lady stopping at a hotel on the Pacific coast rang the bell the first morning of her arrival, and was very much surprised when a Japanese boy opened the door and came in.

"I pushed the button three times for 'ma'am,'" she said sternly, as she dived under the bed covers.

"Yes," the little fellow replied, "me she."

A Sure Thing.

"How does your boy Josh like his job in the city?"

"He replied Farmer Corneliss. "He knows more about the business than the man that runs it."

"Who told you that?"

"Josh did. All he's got to do now is to convince the boss of it, and get promoted."

Note.—Address all contributions for this page to Last Laugh Editor, The Photo-Play Journal, Philadelphia.
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By Delbert E. Davenport

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A MILLION IN 1917

WHEN Socrates, the immortal Greek sage and orator, first conceived the idea of wielding a world-wide influence through the power of fluent speech, he was so timorous that his voice would literally choke off every time he essayed oratory, according to all available legendary lore. But he refused to permit failure to be his lot and when he felt sure his timidity was forcing on him an impediment of speech, he repaired to the seashore, where he proceeded to devote several hours each day to mastering the elusive god of eloquence by filling his mouth with small pebbles just for the sake of overcoming more overwhelming obstacles. The upshot of his unique method of perseverance is that he became one of the greatest public speakers of all ancient history.

Determination is invincible.

When Abraham Lincoln earned his livelihood by splitting rails, and he was one of the humblest of young men, he wisely came to the conclusion that he might continue to pursue his lowly vocation for a whole lifetime without ever being sure of more than a scant provision. He realized education was the all-potent requisite to a successful extricating from the entanglements of poverty and discontent and hence he used all of his leisure moments for assiduous study, his biographer telling us he read books at night by the dim, unsteady light of an old-fashioned fireplace. The result of all this inspired diligence was that Abraham Lincoln became one of the greatest Presidents the United States of America ever had, and he triumphantly guided his beloved country through its most dangerous crisis.

Determination is invincible.

Now, without presuming to rudely push itself into such distinguished company, THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL finds itself controlled by the same desire to accomplish the same seeming impossible as actuated Socrates and Lincoln. The only difference in ambition is a mere detail—this periodical seeks to become the pre-eminent superior in its field, and as one of the steps in this direction has started what must be regarded as an unusual campaign to expand its circulation to an even million within the year of 1917.

In order to enlist the services of a large army of capable men and women throughout the North American continent, a remarkable proposition, heretofore unheard-of in journalism, is being made. The outstanding features of this proposition are the extremely generous commissions which will be paid for each new subscriber secured and the extraordinary reward which will be bestowed upon the ten persons who achieve the most success. This reward will be a spring vacation trip to the leading moving picture studios of this country, and, it makes no difference how far away a winner may live, all of his or her expenses will be paid by THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL, which will place a private Pullman car at the disposal of its party of champion subscription-getters.

As may be readily appreciated, this offer does not only provide a pleasant means for earning an unlimited amount of money, but gives every one an equal chance to enjoy a wonderful vacation trip absolutely free of all charges. It will certainly be worth the effort of every man and woman, especially in view of the fact that the work need not interfere in any way with one's regular occupation. The further assurance of earning some welcome side money, even though a place among the lucky ten is not your lot, makes this plan very attractive. No one can lose and everybody can gain.

THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL cannot resist taking advantage of this opportunity to again express its appreciation for the truly tremendous and indeed unprecedented support it is being given in every section of the United States and Canada. The growth of this periodical is sure to be set down in the annals of American magazines as the most emphatic and record-breaking success ever scored. From the inception it gained recognition as the classiest, most unique of all journals devoted to the photo-play art, and it is today conceded to be the moving picture fans exactly what The Ladies' Home Journal is to the women, and what The Theatre Magazine is to the stage. This high plane has not been reached without the expenditure of a maximum of incessant effort and a vast outlay of money, but it is another exemplification of the fact that success is always worth striving for at any cost.

Verily, determination is invincible and this same determination will help YOU to profit by our enterprise if you will only join our army of subscription solicitors for about six months. Now is your chance to prove that you know what to do when Opportunity knocks at your door.
FANNIE WARD
JESSE L. LASKY
EDITED BY GEO. M. DOWNS, Jr.

SEENA OWEN
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THE LAST LAUGH

SEENA OWEN

SEENA OWEN (Signe Auen) is the daughter of James and Karen Auen, of Danish extraction, and was born
in Spokane, Wash., November 14, 1895. She is a tall blonde and weighs 135 pounds. She went to school
in Spokane, and finished in Copenhagen, Denmark. On her return she was encouraged to take up dramatic
study by Pauline Dunstan, a dramatic teacher of Spokane. She had never had a real stage part, except in amateur
theatricals until her family moved to Los Angeles, when she applied for work in pictures and got it. Her first
real part was in "The Fox Woman." She played the girl in "The Yankee From the West," the girl in "The
Lamb," Deleos in "The Penitents," and Dorothea in "Martha's Vindication;" the last named three plays being Tri-
gle-Fine Arts. Miss Owen is married and has a home with her husband, brother and mother in Los Angeles.
She plays the violin and is at home in almost every sort of outdoor sport, being especially fond of the water.
She designs all her own clothes, and they are clever and individual clothes. She is an active and persistent student, for
she has a great ambition, and she considers her present yearly preparation for a career as director of motion pictures.
Outside of this her interest centres in her home, the operation of which she considers worthy her best thought. In
consequence she is an accomplished hostess, quite famous in Los Angeles for the quality of her entertainments.
She is in love with motion picture acting because "it keeps one so alive" for "only by constant effort and
study can one keep in the running."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by LAVERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
BUSINESS OFFICES: LAND TITLE BUILDING

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO
$2.00 IN CANADA  $2.50 FOREIGN COUNTRIES  SINGLE COPY 15 CENTS

Entered as second-class matter. April 20, 1916, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Copyright, 1917, by LA VERNE PUBLISHING CO.
NEW YEAR’S FEW CHEERS

We are living in the most turbulent and most heart-rending times of all history. Turmoil is everywhere rampant. A large portion of the civilized world is literally soaked with the blood of humanity. Even in the lands where peace still abides, there is either social unrest or industrial clashes threatening. Therefore, the declaration that this New Year radiates few cheers has ample foundation in fact. The advent of 1917 cannot be accompanied by the unrestrained joy which has characterized similar occasions in years bygone, because under the thin veneer of all the celebrating is a deep-rooted sorrow inspired by an innately humane spirit which fairly shudders in the contemplation of the terrible catastrophes which now come as a part of our daily life in lieu of the invariable tranquillity we of this very generation used to know and revel in with such gleeful abandon.

However, it is to be hoped that many New Year parties on this January 1, 1917, may be worthy emulations of the jollification shown in the accompanying photograph. Those who find it incompatible with their moods to thus commemorate the death of one year and the birth of another can find satisfying consolation in moving picture theatres. Verily, the photoplay art delightfully spans a wide breach in the affairs of mankind nowadays. It is the age when relaxation is needed more than ever; it is the age when moving pictures reach their highest zenith of efficiency in providing this respite from the worries which emanate from the world’s turmoil and which urge upon us with saddening force. Hence let physicians join with us in prescribing photoplays as the panaceas for the ailments of mentality and all the physical fatigue occasioned by the devotion of the millions of brawn and pelf to woeful extermination.

'Tis a capital way in which to overcome the handicap of such a marked dearth of cheers. Among the annoying things it will help one to forget are the high cost of living, the German submarine controversy, the British interference with trade, the Mexican embroilment, the quarrel of labor and capital and about forty other menaces. To be enabled to get relief from all these disturbing thoughts for an hour for the price of admission to a moving picture theatre is certainly some bargain.

But, oh, if we could only feel like availing ourselves of this same bargain and then participate in an old-time New Year’s celebration besides, what a celerity with which a bane would succumb to a boon!

The Photo-Play Journal wishes a happy New Year to its vast army of readers and advertisers, and let it be a foregone conclusion that this periodical will keep abreast with the times of 1917, it makes no difference what pace is set.
WAR TWINS

A NOVEL

By DELBERT E. DAVENPORT

Author of "The Passion to Rule," "A Tray of Ashes"
and "Bessie Bossycat"

CHAPTER I

THE FUTILITY OF DESPERATION

PIERRE JOFFRE had been wedded to Laura, a pretty American girl, only six months when the terrible European war started. Although for six years prior to that time he had resided in New York City and had proven himself to be worthy of citizenship in Uncle Sam's domain by advancing to a $5,000-a-year position in a large manufacturing house, Joffre retained all his inherent loyalty to his native land, the France which suddenly was confronted by possible destruction as a result of Teutonic military prowess. So it was natural enough that he should feel impelled to respond to his country's call to arms and contribute his share toward her defense. Laura, not wishing to have her husband even think she would want him to be unpatriotic, did not openly oppose him in his idea of allegiance, and when finally he announced his intention of sailing at once to join the ranks, she maintained perfect self-control outwardly, but within her breast there was a breaking heart.

"It is appalling to think of what all can happen to you now that you have made up your mind to go, dear; but you must perform your duty as you see it," she told him, and then she gasped half in awe and half in delight, causing him to rush to her side in consternation.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" he inquired with gentle solicitude as he took his little wife into his arms.

"I have an idea I know will help me a lot if you will only let me carry it out," she said.

"What is it?" he asked as if extremely eager to hear the plan.

"I will go to France with you, never, never leaving you," she exclaimed as she exerted her whole strength in embracing the one man she loved.

"You can go to France with me all right, but of course we'd have to part when it came time for me to go to the front," he replied.

"No, no, I won't let them take you any place I can't go," she insisted in a child-like fashion. Joffre laughed lightly at this impossible attitude his wife calmly assumed, and he patted her cheek affectionately.

"It's all right, darling, you can go along and we'll arrange to be with each other as much as we can," he assured her. "I'll take you to my old home near Paris, and you can live with mother and father while I'm away."

This elated Laura to the extent of making her dance a jig.

"It will be so much nicer than it would be if I stayed here in New York, where I'd never get a chance to see you," she said as she danced.

Thus it was the wife's idea to cling to all the claims she could while his country claimed him. And by the time she arrived with him at his paternal domicile in the northeastern outskirts of Paris, this same little wife of his had thought of several other ideas all tending toward providing ways and means of keeping her husband by her side and at the same time adroitly avoiding the error of giving him even an inkling of a notion that away down in her heart she wished he would turn a deaf ear to his flag's call.

The ordeal she was forced to endure through all the days in which he was being drilled with his company preparatory to being dispatched to the theater of actual war gradually drove Laura to the point of desperation. As each day went by and she realized it meant her husband had that much time less to devote to her, she found herself in the throes of uncontrollable anguish, and finally, when came the fatal "day before his departure," there was not one iota of courage left in the woman.

And she had gained possession of a revoler!

Why, she knew not, but her one incentive was to not let anyone know she had that weapon. The whole day before, poor distracted Laura kept alone and brooded while her husband was away being given his final military instruction. The elder Joffre and the kind-hearted Mrs. Joffre, with her sweet motherly ways, tried in vain to console the young daughter-in-law, who, instead of making an effort to gather cheer from their words, begged them to leave her to herself in her room. The result of her solitude was a firm decision to take a very wild chance as a last resort to prevent Pierre Joffre from going to the fighting-line.

Then came the day for the farewell. Ideal autumn weather prevailed. The leaves had fallen from the trees and were strewn everywhere, adding a sadness in their listlessness. Laura was receiving her last kisses, and for the first time she kissed listlessly. Her husband noticed it.

"Why, Laura, you don't seem to want to kiss me," he said, as if in amazement.

"Yes, dear, I do," she insisted in husky tones, "but I can't bear to think that these may be the last kisses. 1--1--can't let you go.

You must desert your country's cause for my sake, you must!"

There was a note of desperate appeal in her voice, and there was a frantic determination to force the issue in her own favor in the facial expression those words inspired. Her shapely, little jaw was set firmly and her deep blue eyes snapped defiance to thwart her in the most cherished purpose of her life. Pierre Joffre was astounded by his wife's unusual attitude. He had never seen her quite so antagonistic or so bent on refusing to make a sacrifice.

"Why, Laura, you know I have to go; there is no choice," he said after gazing at her for a full minute in studious silence.

"I--I--know you have to go, and I know you will go unless some miracle happens to prevent," she moaned. "May God grant us that miracle now!"

"But my dear, it is foolish to build up any such hopes," Pierre argued as he took his watch from his pocket and glanced at it. "I must go within the next five minutes if I'm to report for duty at the appointed time.
Nothing can happen to prevent me from going unless it is death.

"It must be death, no, no," she almost screamed. "That's why I have taken precautions to help you—yes, death, sweetheart, and—and I want you to take this praying it may help to protect you." As she talked, Laura nervously plunged her right hand inside her waist and seemed to flounder helplessly and out of control, in an effort to extricate a rather heavy object concealed under that garment. In her frantic efforts to hasten she stooped low as if trying to reach that object, and she backed away from her husband, who, in utter amazement stood still, extending his hand to her.

"My God, dear, what—" he started to say when he got his first glimpse of a bright-steeled revolver which his wife had wildly yanked out of her waist. Then apprehension gathered full force over him. "You must give me that gun," he commanded as he advanced toward Laura.

"That's what I got it for," she replied excitedly as she started to hand the weapon to her husband. In less time than it took, it seemed, she had reached for it, seemed to stumble, hurrying forward against her husband. The next instant there was a shot and Pierre Joffre sank to the floor gramming. Laura held the smoking pistol in her hand firmly; but when she lurked it across the room and kneeled beside her husband sobbing hysterically.

"Oh, darling, I didn't mean to do it; I didn't mean to do it," she screamed as she raised his head and kissed him.

"I want no regret with me," she added as she bent over her husband, "I want no regret with me.

"You're a wonderful little lover," he said finally. "It's a shame war should come at such an important time in our lives."

These words froze Laura. Instantly a vision of the husband and wife standing face to face flashed across her mind, and she was terror-stricken. She seemed unable to move for the moment, and she riveted her eyes, now wild in their expression, upon him.

"Oh, darling, I know we're going to war all," she cried implovingly.

"You know I'll be compelled to just as soon as I am well again," he replied. "We had just as well reconcile ourselves to this inevitable ordeal, Laura. I know it will be a great help to you and I may never survive the battle and you may be left with a posthumous child to rear without my aid; but if fate decrees such a lot to us, we'll have to face it bravely, my dear—there's no re course."

By this time Laura was weeping bit terly. Her husband's complete resignation to misfortune was too much for the little wife, now made bereft of all the fortitude which she had so long maintained. Worried worrying over the prospect of losing the one thing in the world she needed and wanted most—her husband. She drew her close to him and gallantly tried to console her by a show of affection.

"Please brace up, little girl," he pleaded after a brief pause. "No doubt I will manage to come back to you again, and in the meantime father and mother will be very kind to you."

"I know, I know," she cried, "but nobody's kindness counts but your's. I try to be brave, but I can't, I can't. I love you so intensely, dear." And I love you just as intensely, but we must not be broken down by anything; Laura, don't lose your courage. Let's cheer up and take our medicine and pray for God's protection.

"I—I—would cheer up if I could, but I simply cannot," she replied. "Some way must be devised to keep you with me at least until the war is over, to keep you safe."

"All right then," he agreed with reassuring spirit, "we will both rack our brains with all our might and see if we can think of some scheme which will keep me home as long as I can, and with you for the time being, with honor and without violating any of the principles of true patriotism.

"Oh goody," was Laura's glad response to this, and then she arose, jumping up and down as she clapped her hands. During the week which followed Laura conceived many ideas, some quite brilliant and others immeasurably impossible, and each time she thought of a way by which her husband might escape military service, she would dash it off with child-like enthusiasm, but invariably he soon convinced her of the fact that her plan lacked feasibility. Even the schemes he himself suggested later were discarded with his usual frankness. In the meantime his wound had healed and he was able to get about the house with the aid of a pair of crutches. Within another fortnight it was certain he would be able to pass examination at the hands of the army physicians.

Laura found herself rapidly returning to her old desperation, and so on the fourteenth day following the shooting, she made up her mind to see someone in authority with the purpose of securing for her husband an assignment which would not take him to the battlefields, but would at the same time afford ample latitude for him to serve his country and thus keep his conscience clear. Pierre discouraged her in this idea, because he did not imagine how his wife could accomplish this, and he even could not advise her who to see in order to get a hearing before the proper government official in the war ministry. But Laura was undaunted, in her resolution to put forth an effort. Hence on this day she went to Paris accompanied by Frank Metcalf, a debonair, young American student who lived next door to the Joffres, and with whose suggestion the building had been built up by the entire Joffre family.

"Now I know a young American newspaper man who is in the diplomatic service here," Metcalf told Laura after they had crossed the French capital without deciding just where they would go to make a start on performing their mission.

"He's just the one who could help us I am sure," she replied gratefully.

Straightway they went to the American Legation but upon entering were met by some one in the building. Metcalf stopped short and faced Laura.

"Mrs. Joffre, I shouldn't do this, not even for you in your sad extremity," he told her. "I'm afraid it—"

"Well, I can't tell you exactly why not only I haven't seen this man for nearly a year," he replied.

"But surely that won't keep you from seeing him for me," she appealed.

"I'm afraid my nerve has failed me," he declared. "I've seen so much serious trouble, and it was for the best that we ceased to associate with each other."

"Oh please don't disappoint me, Mr. Metcalf, this means so much to me," she begged. Laura took a mental note of the emphasis Frank Metcalf had placed on the little word "you." At first she felt like shuddering at the thought of what design he might have in his mind, but the next instant she was inspired to take full advantage of any admiration he might have for her. As has been evidenced many times in the history of the human race, the true feminine instinct is to venture most any risky for the sake of the man she loves if she recognizes that there is a chance in two to escape with her honor unscathed, and with her purpose accomplished.

"But you would surely take a chance on a little danger for me, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would," he replied quickly, and with a note of heroic determination in his voice. Then he paused momentarily as he gazed into Laura's eyes. At first a smile flitted across his countenance, but this was immediately quashed by an expression. "I will face the music for you. I don't care what it costs you. You're worth it. Come on."

Laura actually hesitated to follow Metcalf into the vestibule leading to the reception-room of the Legation, so profoundly
was she overcome by fear over her escort’s curious and altogether uncanny attitude. Noting this faltering on her part, he paused and took her by the arm, pulling her with him through marble step.

“For God’s sake don’t let your nerve fail you now,” he commanded. The next instant they were in a reception hall and confronted by an officer attired in a United States army uniform.

“You service, sir,” the officer said courteously.

“I should like to see Mr. Robert Glade, please,” Metcalfe announced. “Here’s my card.”

“Yes, sir,” the officer replied accepting the card and quickly disappearing.

Metcalf looked about him cautiously to make sure no one was near, and then he drew closer to Laura.

“This is a very unusual case,” he said in undertones. “You must not say anything to my friend about your husband. Let me do all the talking. Remember, this is important.”

“All right, Mr. Metcalf. I’ll intrust everything to you,” she replied.

A moment later the officer reappeared.

“Mr. Glade, what you have come into his private office,” he said.

“Thank you,” Metcalf said, whereupon he took Laura’s arm and escorted her to the office to which the officer directed them.

Robert Glade met them at the door, and with that first glimpse of him Laura gasped aloud in irreversible surprise. Glade bore a remarkable resemblance to Frank Metcalf, and in all her eagerness to rescue her husband from military duty, had been so completely unsuspecting of personal dangers that she was quite taken back by this sudden evidence of becoming involved in a mysterious condition foreign to her own affairs.

“Mr. Glade, this is Miss Joffre,” Metcalf hastened to say, disregarding Laura’s bewilderment.

“I am glad to meet you,” Glade acknowledged as he extended his hand to the now thoroughly nervous Laura.

“Thank you,” she stammered accepting his hand. Then she shot a glance at Metcalf and on some unspoken demand an immediate apology for his introduction. Glade replied with a gesture of the defense of her character her husband’s name afforded her, especially in view of the fact she was extremely conscious of her appearance, which, however, did not betray her state of health.

“I have not come to bring up the old controversy,” Metcalf began looking Glade squarely in the eye.

“Oh, then you will not apologize and make me amends,” Glade snapped quickly.

These words gave Laura another unpleasant thrill. She felt sure Glade had at once discovered the deception Metcalf elected to perpetrate.

“Ah, please don’t ask him to apologize, he means for the best,” she pleaded, being convinced she had deduced aright.

Glade observed Laura only a second and then turned helpfully upon Metcalf.

“Now, if you’ve brought this woman to help you square things, you’ll just as well leave now,” Glade told Metcalf with a show of fiery anger, whereupon the latter impulsively grabbed Laura’s arm and glowered at her.

“What did I tell you to remember be-

fore we came in here?” he asked her with a warning in every intonation of his voice.

“But, Mr. Metcalf, I can’t—endure—” she started to protest.

“Don’t say another word,” he interrupted. “No, because you’ll have to endure a lot of things before you are through with Frank Metcalf,” Glade interjected with just a bit of sarcasm.

“But I don’t understand,” she pleaded.

“Don’t try to understand,” Metcalf ordered. “Just you be unlike a woman for a few minutes and hold your tongue.”

Laura did not like this sort of language in the least, and she found herself heartily despising Metcalf, but intuition told her it was just the sort of situation in which she could better determine whether or not he really had honorable intentions of being her benefactor.

“Pardon us for our lack of organization,” he continued, returning his attention to Glade.

“That doesn’t concern me in any way,” Glade replied curtly. “Please state the object of your visit quickly and be brief.”

“I didn’t come on my own account, I assure you, sir,” Metcalf hurried to say. “I’ve come in pursuance of the idea of such a bitter enemy as you; but I’ve come to ask a favor of you for another.”

“For whom?”

“For this lady, an American girl whose character is above reproach,” Metcalf explained.

“What is the favor?”

“Use your offices to secure from the French government for her sweetheart a release from military service,” Metcalf requested.

“What’s the matter with him—too proud to fight?”

“No, indeed, he’s not,” Laura broke in.

“Pardon me, Miss Joffre,” Metcalf said coolly, immediately returning his gaze to Glade. “I only a sweetheart is just recovering from a gunshot wound, and is perfectly willing to go to the front, but for this woman’s sake I am trying to secure for him a commission which would keep him near her and safe from the enemy’s bullets. It is practically a matter of life and death with Miss Joffre.”

“Oh, I see,” Glade replied suddenly growing extremely gentle. Then addressing Laura, he continued: “Your sweetheart owes it to you to stand by you even at the sacrifice of patriotism—”

“No, it isn’t that at all,” Laura corrected spiritedly.

“Yes, that is exactly it,” Metcalf insisted. “Spare her the humiliation of giving in, Mr. Glade.”

Laura was so completely nullified by Metcalf’s extraordinary tactics that she was rendered speechless for the nonce, and oh, how unfortunately!

“I understand,” Glade muttered as he lapsed into deep thought, rubbing his forehead with deliberation.

“Surely you can get to the official who can intercede in this poor woman’s behalf,” continued Metcalf, “and I will give you my word of honor you would be performing a most humane service by doing so.”

“Yes, perhaps,” muttered Glade. Then he raised his large brown eyes, the very same kind of eyes which gave the distinguished appearance to Metcalf. “But tell me, just what is your interest in this matter, Frank?”

“Frank!” exclaimed Metcalf.

“Pardon me; I should have said Mr. Metcalf,” apologized the other.

“Well, my interest is purely friendship,” Metcalf declared.

“Platonic friendship?”

“Absolutely.”

“You’ll swear to that?”

“Yes.”

“So will I,” Laura put in.

“You’ll be indulgent with me for my inquisitiveness, Miss—er—Joffre?” Glade asked her.

“Most assuredly,” she replied.

“Has Mr. Metcalf told you the whole truth?” he asked her gently. “Asking her intent.

“Yes,” was her quick response, and then she wondered why she had not given a negative answer, but it seemed so eminently indispensable to permit Metcalf’s lies to Laura to believe him. “Then I will do all in my power for you,” Glade told her.

“Oh, thank you so much—I’m sure you comprehend the predicament into which I have been placed or rather misplaced,” she remarked, and this was her most grievous indiscretion.

“Yes, and I pity you to the extent that I will undertake a task entirely outside the duties of one in the position of an official diplomat service,” he assured her. “Now tell me what sort of work is your sweetheart capable of doing?”

“Anything in the clerical line—bookkeeping, stenography or correspondence,” Laura replied readily. “Before coming back to France to join the army he held a very responsible position in the office of a large New York manufacturing concern.

“Are you sure his record and reputation are clean?”

“Yes.”

“Could he furnish references as to his integrity and ability?”

“Yes, Mr. Glade,” he said.

“What’s his name?”

Laura felt sure she was going to faint when this question came thundering at her. She did stagger a little, but before the situation could become embarrassing, Metcalf stepped into the breach.

“There is another point of the case, Mr. Glade,” he said, “His name is the same as her’s, but they are in no way related by blood.”

“His name is Joffre too?” Glade asked in some surprise.

“Yes, Pierre Joffre,” Metcalf replied, as he pulled a card from an inside coat pocket. “Here is his name and address, together with a little data concerning him. Take it and investigate him to your heart’s content, and if you find this case warrants such action on your part, please lose no time in landing the young man in some civilian berth.”

“You will do your best, won’t you, Mr. Glade?” Laura asked imploringly.

“Yes, I will do my best, but don’t be too confident of my success, as this is an extraordinary request, and it is not at all certain I will be able to do anything,” he cautioned.

“However, I don’t want to try.”

“That’s all I could ask,” she replied.

“Now, Mr. Metcalf, will you excuse me while I speak to Miss Joffre privately for a moment?”

“Why—er—Mr. Glade, that is a most unusual request—”

“But it’s necessary,” Glade thundered back impressively.

(Continued on page 22)
Womanlike, "Little Mary" Has the Last Say

Woman will out! Whether she be the nagging mother-in-law of the unhappy "hubby" or the little girl whom everyone loves. "Here is the way we'll do it," says Director Maurice Tourneur to Mary Pickford, as they plan a scene for the screen idol's next artefact production, "The Pride of the Clan." Thereupon he proceeds to impart his worldly wisdom unto "America's darling" and like the polite little girl that she is, she listens attentively.

"Ah, but listen," says Mary when Tourneur has finished, and before long mere man—even though he is a genius in his art—bows to the invincible trait of woman. Unlike many women, however, Mary Pickford believes in the motto: "Make sure you are right; then go ahead." and she does not attempt to have the last say unless such is the case.
I believe I am the only girl in the world who ever rode a fast train out of Chicago over the iron division of its journey to New York. The engineer who turned over his levers to me would have faced trial in case of disaster; but there was no disaster. I consider that trip distinction enough if I never turn another wheel. When we reached the point to write about the thrills I have "put over" as they say, in the motion picture game, this one comes to my mind first, because it was the fulfillment of a long-fostered ambition. My father was a railroad man, and there is to learn about engines while I was just a kiddy. I just love engines. But this was my own particular thrill. What the editor wants to know, I assume, is how I have managed to thrill my audiences.

Well, to begin with, the thrill is Director McGowan's inventions. He is the greatest little inventor of thrills in the perpetration of which other people may or may not break their necks who ever had charge of a producing company. If it is in the story that you've got to toggle over a hundred-foot cliff into fifty feet of turbulent water, and McGowan says it can be done, why you just go ahead and do it—that's all.

What you are supposed to understand is that McGowan has had the whole thing tested out, that plans for your rescue from the torrent have been perfected, that the first principle of success in motion-picture production is confidence in your director, and that anyway you can only die once. So when this magnificent of learned everything there is to learn about engines while I was just a kiddy, I just love engines. But this was my own particular thrill. What the editor wants to know, I assume, is how I have managed to thrill my audiences.

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The idea was that I had to make my escape from hard pressing pursuers, and in order to do it I was supposed to board this engine, waiting on a lumber spur, toss the lever and go. The weather was atrociously cold, and some of the valises had frozen, so when I put steam on the old contraption I couldn't shut it off again, and away I went over that morass of stumps, worse off than John Gilpin ever was, because you may fall off a horse with some chance of a get-off from a fast moving engine that has a start.

When the motion-picture audience sees the girl go on a wild engine it may repose in the comforting reflection that she must know her business or she wouldn't be in it, but the awful fact is that the lady on the engine was experiencing a far more thrilling time than the audience ever will get. I know that when I did succeed in stopping that lumber-camp tea-kettle I registered a solemn vow to make McGowan provide me, thenceforth, with first-class mechanical devices.

Once I had to jump from a train that was traveling thirty miles an hour. That was another of McGowan's thrills. The villain pursued me over the top of a string of boxcars with the train picking up speed every minute. At last I shot down between the two cars, wriggled through the end gate in full sight of the camera, yanked open the side door and stood looking out into the eye of the camera man who was on another train with McGowan directing over his shoulder.

They had dumped a carload of flax straw in the ditch about four miles from Denbigh, Indiana, where the jump was to be made, and Mac had two doctors on the train with him, their operating kits all ready for business. I didn't know this until later, however.

The struggle with the villain lasted over three miles or so of rough road, and then I saw the flax straw. My orders were to jump at a red flag. Now I'm not yellow, as my friends will tell you, but how was I to know whether this flax straw would be deep enough to break my fall?

Ha! There was the flag. I gave a last convulsive goodbye to the villain, who was a corking good friend of mine; and jumped. My dear man, I thought I never would stop rolling. The landing didn't seem to hurt much, but it was the awful sensation of landing on my left ear instead of on my feet that made me feel like a whirligig. When the rescue party picked me up and I stood there close up, hand to head, dazed and so far as the audience knew dying, I tell you honestly I thought I was going to die. Everything inside me seemed to have been projected into distant space. I felt the empties I ever had since the night of the vegetarian supper McGowan took me to at the Broadway "inter and turnip" house.

Another lovely stunt of McGowan's was tying me to the driving rod of an engine. He was supposed to be the villain in that piece, and he was too. When that engine began to go ahead and the driving rod to churn up and down with me on it, I just loved Mac—oh, honest, I could have choked him. It wasn't so much that the old driving rod was liable to kick me loose and kill me as fast as I thought had esten two plates of pancakes for breakfast at the stern best of my director, who insisted that I ought to fortify myself. Wonder what he thinks I am, a churn?

Another picturesque bit in "A Lass of the Lumberlands" is the jump I have to jump over a cliff and slither about in loose gravel which is supposed to break my fall. I suppose the fall looks about a hundred feet in the picture and it actually is about thirty-five feet, but the way things turned out, our work proved extra effective because I stumbled at the edge of the "take-off," and actually did fall. McGowan thought I did that on purpose and said it was wonderful work. I guess it was. I was skinned from head to foot.

Once I had to dash across a railroad track in an automobile just in time to clear a fast-moving train. Every time we rehearsed Mr. McGowan said I had cleared the train by a hundred yards, and what he wanted was a close shave. That was all very well for the director, but how about poor little Helen?

Well, I kept on trying, cutting the escape closer and closer until at the last try the engineer hit my director car and turned it clean round. McGowan said that was fine work. We wrecked two wheels on the engine-side of my car, and made a hulk of it generally speaking, but the director said it was fine action stuff and well worth the cost. He never figures me in as a possible casualty. I'm merely the human equation. How would you like to crawl over a burning bridge with nearly all the supports gone? It wasn't being so high up in the air that disturbed me, but the rails were nearly red hot and the air was like a furnace blast. The heat seemed to be burning spots in my lungs. My nose and throat were raw.

Of course if I had turned tack the whole plot of the picture would have been spoiled. Once I hesitated. "Helen," I muttered, "it's now or never." When I reached the other side I fainted and they filmed that too. It was intensely realistic because it was real.

McGowan has one idea that I know he will "put over" some time, and I'm certain I'll be the nannie. He wants to have the heroine snatched off a mail bag arm at a station by one of the fast trains. I'm supposed to be the mail-bag, and the villain sent to have me from the pursuers hoists me on to the metal arm that sticks out and is gripped by a hook on the mail train as it whizzes by.

I can't say I like this idea. Sometimes in the mail-car it may be a fast adventure, but still I know I can't escape it. The thrill of the thrills is pushing me forward, and when the time comes to get into that mail bag I know I'll do it just as easily as you can see.

Oh! the suspense of waiting for that mail-car hook to grab me off and swing me into the mail-car. Do you wonder that I sometimes jump in my sleep?
With all possible haste the fugitives made their way to a seaport town, where they had only taken refuge and attained a sense of security from apprehension when a circular offering reward for their capture reached the constable, who promptly located the couple in a hotel.

Grandpa was inclined to give up peacefully, becoming quickly resigned to going back to the scene of his crime and take his medicine, but Polly was suddenly seized by a wild notion to be contrary. She felt impelled to thwart someone just for spite. Acting on her impulse of the moment, she grabbed the constable’s hand and congratulated him profusely, much to his surprise.

“You were too slick for us, officer,” she added.

“Well, I’m generally on the ob,” he replied with a show of pride.

“That’s right, and just as soon as I get some decent duds on I’ll go along with you,” was the girl’s rejoinder as she led the constable into an adjoining room.

“Bout where are you headin’ for now?” he asked in perplexity.

“You don’t think I’m going to change my clothes right before your eyes even though you are an officer of the law!”

“Of course not; I hadn’t thought of that.”

And as quick as a flash Polly slammed the door shut in his face. She lost not a single second in locating that door either. Then she grabbed Grandpa by the hand and fled with him through a window and across some roof-tops.

Two hours later Polly had pretty well lost her identity in a boy’s outfit of clothes. Grandpa had also disguised himself with considerable cleverness, and the couple hastened aboard an outgoing steamer under the very nose of several alert officers who were watching for them.

It was not long after putting to sea that Polly scrambled up an acquaintance with Eddie Douglas, who readily confided in her to the extent of apprising her of the fact that he worked for his father of the Douglas Lumber Company, the offices of which were on the dock of the destination point.

“I want to add that I’m a woman-hater too,” he said.

“This aroused grandpa’s interest, and he questioned the young man rather glibly, being obviously pleased over meeting someone who agreed with him on his pet hobby.

“I had a love affair and it ended badly all because of the feminine inconsistency of the girl I wasted my time with and now I’m cured, believe me,” the young man explained.

The subsequent discussion of women between Grandpa and Eddie convinced Polly that her sex was worthless, and she determined to continue her disguise despite a growing fondness for Eddie, who was so completely deceived by her boy-like appearance that he frequently used rather profane words in her presence.

“You’re a nice-looking boy, and I want to see you do well, so for the love of Mike.
stay away from women," Eddie told Polly on one occasion.

This impressed the girl strangely. She feared she was making what might prove to be a sad mistake in continuing to perpetrate her deception on the first man she had ever desired to have as her own, but she reasoned it all out deliberately, and finally decided it would be dallying with danger to reveal her true identity. She was sure Eddie would at once realize she was a fugitive. So when the steamer docked at its destination, she parted from him with secret well-kept, and while he hurried to his father’s place of business, she and Grandpa wandered along the dock aimlessly, each carrying a violin.

When a few days later their funds were exhausted, Polly bravely played her violin on a street-corner in the hopes of attracting the attention of persons charitably inclined. But she had not played long before Grandpa rushed onto the scene and interrupted her to take her to the dock near an old out-of-commission vessel in charge of the skipper and his daughter, Flo, a coquette. Grandpa had calculated this was the most promising field for musical efforts, and with Polly he rendered several selections, which attracted the skipper who was exceedingly fond of music. Upon learning of the impoverished condition of the musicians he generously shared his lot with them by giving them the use of one of the cabins on his ship as a temporary home.

For days afterward Grandpa suffered so excessively from an attack of rheumatism that he was unable to play at all, and consequently, Polly, as an itinerant musician, supported him, being able to come home each evening with enough nickels and dimes to buy ample food.

Late one evening when she attempted to play on the sidewalk in front of a restaurant, Polly was abused by a rowdy, who was just in the act of striking her a vicious blow when Eddie Douglas chanced to roam onto the scene. Upon recognizing Polly he promptly intervened in her behalf by knocking her would-be assailant down and out.

"Oh I’m so thankful to you," Polly told Eddie as he escorted her from the spot.

"It was nothing, boy, and besides I like you," was his response.

Without realizing just what she was doing, Polly led Eddie all the way to her dock home while engrossed in her lively conversation with him.

"I—I—really didn’t mean to show you how humbly we are living, but I forget where I was going in my gladness over seeing you again," Polly apologized.

"Never mind worrying about it—you’re just as good as anyone, it makes no difference where you live," Eddie replied slapping Polly on the back good-naturedly.

A moment later Flo emerged from her cabin, and immediately upon getting a glimpse of the handsome young Douglas she proceeded to overwhelm him with wiles and smiles, much to the distraction of Polly, who noted with alarm and chagrin that Eddie was not entirely averse to indulging in a flirtation.

"Don’t forget that you’re a woman-hater," she whispered to Eddie in a desperate effort to ward off the capricious Flo. Eddie’s reply was a heartily laughed followed by a broad wink directed to Flo.

It was a very disconcerted girl who repaired to her cabin after Eddie had left. She sat down wearily and pondered deeply, but it did not require many minutes for her to decide on enlightening Eddie for the sake of preserving her chances to be happy in love. She discarded her boy’s clothing and was in the act of primping before a mirror when Grandpa entered.

"What are you doing, child?" he asked in amazement.

"I’m quitin’ this boy stuff," she announced petemptorily as she yanked her wig from her head.

"But you can’t do such a thing," Grandpa insisted. "It would mean our capture on the charge of murder."

"I—I—know it, Grandpa, but I love Eddie, and he won’t love me as long as he thinks I’m a boy."

"Our freedom is more important than any of your silly love, girl," Grandpa argued.

"Your freedom is, but—I’d rather be in jail than to be without Eddie," she replied as tears welled up in her eyes.

"That’s all foolishness, and you’d be wise to forget him before he forgets you, because he’s a woman-hater, you know," the old man warned.

Then he speedily persuaded Polly to don her disguise again and thereafter pique seemed to rule her as she realized how fast her love for Eddie was growing, while Flo was apparently making great headway in winning the young man. Jealousy, undiminished—jealousy devoid of the slightest semblance of reasoning gained full control over the unhappy girl. She found herself hating Flo with terrible bitterness. Away down in her heart there was a feeling that Eddie could not possibly love such a fickle girl, but she was constantly seeing him reciprocate her banties of affection, and this was most disquieting.

The whole situation played so oppressively upon Polly’s mind that she got so she could not sleep at night. Her worries were wearing her down. On one of these sleepless nights she stole out of her cabin at a wee small hour of the morning and stealthily entered Flo’s cabin. She plagiarized a newly-made dress belonging to her hated rival and after carefully attiring herself in it she paraded the deck, pretending she was coquetting with Eddie.

It so happened that on this very night the skipper had dallyed later than usual in a neighboring saloon, and when Eddie Douglas by chance came upon him, the merry mariner was so merry that he could not steer anything like a straight course. Hence Eddie assisted him to his ship. Just as midnight approached Eddie discovered a girlish vision in the moonlight. It was Polly, a charming girl now at last, making love to her own shadow. The puzzled young man made one wild leap to the deck of the ship and arrived at her side before she had an inkling of an idea of his being within a mile of her. His astonishment was no less than her consternation.

"Why, boy!" he exclaimed, and quickly added in the same breath, "Or girl..."

"Never mind which," she whispered half-tauntingly as she ran across the deck and into her cabin.

Eddie pursued her without hesitation. He had discovered a new bewitching creature. He must have her. So he bolted right into her cabin after her.

"You mustn’t be in a lady’s boudoir at this late hour," she scolded.

"I—I—must even if just long enough to capture the lady in question," he replied unhesitatingly as he pressed Polly against her protests and energetic struggling.

"Come out in the moonlight where I can feast my eyes on you and make sure I’m not dreaming," he urged as he led her out of the cabin despite her reluctance to go.

Upon reaching the deck again he stopped and faced Polly, gazing admiringly into her pretty face.

"And to think that you could have fooled me into treating you as a boy all this time," he replied, as he gazed into her unblinking eye.

At that very instant a detective was within ear-shot of the young couple. He had been spying in the vicinity for days, and now he felt sure of his quarry. Accordingly he hurried away Polly against telegraph Mrs. McCracken of his success.

Meanwhile Polly was too happily basking in the moonlight of nature and the smiles of Eddie Douglas to even care if there were
a hundred detectives assembled around her.

"Now I'm not a woman-hater any more," Eddie told her as he took her hand into his.

"You—you mean that perhaps you are in love again with—er—a boy like me?" she asked quite simply.

"Yes, I am in love with you—ruddy in love, and—and—you're just the girl I've been wishing for all these months of anguish," he answered with great seriousness.

"Oh, I'm so sad.
And the words had scarcely been uttered when she felt with ecstasy the lips of the man she loved pressed to her own. It was the first kiss and a lingering one which sealed the fate of the young folks. They were natural lovers indeed.

Polly was still supremely overjoyed in her mental celebration over her conquest several days later when she was horrified by the arrival of Mrs. McCracken and her step-brother, Roy. Grandpa was pleased to learn he had not killed Roy after all, but he was alarmed upon being notified by a stern detective that he was wanted on the charge of kidnapping Polly. All manner of protestations would not stay the officer and poor, old Grandpa was incarcerated.

"Now, young lady, you are going to walk a mighty straight line for the rest of your life," Mrs. McCracken told Polly upon taking charge of her.

"I suppose you're going to take me back home to-day," the girl remarked with languid interest.

"Yes, and you're going to listen to me for a while," Roy broke in rather rudely.

Polly cast one cold, sharp glance at him and then deliberately turned her back toward him.

"You will excuse me while I get my things together for the trip," she said to Mrs. McCracken.

"Yes, but you must hurry and you must quit your mean treatment of Roy," Mrs. McCracken replied.

Polly fairly ran out of the place, and she never lessened her pace until she had reached the offices of the Douglas Lumber Company, where she threw herself into the arms of Eddie. In their subsequent celebration over being together once more, the young couple fell to playing like children, and when Eddie became inspired with the idea of kissing the girl, she galloped into an adjoining room and locked her suitor out.

At that very instant a detective entered and demanded the immediate surrender of Polly.

"But how can Polly surrender when she is not here?" Eddie asked in a perfectly innocent tone of voice.

"Do you mean to tell me she is not here?" the officer demanded.

"I have no knowledge whatsoever of her whereabouts," Eddie fibbed.

By this time Polly in the next room grew restive because Eddie was not making a resolute effort to break in, and finally unawares of the situation, she angrily yanked open the door and marched right into the arms of the detective. And just for this girlish trick she was summarily returned to her stepmother. Frustrated, Eddie was left to get his wits to working.

The next night Mrs. McCracken herded Polly with Roy on board a ship after mag-nanimously refusing to press the charge of kidnapping against Grandpa. Eddie was on the dock when the party embarked, and he was boldly whispering to Polly when Mrs. McCracken intercepted, pushing him aside, but not until Polly had heard enough to make her very hopeful and happy.

The steamier had scarcely started to move away from the dock when Eddie Douglas launched himself in a fast motor boat and gave chase. As he approached the big boat Mrs. McCracken was too busy inculcating culture to take note of the anxious glances Polly was sending overboard. The first warning the stern old woman had of anything out of the ordinary came when she saw Polly run to the stern of the ship and leap into the sea. She reached the deck rail in time to see Eddie Douglas pick up Polly and place her safely in his motor boat. She also saw him kiss her most affectionately. Then the couple disappeared into the night, and it was a foregone conclusion with even the austere Mrs. McCracken that the venturesome youngsters would embark upon the seas of matrimony as soon as they reached shore.

From the play of Aida Loos, produced by the Triangle-Fine Arts, featuring Mae Marsh and Robert Harron.

STOP, LOOK AND COOK," CAPRICE'S MOTTO

By LENA YOUNG

It may require the presence of a $10,000 inheritance to make each of the late Mrs. Marie Zissner's granddaughters a good cook, yet the woman who inherited it but took no legacy to turn Jean Caprice into a miniature edition of Mrs. Rorer.

Miss Caprice's culinary accomplishments are her chiefest pride.

"When I was young—"

Miss Caprice is not yet an octogenarian. In fact, she will be perilously close to eighteen before all the New Year's resolutions are broken.

"Well, as I was saying before your paragraphal interruption, when I was young father and mother forced me into the realm of cookery and crockery by the threat of chastisement—spanking, if you must know."

Whereat Miss Caprice blushed, but it was a pretty blush.

"It was just a case of stop, look, and cook, with me. The hand of my father hung over me like the sword of Damocles. That was all the warning I needed."

The sword never descended. Of that, anyone who has ever had the good fortune to be present at a Capriciously prepared dinner, may be certain.

What woman does not remember the first cake she baked?

Miss Caprice recalls here, and admits it was a great success.

"It was called 'Pride's Cake,'" she continued, "and I made it for thirty guests at a graduation party in honor of my best friend in the Boston Public School class from which I was graduated.

"Perhaps some one would like to bake one too. The verdict seemed to be in my favor, and, really, the cake is very nice.

"This is the recipe:

"Take two pints of fine granulated sugar and one pint of batter. Stir these to a light cream and add one pint bowl of sweet milk, if the milk-drivers aren't out on strike.

"Then take a pint of sifted flour and a half-pint of sifted cornstarch and four teaspoonsful of baking powder. Put these into a flour sieve and sift twice.

"Beat the whites of twenty-four eggs to a very stiff froth and stir them lightly into the cake mixture. Bake in one loaf and be very careful that it does not brown too much. The cake will be sufficient for a party of thirty."

Miss Caprice finished reading, and closed her scrap book.
Learning the Art of Stealthy Villainy from a Cat

By MARJORIE WRIGHT

There is no animal treading this mundane sphere that knows as much about stealthy villainy as the cat. Without being noted for viciousness, friend tabby can do more mean, little, cruel tricks, and is capable of more underhanded fiendishness than any other pet in the realm all because it instinctively knows the value of shunning ostentation. Explicitly, it appreciates the fact that a natural-born sneak by night can always be popular by day for puring innocently. Hence, the feline is a much feted favorite simply because it has sense enough to deceive. Inasmuch as deception coupled with a snaive gentility and an adroit stealthiness constitute the outstanding traits of a successfully villainous person, it is little wonder that Marie Wayne, the creepy, simious, sneaky and dangerous sort of villainess in Pathé's new serial, "Pearl of the Army," has perpetrated an innovation by turning to an exhaustive study of the cat. Indeed, it is unmistakably obvious that she has been a most devoted pupil of this beast, for she is most cat-like in her histrionic artistry, and she seems capable of puring as soothingly as any kitten even while she contemplates some tardily deed.

Strange as it may seem, Miss Wayne's grandfather was a Methodist bishop, and it is more than probable the old gentleman often preached against the type of woman his charming descendant portrays so cleverly. Several of her other relatives are radically straight-laced in their creeds, and so it is certain she did not inherit her ability to plot against the hero and heroine with such sardonic grace. Miss Wayne was born of American parents in Tokio, Japan, where her father held a position in the United States diplomatic service. She ran away from home when seventeen years old and secured an engagement in vaudeville, from which she graduated into the New York Winter Garden under the management of the Messrs. Shubert, and thence to moving pictures, where she is destined to remain, a most useful fixture.

"When I was assigned to my first villainous part, I felt sure I lacked the proper knowledge of how to be downright mean," she says, "I knew I would, at least feel like giving my tender heart full sway just at the crucial moment, and thus deplete myself of the nerve to perform with malice and aforethought. Suddenly it dawned upon me that a cat might be worth emulating, and I got very busy studying the habits, deeds and mis-deeds of a very high-bred feline. When I felt I had mastered most of the catty traits I did my best to imitate them before the camera. The result was, I immediately got my name jotted down in the category of 'good heavies.' I am sure there are few people who realize just how cruel, how mean and how clever with it all a cat is, and those who seek to be as angelic as possible will profit by studying this little animal just for the sake of building up a character as much in contrast to it as possible."

Miss Wayne says the best experiment to try in order to determine just how heartless a cat can be is to place a tiny mouse at its mercy. This is a spectacle most everyone has witnessed, but no doubt only a few have taken the trouble to study every movement, all the gleeful fiendishness and every form of cruelty the feline does perpetrate when its bloodthirstiness is thoroughly aroused. Then, of course, it is still another matter to characterize all these cat-like deprivations in a photoplay. Needless to add, Miss Wayne is a veritable past mistress in this particular art. To impersonate a cat and simultaneously retain enough human qualities to make the animal realistic and genuneness is a task which is beyond a vast majority of the actresses, but it is not to their discredit because type casts a wide swath and Miss Wayne is truly the perfect type for the line of parts she plays.

Dictionaries define the cat as a common domestic animal, but it must seem patent to everyone that this does not do the animal justice since Miss Wayne has brought it to the foreground as a tutor extraordinary. Forsooth, in its new light the feline appears to be just about the champion villain of the universe. Indeed, a cat will do anything criminal—steal, murder, torture—and then it will purr so gently and so sweetly that anyone, man, woman or child, would consider it "the nicest pet of all." To scientifically coordinate extreme evil and feigned goodness without being detected is the secret to attaining high Thespian art. In other words, if the villain can be like a cat, there will be plenty of the melodramatic "punch" in evidence in the play he graces.

"I have made another discovery about cat life and this is no cat trusts another of its species," Miss Wayne adds. "It seems the cat understands how little trustworthiness obtains in its family. If villains who cooperate and consort with other villains in plays would only put into practice the same idea, I am sure the realism and the true-life ideal would be improved."

Miss Wayne further takes occasion to exhort against the habit of many parents in permitting children to have cats as pets, "It is not so much the danger from scratches and bites that inspires me to counsel against this association, but it is the susceptibility of a juvenile mind of vivid imagination which arouses my apprehension. In plain words, a bright child can learn several unsavory tricks from observing cats, and the worst of these is cruelty such as a feline reveals in touting with a mouse and the next worse is theft, for there is no possibility of preventing a cat from stealing the choicest foods in the house in the most stealthy fashion possible."
Here’s how love-making and hay-making can be blended into a compatible oneness. Note how radiantly happy Virginia Pearson is as she forgets her rake for the nonce in which the gallant lover utters honeyed words.
WAYS

LOVE

The spirit of the West in the wooing line. The demonstrators are William Russell and Charlotte Burton.

The voice of love in flowery May-time. It's Edward Cœxen's voice tempting Winifred Greenwood.

This is another kind of love, but it's just as intense as any. Thomas Commerford is the dad and Gertrude Glover is the child.

The Romeo-and-Juliet way of making love will be popular eternally, especially since Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have revived it.
Here's how love-making and hay-making can be blended into a compatible oneness. Note how radiantly happy Virginia Pearson is as she forgets her rake for the nonce in which the gallant lover utters honeyed words.
Sevenways
Makelove

Here's how love-making and love-making can be blended into a compatible scenario. Note how
radiantly happy Virginia Peabody is in the tenderly blended scene in which
the gallant lover uttereth honeyed words.

The mood of the West in the wedding scene. The demonstration on
William Russell and Charlotte Burnet.

This is another kind of love, but it's just as intense as any.
Thomas Cosmo and Gertrude Glover in the church.

The court of love in the scene: Marie Prevost, Edward G. Ryan, and glamorous William Condon. The

Note bow distinctly happy Virgina Peabody is in the tenderly blended scene in which
the gallant lover uttereth honeyed words.
THE SILENT TREND

A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

CRITICS are prone to gloss over the errors and transgressions of photo-play producers. We wonder if this is right. What if the producers should mistake this almost universal consideration for tacit commendation? It might mean a prolonged adherence to the present policies, and soon we would have a veritable fossiliferous age in which we would witness a deterioration of such magnitude as to insure ruination to the most popular and most democratic form of amusement man has ever devised. There is no denying the fact that critics cut a very narrow swath in the calculation of the screen impresarios. Meanwhile producers of spoken drama have always worried in advance about what the critics would say upon discovery of their new shows, and they have been guided quite extensively by the advice proffered gratuitously, the common impression being that each critic reflects the sentiment of some part of the theater-going public, and is therefore worth heeding. It may be that the cinema kings are too concerned over censors, but if it is true they are engrossed in splitting hairs to "get by" with films of questionable morality on slenderness of technicalities, then there should come a thorough-going revision of their ideals. In conjunction with this should come an era in which unbiased reviewers of all new screen releases should be given some assiduous study by all producers, who must desist their habits of resenting or disregarding the remarks of critics. Let every producer do the wise thing by admitting there is ample room for improvements and let them accept the good portions of the suggestions and aid the critics toward. Instead of clamoring vociferously for the answer to the eternal question: "What do the people want?" let them set about to quietly determine just how much of their works the people do not want and the intelligent use of the process of elimination will most likely go a long way toward making meritorious photo-plays the rule instead of the exception. Candidly the high standard of judgment obtaining in the theatrical field does not exist in the offices of moving picture magnates. Forsooth there are too many incompetent persons to whom is intrusted the tasks of selecting the screen fare of the public. More of these judges should read and study what the good critics write about their selections. And the critics should cease to be so reluctant in faithfully analyzing every photo-play for the benefit of the public and the producer.

T H E TENDENCY to be haggard in digging up what at least resembles new ideas and to be content with remaining loyal to hackneyed subjects is exemplified in "The Sign of the Poppy," a late Bluebird release. But this photo-play is, nevertheless, diverting because of the good acting and in spite of the fact that the story is far-fetched. When the leader of a Chinese tong is exposed by a wealthy trader residing in China, one of his twin children is kidnapped and he is reared to hate his own brother, who basks in luxury. Years elapse and the more fortunate son returns from his honey- moon in time to be present when his father dies under mysterious circumstances. Then follows a series of old-time blood-and-thunder complications. The fortunate son loses his reason as a result of a blow on the head, and the Chinese-reared brother murders the tong leader. In the end the one regains his memory and the dope-crazed murderer kills himself, after confessing all. So, besides being trite this photo-play is extremely gruesome and the story reminds you of a dozen others which have been visualized before. This could all be paragraphed were it not for the fact that new ideas still abound despite the old saw about there being nothing new under the sun.

If Herbert Brenon ever needed vindication he has gotten it with the proverbial vengeance in his masterly direction in Lewis J. Selznick's production of "War Brides," in which Nazimova is starred. Mr. Brenon has undoubtedly contributed more toward making this one of the greatest photoplays of the year than anyone else. His handiwork is discernible throughout, and its invariable effect is to inspire one to admire this man as a truly sincere genius. Nazimova acquits herself most creditably, while Gertrude Berkeley in a mother role proves she is what we have considered her for several years—the most capable delineator of matronly characters in the whole world of make-believe. Miss Berkeley's artistry is compelling and at times she ascends perilously to the point of eclipsing the star she is supporting. "War Brides" as Mr. Brenon has presented it is the very maximum of co-ordinate merits: rapidity of action, perfection of continuity, rare taste in the selecting of scenic background, capital sub-titles, superb forward movement of plot and of all details. It is indeed a photo-play masterpiece.

The story deals with the revolt of Joan, portrayed by Nazimova, against the decree that in war-time women shall wear soldier's in order to perpetuate the race and insure food for the cannon of the future. When her impassioned appeal to the king fails to persuade him to grant her immunity from this order, Joan kills herself. No mean combination ofarrangement of the awful waste of war could be imagined, and it seems destined to act as a beacon light which shall illuminate the now dark avenue of escape—the elimination of war, which would bring the
coveted everlasting peace. Miss Berkeley plays the part of the Spartan mother who saw everything under a delicate of patriotism. President Woodrow Wilson, after witnessing Thomas H. Ince's photoplay spectacle, "Civilization," declared it would go a long way toward turning people against "War Brides" are longs in this same category, and if all the countries now belligerent could be flooded with such pictures, it seems certain the influence wielded in the aggregate would be more rapid and a speedy a section of hostilities. The common people—the masses—must be the ones to revolt against militarism, and such pictures as "War Brides" and "Civilization" would inspire such a revolution without bloodshed, if they could attain sufficient vogue at this crucial moment. Needless to add, such a peace propaganda has no chance in Europe today. How regrettable!

THERE should be more films like "Miss George Washington," Marguerite Clark's latest starring vehicle. The fundamental purpose of amusement is to divert the mind from commonplace happenings. Marguerite Clark's "Miss George Washington" accomplishes this with an admirable zest. The story is clever and fairly bubbles over with effervescent humor of the laugh-provoking variety. True, it abounds with plausibilities, but what would life be without absurdities? It is also true the plot reaches the point of being a little too risque at times, but there is not enough of this fault to detract from the predominant merits. The story is unusual, and Marguerite Clark entertained every minute, and when you have finished with it you feel more cheerful than usual. The story is based on the humorous situation caused by a girl's mischief-making act of misrepresenting herself as the wife of a young man and somewhat startling developments follow in rapid succession. Marguerite Clark is the girl and a sprightly, little creature she is too. She attends a house party as Mr. Gardner's only friend. Later a diplomat and his wife invite the young couple to their home and the subsequent efforts of the elderly couple to make their guests happy necessitate a lot of dodging and the resorting to many funny subterfuges to avoid a grand exposure. However, finally the gay deceivers can no longer run the gauntlet, and there arises the need for a real wedding ring. As may be easily imagined the comedy becomes at exquisitely funny as complications pile on top of complication and Miss Clark is always delightful in every exigency. She averts the unconventional by dint of her petite mannerisms, and she is as blithe as a spring bird.

JUST because Willard Mack fails twice to make good, Pauline Frederick, one of the screen's most talented stars, has no reason to be discouraged. She is the actress playing in "Panette of the Wilds," her latest release. Frankly, this picture is exceedingly bad from most any standpoint, being a melodrama of the cheapest possible type and decidedly unworthy of a playwright who has been in the limelight lately because of his success in selling A. H. Woods plays by the ream. Not only does Mr. Mack fail to deliver a photoplay worth, but he misses his goal by a mile as an actor, for he plays the "lead" opposite Miss Frederick, and again with all due candor, we must add, he interprets the role of his own creation with startlingly inanimate. Presumably the Famous Players accepted Mr. Mack and his scenario because the man has a reputation in another field. This is one of the most common things of photoplay producers of to-day. A talented unknown is ignored with contempt, while the works of a "big name" are accepted with avidity, although it may be sheer literary trash. By all means let us arise in what might we possess and protest against so much of this sort of policy. To the same extent that all men are created equal, must all writers, humble or famous, be treated as equal in accordance with the merit of their work. All of the present-day producers do not even pause to give this cardinal principle a second thought, and consequently we have a constant supply of bad pictures counteracting the good ones by devouring the public's interest in the photodrama. It is, of course, inevitable that we must always have some entertainments below the standard, but it does not necessarily follow that such shall be in the majority simply because a few influential producers are content to repose in the bower of lethargy to the extent of persisting in just such error which actuall the Famous Players to accept and produce "Panette of the Wilds."

PRINCESS ZIM-ZIM, Edward Sheldon's play as adapted to the screen under the title of "A Coney Island Princess," is notable chiefly because it serves to introduce Irene Fenwick to the photoplay fans as a star of the first magnitude. For several years Miss Fenwick has been one of Stageoland's really popular stellar artists, and she long since became noted for "a cute, little style all her own," even before she had a chance to make a mark. While the Tom Thumb of the screen is still in the picture. In "A Coney Island Princess" she is supported by Owen Moore, who, in the role of Pete Milholland, tries to drown his sorrows with "joy water," and who does something far better than his average. Mr. Moore is not always a good actor—his work seemingly depends on his mood, but this time he manifests skill notwithstanding the fact that he fails to keep pace with the exquisite Miss Fenwick. Both Miss Fenwick builds up her character. The story is quite well constructed and evolves from a spot which Milholland has with his fiancee, Alice Gardner. While infatuated and in love, the latter in a foolish effort to assist the pangs besetting her, he decides to sail for Europe, but he lands at Coney Island via the sight-seeing car-route, and in the course of zig-zag events he meets the princess and falls in love, in a music hall. He becomes infatuated with her, and for the first time in his young pampered life he earns ten dollars playing a piano while she does her act on the stage. Eventually he wins the hand of his wealthy aunt, Mrs. King. Their betrothal is announced at a dinner on which occasion the Princess worries Pete and the many guests by her frequent tears of repentance. The next day Pete meets his former fiancee and quickly tells her that his love for the Princess is only a passing fancy. When the latter learns of this she returns to the scene of her former triumph. The time she realizes the folly of essaying to hold the fealty of a man above her caste, and she cheerfully sets about to be happy with her lot. In the meantime a reconciliation is reached between the young lovers, and in the realm of bliss, they find their first love.
as the United States of America is just now attaining, will be rewarded for seeing this gripping photodrama.

There are several eminent authorities, noted for their ability at prognosticating developments in the motion picture industry, who are just now declaring the motion picture industry to be on its last legs, and they freely predict that within four years the neighborhood "movie theaters" will have disappeared, leaving this form of entertainment concentrated in a very limited few large playhouses in the downtown districts. These prophets make the further interesting statement that the only influence which has saved the photo-drama from this fate even now is the unprecedented prosperity prevailing, it being pointed out that people in every walk of life have more than the usual amounts of surplus spending money, which, when swallowed up by the inevitable business depression of an early date, will obliterate a large portion of the photoplay patronage with one fell swoop. Undoubtedly this is an all-too-gloomy apprehension, and there is little likelihood of the popularity of moving pictures shrinking so suddenly, but it is undeniable that the future of the industry as a whole is endangered by an excess of managerial inability to arise to the emergencies already confronting it, and the result might be serious if any considerable number of the patrons became disgruntled and disgusted by either stagnation or retrogression in the art they have come to admire primarily because it was forward-moving from its inception. Explicitly, if moving pictures deteriorate and cease to make for a lucrative enterprise, it will most likely be a case of literally driving the crowds out of the theaters. Naturally, any sort of a business slump would injure this industry too, but this harm would not be permanent if the producers now controlling the crux of the situation would continue to make their structure sound and durable by persisting in constantly excelling the standards of art on the screen and by keeping ahead of the stage in the manner of furnishing new and novel diversion for the countless masses of amusement-seekers who will demand as much fun years from now as ever. It is more up to the producers than it is the patrons.

Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgley divide honors more equally in "The Yellow Pawn" than they usually do in their co-starring ventures. Two conceptions of dramatic proportion heretofore rather divergent effloresce into a veritable harmony of artistry with an innately consequent screen performance so excellent as to put even a cuttle fine photoplay far afield as an effort to decide which surpasses the other. Mr. Reid has always been handsome and Miss Ridgley has always been charming, but they have not always gotten on a par in acting. First one has excelled and then the other. Now, in "The Yellow Pawn," they do literally balance the scales with marvelous steadiness. The story has as its basic principle rather common-place intrigue and jealousy, but the manner in which life is portrayed as a large chess-game lifts it from the chains of the trite and the tediousness foisted upon us in projecting the old-time eternal triangle plot is adequately relieved by a climax in which a genuine surprise is sprung. This scene of the finale and the introduction of a master Chinese character adds the touch of the unusual which saves the story from being a mere repetition of scores and scores of other photoplays.

"The Yellow Pawn" is Sen Yat, a Chinese "house-bound" who, after fumbling into the scene of the crime, where Kate Turner, her husband and the district attorney are concealed behind a door, Wendt stoutly declares he will commit suicide before he will reveal the name of the woman, and when the official hands him a revolver and tells him he had just as well end his life without further delay, Kate springs from behind the door, hurling herself into her lover's arms and disclosing her part in the affair. Her disenchanted husband is about to fire on the couple when Sen Yat stabs him to death and then confesses that he and not his master had committed the first crime as well.

WHAT GRAND OPERA THINKS OF PHOTO-PLAY

By George E. Brown

Here is a not very wide breach between the grand opera and photoplay. The difference is purely vocal, and grandeur cannot be claimed as the exclusive property of either. Even famous grand opera stars have assisted in erasing the lines of distinction. In fact, ever since the advent of the phonograph has rendered the voices of the world's famous artists so easily available, the boundaries have been practically obliterated. Miss Del Valle is at present recognized as one of the most remarkable sopranos singing in this country. She has made many appearances in the concert stage as well as in the opera. And she declares unqualifiedly that the screen fills what had been a void prior to the advent of camera entertainment. She is so favorably impressed with the exalted artistry attained in motion pictures that she is now tentative to appear in motion pictures herself.

Loretta Del Valle

Just the same certain enterprising and artistic photoplay impresarios persist in tempting Miss Del Valle with flattering offers. One well-known producer recently declared she is the ideal type of beauty to register the maximum of passionate feminine loveliness, an attraction for which there is always a demand.

Only a few years ago it was considered folly if a moving pictures promoter ventured to cope with theatrical masters in the hope of elevating the screen to the plane occupied by the stage, but now there are plenty of critics who will concede that the latter has been eclipsed by the superior class of the former, and, now with the present success the invasion of the higher grand opera field, the photo-play art seems destined to ascend to a sphere of its own, far above any other diversion.

The striking part of it is that grand opera regards photoplay without envy and with a veritable solicitude. Search the operatic ranks as you may and you will find very few notable who will condemn the animated picture industry. In plain words, grand opera welcomes the photoplay as a worthy competitor and no operatic star is blacklisted for being filmed.

"I do not hold aloof from pictures because I think they offer inferior opportunities, and quite on the contrary I deem it a great honor to be allowed a place on the screen," is the way Miss Del Valle expresses it, and this covers the general attitude of her fellows in the upper musical circles.

Therefore, what grand opera thinks of the photoplay is encouraging and presages an era of ever-increasing importance from the artistic standpoint for moving pictures.
FOUR QUEENS OF THE PHOTO-PLAY

EDNA GOODRICH
LILLIAN GISH
VIRGINIA PEARSON
MAY ALLISON
WAR TWINS
(Continued from page 8)

"Why should it be necessary?" the other demanded.
"Because I wish to give her a little advice."
"About me, I presume," Metcalf replied in surly tones.
"Yes, if you must know."
"No, I won't stand for any underhanded work from you, Glade."
"All right then, I will come out in the open with it," and he rudely turned his back on Metcalf and took Laura's hand in his own. "You must not trust Frank Metcalf," he told her.
"Say, this is beastly treatment," exclaimed Metcalf as he attempted to step between Glade and Laura.
"Quite on the contrary, it is my first move in doing a humane act for this poor, young woman so obviously deluded," Glade retorted as he pushed Metcalf back as gently as he could. "And, you know very well, Frank, you are the one man in the world for whom I'd love to speak a good word, but you won't let me—you keep me convinced you are far from reformation."
"Baby talk, baby talk," Metcalf exclaimed with something of a sardonic laugh.
"Just the same, little girl, you beware," warned Glade, looking Laura straight in the eyes. "He will expect to collect one hundred per cent. on every favor he grants. It is for this reason and I are enemies when we should be the closest kind of pals."
"Oh rot," interjected Metcalf.

Three minutes later he and Laura were back in the street ready to start for home. Laura was dazed by the thousand fears which beset her. She was afraid to even look at her escort, who was now sullen and silent. He took the lead and she followed him mechanically. Her desire to be fair and give him a chance to explain and to offer defense coupled with a dread of returning home alone and having to either tell her whole experience or prevent all combined to make Laura check an all-prevailing impulse to run away from the man. But she could not find words with which to open a conversation with him, and she wanted to encourage him to the extent of unbosom himself, hoping against hope that he had been malign and misrepresented by Robert Glade. Two whole squares were traversed and Metcalf was still looking straight ahead without uttering a single vocal sound. Then Laura, in stealing a quick glance at him, discovered tears streaming down his cheeks.
"Oh, please tell me your side of this story here and now," she begged, stopping in the middle of the sidewalk.
"I have nothing to say excepting I did just what I told you I would do—I faced the music," he replied in rather broken tones.
"What trouble have you had with Mr. Glade?" she asked.
"I can't tell you."
"Why does he think so ill of you?" she persisted.
"I can't answer that either."
"How do you want me to regard you?"
"Entirely out of your life."
"You do!" she exclaimed.
"Yes," he answered very quietly.

ALMOST DOUBLE IN SIZE AND TREBLE IN CLASS AND INTEREST

WILL BE

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IT'S BUILT NEW EVERY MONTH FOR PHOTOPLAY FANS
"Then Mr. Glade must be mistaken—
you're not expecting reward from me for
what you have done."

"Not in the least."

"How could he be so mistaken in you?"
she asked, thoroughly puzzled.

"He's not so mistaken in me as you might
think, but I'm not going to bother you," he
replied with a mysterious air and assurance so
strangely blended as to completely
upset Laura's power of reasoning.

"I—I'm so sorry for you, Mr. Metcalf."

"Never mind bestowing any sympathy on
me, I don't want it," he said decisively.

"Come on, let's hurry home."

On the long journey homeward Metcalf
convinced Laura of the advisability of hav-
ing her husband play the part of a sweet-
heart, but he refused point-blank to tell her
why. Likewise he rejected the idea of his
discussing the matter with Pierre Joffre.
He declared he would not even see him for
the present. He was going to feign illness
in order to avoid this, he told her. He
put it entirely up to Laura to carry out the
defection unaided until she could enlist the
agreement of her husband to the scheme.
As they approached their destination, he
turned sharply on Laura and pointed his
finger at her menacingly.

"Take this as a fair warning—unless you
persuade your husband to pose as your
sweetheart in this matter, you are doomed
to failure, and he will have to go to the
front. I know Robert Glade better than
you do, and I know if he knew you were
a married woman he would not move so
as raise a finger to help you. With God
as my witness I am giving you fair and
square advice, and I don't even want you
to thank me for it."

It was with this fiery speech ringing in her
ears that Laura parted from Frank Metcalf,
and a few minutes afterward she was once
more with the husband for whom she was
going through strange experiences. She
explained that Metcalf had stopped at his
own home because of having taken ill on
the way home, and she proceeded to tell Pierre
most everything which had happened, omit-
ting all intimations of the queer quarrel she
had heard in the American Legation. She
succeeded admirably in acting elated over
the prospects, and she was rewarded for her
efforts by a volley of kisses from the grate-
ful husband.

"The only trouble with the whole proposi-
tion is Mr. Glade may not be able to secure
a commission for you in time to keep you
from joining your regiment," she added
sadly.

"We'll pray he has immediate good luck
for your precious sake, sweetheart," her
husband replied.

A whole month passed by without any
word from Robert Glade. Laura had writ-
ten him four letters in this time, making
inquiry as to his progress, but she did not
receive a single answer. To heighten the dis-
may which filled her soul with dread, Frank
Metcalf had not in all this time come out of
his shroud, and he had refused steadfastly to see anyone.

Pierre Joffre had recovered from his wound and was phy-
sically as fit as he had ever been in his life.
As she realized the approach of the in-
evitable parting, Laura often found herself
wishing her husband would become sick—
just sick enough to make it impossible for
him to enter the military service. But he

(Continued on page 25.)

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Delving Back Into a Photo-Play Star’s Past

By SAM QUICK

BESSIE BARRISCALE never did decide to go on the stage. This decision was rendered for her before she was old enough to decide anything for herself. To be specific, she was only five years of age when she made her debut, and for the next ten years her career was guided entirely by the elders of her family. And, from the very inception of her Thespian activity, her outstanding trait has been to be considerate of everyone, including even the humblest, most impossible supernumerary. "We're all trying to get to the top of the ladder, so let us all help each other," has been a frequent remark of her's. Meanwhile her popularity has been constantly augmented by her steady achieving of mastery over her art by dint of incessant and intelligent study and work. Hence it is quite germane to summarize by stating that the jelly cake of triumph has returned to her for the bread she started casting on the waters in babyhood.

A striking demonstration of the reward to be derived from living up to the edict pertaining to "casting thy bread upon the waters" fell to Miss Barriscale's lot not so long ago when the most profoundly laudatory tribute ever paid her was written by a young newspaper woman who remembered a time several years prior when she was struggling to get a start as an actress and when everybody was associated with laughed at her rudely except Miss Barriscale. Instead of adding to the ridiculous girl's discomfort, Miss Barriscale invited her to her dressing-room and consoled her. The published eulogy followed as the reward, and it is a foregone conclusion none of those who gave vent to mirth over the aspirant's failure as an actress will ever receive a word of praise from her now that she is a highly successful newspaper writer.

But to stick more closely to the task of digging into Miss Barriscale's past—she was born in New York City, and the first part she ever played on the stage was in "Shore Acres," she being exactly five years old when she made her first bow in professional company. Later she essayed numerous roles in Shakespearean repertoire and stock, and then she appeared as "Lovely Mary" and scored such a marked hit that she was soon afterwards starred in "The Rose of the Rancho." Succeeding vehicles were "Bird of Paradise" and "We Are Seven." After "The Rose of the Rancho" had been presented several seasons most successfully as a dramatic masterpiece, Jesse L. Lasky produced it as a photoplay feature and thus was indirectly responsible for Miss Barriscale's advent into the shadow world because she was the only one to portray the stellar role. Thomas Ince was quick to recognize the star's pantomimic ability, and he placed her under contract, subsequently presenting her in "The Cup of Life," "The Last Act," "The Painted Lady," "The Reward," "The Mating," "The Sorrows of Love," "The Payment," "House" and "The Pig's Sister." Miss Barriscale has been starred in Ince features ever since, and today her following is as legion as that of any moving picture favorite.

"It does not sound reasonable, but when I made my initial appearance before the camera I was trembling with stage fright despite the fact that I was playing a role I had portrayed hundreds of times before the footlights," Miss Barriscale says. "I was never afraid of audiences. They are human and you can make them laugh or cry, but that awful machine clicking off the seconds and registering my every movement made it impossible for me to appear natural. Then I was warned again and again that I must not look at the camera or the picture would be spoiled, and I developed a trick which is called dodging the camera. In time I overcame this, and now I never think of it. I really prefer the silent drama to the spoken.

"If I have been successful in pictures I think it is because I have no camera tricks, and because I am always careful of the details of my dress. Do you know, I have seen actresses—yes, big stars—wear white satin evening slippers with a golf outfit and shabby boots with the richest gowns and furs. They seem to fancy that their feet do not show. I always have gowns, shoes, gloves and hats to match, although I know colors do not show in the reproduction. A demure part calls for gray and brown is for the thoroughly respectable ones, the kind that are called worthy women. Purple gives one a sense of security and black is the easiest to play a weepy scene in. And, speaking of weeping, why do actresses deem it necessary to distort their faces and have convulsions whenever they are called upon to cry? In real life women seldom cry enough to make their noses red. That is the trouble: it is so easy to overact; again those camera tricks are to blame. In every-day life a woman does not register every emotion by opening her eyes as wide as they will go and clutching the front of her blouse, and it is absurd for actresses to foist any such ideas onto the public.

Miss Barriscale is in private life Mrs. Howard Hickman, but she says she is going to try to be unique in the film world by keeping her private life really private. She believes there is a limit to exploitation, and she proves it by clinging to the notion that the general public is not half so interested in how a well-known individual lives when in the seclusion of home as it is in how efficiently that individual can fulfill the functions of the profession by which they have been projected into the limelight.

One of Miss Barriscale's most pronounced proclivities is to be philosophical at all times and under all conditions. This was shown recently when an aspiring young woman of the "extra" ranks appealed to the charming Ince-Triangle star for a word of consolation.

"I'm afraid I never can make a success of acting," the discouraged girl lamented with tears in her eyes. "I never realized before how little I knew."

"Well, there is hope for you then," Miss Barriscale replied. "After you have lived a few years longer you will understand that in this world the person who knows little and knows that he knows little knows much."

Bessie Barriscale as "Madge" in "In Old Kentucky"
WAR TWINS
(Continued from page 23)

constantly grew stouter and the glow of health seemed permanently fixed on his cheeks.

So now, after four weeks of continued disappointment, Pierre and Laura decided to call on Robert Glade together. Both felt it was necessary that they consider that they should apprise Frank Metcalfe of their plans, and as they had met rather on a dozen occasions when they attempted to call on him, they resolved to send him a note. Pierre, of course, was mystified over Metcalfe's conduct, but he had mentally conceived the notion that Laura had offended the man, and as his faith in his wife was implicit and unshakable, he felt sure she was in the right it made no difference what the controversy might have been. So he asked no questions, and his wife volunteered no explanation.

After a brief conference it was decided Laura should write the note, and so with great care she penned the following:

MR. FRANK METCALFE:

We are very sorry you do not wish to grant us an interview at this, a crucial time in our lives, and it is because of our inability to see you personally that we are taking this liberty of writing a note advising you of our intentions of calling on Mr. Robert Glade in reference to that matter you was kind enough to propose to him for us. We desire to see Mr. Glade today, and therefore we ask an immediate reply from you in the hopes of your giving us some valuable suggestion as to our conduct in urging our case with him. With best regards, we are, 

Sincerely yours,

M. R. AND MRS. PIERRE JEOFFE.

This note was dispatched to Metcalfe by a messenger boy, who returned to the Joffre home fifteen minutes later with the following reply:

MR. AND MRS. PIERRE JEOFFE:

Go ahead and see Mr. Glade, but follow my last advice to the letter. Otherwise you will have no chance to accomplish your purpose.

FRANK METCALFE.

P. S. You will do me a favor by not telling Mr. Glade my address.

Laura had procrastinated in telling Pierre of Metcalfe's insistence that she pose as unmarried to Glade, and of how she had been introduced to him as Miss Joffre. This had been such a harassing experience to her that she could never bring herself to the point of disregarding the delicacy she felt about confessing she had acquiesced in such a bold fraud. She feared he might balk at posing as her sister and at the discomfort of being regarded as a moral wrongdoer by a member of the American diplomatic corps. So when, upon perusing Metcalfe's reply, Pierre forthwith announced he would not understand it at all. Laura found herself on the threshold of the act test.

"I know you don't understand it, dear," she replied quietly. "I should have explained it all to you weeks ago, but the task always seemed too much. Now I will risk everything and tell you.

Then Laura told her husband the whole story, dwelling at length on how Metcalfe had forced his own initiative upon her, but she pointed out that he was undoubtedly actuated by good intentions, as he had not given the slightest intimation of expecting reward in any way.

"This is all most extraordinary," Pierre declared after his wife had finished. "I fear you have unwittingly gotten us into some sort of a mystery case in which all the elements are ominous, but I don't blame you, dear, because I know it is your love for me prompted your every act."

"I'm so glad to hear you say that," she replied quickly. "Now despite all of the uncomfortable circumstances surrounding us, don't you think it is advisable to see Mr. Glade anyway?"

"Yes, but chiefly to satisfy my curiosity by trying to find out why he has ignored us after giving us so much to do so much for you," he responded. "From the very beginning I find my sympathies with Metcalfe. I have a feeling that Glade is the man to watch."

And I have come to look at it the same way, but he is surely the one who can help us if he would and, darling, I just must succeed in keeping you with me. It means so very much to me that I have many times been tempted to urge you to desert your country for me."

"But you mustn't ask me to do that," he cautioned.

"No, I won't," she agreed. "I will win in a better way."

With their minds settled on adhering strictly to Metcalfe's advice by posing as sweethearts, Pierre and Laura went to the American Legation. Robert Glade received them in his private office without delay.

"You remember me," Laura said to him as she entered.

"Yes, certainly, and I'm very glad to see you again," Glade replied pleasantly.

"This is Mr. Joffre, Mr. Glade."

"How do you do, Mr. Joffre," Glade said as he gave Pierre a hearty handshake.

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, sir," acknowledged Pierre.

"Thank you."

"I trust we are not regarded in the light (Continued on page 27)
ROBBER
HAD GRAND
OPERA TASTE

JEWEL CAR-
MEN, who
used to play op-
posite Douglas
Fairbanks, but
who recently
joined the
William Fox
forces, recently
took occasion to box the ears of a con-
science man when he attempted to swindle
her.

The audacity of it—a mere robber
trying to “do” Carmen.

* * *

MAKATO I N O K U C H I, Balboa’s
clever Japanese actor, has returned to
Japan to engage in the manufacture of
motion pictures by and for his own
people.

Now the slant-eyed Japs will get a
squint at some eye-opening American-
ized Japism.

JACK STANDING, the William Fox
actor, is one of nine sons, which in-
spired the New York Evening World to
remark: “A Standing army, eh!”

And, if their credit is good, this is
also a charging Standing army.

* * *

THOMAS H. INCE, in urging his as-
sistant directors to give all due at-
tention to every detail in making photo-
plays, said, among other things: “Keep
your eagle eyes open.”

If he’s got a single director possess-
ing an eagle eye, that director is a bird.

* * *

FOUR years ago Marin Sais, the
Kalei star, was one of the most
promising singers on the Keith vaudeville
circuit. When an illness caused her to
lose the good qualities of her voice, she
immediately went into pictures.

That’s the beauty of not losing your
good looks.

* * *

IT is reported that both Fannie Ward
and Pauline Frederick have just re-
 fused flattering offers to return to the
stage.

Does Dame Rumor presume to tell
us that woman cannot be flattered any
better than this?

* * *

A N anti-censorship campaign is under
way on the Pacific coast, the object
being to deprive the censors of about
one-half of their power to do as they
please with moving pictures.

It is to be hoped that “anti-crowd”
will not err to the extent of having
Charles Evicted Hughes deliver
speeches in behalf of their cause.

MAY ALLISON, the Metro star, was
recently mistaken for a trustee of a
Failure to Provide Court, and she had to
listen to a long tale of woe related by a
woman who had been deserted by a cruel
husband.

Wonder if what Miss Allison heard
will make her ponder more deeply on
the subject of husbands?

* * *

HERE is a mystifying excerpt from a
late press notice: “Have you seen
them? They’re made out of about ten
darling little ruffles, and just about noth-
ing else. Margarita Fischer designed
them herself.”

And the dog pants.

* * *

JACK RICHARDSON, who flips across
the screen as a villain with so much
realism that he is afraid of himself, has
been “killed” 603 times by actual count
during his career in pictures.

And Jack’s not what you’d call a
stiff yet.

* * *

“THREE Christmases” is the name of
holiday-season Metro photoplay.

Crowding three of them into one
gulp is what we call having no mercy
at all on Mr. Family Man.

* * *

THOMAS MEIGHAN, the debonair
Lasky star, wants to adopt a baby.

This is what might be called infantil-
er—infantile aspiration.

* * *

ALAN FORREST, the actor, can fry
pancakes to a queen’s taste, according
to his press agent.

But, some queens have bad or flat
tastes.

* * *

GLADYS COBURN, who is one of
William Fox’s featured players, has
as her hobby the collecting of feather
fans, which figured in tragic romances.

Ticklish habit this.

* * *

LIZETTE THORN is the name of one
of the players in “Faith,” the Mu-
tual-American feature.

Lizette! But ‘tis better than ‘twould
be ‘were it Rose.

yet whether he should take it to mean
he is a sweetheart or just a sweet, old kid.

Perchance the man who pays W. S.
his salary would consider it more be-
fitting to call him dear Hart.

* * *

“DO you know that Eugenie Besserer
makes good chicken pie?” asks the
Selig press agent.

Gosh, no, we didn’t even know she is
a chicken!

* * *

CHARLIE CHAPLIN believes in suf-
frage.

Who suffers as a result?

* * *

HARRY HAM is one of the most
able young actors in motion
pictures.

So he’s not such a Ham after all.

* * *

A HOME for broken-down horses is
a project which Marguerite Clay-
ton, now starring in “Is Marriage Sac-
cred?” has launched in Chicago.

Presumably she wishes to put a stop
to the time-honored habit of nagging
old nags.

* * *

JOHN McCORMACK, the celebrated
Irish tenor, recently entertained Bessie
Barriscale at tea in Los Angeles, and, the
funny part of it was, it was a certain newspaper
in chronicling the fact inadvertently used
the word “sea” instead of “tea.”

Still, we have known of persons being
all at sea in Los Angeles.

* * *

CHARLIE CHAPLIN says he is
going to devote New Year’s day
to giving his famous feet a rest.

Feet that can perform the feat of
making a man rich deserve rest, espe-
sically when they understand a man so
well.

* * *

PEARL WHITE declares neuro-
thetic patients can be cured by
watching moving pictures.

And when we think of what would
happen to ’em if they saw some of the
pictures we’ve seen lately, we get
nervous.
of a nuisance, but the matter in hand is most important to us," Pierre began.

"I realize that, and of course you have wondered why I have not replied to your letters," Glade broke in.

"Yes, we were afraid you had decided not to help us," Laura admitted.

"Quite on the contrary, I am doing everything in my power to secure a civil commission for Mr. Joffre," assured Glade. "I have investigated the people, and I am satisfied as to your worth."

This last remark impressed Laura strangely. She at once became suspicious, because she decided Glade was either lying or if he had investigated he had learned of the deception they were perpetrating at the instigation of his enemy, Frank Metcalf. However, she made no reply.

"But I have met many obstacles, and I fear there will be a great deal of delay," Glade continued.

Laura found her mistrust growing by leaps and bounds now, but there was one checking thought uppermost in her mind, and that was, surely Robert Glade could not dare to attempt anything quite as distantly as this mistrust suggested to her. She re- mingled herself of the high position he held, but just the same she felt uneasy.

"Do you consider there is any ground for even slight hope, Mr. Glade?" Pierre asked.

"Oh yes; but you can readily understand the impossibility of my predicting a definite date on which success might come," Glade replied. "I may get good news today, or it may not come for a month. The French government, you know, is pretty busy just at present, and it is difficult to get a hearing for such a small case when there are so many big ones pending."

"Then will you communicate with us when you do attain some definite end?" Pierre asked.

"Most assuredly, but not before," Glade replied. "For personal reasons I am adverse to writing letters on matters not pertaining to my duties here."

"And that is your reason for not answering our letters?" Laura asked.

"Yes."

"Well then," Pierre said, as he turned to go.

"I will do my best for you," came reassuringly from Glade, as he extended his hand to Pierre. "Good day."

"Good day," Pierre repeated after him, accepting the proffered hand.

"Good day to you too, little girl," Glade said, taking Laura's hand. "I am very, very sorry for you. I shall pray you cause for being glad you've met me."

Laura shook hands with Glade, but she could not speak, so engulfed in varied emotions was she.

Upon reaching the street, Laura felt so eager to hear what impressions her husband had gotten that she fired a half dozen questions at him all the way home, but clinch among these was:

"Do you think he is on the square?"

"I don't know," was Pierre's laconic reply, and then he lapsed into a studious silence.

"I'm so nervous, dear," she continued, "Tell me what you think quickly."
"I don't feel like talking now," he replied.

And despite a dozen questions and all manner of persuasion, Laura could not induce her husband to say another word during the whole walk to the car which would take them back home. Instinctively she recalled having the same experience with Frank Metcalf. But what could have transpired to render Pierre dumb? What untold and secret things had Robert Glade possessed to send his men visitors away silent? Laura racked her brain for an answer. Mentally she recounted every word Glade had said in her husband's presence, and she could not recall one single syllable which would ordinaril y plunge anyone into such a moodiness.

"What's the matter with you, honey?" she finally asked after being seated in the car.

"Nothing much, dear, only I'm convinced I will be in the trenches ere another fortnight is gone," he replied."

"That's why you're so melancholy then, is it?"

"That's only partly to blame."

"What else worries you?"

"That man Glade."

"Well, he worries me too, but why are you so reluctant to talk to me? You have never been this way before in your life or into any lengthy discussion of our experience, because I am sure it would lead to our first quarrel, and that must not be at this most crucial time of all," he said. "I have but one thing to say, dear, and that is, neither of us must ever see or have anything to do with Robert Glade again."

"You mean—"

"I mean even though he might send word to us today informing us of his success. In surmounting our common commission we must ignore him," Pierre insisted in decisive tones.

"Why?" Laura asked, visibly surprised.

"Because it might prove too costly. He is a dangerous man, I am sure."

"But, darling!—"

"No, we will not argue the point at all, sweetheart. We won't even bring up the subject again. Robert Glade is entirely out of our lives forever. Now we will talk of something else."

There was so much firmness in Pierre's attitude that Laura knew full well there was not the slightest hope of enticing him into any alteration of determination. Hence she gave up despair.

One week later came the hour for Pierre Joffre's departure. He was going to the front to do battle for his beloved France at last. His devoted American wife had fathered in his efforts to aver t ater this one terrible hour of all. She was heartbroken and utterly beyond consolation.

"My own dear husband is being sent to his execution, and his child shall be fatherless," she moaned as the elder Joffres essayed the impossible task of cheering her up, bravely relegate their own sorrow over sacrificing their only son.

A moment later Pierre entered the room ready to bid farewell to all. He rushed to Laura's side and gathered her up in his arms.

"My poor, little, sweet wife," he murmured. "Bless your precious heart, I may return much sooner than you expect, for the war could end within a very few hours."

"No, but I know it won't," she cried, "and I will have to suffer alone. Oh, if the rulers who order wars at will only have hearts big enough to consider the poor, common people who have to bear the brunt of the burdens of it."

"But it's futile to talk that way, dear," the husband said gently."

"Foolish!" exclaimed Laura half-hysterically. "The foolishness of it all is with the people who so meekly carry out the orders to slaughter their fellow-men. Oh, there is so much to be utilized. It is more barbarous than ever."

"That is all no doubt true, but we must say good-bye," the kindhearted Pierre reminded.

"I know it, I know it," almost screamed Laura.

"And before I kiss you good-bye, dear, I want you to agree that we will trust our fate to God and not to Robert Glade. Do you agree?"

"Yes, but I—"

"No, little lover, you must give me your word of honor that you will never allow your desperation to drive you to appeal further to Glade."

"Oh no, please let me do whatever I can, anything to bring you back to me alive at once," she begged.

"I will grant my permission for you to do anything except to enlist the aid of Robert Glade in any way."

"You mean that?" she asked in great despair.

"Yes, my darling, and it is for your own good," he replied. "Promise me."

As staggering as the blow was to her most cherished hope: to persist in calling on Robert Glade until he did accede to her wishes, Laura wisely promised to discontinue her activities in that direction, and then came the tearful parting.

CHAPTER II
THE DANGER OF DESPERATION

For one hour after Pierre had gone, Laura sat in a huge armchair as if she were lifeless. She could not arouse herself from her terrible lethargy, and she could not even listen to the consoling words of Mr. and Mrs. Joffre, who betrayed deep concern over her condition. Events of the last few weeks flashed across the poor, distressed woman's mind in rapid succession. She felt herself shudder when she recalled everything—even Pierre's kindest words. She felt certain she would not be able to survive the ordeals of the future unless she broke the promise she just made to her husband. Unfortunately, Robert Glade was the only hope she had! Away down deep in her heart she felt she could restore Pierre Joffre. How was she to keep faith with the latter and yet accomplish her object through Glade's influence? Then she thought of Frank Metcalf. He offered a possibility of the solution. She would see him! She would persuade him to come out of his seclusion at all hazards! And thus her campaign to bring back her husband began.

That very evening Laura stole out of the house and walked rapidly to Metcalf's home with a gesture of purpose. Without hesitation she rang the doorbell and a moment later was greeted by an elderly negro attired in livery and well-mannered.

"Good evenin', ma'am—at your service," he said.

"Will you please ask Mr. Metcalf whether or not he will see Mrs. Joffre?"

"Sur'tly I'll ask him, ma'am, but I'm afraid he won't see you. Won't you come in?" And he politely stood aside bowing to Laura, who walked into a small reception room. The negro then invited her to a chair, but she declined. Then he disappeared up the stairs.

Laura had grown restless before the negro returned. Fully five minutes had elapsed, and consequently when she did discover him descending the steps smiling broadly, she suddenly felt her nerve vanish.

"Much to my surprise, m'am, Mr. Metcalf will see you in de parlor there," the negro announced, indicating a broad, curtained door leading directly into the parlor.

"Thank you," she replied, walking into that room as the negro salaamed with admiral decorum.

"De massa, ma'am, won't you keep you waitin' long," the negro said as he bowed himself out of the room.

Laura had often wondered how Frank Metcalf could be content to live alone with only two colored servants, this negro and his wife, both elderly and in their dotage. The young American's habit of remaining in his house at night had always caused her to marvel. Surely he did not study all the time, she reasoned. And, if he did not study incessantly, how did he manage to occupy his mind? Thus was she meditating when Metcalf, attired in a handsomely ornamented suit which was quite becoming and the color of which matched that of his long, thick, wavy hair and large expressive brown eyes, entered the room.

I'm awfully glad to see you, Mrs. Joffre," he said cordially as he extended his hand, which she readily accepted. "Accept my full sympathy in your grief over Pierre's departure. I am very sorry indeed."

Sincerity permeated every word he uttered, and his sympathy seemed genuine, this being augmented by his respectful manner.

"I—I—thank you for your kind words," Laura stammered as she gazed into the man's eyes with ungovernable admiration in spite of her highly developed fear of his probable motives toward her.

"Remember, I don't want you to thank me for anything," he reminded. "And, as strange as it may sound, I don't want you to associate with me much either."

"I—I—don't want to associate with you at all," she declared. I'm afraid of you. I confess it."

"I trust I may soon be able to allay your fears," he replied hopefully.

"Er—why do you suppose I'm so afraid of you?" she asked in spite of herself.

"I—I—I suppose I'm afraid of me, even Robert Glade—"

"That's who I want to talk to you about," she interrupted.

"And he's the last person in the world whom I could relish talking about, but for you I will bear it. Do you still think he will help you?"

"I don't understand him at all," she declared.

"It is perhaps best you don't, but do you plan on seeing him again?"

"My husband prohibits my seeing him again."

"Oh, but he's gone now."

"But my conscience has not gone yet," she promptly reminded the now smiling Metcalf.

"Then you have a conscience, have you?" he asked looking Laura straight in the eye.
"Yes," she answered back quickly as she stepped farther away from the man, who observed her a moment and then became serious-faced.

"I'm glad for that," he finally said, as if he were forcing himself to retain a dignified, gentlemanly air. "Now tell me, why have you come to see me this evening?"

"To ask you to help me because I'm desperate," she replied excitedly. "I simply cannot bear it any longer. Please pity me, and for God's sake don't take advantage of me."

"I'm doing my best, my dear woman, to prevent myself from taking undue advantage of you."

"You mean you have to struggle to control your laser self?"

"Frankly I must admit as much," he confessed. "It is for this reason I have excluded myself entirely from your sphere, Mrs. Joffre. Now please hasten to tell me what you want me to do for you and you go away."

Laura was at last fully convinced that when she ventured to use Frank Metcalfe, she was dallying with a most dangerous human elephant, a man who was apt to Easter himself and therefore the worst kind of a coward. But curiously enough she responded to the charm of his usually gentlemanly personality at frequent intervals. Invariably, however, she has overcome by an eminence afterwards. When he gazed into her eyes she imagined she felt her mental and physical strength ebbing away from her. His companionship was unhomely and he seemed incapable of ingratiating himself even in his merriest moments. Laura stared at Metcalfe a full minute in silent awe as she thought of all these things. Then she tried to speak, but in vain. Frigid had robbed her of her voice for the moment.

"Aha, the devil wins again! I must murder you," he cried after noting Laura's predicament, and then showing his teeth as does a wild animal when about to pounce upon its prey, he made a vicious lunge at the trembling woman.

She tried to scream but failed. She tried to escape from the room, but ran into a pedestal on which was a huge vase, which was broken into many pieces with a loud crash. Metcalfe had just laid his hands on Laura when his negro servant ran into the room.

"What's de matter, massa, what's de matter?" he asked as he entered.

"Get out of here," Metcalfe growled.

"Yes, massa, massa, yes, massa," the negro replied as he started back out of the room.

Metcalfe paid no further attention to the servant and deliberately dragged the now unconscious Laura to a far corner of the room, muttering inaudibly to himself. His peculiar actions so aroused the negro that he turned and watched him. He beheld his master yank the limp form of poor Laura about and quick as a flash he divorced the man's murderous purpose.

"Massa, massa, massa, for God's sake remember the last time you lost your control, sah," the negro pleaded.

Metcalfe straightened up, dropped Laura on the floor and plunged his hands deep into his pockets, diverting his gaze from Laura to the wall directly ahead of her. A moment he began bursting a merry, little tune, which he ended abruptly with a deep groan of anguish. The next instant he dropped into a nearby chair and buried his face in his hands, bursting into a most hideous weep. The negro crossed to his side quickly.

"It's all right, sah, now, massa," he said patting the young man on the back.

"You've conquered it again, sah."

"Yes, yes," he moaned, "but it was such a narrow escape. You alone saved me again. Thank God for you, Uncle Mose."

"I'm glad, sah, to save you," the negro replied. "You remember, sah, I promised your mother on her death-bed to stick by you as long as I lived, sah. She knew sah, that your weakness, massa, was inborn and that you couldn't help it."

"Oh how I wish I could subdue this dual nature of mine once for all," Metcalfe cried in his abject misery.

"Massa, sah, we had better do something for de lady, she's fainted," the negro suggested.

"Oh yes," replied Metcalfe as he arose. "Do what you can for her and I'll call Aunt Mandy."

"Yes sah." Metcalfe took one quick glance at Laura and hurried out of the room. Uncle Mose then turned his attention to making her more comfortable and to feeling her pulse. He raised a window and a moment later Aunt Mandy, his good wife, came in carrying a pitcher of water and a glass. The simple expedit of sprinkling a little cold water in Laura's face proved sufficient to bring her back to consciousness, and she at once jumped up and started to strike right and left with her fists as if to defend herself against assault.

"It's all right now, sah."

Mose said as he tried to calm the woman.

"I'll fight to the finish," she cried hysterically.

"You don't have to fight, honey, you're safe sah. All harm," Aunt Mandy assured her, grabbing one of Laura's hands and patting it gently.

"Where did he go?" Laura asked, looking about anxiously.

"He went to his room; he's sorry this has happened; he couldn't help it," Aunt Mandy replied.

"Well, I want to get out of here," Laura insisted, arising to her feet.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm goin' to help you to your home right now," Uncle Mose offered.

"My wife will go too if you wish, but we want to ask a favor of you, please, ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am; my husband and I both want to ask this favor," put in Aunt Mandy.

"You see ma'am, we practically raised Massa Metcalfe because his mother, a wonderful good woman, asked us if we would take care of him before she died, and we have managed to keep down de evil in him pretty well," explained Uncle Mose.

"Then he was born a menace to society," exclaimed Laura in consternation.

"Yes; but by a remarkable fight, ma'am, he has developed his better nature so well that it rules him practically all the time, and he always tries so hard to avoid situations which would be likely to arouse his passion to kill, but he has so much sympathy for you, ma'am, that he wouldn't bring himself to do you any harm if you insisted upon it," Uncle Mose said.

"You may have noticed he did not come down right away when I went for him a while ago. It was because he debated on de advisability of him takin' a chance on de movement of de air," he added.

"How extraordinary," Laura gasped as she almost breathlessly gasped in wonderment at the old negro. "If what you say is true, he wants to be good, but is marked for evil by some prenatal influence," she went on. Uncle Mose admitted.

"And as we are going to ask you to keep your unpleasant experience with Massa Metcalfe a secret, for sake of de poor boy, I feel it's no more than right that I tell you why he is the way he is," Uncle Mose continued.

"His good wife and us—my wife here and I—were with him. About four months before Massa Metcalfe was born, ma'am, a strong colored man captured de little town we was livin' in. They took de poor woman and us—my wife here and I—and they camp a mile away. Massa Metcalfe's father was absent de time—"

"Oh, how terrible," Laura interrupted, as she started to cry. "Yes, honey, it was terrible," Aunt Mandy put in, "and it was nearly at de cost of his life dat my husband here prevented them awful feends from committing outrages until a rescuing party of English soldiers had time to get us back to safety. When he stepped between de mistress and them cannibals and fought single-handed to keep them back, they beat him with clubs and slashed him with long knives until he fell unconscious just as de soldiers got there."

"De terrible experience made a nervous wreck of de poor mistress, and in her many hours of delirium afterward she kept a-raving about those vicious colored men and a-shouting her teeth a-lickin' just as they had done when they tried to attack her," Uncle Mose continued.

"And that's why he showed his teeth when he started after me," Laura observed. No sooner had she uttered these words than she was struck by the realization of the dangers besetting her un- born babe. What if that precious creature had that evening been marked the very same way by her recent fright? The thought of it made her wring her hands out of her nervousness. She resolved she must overcome any such ill effect some way at any cost.

"De massa does show his teeth when he loses control over himself," admitted Uncle Mose. "I guess it was just God's will dat he had to be de unhealy one of de two of us."

"Of the two of them?" Laura inquired, an expression of perplexity over coming her face suddenly.

"Yes, de massa has a twin brother—"

Robert Glade," promptly divined Laura as she recalled the striking resemblance she had previously noted with such mixed feelings of horror and sympathy.

"Yes, ma'am, dat's de real family name, but de massa took de name of Metcalfe after he got into some serious trouble and had words with his brother," explained Uncle Mose. "De massa proved dat he wants to win out over his misfortune when he died. He had his sister's name, but he didn't want to drag de honored name of Glade in shame."

"Oh, what an unusual life tragedy," Laura said by way of reply as she wrung her hands more nervously than ever.

"But, honey, you mustn't let it worry you so; it's all over now, but Mandy urging over Laura's uneasiness.

"It—it's not all over now," denied Laura. "I—I fear there will be a repetition of it all. Oh, why was I so foolish as to come over here this evening?"

"Don't fret dat about now, please, ma'am," Uncle Mose begged. "You will soon forget all dat's happened, and for de good Lord's sake promise you won't tell anybody about this affair."

"I promise that," Laura replied.

"Thanks, ma'am, so much ma'am," the old negro said, bowing low.

"I am too convinced Mr. Metcalfe is a victim of most untoward circumstances to do anything to bring him additional misfortune. Anyway, I shall need all my mind to devote to the avenging of another sad case like his." Laura shuddered again at this juncture, then she took one hurried glance around the room and walked rapidly over to the door. "I'm going home and find my husband there alone," she continued as she paused in the doorway. Tears welled up in her eyes and there was a tremor in her voice. Uncle Mose and Aunt Mandy eagerly followed her.

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If you’re as stingy as you can be, 
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The reason is so plain to see: This dancing keeps a guy from wearing Out the seat of pants.

No Long-Distance Manners, These
A man got up to give his seat; To a weary woman in a car, The man got off at that next street, So his manners didn’t travel far.

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Some yell for peace, some yell for war; Some yell for nothing in particular; Some yell for “Police,” some yell for more—Thank Gawd none can yell perpendicular.

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"Do you feel ill, honey?" the negro asked kindly.
"I am ill—a nervous wreck—but I must not lapse into the delirium which proved so harmful in the case of Mr. Metcalfe’s mother." The next instant Laura rushed to the front door and was struggling to open it, developing an alarming excitement.
"Don’t get excited, darlin’," Aunt Mandy urged as she placed her arm gently around Laura’s waist. "I’m going to take you all home."
"Hurry then, let’s get outdoors quick—I must scream," Laura cried.
She was just about to tear the door open when a bell rang upstairs. She paused and looked askance at Uncle Mose.
"It’s de massa, ma’m, calling for me," he said. "Wait. Maybe he wants me to tell you something for him." Uncle Mose hurried upstairs.
Aunt Mandy watched her husband until he disappeared from view, and then she turned to Laura and in undertones asked: "Is you all expecting a child, ma’m?"
"Yes, and—and—now I’m so afraid when I think of what its future might be," Laura replied.
"Quit worrying about it—dat will help more than anything now," the old colored woman advised. "And let me take care of you. I’ll be glad to, and it won’t cost you nothing for my services."
"You are very kind, and I—I know I’ll need you."
"Then dat settles it—you can have me, day and night, if you all needs me, honey."
Uncle Mose reappeared at the head of the stairs, where he stopped and looked back down the hall.
"It’ll be all right, massa, don’t cry no more," he said. Then he hearkened for a moment and seemingly satisfied that his words had been heeded, he descended the stairs. He carried in his left hand an envelope.
"It’s a note for you from de massa," he said as he reached the bottom of the stairs. "He says for you to read it after you get home."
Laura took the letter and accompanied by Aunt Mandy went directly across the yard to the Joffre house, where she found the old couple in a state of extreme anxiety over her absence.
"It’s nothing to worry about," she told them. "I have only been making arrangements with Aunt Mandy here for attending me. She’s from America too."
"Oh," replied Mrs. Joffre, as she gave the negro a kindly smile.
"I’d glad to do anything I can to help you all," Aunt Mandy assured them as she left the house.

THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL FOR JANUARY, 1917. PAGE 21
Willing to Hurry

“Mother-in-law must catch
that train, driver, so hurry up.”

“You can count on me, sir.
I shall drive as if she were my own.”

Her Dilemma.
Lady—I’m worried about my complexion, doctor. Look at my face.
Doctor—You’ll have to diet. Lady—I never thought of that. What color would suit me best, do you think?

Wanted to be Honest.

A Congressman sent free seeds to a constituent in a franked envelope on the corner of which were the usual words:
“Penalty for private use, $300.”
A few days later he received a letter which read:
“I don’t know what to do with these garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is $300 fine for private use. I don’t want to use them for the public. I want to plant them in my private garden. I can’t afford to pay $300 for the privilege. Won’t you see if you can fix this so I can use them privately?”

Auspicious.
Willis—I played golf yesterday for the first time.
Gillis—How did you make out?
Willis—Fine. Made a hole run right at the start. I hit the first ball into the tall grass in left field and ran around the whole eighteen holes before they found it.

Human Nature.

“Why is your wife looking so happy?”
“She’s got something to worry about again.”

Strove to Please.

A pleasant lady customer was looking at teakettles. The patient clerk handed down large teakettles and small teakettles, aluminums, nickel, and copper. Finally the pleasant customer said:
“Well, thank you very much, I was just looking for a friend.”
“Wait,” said the patient clerk.
“Here is one more. Perhaps your friend is in this one.”

Decidedly So.
Crawford—How can your Christmas present to your wife be a surprise if she told you exactly what it must be?
Crabshaw—See, I’m not going to give it to her.

Under Water.
Willis—Where is “Land’s End”?
Gillis—It is where that lot which I bought from the real estate company begins.

Out of Sight.
She—Can’t you see how far I make a dollar go?
He—You know I’m near sighted, Maria.

A Favor.
Boob (making conversation)—
I passed your house today.
She (absently)—Oh, thank you ever so much.

Natural Conclusion.
Trainman—When you saw the bandit crawling along the top of the car why didn’t you say something to us about it?
Passenger—I thought it was some fellow who had invented a short-cut, but getting into his upper-herth.

Congratulated.
“I forgot myself and spoke angrily to my wife,” remarked Mr. Meekston.
“Did she resent it?”
“For a moment. But Henrietta is a fair-minded girl. After she thought over it she shook hands with me and congratulated me on my bravery.”

Power.
I don’t care who writes the laws of the country if I can design its fashions.

No Excuse.
Madge—You shouldn’t blame him just because he’s absent-minded.
Marjorie—But just think, dear. It was under the mistletoe.

A Possible Excuse.
“My wife,” triumphantly said the Hon. Bray Lowder, “made me what I am.”
“Well, don’t hold it against her,” returned old Felix Fogy.
“Maybe she couldn’t do any better.”

Just the Same.
Long years ago they had parted, and now in the deepening shadows of the twilight they had met again.
“Here is the old stile, Mary,” he said.
“Aye, an’ here be our initials that you carved, Sandy,” she replied.

The ensuing silence was only broken by the buzzing of an aeroplane overhead. Honey-laden memories thrilled through the twilight and flashed their glowing checks.
“Ah, Mary,” exclaimed Sandy, “ye’re just as bonnie as ye ever were, an’ I ha’e never forgotten ye, my bonnie lass!”

And ye, Sandy,” she cried, with her blue eyes misty, “are just as big a lass as ever, an’ I believe ye just the same.

Highbrow Vitiuperation.
“What are you doing with that dictionary, Sir?”
“I gotta little spare time now,” replied the umpire. “I’m just looking up a few of them names the Boston highbrow roosters called me.”

Defined.
Willie Willis—Pa, what’s a “fat-plumber country man”?
Papa Willis—A roadhouse that has never been raided by the police.

Another Meanest Man.
“I have spotted another ‘meanest man’.
It was the fat plumber who spoke.
“Who is it this time?” the thin carpenter asked.
“Umson.”
“What’s Umson been doing?”
“He took me to dinner with liquor and hotel the other evening.
“Do you call that mean?”
“No, but listen.
“I am listening.”
“When he had finished he took a small piece of tinfoil that had covered a little square of cheese—
“Oh, huh—
Placed it on a silver dollar to get a perfect impression—
"Yes—"
“And then left the impression on its plate so the waiter would think he was getting a fine tip.”

Her Impression.
Herbert—How did Mabel happen to become engaged to Richard?
Rupert—Richard took her around and showed her his home on the hill.
“Walter—Huh. Love at first site.
Why?
Diver—That man at the round table gets much better food and attention than I do. I shall complain to the manager. Where is he here?
“Walter—He’s the man at the round table, sir.
All the Same to Him.
A juror was about to be sworn in, and the judge beheld himself to say:
“I trust, sir, that you fully understand the duties and responsibilities of a juror?”
Whereupon the man drew himself up and answered:
“Your Honor, I am a plain man and believe in being fair to all. I don’t go by what the lawyers say, and I don’t go by what the judge says, but I look carefully at the defendant in the dock and I say to myself: That fellow must have done something or he wouldn’t be here! So I bring ‘em all in guilty.”

Going Too Far.
“I never heard of such a thing.
She borrowed my powder-puff.”
“That is a loan often requested among ladies.”
“But she used it to touch up her white shoes.”

Two Reasons.
Green apples and matches are two of the reasons why there are so many children’s size tarps and halos in heaven.

Superficial Elegance.
“Don’t you admire the hand of iron in a glove of velvet?”
“I don’t reply Miss Cayenne; “but what you more frequently observe is the rough neck under a fur collar.”

Above the Average.
Crawford—You say you got seven pairs of slippers for Christmas. What is there so unusual about that?
Crabshaw—One pair fitted me.

Took Advantage of Her.
A little girl about six years old was visiting friends. During the course of conversation one of them remarked:
“I hear you have a new little sister, just two weeks old.”
“Yes,” answered the little girl, “just two weeks old.”
“No, I wanted it to be a boy,” she replied, “but it came while I was at school.”

A Big Buyer.
Freddie—My pa is awful rich. I guess he’s rich enough to buy all Brookline. He bought pa’a lot richer’n that. I heard him tell ma this morning he was going to buy New York, New Haven and Hartford.

Symptoms.
Willie—What is your son going to be when he grows up?
Gillis—From present indications, a golf caddy.
Willie—What makes you think so?
Gillis—When I started to tick him this morning, he sneered and told me that I was holding the stick the wrong way.

Losing Game.
“I’m sorry, I asked the girl to clean the typewriter.”
“Why?”
“She took fifteen minutes to clean the type and two hours to manicure her finger nails afterwards.”

The Patriot’s Wheeze.
Patriot—I’m starting a movement to establish a municipal rink.
Mayor—Why a municipal rink?
Patriot—To find some use for the cheap skates that are running the town.

So as to Make Sure.
“I heard, my dear, by accident today,” said the young husband, “that you gave a very generous Christmas contribution to the Baby Fund. That’s very nice to do it so quietly.”
“Yea,” she answered. “You know I don’t believe, Harry, in parading one’s benefactions. And to be sure I wouldn’t be found out, I signed a fictitious name to the check.”

Economy.
The husband—You’re not economical.
The wife—Well, if you don’t call a woman economical who saves a morning dress for a possible second marriage, I’d like to know what you think economy is?
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As a sort of a prefactory attempt to be useful, I wish to hereby answer something like 500 letters in one short paragraph. As incredible and as amazing as it may seem, I have received all these inquiries on the one subject of the domestic side of photoplayers' lives, and in every epistle there appears in one expression or another the following question: "Is it true that very few actors and actresses prove themselves to be loyal to the best traditions of conjugal life?" It would be quite a job to answer this authoritatively, because the only way to compile the telltale facts would be by not only taking an accurate census, but by a most thoroughgoing investigation. Just the same, it is no hazard to state that so far as extrinsic appearances are concerned, the vast majority of those photoplayers who launch themselves on the seas of matrimony make a successful and praiseworthy cruise all the way across. Scandals seldom emanate from studios, but it is true there are some motion-picture actors and actresses who have splendid wives and children whom they wantonly neglect for the sake of affinities. On the other hand, some of the best husbands and fathers, wives and mothers it has ever been our pleasure to know, are actors and actresses. In any army there is good and bad. The people who are "in the pictures" form a very big army. Nevertheless, it would be grossly unfair to even insinuate that respect for the sacredness of marriage and parenthood is lacking in the rank and file.

A NEW YORK reader calls my attention to a statement in which Canon W. S. Chase, an Episcopal rector of that city, is attributed with having asseverated that "motion pictures being shown in New York City do more harm than the illegally open saloons." A trivial ascription may make the most benignant would-be benefactors of the moral code see things wrong, and then indiscretion may cause them to utter uncalled-for aspersions. In an attempt to ferret out the peccant forces which derogate the public welfare, they flailiously appear in the bad light of being meddlesome and narrow-minded when as a matter of fact they are no doubt actuated by admirable commiseration. It may be that Canon Chase comes within the radius of this particular classification, because he is undoubtedly in error if he intends to convey the idea that all the motion pictures have as detrimental an effect as the illicit liquor traffic on the Sabbath. It is eminently an unfair attack, which weakens the crusade the clergy seeks to advance, because the percentage of nefarious photoplays exhibited on Sunday, or any other day, is so small that it is positively insignificant, and it is absurd for Canon Chase or anyone else to essay converting such a molehill into a mountain.

DID you ever ponder on how many words it takes to spell the little but mighty word Success? Vim Hope Brains Ambition Confidence Persistence Determination Incessant Zeal Honest Policies Constant Probity Commendable Habits And even all of these requisites do not entirely cover the field in most cases. It is true there may be a success achieved occasionally by a stroke of good fortune, but these are the extraordinary instances wherein the element of chance enters too strongly to make for the proper peace of mind. You and I in the successes we are endeavoring with all our might to score are working assiduously with the belief that we have to press into service all of the above virtues and some others in addition. Therefore, it is a difficult task and to facilitate it we will find it desirable to aid each other. A reluctance to help brother man is at the bottom of the basic cause of every war the world has ever suffered. A universal willingness and eagerness to cooperate with fellow-beings cement the Structure of Uplifting Progress. Verily, united we stand, divided we fall. "If you are for us and we are for you, what is the good of the happy spirit if it is not put into actual practice? Hence if you in your particular work strive for success with the same idea we cherish in developing this magazine—that a variety of meritorious efforts are indispensable—you will find us a sympathetic assistant in your struggle. Read what I have to say from month to month and write me what you have to say.
WILLIAM S. HART
TRIANGLE
KATHLYN WILLIAMS
MOROSCO-PALLAS
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MARY PICKFORD
(OUR FAMOUS GIRL ON THE COVER)

So much has been said already that so little need be said about the famous girl whose likeness graces our cover this month. Yes, she is Mary Pickford, justly hailed as America's sweetheart, and she is one of the few personalities of the shadow stage known to most everybody most everywhere. Her rise from the lowly ranks to the exalted position of commander is theatrical history with which the world is familiar. Her recent formation of the Artercif Pictures Corporation of which she is the head and chief star has been given wide publicity. Her joining hands with George M. Cohan, the celebrated Yankee Doodle comedian-composer-playwright-producer, is generally considered one of her best business triumphs. Indeed, she never occupied the advantageous position she does today, and it is a foregone conclusion she will continue to be the great favorite she is for a very prolonged period yet. Finally, allow us to pay her a deserved compliment, namely: she has helped to popularize 'the pictures' as much as 'the pictures' have helped to make her famous. She has been a notable influence for good and she has earned her place in photoplay posterity by having conscientiously entertained the millions most royally.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by LAVERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. H. TURNER, President-Treasurer .................................................. JOHN A. TENNEY, Western Representative, Morton Building, Chicago, Ill.

[SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO]

$2.00 IN CANADA $2.50 FOREIGN COUNTRIES SINGLE COPY 15 CENTS

Entered as second-class matter, April 20, 1916, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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MARY MILES MINTER
MUTUAL
The years rolled on and the growing world saw Egypt's pomp decay and forgot about it, but Love rules today as ever.

No one was more familiar with this tragic romance of yore and no one was ever more enthralled by the charm of it than Marian Bell, an American actress who spent the winter of 1916 in Florida, where she enjoyed immeasurably all the glorious environments required to give unstinted impetus to her talent for and inclination to sculpture. Marian was an admirable woman of twenty years with just that slight trace of lingering girlishness which ingratiated her with all. She was coy, yet she was self-reliant and candid. Her amiable disposition radiated an effulgent cheer; her smile made people happy. Stately of form, fair of skin, golden of hair, blue of dancing eyes, she constituted the zenith of womanly beauty.

Now it so happened that to the very same locality in the same sunny clime went John Arden, of New York, who likewise sought to escape the rigors of winter, and who likewise was very well informed on the romance of the Prince of Tsa. In fact, he had known the whole tale all his life and he had felt many times the impulse to force fate to permit him to emulate the gallantry of his hero for a cause as worthy.

John Arden was a veritable model American in all the word implies. He was energetic, intelligent, broadminded and ruggedly honest. He was of athletic build and manly in his every characteristic. His hair was thick and raven black, his eyes were soft brown and his clean-shaven face was firmly set, bespeaking determination and humanness simultaneously. Although he was nearly thirty years of age, he was ruled by a spirit of buoyant youth and a game of baseball with the boys was his preference over social tete-a-tete, but with all this marked penchant there was an underlying dignity, and he was invariably studiously polite, being actuated by an inherent respect for honor and unsparing morality.

The inclination which led Marian Bell and John Arden to the same little community in Florida fatedly made their meeting inevitable, for they were so opposite in types that a first glance at each other convinced both there should be no prolonged difference. Each was interested in the other instantaneously.

"You will pardon me for my preciosity, but I either know you or I must know you to be contended," he said to her, doffing his hat and maintaining an air entirely apart from flirtation.

"I could not have forgiven you had you passed by me without introducing yourself," she replied, promptly meeting his earnest gaze unflinchingly, smilingly.

"Then this strange feeling which seems to center in the very depths of my heart is mutual?" he asked gently.

"My heart seems to flutter," she answered demurely.

"I would be most bitterly disappointed if I had been isolated from you after first getting a tiny glimpse of you."

Whereupon Arden extended his hand and Marian clasped it impulsively.

For an hour or more they roamed aimlessly, happily through verdant, flower-scented gardens exchanging confidences, praising each other and evincing a noticeable spirit of past acquaintance.
"I came to Florida to indulge in all the sculpture my heart desires and that is much, but I fear I have lost interest in even such a grand art since I've met you," she finally remarked.

"Pray don't lose interest in so noble an art," he pleaded. "I will join you in the indulgence. I will pose for you, and I will do my best to be an efficient model. Anyway, posing may be my vocation. Who knows?"

This all pleased Marian immeasurably. It was precisely what she wanted the man to say to her, and he said it so well! In fact, compatibility never attained a higher degree of perfection—this couple thought, dreamed and lived alike.

"And, do you know, it will seem natural for me to be near you though I never saw you in my life until a couple of hours ago," he added.

"Perhaps we did meet before—in the Long Ago—I feel that I have known you always," she ventured without the slightest hesitation.

So, when Marian and John parted for this initial day, each realized fully that there was a strong love existing between them. Just why they loved so spontaneously was a mystery to them until in their lonesome separation they each ruminated and recalled the Royal Romances of Egypt. Of course this modern man and maid could scarcely believe in reincarnation, yet they instinctively felt the impulse to play it, knowing the game would be enjoyable. John Arden was sure he would love Marian Bell through any adversity or in spite of any opposition just as the young prince of the royal house of Tsaa had contended to his physical doom, and Marian Bell was equally positive she would remain eternally true to John Arden it made no difference what happened to her personally even as the Image Maker of centuries before had demonstrated with such admirable fortitude.

When after several subsequent blissful meetings, it was finally agreed that Marian should be the modern Image Maker and John her model, it was therefore not in the least surprising that he should make his initial appearance before her for that purpose garbed as a Nile boatman.

"Oh, my Bege lord, I greet you most happily," she exclaimed in unrestrained ecstasy upon seeing him in this costume.

Simultaneously she was filled with strange and troubled memories of an unknown past—vague thoughts she could not understand. Still, she knew her very soul was filled with joy for gazing upon this man of all men.

"Just like the Prince of Tsaa, you come to me, and I am the Image Maker, your Image Maker," she added breathing deeply and smiling radiantly.

"My wonderful lover," he responded as he gathered the girl into his arms for a prolonged embrace.

And with the passing of the modern days in Florida, the uncontrollable love of these two devotees to the glories of ancient romance made of them the proverbial two souls with but a single thought, two hearts with but a single beat, and neither could have been loved anywhere else half so intensely, half so wholesomely.

Reincarnation? Of course not! 'Twas merely an odd coincidence and yet just as when the case in Egypt in those days of long ago, the course of true love did not continue to run smoothly for many days. Indeed, love's sweet dream was threatened very early in its infancy even as it was in the days of Tsaa.

The era of danger dawned with the advent of Mr. Maxon, president of the Ver-sue Film Company. Actuated by purely mercenary motives he trampled on the rose-beds of love ruthlessly, for he was determined to persuade Marian to resume her endeavors as an actress by going into moving pictures again.

"I have a great inducement: we will stage our pictures in Egypt—you always wanted to go there," Maxon persisted when Marian and John had given love a recess for business.

"I shall never act again—I'm going to be married," was Marian's candid answer.

"But, your career, girl, you must consider that," Maxon urged. "An actress with your great talent cannot afford to sacrifice a brilliant future for the sake of some silly love notion."

When John heard Maxon say this he wanted to choke him. He riveted his eyes on him and muttered under his breath. Marian was sure she heard John's murmur, and she turned an inquiring gaze on him.

"Yes, the Pharaoh!" John exclaimed, clenching his fists.

"What do you mean, Pharaoh?" Maxon asked quickly.

"I meant that men like you rob the world of its chief glory in your eagerness to always rellegate sentiment to the background for the sake of gold, the worst consoler of all," was John's prompt broadside at the astute moving-picture magnate, and from that minute these two men were bitter enemies.

"What has this man got to do with your business affairs?" Maxon asked Marian, turning his back on John, thus augmenting his chagrin.

"Mr. Arden has everything to do with my business affairs, and I shall do his bidding in this matter as all others," Marian replied.

"Which means she will never return to acting," chimed in John with almost ve-hement emphasis.

Forthwith all negotiations were discontinued, and Maxon repaired to his hotel to think things over. Now it meant a fortune to him to induce Marian Bell to affix her signature to a contract. She was the one and only star suited to the principal role in a valuable play in which he had invested a large sum of money depending on his succeeding in securing her professional services. It was to him the maximum of un-bearable folly to allow anything to impede the progress of business, especially his business in which he had such an avaricious interest.

"By gad, I can't let no upset of a sentimentalist like that fellow ruin me, and so I've got to either handle him or subdue him," he finally told himself after turning the whole subject over in his mind.

Decision meant action with Maxon, and he lost little time in renewing his offer to Marian, purposely seeking her when he knew she was alone, but she flatly refused to even consider the proffered contract, and rather curtly referred the producer to John Arden.

"Very well, I shall do you the honor of asking him to reconsider this proposition, but in a spirit quite parental I want to warn you that you are trusting him too far, for I happen to know he only pretends to love you.

If Maxon expected these words to have any discernible effect on Marian, he was sadly disappointed, because she only smiled her boundless confidence in the man to whom fate had given her love. She did not even give Maxon's speech a second thought, let alone worry about its import. And when he departed she resumed her joy-infusing reverie which had become a part of her very being ever since John Arden came into her life.

Maxon hastened to Arden's abiding-place and when he revived the subject most vital to his financial welfare, he tried hard to be
They wondered why they loved so instinctively

irresistibly suave, but his every effort was in vain, because Arden was determined to have Marian as his wife without delay.

"Very well then, so far as I'm concerned you and her can be dunned with your tom-tomrot about love," Maxon told Arden as he left him.

However, Maxon only meant to deceive Arden into thinking he was discouraged. Far from being frustrated, the designing promoter was the more resolved to cheat Cupid. He argued that his bank account was more important than Arden's heart, and being a man without scruples he experienced little difficulty in hatching a plot whereby he could gain his ends by foul means and still keep within the pale of the law. Instead of waiting for an opportunity to accomplish his object, he created one by decoying Arden into a trap that very night, taking advantage of a semi-tropical storm which was raging. He sent to the young swain a summoning message to which he had forged the name of Marian Bell and gallantly his victim braved the elemental upheaval to respond to what he took to be an urgent request. Maxon had two strong-arm men in ambush awaiting Arden, and when they attempted to capture him, a deadly combat followed and Arden was seriously injured. Maxon arrived on the scene just as the thugs were tossing the apparently lifeless body of the young hero to the ground.

"Beat it, fellows," he yelled to his confederates, who lost no time obeying the order, whereupon he summoned a policeman, to whom he explained that he had stumbled across the man while hurrying to his own hotel.

"You'd better rush him to a hospital, because the poor fellow seems to be badly hurt," he added with a fine show of solicitude.

It was several hours later that Arden sufficiently regained consciousness to aid in establishing his identity, Maxon having sworn he was a stranger to him.

"Letter—my pocket—father's address—notify him," was all the patient could utter breathing spasms.

Promptly the authorities telegraphed his father, informing him that his son had little chance of recovery. The father immediately wired instructions to rush the young man to his northern home on a special train, expressing the wish that if the inevitable must come it would be consolation to have him in his own home during his last moments. This plan was so speedily executed that Arden, still delirious, was well on his way before Marian Bell even learned of his departure. Maxon, of course, was the one who notified her.

"Your Mr. Arden has gone north," he announced to her. "He asked me to give you this letter. It may explain."

The amazed Marian tore the envelope to shreds in extracting the enclosure, which she found to be a letter from her lover's father. The perusal of one sentence was enough to cast her deep into impenetrable gloom.

"I have taken the liberty to make all arrangements for your wedding, my son, since Evelyn's parents have given such splendid reasons for wanting the happy event to take place now instead of in the spring as originally planned," the father's letter read.

"And John Arden has gone north in so much haste that he even forgot to bid me good-bye," Marian murmured. "He didn't love me after all."

"If you will reflect just a moment, my dear Miss Bell, you will recall that I warned you of that fact," Maxon interposed. "I knew of his engagement to a prominent society woman in New York the minute I heard his name, for I had read of it in the papers only recently."

Marian seemed to lapse into a stupor. She was so overwhelmed by her mixed feelings of sadness and surprise that she could only weep slightly.

"I'm always pleased to see women of the stage lose their heads over adventurous of Arden's kind; but you should brace up, my child, and take consolation from the realization that a great opportunity to achieve the height of your ambition as a star beckons you," Maxon said.

He waited a full minute while Marian struggled to check her tears, and then he added gently, "What is your answer?"

"I will act for you in the Egyptian film," Marian agreed after a prolonged pause. "Mother and I will leave for New York tonight.

During the next two months Maxon accomplished the transporting of Marian Bell, her company and the moving picture outfit to Egypt. His star left America without the slightest knowledge of the fact that her innocent lover was hovering between life and death. She was convinced he had deceived her—that he was only a heartless adventurer who feigned to romance when he was merely having fun at the expense of welleseed girlhood. Norwithstanding all this there was down deep in her heart the spark of loyalty. She felt she must remain true to John Arden under all circumstances. She could not even bear the thought of consorting with another man. She deemed it an intrusion if another man dared to approach her. She recalled the vow of the Image Maker of ancient times as she knelt at the death-bed of the prince.

"Until eternity, if need be, I will wait for thee! And with each century's end I will return and place a wreath upon thy tomb," were those words, and Marian resolved instinctively to abide by them and endeavor to fulfill them.

The recovery of John Arden, our modern hero, came slowly. The girl he loved with all his heart and soul was in Egypt in the very atmosphere they both loved for its romantic legends before he was able to go outdoors unassisted. But he had already made inquiry as to her whereabouts since the unfortunatenight on which he was snatched away from her by a modern Pharaoh's villainous edict. The investigation he ordered brought the information that Marian had gone abroad.

"Gone to Egypt!" he demanded. "With that film company?"

"Yes," answered her informant quietly.

"When does the next steamer sail?" he asked in some excitement.

"A week from today I believe," replied the other.

"Arrange for my going on that boat without delay," the young man ordered, and in spite of all the pleading of his parents and despite his weakened physical condition, John Arden set forth for the long voyage.

"May God spare her from being thrown to the crocodiles too until her loyal and untierred lover can reach her," was his prayer as he watched American shores fade into the low-hanging mist of the horizon.

At a camp of Bedouins in the desert in modern Egypt, Marian Bell and her company were progressing slowly with their motion picture when John Arden, who had much benefited in health by hisbracing sea journey, arrived. The ever-alert Maxon was the first to learn of his presence, and in some alarm he immediately resorted to extreme methods to hide Marian away from him. When Arden made inquiry about her at the film company's headquarters he was told by a prepared clerk that she was not with the company at all.

"I think she is working with another company in Alexandria," the clerk added, following Maxon's orders to the letter.

"Oh very well, I'll rest here a day or so anyway, and perhaps will you see make a
“I too knew you would be here, for this is another century’s end,” he told her as he feasted his eyes upon her loveliness.

Maxon had not recovered from his malicious bitterness, and was just fully realizing his helplessness to combat the situation now that Marian was on hand to prevent further plotting, when a learned American lecturer came onto the scene with his party of tourists whom he was initiating into the mysticisms of Egyptian history, giving them more facts in a minute than they could possibly remember in a lifetime.

And centuries ago, the mummy of Prince Tsa was borne to the Tombs of his fathers and the reincarnated spirit of the maiden was seen in the year of 83 B.C., he had just declared when he discovered John Arden and Marian Bell surrounded by the moving picture contingent.

“Pardon us if we are intruding,” he paused to apologize to the assemblage of actors, and then he returned his attention to his party. “She was also said to have appeared in the year of 1317 A.D., and today, the 4000th anniversary of the prince’s death, the maiden’s spirit should revisit.”

The tourists listened intently to the lecturer’s remarks, and then beheld John Arden and Marian Bell in their happy reunion. One of their number filled with the awe of the place and the strange scene Arden and Marian enacted before them, asked the lecturer with a nervous laugh if it were possible that these were the reincarnated spirits of the olden lovers. Her answer came calm and clear from the benign old lecturer as follows:

“It might be they—who knows? Love is deathless. To love all things are possible.”

Most of those present believed this very possibility was a reality before them. John Arden and Marian Bell knew they were lovers who had triumphed over all the vicissitudes of time. It was their day.

(FROM THE THANHouser Photoplay STARRING VALKRYIEN.)

In modern Egypt these Florida lovers met again.
THE BRIDE OF HATE

By GEORGE LA VERNE

In the year of 1830 when just underneath the surface of American life there was a smouldering flame threatening Civil War, few men were normal mentally. The menace of a great unsolved question hovered over the heads of the masses and no one could be immune to its nerve-racking effects. Therefore, inevitably, men and women were prone to love with unrestrained intensity or else they hated with dangerous bitterness. There was no middle ground for minds and hearts made abnormal by the disquieting conflict of different opinion on slavery inspired throughout the domain. Undoubtedly all this was to blame for the extraordinary frame of mind in which Dr. Dudley Duprez found himself when affairs went awry in his curious family circle. Dr. Duprez was the owner of the Bayou-Pepite Plantation, and he was the best known physician in the vicinity. For the reason that he was a widower, his orphaned grand-niece, Rose, was the mistress of his house. She was a pretty girl of twenty years, but, unfortunately, the life-long lack of the guidance of an older woman had rendered her character weak and vacillating. She was, indeed, ill equipped to cope with the problems which daily confront girls of marriageable age. Her mind was shallow and she was devoid of the caution which ordinarily safeguards young womanhood in hours of precariousness.

Thus it was in the very nature of things that Rose became infatuated with Paul Crenshaw, a wild young scion of a rather prominent family of New Orleans. Most any other girl with a trace of discernment would have realized from the inception that Paul Crenshaw was incapable of strong, manly love. His manner and conduct around Rose proved beyond a doubt that he was actuated by licentiousness. He could not possibly respect woman; he never displayed the slightest respect for Rose. He regarded her as a plaything, and she was foolish enough to permit him to have his way about everything without raising her voice in any sort of a plea to say nothing of protest.

But of course Fate could not excuse a girl for folly and so it happened that Rose awakened from her lethargy one day to find herself face to face with shame and disgrace. Exposition was pending unless Crenshaw saved the situation, which he alone was responsible for, and which he deemed quite unworthy of second thought, for, after all, he had been only having his pleasure at Rose’s expense and he considered himself in no way indebted or obligated.

As incredible as it might seem, Rose was reluctant to broach the subject which now preyed on her mind. She was compelled to force herself to even venture hints to him and she was invariably prevented from making headway towards drawing him into a discussion of her predicament by his sneering laughter. However, she was not sufficiently suspecting to even take note of the sneer in that laughter. She loved the libertine just as unrestrainedly as she would have loved the most gallant hero.

The constant mental struggle of days—and, ah, yes, long hours of many nights—finally drove her to a desperation which served as a potential force conducive to a slight aberration. To this evolution wrought by Nature, she owed her belated resolution to implore of the man she loved to give her his protection now that she had sacrificed her honor to him. Dr. Duprez was soon to leave for a prolonged visit in St. Louis, and Rose knew it was imperative that Paul should wed her before her guardian’s departure, because by the time he would return he would learn the truth.

“I hate to even suggest hurting you in your plans,” Paul said, but he must be carried before the doctor goes away,” she stammered.

“Oh, don’t worry yourself so,” was Paul’s laconic and unsatisfactory reply. “But do you realize what it means to me?” she asked wildly.

“No more than it does to me and I can stand the pressure,” he said, without any display of excitement or interest.

“But Paul,” she started to persist, but he interrupted her with a violent wave of his hand and a mean frown, which brought too much tradition into her heart to make it possible for her to combat anyone.

So, Dr. Duprez started on his journey to St. Louis unaware of the worries which beset his grand-niece.

For several days afterward Rose seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown. After she had endured her loneliness as long as she could with as little fortitude as imaginable, she sent an urgent summons to Crenshaw who responded several days later by leisurely strolling onto the plantation. His cool indifference upset Rose at the outset.

“You must marry me, now, Paul, you must, you must,” were her first words.

“Marry you?” he asked feigning great surprise. “Why should I marry you when I don’t even love you?”

“You don’t love me?” she repeated after him as if awe-stricken.

“No, certainly not—I never did tell you I loved you,” he averred without a tremor in his voice.

“But I thought you surely did or else I—I would never have been to you as I have been,” she gasped.

“Why, it was only a little mutual fun and it wasn’t anything to get serious about,” he added calmly.

This was too much for the weak-hearted Rose, who yielded to her inclination to weep with such violence that Crenshaw, like the cowardly, low person that he was, hastily got out of the house and ran away from the vicinity. Left alone with her unrequited love and her besmirched character, without anyone to utter one consoling word to her, the trend of poor Rose’s thoughts turned into periculous channels. Almost obviating was her sense of realization as she wandered aimlessly from one room of the house to the other and when she finally dropped into Dr. Duprez’s study, her hand went mechanically to a bottle of poison sitting on a convenient shelf. She was dizzy and irresponsible. She was in the throes of desperation and she did not care what happened to her now. The one man she loved and to whom she had given meekly that passionate and innocent devotion had deserted her. Vaguely she pictured herself being mercilessly denounced by her grand-uncle. She felt...
The Doctor brought to bear every tempting influence he could muster to fan the flame of love

sure he would have to exculpate Paul of all blame in order to save his life. Why go through all the ordeal of it? Then vagaries began to run riot through his mind and amidst all this mental anguish she quaffed of the deadly contents of that bottle.

Mammy Lou, the one black slave on the plantation who had ever paid much attention to Rose's queer actions, was the first one to reach her side after she had fallen semi-conscious to the floor after drinking the poison. The good, old mammy resorted to extreme emergency treatment in an effort to save the girl's life, which she succeeded in prolonging only long enough to hear the deluded victim tell her tragic secret. "Paul Crenshaw is to blame," Rose gasped a moment before she died.

It was some days later that Dr. Duprez, unaware of Rose's untimely death, started on his homeward journey on a Mississippi river boat. He was in a morbid mood and he could not understand his inability to throw off an inclination to worry. No wonder then that he should have been so dated to meet Judge Shone, of Memphis.

"By all means, Judge, let's play cards or do something to forget this awful pall that's gotten a-hold of me," the doctor suggested.

"Sure, sir, and let's make the jack-pot enough to divert our minds from all the troubles we ever had in our lives," the Judge chimed in merrily.

"Well, name any stake," bunted Duprez.

"That wonderful diamond stud you're wearing against—er—let me think." Then Shone paused to reflect for a moment. "I really haven't anything quite so valuable with me except a slave."

"Is he a good, black worker—one that can do me some good on the plantation?"

"No, that's the trouble, it's a girl, but a beauty," the Judge explained.

Without further parleying Dr. Duprez consented to go down in the cabin and look the slave over. He found her to be a remarkably comely young woman, more olive-skinned than mulatto.

"By gad, I'll gamble for her just for sport," the doctor announced. "What's the gal's name?"

"Mercedes, but I'm not guaranteeing anything; she may be as good-for-nothing a nigger as ever lived, but I had figured on putting her in my kitchen," the Judge replied.

"Oh, well, I've found that a couple of lashes of the whip generally takes most of the vanity out of pretty mulatto girls and I'll go you, Judge—my diamond against your slave."

Immediately followed a long drawn-out and interesting card game. It was nip and tuck all the way through, but Dr. Duprez finally won and he was richer by one slave of doubtful working value.

A week later he arrived at his plantation home with his new slave and he was shocked to find Rose dead, but this shock quickly succumbed to a furious rage when Mammy Lou told him of the girl's secret. The doctor's first impulse was to blame Mammy Lou, and he started to whip her, then he changed his mind and he decided to seek out Paul Crenshaw without a moment's delay for the purpose of killing him on sight, but before he had time to even start executing this plan, a novel idea came into his mind. He would use the beautiful Mercedes as a weapon against Crenshaw! He lost little time in bringing about a meeting of the young scion and the slave girl, and, as he had calculated and hoped, Crenshaw fell in love with the stunning Mercedes from the beginning by being entirely deceived as to her race. From the first minute of that first meeting Duprez brought to bear every tempting influence he could muster to fan the flame of ardent love, but never could he bring Mercedes to a point of even caring for Paul.

"Massa, I don't like that man, sir. I can't learn to like him," Mercedes told the doctor.

"But you must marry him whether you like him or not," he insisted.

"Oh, sir, I'd so much rather jes' work here for you all and stay single," she begged. "I'll be a good nigger and—and—please don't make me marry Massa Crenshaw."

"I insist that you marry him whenever he asks you to and it's my order that you keep the fact you're a nigger a secret from him."

The very next evening Crenshaw called on Mercedes and after lavishing several costly gifts on her, including a diamond brooch, he turned to desperate wooing. He was madly in love with her. Her unavoidable cold treatment of him did not even tease him. He must have her for his own. His very life depended on it.

"I want you to be my wife, Mercedes, my darling, for I love you too much to be away from you a single minute of my life," he told her in proposing.

"Oh, can't you please do without me?" she asked appealingly.

"Never," he replied firmly as he embraced her impulsively. "You must be mine at once or I shall die."

Crenshaw's attitude was irresistible to Mercedes only in view of the fact that her master had ordered her to accept him. Otherwise she felt quite strong enough in her dislike of her suitor to frankly tell him why she would not become his wife. But a slave dared not go against the wishes of a master and so it was that Mercedes agreed to entering wedlock with a marked show of reluctance. Dr. Duprez was elated when he heard the news. He instantly made known his desire of having an early wedding, which pleased Crenshaw immeasurably but which cast Mercedes deep into the chasm of gloom.

One month after the announcement of the betrothal, the wedding of Crenshaw and Mercedes took place and it was a most elaborate affair. Mercedes was a beautiful bride and Dr. Duprez spared no expense to make her nuptials imposing, and there were throngs of guests present to witness the ceremony. No one watched that ceremony with as much genuine satisfaction as the doctor. It was the accomplishment of an all-impell-
An Actress, Her Curiosity and a Basket

Paul Hurst, who plays character parts with Helen Holmes in "A Lass of the Lumberlands," the big woods fifteen-chapter serial produced in Northern California by Signal and released October 23 by the Mutual Film Corporation, put up this job.

The rest is the actress' own fault.

The trout season had just opened. Also night had just fallen, and the lights were up in the lobby of the little Arcata Hotel, where the company was putting in sleep time. Paul entered wearily from the porch, hip-boots sand-plastered, face streaked with perspiration and things, fish-basket hanging heavy from shoulder, disjointed rod in hand.

"Yes, well?" chortled three lounging actors and the actress.

"Oh, ah, fairly good luck," drawled Paul. "Indeed, rather quite good. As a fact, I believe I have brought in about the most substantial string of fish hooked in these parts at this season in some time." Notchably he swung his basket to the floor, stood his rod in a corner, and disappeared into the washroom.

"S-a-h," whispered the actress. "While he's gone let's peek.

They tiptoed across the lobby and lifted the lid.

Items: One can Columbia River salmon; I can sardines; 2 smoked herring; 1 fresh brook trout aged four inches.

The Bride of Hate swooned when she realized what a toy she was

She is white, being the descendant of a Spanish mother and an American father.

"What?" the doctor exclaimed. "Then instead of punishing the worst rascal who ever lived, I have rewarded him.

"Yes, if you thought you were getting revenge for some wrong. The poor girl has been a victim of a most dastardly plot and as I know I'm dying I want to confess my part in it and pray for divine forgiveness."

The overseer then gave Dr. Duprez all the details as to how Mercedes had been kidnapped when only a child and how she had been forced into the world as a mulatto slave. He gave all the information necessary to securing the legal documents to prove Mercedes' right to recognition as a white person and the doctor went directly from the man's death-bed and gathered all the proof of his statements.

Within the very same hour, Crenshaw had entered the yellow fever district by mistake while under the influence of liquor of which he had imbibed freely in an effort to drown his troubles and when he attempted to run away from a guard who hailed him, he was shot and killed. Fate had found a way to punish him in spite of the doctor's failure.

Dr. Duprez had just finished his task of proving the identity of Mercedes when he heard of Crenshaw's tragic end. He was thankful for being spared the burden of avenging the death of his grand-niece and he turned his full attention to extricating Mercedes from her unpleasant predicament in life. He pressed into service theapest horse he could find to hasten his arrival at his home. Once there he fairly tore doors from their hinges to reach her without delay.

"Crenshaw is dead and there is better news than that for you, gal," he said upon finding her in her room weeping. "Come with me."

Eagerly he led the pazzled girl into his study, assisting her to the easiest chair in the room.

"You are not a nigger I'm happy to say," he began, whereupon she sprang out of the chair and confronted him bewildered, yet instantly happy. "You are Spanish-American and going to set you right before the world."

"Oh, how glad I am," she muttered tremulously. "I—never could feel like a nigger. It has been so repulsive to me all my life. Tell us all about it."

Duprez acceded to her wish with marked chivalry and he turned over to her all the papers proving her case. Then on that very evening he summoned all those who had been guests at her wedding and he frankly offered his apologies for the humiliation he had inflicted on the girl. He told the whole story of her life and demanded the utmost respect for her, and she was received into the social arms of all present without hesitation.

It was immediately after the last guest had departed that Dr. Duprez led Mercedes into his study again, and there he told her knees and beggled pardon for the wrong he had unknowingly done her. She graciously forgave him, and with a wonderful smile, she helped him to his feet, and after meeting his earnest gaze for a full minute, she submitted to his embrace.

From the Photoplay Produced by the Triangle-Kay Bee Under the Supervision of Thomas H. Ince and starring Frank Keenan and Margery Wilson.
Charlie Chaplin Now and Then—Mostly Now
Being a Pot-Pourri (Without Music) of New Angles on an Old Favorite
By TOM FIELD

It may be true that great comedians are born and not made, but the great item of importance is, they must be discovered. Otherwise birth, self-development or even plain, unbeatable determination count as naught on the bivouac of life. Of course this dogma is flouted by those who are always ready to raise the cry of pessimism, but just the same the greatest of moving picture comedians will tell you that discovery is the thing. "I did some of my best and most artistic comedy work when I was earning only $35 a week," he frankly admits. He is Charlie Chaplin, a veritable "household word," a name known intimately in every nook and corner of the whole country simply because he is a genius when it comes to making people laugh. He was undoubtedly born great—he must have inherited all his present unlimited fun-making ability, yet for quite a few years he had to beg for chances to entertain people, and he had to be content with trivial compensation for his work. This was his lot until someone saw his performance in a cheap English music hall and this someone conceived the idea that Charlie would be funny in motion pictures. This led to the suggestion and the comedian acted on it. Now look at him, and it is all because he was quite accidentally discovered.

Only ten short years ago Chaplin was a small-time act playing around a small variety circuit in England. In a recent Chaplin comedy entitled "Behind the Screen," some of his actual experiences in those slim days were pictured, and in this release it was made pretty impressive that he was not treading the flowery beds of ease then. But don't forget he was just as talented and capable as he has ever been since. Once more, he had to be discovered! The reason for this repetition is to take advantage of the opportunity his case affords to create an incentive for other humble aspirants still uncharted on the map of success. Take on new courage, folks—Chaplin hails from the bottom of the ladder—down where starvation wages prevail.

But, 'for more anent the Chaplin of now. Probably no more expensive set of personal features ever appeared in one photograph together than the pair of feet on the left and the pair of hands on the right shown in the accompanying picture in which Charlie sits on a bench with Leopold Godowsky, the Polish musician. The Chaplin feet are valued at a large percentage of $670,000 annually, to say nothing of two million dollars' worth of insurance. The hands of Godowsky are as valuable as the great hands in the art of bringing out wonderful tunes from the ivory keys. He is indeed a pianist who has no superiors, making the value of his hands soar up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars with orchestra seats at five bones per.

The occasion of taking this interesting photograph was a recent visit made by Godowsky at Chaplin's workshop in Los Angeles. It was considered so notable that a 280-feet motion picture was taken of the tea party which the Mutual's famous comedian gave in his guest's honor. By far the most striking upshot of this meeting of celebrities was that the distinguished music-master agreed with Charlie about the necessity of being discovered. Yes, this is a mutual hobby of Charlie's and mine.

There have been a few persons who promulgated the idea that Chaplin is personally eccentric, but he is far from being so. However, there is evidence of his being extremely sensitive about some things. For instance when he recently purchased a fine new motor car and a jocular newspaper writer suggested that the chauffeur wear the famous Chaplin moustache and tiny derby hat and that a coat of arms consisting of a pair of feet be embossed on the side of the machine, he promptly vetoed his plan to engage a driver donning goggles and an auto cap which hides most of his features and he has been driving for himself ever since. Mind you, he was not vexed in the least, but he really could not endure the thought of so many frills even though they are characteristic of his lucrative artistry.

Another slight evidence of temperament comes to the surface every time Chaplin is obliged to deny having married someone. He has been secretly wedded at least a dozen times if the "news" reports are to be believed, but he is single even as yet, and judging from all indications and all his inclination he is headed straight for bachelorhood. The latest report of his launching his canoe on the sea of matrimony had him the husband of a Denver heiress, and here is a word-for-word excerpt from his denial: "The nearest I ever came to knowing a Denver woman was when I met a female cook who could make bully Denver sandwiches."

Charlie Chaplin's mind is generally in serious channels. He is not given to continued jesting. He loves to study especially the moving picture industry and, needless to add, he has gone to the bottom of the subject. A good interview is assured whenever this pet theme of his is broached. Not long ago a friend mentioned a few changes moving pictures have wrought, and the prize comedian immediately divested himself of a lot of lore well worth repeating:

"The popularity of motion pictures has meant a lot to the earth; a good deal more, indeed, than the people who inhabit it give credit for," he said. "Most people simply
regard it as the coming of a newer and better form of entertainment designed for the solid and simple purpose of amusing nations. But it has done a very great deal more than that. It has given a deal of enlightenment to the minds of people who would otherwise have remained insular and circumscribed in their views. It has opened their eyes to the ways of people in walks of life that would otherwise have been a closed book to them; and, by bringing this enlightenment with sound and congenial entertainment, it has enabled the former to sink deeper.

"Thus, for example, thanks to the world-wide vogue of the motion picture, civilized and half-civilized people to the furthestmost ends of the earth have been enabled to see how the other peoples live. There is hardly a moving-picture fan anywhere that hasn’t a pretty good abstract knowledge of the American mode of life, and it seems to me that the fact of motion pictures having the United States as their center has proven a gigantic publicity medium for the country. People who had but a slight idea of what America was, and were quite content to remain enlightened on the point, have had a new interest awakened in them, and it would not surprise me to learn that desirable immigration has gone up in leaps and bounds since motion pictures became the universal pastime.

"To bring the changes nearer to home, however, an altogether new idea has come to my mind, namely, that motion pictures, springing up with the rapidity of a mushroom, have created a new theory in the psychology of success. To make my point clearer, the majority of the men who now hold the industry practically in the palm of their hands, were once, like myself, of very little account to the world. They entered the profession when it was in its infancy, more as a last forlorn hope than from any other cause, and as the industry began to grow of its own accord, so their own talents expanded. They developed and acquired new turns of mind that were necessitated by the growth of the business, and within the space of a few short years, they, fellows who had previously regarded themselves as life’s failures, suddenly found themselves hailed as geniuses. Neither am I trying to take any of their laurels from them. They have made good as the necessity became imminent to ‘get on or get out,’ and have, therefore, to my mind, demonstrated the fact that success and the development of our talents to fit our jobs are things that lie in our own hands.”

Then the subject was changed to New Year’s and someone asked him if 1917 was his happiest.

"No, it was 1905,” he replied. “I was just beginning to branch out as an entertainer. I had been asked to go to a sing-song down in the Mile End Road in London near Jubilee Street. I had two or three coster songs and a Salvation Army wheeze that went very well.

“They got a good hand, and afterwards I did what we called a ‘cellar flap’ dance. This won me two or three recalls, and while I was bowing myself off, I saw a fellow with a diamond in his shirt making gestures at me. He was Gerald Condon, a vaudeville agent, and he offered me three pounds to go on up to the Pavilion in Piccadilly.

"Not much to be so happy over, I suppose you will remark, but it was my first chance, and my stuff went with the toffs in the West End. The night of the sing-song in the Mile End Road was New Year’s Eve. I was right up on my toes next morning and ‘walking on air’ all New Year’s Day.

"I get more money now in a minute than I got then in a week, but my happiest New Year’s day was the one that found me with Condon’s contract in my pocket for a week’s work at the old ‘Pav.’"

It sounds like a curious coincidence after hearing all about his past privations, but “Easy Street” is the title of the latest Chaplin comedy, produced under Chaplin’s $620,000 contract with the Mutual Film Corporation. “Easy Street” was released on January 22, 1917, six weeks from the date of previous release, and this signalizes a new departure with regard to Chaplin features, decided on after a conference between the famous comedian and President John R. Freuler, as a result of which future Chaplins, including “Easy Street” are to be even more pretentious productions than those already issued.

During rehearsals of “Easy Street” Mr. Chaplin notified Mr. Freuler that owing to the large amount of extra work and the great volume of material involved in the making of this picture, be favored extension of production time to six weeks, adding that all future productions were to be on a similarly enlarged scale, he felt it advisable to make the intervening time between releases six weeks instead of four weeks as hitherto.

While the cost of the productions is largely increased by this change, their tremendous popularity impressed Mr. Freuler as warranting the additional expenditure of time and the schedule was ordered arranged in accordance with Mr. Chaplin’s suggestion.

This play promises to be as funny as “The Rink,” which is popularly declared to be one of the most hilarious comedies Chaplin ever put out. Mr. Chaplin thinks the play will be funnier than “The Rink,” since his friends “out front” will have a laugh on him as well as at him. Chaplin’s encounter with the lamppost is said to be so funny it “rocks the walls” of the studio, though the encounter probably hurt considerably. Charlie upset the lamppost, which fell in his direction. He tried to elude it but failed. While making a regular “Hal Chase slide” to get out of the way Chaplin got nipped in transit and pinned to the studio floor.

“Easy Street” is a comedy that essays to show “how the other half lives.” It brings together the most picturesque lot of tramps ever seen on the screen to illustrate scenes in slim life. During these scenes Chaplin has an opportunity for some excruciatingly funny business.
Versatility: Or Something About an Actor Who Can Boss Any Job or Fry His Own Omelette

By HARRISON GRAHAM

W HATEVER you would have done efficiently—if you need a clever boss on any big job, or, if you would join him in a wholesome meal of his own cooking, or, would have thy blooming profile transplanted as a likeness onto the canvas via the paint and brush route, or, if you should happen to want a set of dainty furniture made to order—secure the services of Harry C. Myers, director, actor, writer, scenic artist, "prop" builder and general chief factotum of any motion picture concern which is fortunate enough to have his services. His most recent activities versatile have been in a series of Vim comedies, but just to further demonstrate his all-around ability he formerly portrayed sundry villainous roles in Lubin photoplays, which he likewise bossed, or, as they say in the vernacular of the studio, directed.

You remember all that nifty white-and-black furniture in the Myers-Vim comedies? Mr. Myers built, decorated and set up everything of it. And he would tolerate no assistance let alone brook any interference. He did it all with his own little kit of tools, just like a regular, self-reliant boss. The bedroom furniture shown in the accompanying picture is all of his handwork. And, if you will please take notice, he is personally occupying one of the beds.

Before starting his career as an actor-director, Mr. Myers was a first-class artist, having graduated from the La Salle College of Philadelphia with everybody predicting he would become a painter of renown. However, the lure of the footlights soon induced him to leave his easel.

Besides being versatile in and out of his profession, Harry Myers is one of the champion family men of the whole moving picture contingent. He maintains one of the most delightful homes in all Philadelphia, and in that home he has a wonderful little wife and three happy, little children, ages two, five and nine. One of the outstanding features of this same home is an art gallery which extends to every room in the house. There are striking paintings in oil and water colors, there are massive charcoal pictures, and there are countless pen-and-ink drawings, and all are the work of Mr. Myers. Despite the presence of a retinue of servants, Mr. Myers often prefers to cook his own meals and he can prepare a Spanish omelette which would do justice to the cuisine of the finest hotel in the land.

A Striking Beauty of the Screen

Miss Francesca Billington, who has just become William Russell's new leading woman in Mutual-American plays, was born in Dallas, Tex., where at a very early age she became famed as a daring rider. Soon after Miss Billington was ten years old her parents moved to Louisiana, and it is only six years ago that the family took up a residence in Los Angeles. Her first experience in motion picture work was with the Kalem Company with which she played leads for a year before joining the New York Motion Picture Company, under whose auspices she appeared in "Ruy Blas," "The Lovers' Plight," "The Peach Brand," "The Intruder" and other features. The new American star is very beautiful. She has dark-brown hair, large gray eyes fringed with long dark shading lashes, a perfect olive complexion and an extraordinary command of facial expression. Tall, lithe, agile as a deer, with a perfect figure and the poise of a young doe, Francesca Billington is marvelously adapted to the portrayal of emotional romantic roles. She has the indefinable quality known as "atmosphere" which is worth more than any other quality in making success on the screen.
Is Patriotism a Boon or a Bane to Humanity?
Mary Charleston, the Peter Pan of the Screen, Essays a Startling Answer to Great Question
By RALPH BERNARD

INTERNATIONALISTS are exceedingly rare in these days of almost universal and most sanguinary conflict of national aspirations. Internationalists are a little too advanced even for this advanced age. Their doctrine has to do with the obliterating of all racial hatred and prejudice and the abolition of international boundary lines by having patriotism more or less relegated to the background in all domains, the purpose being to thereby set up a socialist equality and brotherhood between all races and creeds. One of the most persistent exponents of this new idea is Mary Charleston, known as the Peter Pan of the screen, because she positively refuses to grow up either in stature or temperament, and who is at present with the Essanay company as Henry Walthall’s leading woman.

“A fallacious and habitual patriotism is reprehensible for most of our international ills which lead to such bloody wars,” she says. “Patriotism is nothing more than an exaggerated or excited allegiance to a given nation, and most patriotic outbursts are uncalled for and tend to foster an excessive pride which engenders racial hatred. If the true brotherhood of man—which means the brotherhood of Slav, Teuton, Celt, Saxon and Mongolian—is to ever be realized such animosity must be entirely eliminated, and it would be a little campaign, unless it was universally agreeable to forsake all regard for boundary lines.”

Miss Charleston’s rather Utopian ideals are the result of personal and unbiased observations of almost every race of people on this mundane sphere. She has explored most all the prominent foreign settlements in America. She declares she has been able to find something lovable about every race she has come in contact with, and that what racial differences she has found in actual existence is inconsequential. There is more equality in divergent bloods than people think, she adds.

“Now, with the spirit of true humanity prevailing in all the various countries, why should there be such wide differences of opinion as to lead to hostilities entailing the loss of millions of lives?” she asks. “My answer is simply that each race is too deduced by so-called patriotism. For instance, what does the winning or losing of the present war mean to any one soldier on either side? A little glory and that is all. No great economic problems will be solved, but the catastrophe of it all might lead to a general awakening to the advisability and feasibility of universal recognition of an equality between all races, and once this is established and is able to exert full force, the people of every nation will respect the people of every other nation too much to ever consent to go to war it wouldn’t matter what desperate machinations might be pressed into service to arouse racial, religious or social hatred.”

Miss Charleston maintains further that all races defer the starting of the task to educate their offspring too long, she arguing that the juvenile mind should be controlled from the inception in order to forestall imagination which runs rampant and

MARRY CHARLESON

leaves undesirable imprints on the mind in later life. She objects to teaching children ancient history because it inspires admiration for warriors bold. She would arouse patriotic sentiments sparingly in the child’s mind, limiting that mind to wholesome respect for its sovereign government without any animus towards the people of other governments which might have appeared in former years.

“My parents held my idea on this point, and I was taught to read music at the age of three and a half years, and I was not considered a prodigy, either,” she says. “And from the beginning my parents imbued me with the conviction that Slav was just as good as Teuton, that yellow-skinned people deserved equality with any other race, and that the Anglo-Saxon was the equal of anyone else. If all the people of the many countries now involved in war had had that same teaching, there would be no war today.”

Of course she admits that her rather Utopian theories would be worse than useless if any one nation failed to join in the movement to stamp out all causes and possibilities of disputes. In other words, if eternal peace is to ever come by her method it would be indispensable that the national pride of every country must abate in favor of a spirit of unflinching brotherhood to the subjects of all the other domains.

“This will seem like a wild notion, but close students of economic conditions throughout the world realize that the final upshot of the present European war could bring about just such a state as would be conducive to a flawless equality between all the races,” she says. “Once all men cease to hold animosity against other men who happened to be born of another race a beneficent socialism will rule the world. If you pause to ponder on the subject you will recognize the incongruity and injustice of holding against a man the fact that he was born in another country than your own, because you must consider that no one can control their nationality and therefore no foreigner should be held as an enemy or as being unequal so long as he is mentally your equal.”

'THO' THANKSGIVING BE GONE!

“Gee, what a tummy ache they’d make if they were a great big pie!” Fannie Ward, Lasky star, is caught in the act of giving vent to her youthful spirits by drawing faces on some real California prize pumpkins, taken to the Lasky studio to serve as “filling” for a photo-play production.
RUTH ROLAND

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

FORREST STANLEY

BEVERLY BAYNE

FOUR STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY
THE SILENT TREND
A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

MOTION pictures! The synonym of the greatest action attainable in the matter of progress. Verily, this gigantic industry, though in its infancy, has made unconscious headway. Only ten years ago no one would venture to predict half the present-day achievements of the art. Even that recently the dramara was a cause of marveling in some quarters, and a great deal of satisfying diversion was derived from exhibitions of pictures on movable screens as viewed through an aperture in a darkened room. Compared to the wonderful screen productions now so rife, the dramara was woefully crude. Five years ago a three-reel picture was considered a feature, and one-reelers predominated. Now, with the advent of the year of 1917, five-reel photoplays are experiencing difficulty in holding their own, due to the prevailing tendency to eclipse them with greater picture plays and animated spectacles of six, seven, eight and even ten parts. Whereas the sum of a few hundred dollars was deemed a sufficient outlay of cash to invest in one film, much less than a decade ago, producers at present do not hesitate to gamble tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars on a single cinema effort. Unlike many other forms of amusement—the circus, for instance—the photoplay has not taken a gypsy course. Instead it has followed a straight line forward and upward. Pioneers of the business have adequately habilitated themselves and master experts from the allied theatrical field have become valuable recruits in the original ranks. Garrulity has succumbed to sane action, and the net result is the world's most democratic style of entertainment has ascended to the heights of success. No longer do experimental or experimental projects hamper—the business is an exact science. So, it is indeed germane and justified that the producers and all their associates should, in this new year, regard verbose calamity-bowing with equanimity, and that they should consider the immediate future roseate with reassuring prospects. The unmistakable inclination to back up profusely expressed promises with unprecedented activity on the part of the captains of the game presages further amazing development, and it effectually squelches all innuendo of retrogression. Worry not, photoplay fans et al, there is not one iota of doubt as to what the trend of the silent drama will be in this 1917—it will be as replete with greater pleasure as a cocktail is lacking in lassitude.

It has been suggested that the title and cast of each photoplay of five or more reels be flashed on the screen at the end of each picture for the benefit of the persons who enter the theater after the main feature has started. This is not a bad idea, despite the fact that it might tend to encourage the public in disregarding punctuality to the extent of paying little attention to the bona fide advertised for the great feature acting. There is another side to the question this innovation would revive, and that pertains to those who are in their seat from the outset and who are therefore disturbed by late arrivals. It is after all little less than re-running the first few scenes of the film that is asked. This, of course, would be ridiculous. Just how far removed from the ridiculous would it be to run the title and cast of characters last? First let this question be wisely settled before giving this not-bad idea a trial.

THE rescue of a soul from the bondage which the vicious drug habit imposes is especially interesting in this age of presuming uplift when the final victorious note is permeated with an optimism that makes you feel convinced there is plenty of good in the worst of human derelicts. No narrative has been visualized in recent times which has so adequately fulfilled a useful, moral purpose as "The Truant Soul" accomplishes with the aid of the truly wonderful acting of Henry W. B. Walthall. The theme is inevitably morbid from the depths of its conception to the stage of its execution. It is a vividly dramatic action, but after the story is told and "the poor soul" emerges from the dark caverns of disgrace to become a normal benefactor of mankind, you get the desire to arise and do nothing for the right honorable indolent girl. The vivid story is of Dr. Lancaster, a Jekyll, and Hyde, who was alternately good and bad until came a fateful moment when the operating-room, the half-crazed surgeon meets its nemesis, the nurse, and gains inspiration to reform from the obvious power of her person. He confesses to her his weakness for drugs which convert him into a fiend, and he persuades her to take him to a sanitarium in the country, where ensues a thrilling struggle between the brave, little nurse and a malevolent half-brother for the soul of the afflicted surgeon. A tense scene is followed by a violent one; technically marvelous dramatic situations come with hair-raising rapidity, and as a spectacular climax the nurse and her patient have a narrow escape from death when the sanitarium is destroyed by fire. Out of the ruins of the building rises the rehabilitated soul so long truant, and Dr. Lancaster is no longer the slave of demon drugs. Joan, his nurse, had led him in his conquest and in the ultimate victory the pair rejoice and love mutually. Mary Charleson portrays the character of the nurse-heroine admirably—she looks the part and acts the part. She builds up her character beautifully; the restraint which compels spontaneous praise. Mr. Walthall never gave to the screen a finer abundance of high artistry. He accomplishes much out of the ordin-
ary in what really constitutes three different roles, namely: the good and bad sides of the heroine and the villainic half-brother of the leading lady.

"The Traunt Soul" tend to place the moving picture theater in the front rank of the army of sundry forces battling grimly to show humanity how possible it is to triumph over the most discouraging preponderance of obstruction placed in the pathway of life by omnivorous evil.

The current fad among screen stars to head their own incorporated producing companies is becoming more universal, and J. Warren Kerrigan is the leader in this line already established by Mary Pickford, Clara Kimball Young and others. No one can gainsay the effectiveness of this plan in accomplishing the divorce of temperamental stars from managerial incompatibility when the two are found to clash with an excess of frequency, but it is desirable to have more harmony, and less estrangement although there is no danger in having so many film concerns launched by stars, the company will at least gain competition from becoming ousted by the counteracting movements of certain influential producing firms to establish and foster trusts, which would prove most detrimental. Keep legitimate competition has made the moving picture business the great thing it is today, and this same potential force is what will perpetuate its advancement. In plain language it is a mischievous worry to urge that if there are any unskrupulous human beings in the film world, they shall be deprived of every opportunity to flourish. An inability to get a corner on the market will curtail them and the flotation of wholesome and powerful, new competition will keep them strictly on their merits, better than anything else. Nevertheless it would be regrettable if more of the leading producers should lose too many of their stars, but their own welfare should provide ample incentive to stem the tide.

Jules Verne's erstwhile fantastic book, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," which is not now the wild, impossible fiction it was when published, has at last reached the screen, and it is at once sensational, novel, educational and absolutely scenic. The numerous underwater scenes form a striking innovation in this picture, and it visualizes with faultless realism a spectacle few human eyes have ever gazed upon—the marvels of submarine life at the bottom of the sea. What Jules Verne dreamed, we of this generation can see as an actual animated photograph. In truth, this spectacle is absolutely devoid of the marvelous and the genuinely revolutionary-working navigation invention are depicted with impressive effectiveness. If you have no idea how an under-sea craft looks while whistling its way through surging waters many leagues below the surface, you will be given a most accurately vivid view of the very thing. Interpolated throughout all the scenic submarine wonders shown is a well-sustained story of a melodramatic sort. To Williamson Brothers, who produced this most valuable film for the Universal, should go the un stinted praise of everyone for essaying and accomplishing an ambitious project, which, only a few months ago, was considered as wild a hazard as Mr. Verne's conception of a diving ship had been in the years that elapsed. "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" is one photoplay production which should be seen by parents and children alike. In fact, everyone who takes a pride in the glorious前者ward march of this art will derive unlimited pleasure and satisfaction from watching this two-hour cinema triumph.

Marguerite Clark's latest starring vehicle on the screen is one of her oldest successes on the stage, it being none other than "Snow White." Primarily, this picture is for the juvenile mind, as it is not expected to interest adults. It is a fairy story, and the title role gives Miss Clark all the latitude she could desire for giving full vent to her gleeful vivacity, a vivacity which, in this case, clates children but fails to interest grown-ups. Evidently the Famous Players, who produced "Snow White," expected it to attract photoplay fans of all ages, but it seems certain the returns will not prove the wisdom of this expectation. It is a delightful picture for the kiddies, who will agree that Miss Clark makes an enchanting princess. Maturity's penchant to turn to more practical subjects of interest in the illumination of "Snow White" — it is one of the rages of the time, this losing of love for fantastic myth.

The heroine of the story is a simple country maid of the type one sees in every hamlet, and she is known by the good, bad and indifferent community as Snow White. She weds a young pauper poet, and with him undertakes to eke out an unobtrusive, honorable existence in an humble garret domicile in the thick of Manhattan. In the year of Norwegian débuts of several unskrupulous persons, she comes through her varied experiences unscathed by broader knowledge of the world's wickedness. Finally when the young poet fulfills his verses which is published in a well-paying position in which his work is to write jingles for "baked beans advertisements," the couple begin an era of blissful life in a comfortable apartment and neither here nor heroine acquire the slightest semblance of the blase spirit which is popularly supposed to make its imprint upon all who reside in the vicinity of the Great White Way for any length of time. They can be just as good and moral in Manhattan as you can in a country town. Agnes C. Johnston wrote this quite charming romantic drama and she succeeded admirably in making it a delightful play of youth. Gladys Hulett is delightful in the role of Phoebe, and she gives quite a demonstration of marked versatility first as a tom-boy on the farm and next as a sincere, little bride in a big-town garret, and then as the ideal wife of a successful writer of jingles. There has been such an unbroken series of photoplays showing the pitfalls and bad spots of New York life that "Her New York" affords ingratiating relief from the monotony of a long-endured exaggeration.

Complete and irreparable obliteration should be the immediate fate of the "moral preachment" trend some producers have persisted in forcing on the photoplay world. Picture warnings against deviating from the path of rectitude have never had any other effect than to intemperately obstruct the screen. The public has the same sympathy to the earnest consideration of the earnest protestations of self-styled uplift producers that they seek to promote the common weal. It is too obvious their one incentive is to attract the pelt of the morbid and the unwarthy to the box office. "Enlighten Thy Daughter," a seven-part drama, is one of the latest of these unsavory propaganda efforts embodying all the tendencies which have so long prevented the moving picture from extricating itself entirely from the entanglements of disdainful accusation as to its honesty of purpose. Fundamentally it is granted that a daughter should be enlightened, but it should not be done as a public exhibition. It is eminently a matter to be discussed and settled in the home. Incidents of a delicate nature which inevitably arise in the course of training may be glossed over artfully enough to prevent them from being most obnoxious as a part of a photo-drama. The story unfolded in "Enlighten Thy Daughter" is clumsily constructed with the temper in even sufficient cleverness to give it a continuity which would command some attention. We even would not narrate here a brief synopsis of that story for
fear it might be read by someone who is unfortunate enough to be so controlled by curiosity as to become susceptible to the desire to see that which will only disprove it. We would rather join in the most mordacious denunciation of such films for the sake of both our readers and photoplay art which we love and want to honor. Even though “Enlightened Amateurs” might escape the gauze of censorship because of the promiscuous uses which have been made of innocents, it is to be hoped it cannot gallop wildly to puerile success simply because the effect would be baneful; it would not only contaminate many minds, but it would encourage the production of more emulations, and, if ever comes the time when dramas of this ilk prevail, the screen will pass into oblivion.

WITH the excitement coincident to the advent of a new year subsides, it is not at all amiss to take cognizance of the noteworthy development of the photoplay industry during the twelve-month just ended. It is a subject of the first magnitude due to the fact that it constitutes the counteracting force which checks the few predatory fellows who plan the demise of competition for the purpose of monopolizing the motion picture field and consequently reaping fabulous wealth just as many other American financiers have done in other commodities. The triumphs of the tom-toms signifying the formation of an iron-clad moving picture trust would be the death knell of the industry and now, thanks to the trend toward independence, no such obsequies are possible. There are too many ways to turn to ever be shoved into the corner which would-be malefactors of great wealth always aspire to crowd a proposition. Ex-agument should surely convince. When I severed connections with the program system and announced the organization of a corporation headed by one star, the wisdom of their choice their humbled prophecies of speedy disillusionment and failure. I was assailed on all sides as a menace to the industry, because I was trying to act independently of the other fellows, believing they would benefit by my competition as much as I would. Open booking is only the means of readjusting the overproduction of features. It gives the exhibitor a chance to select his own picture, and he knows best what his particular patrons like. The program system often forces him to take a lot of film he does not want in order to get the one he does want. There are still a few there are, the better the pictures will be, for competition puts everyone on their mettle and merits, which, after all, is the only sane way to adjust the breach between production and consumption.

AN exceedingly clever adaptation of Thomas Dixon’s powerful novel, “The Foolish Virgin,” proves to be an engaging fare for the photoplay fans and the supreme portraiture of Clara Bow is the very soul of the story. Young as she is in the stellar role accentuates the potentiality of the whole highly literary work. She takes full advantage of a wonderful opportunity, and she plays with such finesse that she commandeers superlative praise. She portrays the character of Mary Adams, a young public school teacher, who devotes her leisure moments to dreaming of the romantic days when the world was graced by knights and beautiful ladies. She is so absorbed by her dreams of the chivalry of bygone times that when she is rescued by a strange, young man from the obnoxious acrostic of a hoohum, she idolizes her hero, Jim Anthony, who had turned burglar after having an invention stolen from him. Mary weddth unaware of his illicit inclinations. In the course of events Jim takes Mary to visit his mother in the mountains of Carolina. He takes with him a bag of plunder he had acquired as a result of robbing Mary. When Mary finds him to be a wretched creature living in a dirty hut, and her surprise over this is augmented by the amazement which seizes her upon discovering the valuable jewels which Jim confesses he had stolen when confronted. Mary is so horrified by this disclosure that she excludes Jim from her room for the night and he sleeps on a couch in an adjoining room. The old woman discovers the valuables, and her rapacity leads her to attempt to turn the young woman out of her recognized as her son. After Jim recovers from the wound his own mother inflicted and when Mary refuses to longer consort with him, he returns to the city and not only does he reform, but he makes restitution. He had strayed from the past, being inspired by this mighty love for Mary. Several years later a reconciliation is brought about in a most interesting series of incidents and all ends happily with Jim a man of property, but basically remains a true lover. The love Mary had fostered for him in the beginning, and which is revived by his demonstration of sincere desire to be a useful, honorable man.

TALENT FROM A SELECT FIELD

Film magnates have always been noted for their willingness to invoke any field for talent offering justification for extraordinary publicity. If reports are true, William A. Brady is about to place under contract Mrs. Henrietta B. Lindsey, wife of Judge Ben Lindsey, of the Denver Juvenile Court, and the announced plan is to star her in a series of detective stories to be written by her distinguished husband, it being Mrs. Lindsey’s laudable intention to select as a percentage of her salary to the charitable causes in which the Judge is so deeply interested.

SERIALS INCLINED TO STAY

It is now contended that serial motion pictures have come to stay, as the public has taken kindly to them, and, as a result, there are at least twenty of these serials running now as against only a half-dozen or so a year ago. One of the most important of these is the recently in the development of this phase of motion pictures was the Pathé serial, a “Crisis of the Pilletta” novel, “The Double Cross,” which, it is claimed, in the first novel to ever be converted into a serial photoplajy.

F RANK KEENAN, in a powerful phototrama, “The Sin Ye Do,” repeats the distinguished success achieved on the stage. In this intensely dramatic production, he portrays the character of a lawyer who is auntire to his own condemnation of the so-called “unwritten law,” despite the fact that his own life has been far from perfection. When a little stenographer in a struggle to defend her honor kills an intimate friend of his, this lawyer volunteers his professional services as a prosecutor, with a truly bitter determination to exact the full penalty for the crime. A scene approaching the very acme of dramatic forcefulness follows his discovery that the girl he seeketh his is his own daughter. Very properly and with a show of reassuring manliness he immediately ceases to be the prosecutor and instead becomes the counsel-in-chief for the defense. Later it develops he has been guilty of instances of dishonesty when his better nature asserts itself he saves his face with results quite pleasing. Although at times this theme skates on rather thin ice, it is nevertheless an engaging feature devoid of obnoxious characteristics. It is a simple impressive lesson to those who so frequently forget the sins they do in their eagerness toö make others suffer for their sins.

“A GAMBLE in Souls,” in which William Desmond and Dorothy Davenport co-starred, is a worthy successor to “The Island of Dr. Moreau” and “Hearts Adrift,” and, if you liked these latter two you will probably dote on the first-named. It is the old story about the man and woman who are shipwrecked and stranded in a wild island, but some new angles to the time-honored narrative are adroitly introduced at the crucial moments, and these innovations in construction lead up to two plausible “big moments,” which would save most films. One ang, when the ing moments comes when two men, one a news-writer, fall from a hill in a desperate struggle over the woman, who is in this case a Barboury coast actress. The other is the episode of the sinking ship.
EDITORIAL

What Flitting Shadows Do for American Life

ERACIOUS verisimilitude coupled with a diverting digression from the actual monotony of life's hurly-burly will never cease to radiate that effulgent light which transforms the darkest caverns into brilliantly-illuminated palaces for the nonce at least. Fate, that hydra-headed task-master and trouble-maker, absconds only when it is not heeded, and the flitting shadows which grace a million screens do more to relieve human beings from the ordeal of worrying with Fate than any other influence. True and beneficial psychology is so generally projected in the photoplays of today that every spectator can find some solace, some elevating from raimony or some cheer-infusing hope as a compensating for becoming addicted to the cinema habit. Compelling stories of real terrestrial plausibility, little laugh-provoking skits making fun of life's common situations and spectacular propaganda films all serve purposes which redound in wielding a potential and perennial blow to Demon Worry, humanity's most subjective and devastating fallacy. It would be difficult to encompass the unlimited succor the photodrama extends to all America, although it is known there have been countless suicides and murders averted by the object lessons and entertainment this medium invariably affords, and although a tremendous general educational work has been successfully accomplished by the art. However, the most momentous achievement for the public weal ever attained by any human power is undoubtedly the moving picture's definitive making of the whole nation akin. It has been a cohesive, unerring blender of the alternating currents of human existence. This makes for harmony—for understanding. What greater work could be done for the general welfare? What other single agency can operate so effectually in such a wide scope? Verily, next to the exhortation to derive of the spiritual benefits of the church, the urging to attend the photoplay, to assiduously assimilate its worthy phases, is the most vital advice. Where-in tens of millions of people of various races are photoplay fans today, there should be hundreds of millions ere this new twelve-month is gone. The flitting shadows of the screen should be given every encouragement in their united endeavor to promote a crucial cause, for it is by these presents that this efficacious force does greater things for American life.

Forward!

What had been deemed insurmountable obstacles have been overcome by the irresistible forward movement of the incomparable development of the moving picture industry. True, there are still a few obstructions and a few obstructionists in the way, but the entire business has been so firmly established on such a veritable Gibraltar foundation that there is an ample redundance of vitality to avert disaster even if a period of depression should come as a result of international crises caused by the European war. The possibility of world-wide peace at an early date is a source of unlimited satisfaction, because with the restoration of tranquillity the foreign market will be practically the exclusive property of American film producers for a long time, inasmuch as it will require a great many months for the manufacturers in war-torn countries to get their portion of the industry on a basis of sufficient size to meet the demands. Therefore, it is befitting to rejoice over the situation. It is the epoch-making time for American products of all varieties. It is the ideal time to have as the all-prevailing slogan now and henceforth the one inspiring word: Forward! Be it ever thus.

March!

Wherein millions of weary feet have been marching to doom by the orders of war lords, there have been millions of feet with all the sturdy manhood and undefiled brains which go with them marching to the glory of being prepared to serve the world in its hour of distress. The suffering millions are in the battle zones of the Old World; the millions who stand ready to effect salvation are in America. While those Americans possessing the necessities of life stand ready to serve the cause of humanity, the men who provide photoplay amusement stand equally as ready and, hence, please bear in mind, entertainment will wield a wide influence in the reconstruction of the ravaged countries, for men cannot perform great tasks without pausing occasionally to be diverted from the weighty problems coincident to an exacting work. The moment the smoke of battle arises from Mother Earth, all America, in spirit at least, must march onto the ruins and aid in the mitigation of sorrows. How appropriate it is that American photoplays, real assassins of worry, should be among the leaders in that march! How pleasing to note that purely mercenary motives do not confound that march!
The Photoplayers' Menagerie
A Creation of Good Fellowship

BY MARJORIE WRIGHT

DOUBT it if you will, but it is nevertheless true that a vast majority of motion picture performers of today are lovers of pets because of an all-prevailing good fellowship which has become a sort of a universal characteristic among studio folk, and hence we have the photoplayers' menagerie. A screen artist who does not possess a pet of some species is indeed a rarity, and nine times out of ten you will, upon investigation, discover the mascot has been adopted because of pity and a desire to share luxuries with an unfortunate brute. It is strictly good fellowship which knows no line of demarkation. Mary Pickford, for instance, keeps her pet goat simply because she is afraid someone else would not be as good to it as she is and, despite the fact that it is a great deal of trouble. Charlie Chaplin generally has so many different pets that he finds it necessary to maintain a catalogue in order to properly systematize his philanthropic work of caring for them all. Nearly every dog he ever owned was a tramp he picked up and sheltered out of sympathy.

A curious part of this predominant good fellowship of photoplayers is, it does not stop for even danger. As a matter of fact, ferocious pets receive as much attention and fondling as the most docile creatures. As an example, Vivian Reed, the Selig star, is cited. Miss Reed has always shown a partiality for wild, unsafe beasts. She once had a leopard, which she trained to do tricks, but which she could never teach to forget treachery. Now she is the owner of a tiger cub, and she says she is determined to cling onto it and to be its mistress supreme even after it has reached the age of maturity, which means two hundred pounds of bloodthirsty, civilization-defying tiger, a customer few would care to dally with even though the acquaintance had extended back into its cubhood. As the accompanying photograph proves, Miss Reed is exceedingly happy while fondling this wee bit of jungle king, and she is laughing at the suggestion of being afraid.

“Nervous in the presence of a tiger?” she asks jovially, and then she answers the question herself thus: “Not when I’ve taught it all the manners it knows myself. The moral is: I never teach a beast to bite or scratch or to become enraged.”

And while we are on the subject of dangerous pets, let us turn our gaze to the picture of Margarita Fischer, the Mutual star, who fondles the giant snake so nonchalantly. How would you like to have a little python like that in your home? True, Miss Fischer does not exactly keep this one right in her home, but she does board it in a nearby zoo, and she has made a great friend out of it. She has so completely tamed her pet that she can tickle it under the chin, pat its ice-cold slinky sides or play tag with it. This little plaything is only twenty-eight feet long. It has charming green eyes and a very long, forked tongue, which in python land, so the authorities say, is considered a mark of great beauty. Miss Fischer is so fond of Friend Pyth she insisted that a part be written for him in “Miss Jackie of the Navy,” and the upshot of it all is the snake has just made its debut on the screen with a wiggle, and while Miss Fischer is scoring her hit in masquerading as a jolly tar, the python does a little triumphing on its own account—it makes a hit because it is only in the picture and not in the theater in person.

Margarita Fischer has all kinds of fun with her pet Python. Could you?

Far from being afraid Vivian Reed laughs when her pet tiger cub is glum

A horse loves to be petted, as Dorothy Bernard can testify
A bear is not a particularly trustworthy pet, especially for a child—a full-grown bear, we mean. However, Little Mary Sunshine, the child artist who appears in Pathé and Balboa features, is the sole owner and complete boss of a great big live’r Bear. Of course the critter is kept “intact” with a chain, but its child owner is never afraid to put it on the head or to slap its nose if it misbehaves. It is barely possible the bear is not as much conquered as it is considerate.

In exploring the haunts of “movie stars” one frequently comes upon extremely curious pets. Not long since there was some genuine amazement rife in studio circles when it was learned that William Russell, of the American-Mutual stellar forces, harbored a strong fondness for and an undying attachment to a turkey. Nobody had ever heard of anyone giving a safe home to a turkey through the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year’s seasons, but Mr. Russell has done just this, and moreover he fully expects to have the same turkey right with him after all three of these foul-slaughtering periods come and go again.

“This turkey is the best pet I ever owned, and I can derive more pleasure from playing with it than I can with any of your pedigreed canines,” Mr. Russell says.

Well, there is little else to say about this, except here is a bird of a pet.

Of course many an actor and actress effects dogs as superior pets, but there are few who own such a unique rep as does Dorothy Kelly of the Vitagraph. Its exact pedigree is something of a secret. It has ancestors, but Miss Kelly thinks it is more fun to keep her pet a mystery. A great many people will be cock-sure they know exactly what kind of a dog this is, but study the picture carefully, for there’s a catch in the problem. The only thing conceded is, this same dog is not by any means ordinary canine flesh. It is a classy exception to every rule.

The horse enjoys an unlimited popularity among the pet-lovers of filmdom, and many of the stars own blooded steeds of exceptional value. No one ever thought more of a horse though than Dorothy Bernard, the Fox star, does of “Glen White,” which she is embracing in the accompanying picture. Miss Bernard is firm in her belief that “Glen White” possesses Thespian talents, and she frequently gets him in the cast of film features. Only recently this horse played a prominent part in a photoplay entitled “Sporting Blood.”

Both William and Dustin Farmum are among the foremost exponents of the horse’s cause, while William S. Hart would not trade his pet broncho for the best prize-winning dog that ever barked. Hughey Mack, the ultra-portly comedian, declares he is strong for the mule because the mule is strong for fat men. Mae Murray, the Lasky star, has a pet ostrich, which follows her all day long. So fond has she become of the bird that she is teaching it to sing like a canary with success. Viola Dana, the Metro star, always maintains a large family of pet dogs, cats and rabbits, and she is among the leaders in the crusade against vivisection, which form of medical experiment she holds to be unnecessary cruelty to animals. She is an earnest ally of several societies which are fighting this scientific practice.

One prominent actor has as his hobby the collection of rare turtles, and he has at the present time twenty-two specimens, all alive and much petted. Still another actor, one of the pioneers of the screen, has a pair of silver-gray fox, the value of which is approximately $25,000. In conclusion it is certain that if some promoter who sought to establish a zoo would invade the “jungles” of photoplayers instead of hunting through the uninhabited wilds of remote corners of the globe, he could assemble a menagerie replete with variety and novelty. Forsooth, there is no animal too wild or too extraordinary or uncommon or that comes too high or too fierce for occupants of the shadow stage. They must have a pet if it's only a lowly beetle, and the whole notion comes from a sincere desire to be safely in the category of good fellowship.
A CHAT WITH DORIS KENYON
By CHAS. E. WAGNER

"Good evening."
"Good evening, won't you step in?"
"I called to see Miss Kenyon."
"I am Miss Kenyon," was the answer.
"I beg your pardon, but I thought—"

"Never mind. I know what you thought. You expected to see a maid who would usher you in with much pomp and splendor to interview milady, who would languidly lay her book upon the table and offer you a chair. But not so with me. I am just like all other girls and—"

"First of all," continued the little lady, "I was born in the wilds of Syracuse, N. Y., in the year 1897—here I made a quick mental note that my fair hostess was just nineteen—" I was educated at the Packer Collegiate Institute and Columbia University. After my college education I lived on a farm for three years, communing with cows, chickens and the like, and it was here that I was imbued with the desire to become a picture star. I am very fond of music and am taking vocal lessons at the present time. I have had several offers to go upon the stage.

"I have only been in pictures about ten months," she continued, "My first screen presentation was 'The Rack' for the World film. I then appeared in 'The Pawn of Fate' in support of George Beban, 'The Empress' and 'The Ocean Waif,' together with 'The Man Who Stood Still,' in which I supported Lew Fields. These are the latest productions that I have appeared in.

"I love all outdoor sports, particularly deer hunting." I interrupted the young lady at this point with the remark that she should be able to find any number of "dears" along Broadway, which brought a little pout from her, and the reply that she did not mean those kind of dears, whereby I immediately made myself as small as possible and sunk further back into a corner of my chair.

"And motoring, I just adore it! When I was a real little girl I had a desire to write poetry, but it never amounted to very much and in later years my literary endeavor took a turn toward scenario writing. But I have given all this up and decided writing was never in my line."

Dear fans, often as we sit in a theater, mentally following very closely the trials and tribulations of a character that appeals to our sympathy, we never seem to realize this particular player is just another little cog, like ourselves, in the machinery of life—always working toward the ultimate goal to teach and entertain mankind. Doris Kenyon embodies all of the hopes, ambitions and virtues she portrays upon the screen, and her pleasing and attractive personality, even in prominence, is always blended with her role, which means much in the established fame and popularity this clever little lady possesses. Her beauty, youth and talent, each of which she has in abundance, are her strongest assets.

With Triangle Ray at Home
By MOSGROVE COLWELL

When a Ray with the first name of Charles flashed across the screen in the Triangle-Ince production of "The Coward," photoplay critics hailed the arrival of a new star. That Charlie Ray's success was not a one-picture affair was proved by his later plays. That the role of the erring youth brought to manhood through struggle is not the only one he can portray also has been proven.

But Charlie Ray on the screen is a different fellow from Charlie Ray at home, although the same winning personality is evident in both places. In the sunny California bungalow which Ray calls home, there are many little touches of a youthful man whose interests are clean, and whose nature is simple and wholesome.

His home, in fact, is another refutation of the popular fancy that a screen star's life is just one round of empty gayety after another. One will find room for wholesale and furious entertaining, but there are many things which help Ray find diversion when he is not busy at the studio.

Only his intimate friends know that the Ince star is not only an artist as an actor, but an artist with the pigments and brush. Under a peach tree on the lawn he sets up his easel and spends hour after hour reproducing scenes along the shore of Santa Monica Bay, or fastening down the beauty of a still life group.

There's an open-air writing-room, where Charlie Ray writes 'scripts—saleable ones too. The typewriter clicks with frequent regularity, for there usually is a mass of correspondence to be answered.

And there's a shady, comfortable corner of the bungalow veranda, with an easy chair, a row of books, and matches and cigarettes at hand.

And far from being least, there's Eleanor Hare, Charlie Ray's niece, who is proud of her four years, and prouder still of her uncle who plays with her every time she visits.

Thus is divulged another case wherein an actor leads an exemplary life worthy of commendation.
Nifty Knickers, Newest Mode of Studio Set, are Handy While Washing Dishes and Making Beds

By SHIRLEY MASON

Nifty Knickers are all the go
Among the set at the studio.
They’re popular—our cook she wishes
She could wear a pair when she does the dishes.
She weighs 300, she’s inky black!
If the iceman saw her he’d never come back!

And here, ladies and gentlemen, we have
Ann Murdock, the McChure star in “Seven Deadly Sins,” the series of five-reel features, all dolled up in the latest creation in boudoir costumes, namely, nifty knickers, a term meaning much to ye dutiful housewife who would have more comfortable and more convenient attire while lolling or working around the family domicile. This innovation in house-dress has been so successfully popularized by Miss Murdock that even thus early many photoplay actresses are wearing ‘em regularly, having summarily tossed dresses into the junk heap. Needless to add, tranquil home takes on the aspect of the Bohemian the minute the lady of the house adopts this trim apparel, but innately this does not deter the feminine seeker of handy comfort.

The knickers Miss Murdock wears in the accompanying picture are made of purple satin over a lingerie slip, and around her shoulders she wears a robe of printed silk in futurist colors. Indeed, from both line and design standpoints, they are superb, and should make friend husband flush with pride as he beholds the spectacle and holds the wearer upon his arrival home after a day of drudgery at the office or store.

As time will undoubtedly prove, these knickers will become universal among home-lovers who have no penchant whatever for things Bohemian. They will be found a distinct improvement over skirts, which interfere in the doing of housework. Explicitly, your clothes never will get in the way of the vacuum cleaner if you wear knickers. And another thing, they defy the most obnoxious mouse!

Joan Sawyer’s Pedometer Records 210,138 Steps in Two and a Half Weeks of Movie Work

By LILLIAN FULTON

"Watch your step!" says Joan Sawyer, "or, if you can’t watch it, count it.
"For the last few years I have been counting my own steps so carefully that I feel almost like a countess in my own right!" the noted dazseuse, who is now a filmuse, said facetiously recently.

"When I left dancing for the moving-picture field, I thought I would have a reprieve from my continuous round of stepping. I believed that practically all exercise in my new work would be confined to eyes, arms and mouth, with an occasional toss of the head. Yet here is my photoplay only a little more than half finished and I have taken already 210,138 steps. Oh, no, the movies are not a strenuous life!"

Miss Sawyer makes no claim to having counted personally this awful total of steps—a total which is equalled only by the number of steps to your floor when the elevator isn’t running.

Nor does she assert that a little bird told her how many she had taken. But a little machine did.

The count of 210,138 is absolutely accurate, because Miss Sawyer carried her faithful pedometer during all the time that she has been actively at work in her new production. She wore it on her right—well, where one naturally would wear a pedometer if one wanted it really to register.

"I just sat me down the other day to figure out what 210,138 steps meant. My stride is two feet."

Naturally. It takes two feet to make any stride. But go on with the story.

"Well, allowing two feet to the step, I walked 420,276 feet, or almost eighty miles in two and a half weeks. Think of that! More than five miles a day."

About a thousand steps crept into the count when the famous artistic had to perform her dances before the lens. In the course of the picture, Miss Sawyer gives several exhibitions of her art.

She got her pedometer three years ago when she was on the vaudeville stage, spreading the gospel of the dance. The machine counts by twos, but it almost "cracked under the strain" when the villain Holmes shook the heroine, Miss Sawyer, in the new picture.
THE DOWNFALL OF MR. UPP

By LOUELLA MARTIN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MRS. JONES-BROWN-SMITH—An old-fashioned mother who wants to go back to Kokomo.

BESSIE JONES—Her stage-struck daughter.

JOHANNIE BROWN-SMITH—A press agent.

POLICEMAN SMITH. A Thug.

(Written in present tense, a style used in writing all photo-plays.)

Mrs. Jones-Brown-Smith is in bed and sound asleep when her daughter, Bessie Jones, a novice of a chorus girl, returns home from the theater with Johnnie Brown, a top-fiddling young scion, as her escort. Johnnie brazenly betrays a marked inclination to stick around the front door and jolly Bessie, who seems exceedingly anxious that he go his way. The anxious glances she inadverdently persists in the stentorian lead her to the ulterior to deduce that the girl is expecting other company, and being of little and mean enough mind to be jealous without a right, he finally bids her goodnight and proceeds to retire from the neighborhood; but, as a matter of fact, he only steps around an adjacent corner and places himself on guard there with a determination to see what happens. After looking up and down the streets anxiously, Bessie hastens into her mother's best apartment and stealthily tip-toes up to her bed to make sure that she is asleep. Then she stations herself at a window and watches eagerly. Presently Mister Upp, a rather gauntly attired press agent of middle age and of the bank type, arrives at the door below. Bessie, obviously pleased, glances back at her mother's bed before pushing the button which unlocks the door below, and just as she is about to leave the room her heart is meeting her midnight caller down in the hallway, her mother turns over, awakens and greets her daughter with an affectionate "Hello, darling!" This is poor Bessie's first knowledge that by now Mister Upp is inside the hallway awaiting her, that when she essays to say "hello" she stammers to the extent of repeating the first syllable as follows, "Hello—er—hello!" This brings the surprised mother out of bed and on her feet demanding to know what on earth Bessie is saying about. With great nervousness Bessie attempts to bodily force her mother back to bed, and her unusual action so riles the old woman that she calls her girl's ears. Bessie's continued persistency, despite this chastisement, leads the mother to suspect that her daughter has been imbuing too freely of wine, and she grovels in her bed and says nothing while she smells her breath; but Bessie has not been drinking at all. Then the impatient Mister Upp in the hall below beckons Bessie with a low whistle, which frightens Mrs. Smith, and which leads to her complete upsetting when Bessie calmly informs her it is a burglar, adding that it was the knowledge of the presence of this man-rader that prompted her in urging her mother back to bed while she went downstairs to throw the burglar out. She again tries to shoo the old woman in bed, but there is no going to bed for her when she knows there is a burglar in the house. She is going to act and not sleep. She orders the girl to stand guard while she hastens into an adjoining room and procures a revolver, and she goes on that mission at top speed, leaving Bessie nearly frantic with apprehension. But the minute her mother is gone, Bessie hurries out of the room and downstairs where the perturbed Mister Upp promptly proceeds to upbraid her for keeping him waiting like a burglar. "I had to pretend that you are a burglar," she tells him, driving him instantly into confusion. "But, it's all right, because mother can't shoot very straight." This is small consolation to Mister Upp, who is about to make a quick getaway when Mrs. Jones-Brown-Smith descends the stairs trying to level the revolver on him with a hand that trembles so violently that half the time she had the weapon pointed at herself. This unnerves the arrogant Mister Upp, who loses all fear and becomes bold. He introduces himself, and then to prove that he knows the daughter well he kisses her, so much to the surprise of the mother that she drops her revolver and confronts the man with her arms akimbo in a most menacing fashion.

"Don't be peeled, madam; I have only come to make your daughter famous," he reassures her affably.

"But you keep making demands," she demands, whereupon Upp laughs.

"No, by securing scads of publicity for her in the newspapers for ten dollars a week, which you are to pay to me, the best bookie, who sends her out of a job on Broadway," he explains.

Bessie offers further explanations of the plan to make her leap into fame as a stage star, and she succeeds in interesting her mother in her project of winning for Upp an invitation to go up to their apartment and talk the proposition over. Once settled in the modest sitting-room of that apartment, the mother's keen eyes soon ascertain the fact that Bessie is very much smitten with Upp, whose manner towards the girl is alternately affectionate and distant. This puzzles the mother, who is doing a lot of thinking for herself while Upp plunges into high-sounding platitudes as to how much fame he is going to bring to their door for ten dollars per.

"Well, I don't know what you're talkin' about, but why do you act like an iceberg half the time if you love my daughter that much?" she asks.

This plunges Upp into confusion. He does not want to go too strong with the love stuff, and he does not want to lose the opportunity of making ten dollars a week off of the girl by showing too little of the affection with which he has won her unsophisticated confidence and admiration. So he dailies between business-like methods and gushing in a manner calculated to make all the more, but Bessie is eager to become famous, and she likes Upp exceedingly. Consequently, she induces her mother to part with the required ten dollars for the first week's publicity.

Upon receiving the money Upp writes on the back of his card the following receipt: "Received $10 for a hundred dollar's worth of publicity." The mother promptly concludes she is getting some bargain after all, and becomes suddenly inspired with the idea of sharing in the fame, digging up some photographs of herself which she wants published. Upp takes these with a broad smile and scribbles on the back of one of them the following caption: "Mother of the Famous Bessie Smith. Ma is from Kokomo, of course." The reading of this leads the mother to proudly admit she is from Kokomo, and to further announce that that is just the very thing and she would give to again grace. Then she waxed interested as she proceeds to tell Upp all about herself, and dreams of reading columns about herself in the newspapers. She is proving her gullibility.

The cunning Mister Upp, Brown dotters downstairs. He is at a loss to decide on a feasible reprisal. He is deeply chagrined over Bessie's apparent preference for another, who had not even taken the trouble to escort her home. Just when he seems most undecided as to what course to pursue a thug comes upon him stealthily, and is just in the act of holding him up when Johannie conceives the idea of using this very thug to further his own interests, and she walks back again. Then, "Who do you think I am, pal," he tells the thug. "That's my business too, and I'm just getting ready to make a big haul on that apartment there. If you want a real stake, help me;" and the swiftness of the thug, and Johannie quickly wins him over as an accomplice and starts the former on his way to gaining entrance to Bessie's apartment from the rear, promising to precede him by the front way. The thug harries around to the back of the building and mounts the fire escape, soon forcing his way into the Smith kitchen. Johannie makes no attempt to enter, but stands guard at the front door listening intently.

Upp is in the midst of a florid speech, extolling his own press agent virtues, when Mrs. Smith interrupts him.
"Don't finish," she begs. "It was just such fine talkin' that got me into matter-monial mix-ups three times, and I don't want a fourth 'n. Wait, I'll go make some coffee for you, Bessie." 

So saying Mrs. Smith hurries out of the room, determinedly to escape from an influence she feared. This amuses Upp and Bessie, who turn to a bit of jovial love-making in which Bessie takes the initiative. 

And when Mrs. Smith arrives in the kitchen she finds herself confronted by an ugly thug; but before she could scream he had hurled himself on her and covered her mouth with his hand. Then he proceeds to gag her with his handkerchief, following with her arm with a clothesline he finds on a shelf.

Bessie's proclivity for diffusing musky sentiments, which are obviously distasteful to Upp, causes him to grow prematurely impatient because Mrs. Smith is so long in doing the promised coffee. He urges the girl to go and hurry her mother. She leaves Upp reluctantly, offering up her rosebud lips for a kiss, which Upp is slow to give, and the minute she disappears from the room the fact that she is extremely provoked and nervous over her growing love for him. He is not after romance—he is after money—so. So he paces the floor sullenly as he awaits.

When Bessie trots into the kitchen, the thug is just dropping the stripping but helpless Mrs. Smith, and he promptly leaps on the girl and prevents her from screaming by choking her, she quickly falling in a dead faint. The thug appropriates a dish-towel, with a grin, and finds another with which to bind her. Upon finishing this task he hurries to a side window, leans far out and whistles down into the street below. Upp, in the adjoining room, hears this whistle and is instantly alarmed. Johnnie Brown, awaiting outside the door below, hears the whistle, and he promptly runs down the street, hailng Policeman Smith, who is just passing by. Brown excitedly tells him of the presence of bandits, and in a moment hastly to the Smith apartment. They find the front door locked, and the policeman, without hesitating, rushes the door in by pushing against it with the full weight of his body. Upp hears this noise, and opening the window to look below, Brown and the policeman see him, and the officer promptly levels a revolver on him. Upp is rendered immovable out of sheer fright, and he puts up his hands. The thug, however, places the gun in Brown's hands, ordering him to hold the man at bay until he can get upstairs.

"If he makes one move to escape, shoot to kill," the officer orders Brown, and then rushes into the house. Upp wisely remains at the window, watching the high in the air and without even a quiver.

The thug in the kitchen has taken alarm, and he is losing no time in making his getaway via the rear fire escape, disappearing quickly.

Policeman Smith runs into the sitting-room and makes Upp his prisoner, handcuffing him, and then orders Brown to come on upstairs, the latter obeying. The officer is just searching Upp when Brown arrives immediately, looks about, and Bessie. Failure to see her he runs into the kitchen, discovers the girl and her mother bound and gagged and hurries back into the sitting-room, breathlessly informing the officer of their plight. Naturally Upp is astonished beyond all measure, and willingly accompanies the officer to the kitchen to see with his own eyes the condition he regards as impossible; but, sure enough, he sees at first sight exactly his ignorance of how it all happened. Brown makes quick work of freeing the two women, who spring to their feet upon discovering the uniformed officer. Both try to tell the officer what had taken place. The mother jumps to the conclusion that Upp was working in co-operation with the thug and Bessie is forced by the circumstantial evidence to take the same viewpoint. The

A Real Preparedness "Bill"

"I differ with the prophet who declares we're on the verge and soon;

That when it comes to fighting we're the ready and sure;

We may not have a way that amounts to thirty cents,

Our army may be full of prunes and apostles.

But what care we for armies or for navies, or for guns?

For adoption of strategy, or even sturdy soul?

No enemy would dare to harm our humble habitation.

We'll tell our William Farnam and he'll kick 'em in the slats.

"For have you seen our Farnam slip on an enema or sny one?

And chase a wob to helgon and sometimes half-way back.

And have you seen him stand a king upon his royal ear?

And beat a faithful army to a palpitating suicide?

How gracefully he hits a big gazabo on the lone.

And presto, undertakers and some flowers and repose!

So do not fear the English, or the Ger-

For they are the Jop, and quite a tough,

Just notify Bill Farnam and he'll chase 'em off the map.

"Then let us offer up our thanks that this is all a dream.

Let's thank a kindly Providence for tak-

ing care of us.

For hand in hand we've watched to protect our kith and kin,

A Farnam who can give the foe a swift or a slow.

For should a foreign country grow per-

nicky or run,

Well let our girlish tee hee hee and likewise how how haw;

Have we not William Farnam to defend the mountain town?

We have, and William Farnam, girls, can run 'em out of gas.

By J. P. M'Evoy, Chicago Tribune.

addressing Mrs. Smith: "Here, madam, take your ten dollars back. I won't be able to get your daughter much publicity if I've got to languish in the bastile." This display of honesty starts both Mrs. Smith and Policeman Smith to thinking and to questioning both Upp and Brown and Bessie. Brown denounces Upp bitterly and claims he knows him as a burglar. Bessie retaliates by telling her mother and the policeman of her dislike for Brown, and she regains her confidence in Upp, rushing to his defense. Then Upp states his case, frankly admitting that his one offense was to essay grafting ten dollars out of the innocent co-operative.

"And when my folks hear of this, they're going to be broken-hearted," he adds, breaking into tears.

This show of emotion and of consideration for his kin arouses pity in Mrs. Smith, and she, with motherly solicitude, puts her arm around Upp's neck, saying: "It's all right, darlin', I don't think you meant any harm, and as it seems Bessie won't be satisfied without you, I give my consent for you to marry her."

In a general consensus is Upp. He can't marry Bessie and does not want to, but he seeks to avoid to explain why, once more bringing himself under the suspicion of all. Hence he is forced to unbossom himself.

"The reason why I cannot marry her is I only sought her to make a few dollars to help support the wife I've already got," he says.

Bessie swoons, Brown attending her with truant solicititude. Bessie is infuriated upon reaching the conclusion that she and her daughter had been victimized by a tritler, whose only motive was mercenary. She denounces him roundly and the policeman has to do some strenuous work to prevent her from pouncing on Upp and tearing him to pieces. To save his prisoner the officer hurry Upp out of the room, pushing the relentless mother back into a chair roughly.

Bessie regains consciousness and calls her mother, who hastens to her side and helps her to her feet. Bessie is thoroughly sick of show life now, but Brown stands by smilingly as one awaiting his rewards for valiant service. Finally Mrs. Smith turns on him and demands to know why he is sticking around. He explains that he loves Bessie and seeks to foundle her, but Bessie resents his familiarity, and Mrs. Smith forthwith ejects him from her house.

"Now that we're still alive, I want to go straight back to Kokomo where we've got a better chance of continuing to live," the mother tells her daughter once they are alone again, and Bessie, submissively agrees. She, too, has had enough of pouncing, which convinces her there is nothing in being a stage-struck girl in New York. The pair immediately start the work of packing preparatory to departing.

Scene 28. The Police Chief Mister Upp in a prison cell desconsolate. He has a vision of his wife waiting for him to bring home enough money to buy some food to appease her growing hunger. He has another vision of his wife in his past, spending money right and left and gambling recklessly. He shakes his head sadly and mutters:

"There's nothing in a name, for it's my final downfall, and to think I'm Upp!"
Japanese Actor, Who Is Photoplay Star Because Broken Ear-Drum Disqualified Him as Naval Officer, Divulges Secrets

By KENNETH MCGAFFEY

THE breaking of an ear-drum paved the way to photoplay stardom for Sessue Hayakawa, the clever Japanese actor who has been achieving such brilliant successes in Lasky features. Forsooth, had he not dived so deep that he encountered more pressure of water than he could withstand, he would today be treading the quarter-deck of one of his Mikado’s battleships instead of displaying his admirable histronic talents before a camera. This fateful accident happened to him while he was a student at the Japanese National Naval Training School, and he was thereby forever disqualified to serve as an officer.

Mr. Hayakawa had always been interested in the theater, even as a child, and when his seafaring career was abruptly ended, he immediately turned his attention to the drama. His uncle, Otto Kawakami, was a leading actor in Japan at the time, and the young aspirant was not-at all backward in pressing his elder into service as an instructor. In those days nearly all the plays presented in the land of Nippon were of a historical nature, and Mr. Hayakawa quickly reached the wise conclusion that his countrymen had the wrong idea in narrowing the art down to such a limited field. Hence, in order to broaden his own “dramatic proportions,” he came to the United States to study the American drama. He entered the University of Chicago, and after finishing a thorough-going course, he translated a number of Shakespearean and modern American plays into Japanese and returned to his native land, where he created a veritable sensation by starting a far-reaching revolution in theatrical entertainment.

“To properly interpret true Japanese, especially on the screen, is very difficult, because we are taught from childhood never to betray any emotions in the face, but to always maintain the same stolid expression,” Mr. Hayakawa says. “On the speaking stage we could portray this with the voice, but on the screen we have only our eyes and manner.

“I have often been asked how a Japanese can lose his national characteristics as I do in the role of the son of an East Indian Maharajah in ‘Each to His Kind.’ It is a thing requiring a great deal of thought and study, because, as I have said, we are taught from childhood to show no emotion in times of stress. The East Indian, you know, is quite the opposite. So I must, as an East Indian, forget something I have been taught from infancy—something that has become a part of me, the same as my hair and my arms, the same as my manner of living and thinking. Instead of the stolid Japanese, I must be animated. I must remember everything I have to do in the scene and still remember to forget that I am a Japanese. Perhaps you do not think this takes hard work and perfect concentration, but I assure you it does. I may feel my role as a Japanese, but I must forget this feeling, and feel it as an East Indian.

“Of course the costume and the make-up have a great deal to do with this, for it is a strange thing and many people have told me that as soon as one dons a costume, he naturally acquires many of the characteristics and mannerisms of the people who wear that style of costume. And then when I see myself in the mirror as an East Indian I can disregard a great deal of my Japanese training.

“A short time ago I was asked, in connection with the Shakespearean tricentenary celebration, if the Japanese did anything in commemoration of the anniversary of the bard, and I would like to explain that the works of Shakespeare and Dickens and all the other famous authors are as well known now in Japan as they are in America, and for the past five and ten years have been read and studied in the Japanese schools, and practically all of the Shakespearean plays have been presented at the leading theaters in Japan. When I first came over here I translated a number of them into Japanese and then went back and presented them in my own country. I played ‘Othello’ first, and a number of others after that, even to Shylock in ‘The Merchant of Venice.’

“There is not a man in the world who is a stronger advocate of peace than I am,” continued Mr. Hayakawa, “but I do enjoy a good fight in my photodramatic work, and when I heard there were to be three fights in ‘The Honorable Friend,’ I was delighted.

A good, hearty American smile spread over his Oriental features and lighting a fresh cigarette, he continued.

“In most of my productions I have had to fight American fashion, something I know very little of, but I have been able to introduce a few jiu jitsu tricks. However, (Continued on page 47)
THE OUTCAST’S OUTDOORS

By MAE MACK

In atmosphere surcharged with elemental turmoil prevailed. The bleary-eyed outcast of his own volition was in the very vortex of the storm outdoors; and with no place of shelter to which he could go and be welcome. He—John Arthur, but what does his name amount to?—loitered in a railroad yard, near a freight depot located in a large eastern city. The outcast was waiting for an outgoing train on which he hoped to be taken somewhere else—forsooth, just any place besides where he was.

For a brief period a church bell proclamed the Sabbath evening worship hour. Then suddenly the worst of the tempest swept down upon the city and a veritable gale drove a heavy rain to earth with tremendous force. The outcast stationed himself on one of the several tracks and stood still making no effort whatever to reach shelter.

Captain Robert C. Westcott of the Salvation Army had at that instant sought refuge in a railway watchman’s shanty nearby, and he discovered the outcast desperately battling to retain his precarious position.

"Why doesn’t that fellow get out of the storm?" he asked himself. The next instant a howling gust of wind bowled the outcast over bodily, and he immediately regained his feet and seemed to brace himself for the next attack. "He’s crazy," muttered Captain Westcott, as he instinctively buttoned his coat and turned up his collar. "I must get him to a place of shelter or he will be killed."

No sooner had this man, long active in the underworld district, made his heroic resolution than he had started to execute his plan of action. Out of the little shanty he ran, and plunging into the very teeth of the wind and rain he made rapid headway to the spot occupied by the strange storm-battler although not with ease.

"What’s the matter with you, pal?" he asked.

"Everything," the outcast replied as he pulled his shloch hat down over his head. "But we can’t stand here in this terrible storm," the Salvationist shouted as he fought to retain his equilibrium.

"Perhaps you can’t, but I can," the outcast responded with a note of firmness and defiant determination.

"Why, man, you’re insane," the other yelled.

"There’s no questioning that undeniable fact, sir; but that’s my business so long as I refrain from any violence or law-breaking," calmly replied the outcast.

Naturally Captain Westcott was mystified despite the fact that the only logical conclusion was the man meant to commit suicide. For some inexplicable reason the would-be rescuer felt impelled to get in out of the deluge and leave the stranger to his fate. Acting upon this rather unusual impulse he hastily returned to the shanty and immediately upon arriving there he realized just why he had given up the idea of attempting to use his persuasive powers with the strange man in the storm—it was to notify the police. As a result it was not more than five minutes before an officer was on the scene, and during the next hour was accomplished the task of forcing the outcast against his will to go to police headquarters where he was thoroughly examined. After answering all questions evasively for a while the prisoner arose from his chair and looked all about him searchingly.

"Was he became of the Salvation guy that got me jugged?" he asked finally.

"He went away, but we know where to find him should any witnesses be needed," gruffly explained a rotund desk sergeant.

"Well, it doesn’t make much difference excepting he might have shown a little more of the true humane spirit by remaining long enough to find out whether or not my soul needed saving," remarked the outcast with a show of pique.

"We’re doing the job to hear any confession you’ve got to make," the desk sergeant blurted out with menacing abruptness.

"What’ve you been doing?"

Thereupon the outcast assumed the pose of an orator, and with great feeling he delivered the following speech:

"Now, gentlemen, as I understand the law, there is nothing criminal about standing outdoors in a storm. Therefore I take it that there is no valid reason for my being dragged in order to regain my freedom. I will frankly tell you that I am an outcast, another victim of excessive intemperance. I was awaiting my chance to get out of town when I was caught in the storm. My reason for not seeking shelter was that I know a man is welcome nowhere except in God’s great outdoors, and naturally I stayed where I knew I was welcome rather than lay myself liable to another painful and humiliating kick by sneaking into the den of darkness. I know, I know. It’s a real pleasure to endure such a storm when possessed by a feeling that one is welcome to it."

This was "talk" new to the policemen. It "listened" good, and the outcast won another chance. He was given permission to go his way, and was just about to leave the room when a big, burly policeman entered from a corridor leading a frail but nicely dressed young woman with a streaming golden hair and a wan face. The outcast paused to observe the spectacle, and when the patrolman led his feminine prisoner to the sergeant’s desk and all the uniformed attaches were in place, likewise "talk" was still "on hand," this same outcast retraced his steps and took a position beside the woman.

"What’s Mag been doing now?" queried the desk sergeant.

"She lifted a gold watch from a drunk’s pocket just before I got my neckers on her," the patrolman explained.

"Oh, that isn’t true," the woman broke in emphatically.

Well, you wouldn’t like it if you hadn’t seen it, said the patrolman immediately.

"I—had no idea of robbing that man—"

"I was only pleading with him to give me enough money to buy a meal—I’m hungry, I’m starving—oh please don’t send me to the workhouse again, for I’m trying so hard to reform and get a new start in life."

And upon finishing this denial and appeal, the woman fell to her knees and crying her face in her open hands wept half-hysterically. It seemed to be a sort of a psychological moment, and every police officer present retreated in a daze from the sight of these outcast thoughts of sympathy and doubt running riot. No one could speak for the moment, but John Arthur, the outcast, regained his composure first, and fortunately for all concerned he had the district chief at command with which to meet the situation.

"She asks for very little—just a chance, gentlemen—give it to her," was all he said, and this with such quiet dignity that it savored of naught but impressiveness.

"By gad, I would in a minute if I was sure she would go some place where she could have a chance," promptly agreed the desk sergeant.

"I’ll take her to a place," the outcast volunteered.

"Where?" the desk sergeant asked.

"First to a place that’s as much the pauper’s own as it is the millionaire’s—outdoors—and then I’ll hear her story, and if she has relatives I’ll try to restore her to them."

"That’s a good idea; go ahead," the desk sergeant uttered these words, the woman arose and deliberately walked over to the outcast and laid her head on his shoulder as if thoroughly weary and simultaneously grateful to have even his tattered coat for her resting-place."

"I thank you all," she said in low, deep tones, and then without raising her head continued; "I place all my hopes and confidence in you, stranger."

"God help us both," was all the outcast could say before his emotions began to choke off his voice, and then he looked inquiringly at the desk sergeant.

"Go ahead," the latter suggested.

"Thank you," came solemnly from the outcast, and then he gently assisted the woman, his new and first protege, to the door and through a long corridor to the entrance quietly—discarding her from the vicinity of police headquarters."

"Bill," called the police sergeant after the curious couple had departed from the room, "follow ‘em and see what they do, whereupon a plain clothes man arose from a chair and took up the trail of the homeless wanderers."
Bill, the plain clothes man, was only about ten paces away.

Upon reaching the doorway, the woman stopped short. "I'd rather not see him," she said.

"It can't do any harm to see him, and it might do a lot of good," the outcast argued. "Let's see.

Within a minute he had the woman inside an ante-room, and the next instant they were confronted by Captain Westcott, where-upon the woman extended her hands to him.

"Oh, brother, do give me just one more chance," she appealed.

"Is this your brother?" the outcast asked her, showing marked surprise.

"Yes, I am," Captain Westcott replied, "and for three years she has made me ashamed of the fact.

"Well, if you make a habit of having forlorn creatures arrested and then deserting them before you determine how deserving they might be of spiritual aid, when the latter is your chosen work, she should be equally ashamed of that fact, in spite of all her faults and mistakes," the outcast declared, with almost bitter emphasis.

"I don't even want to talk to a hopeless bum of your kind," was Captain Westcott's curt response. "You can go your way. As for you, Mag, I'll give you another chance."

"See?" the outcast said as he turned to the woman, "we have won."

"We have won," the woman repeated dully. "I may have won a chance, but you— you are losing."

"Don't worry about me; I'm used to losing," and with these words the outcast smiled radiant in an attempt to convince the woman that he was bravely cheerful.

Then he started to go, but the same white, thin hand he had a few minutes before patted consolingly as he heard her tragic story of a life of sin, stayed him.

"No, I won't let you go away from me," she said.

"What! You mean to hang onto the kind of bad company that has been your ruination!" expostulated her brother.

"Yes; I fully intend to share with him any chance for betterment I may get," the woman said firmly.

"Then goodnight," and Captain Westcott left the ante-room slamming shut the door after him.

"Now see what you've gone and done just for a bun!" the outcast yelled at poor brave Mag, and then, when he noted how she cringed at his sharp words he quickly changed his tone to a gentle pitch, adding, "Why did you let me stand in the way of a happy reconciliation with your brother, little girl?"

"Because that's the way I'm built," she replied. "I have been a very wicked woman with no chance for three long, dreary years, and I don't care what becomes of me; but whenever anybody does me a good turn, I'm not going to express my appreciation by giving 'em a kick in the solar plexus. I'd rather stick to you, a bum with a heart than to be always hanging onto a brother to whom you could never forget all the mean things I've done. I like you because I know you want me to like you. I can't like my brother because I know he doesn't want to be liked by such as me. Where'll we go from here?"

John Arthur had been a victim of wanderlust for so many years that he had ceased to realize the existence of sentiment, but now he found himself suddenly awakened from that lethargy and face to face with the possibility of a romance with one upon his own level, one whose standards of moral ethics approximated his own. Despite all the mental acrobatics he could perform in a twinkling, he could not divert his mind from a new desire, a desire for domesticity: he felt sure he would like to be living happily in a modest, little cottage with this woman, one of the street-living up to her recently expressed standard of unflinching loyalty. They could both reform! They could both be happy!

"Say, we've both got a chance now," he finally declared with decided enthusiasm.

"Sure we have," the woman agreed with confidence. "Let's go and try our luck together as pals, or better still—"

"Yes, or better still as man and wife," he interrupted.

"What have you got to start out with?" the detective asked.

"Nothing that we can call our own except the outdoors; but tell the sergeant we won't be worrying him any more," and John Arthur turned to the woman for confirmation. "Will we—er—what's your name, anyway?"

"In police circles I have always been known as Mag, but my right name is Marguerite Foss," the woman explained.

"Well, soon it's going to be Mrs. John Arthur, although I'm not promising for the present any better address than just plain Outdoors. Good-bye, Charlie. Then, preferring his arm to Marguerite Foss, the outcast started down the street.

Rather dazed by the unusual spectacle of bums of opposite sexes casting their lots together on such thoroughly conventional terms, Bill seemed helpless to do more than stand still and gapesteadfastly at the departing couple for the moment; but the instant a full realization of their situation dawned upon him, he had a five-dollar gold piece out of his pocket and was pressing it in the palm of John Arthur's hand.

"Here's a starter, bo," he said. "Good luck."

The outcast glared at the coin, then at the officer, and finally at the woman. "It's a miracle, girl, that's what it is," he exclaimed.

"Five bucks," she murmured as she held her gaze fast on the coin. "It's more than a miracle; it's a life-saver."

Then she turned to the officer. "Much obliged. I've got to hand it to you, pal, you're the first useful cop I ever met."

"Beat it," Bill ordered smiling genially. "Make yourself invisible around here and get some possible means of support. Get me?"

"We're on," the outcast replied.

Without further parleying he took "Mag" to a restaurant on the next corner and they broke bread together for the first time.

"That's it; let's kiss on it."

The very next instant John Arthur was experiencing the first kiss he had been known for many years, and forthwith his whole idea of life as it ought to be changed.

"Come on," he said as he opened the door leading to the street. "My first duty is to provide for you a meal. I'll lift it off of the first free lunch counter I can find."

Upon reaching the sidewalk they were confronted by Bill, the erstwhile man in white.

"Well, did you find a place for her to go?" he asked of the outcast, as he threw back his coat revealing a police badge.

"Yes; with me as my wife by law just as soon as I can get a hold of the price of a marriage license," readily confided the outcast.

"Then what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to do something that's been out of my line for a good many years, and that is look for and find a job so we can keep up a home," the outcast replied.

CLIMBING

Oftentimes we are apt to sigh
Over Life's rugged and stormy way,
Andwishfully think of days gone by,
When joy and happiness held full sway.

And sometimes we fear the future's toll,
With its heavy, remorseless tread.
Losing the plans of Fate to fail
Till our souls are filled with dread.

But we're hurried on by the weav'ng crowd.
As a leaf is borne on the stream—
For fame and success we chamnor loud,
Scorning to stop and dream.

We scale the ladder—Success its name—
Till the topmost rung we reach,
And gaze far back on the paths we came
With joy too profound for speech.

Then if we linger in silence and awe,
Ambition whispers, "Go higher still!"
And climbing on we new courage draw
From humanity's answering thrill.

—By WALT DEERL.
THE BONDAGE OF FEAR
By HORACE J. GARDNER

IT was June in Tennessee, and the early morning sun generated the drops of dew as they tenderly clung to the blossoms in Dr. Wheatley's vast orchards, and to the myriad of flowers which blanketed the fields on four sides of the Hillsboro station. It was three minutes after eight when the shrill of the morning limited aroused the agent from a meditative smoke and caused him to jerk out his heavy silver timepiece to ascertain just how late the limited would arrive at Hillsboro, for it is a time-honored custom for all trains to pull up at Hillsboro a few moments behind the scheduled time.

The air screamed and the long mountain train came to a stop with an unnecessary jolt. Staggering under a dozen bundles, a young woman emerged from the rear car and stood on the splintered platform. Two swift whistles penetrated the air, and the big iron horse of the mountains passed on with its precious load of human freight.

The girl laughed heartily as a robust old colored man relieved her of her bundles.

"Why, 'Rastus, how glad I am to see you! And you say the surrey is on the other side of the station? That's fine!"

Dr. Wheatley leaned on the front gate in a characteristic pose, and with a smile spoke to his companion.

"Seems to me, young fellow, you are pretty much interested in the return of my little girl from her last year at finishing school."

Dick Mortimer, good-looking and twenty-six, answered with a smile on his finely curved mouth: "I am, Doctor, and I'm proud of it," he said.

The surrey drew up in front of the Wheatley home, and Beatrice alighted into the outstretched arms of her father. She greeted her father affectionately and then turned to Dick, who leaned upon her, his heart beating twice as fast.

"Oh, daddy," she exclaimed, dancing into the yard with her blue eyes twinkling tides of genuine happiness over her homecoming, "do show me all the dear pets I used to love so much."

"I'm afraid that I can't show you the very same ones, honey, because they have grown up," he smiled paternally, "but I can show you their children." Dick followed as the old doctor and his daughter made their way to the barnyard, where Beatrice exclaimed happily over the chickens, little pigs, a calf, and several other animals.

The following day was a duplicate of a perfect day in June, and what is so rare as an ideal day, even in the beautiful month of brides and roses? Dick Mortimer whistled cheerily as he walked up to the veranda, where encircled Dr. Wheatley's modest homestead.

"Why, Dick," exclaimed Beatrice as she met him with a hearty look of satisfaction, "you're early, aren't you?"

"No, Beatrice," he said softly, "never too early to be with you."

She turned with a smile and led the way down the path to the road.

"Isn't it just one glorious day for a walk?" she exclaimed, as she breathed in the pure air, scented with blossoms from the adjacent orchards.

They walked through a field of wild asters, chatting gaily all the time over incidents of their childhood and of more recent events in Hillsboro during her absence at the finishing school. They sat for a while on the low-hanging branch of an apple tree. But youth is impatient and they wended their way down to the shore of the rippling mountain stream, which industriously ploughed its nose down the fertile valley.

At last they came to the old rustic bridge and sat down. Swans and blushing maidens for generations had visited the old rustic bridge. It was the most hallowed spot in Hillsboro section, and the winding path was known as "Lover's Lane." If you have ever been in the northeastern portion of Tennessee, where the Cumberland's of Virginia cross over the line, you will know that they are indescribable, for even an artist is powerless to portray nature's handiwork as it exists in the mountains and valleys of Tennessee.

Dick turned and gazed at the golden-haired girl, whose fascinating gaze was directed at the cliff on the other side of the stream, that dropped sheer ten feet aside from a moss-covered trail—that path coiled under the cliff and encircled a big pine tree and masses of rhododendron.

"A penny for your thoughts," challenged Dick, as he reached for her little white hand.

"Oh, I was thinking of how wonderfully beautiful it is here," she replied, wistfully casting her eyes once more across the noisy stream.

"Beatrice, little girl, I want you to know that I love you. You have been the ideal of all my dreams of the future, and this day will be the happiest of my life if you can only say that you love me. Do you?"

Dick Mortimer stopped as abruptly as he began.

Beatrice turned to him smiling and said, "I love you, Dick—"

With a joyous cry Dick gathered her into his arms, but, laughing a teasing little laugh, Beatrice slipped from his grasp and finished the sentence.

"—but as a dear, old, dependable friend—not a husband! Please, please do not be so serious again!"

The smile died away from Dick's face, and he turned away with a look of agony enveloping his countenance. Beatrice looked at him coquettishly, then under the spell of his reflected unhappiness, she touched his arm softly—"I am sorry, Dick, if I have hurt you."

The rejected lover arose sadly and, with a hopeless look in his eyes, he hoarsely replied: "I expected to be hurt—I might have known you wouldn't care for me—you—you knew me too well."

II.

"Beatrice, this is Mr. John Randolph, of New York, who is going to buy a part of my orchard." Dr. Wheatley affectionately introduced his daughter to the wealthy banker, who had been seized with a whim to purchase a large plot of ground in Tennessee for a summer home.

It did not require much time for Randolph to fall madly in love with Beatrice, nor was Dick slow in developing an acute jealousy, which seemed to presage serious trouble, but the latter's plight was given little consideration by the girl, because she did not love him, a condition over which she had no control. On the other hand, she found she did love Randolph, who was a handsome, splendid type of business man,
and when finally he proposed marriage, she promptly accepted him, and within a few weeks she quietly became his bride.

The bitter disappointment Dick felt over the success of a newcomer in winning a girl he had known for years, and who had known him as thoroughly as she did members of her own family, was too much. Life was no longer bearable for him in Hillsboro, and without even bidding any one good-bye, he departed. Soon afterwards he was settled in New York City, and in his efforts to free himself from the worries which beset him, he sought consolation in saloons and cafes, quickly degenerating to the plane of a common drunkard of the lowest morals.

After enjoying an extended honeymoon in the mountains, Randolph took Beatrice to his palatial New York home.

Months passed quickly, and, weighing everything in the balance, Beatrice was not altogether unhappy. The psychology of her predicament was that she loved Randolph, who had never failed to strive to make her happy, but hers was more of a spiritual love, lacking in physical elements. She was still the mere slip of a girl, and not to be censured. Randolph was suffering from a pronounced heart hunger. He realized his boundless love did not receive the proper reciprocity.

"I have not been able to make her love me yet, but I will," he told himself after she had danced teasingly out of the room after announcing her intention of going to a skating rink. Immediately after his little wife's departure Randolph bravely sought to forget his troubles by burying himself in the interests of his business.

Meanwhile Beatrice joined two gay girl friends and went to an elite skating rink. As she entered the building, Dick Mortimer, dissipated and haggard in appearance, and minus his former youthful resiliency, turned into that very street around an adjacent corner, just in time to get a sufficient glimpse of her to recognize her. Dick excitedly grasped the arms of his two men companions for support.

"What's the matter, Dick, did you see a ghost?" one of them asked with some amazement.

"Yes, I have seen a ghost," he gasped, huskily, and, without making further explanation, he hurriedly followed the girl who had rejected him into the rink.

Beatrice had only just seated herself to permit an attendant to put on her skates when she espied Dick. She uttered an exclamation of surprise, but she promptly recovered her equilibrium and arose to greet her old-time suitor.

"Why didn't you let me know that you were in New York?" she asked cordially as she accepted his outstretched hand.

"I have been trying to forget you," he replied.

"And you have succeeded?" she asked in a bantering tone, half amused by his seriousness.

"I could never forget you—I loved you," he averred stoutly.

Beatrice tried in vain to laugh Dick out of his morbid mood, and when she finally parted from him she exhibited little concern over his frame of mind, but it was her undying spirit of girlliness which prompted this.

As the subsequent days passed swiftly by she realized that the real happiness she had searched for in the outside social whirl was to be found in her own home.

"John, I have been thinking about you—how kind you have been to me," she told Randolph as she placed her hand with a show of tenderness on his shoulder.

"It has been my pleasure," he replied smilingly.

"And I was also thinking that I have not appreciated you," she added.

This gave Randolph his first encouragement of weeks to give expression to the adoration he held for his wife. A happy love feast ensued, and this had as a climax the planning of a vacation trip to the mountains.

The next morning, when Randolph left the house for his office, to arrange his business affairs so he could go away, Beatrice daily gave him the most affectionate good-bye kiss of their entire matrimonial lives.

At that very moment Dick Mortimer was waiting and watching, desiring but hardly daring, near the Randolph home. When he saw Randolph leave the vicinity Dick walked to the front door with uncertain step. After a prolonged hesitation he rang the door-bell and was admitted by a butler.

When Beatrice entered the drawing room, to which the butler had shown Dick, she was alarmed.

"Don't be afraid," he said; "it simply means I believed you to be sincere when you scolded me for not looking you up."

"Yes, yes, I was sincere," she protested, forcing a nervous laugh.

"Ah, you have changed, Beatrice. You are more beautiful, more mature," he began.

"Please, Dick, so long as you are in my husband's home, do not speak to me like that again," she interrupted.

This displeased him, and with stirring vehemence he muttered; "Your husband.

Thereupon he seized the now terrorized Beatrice and held her fast in his embrace, despite her struggling, as he asked; "Only ask the one question, Beatrice, do you love him?"

"What right have you to ask me a question like that?" she queried.

"I ask it only because I love you," he persisted, as he towered over her menacingly.

At that instant Randolph, who had returned to get a wallet he had forgotten, entered the room. Beatrice wheeled around at sight of him. Randolph stopped abruptly, and stood staring, rigid and motionless. Beatrice uttered one little cry, then forced a smile.

"You remember Dick Mortimer, don't you, John?" she asked, advancing towards Randolph.

The two men stared momentarily at each other, then Dick proffered his hand. Randolph was reluctant to accept it, and he was suspicious, condemning. However, he presently explained that he had returned to get his wallet, and he went to the library, feigning nonchalance, but he was immeasurably worried. When he re-entered the room and Dick indicated his readiness to go, Randolph gracioulsly took his rival downtown in his limousine.

That night Beatrice learned that the sting of the scorpion is jealousy. She was ready to start on the anticipated vacation trip when she first noted her husband's changed demeanor. Suspicion had eaten its way into his thoughts, and he felt sure his wife retained a love for her first sweetheart. Randolph answered her questions laconically.

Two weeks later Randolph and Beatrice were domiciled at the lodge on Cloudy Mountain. She had just told him she was never happier in her life when a rural messenger presented him with a telegram summoning him back to New York to close an important business deal. He was reluctant to leave Beatrice alone in the country, but when she assured him she would not get too lonesome he departed.

It so happened that Skinny Morgan, a gunman whom the police had chased out of New York, took refuge in the vicinity of Randolph's mountain lodge soon afterwards. Skinny saw Beatrice kiss Randolph
good-bye at the railway station, and he immediately determined she should be his prey.

Meanwhile Dick Mortimer had arrived in that very vicinity, having followed Beatrice after learning from servants at the Randolph home where the couple had gone.

That night both Dick and Skinny sought to take unfair advantage of Randolph's absence. The former boldly walked to the Randolph lodge and startled Beatrice by yelling the announcement of his arrival. Skinny made his way stealthily to the same lodge.

"Dick!" exclaimed Beatrice upon opening the door and discerning his emaciated features.

"Yes, I have risked everything again to get a chance to see you," he said in husky tones as he pushed his way into the house.

"You are a coward to always wait until my island, as gone," she told him.

"But I have many things to say to you, Beatrice."

"I won't listen—you must go," she announced firmly.

"I am here and I do not intend to leave," he declared calmly.

Beatrice desperately pleaded with Dick to leave. Instead of arousing any manliness in him thereby, she exasperated and tortured him. Determined to force the issue in his favor, Dick grabbed Beatrice and forced her to submit to a kiss. At that very instant Skinny in sneaking around the house, stumbled and bumped against a window.

"My husband!" Beatrice cried out, upon being startled by the noise. "He must not find you here with me."

Without a moment's delay she dragged the palsied Dick to the door and hid him behind some portieres, and then she ran into an adjoining room, just in time to confront Skinny as he crawled in through a window. He made one wild leap towards her and fought to wrest a diamond lavaliere from her neck. She managed to free herself from his grasp and, screaming, she ran upstairs with Skinny in pursuit. He made the frightened woman his captive in her bedroom, and just as he tore the jewels from her neck, Dick entered in response to her cries for help. A fierce combat between the two men followed. Dick, after a time pinned Skinny on the floor, but it proved a fatal victory, because the latter succeeded in getting his revolver out of his pocket, and he fired two bullets at Dick, who toppled over dead. In a moment of excitement Skinny arose to his feet, tossed his gun on a nearby table, and ran to a window, as if bent on making a hasty exit.

Then he seemed to change his mind, and started back for his weapon, but Beatrice seized the instrument of death, and, turning on the man, cried: "You murderer!"

Then, holding him at bay, she cautiously made her way to the telephone, and she was about to take down the receiver, when Skinny, grinning triumphantly, warned: "Remember that you turn over to the police a burglar who killed your lover in your bedroom. It would be a rotten scandal."

Slowly lowering the revolver, Beatrice received her helpless misery. "Oh, what can I do?" she asks.

"Let me go and I will take that with me," Skinny quickly proposed, indicating Dick's lifeless body.

It did seem the best solution of a terrorizing problem, and so it transpired that Skinny got away with the body of his victim, leaving Beatrice in a paroxysm of weeping. Later she gathered her wits togethcr, and discovered Dick's hat lying on the floor. Hysterically she picked up the hat and threw it on the smoldering coals in a fireplace, whereupon a blaze leaped up. The distracted woman watched the flames, wild-eyed with fright, and then suddenly the agony of what she had experienced caused her to convulsively scream. A moment later she swooned.

IV.

It was one month later that Beatrice gave in to the impulse to give expression to the feeling of gratification Randolph's kind treatment kindled in the depths of her sad heart.

"I can't tell you how happy you are making me," she told her husband, clinking to his hand tenderly.

But peace of mind was not to be her lot, because Skinny had also returned to New York and had located her. He lost no time in starting a systematic blackmail, extorting large sums of money from the poor woman on threats of exposure. Finally, after she had sacrificed her last jewel to the blackmail he demanded of her enough money to get out of the country. He had brought with him a pistol.

"Damn you, you lie to me," he yelled, when she told him she had no money to give him, wherewith he whipped out his pistol and, leveling it on her forced her to a chifforie to produce her one remaining treasure, her engagement ring. She opened a drawer and, grabbing a small revolver, hidden under some lingerie, she speedily turned on Skinny and pulled the trigger. Skinny fell to the floor dead. Instead of becoming frantic, Beatrice coolly proceeded to build up a case of self-defense, calling the police on the 'phone, and notifying them of the presence of burglars in her home. When the police arrived they promptly recognized Skinny as the notorious criminal that he had always been, and they told John Randolph that his wife had killed the man in self-defense, as a result of his having broken into the house to rob her.

And thus rid of the terrorizing factors in her life, and still clear of the entanglements of suspicion, Beatrice was free for the first time to give her whole thought to her loyal husband and the anticipation of the advent of a little child into their home. The bondage of fear had lingered its torturing while and vanished.

(From the photoplay produced by the World Film Corporation.)

Mabel Taliaferro Invents "Anti-Bow-Wow Button"

Mabel Taliaferro, Metro star, has blossomed forth as an inventor. Miss Taliaferro has just finished with a contrivance which she calls an "Anti-Bow Wow Button," and is intended to silence neuroathetic dogs who make their abode in flats or apartments.

The young screen star decided to give her invention to the world after reading a dispatch from Paris a short time ago which stated that veterinarians at the front had discovered that a slight operation on the nostrils of the American males used there broke them of the habit of braying at inconvenient moments.

The contrivance is similar to the "mute" of a violin. It is attached to the dog's throat in such a way that it presses on the vocal cord, and when the animal tries to bark the sound emitted is a soft, musical one—not much louder than the chirping of a cricket.

This Should Settle the Whole Mexican Imbroglio

Prominently to the fore of the auto, and, towering above the others just as a regular general should, is Crane Wilbur, the well-known moving picture star. The others are members of Uncle Sam's National Guard. This picture was taken somewhere on the Mexican border, but what happened after the camera clicked is a mystery. There might have been a shot or two fired, but we are left to draw our own conclusions from the fact that Villa will run amuck.
WAR TWINS

By DELBERT E. DAVENPORT

CHAPTER III

WOMAN'S DESPERATION AIDS MAN'S REFORMATION

Laura lost no time in getting alone in her room, where she hastened to peruse the note Frank Metcalf had written her, and here is what she read:

God spare you the cruel fate of my poor, beloved mother. I'm sure He will forgive me for that which I can't always avoid. But that won't help you, and I want you helped. So please take up Christian Science and accept its teaching that Mind was the Father and the All is the best medicine. That and hypnotism have helped me, but the latter has some harmful qualities difficult to avoid in spite of myself—that's the baneful part of this strange occult science. I'm writing this advice praying to thus partly retrieve myself with you for humane reasons alone. I'll conquer my life-long enemy within myself yet. May Providence save you from suffering from the terrible evils of that enemy. Avoid me as you would a snake, but regard me as an unfortunate creature more to be pitied than censured. I'm a by-product of a war of long ago. They called my brother and I "War Twins" because we were born amidst the din of battle. That war had to leave imprints some place. I was one of the places it stamped its horrors. There will be its by-products of this present war more or less like me. There may be more "war twins" like my brother, and I—one good and one evil. I shall pray fervently that the one moment of vicious warning I waged on you will fail to have detrimental effects.

WAR TWIN NUMBER "BAR."

The almost illegible scrawl in which this note was written betrayed the great haste of its author to make what amends he could. Pity gained supremacy over hatred in Laura's heart when she finished reading the unusual epistle. She felt impelled to match his deference to humane ideals and to accomplish this she wrote him a reply in which she magnanimously forgave him and exceeded her good offices for his success in attaining complete mastery over himself. After she had dispatched this note by a neighbor's boy, she knelt beside her bed and sent up prayers asking the Almighty's sure aid. Her battle was to do any harm which had been done to her. Then she arose and clenching her fists, she said aloud to herself:

"Laura Joffre, your own mind shall predominate over yourself!" She paused a moment to reflect and then with great emphasis she added: "I will that on this night no blinesthes placed on the ness of my will."

For fully five minutes Laura stood in her parlor, contemplating the first ten words of the note. The next ten voted to kissing photograph of her soldier. Then came an interruption. It was Uncle Moses with an armful of Christian Science books, which he delivered to Laura with Frank Metcalf's compliments. Consequently for the remainder of that evening Laura read about Christian Science.

A whole week passed before the first word came from Pierre, and that was only a post-card from "somewhere in France," and on which was penned words of unbounded love for his wife, mother and father. At the bottom of the card was written the line: "Haven't been under fire yet," and this afforded Laura more satisfaction than her husband's reiterations of love, because as is the case with every true wife at home in times of war, she thinks her dear one's life is in danger than she ever did in the days of great calamity in knowing he still loves her.

Laura had only finished writing her long reply to her husband when she chanced to glance out of her window and discovered Frank Metcalf leaving his house alone. She watched him as far down the street as she could see, and she wondered where he was going. Meanwhile as he walked, he too wondered where his destination would be!

That live-long day Laura kept on the lookout for Metcalf's return. What prompted her in this she could not comprehend, but when the darkness of night came and he had not yet come back, she was so far controlled by her concern that she could not resist going over to his house and seeking information from his faithful old colored servants.

"Don't come in, honey, he'll be back soon," the greating Aunt Mandy gave her, but in an unmistakably kind spirit.

"Massa Metcalf says it's for your own good that he don't want you to come in his house, ma'am," apologized Uncle Moses.

"But I only came to ask, if you knew where he went to?" Laura asked.

"No, honey; we don't know—he don't never tell us where he's goin'," Aunt Mandy replied.

The next instant Laura awakened to the realization that an automobile had stopped in front of the house and almost in the same twinkling there came across her line of vision Frank Metcalf and Robert Glade. They were stepping out of the automobile. The noise of the lightly pawing steeds. Laura recalled the former's words in his strange letter, and she heeded his advice to avoid him as she would a snake by giving one muffled scream and running to her own home at top speed.

She little more than settled herself in her room and started to read Christian Science when she was summoned downstairs by Father Joffre.

A distinguished American gentleman wants to see you," he announced, as she descended the stairs. And there in the parlor awaited Robert Glade! With him had arrived a question of principle. By receiving him Laura would disobey her husband. By refusing to see him she might lose a golden opportunity to have her husband restored to her. She thought of both sides of the question as she hesitatingly came down the stairs, and by the time she reached the landing she decided to break the silence.

"Good evening, Miss Joffre," Glade said genially.

Laura was on the verge of correcting him to the extent of requesting him to call her Mrs. Joffre, when she remembered Metcalf's warning.

"Good evening," she greeted after a pause.

"You're rather surprised to see me here, I presume," Glade remarked in a rather nonchalant tone of voice.

"Yes, I am surprised," she admitted.

"And I trust you are not displeased," he added with just a suggestion of innocuousness.

"Why? Have you good news for me?" she inquired eagerly.

"Well now, it's according to what you term good news, I was responded, "Must I introduce myself to your mother and father?"

"Pardon my stupidity," Laura hastened to apologize as she turned to Mr. and Mrs. Joffre who stood nearby. "This is Mr. Glade of the American Legation at Paris."
After acknowledging introduction, Mrs. Joffre said, "Perhaps you wish to talk privately with her."

"Yes, if you please," Glade replied.

"But there's no secret about this, mother," Laura declared. "Mr. Glade is the gentleman I asked to do what he could toward getting Pierre relieved from military service."

"We know, but maybe a man of his standing and goodness of heart has to be careful and not make too many confidants when he goes outside his duties to do a favor," suggested the elder Joffre.

"You have exactly the right notion about it, sir," Glade told him.

Forthwith Mr. and Mrs. Joffre left the room, much to the dissatisfaction of Laura.

"Don't be angry with me for this," Glade requested as he noted a frown on her face. "Grant me the right to my little eccentricities."

"But I'm afraid of you, Mr. Glade—"

"As good as I've been to you?" he asked in surprise.

"Have you been good to me?"

"I haven't been mean to you, have I?"

"I don't let us talk this way," demurred Laura as she felt herself becoming actually exasperated.

"Bravo!" he shouted. "Thank heaven I'm dealing with a regular American on true American terms—bluff for bluff."

If there ever was a human being who had Laura Joffre completely mystified, that human being was Robert Glade. His conduct was a combination of gentility, sarcasm, charm and repugnance. Laura could not grasp why she disliked or disliked him, trusted or mistrusted him. Frank Metcalf's expressed and written word gave Glade credit for being the "good one of two," she recalled, and, it seemed wholly inconsistent for him to bestow praise when in the very nature of things he would undoubtedly prefer to heap calumny, because he had made it patent that he did not consider his twin brother more than an enemy. "Good talk, but you fluff you at all?" Laura said after a moment's thought.

"But you are bluffling me just the same," she insisted.

"In what way?" demanded Laura with a sheen of indignation.

"Oh, it's all right—it is precisely the correct amount of pay due me for lying to you," he declared.

"What was it you lied about?" she asked coldly.

"I am just now making my first investigation of your case," he announced. "That was all plain American bluff I was meting out when I was promising to help you, but I feel I was justified by an innate suspicion of my brother's probable motives. Frankly I think they were using you and your—er—husband to further some damnable end of his."

"Indeed not," Laura asserted. "He was most sincere in his desire to help us."

"He's had convinced me of that of today by making a very great sacrifice in order to restore my confidence in him."

"Oh tell me, what did the poor boy do?"

"I am not at liberty to divulge that, but he declares you have inspired new hope in his heart and feels he has, as if by magic, subdued the villainy which has long threatened to carry him to ignominy."

"How could I inspire him?" Laura asked in perplexity.

"Your loyalty to your husband has led to the creation of two new exalted ideals in his mind—one is to have a wife like you, and the other is to make himself deserving of as much loyalty as you bestow upon your husband."

"I am truly glad if I have exerted such an influence over him."

"You have done as much, and I owe you a debt of gratitude," the man said with outstanding sincerity.

"Then I am happy to thank me for something I never knew I did that you have come this evening," she said, showing a disappointment.

"No; I came to investigate you prior to really making an earnest effort to help you in a thin air."

"To get my husband a commission?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, if I can."

**WHEN YOU'RE "BLUE"**

*It's a pretty good plan when your skies are not blue."

To sit down and think of the friends who are true,
Who are willing to brighten your gloom with a true.

If you'll only call round and chat with them a while,
They perchance have a joke that is not yet of age.

Or a bright, little story from life's sunny page
That will lighten your heart so weighted with care.
And make you more able all troubles to bear.

The most of our troubles are built of this,
That are filled with the notes of dissen-

And all magnified greatly through glasses of gloom,
And wrought from ill's fabrics on life's changing loom.

Go search out the friends who are happy and gay,
They will clear off your skies and chase shadows away.

You'll soon forget Trouble has been on your trail,
Just try it, my boy, it will win without fail.

By Louise L. Glenn.

"Oh please do, for it will make me so very happy. I am an American woman who would under ordinary circumstances be strictly neutral in this devastating war if it were not that my husband is fighting with one of the contestants. I do wish there was some way he could honorably go back to the United States with me so I can at least live in a neutral atmosphere and not be reminded so much of this horror."

"You may have your wish—that is, it is within the range of possibility, my dear young woman, and now I shall bid you good evening." With these words Glade started to go.

"You must pardon me, Mr. Glade," Laura said accepting him, "but I simply cannot restrain my curiosity. Have you and your brother effected a reconciliation?"

"Yes, thank God."

"I am exceedingly glad to hear of it."

"There is one remarkable feature in connection with the affair which I guess you are entitled to know," Glade said with deliberation.

"Do tell me then, because it seems to me that I'm much in the dark when I should know everything."

"My brother and I were just about to exchange places when happily you have come to our rescue," he said. "I rescued you both?" she asked doubtfully.

"Yes; there has been a wonderful amelioration in his character, and he seems to have at last succeeded in developing a virile manhood after many years of struggling against an inborn desire to do vicious things—well, I discovered a few weeks ago I was weakening, that I was beginning to do little underhanded tricks I never used to stoop to. My lying to you about having investigated you and being satisfied as to your further truth was due to my little misdeeds I found myself getting in the habit of doing. It startled me. I was about to decide that after all the evil of those black Soudan beasts had been transplanted into me too in my mother's fright, and that it only happened to be slower in developing in me. But now that I have been thinking of you and the beautiful example of human loftiness you so modestly set, I feel strong as usual and confident I shall live and die with an untarnished record."

"Really I want to say something, but I can't find the words to express my feelings," Laura said after gazing wonderingly in Glade's handsome brown eyes. "Was there ever before such an admirable, un-}

"But there never before such an admirable, unteilating war against Satan as you twin brothers have waged? I must agree with those who first named you war twins. You—you are indeed war twins who have had to fight for your homes. And it is won-

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emphatically looking Laura straight in the eye without flinching. "I had to tell you this too, because confession is good for the soul, and I would not be able to conscientiously tell myself that I conquered myself without wiping this mark off the slate. I'm sorry for it, but at all, but I'm honestly glad you happened to step into my life just at this time. The same something about you which has probably saved my brother has certainly saved me. Good evening, and God bless you, my little queen of matrimonial wiles!"

Before Laura had time to even comment on her extraordinary sentiments inspired by these words, Robert Glade was well on his way to Frank Metcalfe's house next door. She had heaved a sigh of relief when he disappeared and she noted he held his head down the whole way, as if in deep humiliation and repentance.

Already she tried with all her might to dismiss thoughts of the curious war twins from her mind, Laura found herself stationed at a window and watching the Metcalfe house the whole evening. She felt it was indispensable to her contentment to see Frank leave the neighborhood, and she was not sure she would not summon him when he did start to go. She felt it was a part of her business to know what arrangement those brothers had made for bringing him back to her, and moreover, she confessed to herself that she was deeply interested in her prospective benefactors for their own welfare. She had been so profoundly impressed by the strange story of their fateful lives and intimately she felt a close sympathy for their lamented mother that she suddenly awakened to the realization of being in the clutches of actual worry lest history might to a certain degree repeat itself in her own case, now possibly influenced by the same evil which had kept those two brothers at their wit's end combattling.

"Oh, I must take my mind off this whole affair," she muttered to herself after watching the window for fully three hours in vain.

CHAPTER IV
THE ADVENT OF VENTUROUS SUSE

From that moment on for three days she succeeded in diverting her mind from that war's ravages. On the third day a letter came to her from Pierre Joffre, warning her again not to see or have any dealings with Robert Glade. He had been worrying about it, he wrote. Otherwise his letter was cheerful enough that he had been under fire once, but had found it far less exciting than he expected. As a postscript to this letter he wrote:

"I have been having bad dreams about that fellow Glade and I have come to fear him more than enemy sharpeul, that's why I write thus, little sweetie dear."

This deep-rooted aversion for Glade on Pierre's part seemed to presage serious trouble in case the latter became aware of the fact that it was through the former his wife secured her release from military duty. Laura saw this beginning of danger the instant she finished reading Pierre's letter. At once she realized the grim necessity of duplicity if she was to avail herself of her one opportunity to reclaim her husband from all evil. Hence it was entirely incompatible with her most cherished plans to heed her husband's warnings, and anyway, she was now convinced that the war twins were not to be feared. She knew their life story, and she had become acquainted with their innermost good traits and regrettable frailties of character. She reasoned her husband would take the same view of the situation. She understood everything as she did.

"Mother," she said quietly as she replaced this latest communication from her husband in the envelope, "poor, dear Pierre is wrong in his estimation of Mr. Glade. I am sure there is nothing to fear from him, and I shall really be sure he will do us this favor without thought of reward."

"Don't be too sure of him, my child," Mrs. Joffre cautioned kindly. "Pierre was always an excellent judge of human nature, and I don't think he would do us this favor without thought of reward."

"I myself never trusted him either until after his visit here at the house the other night, and now I am positive his motives are charitable," Laura replied.

This conversation was interrupted by the door-bell. Laura went to the door and was greeted by a comely young woman, stylishly dressed in jet black ramient of the latest mode, lending a striking contrast to her golden hair and fair complexion. But the first things which won Laura's admiration were the stranger's dancing blue eyes and her engaging smile.

"You will pardon my intrusion, I am sure, when you are aware of the cause I represent," she said by way of gaining entry. "I'm a member of the Young American Ladies' First Aid to the Injured Association, a little organization launched by a group of young Parisians for the purpose of raising funds from among Americans here to equip a large hospital. I am advised you are an American."

"Yes, I am an American woman with a French husband at the front," Laura replied sadly.

"How said," was the sympathetic response of the stranger as her quite bewitching smile faded into an expression of deep concern.

"Won't you come in?" the elder Mrs. Joffre invited.

"Yes, gladly, if for no other reason than to do what little I can to cheer up my fellow American girl," the stranger replied. "No, don't think of introducing myself—"I am Miss Susan Weston of Wichita, Kansas, U. S. A., and I am proud to give my address too."

"We are of the Joffre family," Laura replied.

"This is my soldier husband's mother, and I am Laura Joffre. Now, first tell me, who told you about us."

"We got the name and address at the American Legation, where we get most of our information, a war correspondent of the Paris news-paper, sojourning here."

"Mr. Robert Glade furnished you my name, I presume," Laura replied.

"Yes, I really don't know that, my dear. Persumably you have the pleasure of meeting anyone at the legation, not being a member of the committee which has that part of our work in charge. I am simply one of the harem-scarem attendants, and I think it's jolly for me. There's so much exhilarating adventure connected with running around and imagining you are dodging bombs all the while. They call me Venturesome Susie, you know."

"It is indeed pleasing to see anyone derive real pleasure out of such a difficult and hazardous task as yours must be," commented Laura in congratulatory vein. "And it will be a joy for me to contribute what little I can toward your cause toward."

"Now don't pinch yourself, girly," she cautioned. "If you can stand a hundred, let me jot you down; if you can't spare a single penny, say so, and there's no ill-feeling."

"I can afford a hundred," Laura replied.

"Do I pay it to you?"

"Nix, my dear; simply take your name and address and the treasurer will send you a dumm for it," she explained. "We're doing this thing quite the American way—on credit and an efficient collecting system."

"And, I hope you are having fine luck," Laura chimed in enthusiastically.

"Fine luck, and here is a pamphlet explaining how to go about doing it."

"Yes, I have the financial and the enthusiasm running away with you the treasurer's dumm will come along and then it's up to you. Now again, your name."

Laura gave her the desired information and ventured to ask whether or not she had from Frank Metcalfe.

"Yes, he's next and I've been tipped off he has a lot of money, so it's no talking a hundred beans to him for me."

Here—would you mind if I went over with you and see him?" Laura asked rather awkwardly.

"Wouldn't mind in the least. Do you know him?"

"Yes, I will introduce you."

"Very well, then, and I think Miss Weston was at the door ready to go. Reaching the Metcalfe house they were met at the door by Uncle Mose, who hesitated to invite them in, casting inquiring glances at Laura.

"It's quite all right, Uncle Mose, let us in," she assured him.

"Well, ma'am you all know, ma'am—I can't take de responsibility of letting you all in, but I'll ask de massa," replied the old negro.

"Huh? What's all this? Are they afraid of you, girly?" Miss Weston inquired in surprise.

"No, no, 'tain dat, Miss."

"Then I'm the scare-crow, what?"

"I'm the poor one they all step in de reception hall and wait until I see massa Metcalfe," So saying Uncle Mose stepped aside and bowed low. When the young women were inside and he had closed the door he turned to Miss Weston. "What shall I tell de massa you want to see him about."

"Just tell him a young lady he don't know has come to discuss the Nebula and Mr. Weston, with you involved with a merry twinkle in her bright eyes.

"Yes, Miss, I will, Miss," said Uncle Mose as he started to go, but halting immediately and turning back. "De neb—what did you say about it."

"Here, I'll write it on my card."

And sure enough this gay, young maid from America wrote that very thing on her card and sent it up to Frank Metcalfe.

"Now, boy, he say about it."

"I'm writing about a war—an affair."

(Continued on page 17)
"Juliet's Misfortunes Simply Due to Lack of Eugenics in Shakespeare's Day," Says Theda Bara

By FRANK SNOW

If eugenics had been the fashion in Verona in the sixteenth century, Shakespeare could never have written his 'Romeo and Juliet,'" Theda Bara said last week during a discussion about the masterpiece which William Fox has put into moving pictures.

The distinguished actress is herself a firm believer in the science of eugenics, and she advances a convincing argument to support her novel contention.

In studying the role of Shakespeare's unhappy heroine before she began to portray the character for the screen, Miss Bara came to the conclusion:

"Juliet's heart-breaking time resulted simply from her parents being illy mated.

"Juliet's father was sixty years old, or more, while her mother was probably twenty-eight, and certainly not more than thirty. These facts are established very easily.

"Recall the great masquerade ball given by the Capulets in the first act of the play, where Romeo sees his love for the first time. Old Capulet sits prattling with a cousin in the corner, and in the course of his chattering, he volunteers the information that the two 'are past our dancing days.'

"To the cousin's question as to how long it has been since they 'were in a mask,' Capulet says 'thirty years. Now, he must have been thirty himself when he gave up the tango in 1594, so his age in the play is at least sixty.

If you crave salt, pepper, spice, sauce or any sort of seasoning, you are not in good health. At least you are not in perfect health, because the body when in normal condition does not require the slightest added toothlessness to any food, and, moreover, if all your physical machinery is fulfilling the functions nature intended, you simply will not, under any circumstances, partake of any of the numerous favorite cuisine "trimmings." All this is impressively proven in the case of Margaret Edwards, the Berkeley, California girl, who was recently selected by a committee of eminent scientists out of 20,000 applicants for the form of the perfectly formed and constituted girl in the world. Her physique is absolutely devoid of defects, and her every measurement meets the scientifically correct requirements and standards. And, she has never in her whole life tasted even as weak a stimulant as tea or coffee! Nor has she eaten more than a pound of butter in her entire sixteen years of existence. And not even on rare occasions does she deviate from her habit of eating all foods without one atom of seasoning. It is all because she does not want it and her physical being does not call for it owing to the faultless health she enjoys.

"The more one feels possessed by an appetite for highly seasoned food, the more imperative it is that they should see a physician, or, better still, the more important it is that they should begin at once to gain a physical education, which deserves as careful attention as the mental education." Miss Edwards says.

"There is no demand within the healthy body for added ingredients to any edible. If your physical system is in perfect order you will eat your morning eggs and your dinner meat without adding any salt, pepper or sauce whatever. Your own organs supply you with ample relish."

Miss Edwards further holds that the universal exaggerated appetite is hereditary. The persons of this generation habitually eat an abundance of salt and pepper because their parents did, and their parents inherited the false notion from forerunners. There never was a physical necessity for it, she avers. Likewise she insists it is highly possible and easily feasible for all to start now correcting a truly baneful custom.

"A future generation should see the total abdication of all forms of food seasoning if the dream of a perfect race is to be realized," she adds. "The reason should be quite discernable to even the lay mind, for if human beings continue to force such properties into their physical being they will more and more encourage various vital organs in their body to become torpid and inert and these will ultimately fail completely to discharge the functions for which they were intended. You don't suppose nature created man with an innate lacking of anything do you? Can't you understand, therefore, you were not moulded into the wonderful human machine that you are without adequate means of supplying yourself within yourself with indispensable salines?"

"The formation of the new habit of eating what we will at first impulse term "that, tasteless food!" is conducive to real food for thought, and it might not be amiss to investigate this thing of physical education just to determine how ignorant we might be without knowing it. Scientific causticisms constitute the first step and then the striking of a co-ordinate balance between the mentality and the physical being is the next requisite, according to Miss Edwards.
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WORSE

WILLIAM RUSSELL, the good-looking American Mutual player, gave Charlie Chaplin a pair of boxing gloves for Christmas and Charlie graciously reciprocated by giving Russell a black eye.

It's a good thing Russell didn't give Charlie an axe.

GAIL KANE is much annoyed, because, due to the fact that her name rhymes with so many other words, she receives a surfeit of poems from admirers.

Change your name to Xw, with the accent on the fourth syllable, Gail. That'll fix 'em.

WALLACE REID aspires to be a great violinist, and he takes lessons on the instrument daily.

We would not be surprised to learn that the harmony of life in Hollywood is disturbed.

VIOLA FORTESCUE, who has lately gone into pictures under the Metro banner, is a globe-trotter who has invaded most every remote corner of the earth, including Hobart, Tasmania.

Yes, and Hoboken, N. J., but she is wise enough to keep this a secret.

TO Gladys Brockwell goes the honor of receiving the strangest birthday gift ever given to a girl. It is a hen egg, but it came from Kake, Alaska, where they cost three dollars apiece.

This is all the more remarkable when one pauses to remember that the egg generally goes into the CaKe instead of coming from it.

THE wife of a photoplayer was engaging a nurse recently. "Have you had any experience with children?" she asked one of the applicants. "Sure, m'am, I used to be a child myself," was the reply.

It is evident that applicant had an ancestor who left a dusty, dusty diary.

FRANCIELLA BILLINGTON, who is in the cast of "My Fighting Gentleman," is extremely worried because her Siberian wolfhound—whatever that is—lies seriously ill in a dog hospital. It is said this wolfhound resembles a Spitz in appearance.

That may account for its illness.

AUBREY LOWELL attributes the physical prowess and endurance he shows in "The Great Secret" to his vegetarian diet.

The theory is correct. Tests have proven that strong onions even make strong breaths.

FANNIE WARD designs an average of fifty new gowns per year for herself, dresses being her hobby.

It's a bet she doesn't care for unpressed kid.

EMMY WEHLEN lost her diamond tortoise-shell comb. The next day she found the tortoise-shell part, but the diamonds, alas, were gone.

Natural enough. 'Twould be a rare jewel that would want to stay with a slow tortoise-shell forever.

RALPH KELLARD, who appears in Pathé's "Pearl of the Army," advises American girls to select their husbands now before the big war ends. He thinks there will be a great influx of women from foreign countries as soon as peace is restored and therein lies the danger of formidable rivalry, according to his notion.

But then there always was something foreign in most all matches—there's the Swedish in the safeties, etc.

MEANWHILE Pearl White is loudly warning us against the menace of foreign spies which she says infest the United States.

Gee, they'd have us scared of our shadows just for the sake of getting a little publicity!

THE Kleine-Edison press agent says Francine Larimore, who will be featured in "The Royal Pauper" which will be released February 12th, has recovered her belief in fairies.

How fairy silly!

IN the first scene in which he played after joining the Famous Players, Thomas Meighan was thrown into the cold waters of the Atlantic ocean by accident.

It's impossible to get dry humor out of a wetting of this sort.

Although she cannot boast the regal stuff we know a fellow who has long ears like a mule, but he does not think he is the reincarnation of the donkey Noah had in the ark.

ANITA KING does not agree with the theory that screen players, like little children, should be seen and not heard, and, consequently, she has arranged to lecture at various schools throughout California, her purpose being to discuss moving pictures and kindred subjects. She hopes to thus arouse new interest in her art which she claims is too much misunderstood to make the road to prosperity comparable to that traversed by the legitimate spoken drama. Moreover, she will essay the task of determining in this manner what the studious clain want in the way of photoplays.

More power to her. For once we say, may a king rule!

THERE is considerable mysterious talk on inside circles regarding the tentative plans of a certain prominent producer to startle the world with another feature picture in which the character of Truth will be portrayed by a woman minus clothes. Although there is much to be said pro and con on this contemplated venture, even the more timorous and straight-laced gentility must bear in mind one thing, and that is—

The naked truth should shock no one's sense of modesty.

WHILE in Florida recently Harry Myers drank copiously from the fountain of youth founded by Ponce de Leon, lo, these many years ago. Mr. Myers feels sure he quaffed enough of the wonderful elixir to insure him that he would still be producing photoplays in 2016.

Sounds like this famous fountain might now be a "still."

ALAN HALE, the Selznick photoplayer, is something of a jack-of-all-trades, having been, in turn, an osteopath, soldier, railroad man, singer, vaudeville performer and opera singer.

He is fortunate that he never was in the glue business, for he might have had to stick to that.
WAR TWINS (Continued from page 88)

She had scarcely gotten these words out of her mouth when Frank Metcalf appeared at the head of the stairs and came running down with all the avidity of a boy. However, upon reaching the landing and getting a good view of Miss Susan Weston, his youthful buoyancy deserted him like a flash and he betrayed a most noticeable embarrassment.

"Brace up, my hege lord, for faint heart never got to the top of the moul crying the No Butler Hypothesis," Miss Weston bantied laughingly, and then turned impulsively to Laura and in a whisper asked, "Oh gee, I forgot to ask, is he married?"

Laura shook her head in the negative and betrayed a feeling of uneasiness.

"Good," she exclaimed in delight, and then she walked straight over to the overwhelmed young man. "Now, first before starting this discussion, I wish to have the decency of tell you in advance that I'm going to take about one thousand bucks away from you."

"You are!" he responded in surprise.

"Then you're a brat!"

"I have no idea about that, only rest assured you was never robbed for a better cause in your life."

"Well, would you be so kind as to inform me why I should be robbed at all."

"To help the Young American Ladies' First Aid to the Injured Association equip a large hospital for wounded soldiers of the Allies," she explained.

"Oh," he blurted out showing relief, and then he quickly added: "But I'm adhering strictly to the American proclamations of neutrality. Agree to let a few Germans in your hospital and I'll donate $5,000."

"You don't think for a minute if a man came to our hospital with his arm shot off that we would immediately, because he happened to be a German, do you?" she asked with fine irony.

"I shouldn't think an American organization could be guilty of such an inhumane act," Metcalf replied.

"Then down you go for $5,000," the fair solicitor announced as she prepared her note-book for a notation. "You are Mr. Frank Metcalf, aren't you?"

"Unfortunately I have been known by that name for some time," he replied winking slyly at Laura who tried hard to smile encouragingly at him.

Miss Weston wrote a moment, closed her book and handed Metcalf a pamphlet.

"That'll hand you all the dope, and you'll get a dun for this little donation without any annoying delay," she said. "Now I'm ready to take up the momentous question of the Perilous Hypothesis."

"Yes, does that was the incentive which brought me down here in such a hurry," he insisted jovially.

"All right, to start with, I will give you my word of honor that I don't know a confidential thing about the Perilous Hypothesis."

"Good! Neither do I," he replied.

"Then the discussion should wear long."

"Suppose we change the subject," he suggested.

"To what?" she asked quickly.

"Why not discuss the question, why do girls leave home?"

"It doesn't require discussion," she said. "I know the answer—it's because the world is so full of fellows like you."

"Is that a compliment or a slam?" he asked.

"Leave it to the referee here," she replied turning to Laura. "What was it, a hit or a foul?"

"Really I must confess I don't know what you're talking about," Laura said rather timidly.

"Neither do we, but I think I've accomplished something when I've enabled him to give away $5,000 and forget it the next minute," Miss Weston said, giving Metcalf one of her most radiant smiles. "You have accomplished that," he replied rather seriously, "and—you have aroused the curiosity of the Perilous Hypothesis shall be honored to shake your hand."

As he said these last few words, Metcalf advanced a step towards Miss Weston, whereupon Laura started both by screaming and recoiling obviously much frightened. Metcalf stopped short and glared at Laura wonderingly. Miss Weston deliberately turned her back on the man and faced Laura.

"Why the big scream so early in the proceedings?" she demanded of the now much confused Laura.

"—I—guess I was mistaken," Laura replied with some hesitation as she gazed steadfastly at Metcalf.

"Yes, my dear woman, thank God you were mistaken," he declared impressively. "—I'm all right. I'm growing more so every minute I have such charming and thoroughly helpful company."

"—I'm so sorry for my uncalled-for demonstration," Laura hastened to apologize.

"It's all right, say no more about it—it was only a joke after all," he replied trying to disarm Miss Weston of her curiosity. "A joke?" repeated Miss Weston again facing Metcalf.

"Yes. You see the last girl Mrs. Joffre introduced to me, I kissed about five minutes after meeting her, and she was so mortified I had to promise her to never do it again. And then she started to shake your hand, I thought I was going to kiss you."

Evidently self-satisfied with the grace with which he told this fib, Metcalf smiled broadly, nodding first at Laura and then at Miss Weston.

"So thus I lose all chance of a kiss be—"

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DEPARTMENT 36

PHILADELPHIA, PA., U. S. A.
cause of your timidity, what?” demanded the much-amused Miss Weston of Laura good-naturedly.

“You—you surely wouldn’t kiss a strange man so soon, would you?” Laura asked with unsuppressed innocence.

“I never have yet, but precedents have been broken before,” Miss Weston replied laughingly.

“Now listen!” Metcalf retorted triumphantly to Laura as he stepped forward and took Miss Weston’s right hand in both of his. “We have made a hit with each other.”

“Sure we have,” chimed in Miss Weston entering in the spirit of fun with a cute zest by shaking Metcalf’s two hands strenuously.

“And already one precedent is broken, for you are the first girl I ever made a hit with,” he told Miss Weston, looking at her squarely in the eye.

This penchant of Metcalf’s for gazing so steadily in the young woman’s eye made Laura extremely nervous as she recalled her own experience and despite herself she found herself interrogating by advancing to the girl and waving her hand between their faces.

“Well, for city’s sake, don’t hypnotize the girl,” she ordered, feigning a jocular intent.

“Hypnotize me?” Miss Weston asked deviously. “Say, I’m immune to any of your secret powers. It’s always been my policy to persist too much in having frankness to permit of any hidden influences having effect on me. Then she held out her face to Metcalf and gave him her full gaze. “Go ahead and hypnotize if you can.”

“All right,” he answered back as he assumed a menacing crouch and riveted his eyes on the girl.

Laura was too spellbound by her memories to see the joke of it, and she was beset with worry because Miss Susan Weston submitted so willingly to the test.

“You’re sound asleep,” exclaimed Metcalf after a few minutes.

His subject replied with a deep snore, which straightened him up. Then she laughed merrily and jumped up and down with glee as she clapped her hands.

“I’m coroner, or rather, I’m the boss, I’m the boss,” she yelled.

“I surrender,” promptly announced Metcalf bowing humbly.

“Good. Now that we have captured this fort we will move our array to another field.” So saying Miss Weston moved toward the door.

“Surely you’re not going to make me the victim of that sort of inhuman warfare,” Metcalf interposed appealingly.

“Explanations, please,” she demanded as she paused and looked back at him. “Now that you’ve got me, you’re not going to abandon me so soon, are you?”

“Oh, it doesn’t mean we will sever diplomatic relations if you replied gaily. “You have my card, and a word to the wise is always sufficient. Ta ta.”

Laura joined Miss Weston at the door as did Frank Metcalf, but the latter behaved as if the thought of his visit to the house had never entered his mind.

“I’m sorry to see you go, but I assure you I will return the visit if I may,” he said.

“You may, but you’ll have to wait until I can consult my date book before a definite time can be set, because since I have taken up this charity work I’ve looked like a show,” she replied merrily as she gave the serious-faced young man another one of her best smiles.

“Pray don’t lose much time in consulting the book,” he begged.

“Don’t worry, I won’t. Good day.” And Miss Weston was on the porch, waving back at Metcalf.

Upon reaching the sidewalk and making sure Metcalf had returned inside the house, Laura turned to Miss Weston and asked:

“Do you really mean to receive his attentions?”

“Certainly: I think he’s dandy. Gee, hasn’t he wonderful, big, brown eyes? Of course I might not like him at all when we get better acquainted, but I’m always willing to take a chance with any decent chap who knows what the word gentleman means. Don’t be alarmed, my dear, over me. I can take care of myself and I was well-named when they started calling me Venturesome Susie. Now I must be going. Bye-bye. Awfully glad I met you, and I hope your husband will soon be restored to you as abled-bodied as ever. Here’s my card. Call on me. So long.”

By the time she had rattled all this off, Miss Susan Weston was well on her way. She stood there as if glued to the spot. She gazed following the vivacious young solicitor as she sauntered down the street at a rapid pace. She was awakened from her contemplation of the departing girl by a male voice calling her name in rather subdued tones. Instinctively she looked back at the Metcalf house and discovered Frank Metcalf sticking his head out of the door.

“Don’t tell Miss Weston anything about me, please,” Metcalf requested.

“Do you think that will be fair to her?” Laura shouted back.

“I feel confident I shall succeed in making it fair to her—do give me a chance, Mrs. Joffre.”

There was so much earnest appeal in the young man’s voice that Laura at once came to the conclusion she could not stand in his way if there was any possibility of him attaining at last perfect happiness. “I will give you a chance.”

“You think you so much: I hope to adequately repay you for your great kindness. Good day.” And Frank Metcalf disappeared behind his front door.

Laura returned to the Joffre house and went directly to her room, and for the next two hours she was reading a Christian Science book on health. She had suddenly been seized by the idea of devoting more time to the future and to cease worrying about other people’s affairs of the present.
Laura dear,” Miss Weston told her with graceful familiarity. “Fate has sort of brought us together, and I am sure we have much in common.”

“Now what has happened?” Laura asked, evincing a keen interest.

“Well, you know, Frank and I have quite a case on,” Miss Weston began. “In fact, we’re both a bit infatuated.”

“Indeed!” Laura ejaculated.

“Yes, and now a strange coincidence bobs up serenely to upset the equilibrium of yours truly,” continued the fair-haired Susan.

“Tell me about it quick,” Laura urged as she grew suddenly apprehensive.

Yesterday I went to the American Legation with one of the girls in our association, and much to my surprise I met Frank there. I spoke to him as a true lover should, calling him dearie, and oh, the look he gave me and do you know he had the nerve to tell me I was mistaken in the party. He was with some distinguished looking man at the time, and away he walked with him without saying another word to me. Now, what do you think of that?”

“I think you were informed correctly: it was not Frank Metcalf you met at all,” replied Laura.

“Stop your kidding me, don’t you think I know Frank Metcalf when I see him?”

“I’ll venture to assert in this particular case you didn’t.”

“Then it was his twin brother.”

“It was his twin brother,” Laura declared.

“It was! Honest?” And Miss Susan Weston jumped right out of her chair.

“Yes, Mr. Metcalf’s twin brother holds a quite responsible position at the American Legation,” affirmed Laura.

“Then right to that Legation for you and I at once,” the now excited Susan announced.

“Why must we go there?”

“So I can apologize and give the twin the once-over and decide before I go any farther which one I like best.”

“But, my dear girl, you are inviting trouble now,” Laura cautioned.

“Just the same we’re going, and if there is any trouble it is bound to be interesting.”

After a moment’s reflection Laura decided she would like to ask Robert Glade what he had accomplished toward getting her husband out of the trenches, and she gave in to her new-found friend.

Upon reaching the Legation they were admitted at once to Glade’s private office. He greeted Laura cordially and then assumed an erect pose as if awaiting introduction to her consort.

“You remember me, don’t you?” Susan asked him.

“Yes, I believe I do; you’re the girl who called me dearie yesterday,” he admitted.

“Yes,” Laura broke in, “this is Miss Susan Weston, Mr. Glade.”

“Mr. Glade!” Susan exclaimed looking askance at Laura. “Why Glade when his twin brother travels under the cognomen of Metcalf?”

Then you know my brother, Frank, do you?” he asked quietly.

“Sure, I know him very well considering the brevity of our acquaintance.”

“It is best then that he explain this little discrepancy in names, if it may be called such,” Glade suggested.

“Why can’t you explain it?” she asked him promptly.

THE MARCH NUMBER
of
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“Any such effort on my part might be construed as unfair.”

“Oh, of course,” agreed Susan. “Mr. Metcalf is plenty old enough to talk for himself.”

“Er—pardon me, but might I know why you think that?” Olivers asked Susan.

“I came to apologize for my rudeness, and to explain that your close resemblance to your brother was responsible for my mistake yesterday.”

The amount of harm done was insignificant, and I accept your apology.” Then he turned to Laura, adding: “I feel sure I shall have some good news for you in a very short time now.”

“Honestly?” Laura asked most eagerly. “You mean you are not going to marry the man?”

“How soon do you think these appointments will be made?”

“I am advised the work in hand is urgent and would take it there would therefore be little delay,” he replied. “I am keeping in close touch with proper authorities, and I am sure you have presented mighty strong reasons why your husband should be among those chosen.”

“How kind of you to devote so much time to me without hope of reward,” Laura murmured, giving Glade a smile of gratitude.

“You have rewarded me already, my dear little lady,” Glade assured her with convincing sincerity. “You not only furnished my brother with the inspiration to live a better life, but you checked me just when I was beginning to slip a few cogs.” Then Glade turned to Susan. “Our charming little motherly friend here has cut a big figure for herself in what’s left of my family. So you will excuse us for talking possibly in riddles.”

“I’m not puzzled at all at what you are saying,” Susan replied. “Quite on the contrary, I’m learning with you that there can be no such thing as good fortune to several very estimable and desirable friends to my list.”

“Thank you, dear,” Laura said to Susan smiling sweetly.

“Do I owe thanks to you, too?” Glade asked Susan.

“Betcher life you do.”

“All right then, thank you.”

“You’re welcome. By the way, have you subscribed anything to the fund being raised by the Young American Ladies’ First Aid to the Injured Association?”

“Oh, a couple thousand dollars,” he replied nonchalantly.

“That will never do,” she declared positively. “Your brother donated five thousand dollars. You’ll have to do as well. I’ll be back with all my paraphernalia to close the deal with you tomorrow morning.”

“Great. That will mean the pleasure of another visit from you. It’s worth it. To think you have considered us so enthusiastically by Robert Glade made Laura frown, but Miss Susan Weston laughed merrily. One saw the dark clouds hovering over all as a result of a rivalry between the war twins while the other, so accustomed to being care-free, never thought of such a thing.

“Never fear, I’ll be right on the job,” she declared, pointing her finger cutely at Glade.

“What time?”

“Eleven o’clock.”

“Right! I’ll be awaiting you with a lot of pleasant anticipation.”

“And also with your check-book handy,” Venturesome Susan reminded.

“My word is as good as my bond.”

“Then we’ll bid you good-day,” Susan replied walking to the door.

Robert Glade held the young woman’s hand for a protracted period after shaking it, and then he patted Laura’s cheek with his other hand.

“Stop your worrying, little girl,” he advised her. “We have added a splendid recruit to our battalion of rescuers for your husband. We’ll have him back with you soon, I am sure.”

“You mean me when you say recruit, I presume—?”

“Yes, Miss Weston,” replied Glade.

“Better not leave me out of it,” she said. “Why, if it comes to a showdown I’ll go pull him out of the trenches myself, figuratively speaking—or I would say by proxy, since it just dawned on me that I’m a young woman and not a Tom-boy any more.”

Even Laura laughed at this wild talk, but her merriment soon subsided as she noted the unmistakable fact that Glade and Miss Weston were not prone to separate. For some time Laura had reached the main entrance of the Legation ready to exit before her companion joined her, and then this same Laura was amazed beyond all description when she became aware of the fair Susan being in the same kind of a speechless trance as Frank Metcalf and her husband had developed after leaving Glade.

“Now I am worried,” she declared almost frantically after five minutes of vain effort to induce her friend to resume her customary logycourtesy.

“Don’t, it’ll be all right,” Susan assured her soberly.

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Harold Lachman Co., Dept. 1852, 12 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
"Do tell me how you feel, please," Laura asked.
"Drowsy and thoughtful," was the brief reply she got.
"Oh what is there about Robert Glade to take such a curious effect on everyone who sees him with me?" Laura asked with a note of desperation in her now trembling voice.
"Search me, only he's awfully nice," Susan responded.

It was fully an hour after they had arrived at Miss Weston's apartment before she returned to her characteristic animation.

"You know I'm in a quandary about those twins now," she remarked finally.
"In what way?" Laura asked anxiously.
"If I had to choose between just them this minute, I wouldn't know which one to take," she replied seriously and then broke out in a little nervous laugh.
"I'm so sorry you have been placed in such a position," Laura consoled. "And, you must be oh so very careful. You know they—they have always been known as the war twins—"

"War in what? And are they in the habit of declaring war on each other?"
"They have been bad friends for a long time, but are now on good terms," Laura explained.

But surely such intelligent and highly cultured gentlemen would not stoop to making war on each other for the hand of a girl. I am sure either would step aside for the other if things ever came to such an issue. You know, my dear Laura, contrary to my seeming desire to cut up and shift responsibilities, I have been wishing for nearly a year that I would meet the man I could love well enough to marry. Away down in my heart I'm weary of being a baren-scarem bacheloret girl."

Your ambition to assume matrimonial responsibility is most laudable, but let us hope you have not fallen in love with two men," Laura replied.

"I'm afraid that's what I've gone and done, and at first sight in both cases, too."
"How regrettable!"
"Oh, I don't know. It might prove a happy adventure after all." Laura could not share Susan's optimism. She was tempted to tell all she knew about Robert Glade and Frank Metcalf, but her promise to the latter occurred to her in the nick of time, and she reasoned it would not be fair to divulge the weakness of Glade without including Metcalf in her expose. Then again her spasmatic confidence in their good intentions asserted itself and she decided any remarks derogatory to their characters might redound to discredit to her should they both prove their manliness in the end.

"Well, of course, it's your own affair, my dear girl, and I shall pray you will be spared any woe," Laura finally told Susan.

"It's very sweet of you to feel as you do towards me, and now you must concentrate our thoughts on your interests in preference to my own. You are about to face the most important crisis of your life, and I want to see you enter motherhood happily. So you must not let the troubles of others prey on your mind."

"I have tried very hard to keep my mind in its right channel, but I simply cannot," Laura declared.

"We, the battalion of your friends who plan to combine efforts to rescue your husband from the front, must help you find a way to keep your mind clear of worries for the next few months," Susan replied.

As Laura travelled home she marvelled over Susan's ability to throw off the spell Glade had cast for this third time in her experience with him. "Susie won't stay charmed," she observed.

(Continued in our March number)
The Reduction
Willis—I took up golf to reduce.
Gillis—Did you succeed?
Willis—Yes; I reduced my bank account, my hours at the office, and my reputation for velocity.

Meant for a Friend?
"Blank complains of feeling sick."
"Yes; he smoked a cigar from the wrong pocket."

News.
"What's the trouble at your house?"
"Fall cleaning. Everything upset. And there's so much news in the last month that I'm afraid my wife will never get the pantry shelves fixed up."

The Only Thing.
"My girl's family kicks on everything that relates to me. There's only one thing they approve of."
"What's that?"
"My choice of a girl."

"Distinguishing Spez."
Hell—a-Mile, Colorado.

Gints
I got your catalog from a feller in Denver but you ain't got no "Distinguishing Spez" in it no where as I can see. I want some for Six Shot Perkins who runs the Little Gem Cafe. He just got some eastern bartenders and he wants me to fit him with Distinguishing Spez so they can tell their money from his as they seem to get them mixed up. Bartender is too scarce to kill here.

Send a lot, bout two. Yours respect, Tip Peeples.
—Wellworth.

The Way It Seemed.
Willard and Annie were out motoring, and Annie insisted that he allow her to run the car. After some persuasion, he reluctantly acquiesced, and his fears soon were realized.

"Oh, Willard," the girl cried, excitedly, "take it quick! Here comes a ditch!"

"I'm going to smash that feller," declared the bad man of the county.

"What for?" demanded the sheriff.

"He's looking fer trouble." "Gwan! Quit trying to pick a fight. A feller never looks for trouble with a poodle."

There are a lot of girls who don't ever intend to marry.
How do you know?
I have prophecies to several.

O'Brien—"Oi can say wan thing—O'm a self-made man.
Casey—"Is it boastin' ye are, or apologizin'?"

The Last Laugh

Showing Him.
The Host (to Nervous Guest) — "Have you seen the presents, old chap?"
Nervous Guest—"No, but I should like to, awfully." The Host—"Well, just a moment, and I'll get a detective to show you around."

Deficit in Husbands.
The girls in our village don't want the soldier boys sent away any more."
"What's the kick? We must have defenders."
"Of course. But they suspect a lot of them of getting engaged to Texas girls."

The Reason.
Willis—"The wedding of your daughter and Count de Broke didn't begin on time. What was the cause of the delay?"
Gillis—"We were obliged to make a shift in the music at the last minute. We couldn't use 'The Promise Me' because it reminded the Count of his notes, and we had to cut out the 'Wedding March' because his bankruptcy proceedings came up in the month, and besides Mendelssohn is the name of his principal creditor."

A Way They Have.
Crawford—"Does your wife believe everything you tell her about yourself?"
Crabshaw—"No; she'd rather believe what everybody tells her about me."

Recklessness.
"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "the baby next door swallowed a quarter."
"It won't hurt the child."
"I know. But isn't it terrible how careless some people are with money?"

"Mother, how much did you get from Dad for our Christmas shopping?
Gillis—"We were obliged to make a shift in the music at the last minute. We couldn't use 'The Promise Me' because it reminded the Count of his notes, and we had to cut out the 'Wedding March' because his bankruptcy proceedings came up in the month, and besides Mendelssohn is the name of his principal creditor."

"Why didn't Rastus marry dat Cooshah gal?"
"Oh, she done flunk at de last minute—wouldn't lend him a dolah fot' t'git de license wil."

Husband (after the theatre)—"Well, how did you like the play?"
His Wife—"Very well, indeed. There was only one impossible thing in it. The second act takes place two years after the first, and the family still have the same servant."

Uncle Josh—"Here's a letter from Nephew Harry, that's gone to Africa, and says that within twenty days o' his house there's a family o' laughing hyenas."
His Wife—"Well, I am glad he's got pleasant neighbors, anyway—that's something."

That Noise.
"What was that unearthly noise on your floor last night?"
"asked the landlady of the winter hoarderly Nervous Guest for circus people."
"The Human Pincushion was walking the floor with his baby, replied, and I'll get a detective to show you around."

The Main Thing.
"I suppose it takes a certain amount of tact to get into society," said the climber.
"Yes, one must know whom to snub," replied the woman who had arrived.

Mistake.
"Do you breakfast over it got know will takes village's squire."

Think.
"Yes;" said the dealer, "you accidentally broke a very valuable porcelain vase, what would you do?"
"I should put it carefully together, bring in a good man, and set it where a wealthy customer would be sure to knock it over again."
"Consider yourself engaged," said the dealer. "Now, tell me where you learned that trick of the trade."
"A few years ago," answered the other, "I was one of the 'wealthy customer' class."

Do As The Romans Do.
Mrs. Black—"I was so sorry to hear that Mr. White was ill. A cold, I suppose?"
Mrs. White—"Oh, something he ate. He went to New York on business, and since he had to take lunch with all the men who did business with him, he was forced to eat six lunches every day during his stay."

The Rarest Things on Earth—
The blue rose.
The black tulip.
The perfect alibi.
The polite messenger boy.
The emerald green poody dole.
The girl's confession of her age.
The photoplay that lacks the reel thing.

A village ne'er-do-well who was set out early on poaching intent suddenly came face to face with the 'squire. There was no escape, so he said:
"Good morning, sir; what brings you out so early?"
"Getting an appetite for my breakfast," answered the 'squire. "And what brings you out so early?"
"Getting a breakfast for my appetite," was the ready reply.

Curran, the well-known Irish barrister, once said to Father O'Leary, the most witty priest of his day:
"I wish you were St. Peter."
"Why?" asked Father O'Leary.
"Because you would have the keys of heaven and would let me in."
"And I would be better for you," said the priest, "if I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

Note.—Add all contributions for this page to Last Laugh Editor, The Photo-Play Journal, Philadelphia
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The Photo-Play Journal

March 1917

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FIVE PASSENGER FOUR FOUR PASSENGER ROADSTER TWO PASSENGER ROADSTER
SAME PRICE
EVERYBODY seems to think the February number of The Photo-Play Journal was our best, and it is needless to add, we have been very gratified by the veritable avalanche of laudatory letters which have come to our desk in the last couple of weeks from all parts of the country. There has been a pleasing note of sincerity in every communication, and we feel certain these spontaneous praises are being sung because this periodical really possesses a heart, a soul and a character. We know there is no other magazine just like The Photo-Play Journal. A constant extra effort is exerted to make it different, and we wish to take this occasion to call your attention to the fact that there is no braggadocio in our assertion that we offer exclusive features no other publication can get. If you doubt the possibility of this in such an era of keen competition, you watch and study The Photo-Play Journal from month to month and determine the plain, modest truth of the statement. The reason we are so cock-sure of our ground is: we have several of America's most talented and promising writers under contract to sell us their entire literary output for the benefit solely of our readers. By this forward step we have succeeded in extricating ourselves from the entanglements of the hackneyed, which seem to have many motion picture publications seriously handicapped.

NEXT month The Photo-Play Journal will celebrate its first anniversary, and when you see the April number, you will agree that this husky youngster rounds out a twelve-month most auspiciously. With all due candor we must admit we never anticipated such a truly remarkable development as has been our lot, although we felt confident from the inception that there was ample room for one really high-class magazine in the photoplay field. No one could have known the photoplay fans were so eager to embrace an official organ patterned from their own standpoint; no one could have discerned the remarkably expansive void created by the sameness of all our predecessors. "For three years I wondered why there was no magazine distinctively for the movie patrons, and when I saw The Photo-Play Journal I marvelled at how completely and efficiently it filled the long-felt want," recently wrote an enthusiastic New York subscriber, who prefaced her letter with the remark that she was not of the blase clan, and in these explicit words the fundamentally vital achievement of this publication is adequately expressed. Invariably the American people want the best there is available, and this accounts for the unprecedented success of this magazine. And our April number is going to be better than the best. Don't miss it.

VITUPERATION is too rife in the realm of motion picture critics, but a retrospective view reveals the fact that even the critics have kept step with the forward march, and, like the pictures, they have improved. The vast majority of the reviewers are above invective, and only a few are intractable, but still there occasionally crops out a surfeit of rather malicious attacks in certain publications, and almost invariably these are aimed at one or two concerns which seemingly have incurred the enmity of the publishers; not because of any inferiority of production, but through some entirely personal transaction. It is easy to see the wanton injustice of this sort of a tirade, and the only effectual way to vindicate the assailed is to urge a general repudiation of such biased and narrow-minded critical policies. The photoplay fans are interested only to the extent that such unfair criticisms tend to mislead them to avoid seeing many features which they are deserving. Therefore we believe it behooves the fans to get into the habit of reading reviews with discernment, and if any statements appear to be actuated by ulterior motives, accept the criticism with a grain of salt. Primarily we advise all to determine which publications print the fair reviews, urging the ignoring of all that are prone to misrepresent in order to give vent to an unwholesome spleen.
LUCILLE PIETZ
BALBOA
FOUR BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF THE PHOTOPLAY

MABEL NORMAND

DOROTHY DALTON

DOROTHY GISH

CLARA WILLIAMS
HELEN MARIE OSBORNE
(OUR WONDERFUL BABY STAR ON THE COVER)

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE, the celebrated play by Dan F. Whitcomb, which is partly responsible for the world-wide movement to produce better pictures for children, was filmed by Balboa for the House of Pathe in 1915. Its success has been so unparalleled that Pathe has contracted with Balboa for six additional plays all to star the same baby artiste who gave the play "Little Mary Sunshine" such a tremendous vogue. This wonderful child is Helen Marie Osborne, and she lives at Long Beach, California, in the shadow of Balboa's studio, but throughout the Americas and even in England and war-torn Europe she is known as Little Mary Sunshine, and, doubtless, this charming sobriquet will stick to her through life. At Balboa studio she is known also as the "Baby Grand," and she is in truth a baby grand. The difference between Little Mary Sunshine and most other children in motion pictures is this: Other children come and go, appearing in a few scenes, being entirely incident to the story, but the Balboa wonder-child actually takes the leading lady's part, carrying the story through five reels of film, with the action written around her and she being the star in fact and name. This baby star is only four and a half years old, and she is as much a baby now as the first day she stepped before a camera. There isn't anything stagey about her at all. Her director, Henry King, himself a moving picture headliner, sees to that. Mr. King is only in his twenties and yet he knows more about children than men with large families. Anyhow he knows more about Little Mary Sunshine. To see Mr. King at work with his protege before the camera is a joy. What he seems to do is to get right into the scene with her and prevent her from acting. The minute a child begins to act she gets self-conscious and it's all off. Balboa's proudest laurel is the place unanimously awarded it as pioneer of the movement for better films for children, and that its standard is to be maintained is evidenced by the reports that the Little Mary Sunshine pictures soon to be released are equal to the ones that captured the hearts of the whole world.
PEGGY DARE, an American girl of good means and sturdy independence, was among the many thousand loyal patriots of the United States who were temporarily marooned in Europe when the world's worst war started. She was resting in a charming village near Paris with only two attendants, Marie, her maid, and Gaston, her man-servant. Her destination was Bonaluria City, capital of the Grand Duchy of Bonaluria, where she was to meet her fiancé, Richard Carr. American attaché at that place. It was Gaston who brought to the pretty tourist the first information of the actual outbreak of hostilities. He had read with alarm a bulletin announcing that French soil had been invaded, and, hastening to his mistress, he diverted her attention from a joyful study of a guide book.

"Now isn't it awful of this old war to come along and spoil my European tour?" she asked her informant with a show of pique.

Gaston could not understand her feminine point of view. To him the war meant something more than a hindrance to pleasure trips. His obvious bewilderment so versed Peggy that she hurried her book to the floor and appealed to her maid, Marie, for sympathy.

Simultaneously in far-away Bonalurian City, Richard Carr, like Gaston, was being much disturbed by the receipt of the ominous news of the hour. He knew Peggy Dare well enough to feel convinced that she would undoubtedly live up to her name by daring to brave most any dangerous situation to gratify her desire to see many points of interest before finally terminating her journey. He was sure Bonaluria, nestled as it was like a jewel among the tree-clad hills, would by virtue of its comparative isolation be a safer place for the girl he loved. He knew his position as secretary to the American Minister would give her a protection she could not get elsewhere, and therefore he hastened to dispatch with all possible haste the following letter:

DEAR PEGGY:

Now that war is imminent all over Europe, I think you'd be safer here with mother and I. She is keeping house for me. Plotters against the Grand Duke are troubling us, but we don't expect it will amount to much. Advise quickly. Lovingly,

Dick.

P.S. And why can't we be married here and then return to America?

Kisses.

Mrs. Carr, Dick's mother, a kindly old lady, had agreed with her son that his plan was wise, and he was made happy by her smiling encouragement of his admirable thoughtfulness in not permitting a single moment's procrastination in looking after the welfare of the girl of his heart.

Young Carr was an amiable, likeable fellow. He was a natural diplomat who could ingratiate himself with most anyone. During his sojourn in Bonaluria he had won the unalloyed admiration of Prince Tourville, the Grand Duke's Prime Minister, a serious, thoughtful man of past middle age, who, despite his fine, big physique, betrayed the fact that he keenly realized his heavy responsibilities. Carr had just dispatched his letter to Peggy when he saw Tourville alight from an automobile. Tourville beckoned him.

"Come inside, I want to talk something over with you," the latter told the young man, who seemed pleased to accompany him into the adjacent palace.

As they entered they were met by Prince Henri, a man of about 45 years, with a sly and crafty face. He assumed a smile of greeting, which Tourville returned coldly. It was evident these two men did not care for each other, and there seemed to be just a trace of hatred in the meditative gaze the prince shot at Tourville as he disappeared down the hall with Carr, who upon reaching the council room turned an inquiring gaze to his distinguished companion.

"What's the row now?" he asked, when Tourville started to pace up and down the room.

"I'm worried, Carr," the prince replied most seriously. "Some strong, hidden force is arrayed against our Grand Duke, seeking his life."

"But why would anyone want to kill the Grand Duke?" Carr asked, showing deep concern.

"A European Power, now at war, would like to put a pretender on the throne," the prince explained. "If I only knew who is their agent here?"

"Perhaps Providence will aid us in our efforts to ferret out whoever would disturb the tranquility of this duchy," Carr replied, optimistically, and then he proceeded to use his every influence to persuade Tourville to dispel the gloom which enveloped him.

A very few days later Peggy Dare, in response to Carr's letter, departed from her French village resting-place for Bonalurian, accompanied by her two faithful servants. Peggy had taken care to avoid making too showy an appearance, she having removed all her jewels. She had attired herself in her simplest traveling suit, and the only thing resembling jewelry she wore was a rather attractive fraternity pin which adorned the front of her waist.

Soon after she had settled in her compartment on the train a shabbily-dressed working-man appeared on the depot plat-
form leading by the hand a little boy, whose clothes were tattered and whose whole appearance indicated parental negligence. The boy did not seem frightened, but he openly resented being dragged along by the man, and he acted relieved when the latter stopped to glean some information from a guard.

"Which is the train for Bonaluria?" he asked humbly, and when the guard had indicated the train which Peggy had just boarded the unshod stranger propounded a second question: "Are other people going there?"

"Why, yes; that lady there is going to Bonaluria," the guard replied, pointing at the compartment occupied by Peggy.

When the guard started to stay the man from leading the boy directly to the train, asking to see his tickets, a woman appeared on the scene and claimed his attention while the man boldly led the boy through an open window into Peggy's compartment and ran away from the place, quickly disappearing.

The boy landed on the floor at Peggy's feet, but he promptly raised his head and looked up at her appealingly. For the moment, Peggy was so amazed by this unusual occurrence that she could only gaze on the boy mutely.

By the time she had gathered her wits together and had lifted the boy to his feet, the train was moving away from the station at a rapidly-increasing speed.

"Quick, Gaston, find out who that man is—we must find out to whom this boy belongs," she ordered.

"It is too late, madame, the train is in motion and the man has fled," Gaston replied.

The boy was visibly hurt by Peggy's anxiety to cast him aside. He apparently wanted to stay with her. She seemed to divine the youth's eagerness to remain on the train. Her expression softened as she met the little stranger's wistful stare. Her tender heart at last felt the maternal appeal of protection every woman feels. The boy was quick to see the change in the girl's manner and he smiled timidly at her. This quite won her and she impulsively embraced the boy, murmuring low: "You little darling!" Then it was that she discovered a note pinned to the boy's bosom pocket. Eagerly she grabbed this note, and this is what she read:

"Will you take care of this poor, little lad, Manouche, until the train reaches Bonaluria?

Peggy was perplexed. Why should she be selected to care for this apparently ragamuffin and take him to his destination? In her bewildlement she turned to Gaston and Marie and asked their opinions. Marie was too upset to make answer, but Gaston made known his opposition to his mistress shouldering the responsibility in forceful lan-
guard in looking through her luggage discovered a package of lunch, which he rudely opened and proceeded to devour, dividing with another guard. This angered little Manouche, who impetuously hurled himself at the men despite Peggy's warning to the contrary. The guards had handled the boy very roughly before Peggy succeeded in getting him away from them. Two Royal Guards arrived on the scene in time to save the boy from further abuse, and under their protection Peggy and her entire party re-entered their compartment. After the train had started again, Peggy mildly scolded Manouche for his boisterous audacity in attempting to whip two men.

"I was only teaching those two men to treat my beautiful lady better," was the unanswerable reply the boy gave with a slight show of resentment.

This manly spirit so delighted Peggy that she hugged the boy.

Almost at that very moment Prime Minister Tourville and his councillors were conferring on the Grand Duke's peril. Richard Carr arrived and was admitted by Tourville's order after the meeting had started. Prince Henri, who was also present, frowned on Carr from the moment he entered the room.

"Why is this American, an outsider, present at our secret councils of state?" Henri finally demanded.

"Because Mr. Carr has given us important information and advice on the very matter we are discussing," Tourville promptly replied.

"So! Carr has given important information?" Henri repeated under his breath, in surprise, wherupon he waived his objection and the discussion proceeded.

Carr soon tired of Henri's obstructive platitudes of speech which he injected promiscuously at every juncture of the proceedings, as if sparring for time and when came a slight lull, the American arose and spoke.

"You're afraid of mobs and assassination. Why don't you turn out the Royal Guards en masse and have them ready when the Grand Duke arrives? The very sight of the Government's military strength might awe the conspirators and save the day."

This impressed Tourville and all others excepting Henri as good advice.

"Why didn't we think of this before?" Tourville asked his councillors.

"Probably because some of us know that we might incite riots by displaying the soldiers," Henri suggested quickly.

Forthwith Henri was voted down and Carr's advice was accepted with thanks.

As he left the palace, Carr encountered Princess Alice, who smilingly asked him if he wasn't going riding with her.

"No, I am expecting my fiancée today," Carr replied without hesitation, and he left the princess, excusing himself politely but leaving her exceedingly unhappy in her unrequited love.

Two hours later Carr was among the large crowds congregated at the railway station awaiting the arrival of the train on which Peggy rode. There was also in that crowd Peter Bunting, to whom Carr had discovered in the ruined castle. They were stationed several paces from the depot in the railway yard, and it was by their machination that the train was stopped at this point. An evd-faced man carrying a bomb was ordered to the train by Pierre, who secreted his person behind a shed near which stood his horse. The bomb-carrier boldly crept up to Peggy's compartment and peered in the window. Manouche was the first to discover the presence of the man, who wore a diabolical smile and who promptly raised into sight the bomb with the fuse lighted. Instantly he hurled this terrible agency of death into the compartment and fled. Peggy, Manouche, Gaston and Marie were all seemingly hypnotized by this unexpected danger, and they stared at the spluttering bomb as it transfixed, all being unable to move. During this brief moment Richard Carr at the depot had discovered the train and, with Tourville, was wondering what had caused the delay. Tourville was visibly upset, and he despatched a guard to determine what was going wrong.

When all but a tiny bit of the fuse had been consumed, Peggy finally summoned sufficient courage to grab the bomb, and she hurled it wildly out the window and it had rolled down the adjacent hillside right into the hiding-place of the conspirators before it exploded with a terrific force. The alarming explosion inspired Carr to quick action, and he made a quick dash for the train, thinking only of Peggy. Tourville shouted orders excitedly, and the scene soon became one of great activity.

Peggy and Manouche, with the other passengers and several guards, rushed out of the train and were at the edge of the embankment viewing the destruction which had been wrought by the bomb. The bodies of the four conspirators, apparently lifeless, could be easily seen from this point. Carr ran onto the scene and Peggy discovered him with unreasoned joy. She was in his embrace when Tourville arrived and, recognizing Manouche, gripped him in his arms and hurried away with him.

"My boy, they're stealing my boy," Peggy screamed upon seeing Tourville rush away with Manouche.

"Your boy?" Carr asked in amazement.

"Yes, my boy on this whole trip," she reasserted.

"Why Peggy dear, that is the little Grand Duke himself," Carr announced.

Peggy was astounded. She was even incredulous. She argued there must be some mistake, and she told him how she happened to come into possession of the boy.

"So you see, it can't be the Grand Duke, because it is some workman's child instead," she finished triumphantly.

"You are wrong, my dear," he replied.

"You see, they wanted to get the little Duke here without attracting attention and by chance they selected you as accessory."

This convinced Peggy, but she betrayed a keen sense of disappointment over having the charming child taken away from her. Carr consoled her and took her directly to his home, where his kindly mother was ready to cordially receive them.

"I want the sweetest mother in the world to meet the nicest girl there is," was Carr's unique way of introducing his mother to his fiancée, and, immediately there sprung up a marked tenderness between the two women.

In the meantime the little Grand Duke had been wildly cheered by the throngs which lined the streets through which he passed in Tourville's automobile. Tourville had taken the care to throw his robe over the boy to hide his shabby clothes. He was much worried because the little fellow was sulking.

"Bow to your subjects when they cheer you," he told the lad.

"No, I'm in no mood to bow, because I've lost my beautiful lady," was the quick answer he got.

Then when Tourville had been widely cheered and pleaded with the boy to acknowledge the reception he was being given, the youngster gave further demonstration of his temper by deliberately but cutely sticking his tongue out at his subjects, much to the Prime Minister's amazement. Once in the palace, the Grand Duke was attired in the little uniform of his rank and was turned loose in his palatial room filled with wonderful toys galore, but with it all he was unmistakably lonely. Instead of turning to play with the zest one would expect of a youth of his tender years, he gazed wistfully out of the window, frequently brushing aside large tears which persisted in welling up in his sad eyes.
It was while the Grand Duke thus fretted that Carr presented to Peggy the following letter:

**DEAR MISS DARE:**

Because of the service you did the State in saving our Grand Duke's life, our gratitude is unbounded. May I have the honor of presenting you at Court? This letter will be followed by a formal invitation to Court. Thankfully yours,

TOURVILLE

"Why who on earth is Tourville?" the girl asked upon finishing her perusal of the letter.

"Tourville! Why, he is the Prime Minister," Carr explained. "Is that letter from him?"

"Yes, and he asks me to Court," Peggy announced simply as she handed the epistle to her fiancée.

"Now you're going to be right in the swim," Carr joyously assured Peggy, as he fondly embraced her.

Two weeks later Peggy was formally presented at Court by Tourville. Prince Henri and Princess Alice were present and each suffered extremely from a deep-rooted malice. Henri failed miserably to conceal the fact that he was in love with Peggy, while Alice had never yet missed an opportunity to impress upon Carr that she thought of him constantly. From the instant Tourville introduced Henri to Peggy, she was dispossessed by his extreme courtesy and complimentary manner. Carr observed Henri's solicitude for Peggy and he was much annoyed. Likewise did the attitude of Princess Alice toward Carr prove a thorn to Peggy. It was one of those uneasy, uncertain situations which invariably preface a detonation of prejudices.

Henri was perpetrating his most suave tricks of etiquette upon Peggy right in the presence of the uncomfortable Carr, when the little Grand Duke, Peggy's Manouche, was escorted into the reception room by an imposing retinue of attendants. The boy was attired in the royal robes of his official position, and he acted the part of master of all he surveyed with consummate skill. When Peggy espied him, she bolted straight for him, exclaiming: "There's my boy now." Carr, however, checked the American girl's impulsive overstepping all conventions and prevented her from snatching the little fellow right out of the grand march to the throne. Immediately upon reaching this centre of authority the lad began looking around the room for Peggy, and the moment he discovered her he smiled and clapped his hands out of sheer joy.

Under the direction of Prime Minister Tourville, the preliminary ceremonies of the occasion were conducted, and then Peggy was summoned to the throne, whereupon the Grand Duke, with childish glee, presented her with a gold medallion, and, promptly by Tourville, said:

"The State of Bonaluria presents you with this insignia and—"

Then his voice choked off and he arose, extending his arms to Peggy, adding: "Oh, my beautiful lady, I have been so lonely.

Forgetting the Court and everyone in it, Peggy gathered the boy into her arms and kissed him.

"You poor child—my boy," she whispered.

Manouche smiled through his tears, being temporarily happy with his beautiful lady. Then Tourville stepped forward, as if to take the child away from the American girl. This upsetting of Court ceremony was unusual, to say the least, but he too had some sympathy for the boy and as a consequence he halted and gazed on in indecision. When it dawned upon Peggy that she had interrupted the solemn proceedings of the occasion, she simply faced the assemblage rather defiantly and said: "I am not sorry for what I have done."

Upon reaching the Carr home late that night, Richard Carr discerned the lonely sadness which controlled Peggy. She seemed to be in a really melancholy mood. He tried to comfort her.

"Oh, Richard, my heart aches for that poor child—he fairly hungered for love and kindness," she said to him.

"But, my dear, there is nothing we can do to help him, for he is the Grand Duke, you know," Carr replied.

From that time on Peggy seemed beyond consolation. Her mental attitude was not improved either by the frequent attentions of Prince Henri. She could not understand why this man should persist in foisting his presence upon her. On one occasion Carr discovered Henri doing his utmost to hold Peggy's hand.

"Why should she speak to him at all?" he asked himself, as he hastened to her side.

Upon reaching her, he nodded at Henri with an air which amounted to a challenge. Henri possessed a very keen eye, and, as he noted and secretly laughed at Carr's jealousy, he made no sign of realizing it. At an opportune moment he took her leave, after bending low and gallantly over Peggy's hand. Carr promptly turned to demonstrating with his fiancee for encouraging Henri in his attentions to her.

"You silly man," she laughed. "Can't you see that I am not encouraging him—he doesn't seem to encourage me."

Womanlike, she was a little pleased with Carr's jealousy; it amused her, although she was not a bit coquettish. However, she could not restrain herself from laughing merrily at her lover's grumbling.

On the night of this day the plotters against the Government essayed another assault against the royal house in power. Five men emerged from an automobile which had been stopped behind a clump of trees near the royal palace, in which stood the little Grand Duke. After overpowering the guard, the men succeeded in forcing open a window through which they climbed into the royal boy's room. Reaching the bed, one of the conspirators, with a gesture of knifing, threw the boy before he could awaken. They bad bound him and carried him to their waiting automobile before the assailed guard had recovered consciousness and had managed to regain possession of and fire his rifle. This alarm brought several guards onto the scene and they gave chase to the abductors, who, however, escaped with their prey.

No one in all Bonaluria was more depressed by the announcement of Manouche's abduction than Peggy Dare. She was told the sad news early the following morning by Richard Carr, who frankly admitted entertaining fears for the boy's life. Peggy was overcome by the dismal prospect and she lapsed into hysteria.

Meanwhile the abductors had made a success of making the Grand Duke a prisoner in a secluded castle on the frontier. It was noon when Carr approached his guard, who stood sullenly at the one window of the dreary, old room.

"What are you going to do with me? Why have you brought me here?" the boy asked boldly.

"Go away and keep quiet," the man replied, in ill-temper, and, then discovering someone stirring outside, he left the room, hurriedly locking the door after him.

The Grand Duke, in some alarm, took up his position at the window and gazed down in the driveway below. He saw a man wearing a heavy black cloak ride up to the castle. He saw his guard greet the newcomer, and he saw the latter throw aside his cloak as he warmly congratulated the guard. Much to the boy's utter amazement he recognized in the man with the cloak none other than Prince Henri, who, upon discovering the boy in the window, leered at him triumphantly. Manouche gazed at the prince rather puzzled.

"Well, my little bird, we've got you at last," Henri yelled up to his captive.

"But I wish to be taken right back home at once, Prince Henri," the child answered, assuming an imperious manner.

"My dear little fellow, I have no intention of fulfilling your wishes," Henri replied, with a hearty, taunting laugh.
Being accustomed to obedience, the Grand Duke could not understand Henri's attitude. He felt a growing fear as he gave low orders to his horse. It was just an hour later that Henri had finished writing a letter in the Grand Duke's presence. After he had sealed it and handed it to an attendant, he stood with his back toward the youth, giving instructions the fully on how he wanted the letter despatched. At this instant the boy conceived an idea, and unclaspings from his bosom the fraternity pin Peggy had given him, he crept across the room to Henri and fastened the pin securely to his cloak without being discovered in the act and without arousing any suspicions. A while later Henri left the room and repaired to the adjoining yard, where he debated on what was the wisest and best thing for him to do. Then he got to thinking of Peggy Dare. He really loved her. He could not bear the thought of leaving the country without seeing her once more, and impulsively resolved to take the chance, galloping away from the castle at a break-neck speed.

Ah, indeed, many a greater man than Prince Henri has tempted Fate and endangered his plans for a woman's smile. It was not many hours later that he galloped up to the home of Richard Carr. He found Peggy Dare alone. She was surprised to see him and a little annoyed, for she was in no mood to contend with him.

"I'm just going away, but I'm coming back, for I'm going on a long journey," Henri said, as he approached Peggy, with his hand extended. When she evinced only a very slight interest in the prospect of his going, the prince seemed deeply hurt. He had hoped she would care. Her attitude so disappointed him that he launched into impassioned lovemaking without any preliminaries. Peggy tried several times to interrupt the man and she was highly incensed, but he continued to express his unbounded affection despite all her protests. Then she suddenly ceased to interpose objections. She had discovered something deadly exciting in what he had said, and she started him. It was her own fraternity pin, and she fastened it securely to her cloak, which he had tossed on a chair. She stared at the cloak and pin reflectively. Why was her pin on Henri's cloak? She was perplexed. Henri took her abstracted air as an indication that she was softening toward him, and he eagerly continued his lovelorn appeals. Suddenly it dawned on Peggy that this pin had come across her line of vision again as a silent message from Manonche.

She turned her full attention to Henri now. She had made her mind up suddenly. She conquered her aversion for the man for the little Grand Duke's sake, and she smiled sweetly on her ardent wooer. Henri was easily deceived into thinking she favored him, and his joy was great. He bent over her hand and covered it with hot kisses. Peggy Sheldoned slightly, but braced herself for the ordeal. She did her best to make Henri think she had yielded to his importunities and she succeeded.

"Will you come with me now?" he asked, anxiously.

After a slight hesitation Peggy timidly nodded in the affirmative, and Henri started to embrace her, but she pushed him aside.

"Not now—we haven't time," she said. "Go. I will follow you at once."

Henri seized his cloak, threw it across his shoulders and hastened out of the palace. Peggy looked after him, her horror of the man being obvious. But there was no time to be lost. She hastily scribbled a note, which she intrusted to Gaston's care for delivery. A few minutes later Peggy had mounted her horse and joined the waiting Henri, riding away at a rapid pace.

Richard Carr had just left a conference in the palace council room and had encountered Princess Alice on the balcony of the handsome building, when Peggy and Henri rode by. Alice evinced herself of the opportunity quickly by pointing out the couple to the American whom she loved most dearly.

"Isn't it nice to see Miss Dare and Prince Henri so friendly?" she asked, well knowing how displeased he would be.

Peggaz gazed on the departing Peggy and Henri with amazement. Alice noted this with a smile of malicious triumph. Then Carr came to the conclusion that Peggy was really untrue to him. The primitive masculine brand of honor in him and he wanted immediate revenge.

"Have I been tricked and made a fool of?" he asked himself, with great chagrin.

A moment later he rushed downstairs and out into the courtyard. He was bubbling over with anger, as he requested a guard to loan him his horse. Gaston arrived just as Carr was riding away. He yelled frantically at him, but Carr was too upset to pay any attention to anyone. Instead, he was too bent on pursuit, and he boldly trailed Henri and Peggy all the way to the secluded castle on the frontier without ever being discovered by either.

Upon reaching the castle, Henri gallantly assisted Peggy to dismount. She was a little timorous now in her manner. She realized that she had gotten herself into an adventure that might prove perilous. She found herself quite frightened when Henri took a guard aside and whispered to him, but Henri's only purpose in this was to order that the little Grand Duke be gotten out of sight for a while. Of course, Peggy did not know this. However, she forced herself to assume a light-hearted air as she entered the castle with Henri. She knew she had worked so hard to finish what she had started without flinching.

As Peggy entered the lower floor of the castle, the guard started his task of removing Manonche from his room above. The boy resented the idea and struggled ferociously, making a great deal of noise, but after threatening the lad he succeeded in getting him to a more remote part of the house.

Richard Carr rode up to the castle in time to see Henri making love to Peggy through a window. This was the last straw for him, and his American blood fairly boiled. He demanded admittance to the castle, but was subsequently overwhelmed by guards. Then he was taken into the castle as a prisoner, and the news of his arrival brought consternation to Henri, who after some consideration ordered the American incarcerated in a cell in the basement of the castle. After he had made sure of Carr being out of his way, Henri turned to Peggy and told her to prepare to leave with him at once.

"Must we go this very minute?" she asked apprehensively.

"Of course," Henri replied, rather surprised. "Why not?"

There was no subterfuge now for Peggy. She must go. But she lingered at the window, peering out anxiously, hoping against hope that something would happen to save her. Henri took advantage of her inattention to instruct his guard to delay joining him with the little Grand Duke until he was ready to start.

With Peggy, he had reached the yard and was preparing to mount his horse, when he heard a clatter in the distance.

"What's that?" he asked, in apprehension.

A moment later he was answered by Prime Minister Tourville himself, who rode up to the castle at the head of a large squadron of cavalrymen.

"Open the gates, Prince Henri, in the name of the Grand Duke of Bonaluria." Tourville shouted, drawing his sword.

Henri was as amazed as a man could be. He glanced around wildly. There was no hope of escape. He must fight. He set his jaw with determination. He was no coward, and his first thought was of Peggy.

"You had better go into the castle, out of the way," he told her.

(Continued on page 47)
SELLING SILK IN SALVAJADURAS

By DELLA MOONEY

“OJO! Oh Jose!” called a bass voice out of the pitch darkness in the reception room of the inn, El Grande Meson.

“Yeah, tenor,” a piping tenor voice answered back.

“Am I a brave man?” the bass voice asked.

“Yes, tenor,” the tenor voice agreed.

Then light the lights, the bass voice commanded.

Jose, the innkeeper, promptly got busy with matches and lighted two large oil lamps suspended from the ceiling in the center of the quite elaborately decorated room. The light revealed Jose to be a tall, thin man with very thin brown hair and beard and a long thin nose, which seemed actually sharp enough to carve with. This same light exposed to view Manchito, who stood erect impressively in a marvelous uniform of glitter and braid. Over his arm hung a cloak of equal splendor. His face was distinctly that of the Latin with its other complexion and jet black beard and eyes. The shape of his jaw approached true squareness, and he habitually held his teeth tightly together. Indeed, his was a doggedly determined face.

"Excellency," reported Jose timorously.

"Well!" Manchito demanded.

"Have you a match?"

"I have. And, with an ugly frown on his face he handed over the match which sent the tongs to the other end of the room, where he lighted a third huge lamp.

"There is no one here," Jose then said bowing low to Manchito.

"I saw that," the imposing person snapped back, and after pausing to light a cigarette he added bitterly: "Can it be possible that I'm outwitted!"

"Impossible," Jose declared as he backed into a long table against which he leaned.

There was no mistaking the effect of the innkeeper inspired Manchito to look at him a second time, as if to ascertain his intentions, and this led him to discover two large trunks near the table.

"What are those?" he asked.

"Those are his samples," Jose explained.

"Bah!" expostulated the other. "Foolishness I say. Do you hear me? Foolishness."

"Perhaps there is some mistake," Jose interposed carefully. "The telegrafo said absolutely that she was a silk sales senorita."

Manchito promptly flew into a rage and yanked a long revolver out of his pocket.

"Curse you," he cried, "I believe you are in league with them."

"Por el amor de Dios! No, no!" Jose pleaded, falling to his knees with pitiful trepidation. "I merely wanted to say—"

"You're a fool," Manchito broke in. "I'm the general and I'm not a fool."

"Yes, senor," meekly agreed the thin individual.

"A fool thinks he knows; a wise man knows he knows: and, I know I know," continued the other with unrestrained poses of egotism.

"No,"

"Yes! This woman who is coming here, what do you think she is?"

"A silk sales senorita," Jose insisted. "But I know you know she is not," declared Manchito flourishing his revolver menacingly, "and you tell me I know she is not. Listen. It is a very clever scheme. She is an agent of the revolutionists. She comes with money and a secret message and—plans! Ah! It is the very devil of a plan."

"My word! My honor! My life!" Jose exclaimed somberly.

"When will she be here?"

"She came by railroad half an hour ago; she must be coming here now."

"THAT DRESS."

"Put on your evening duds, old man, for I want you to come to the Hollywood Photo-players' Ball at the Wilshire Inn."

For Grace Cavour has bought a frock, "in better than the best. I've promised my lady readers to describe how she was dressed, for I don't want these women's clothes." Grace Cavour.

"Oh, shocks," said he, "what matters it, just come and have a try?"

I went to the dressmaker's, made copies notes, then lost 'em on the car, and so, to quote a Cockney friend, "I don't know where I am."

I'll have to make a stab at it and visual-

ize the pose,

and hold your pose, and other things, to save my face—here goes!

Her frock, light yellow—was it white? ever so light yellow—was it white? or rather light yellow? I know I had some girls describe it as a "perfect dream;"

Not high above or low below and she had nothing on. But lovely filmy, filmy stuff, like taffeta silk; it might be silk or satin, or was it was wool? It wasn't very thin, but it wasn't very thick. Made of lace or Irish point or, lemme see, "p-e-y-p-e-chung," and now I'll leave her dress alone before I go phony bums. White shoes with silver heels, I know, red glisten in hair of yellow. What more could any Editor expect of any fellow?

Too bad I lost those notes, but then, I guess I've saved my face. And adequately, you will note, I've dressed my lady Grace.

—By Dick Willis.

"I will capture her," Manchito announced in positive tones as he played with his revolver. "Was anyone else coming?"

"Yes, an American heireess, a woman of millions upon millions of dollars," the innkeeper replied.

"I will capture her too, but later—in a different way," the confident general said as he threw out his chest. "I am a handsome, Jose."

"Handsome as the devil," Jose blurted out in an unguarded moment, and when he saw Manchito's revolver leveled on him again, he quickly apologized, "I mean handsome as the god Apollo.

At that instant there was an outbreak of noises in the adjoining Exchanging room. A feminine voice was heard to call for the landlord, and excited male voices were replying in Spanish.

"What's that?" demanded Manchito apprehensively.

"I think she's sure," Jose declared scrambling to his feet and leaping across the room to the door leading into the exchange.

"The American spy?"

"Yes, senor."

"Go to her quickly and bring her here to my room!"

Jose left the room on the run. Manchito hastily extinguished all the lights and hid himself behind the long table, crouching low and throwing his cloak over himself. A moment later Miss May Burkhart appeared with Jose in the doorway.

"Holy cats, man, it's dark in here," she growled.

"That is because the lights are not lit," Jose replied suavely.

"Ah, I have one," Jose said as he pulled out of the depths of his trousers pocket whereupon he tumbled over to the center table.

"Who's been smoking cigarettes in here?" she demanded. "Do you think I want all my samples to smell like a South American cabbage patch?"

"Certainly no, senorita," he muttered as he lighted one of the lamps on the table.

"Then why are you smoking?" she asked growing impatient.

"I am not smoking—it is the lamp perhaps," he replied, and then he lighted the other lamp.

Miss Burkhart immediately crossed to the table and hurriedly scrutinized the room. In the light her bright, golden hair and rosy cheeks and little rosebud mouth made one doubt that she was the person who had been doing so much stern talking. She was a pretty American girl of not more than twenty-three years, and she wore a natty, blue serge traveling suit, the little coat of which was trimmed in gray plaids. Her face was of gentle sweetness of expression, and the contour of that face was as perfect as her skin was velvety. No one would judge her as a fighter. Her every physical appearance was of refinement. But her manner of speech was diagnostically opposite.
"Say, this is a rotten room," she declared rather vehemently.

"Yes, senorita, but it is the largest," Jose replied.

"Well, where can I wash up? Do you think I want to stand here all night?"

"In there," the innkeeper said, indicating a door at the extreme end of the room.

"That is the bed-room. Everything is ready for senorita and—I here is a match."

"All right; you can go now," she replied, taking the match and then starting toward the bed-room door.

"Wait! You must not go in there!" Jose exclaimed, becoming suddenly terror-stricken when he thought of Manchito being hidden in that room dawned on him.

"Why?" she asked in surprise.

"It is impossible—I'm sorry," But Jose was prevented from finishing his sentence by the sudden arising of Manchito from behind the end of the sample table and a quick warning signal the latter gave him, after which he again ducked down behind the table. Miss Burkhat's eyes were riveted on Jose at the time, and she did not notice the gesture of expression of alarm which came over his face.

"What's the matter?" she asked, glancing toward the table and then back at Jose.

"You look like you're scared stiff." Jose answered.

"There is no man in the bed-room." Miss Burkhat exclaimed.

"What!" she almost screamed in surprise mixed with anger. "There was, but there isn't!"

"No, I was mistaken."

"You're crazy." Thereupon Miss Burkhat marched bravely over to Jose and grabbed him by the ear and led him, much against his will, to the bed-room door. "You go there and light the lights. I'll satisfy myself with the society of this dismal chamber."

"Yes, senorita, I'll light the lights," promised Jose, and he hopped into the bed-room.

Miss Burkhat stood in the doorway all vigilance until the lamp had been lighted and she was certain to be in safety.

"Now you can beat it," she said, indicating the opposite door which led into the hallway.

As he reached that exit she went into the bed-room and slammed the door shut after her with a loud bang which was convincing of the fact that her temper was disturbed. The next instant Manchito arose from behind the table and had pounced upon Jose.

"You fool!" he cried. "Yes, senor," Jose admitted.

"You have made her suspicious," I think she was born that way," the innkeeper rejoined dryly.

"Curse you!" Manchito muttered under his breath.

"I'm worth it. Oh how she frightens me."

"Bah!"

"Yes, senor."

"Leave here," Manchito then ordered.

"Gladly," the now thoroughly upset innkeeper replied.

"Tomorrow you shall be shot."

"Yes, senor, thank you, sir," Jose mumbled, and the next instant when it dawned on him what that meant, he bolted the door in great fear.

Manchito had just slammed the door shut when he was somewhat startled to hear a shrill feminine yell in the bed-room. As near as he could make out that yell consisted of the following words, much jumbled up:

"Look out now! I'm coming out and I'll kill anybody in that room! Look out, Manchito, for your funeral arrangements made early."

"Caramba," was the only word the general could utter before Miss Burkhat appeared, holding a huge battleaxe aloft, but he succeeded in ducking down behind a huge chair before the pretty would-be slayer had a chance to discover him.

"Where are you, you tall, lean, lanky galute?" Miss Burkhat called as she looked from one end of the room to the other. "Oh pshaw, the poor fish has run for his life. He must have gotten wise to the fact that I'd just as soon kill a man as look at him."

She was obviously talking thus merely to entertain herself and probably in the hopes her remarks would be overheard by any assassin who might be lurking in the shadows of the vicinities. It was an ideal time to run such a bluff, but of course the bold young woman did not realize it just at that moment. At any rate she had axed down on the long table and walked over to a window overlooking the plaza and peered out for a while.

"Lord what a country," she murmured. "Centipede, tarantulas and goodness knows what all."

Finally she walked over to the center table and finding some writing-paper, pen and ink there, she drew up a chair, sat down and dipped the pen in ink. Then she meditated.

"Let me see, what's the name of this blamed place?" she asked herself. For fully a moment she thought. "Oh yes, Puerto Ramon, Salvador," she said then, and she began writing at a rapid rate. She read aloud what she wrote as she wrote it as follows:

DEAR ERNEST:

Have arrived here safe and sound, but don't know how long the safety and soundness will last. This place seems to be a fire town, with two big stores in it. These stores deal with the miners for a radius of more than two hundred miles.

At this juncture Manchito arose from behind the chair and assumed an erect pose, but remained perfectly quiet. He listened intently as she continued.

I will land Manchito first, and then things will begin to happen. You watch my smoke—er—smoke.

Miss Burkhat paused to smile. Manchito had nonchalantly lighted his cigarette and was puffing away energetically. Without turning her head toward him, the young woman seemed to locate him, and she arose from her chair slowly with her eyes fixed in the opposite direction. Then she walked straight to the long table and picked up the axe. Within an instant she spun around on her heel and faced the watchful Manchito.

"What are you doing in here?" she asked coldly.

"Ah, do not be afraid, senorita," was his reply as he started to advance leisurely toward her.

"I'm not afraid, but just the same you halt right where you are or I'll hurl this axe through you, and I'm an expert axe-thrower," she warned.

"I did not mean to terrorize—pardon," he said stopping near the center table.

"You're not terrorizing anything around here if you don't know it. I'll tell you that you're intruding upon my privacy, and I won't stand for it," she exclaimed feigning great ire.

"Oh I apologize if I interrupt the letter," he replied trying to be gentle.

"Never mind apologizing—get out," she ordered.

"Pardon—I am General Carlos Manchito." "Manchito! You're the very man I'm after!" she exclaimed, laying down the axe.

"After me? Dios! The plot is thicker than I imagined," and Manchito was plainly apprehensive.

"You know, I've got something in those trunks I want to show you."

"Ah, but not now," he urged. "Do not open them yet. You are very daring."

"Tomorrow will be time enough," she agreed. "Say, I've got stuff in there that would knock you down."

"That is just what I suspected," Manchito replied frowning.

"Heard of our line, have you?" she asked and before he had time to respond, she continued with a true spirit of hustling salesmanship, "Great stuff! Crinoline! The greatest crinoline in the world."

"Better than dynamite, eh?" he asked, trying to seem at ease.

"Crapote!" he expostulated. "You don't understand. It's nothing like dynamite. It's stuff that's bound to go."

"Horrors!"

"And, I've come about an order.

"Oh, the order of the revolutionists," he rejoined.

"Revolutionists, nothing. An order for me."

"But I can't give you an order," Manchito declared in positive tones. "Only the president dispenses orders."

ANOTHER GREAT NOVEL BY DELBERT E. DAVENPORT

In this age of titanic battle and sanguinary futility, there is no question so engrossing as that involving the herculean efforts of the world's rulers to gain the upper hand on power, the incentive being to bring enemies to their knees in paying homage to the mighty conqueror of all he surveys. Therefore, it is right in keeping with the most compelling thought of the times that the famous novelist and playwright, Delbert E. Davenport, should write "The Passion to Rule," a story so replete with principles vital to the cause of humanity and so well written that it seems certain to take its place in the library with the masterpieces of modern fiction. "The Photo-Play Journal" has purchased the exclusive publication rights of this latest work from the pen of the man we regard as America's most promising literary genius, and it will be published serially in this magazine beginning with the April number. All those who like the extraordinary in plausible fiction will find a rare treat in "The Passion to Rule."
"Well, aren't you president of your company?"

"No, I am general of my army," he announced. "If I had a company I would only be a captain."

"So, you don't want to make money?"

"No, I want you to plant Marochito here."

"Ah, so it's bribery you have in mind. End of this," Manchito drew his sword and strode majestically to the other end of the room—the corner farthest removed from Miss Burkhart.

"What a brave man you are," she murmured, but she was soon visibly upset. Two tall soldiers marched into the room from the exchange.

"To prison," Manchito ordered, whereupon the two soldiers saluted him and marched to the woman.

"Order!" exclaimed Manchito betraying considerable nervousness. "What's the idea?"

"A dog of revolutionists you are! Away!" Manchito shouted back.

"No, no," screamed Miss Burkhart suddenly becoming excited. "You are making a mistake. Please let me go."

"Wait," Manchito commanded as the two soldiers laid their hands on the trembling woman. "If you will expose your countrymen, you shall go free. If you will give me your papers and plans, your criminals and bulletlets, you shall go free."

"But I haven't got any papers and plans," she declared. "You're welcome to all the criminals I've got that will help to clear the atmosphere any."

"Curses!" the general muttered, and then he walked over to Miss Burkhart. "I will give you just five minutes to decide. If you will give me your papers and plans, you shall have your life."

He snapped his heels together tightly and gave her a mean, piercing look, after which he turned to the two soldiers, "Men, guard her."

After giving this order he walked with military bearing to the door leading to the exchange. There he paused to look back at the woman and sneer at her. Then he left the room.

Miss Burkhart felt genuinely terrified by now. She began to realize that she had accidentally stepped into some sort of a plot revolutionists had promoted. Her predicament had leaped from the ridiculous to a dramatic seriousness. She at last lost her breathlessness of manner and speech and became frantic.

"I demand to see the American consul at once," she said, turning to the soldiers, but they wheeled and kept their faces as expressionless as is possible. "Ye gods and little fishes, neither one of these dubs can understand English. 1—!—I couldn't even talk terms to them.

A moment later an active, little fat man in white clothes bunched into the room through a window.

"What next?" she demanded upon discovering him.

"Next? Nobody next. I am all," the little fat man replied as he walked over to Miss Burkhart.

"What do you want here?" she asked, trying to show all the insolence she could.

"I came to see you," he confessed boldly. "Pardon, I am Amelo Fernandez."

"Yes, I am glad to see you. Our acquaintance, but come, we're leaving now," she said.

"What do you mean? You would like to elope with me?" Amelo queried.

"Yes, I'd elope with old Satan himself if I thought it would get me out of here," she replied.

"That's what I want to see about," he announced quietly. "We can get out of here at once." Miss Burkhart instinctively pursed her lips and nodded toward the two soldiers, who stood perfectly erect and still close by. "Oh, they can't understand English," Amelo assured her.

"Good," she replied. "I am ready to go with you."

"Then don't forget the important things?" she asked.

"What are the important things?"

"The papers and the money."

"What papers and what money?" she asked as her fears multiplied.

"For the money, I replied in undertones. "Listen, everything is ready. All we want to be sure of is the money so we can pay the army for the uprising."

"Oh gracious, there's a terrible mistake somewhere," she cried as she realized she was getting her foot deeper into trouble.

"There must be no mistake," he persisted. "You must have the money. Quick now. Manchito won't stay away long. Here is the mystic sign of our order."

So saying Amelo made several idiotic passes with his hands.

"Oh, perhaps you want to sign an order, the woman ventured trying to bring an order out of chaos.

"Quick, I say, give me the money," Amelo barked.

"You give me the money," she corrected. "No, you give me the money."

"Say, am I giving or taking an order?" she demanded placing her arms akimbo and putting her feet impatiently.

"Neither. You are delivering an order."

"Goodnight. Come on, let's break away from these dummy soldiers."

"Without the money? Never!" And Amelo demonstrated his intention of being obdurate by folding his arms and stomping his foot.

Manchito rushed into the room at that moment.

"Aha!" he cried. "An accomplice! So! You, Amelo Fernandez. Don't imagine I didn't suspect you all the time. I know things as all smart men know them. What does this mean?"

"Ask him—I don't know," the much puzzled Miss Burkhart replied.

"Well, you traitor!" Manchito exclaimed turning fiercely on Amelo.

"She knows. Not me."

"You mean both be shot."

"First I want to say a word," the woman pleaded. "Please believe me when I say there's some mistake about this. I don't know anything about a revolution, and I haven't got any money or any papers. I am only a poor silk saleswoman trying to make a living in this beastly country. Those trunks there contain my samples. Search them and satisfy yourselves. Investigate before you touch me. Don't scare me to death with your firing squads. My passports and identification are in my grip. Examine them. Convince yourselves of your error and then get out of here and leave me alone, both of you."

"You're telling me anything you say is false," Manchito insisted.

"Of course it is," chimed in Amelo. "She is trying to turn traitor to us."

"You both are lying—you are my prisoners," Manchito declared.

"I swear I am innocent," Miss Burkhart cried desperately.

"You fool," growled Amelo. "Don't you see we are trapped? Bribe him! You have money. Bribe him!"

"Will you be bribed?" she asked turning abruptly on Manchito.

"Certainly, for your freedom, but nothing more," Manchito replied, his eyes glistening in the anticipation of reaping some rich graft.

"How much?" she asked promptly.

"For you, understand," Manchito reminded turning then on Amelo. "As for this scoundrel, never! He cannot go free."

"I'm with you on that, old top—I want him hung," Miss Burkhart replied.

"Two hundred dollars American money," Manchito announced.

"Oh that's a lead-pipe cinch," the woman responded joyously as she yanked a roll of bills out of her skirt pocket.

She counted out the required two hundred dollars and handed it over to Manchito.

"This and one kiss," he said grabbing her and trying to kiss her."

"You'll never get the kiss, you silly hooly," she yelled as she proceeded to grappling with her assailant vigorously.

"Soldados," Manchito cried in commanding tone of voice whereupon the two soldiers very forcibly made the woman their helpless prisoner.

"Against the wall with her," he ordered. "I'll shoot her myself."

At that very instant there was a fusillade outside accompanied by the howls of a mob. All within the house were surprised and except Amelo Fernandez, who promptly pulled out a revolver and levelled it on Manchito.

"Hands up!" he ordered sternly.

"Huh? What has happened?" Manchito demanded excitedly as he raised his hands high in the air.

"The revolution has gone through successfully—my father is now president of the country," Amelo announced. "I am now
MARGUERITE SNOW
COHAN-ARTCRAFT
GEORGE M. COHANIZING THE PHOTO-PLAY
By PETE GRID SCHMID

It simply had to come—this George M. Cohanizing of the movies. Wisecracks of the show business had predicted it for several seasons and many thousands of Cohan admirers among the theatre-goers had wondered why he held aloof from this new art from the first minute they read of other so-called "legitimate" producers going in for the silent drama. But, George M. always has a reason for doing everything he does. In this case, he was waiting for the psychological moment when his entry would have the advantage of marking as a foregone conclusion his culmination of success. That moment arrived several weeks ago, and the next thing America knew was that the flag's best press agent, the famous Yankee Doodle comedian-composer-playwright-producer, was to help energetically to brighten the corner where the animated pictures are, and now, the king of the stage is associated with the Artcraft Pictures Corporation, with which organization the queen of the screen, Mary Pickford, is also affiliated. The delectable upshot of it all will be a Cohanizing process which bids fair to leave the screen richer than before.

Not only will Mr. Cohan contribute to the photoplay literature with his prolific pen, but he will display his histrionic wares before the camera. His first release is an elaborate picturization of "Broadway Jones," his own notable stage success and his leading woman in this initial effort. Marguerite Snow, who portrays the character of Josie Richards, the pretty stenographer at the Jones Gum Factory who shows the wild Broadway Jones, as played by Mr. Cohan, the right path to tread. Joseph Kaufman, who is best remembered for the masterly manner in which he screened "Ashes of Embers," "The World's Great Snare" and "The Traveling Salesman," is Mr. Cohan's director, and as he was a spicuous figure we have had in the amusement field for a decade, Mr. Cohan, seemingly at will, turns out a successful play, a fascinating song number, evolves a rapid-fire farce or dramatizes a novel, always with the sure touch of genius that marks the student who has acquired the knowledge of the stage and its technique at first hand, and therefore presents his work with absolute authority.

His career started at an early age when he toured the New England States with his father, mother and sister in an entertainment called "Four of a Kind," written by his father, Jere J. Cohan. Later he played vaudeville engagements, followed by a season with "Peck's Bad Boy," in which he played the title role. The following season found him with a company in Buffalo. The late Gus Williams Company claimed him the next year. It was during this season that Cohan became known as a song writer. The next year was divided between Lydia Yeaman Titus Company and Charles A. Loder, a German comedian of that period. A season with Hyde's Comedians carried him to the Pacific Coast the following season. In 1896-1897 he was with Weber and Field's "Vesta Tilly" company, known at that time as the greatest troupe ever organized. It was at this time that Cohan became known as a writer of one-act plays.

In 1897-1898 the Four Cohans were the big feature of Harry Willams's "All Star Vaudeville." In 1898-1899, with Hyde and Behman, the foremost vaudeville managers of the time, the Four Cohans were acknowledged as the chief attraction in what was known as the Behman Show. Mr. Cohan's first original sketch, "The Professor's Wife," was a tremendous success. He followed this with "Money to Burn," too ingenious a winner.

Then came "The Governor's Son," originally written as a one-act sketch, but in 1901 lengthened into three acts and presented at the Savoy Theater, New York. "Running for Office" was the next Cohan output. Its original form was in one act, which was later made into three with musical trimmings and presented at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in 1903.

Geo. M. Cohan joined hands with Sam H. Harris in 1903, and formed the firm of
Cohan and Harris, Mr. Cohan appearing for the first time as an individual star in what the Gompers's Son called the greatest musical comedy that the stage has ever known, "Little Johnny Jones." In this play Cohan appeared for two solid years. "Fifty Minutes from Broadway" was written specifically for Cohan in 1904, four companies presenting it throughout the country. This little comedy is said to have earned a million dollars in profit and royalties.

In the season of 1905-1906 he wrote, composed, produced and played in his patriotic play "George Washington, Jr." The following summer he appeared with his own company at the roof garden atop the New Amsterdam Theatre in a revival of "The Manager." Cohan's pen, he also organized and sent on tour "The Cohan and Harris Minstrel Company," "The Man Who Owns Broadway," which played for two years, followed, and in 1911 he and "The Cohan and Harris Minstrel Company" produced the musical "The Seven Keys to Baldpate," based on the novel of the same name by Earl Derr Biggers.

On September 22nd, 1913, Cohan began his second season in "Broadway Jones," after which he announced his retirement as an actor. "The Miracle Man," based on the novel by Frank L. Packard, was dramatized and produced by him, and had a long and prosperous run at the Astor Theatre, New York, where it opened its metropolitan engagement on September 28th, 1914. "Hello Broadway," Cohan's first musical revue, was produced at the Astor Theatre, New York, on December 25th, 1914. It was this play that brought him back to the footlights. His second musical satire, "The Cohan Revue of 1916," was produced at the Astor Theatre on February 9th, 1916. George M. Cohan was born in Providence, R. I., on July 4th, 1878. He is a member of the Friars Club (also its Abbot) and the Green Room Club. Thus it may be seen here is a man who has performed near-miracles in the show business. Personally, the more his career is cogitated the more one wonders how he has been able to do so much so successfully. It is easy enough to do a vast volume of work, but it is quite another matter to make such an overwhelming bath of it as a success. No other showman has appeared in the arena with such a boundless knowledge of how to keep a series of triumphs unbroken; no other man was ever able to keep his hand so knowingly on the pulse of the people. It has become a common saying that "Cohan always knows what the people wants," and he does. Just how he finds out may resemble mystery, but there is no secret about it. He will tell you himself that the only way he manages to hit the proverbial bull's-eye of popular fancy so invariably is by mixing with and observing all the people he can personally, and by doing an unlimited amount of reading about the countless thousands he cannot meet. Explicitly, Mr. Cohan evinces more avidity in reading the criticisms of the shows produced by others than he does by those from his own shop. In this way he discovers the errors of others and always maintains an open mind, making it easy for him to profit by the experiences of his competitors. For instance, when he got ready to produce his first musical revue, he compiled and itemized all the weaknesses and mistakes of which other revue producers were guilty, and his first concern was to avoid every one of those missteps. The result was the Cohan revue was practically without flaws, and was therefore embraced by the public as the greatest show of its kind ever devised. By refusing to become enmeshed in the maelstrom of business strenuousness and sticking unerringly to his own study of the whole situation confronting him—by holding himself above the hurly-burly where he can be calm—Cohan succeeds where the others who are constantly excited over current worries fail almost ignominiously.

When at the tender age of eight years, George was playing second violin in a vaudeville house at Rocky Point, a summer resort outside of Providence. R. L., he manifested this same spirit by devoting all his spare time to practice instead of worry makeup to such profanity. He walks a great deal for the exercise there is in it, and he reads Charles Dickens and modern fiction. He never misses an opportunity to see a baseball game, he being a fan of the most confirmed rank. Among his friends there are perhaps as many Bowery products as there are men of social distinction. He has a rare sense of humor, is a good listener, finds huge enjoyment in sitting up all night with a crowd of pals, and is not averse to playing a good practical joke. He is the most regular of all regular good fellows. He is the very personification of a prince châp in all the term implies. His love for the flag, as set forth in numerous songs, is not professional or merely stagey. He possesses all the patriotism of a small boy, and is intensely American in his sentiments. On two occasions he went abroad and he did not like what he saw in London, Paris or Berlin. He abhors snobbishness, which is indeed true Americanism. When he returned to American shores from his second foreign invasion he declared the best part of the trip was when they lowered the gang-plank at New York so he could get back to the house he loved.

In every field of endeavor Mr. Cohan has been active, he has devoted himself so zealously to his tasks that it was inevitable he should leave his footprints in the sands of time. Since being won over to the silent drama as one of its producer-stars, he has given this art the same undivided attention and unswerving skill which has characterized all the rest of his efforts to furnish diversion for the world.

It is therefore no conjecture to announce unequivocally that motion pictures are going to be George M. Cohanized. This may
Drawing Straws with the Interesting Sidney Drews

Whene'er you're "blue" and trouble begins to brew,
You'll cease to rue if you'll see a Sidney Drew.

By ARTHUR JAMES

Sidney Drew

OU can always be assured of a lot of fun if you draw straws, figuratively speaking, with such an interesting couple as Mr and Mrs. Sidney Drew, who are so famous for their weekly one-reel Metro-Drew comedies. You are certain to be lucky in such a drawing, because whenever this unique comedian and his charming wife are in the game all those present are sure to draw the long straws of unlimited pleasure from the never-ending flow of diverting stories which can emanate from only a man of an unusually engaging personality and rather eccentric characteristics.

First, however, it will not be amiss to prefuse our story with a bit of enlightening biography pertaining to these prime favorites of the shadow stage. Sidney Drew comes from a long line of theatrical ancestors. His father was John Drew, of Dublin, Ireland, and his mother was the Mrs. John Drew, who was for years one of the foremost comedians in this country.

Sidney Drew's first professional experience was in Philadelphia with Leonard Grover in "Our Boarding House." He made an instantaneous hit as a light comedian. His work attracted the attention of Charles Frohman, who engaged him to play the leading comedy roles with Rose Eytinge, Ada Dyas, and other stars of that period. Later Mr. Drew organized his own producing company and presented "The Rivals," "The Road to Ruin," and other plays.

In 1896 Mr. Drew turned his attention to vaudeville, and was the pioneer in presenting legitimate drama on the vaudeville stage. His first playlet was "When Two Hearts Are Won." He continued in vaudeville for several years, only leaving for a brief engagement as "Tony Lumpkin" in an all-star cast of "She Stoops to Conquer," including Kyrie Bellew and Eleanor Robson. His last venture on the speaking stage was in "Billy," in which he starred for two years.

Only a little more than two years ago Mr. Drew turned his attention to motion pictures, joining the Vitagraph forces. There he met Miss Lucille McVey, an actress of unusual ability, and their marriage soon followed. Mrs. Drew was formerly an entertainer for the Redpath Lyceum Bureaus, specializing in child impersonations. She was born in Sedalia, Mo., April 18, 1890, and was educated at the Sedalia College of Music and the Nebraska Wesleyan School of Expression. She writes many scenarios, and assists materially in the production and direction of Metro-Drew comedies. The Drews live in a beautiful seashore home at Sea Gate, New York.

Mr. Drew probably has more amusing experiences than any actor in the world. He is constantly "into it," to use a trite expression. An impressive demonstration of this fact was given during his recent visit to Cuba. Of course he had to invade the little island republic during a political campaign, and when he got back to New York a couple of weeks later, B. A. Rolfe, the film producer, started the fireworks which exploded the whole story of his harrowing experiences.

"Well, what do you think of the election?" Mr. Drew hid his face. For some time he seemed to be overpowered by a deep emotion. When he had regained his composure he said:

"If you are a friend of mine, Mr. Rolfe, don't talk to me about politics, I've seen politics in Cuba, and I've 'had 'em.' I have drained deeply the dregs of political intrigue in 'The Pearl of the Antilles,' and I never want to hear that word 'polities' again.

"You see, when Mrs. Drew and I reached Cuba, after a refreshing and restful voyage, we went to a hotel at Havana, and there I learned that an election was on in Cuba. I learned it by stepping and gazing at a big poster. Near me stood a Cuban who looked like Vincent Serrano. He began whispering to me all about the election. I observed that several other Cubans stood nearby and watched us intently. Also, they 'shadowed' me back to the hotel when I had left the whispering one.

"From that time on I was 'shadowed.' I couldn't stop to buy a Cuban stogie but what some chump with a big black mustache would loom up, give the cigar dealer a subway nudge and ask him what I had done. Then the Havana police began trailing me. In desperation I went to the chief of police, told him who I was, and asked why such serious doings should be centered on an American comedian.

"The Chief gave me the once over two or three times and said, 'So you are Mr. Sidney Drew, eh? Well, I don't believe it.' Next morning I found a letter under my door written in Spanish. It informed me that American political bosses were not wanted in Havana, and that I had better clear out or make my will.

"I did neither. I went walking, observed that I was being 'shadowed,' and then asked my 'shadow,' man to man, what he wanted. He was a pretty decent 'shadow.' He said: 'The first day you are seen here, you look at a political poster and talk to a big political boss here in Cuba. It is plain to us. You are a New York political boss, and you are down here to buy this election.' Now, Mr. Rolfe, what do you suppose I did?"

"I proved you weren't there to buy the election," suggested the head of the Rolfe studios.

"Not at all," replied Drew. "I bought my 'shadow' a drink, told him a couple of Yankee stories, got him laughing, and then he introduced me to a political boss who was a rival of the first one that caused all the trouble for me; and the second boss called off his dogs, only after I had shown letters and other data proving my identity. He said they had it all framed up to kidnap me the next day."
"To show him I wasn't against his crowd I bet five hundred Cuban dollars against President Menocal—and I won. But just the same, I don't want to hear anything more about politics."

Don't imagine for a moment that Mr. Drew is given exclusively to light conversation. Quite on the contrary, he is much interested in and frequently discusses some quite weighty subjects. He is the man who declared the motion picture camera to be the greatest of critics.

"I don't know that there is much difference between acting for a camera and acting for an audience, except that the camera is more critical than is an audience. The motion picture camera is the greatest of critics. Let an actor slip in one detail of a motion picture production and the camera forever afterward cries, 'shame' at him.

"There is one advantage about the camera, however. You can move it around. If you don't look well in a certain position you can keep moving the camera until you do look well. But the camera is a traitor at heart. It keeps saying, 'Look pleasant, please,' and makes you feel all flattened, and then when it is over, there you are shown up with all your faults.

"The camera doesn't like a bad actor any more than an audience does. Some one has said there is nothing so dead as a 'dead' actor. Well, the camera proves the truth of that. It furnishes the 'Rest in peace' wreath when the occasion demands it.

But speaking seriously, motion picture acting is little different from acting before an audience. I find that acting for motion pictures requires exactly the same ability, and those same qualities which my revered mother tried to teach me. First of all, it requires absolute self-confidence; next, repose, and third, the art of expression. Undoubtedly the camera requires this last quality more than does the speaking stage, for the motion picture actor must convey meanings by his looks and gestures which, on the stage, might be conveyed by the voice. It is indeed a difficult art; yet its regard is great. There is no satisfaction more keen and gratifying to an actor than that of realizing that he has made a success of a motion picture production.

"In that success he has something that remains undimmed through generations. More power to the camera! In motion pictures it supplies a 'dissolve in' and a 'dissolve out' and, as it were, I herewith 'dissolve out.'"

"Sidney, you had stage fright," said his wife after the luncheon was finished.

"Did I, my dear?" replied the famous comedian. "Perhaps it was, because I have become too accustomed to the camera as an audience."

"Do you know, my dear," said Mr. Drew to his wife, "I have had a feeling all day that something momentous is going to happen in my life."

"I warned you not to eat that rarebit last night," reproved Mrs. Drew. "Now, let us go over to New Jersey and enjoy the magnificent scenery there."

"No," replied Mr. Drew sadly, "fate beckons in another direction. Let us go to our summer home at Seagate. I feel as though burglars had been working there, I'm sure the house has been ransacked. Let's go and see."

This frightened Mrs. Drew, and so to Seagate they went. The house was all right, and the comedian expressed disappointment. He said Fate had played a mean trick on him. He expected something terrible to happen in his life, and it hadn't happened. They started back to New York and had gone only a few miles when "Bang! Zing!" a tire blew out, and a low rakish racing car which was coming from an opposite direction almost struck them.

"Fate is beginning to operate," remarked the comedian. The driver of the racing car stopped to apologize. A second glance at the occupants of the limousine brought a pleasant exclamation from him.

"The Drews!" he said. "I thought as much," said Mr. Drew. "It's Charlie Devlin, the man who would just as soon (Continued on Page 47)"

Sidney Drew was wild to be rescued by his wife after doing 105 miles in an hour with his friend Charles Devlin
FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

MAY CLOY

ANNE LUTHER

ROBERT HARRON

FOUR STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY
THE SILENT TREND

A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

THE photoplay art has emerged from its rudimentary stages and the advent of the really erudite showmen into this field of endeavor will soon bear the highly desirable fruit of providing the public with the "picture-theatre-goer's" better entertainment. In the first years of the industry all of its promoters were amateurs who were forced by necessity to do a lot of experimenting which made the whole enterprise unsustainable. Now the matter of production has been reduced to nearly an exact science and the public gains the benefits of their advancement. The enlistment of the best brains of the theatrical field into a veritable atonement in the ranks of the gamblers and mercenary undesirables who got in on the ground floor. Public demand is forcing these few ascetic influences into an attitude of subserviency to the newcomers who have real aid to offer. Excommunication is due several who will survive the first onslaughts of the virile regime. But in no phase of life can we ever be entirely free from baneful influences—the draw-back will always remain as a weed flourishes in a garden of roses. But the overwhelming majority by which the useful geniuses dominate the shadow world now insures the early dawn of an era when you, Mr., Mrs. or Miss Photoplay Fan can always depend on seeing something worth while every time you visit a motion picture show. The best is to come.

MARIE DRESSLER has again bobbed up comically in the moving picture line-light with a sequel to "Tillie's Nightmare." It is called "Tillie Wakes Up," and she not only wakes up, but she stirs up a lot of laughter with her delectable screen characterization of a blundering matron. Miss Dressler maintains her reputation as "a care for the blues," and this picture is prescribed as "the very thing" for all those needing a tonic for a dormant relishability, he gallantly sacrifices his own ambitions and helps her to escape after her brother had murdered the designing duke. Through this prince's heroism, she is enabled to join her lover in exile with a near-promise to gain a pardon for them both.

TENDENCIES TERTELY TOLD

Buffalo Bill (Col. William F. Cody), who died recently in Denver, Col., left to posterity what is practically his autobiography in film. The picture, known as "The Adventures of Buffalo Bill," was made by the Essanay and now the rights are reported as having been turned over to the American nickelodeon company for the forming of the Great West. Thus will the boy and man of many years to come be enabled to see the reckless daring and unaided bravery an epoch-making civilization process required.

Most all producers are harmonizing on a merry song which could be aptly entitled "Better Photoplays for 1917." Let the talk about it subside in favor of reassuring assurances to supply what the slogan calls for. Let there be more money ventured and "something better" will be gained. Hitherto the work of putting the motion picture business through the same ordeal all other industries must survive, and then the firm basis, so loudly clamored for, will be attained.

It is undeniable that the predominating inclination in the motion picture industry is towards cleaner pictures and this despite the lingering demand of a rateless Kassner for "slightly risible" pictures. Fortunately, producers are deaf to this call and in the end they will be rewarded for taking this moral ground. Deny those who would have the solutions! Don't jeopardize a great art for the sake of trying to please everybody!

There is ample evidence of a growing resentment against the "blue law" ideal which deprives many cities of motion pictures on Sunday. An investigation in even staid Philadelphia develops the fact that it is a most quizzical whether or not the advocates of non-motion Sabbath are in the minority or a bare majority. Up until now it was assumed that Philadelphians would vote down the Sunday picture show proposition by at least a five to one ratio. Curiously enough righteous are succumbing to broaden-mindedness even in the most unsuited places.

Special performances of films suitable for young people will undoubtedly be a nation-wide custom ere a great while as a result of the efforts of the National Committee on Films for Young People to enlist the co-operation of all States in formulating a definite plan for carrying out the project. This is but another demonstration of the upward trend of the photoplay as a medium for disseminating useful purposes.

An example of the tremendous force with which a photoplay can espose a vital cause is impressively furnished in "The Price of Silence," in which William Farnum is starred and which is a powerful indictment of child labor evils now undermining the foundation of our social system.

Managerial threats to cut salaries carry little weight in the face of the published announcement that the Famous Players Company has just signed a contract with Elise Ferguson at a stipend of $20,000 per year. Needless to add, there should be some subtracting done on salary sheets and the "difference" should be spent with writers who can furnish material which would elevate the literary standard, which is at least of importance equal to the cast.

Recognition of the film as an eloquent purveyor of argument is given by the Universal Military Training League, which is launching a moving picture campaign advocating compulsory military training.

Slowly but surely truly illustrious writers are establishing in the ranks of photoplaywrights for the enhancement of the literary strength of the art. Harold Bell Wright and Robert W. Chambers are the latest to extend their penknife to screenwriting.

A tremendous step forward is the edit against vagrancy appearing made in photoplays. The National Board of Review is responsible for this action, which will effectively eliminate one of the best targets for reformers and give them less cause for assailing the screen.

Artists continue to abandon the spoken drama for the silent variety. Madge Bellamy as "Twixt Fire and Water" furnishes one of the latest to transfer her histrionic efforts. She will be featured in Godfrey Pictures.

McClure's series of five-ree features grouped under the title of "Seven Deadly Sins," is the most ambitious effort to date to give the screen a notable allegorical sensation ever. The novelty presages a new distinction for the movies.
PICTORIAL HISTORY PRESERVED FOR POSTERITY

The day is at hand when all important events, political, social and scientific, will be pictorially preserved in a systematic way just as the word annals are carefully compiled. Thus will futurity be able to get a vivid view of affairs which would otherwise be hay in mere print. Even now unusual surgical operations are being filmed that medical students may be easily taught. But in the future, important events in the history of our time will be preserved pictorially, and so important will be the historically valuable films crowding many volumes out of the archives, and, the matter of learning things will be facilitated by the augmented comprehensiveness which will be provided. What a tendency for unbounded benefits!

IMPRESSIONixe exemplification of the tremendous upward trend of quality and educational usefulness in films have been furnished in the achievements of the month ending February 15, 1917. There has been fewer deficient pictures in the last thirty days than possibly ever before in a like period. Likewise there have been few extraordinarily wonderful features introduced. But there has been a remarkably high average maintained, and this, after all, is what counts. Moreover, this shows the ideals of producers to be in the ascendency. Some unseeen and rather mysterious influence seems to be exerting itself in all quarters simultaneously. Verily, the glory of the silent drama is in a state of decadence, and there is Fajonion weather ahead.

THERE are two especially diverting Indian photoplays current just now. “The Primitive Call,” a Fox feature, is one, and, “Her Own People,” a Pallas picture, is the other. “The Primitive Call” presents a picturization between the fragile, blonde society girl and a dark-skinned mel- ancholy Indian, who retains the instincts of savagery despite the culture he has acquired. This play is called a drama, but it is really a life tragedy in which there is no happy ending, and after a series of exciting episodes the girl returns to her frivolous society environment a sadlier but wiser paleface, because the Indian upon whom she had lavished her love chooses a red-skinned maiden. It is a logical conclusion. While the big Indian part in this play is the man, the stellar role in “Her Own People” is an Indian maid and as portrayed by Leontore Ulrich is most engaging. The story is as follows:

John Kemp, a wealthy man, after the announcement of his engagement to Eleanor Dutton, overhears her declare her love for another man, at the same time stating that she must marry Kemp for his money. Heartbroken, Kemp goes to the mountain wilderness. Eleanor marries the man she loves, and Kemp marries The Morning Star, an Indian. They have a daughter, Alona, whom Kemp idealizes. She meets Frank Colvin, a poor young preacher, and they become greatly attached to each other. Kemp feels it his duty to return to civilization in order to complete Alona’s education. He places her in a fashionable boarding school. Upon learning of Indian dances, the girls snub her, only one, Myra Agnew, being kind. Myra takes Alona home with her at Christmas time, that she may meet her brother, Blinn, in the hopes that he will marry her. Alona, by accident, learns Blinn is in love with her, for her fortune. The death of her father, she returns to her people, embittered. She again meets Frank Colvin, who declares his love for her. She decides to test him, and buys his mine through an unknown agent. He returns to the city, seeks out Alona, and promises to bring his mother and sister to see her. The mother and sister, however, having been infomed that Frank intends to marry an Indian, call off the engagement. They see her real beauty, tell her they do not wonder Frank loves her, and plan a big surprise for him. That night Alona sends her car for Frank, and accompanied by her mother and sister, they are driven to Alona’s own beautiful mansion. Here she finds her, transformed from the simple Indian maiden he believes her to be, into a wondrously gowned heiress. Now that Alona is satisfied he loves her for herself alone, she reveals her identity, and their happiness is complete.

And now petite Margaret Clark shows us what kind of a French actress she can be. It comes in her new starring vehicle entitled “The Fortunes of Fifi,” and the whole novelty is delightful. She will lose none of her admirers through this latest effort. She is more likely to increase her enviable following. Miss Clark’s continued success as a screen star seems to make certain her permanent abandonment of the spoken stage, and her case affords a shining example of the probability of a vocality in motion pictures. For a long time the skeptics regarded the new art as a passing fad and it was freely asserted that only frequent changes of faces could prolong the popularity, but Miss Clark, like Mary Pickford, provides ample refutation of all this. So emphatically does the actual record refute the biased theory that it is doubtful whether the stage will ever again be graced by at least two-thirds of those who forsook it for the screen. This trend indicates the invulnerable position of permanence held by moving pictures.

Fannie Ward gives a splendid character-ization of a most likeable heroine in “The Winning of Sally Temple,” in which the glamour of English stage life is probably unconsciously contrasted with one of life’s realistic and, in a way, commonplace dramas. As Sally Temple, Miss Ward gives us a splendid impersonation of an actress of the Drury Lane Theatre. She is especially interesting because she is the benefactress and idol of Pump Lane, where she lives. Sally does most everything that’s good from giving her money to neighbors who are oppressed by their landlord, the Duke of Chatto, to settling community problems. She is a calm voice of old-fashioned feminine wisdom and can Cavil to cite the few flaws in this photoplay, because it is exceedingly well projected. The interest is held incessantly from the time that Lady Pamela, ward of the wealthy and reckless Lord Romsey, marries three weeks before the latter is of age. It is suggested that he be home in three days reaches her, it is suggested that someone take her place during the interim, in order to eliminate the possibility of Romsey seizing all her property. Sally Temple is chosen as the substit-ute. Then Talbot, an agent of evil for the Duke of Chatto, sees Sally on one of his vis-its to Pump Lane, and he tells his master of her beauty. Romsey loses no time in calling, but Sally is away. Having never seen her, however, the duke overtakes Sally’s success, but when Romsey undertakes to exercise his authority and Sally rebels, he locks her in her boudoir. He tells Sally she must marry him at once, and she runs away. She en-counters Jellitt, a prize fighter, who then romsey’s butler overtakes Sally and offers his protection. As she mounts the steps of a London stage coach, Romsey reaches her and she tells him of the deception, but he is still determined to marry her. As he starts to drag her from the stage coach, Jellitt seizes him and the two men engage in a terrific fight, Jellitt winning, but leaving Romsey’s determination unchanged. He dons a workman’s garb and sets out for London. Reaching Pump Lane he finds Sally and tells her he needs employment. She secures a position for him with the blacksmith. He employs other methods than force to win the girl now, and he helps the people. The Duke is finally killed, and when Romsey learns of it, he and Jellitt go to the Duke’s home and rescue her. The next day Chatto, with some of his servants, seeks out Romsey to have him flographed. Romsey discloses his identity demanding that the duke sell him Pump Lane or “answer to the Marquis of Romsey for his deeds.” Upon acquiring the prop-erty Romsey presents it to Sally, the future Lady Romsey, who, in turn, gives it to her and, amid the revelries, the happy couple walk away arm in arm. As a final remark, let it be said that the character of Sally Temple is just about the most consistent and persistent benefactress personified in motion pictures for some time. Moreover, you are sure to like this play for that reason alone if for no other.

William Fox’s pretentious human story, “The Honor System,” is an unusual cinema spectacle of “types,” and in addition to this it is a propaganda affair all the way through, seeking to aid the prison reform movement. It presents many hereof “inside facts” in conditions under which the great army of the cursed wrongdoers have to live and the enti-re revelation is absorbing to say the least. Fox is responsible for another most unusual feature, just out, and that is, a striking screen version of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s masterpiece, “The Scarlet Letter,” which proves to be a photodramatic sensation in all the term implies. This feature is as appealing as it is artistic and is artfully adapted to the screen. In the role of the remorseful pastor, Dimmesdale, the compelling artistry of Stuart Holmes shines as it never did before. He convincingly lives the character whose own breast is seared by the scorching red “A” and is a grand example of his art. The elbow mischievous Pearl drawn by Kittens Reichert is another splendid piece of histronic mastery. In “The Honor System” and “The Scarlet Letter,” Fox has two triumphs which are destined to enhance his reputation many per cent.
THE artistic finish and truly masterly character-building of George Beban, the supreme star of all portrayers of Italian characters, tends to make “His Sweetheart” one of the most satisfactory photo-dramas of recent times. As a matter of deserved fairness we must all take cognizance of the fact that no actor has appeared on the screen in a multiform capacity to bring every light and shade unerringly typical of a single race. In his every Italian character, Mr. Beban shows us some new trait which we readily recognize as true. Now he pushes to the fore ground the per- tinacious side of the Latin. As Joe, the iceman in the tenement district, he manages to accumulate enough money to bring over from Italy his sweetheart, who is none other than his little, old mother. Trina, the charming daughter of a shoemaker neighbor, becomes very jealous when Joe announces the coming of his sweetheart. Trina is deeply, though secretly, in love with the iceman. How Joe's mother is eventually arrested for theft of money in the market, and the election Joe is working and how Joe joins a gang of crooks and finally vindicates his mother and wins Trina for his wife form a big story which is unfolded in such a manner as to keep the audience in suspense until the very last minutes, for this is one of those puzzle pictures which gets you all excited and then fools you much to your satisfaction. The rather prolonged nervous activity of a rich and indolent young man becoming convinced that a mysterious fortune-teller knew what she was talking about when she predicted his death on a certain date. As the last hour approaches the “victim” realizes he has been foolish to waste so many opportunities to be useful and life, which had previously bored him, suddenly became all too sweet to relinquish. His predicament waxes desperate, and he is on the verge of really “worrying himself to death” when it develops that the whole business is a hoax perpetrated by his club friends who had decided he needed a scare to arouse him from his apathy towards life in general. Upon gaining the mental relief this revelation brought, the young man rushed to the girl of his heart and happiness ensued. This is truly a story of merit, which holds out an objective lesson to all those who are lollards. “Don’t waste your time,” is the warning.

THERE is a great deal of exceptional merit in the new Lou-Tellegen feature, “The Black Wolf,” which has benefited by careful direction. The story concerns a Spanish bandit who robs the rich in order to befriend the poor. He is finally captured by the duke in whose domain he has perpetrated his depredations and he is condemned to die. During an interview later it develops that the Black Wolf is the son of the murdered uncle of the duke and he is the real heir to the domain. Some novel effects are produced by a supplementary action showing the tragic action of years before the time of this narrative. There is a remarkable duel fought between the duke and the Black Wolf, who, after giving his antagonist a chance to lay down his arms, is forced to meet him on the condition that two pistols, one loaded and the other empty, be laid on a table by a neutral party with the understanding that both are to advance for the table simultaneously to choose weapons with both, the only thing that one must get the empty gun and thus be rendered defenseless. The suspense this unique situation creates is next to hair-raising especially in the last scene where the fact that no one can avoid being prejudiced as to which duellist should win.

MARY PICKFORD’S LATEST INCLINATION

Mary Pickford seems permanently prone to criticize her policy of borrowing material from the stage for her screen purposes and she will follow “The Poor Little Rich Girl” with “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,” both of which scored notable triumphs on the stage. There is a marked similarity initially for the stage which is driving many stars to the “legitimate” theatre for suitable vehicles. Miss Pickford has cause to regret producing both “Less Than Duet” and “The Sign of the Clans” neither of which had the good stage success she had for the screen. She needs to also carry her selections of leading men, for she can blame Matt Moore for much that was below the average in her Scotch picture, while Frank Powell in “Less Than Duet” was entirely out of the question.

ESSUE Hayakawa scores another hit as an ultra-dramatic star in his latest photo-play, “Each to His Kind,” which is a story replete with intensity and absorbing conflicts of racial differences. This famous Japanese actor moves his own standard of artistry up another notch in a character which really makes for him an opportunity to give a striking demonstration of the expansiveness of his Thespian versatility. He is even more interesting in the new role of a young East Indian than he was as Turi, the Jap, in “The Cheat.” The character of “Each to His Kind” has to do with Rhandah, who is to succeed his father, the Maharajah of Dharpull, is sent to Oxford to be educated. The Princess Nada, to whom he is engaged, leaves the outcome of their journey, gives him an amulet to bring him back to her in safety. At the college he soon becomes accustomed to English customs, but refuses all invitations into society as he is forbidden to touch anything which may lead him to meet his daughter, Colonel Dawe, and they become interested in each other. Amy vagers that she can persuade the Prince to give her the amulet, and succeeds in having him accept her invitation to a party; she manages to see Rhandah alone and secures the amulet. Dick Larimer, to whom Amy is engaged, denounces Amy for doing such a thing. Ada Judd, tutor to the Maharajah’s son, has taken a snapshot of Amy and Rhandah and sent it to the Resident British Council. Mulai Singh, an aspirant to the throne, obtains possession of the photograph. Rhandah, embittered, returns home just as the Maharajah dies. By his bedside he swears eternal vengeance on all the English, and is overheard by Nada. He seeks out Mulai Singh and obtains the picture, declaring his intention of leading his people against the English, issuing a command that all captured English be brought before him. Dick is taken and Rhandah orders him to the dungeon. Amy has come to India with her father, and is also taken by the outlaws, but when they see the amulet they recognize her from the picture, and come upon Rhandah and Amy as he is contemplating what he shall do with Dick. Rhandah makes advances to Amy which she does not resent, and tells him she will do anything to save Dick, but he replies there is nothing that will save her sweetheart. Nada, listening, ready to kill Amy with a dagger, overhears and rushes into Rhandah’s arms vowing her belief in him. At Amy’s solicitation, Nada intercedes and Dick is set free. All the trouble and turmoil is at last ended, and both couples are happy.
EDITORIAL

AMERICANISM ARRIVES

Americanism, like truth, would certainly rise were it crushed to earth. But, Americanism, unlike truth, will not be crushed to earth in the first place. This distinctive and unalterable characteristic of the present-day highly developed species of American photo-play-goers is probably entirely responsible for the insistent, persistent and most consistent demand for red-blooded, virile American photo plays. Before the present European war upset the equilibrium of the world, some managers contended with considerable reckless abandon and no little unseemly gusto that there were not enough American-written stories obtainable to keep the theatres all supplied with attractions, and as a consequence there was always an ample number of foreign-made films current in this country. But now, since the unprecedented hostilities have practically eliminated all outside competition, there has been no dearth whatever in film fare and the American producers have met the entire American demand unassisted, offering the patrons of screen entertainment more genuinely great plays than ever before in the history of the land. Innately this stirs up an interesting question, namely: To what extent will the foreign producers be able to rehabilitate themselves in the American market after the war? It seems to be a foregone certainty that the importations will never reach the high mark attained five years ago, not only because of the superior facility with which domestic producers can furnish a sufficient output, but because of the remarkable growth of the popularity of Americanism in America. Undoubtedly there is more patriotism and national fealty in existence in Uncle Sam’s domain than before the war. The development of this has been rather psychological, but its omnipresence is unmistakable. The label “Made in America” receives a tremendous response nowadays and it is not to be reproached or deleted. And, it is not at all abstruse.

BELlicose BACK-BITING BEGONE!

We have had a surfeit of quarrels started by censors and straight-laced reformers, who have been inspired by a fallacious apprehension over the remarkably rapid development of the motion picture industry. Oftentimes their justified crusades against certain detrimental tendencies of certain kinds of photo plays degenerated into verbose caviar because of indefensible prejudices and narrow-mindedness. Occasionally they have pressed into service (possibly unwittingly) unsavory political tactics to force their issue of curbing amusement advance-

CONSERVING CINEMA CHRONICLES

It is just beginning to dawn on people what the feasibility of compiling and preserving indefinitely a moving picture history of the times really will mean to the human race of future generations. It can be best realized by pausing to contemplate the wonderful thrill it would have given if we of this generation could have studied the history of the American Revolution of 1776 by seeing the animated pictures of the stirring events of those times flashed on a screen. The little boy and girl of fifty years from now are going to have the advantage of seeing the photographic record of the actual warfare now being waged in the Old World. All the important occurrences in the United States are being accurately filmed for the express purpose of handing down the pictorial annals to posterity. What a marvelous advancement! And may the producers be encouraged to fill many archives with thousands of feet of tell-tale and authoritative celluloid which when run through the proper projecting machine will give our great-grandchildren an intimate knowledge of what happened when we were young! Let these chronicles be complete and let them be kept intact! It will forever redound in credit to the admirable genius of the mankind of this twentieth century.

In some instances adept Machiavellian ability has manifested itself in the ranks of the purifiers. More than once men retired from official censorship have heaped calumny upon motion pictures and the men producing them and thus they have proven their dismissals to be most condign. Recreant back-biting has been resorted to when unreasonable tirades have failed to make the impression desired. Of course some of the reformers are above reprehension and they do much good work towards keeping obnoxious pictures in oblivion, but there are too few of this useful variety and too many of the harmful kind. There is an excess of the proclivity to assume a war-like attitude when a benign, reasoning campaign of fairness to all would accomplish more. The tout-ensemble is to annoy everyone and there is ample provocation to call a halt whether it will do any good or not. However, it would seem beyond the pale of justice that even a reformer should have a divine right to cast aspersions at will, and, if the men who have honestly invested their money in the business these would-be purgers assail so unrelentingly can secure an above-board means of combating the evil of “too much reform,” it is the part of good grace that they should, because self-protection is always righteous when it is well-tempered and dignified.
PEOPLE CAN BE JUDGED ACCURATELY BY THEIR SILHOUETTES

By THOMAS B. YOUNG

Pickford, Warren Cook, an actor, and one of the best amateur photographers in the country, admired her silhouette, and giving in to a natural, irresistible impulse, he ran for his camera and he had pressed the bulb which recorded the pose before the screen favorite was even aware of his plan. Mr. Cook is justly proud of the fact that he is the first to secure such a picture of one of the most photographed celebrities the world has ever known.

If any one ever had a tell-tale contour of face, that one is Mary Pickford. Her every facial line bespeaks accurately her character, according to the best authority in phrenology. In fact, Gall’s theory, which connects the mental faculties with certain parts of the brain, and professes to discover the character of a plenitude of girlish optimism, a tender, sympathetic heart and “a soul for good, with never a thought of life’s shady side.”

Continuing the argument in favor of our theory that the silhouette enlightens the outside world as to the character secrets of the inner self, we would direct your attention to the picture of Margarita Fischer, the Mutual star, in the small circle. Immediately with the first glance at this shadow of a very attractive actress you will find yourself either uttering or thinking the one word: Daring. And, sure enough, Miss Fischer is daring, but admirably and artistically so. As the outline of her silhouette indicates, she is without fear, and she would just as soon march up to a wild lion and pat it on the head as to do anything else. Again, as her shadow tells, she possesses unlimited confidence in herself—she is just confident enough to think she could get away with putting a broom on the head and have a good laugh about it afterwards. As has been chronicled in these columns previously, Miss Fischer owns a giant Python, which she declares to be the best pet she ever commanded. It is her daring which keeps her entirely unterrified in the presence of this treacherous and dangerous reptile.

Now turn your gaze to the picture at the

(Continued on page 47)

There is an old saying that shadows forecast coming events, and there is abundant truism in this, but a more applicable and a more sapient observation of these days of photographic perfection would be: “By their shadows you can judge the characters of people.” It would be difficult to obtain a better demonstration of this than in the accompanying pictures of three very well-known photoplay stars of the feminine gender. In the upper picture, for instance, is Mary Pickford, Little Mary, or rather, her shadow over a cup of tea. She is thus seen in consultation with her director, Maurice Tourneur, on matters pertaining to her new Artcraft picture, “The Poor Little Rich Girl.” By closely studying the outline of her profile for a few minutes most any one can easily discern the indications of that sweet, childlike, fun-loving disposition which is hers in real life as well as in her reel career, for she has projected her own individual character onto the screen in every one of her famous starring vehicles. Many different kinds of pictures of America’s Darling have been reproduced in the past, but never has her shadow been photographed. That her silhouette shows to a distinct advantage her winsome ways and charming disposition is ample vindication of the assertion that a shadow of a human being tells something about that particular person.

It was quite by accident this picture was secured. Unknown to Miss
A MODERN MONTE CRISTO

By Grace Ade

It was a few nights before the date set for young Doctor Emerson's wedding that he gave a farewell bachelor party. All of his close friends were present, including William Deane, whom he regarded as his best pal, despite the fact that he had been a rival for the hand of his fiancée. Deane had taken his defeat with good grace, and he seemed as loyal to the doctor as ever, being the most proud of any one in extending congratulations.

"You are a man in a million," Emerson told him. "Although I won the girl we both courted, you have never let that interfere with our friendship and I certainly do admire such a wonderful spirit in you."

"Oh, well, Doc, there is no sense in being a bad loser and I would be a fool to lose your good will after being so fairly beaten," Deane replied good-naturedly.

This exchange of compliments was followed by a most hearty handshake and then in the course of a jovial conversation in which all participated, the subject of money came up. Dr. Emerson admitted he was in dire financial straits and was forced to sell his house, but he declared it required many years for a physician to even establish a paying practice unless he were unscrupulous.

"I might cite as an example," he added, assuming a confidential manner, "that I was offered $20,000 by a relative of a rich old lady I'm to operate on tomorrow, if I would see that she died."

"Great Scott, is there any one in the world unscrupulous enough to take advantage of such a heinous opportunity as that?" Deane asked in utter horror.

"There might be for all I know," the doctor replied. "This is a particularly delicate operation and could easily be made fatal. Of course I refused the offer; would have had the man arrested, but it would have been simply his word against mine."

During the remainder of the evening William Deane pondered over these words. He saw in their import a chance to disgrace his best friend, and suddenly it dawned on him that secretly he hated him with a truly malicious bitterness. Throughout all the subsequent festivities he found himself undergoing a terrific mental struggle. Would he undertake to convert a defeat into a victory after all? Did he really care how foul the means?

Finally, after meditating to great depths, and when came the hour that all the guests departed, Deane tarried rather mechanically.

"Old man, I don't want to go yet—I—I want to talk to you for a while longer," he told Emerson.

"Stay and rest assured of being welcome, my friend," the doctor replied cordially, and thus it came about that these two men continued the party after all others had gone. Deane purposely set a fast pace, quaffing liberally of the doctor's wines and proposing many toasts, to which the unsuspecting host drank with high spirit.

"Let's make a night of it," Deane suggested after a while, and Emerson had imbued of just enough of the intoxicants to make him reckless.

Thus it happened that for several hours the two men drank themselves into intoxication, and when in the gray dawn of the early morning they parted, the doctor was half-stupendized and his nerves were shattered.

When came the appointed hour for Dr. Emerson to perform the operation to which he had referred, he was in an extremely nervous state. The ill effects of his distortion were noticeable, but he fought courageously to press into service all the surgical skill he possessed to save the life of his patient. He was an unimpeachably conscientious man, and no influence could divert him from doing his very best for every one who came to him for medical aid. But in spite of all he could do, his patient in this case died soon after he had operated, and he meekly laid into such a pronounced despondency that an associate surgeon noticed his mood.

"Don't be so distressed, doctor, you did your best to save her life," the latter consoled.

"I am sincerely sorry, for there never was a patient I was so eager to restore to health," Emerson replied sadly.

"But we must all bow to the inevitable," the other reminded.

"I know, I know, but I should have done better," Emerson argued.

When William Deane heard of Dr. Emerson's failure to save his patient, he proceeded with almost fiendish delight to reap a harvest few men would want. His first act was to write and dispatch the following letter:

To the Chief of Police: In the presence of witnesses whose names and addresses are enclosed, Doctor Emerson last night stated in an outburst of drunken confidence that he had been offered $30,000 to allow the patient upon whom he was to operate this morning to die. This morning the patient died.—A Friend of Health.

The police were not slow to make an investigation of the case and Dr. Emerson was arrested. Soon after being incarcerated Emerson was confronted by Deane, at the instigation of the police, and the latter ruthlessly made the evidence against the prisoner blacker by declaring that the accused had confessed his crime after it had been committed.

"You think I did that for money? You, my friend?" Emerson asked Deane desperately.

"I am frank enough to say to you that I think you committed murder," Deane replied emphatically.

"I swear I did my best to save her—I never thought of that terrible offer of money," the doctor protested. At this juncture the chief of police exhibited Deane's letter and an accompanying list of the names of the doctor's guests of the night before.

"These gentlemen have admitted they heard you make such a statement as this letter presents," the chief said sternly.

"But you know, Deane, that I added I had refused the offer," Emerson said, turning rather appealingly to the man he had always called his best friend.

"How can you expect me to speak in your defense when you have confided to me in advance that you intended doing the dastardly deed," Deane persisted.

"My God, man, how can you bring yourself to perpetrate such a monumental fraud as this," the doctor exclaimed in amazement.

But there was no shaking William Deane from his set purpose. He had a
golden opportunity to ruin the man who had always trusted him, and he permitted no sentiment to interfere with his determination to accomplish this villainous purpose. He loved the girl who had rejected him, and now he was placing himself in a position to reopen his suit for her hand.

Dr. Emerson realized almost from the inception that his chances of escaping conviction on the charge of murder were very slight. The circumstances were all against him. So when, in being transferred from the police station to the county jail, he saw a chance to break away from the officers, he abandoned all hope, and leaped over a high bridge into a treacherous river. When a thoroughlygoing search failed, the police decided the man had drowned and gave up in despair. But Dr. Emerson by superhuman effort managed to swim two miles down the river and escaped. From that moment on for several years he was a penniless fugitive, forlorn and dejected, crestfallen and without hope. In the meantime William Dean won and married the doctor's former fiancée, engaging in business as a ship-owner, and quickly rising to a position of affluence. Dr. Emerson was living miserably in a cheap lodging house when he read the news announcement of the wedding of his enemy and the girl he had fondly hoped to make his bride. The chagrin he felt and the shock of bitter memories this brought rendered the man temporarily unbalanced in his raving, and he became rather obstreperous in his ravings. The proprietor of the place rushed up to him and treated him as if he regarded him as a nuisance, whereupon the doctor promptly regained control over himself.

"I'm not crazy, pal," he assured the proprietor calmly, "but there is a man who brought me to this, and some day, somehow I'm going to make him pay.

PART II.

In the years that followed death robbed William Deane of his wife and left him to lavish all of his love on his little daughter, Virginia. It was on the occasion of the return of one of Deane's vessels from a long voyage that he took the little girl with him on board. The captain took charge of the owner to show him over the boat and to point out wherein it needed extensive repairs, but Deane had developed a strong, niggardly disposition, and he was not at all favorably impressed by his faithful employee's eagerness to look after his interests.

"Not one cent for repairs, captain—the boat is good enough for many trips yet," the short-sighted owner said firmly, after finishing the inspection.

"But I'm tellin' ye, Mr. Deane, it's dangerous and I'm afraid I couldn't pull her through a heavy storm," the captain persisted.

"If you don't want to run my ship under these conditions I can easily get a captain who will," Deane replied, with a finality which ended the matter.

In the meantime little Virginia had wandered away from her father and had made herself acquainted to a morose sailor, much to the astonishment of the other members of the crew. This melancholy sailor was none other than the one-time promising physician, Emerson, but he did not see his rival, nor did he even suspect that the man he hated was the owner of the ship on which he served.

A few weeks later the ship was loaded and ready for a new voyage. It leaked, and the rigging was rotten, but the owner had paid the insurance premium with a light heart, for he remained ashore and he was not so constituted that he would ever worry much about the welfare of any one excepting himself. Just before the vessel sailed little Virginia ran aboard with some flowers she intended to give to the captain. In her haste to make the delivery and to get back ashore again she failed to notice an open hatchway, and she fell through it. The vessel was well out to sea before she was found, and then the injuries she had received in falling had rendered her condi-

tion serious. Undoubtedly she would have died had it not been for the morose sailor, the erstwhile Dr. Emerson, who took charge of the child and nursed her back to health. The captain had decided it was too late to send the girl back, and he had planned on cabling her father from the first port they could reach.

Several days later a terrific storm arose, and the vessel was driven far out of her course, being finally wrecked. At the risk of his own life, Dr. Emerson rescued little Virginia and they found refuge on a tiny desert island. There he learned for the first time that the child was the daughter of his worst enemy. The sailor had thrown her into his power, and at first he planned to avenge himself by ending both of their lives. He knew his enemy loved this child, and as for himself, life as a battered, derelict held no charms. But a discovery changed his ideas. By accident he stumbled onto a wonderful bed of pearls, and instantly he dreamed of what all he could do with the fortune now within his grasp.

During all this time William Deane was being driven to desperation rapidly by the inability of the police to find any trace of his lost daughter. He had offered a reward of $5000 for her safe return to him, but even this failed to produce even the slightest clue as to where she was. However, he did not worry when he learned of the disaster which had overtaken his ship.

"That's not worth a second thought, because I had it fully insured," he told himself.

In the weeks which followed Dr. Emerson found a large number of valuable pearls, and he had definitely located a support for them which would insure the owner of fabulous wealth. Virginia, his lone companion of this desolate island, had fostered a remarkable love for her protector. He had treated her as if she were his own child, and he did his best to make her as happy and comfortable as possible.

"Oh, doctor man, I love you better than anybody in the world 'cept my daddy," the child told him one day in an outburst of exaltation.

"Your father!" Emerson repeated bitterly, "I had almost forgotten you are his child."

The child's retort caused the speaker to comprehend the meaning of that sentiment and the vehemence emphasis the speaker brought to bear in expressing them, and she jumped up in his lap and smothered him with kisses.

As time wore on and Emerson devoted practically all of his leisure hours to searching for pearls, Virginia was inspired to wonder why he fished every day. She could not see the fun of it, but the man could.

"Health and power—vengeance is mine," he muttered to himself as he gazed down on a handful of wonderfully beautiful pearls he had just found.

About this time an aviator started from the not far-distant American continent an voyage of too, and within forty-eight hours a break in his engine made it necessary for him to descend. Fortunately for him this accident occurred just after he had sighted the tiny desert island, and he lost no time in landing there. The aviator was as surprised to find Emerson and the child there as they were startled by his sudden appearance from the skies. However, it did not require much time for Emerson to recover from the surprise of it, and he
quickly laid his plans for starting his conquest for revenge. He arranged with the aviator to take Virginia back with him in his aeroplane, and to send some one after him as soon as possible. He carefully wrote the following note, giving it to Virginia, with instructions to deliver it to her father:

To William Deane: Your child’s life was saved by your bitterest enemy. He will strike you through and through. It may be in a month, or years may elapse, but you shall suffer as he has suffered.

Virginia was reluctant to part from Emerson, but when she was reminded that she would see her Daddy, she was quite willing to go, and thus it came about that she flew away to her home. William Deane was overjoyed when his daughter was restored to him, but the happiness of the event succumbed quickly to a most disconcerting worry caused by the perusal of the mysterious, unsigned note she delivered.

“Who gave this to you?” he asked the child in alarm.

“He was a sailor, but he told the captain he had been a doctor,” Virginia explained.

With the quickness of a flash it dawned on Deane that the man who sent him this warning was Dr. Emerson, although he had rested all these years in the security of the belief that Virginia was dead. When his daughter informed him that her protector had been left on the island alone, the unscrupulous Deane immediately set into motion the machinery which he hoped would forever eliminate his foe from his life. He sent out a searching party to the island, but his party arrived after Emerson had been picked up by a passing ship and, finding no trace of the sailor, returned with the dedication that he had undoubtedly been swept up to sea and drowned. This report relieved Deane’s anxiety somewhat.

A while later Emerson bobbed up serenely at the proper centre of authority and purchased outright for $5000 the island where his ship had met with its shipwreck. The officials laughed over the man’s temerity in buying the island, considering it worthless, but Emerson knew what he was getting. He had now fortified himself legally to reap the full harvest of his discovery of the riches, which he calculated would be indispensable to his campaign against William Deane.

PART III.

Years passed by and the one-time physician had apparently disappeared completely from the face of the earth. Virginia had grown to young womanhood and she was a most charming girl of rare beauty and irresistible vivacity. To all appearances Deane, the ship-owner, was prosperous, but in reality he was in dire financial straits. In fact, he had been on the verge of bankruptcy for a long time. It was in the autumn and Virginia had just made her début in society, which was followed by the announcement of her engagement to Tom Pemberton, a handsome young chap of splendid culture. It was then that General Fonasca, of Brazil, appeared on the scene and, upon meeting Deane, seemingly quite by chance, manifested a strong friendship for him. General Fonasca had made a wide impression with his great wealth and his liberality in spending it. When Deane in undertone asked a mutual friend whether or not the newcomer had much money he got this reply:

“Rich? Why, he has a million dollars in my bank just for his petty expenses on this trip.”

This man from Brazil soon became the confidant of Deane, who sought to induce him to invest in his tottering business, with the idea of thus saving himself.

“Business does not appeal to me,” Fonasca replied. “I won’t invest a cent, but I’ll loan you the money.”

Deane availed himself of this opportunity to rejuvenate himself financially, and he accepted extensive loans, giving his personal notes for them all. After some time Fonasca called upon the ship-owner to ask for his daughter’s hand in marriage, blandly ignoring the fact that she was engaged to Pemberton. When Deane ventured to oppose Fonasca in his matrimonial aspirations and reminded him of the fact that Virginia loved and was loved by her fiancé, the Brazilian millionaire quietly told Deane he would be obliged to call in his loans, and this the ship owner knew meant ruin.

“Virginia will never willingly give up Pemberton,” Deane pleaded. “You know I’d much rather see you have her.”

Then he begged for a little more time, and Fonasca granted this, but when Deane failed miserably in his attempts to persuade Virginia to break off her engagement he was forced to again face his creditor with bad news.

“But,” he added, “it might be arranged. Pemberton could disappear.”

Fonasca agreed to this, and at his suggestion he was personally introduced to the captain of the vessel on which, according to the plan, Pemberton was to be “shanghaied,” and sent abroad.

“This gentleman will bring an invalid aboard before you sail,” Deane told the captain, after introducing Fonasca. “See that the orders he gives are strictly obeyed. Our invalid is likely to become violent, but pay no attention to his ravings.”

That evening while Deane remained at home so Virginia’s suspicions could not be aroused, the unsuspecting Pemberton was captured and held a prisoner pending the sailing of the ship. Then Virginia was told that her fiancé had given her up, angered at his inability to get a large dowry from her father. She did not believe it, but when her lover failed to keep an appointment with her, she could not help but think there was some truth in the statement.

PART IV.

Poor, distracted Virginia was thoroughly discouraged with life when General Fonasca and Deane intruded upon her loneliness.

“What’s the matter, my darling?” the father asked with solicitude.

“Tom and I were going to the theatre, but evidently he has forgotten,” the girl replied.

“I told you, my dear, he has given you up,” the father replied. “He made a demand for money on me, and I could not meet it. That accounts for his absence.”

Not satisfied with this, Virginia telephoned to Pemberton’s apartment, and she learned from his servant that the young man had not been in all day, and that he had left no message for her.

A while later, at Fonasca’s suggestion, Deane left the room, thinking his creditor meant to propose marriage to his daughter, but the minute he had departed, Fonasca apprised Virginia of the fact that there was a plot to separate her from Pemberton.

“Confide in no one and come with me if you want to be happy with Tom,” he added.

The girl impulsively agreed and stealthily stole to her room to make preparations to accompany her father’s “friend,” as she thought. In her absence Fonasca wrote the following note:

To William Deane:

When you get this the daughter you love will have paid in full the debt you owe me. You will find her at my rooms tomorrow. I leave you disgraced and penniless. I am content.

EMERSON.

Two hours later Virginia was with General Fonasca in his rooms. Once in his
The child was reluctant to part from her "Doctor Man"

"I know now why I trust you, but I don't understand why you pretend to be someone else," she added.

Dr. Emerson had undergone a sudden change of mind. He had planned, as he promised, to strike his enemy through the only person he loved. He had decided to ruin the girl's reputation, make the fact public, and glory in the shame he had brought to his foe, and that foe's family. But his plan had been that of the wronged physician. He had never realized that it would be impossible for the "doctor man" to carry it out. The girl had never harmed him. She loved and trusted him, and he shrank back appalled as he realized the wickedness and injustice of his scheme to try and punish a guilty man by injuring an innocent girl. Suddenly he tore to fine bits the letter he had intended for William Deane, and faced the girl smilingly.

"You are right, you can trust me," he finally said, and he led the girl to the place where Tom Pemberton was being held a prisoner, who he released, sending him with Virginia back to the latter's home, telling them to await word from him, as he would have important news for them.

Later by telephone he summoned William Deane to his rooms and informed him that their plans were working out satisfactorily. He offered his foe a drink and with it a toast: "To our enemies—may they never escape us." The unwaried Deane drank and then fell into a change unconscious. When he awoke he was in a cabin intended as the prison for his daughter's suitor. And General Fonsca was bending over him.

"What does this mean?" Deane asked him in bewilderment.

"Do you remember the toast we drank in my rooms?" Fonsca asked, as he smiled mysteriously. "To our enemies—may they never escape us!" Look at me closely. Try to figure out why I proposed that toast."

Deane obeyed. Curiously he scanned the smiling face that confronted him, at first in doubt, then with growing terror, then with certainty that he knew the person who had trapped him.

"I thought you were dead," he babbled.

"I knew you were dead. This is not true. It is a terrible dream."

"It is no dream," was the reply. "It is vengeance—a just vengeance. This is one of your own ships, on which答疑, and insured. Yesterday you had hoped she would sink. What do you think of it now?"

Deane lost no time in turning his whole energy to begging for mercy. Then he threatened to appeal to the captain. But he was reminded that the captain was instructed to obey the orders of General Fonsca.

"You just informed him that you were a dangerous lunatic, and that no one must venture to approach this cabin," Emerson added.

Deane pleaded with his enemy wildly, "Am I to die cornered like a rat?" he asked in despair.

"You have a chance, of course," Emerson replied. "If the ship does not sink you will live, but you can never return to America. If she goes down I doubt if the sailors will take a chance to rescue a maniac."

At about this moment a messenger boy arrived at the Deane home, many miles from the position of the ship, and delivered to Virginia a bulky package. It contained a letter from her "doctor man," telling her that he and her father had gone on a long voyage on one of his ships, and that "something tells me he will never return." The letter went on to say that General Fonsca had lent his immense fortune to her, because of her trust in her "doctor man." Enclosed in the package was Dr. Emerson's will, drawn in Virginia's favor.

Some time later the ship which bore the two enemies was well out to sea and a gale was raging. In his cabin the ship's owner was screaming in fear, believing that every moment would be his last. He loudly lamented his neglect to have the vessel made seaworthy, and he urged the man whose life he had wrecked to save him. The "doctor man" watched him cynically.

"Be a man," he advised. "Perhaps the ship will weather the storm. Who knows? Nobody knew what became of the vessel, but it never arrived in port, nor was any trace ever found of the "doctor man" and his rival, who had blasted his hopes when they were both in the Prime of Life."
LETS GIVE TEDDY CREDIT

RUBE MILLER, the Vague-Mutual comedian, has as his hobby the collecting of bits of wardrobe once belonging to famous fun-makers of the past, and among other things, he has a pair of shoes Billy Emerson wore, a hat that was Tony Pastor's, a vest of Dan Daly's, and a coat of Ezra Kendall's.

All he needs to make his outfit complete is the big stick once used by Teddy Roosevelt, the greatest showman and comedian of modern times.

ANNA LUTHER, the titian-haired darling of the movies, who appears in William Fox's production of "The Island of Desire," has started a Fund for the blind, and she wants all donations sent to her at Edendale, Cal.

Do you see?

JULIE POWER, the Lois Stafford in "Gloria's Romance," chimes as her birthplace Portland, Oregon, the city of beautiful roses.

And Portland cement, but we must Sh!

LOUISE OWEN, of the Universal, was born on board a ship on Lake Michigan. Later she experienced difficulty in deciding whether she would spend her life in a convent or on the stage.

So she has been "at sea" since she was born.

THE Universal has a Japanese correspondent in Tokyo by the name of Sakomottos.

We once had a sack o' mottoes too, but we never lived up to them, so we fired 'em, which remark isn't intended as a suggestion to discharge Mr. Sakomottos, being merely a bit of foolishness we must perpetrate in order to maintain our foolish reputation.

ALTHOUGH "Fat Father" John Streppling, who made something of a hit in the role of Heine, the weinnie man, in "The Butterfly Girl," is only five feet three inches tall, he weighs 280 pounds.

Gee, a few inches more and there would be a ton of him.

IT is said that when Fannie Ward, the Lasky star, travels, she uses 27 trunks for her clothes, 15 trunks for her millinery, 5 trunks for shoes and 3 trunks for her jewels.

Now arises the question, How many trunks would she actually need if it wasn't for her press agent?

MARGARITA FISCHER, the Pollard Picture Plays star, has a novel way of taking morning exercise. She simply romps with her pet bulldog.

Dog-gone good, this.

MAX DILL says he is an actor and nothing more.

He's the first Dill we ever heard of that wasn't a pickle.

IN a recent picture Bessie Barriscale wore a skirt made of newspapers.

We wonder if it increased her circulation?

PHOTOPLAY producers announce as a unit that there will be no limit to the amounts of money they will spend on screen productions during 1917.

What do they care for expenses? They have plenty o' em.

BELL BRUCE, Metro leading woman, was once a school teacher.

Now we know why she acts so learned.

GEORGE M. COHAN received his first lessons in the technique of movie acting from Mary Pickford.

So don't be surprised if he acts cute on the screen.

THE mother of Evelyn Dumo, who plays vampire parts in the productions of Mme. Petrova, is the Contessa di Fahri of Rome, Italy.

Which just goes to show that motion pictures are becoming more royal entertainment every day.

ROBERT WHITTIER, of the Metro, has discovered that the best way to cure a cold is to jump into a cold river.

Presumably the cold is thus shivered off.

EDNA PURVIANCE, Charlie Chaplin's leading woman, says she would rather dance than eat.

In other words, she would gladly two-step herself to starvation? But how funny is a preference when it's not actively preferred?

IT MUST HAVE HURT

WHEN Chas. Ray ventured to wear a monocle in portraying an English character in a late release, he was told by a well-meaning friend that he did not look good with "a window in his eye."

We imagine this gave Charlie a pane.

MARY MILES MINTER, the charming Mutual ingenue, always shampoos her hair in champagne to heighten the golden lights.

Gosh, we'd never have our hair with this luscious beverage while we had ourselves to provide.

STUART HOLMES, the Fox villain, is very fond of sketching.

Wander if he can draw the noodle in the nude?

ONE of Harold Lockwood's favorite pastimes in the winter time is to throw snowballs.

We asked him twice about this, and therefore we are sure he did not say highballs. (To be classified under "Temperance Notes.")

WHERE is My Husband?" is the inquisitive title of a Nestor comedy.

How perfectly absurd to ask such a question, when Friend Hubby is so generally to be found in the nearest saloon.

AN Iowa girl, who unblushingly admits she weighs 200 pounds, has written Harry Ham, the Christie comedian, to be seen him to use the more dignified name of Hamilton.

Perhaps she thought Ham sounded too smoked out, and, we understand Ham does smoke too.

"BEWARE of Strangers" is the title of a late Selig feature play.

And, as ever, few people will.

ILLIAN HAMILTON has created a unique, new skating outfit, which consists of a blouse coat of yellow-and-green stripes, a skirt of pale green, a tam-o'-shanter, also striped, and a soft knitted scarf of pale-green stripes.

Now if a man got on a skate with an outfit like that on, he'd loom up like a target for cops, who would vie with each other to hurry him to a place of safe-keeping. But of course Lillian has the advantage of being pretty.
When God created the earth, He
took from Heaven's firmament
a lone star—and they called it
Texas!
And anyone who has ever
visited that great state knows just how
intensely Texans love it. They can, therefore,
understand “Cattle King” Ryan, when he
declares he is rough and ready to stay right
within her confines for the remainder of
his days on this terrestrial sphere. He
has come to this conclusion after undergoing
varied experiences. He is the barefoot boy
and oftentimes delightfully romantic. Ryan
first gave impressive evidence of his love
for his native state when he christened his
only daughter Texas, and it was the rearing
of this veritable apple of his eye which has
furnished him with most of the joys of his
life. He is a self-made man, self-reliant
and virile—he is rich because he has
business acumen which defies financial
reverses, and he has a beloved memory of his girl—
his priceless jewel—whose record is as
devoid of tarnish as any occupant of a
nursery, though she ran wild on the plains from
earliest childhood.
There was a devil-may-care cowpuncher
who played the important part in the
making of the Ryan family history. His name
was Jack Parker, and he was never ashamed
of his sturdy roughness. In fact, he always
felt right about everything, because he
never even contemplated doing the slightest
crooked act from his earliest boyhood. He
was as much a model Texan in his penniless
way as Millionaire Ryan was in his opulent
way. There were just two things in Jack
Parker’s life that he loved. One was his
horse and the other was the photograph of
a beautiful girl, whose name was long
unknown to him. He named his horse “Dream
Girl,” after the girl of the picture—a picture
he had found discarded on a lonely ranch.
The big, important events in the lives
of Ryan, his daughter and Jack Parker started
in 1849, and they were happening with amazing rapidity when the
girl returned to her home after spending
four years at Vassar. When she stepped
to the platform of the depot of the little
border town of Red Eye, all the old
feelings of the cattle country she had known all her
life before instantly returned, and she realized
that ranch life and her devoted father were
worth more to her than the millions she
would ultimately inherit or the fashionable
friends who had courted her favor back East.
“This is home to me as wild and as
crude as it is, and me for this forever more,”
she told her father soon after embracing
him with unreserved enthusiasm.

“Well, it’s a home that’s been mighty
good to us, my child,” he replied, “but
the only trouble is, it’s going to be hard to find
the right kind of a husband for you some of
these days down in this hang-out of reckless
cowpunchers and mean greezers.”

“Oh, daddy dear, we must leave all that
to Fate,” Texas insisted as she laughed
merily.

“You’re sure there wasn’t any fellow
back East who got your heart?” he asked
quickly.

“Positively, I am sure, and you can take
it from me I am headed straight for
bachelor girlhood, whatever that is,” she
laughed.

“Well, whatever it is, you are with me
anyhow,” the fond father replied rejoicing
as he patted his daughter’s rosy cheek.

By the sincerest coincident Jack Parker
happened to be in Red Eye to burn daylight
just as Miss Texas Ryan returned. His eyes
widen when he espied the girl. “My
dream girl—the girl of the picture,” he
muttered to himself as he recognized her as
the image of the likeness he had idolized so
long. From that moment on, this bold
cowpuncher, so obviously lacking in those finer
traits of culture which attract the average
American girl, got to thinking about love.
He wondered what would happen if he
tried to be a husband to the girl of his
dreams, and when he took another glance at
the fineries she was wearing, he shuddered
at his own thought and walked sullenly
away.

“Cattle King” Ryan was so happy over
the return of his Texas and so overjoyed
by her unequivocal declaration of fealty to
her native place of domicile that he pur-
chased and presented to her one of the best
ranches adjoining that owned by Lagos de
Moreno, a Mexican, who though
ostensibly a wealthy land owner, was in reality
the secret head of a band of outlaws
cattle rustlers. His lieutenant was one
“Dice” McAllister, a former road agent,
who brazenly used his office as marshal of
Red Eye as a cloak for sinister purposes.
McAllister and McAllister had long plotted
to secure Ryan’s wealth, and, upon learning of
the cattle king’s daughter taking possession
of the ranch next to his, he resolved to pay
court to her, being sufficiently egotistical
to consider it a foregone conclusion that he
would make a success of winning her hand
and thus being enabled to get on the
inside of her father’s affairs.

While Moreno proceeded to execute his
adroit plans, a shooting scrape occurred in
the “Pay Dirt Saloon and Dance Hall,” at
Red Eye. Jack Parker, who had long since
incurred the enmity of “Dice” McAllister,
was charged by the marshal with being an
accessory to the crime. Innocent of the
charge, Parker did not hesitate to use hard
words in uttering his denial, and there
ensued a desperate hand-to-hand conflict in
which Parker overcame McAllister.

Immediately afterwards the cowpuncher
fled across the border with the idea of remaining
on Mexican soil until the trouble blew over.

After an absence of eight months, Parker
returned to Red Eye and proceeded to
celebrate the glorious Fourth of July. “Cattle
King” Ryan and his daughter, Texas, encoun-
tered the cowpuncher in the midst of
his celebration, and then it was that the
young man first came to the realization that
the girl of his dreams was the daughter of
Ryan. So favorably impressed was the latter
with Parker’s fine manly appearance and
his instinctive show of respect for Texas
that he offered him a position on his ranch.

“I’ll work for you, Mr. Ryan, and
I’ll be happier for reasons that I’ll keep
to myself than I’ve ever been before in
my whole life,” Parker replied in accepting
the offer.

Miss Texas, keenly observing that she
was, simply could not keep down the
thought that she had something to do with
the inspiration which made Parker utter
those words. Somehow she felt flattered;
somehow she felt immensely interested in
the speaker.
"Gee, he’s a fine specimen of a real Texan," she told herself. "Wonder what kind of a life he plans on!"

In the days which followed, Moreno, the Mexican, did not give evidence of being discouraged over the poor headway he had made in winning the hand of Miss Ryan. He persisted doggedly in forcing his attentions upon her. He smiled naively at her denunciations of him; he shrugged his shoulders when she would refuse to even stay near him when he ventured onto her premises. It was not long after Parker had started his duties in Ryan's employ that Moreno visited the Ryan ranch during the round-up. Parker was on hand, and he quickly discerned Moreno's motives, and therefore he never permitted him to get out of his sight.

Moreno was unsuspecting of Parker's vigilance when he forced his presence upon Texas as she was strolling alone down a path away some distance from her home. With the idea of taking quick advantage of his opportunity, the Mexican grabbed the girl by her two arms, pinioning her before him.

"I love you, woman, and I want you to marry me," said he grinning.

"Oh, you beast," she exclaimed without the slightest evidence of entertaining fears.

"You mean you won't marry me?" he demanded with a vicious snarl.

"I mean just that, and moreover, if you don't quit bothering me I'm going to put you where you won't annoy anyone," the girl shot back at him without making the least effort to free herself from his grasp. Instead she just stared into the depths of his tiny, black eyes defiantly.

The alert Parker arrived on the scene at this moment, and he made short work of vanquishing Moreno via the fistfight route, following this by gathering several fellow cowpunchers and driving the Mexican and his crew off of the Ryan lands. "Dice" McAllister, somewhat in disguise, was a member of that crew, and he recognized Parker.

"I shall get even with you, never fear," McAllister yelled at Parker as he galloped away on his horse.

Several days later Texas Ryan and her girl friend, Marian Smith, went horseback-riding in the hills. Full of the buoyancy of youth they enjoyed themselves to the limit. They were so engrossed in their pleasure that they were all too unwary, for as Fate would have it they came upon the camping grounds of Moreno and McAllister, who discovered the girls first.

"There comes that Ryan gal," McAllister whispered to Moreno. "If she won't marry you, why don't you take her anyway?"

"That is a good idea, and this is a good time," the Mexican agreed, whereupon he summoned the members of his outlaw band who were lolling about the camp.

Texas discovered Moreno and divined his plan just in sufficient time to avoid riding right into the jaws of danger. With Marian she turned her pony sharply around and proceeded to return to her ranch at break-neck speed. An exciting chase followed and Marian succeeded in getting away just as Moreno captured Texas. Instead of pausing to help her friend resist abduction, Marian dashed madly towards the ranch-house, and she sounded the startling news of their harrowing experiences. Jack Parker promptly took charge of a quickly organized rescue party, resolving to free the girl of her dreams or die trying. He pursued the Mexican band, soon overtaking them whereupon a battle royal followed. As usual, Parker triumphed over his enemies and regained possession of Texas Ryan.

Foiled in their attempt to make the girl a prisoner, Moreno and McAllister started to "rustle" the Ryan cattle. Their illicit work was discovered by Parker, who rode furiously to the Ryan homestead where Texas was hostess at a ranch party, and after announcing the raids he volunteered to see that all the stolen cattle would be returned.

"You can bet your life that I'll either get the cattle back for you or else I'll make the ring leaders of the gang my prisoners," Parker promised.

"Go to it, my boy, and you won't regret standing by me," Ryan told the young man, who instinctively turned a wistful gaze to Texas, who smiled encouragingly at him.

It was on that very night the brave Parker located the hiding-place of the rustlers. A terrific rain-and-wind storm was raging, but he did not stop for this. Upon discovering the camp-fire the outlaws had built, he dismounted from his horse and cautiously crawled into the camp of his desperate foes. A lone watchman was seated on a box by the fire. Parker overcame him and took his place. He then wrote the following note to McAllister:

"When you bring back Ryan's cattle you can have Moreno." Without the slightest hesitation Parker sought out and captured Moreno and escaped with his prisoner.

On the following morning when McAllister found Parker's note he resolved to leave the country. When Parker took Moreno before Ryan, the latter ordered him out of the state, after thanking Parker profusely for his effective work.

In the days of comparative quiet which came after this era of excitement, Jack Parker realized that his love for Texas Ryan was growing by such leaps and bounds...
that he was worried, but he knew she was of a higher caste, and he could not bring himself to presume that there was any chance for him to ever win her.

"There's no chance for a common cowp "

Park thought Miss Texas was too fine a girl for him to the locality where Parker was being held prisoner.

Moreno, who had ordered Parker's execution, believed his hour of revengeful triumph had come at last, and as the death blow approached he calculated the American. A while later his bandits led Parker to his place of execution, and they were just making final preparations for the tragedy when Texas dashed into the Mexican village. With huge eyes, she jumped out of her car and rushed to Parker's side.

"I love you, Jack," she exclaimed. "Oh, God, I hope I'm not too late."

The appearance of the girl aroused Moreno's fury.

"He must die, and your presence at his execution will make my vengeance doubly sweet," he hissed at Texas.

"You love me—nothing matters now," Parker told Texas as he turned to meet his fate as a brave American should.

Then at the crucial moment the American army officer and his armed party arrived, and at the appearance of the soldiers, Moreno's heart seemed to be broken; he knew he had saved for a life of happiness with the girl of his dreams—the girl whose heart he had won completely.

"Thank God for an American officer and for Uncle Sam," Texas exclaimed fervently as she sank happily into Jack Parker's arms.

(From the play of Gilson Willetts, produced by Selig-Pollascope Co., starring George Patocka.)

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS

Beatriz Michelena, who, after making an international reputation as an opera singer, was induced to forsake her chosen field of endeavor for motion pictures, has tendered her resignation to the California Motion Picture Corporation, to take effect immediately upon the completion of "Faust," of which production Selig-Pollascope Co. is handling the American rights. Michelena's best screen successes were "Salomey Jane," "Mignon," "Salvation Nell" and "The Three Musketeers." Whether to continue in pictures or to return to the opera stage is a matter of speculation. ESSAYAN will soon produce three Cohan & Harris stage successes—"Hawthorne of the U.S.A.," "Sin" and "The Great American," in rapid succession. It is promised the film versions of these hits will be as diverting as the stage productions.

These are dull days in Los Angeles for George Beban. The celebrated Italian impersonator, who is starring in "His Sweetheart" for Morosco, released through the Paramount Pictures Corporation, continues to be the butt of those things which are dear to the heart of the adventurous Beban.

That scenario writing is one of the most lucrative professions extant seems to be proven in the case of Anthony P. Kelly, a Chicago, who has only twenty-three years of age to his credit and who, according to a straight tip from his source, will be earning $10,000 a week, and he has been making $1,000 a week each of those things which are dear to the heart of the adventurous Beban.

Before he became an actor Irving Cummings worked in a doll factory, his forte having been painting the faces of the playthings. Now, although he is only twenty-eight years old, he is one of the most popular of all screen idols.

George M. Cohan hung his famous derby hat up at his film studio in New York recently and took his first lesson in the art of make-up for the movies. Whenever a person is about to make his screen debut he must submit to "tests" in order to ascertain just how much and what shades of make-up to use. The very first film secured indicated that George proper to his ambitions. The process is the invention of three Boston scientists. The researches of Charles D. Wernher, Robert M. Kahn, Dr. Daniel F. Comstock and Mr. W. Burton Westcott. The first Technicolor picture be in eight is "Three Little Strippers," will be in eight. It is at present in the making at Jacksonvile, Florida.

Douglas Fairbanks twelve years ago was a stock runner for a Wall Street stock broker in that city there is at present companies of the Famous Players, Klever Komedies, Technicolor, Amber, Vim, Regal, Regent and Vitaphone.
Will "Indian Love" Solve the Sex Question?

By MARJORIE WRIGHT

The coy Indian maid who wended her way over an untried trail of long ago knew more about the sex question than many of the advanced thinkers of today. Of course her knowledge was chiefly instinct, but just the same, she could play disconcerting roles in scandals arising from ignorance or disregard of just what one sex means to the other. She either loved or she scorned; and, if she loved, the object of her love was her own, and she would be the first and only happy to have him as such, even though she probably realized she was not the recipient of all the respect due her because of the redman's penchant for holding the gentle one in the light of slavery. Nevertheless, the head of the wigwam maintained himself on a higher plane of matrimonial idealism than is characteristic of so many men who nowadays figure in sensational societies.

Explicitly, most thorough-going investigators have discovered that prior to the time when civilization encroached on the rights of their race, when an Indian took a squaw for his wife, the marriage was permanently endowed until death did them part, and, this highly ingratiating custom obtained when savagery ruled rampant among all tribes. In lieu of roseate promises and costly gifts, omitting all reference of personal advancement, but exacting that the size of the family must be large for the sake of the common weal, the stoic Indian man told the pride of his heart he wanted her for his own, and if she agreed, that ended the whole transaction without further ado.

"You are mine because I would kill for you and I would not do as much for any other squaw," was the masculine version of it in the picturesque parlance of Indian sovereignty.

"I am yours to bear all the burdens you decreed because it is the part of the squaw in the performance of her duty, and I trust nowhere is there a better seller," was the feminine attitude.

All this is according to the findings of one who was born and reared on an Indian reservation, and who has made the traditions of that fleeting race her life study. She is none other than Anna Doe, an American paleface, a promising scenario writer, whose fame is spreading because of her remarkable elucidations on the sex question, and on account of the unique campaign she is waging, scantly conducting to inflame the hearts and minds of smart, up-to-date people a regenerated Indian spirit with the set purpose of providing a natural and effectual solution of the long-voiced sex problem. From the inception, Miss Doe argues that the red-complexioned progenitors of North America set the standard high in the midst of their crude culture, then permitting their ideals to decay in the mire of modern sex fictions, which was obdurate with them. The Caucasians abiding on this flourishing continent now are deprived of the benefits to be derived from the long steps forward accomplished even before Christopher Columbus sighted this land.

Despite all the volumes which have been written on Indian lore, habits and history, their quaint ideals in love and marriage have scarcely been given passing attention. This negligence has undoubtedly served the evil end, because the consciousness of opinion is that these erstwhile savages were more animal than human in their intermingling relations, while, as a matter of indisputable fact, they were progenitors of the most charming romance long before they ever knew of the existence of the white race.

"The Indian brand of love, so long a mystery and in ill-repute, is now evolving from the dim past, and in its resurrection, is guiding the white world into the light of love, not only by its bright, profound, and unselfish relations, but also by its ancient and regenerate spirit of sacrifice."

Undoubtedly the champion optimism in motion pictures is one of its latest recruits—Carmel Myers, who recently joined the Triangle-Fine Arts company, and has just made her professional debut as a screen artist. She says so far as she is concerned, personally, life is entirely devoid of gloom or disappointments. "Nothing could make me pessimistic and everything looks rosier," she says. "When it's storming I'm so busy thinking about when the sun is going to shine that I don't even notice the upheaval, and that's the way I'm going to live my whole life."

It would be difficult to conjure up in the mind of the most imaginative genius an optimist more optimistic. Miss Myers, by the way, is the daughter of Rabbi and Mrs. Isadore Myers, of Los Angeles. She met D. W. Griffith while he was producing "Intolerance," and she got her chance to shine in the constellation of movie stars through him. Her father is an expert on Hebrew archeology and was one of the authorities consulted by Griffith for the Jewish historical scenes in the big spectacle. Miss Myers has only lately graduated from high school and she is still in her 'teens.

She Looks Up

by white and highly civilized people it is without the general public knowing it, forming the modern sex problem and is proving to be the mental quagmire of the Americanism about which so much political noise is made," Miss Doe declares. "Americanism, after all, is based entirely upon a form of love, a love for country and a love of country is fostered which is shared by a love for someone, most usually a wife and children. The homeless man is apt to lack in Americanism, because he has little incentive to worry about the nation if he has no home to defend. Then the Indian race, according to the very earliest annals, has set the mark. Victims of wanderlust that they were by heritage, they always had to be free to meet the most intimate of mobile tepees—which they would die to protect against foes, primarily because in that tepee was sheltered the redman's family, to which he always gave his first attention. This was the first tangible Americanism, and from this the progress we will ever be able to make in this direction.

"The fundamental secret of attaining perfect Americanism is adequate consideration and solution of the sex problem. If the man does not take his wife home to the divorce courts sooner or later and only a very small percentage of the marriages were successful, there would be a serious scarcity of homes. The very heart of a nation would be torn asunder and men engrossed in bitter disappointments expect the impossibility of mating would lose interest in the proposition of defending homes which were nightmares to them. Americanism would vanish with greater celerity than you can imagine if men and women could not love each other and live together in wedlock. Universal degeneration would be the terrible upshot of it, and evidence would be with us to delay. Now, is there anyone to accuse the Indian as a race of degeneration? Do you know that so far as all available records show there never lived a full-blooded, sane Indian who was a degenerate? Can you, therefore, follow my reasoning that the Indian handed to the American posterity a clean slate on which to write a history devoid of social sins and transgressions?"

Miss Doe further points out that the wives and mothers of today are too prone to be irresolute in their determination to seek and follow the best pathways in consummated life. They are trying to invent something new in the way of a moral code when, if they could only be true to what vitalize it, there is nothing new under the sun in this case also. Fads and fancies rule everywhere, and most of all in any realm in which attention is given to sex problems. America has a fallacy, Miss Doe, who asserts that the people of today have but to delve back in the past of Indian precedents to gain possession of a weapon with which to combat every evil influence now arising to disturb the perpetuity of success in matrimony.

The inherent fidelity of an Indian wife and mother to her husband and children is truly remarkable, inasmuch as it knows no limitations in its sacrifice. Even the unattractive squaw of the most repellent type will do the most menial work eighteen hours a day for the sake of her family. That is more than can be said of too many white women of this generation. It is alarmingly true to hear housewives complain of even washing the dishes when the training of her entire life has been that such a task is a part of her routine duty. It is not that Miss Doe seeks to enslave women to men, though she seems to hold a strong and unreserved spirit of sacrifice in gentle hearts and then she urges that they reap the fullest benefits of their rapidly increasing liberties and suffrage. Her attitude is simply that she does not wish to see woman develop into the ingrate so many of them are in reality. She wants the men to draw their lesson, too,
from the Indian, but to omit the latter's faults of environments and enforced dependence on his own score to defeat wild elements and nature in everything he regarded as detrimental.

A neglected theory of the kind of fidelity which makes the Indian woman worthy of emulation is the custom of the Sioux tribe, with whom I lived for the first twelve years of my life." Miss Doe continues. The law Sioux, as it is termed, is that a widow shall continue to do her little duties toward her deceased husband in the way of keeping mended and in order all his clothes and personal belongings, even though they will never be worn by him again. It is an all-wise method of keeping alive the spirit of honor to those of the opposite sex who were loved and honored in life. It is a beautiful tribute to memory and wonderfully inspiring in the certainty that the mourning one gives all her thought to the man to whom she owed her full duty and gives no part of her thought to the future flirtation.

"The example makes a man feel as if he wants to do everything good in his power for his wife, because he can picture with an unstinted degree of satisfaction that same woman grief-stricken, and still willingly dutiful to him after he has departed from this world.

"Wisely this same Sioux tribe has provided for avoidance of any considerable check of race multiplication because of the death of husbands. The criminal law: every wife should, if healthy, be the mother of at least five children. If her helpermate dies prior to propagation to this extent, the widow is to wed again after a due period of mourning, and the progeny that can be had by her to whom she can give her love. Unlike their paleface neighbors, the Indian believes in taking a hand in hand-making as a community interest, and, by reason of their scrutinizing method of knowing each other, a bad Indian is never given an opportunity of wedding a good Indian woman. The result is failures in matrimony are virtually unknown among Indians. There is no divorce and no man takes a wife to encourage her in the fail of becoming a dog fancier instead of a mother. Aren't these Indian ideals and traits worthy of imitation?

Miss Doe was eighteen years old when she first started to live among her own white race, and the first city in which she resided after leaving her life-long Indian reservation home in North Dakota was Chi- cago. She had for several years read spec- tacularly certain metropolitan newspapers, and she was shocked by the great number of society scandals and the growth of the divorce evil. So she entered the world with a will to take the leader ship in a nation-wide campaign to stem the popular tide of sex thought from its ruinous onrush back to simple but virile and unimpeachable Indian ideals. She formu- lated all her plans for this vast undertaking during her brief sojourn in Chicago, and now she is making her headquarters in New York, where she devotes all the time she has, when free from her professional work, to extending her message of the highest success. In so far as she is making what is called in the vernacular "Indian love" quite a fad in Gotham, and she is making people understand the force of its philosophy. If her campaign counts for anything she will have the sex problem solved via the Indian route within her lifetime.

Turning the searchlight on the very in- terior of the heretofore baffling secret of the knowing grasp the American Indian has upon the subject of sexology, it will be found that those of red skin and raving dis- position hold their curious marriage vow revised than the least civilized Caucasians. Wherein the average New Yorker or Chicagoan can discern no ap- preciable wrong in a bit of flirtation with a chorus girl in the cabaret while his wife- laps him at home, the Indian, by accepted custom, does not even converse with any women outside of his immediate family. If he calls on a yellow-man in his own quarters, he does not even so much as take a pass of smears with her skin. He expects and gets the same treatment in his own family circle when acting as host to a friend of masculine sex.

BEING CHARITABLE

There is much satisfaction to be de- rived from being charitable, and man- kind knows better than to help others. With one object in view—and that to lend succor without ostenta- tion or hope of reward—each mortal, who is fortunate enough to be in good circumstanes financially, should seek out and find those who are in want and do all possible to alleviate their sufferings.

Being a "good fellow" is all right as far as it goes; being an honorable, ener- getic citizen is commendable, but there is more required of humanity. Too often we want to be unmindful of the higher obligations, and seldom is there sufficiently widespread charity to pre- vent hunger and physical torture until after the condition has reached a rather advanced stage. And, truly, we could all add to our present contentment by being more persistent in our efforts to be char- itable.

Incidentally, let us bear in mind that a part of the aim of charity is to divert the mind from the worries which beset it, and, therefore, after you have gratefully bestowed food, clothes and shelter to those who need it, add to your noble work by donat- ing a few dimes that they might enjoy what is a rare treat to them—a moving-picture show, where Dell Care absolves and gives the mental relief so indispensable to the pauper. When you are being charitable, add a small luxury to the necessities you are contributing, and you have made a praiseworthy job complete.

An Indian wife will not consider sepa- ration from her husband, it makes no differ- ence what he does, and if she feels he is doing wrong she will place the entire matter in the hands of a father or an uncle. True, the father or uncle oftentimes settles the case by slaying the husband, but that is wherein the undying savage instinct of the race fails to succumb to the march of civil- ization. Whereas the Indian mother is un- complaining though she may have the care of five children, all born in consecutive years, and whereas she is shocked if she unfortunately has been prevented from multiplying her race to this extent at least, there has long been a growing inclination among women of all other nationalities to shirk this duty and to make two the maxi- mum limit of a family.

"Civilization is to blame for all this, and it must be admitted that civilization is not without its baneful aspects," Miss Doe says. "When all women go back to the old-fashioned idea of large families, American- ism will be given its chance to come a potential force in this world. The Indian doctrine of a minimum of five chil- dren to the family, if it is physically possi- ble, is a sound doctrine, and, if put into effect in the United States today with its 100,000,000 people, would add an increase of about forty per cent. to the population. A distinct improvement to this doctrine is the element of quality of which our higher race is capable and which is absent in the Indian."

One of the time-honored customs among all the Indians has been to employ crude scientific methods to insure offspring with strong physiques. Thus their wearing hardiness of the race. If the same amount of energy had been devoted to developing the mentality of children, the Indian would have lost most of his servility, and would have been a powerful race today. From the moment the new-born comes into the world, it is given physical exercise and lives incessantly outdoors. Even now, since the United States Government has provided all the resources for the Indians, they always rear their chil- dren in tents, although the parents may occupy the house, but as a rule even the adults convert these cottages into stables for their horses, preferring them as domiciles. The reward netted by this primiti- ve but all-wise custom is: every man is strong and a model of physical perfection, and every woman is nearly his equal in strength and is virtuous. This renders her capable of motherhood to more than quadruple de- gree. This reveals in the Indian a keen in- sight into the sex question and an admirable foresight has to the folly of lapsing into a laxity which threatens the extinction of the race. But there has been a counteracting influence on this superinduced by the civil- izing processes, which have changed them somewhat from their natural state.

"If the American people—scientists, so- ciologists, social workers, and others—are really eager to share in the glory of bringing the sex problem to a solution, they have a feasible means open to them in the mastery of the best of the American Indian system of overcoming the sordid obstacles to it," Miss Doe says. "Don't let us be deluded to the extent of believing that simply be- cause the Indian has never reached the state of civilization and progress which are our proud possessions, he hasn't set some good examples for us. Earnestly I plead for all to learn the Indian kiss, which is a soul- ful kiss, and it is more binding than our most trouzled marriage law. Let us have women any which way it comes from outside sources. Let the enforcing be a voluntary act of the interested parties, and let these interested parties set the size of their families at five each if physical condi- tions permit. America will need a birth-rate, and the steadily increasing ad- vent even among the poor will work no social menace if society will only awaken from its lethargy to the extent of rendering succor systematically—if the public at large will be awakened to the need of bearing a community interest and a gloriously exalted and happy one. Thus will the sex problem be solved by following the trail long embazoned by the Indian in all his wondrously misunderstood lore."
UNUSUAL THINGS UNUSUAL PHOTOPLAYERS DO
By GEORGE LA VERNE

Photoplaygoers do do some unusual things. Gladys Brockwell, star of "One Touch of Sin," for instance, has built herself a house among the trees behind her bungalow at Hollywood, Cal. The snug, little domicile is firmly constructed away up among the branches of a giant redwood and is completely furnished. When she goes home from a day's work, she promptly climbs the tree and finds relaxation up among the zephyrs. She has the steps leading up to this perch of her's so arranged that all she need do is to push an electric button and she pulls them up after her. It would take a fairy prince—or a second-story man—to break in upon her seclusion. "My idea is to get away from earthly cares occasionally and to feel as free as a bird," Miss Brockwell says.

Dustin Farnum is not what you would call eccentric, but he, too, does strange things sometimes. As an example, he wears a soft, straw-colored Alpine hat, which was once the property of the late Richard Harding Davis, and he frets if weather conditions will not permit him to indulge himself in this odd pleasure at least once a week. "Mr. Davis was an intimate friend of mine and I love the memories the wearing of his hat always brings," Mr. Farnum says.

Marin Sais persists in "proving" there is something "in" superstitions. Most everything that happens she connects up with a superstition. When she was doing the work of playing the heroine of "The Girl From Frisco," while the thirteenth episode was being "snapped," it rained constantly. She spoiled a nice frock and got stuck in one scene by stepping on some chewing gum. "Now say, if you dare, that thirteen isn't unlucky," she says.

William Desmond will not do anything but study the drama when comes leisure moments to devote to reading. He ignores books, magazines and newspapers in order to have all his time to expanding his knowledge of dramatic proportions, etc. "It's what I like to do," he says simply. But there is so often something strange about doing what one likes to do.

Marguerite Gale always doted on making the acquaintance of and calling on stage celebrities, while Bertha Kalich has as a veritable hobby the study of agricultural subjects. She says she wants to see the day when all farm work, ploughing and everything, will be done by electricity. So goes it.
WAR TWINS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—Laura, the gentle, young American wife of Robert Glade was being waited upon by her husband after being returned to him from the hospital. She was anxious to keep him company and to help him in any way possible. Meanwhile, her friends were trying to comfort her. Her mother, Mrs. Joffre, had arrived to take care of Laura. The Joffre family was staying at the Joffre home in Paris.

Chapter VI

FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNDORN

The shades of night were falling by the time Laura Joffre reached her home, and there much to her joy she found a letter from her sister, Susie, awaiting her. But the faithful young wife's glee quickly succumbed to disappointment and this to grief, for in this letter Pierre chided her rather severely because she had disobeyed him again as to seeing Robert Glade. He wrote in part:

"Mother writes me that you say I'm wrong in my attitude toward Glade. I'm not convinced of this, and until I am you are duty-bound to respect my wishes in the matter. My dearest, you must never let your little sweet self be guilty of breaking a pledge to your devoted husband. With the proper encouragement, you are not only capable, but you have what you have done and once more give me your oath that you won't have any further dealings with that fellow. I won't let him help me. If a chance came to me through it to get out of those terrible trenches, I wouldn't avail myself of it. I'm right here happier for not being in any way indebted to him. Now, darling, feel no fear of letting her. Can you go, she has a right to get any such aid from him. Forget him absolutely.

Laura, in her highly nervous condition, was in no way prepared for the shock these words gave her. Primarily, she had no idea that her mother-in-law would be so gossipy as to incorporate her chance remarks in her letters to her son. Naturally Laura was displeased with such a pechant. It savoro too much of spice to coincide with her American ideals of candor. However, she discreetly refrained from making known her displeasure at the time, for she felt sure she would collapse under the burden of worry and sorrow, she forbore telephoning Miss Susan Weston and asked her to listen to her without a moment's delay. And Miss Weston was in the Joffre home two hours later when she was escorted by Mrs. Joffre to Laura's room, where she found the now forlorn little woman weeping bitterly.

"No what's the trouble, dear?" Susan asked gently as she crossed speedily to the reclining Laura.

"Oh, I must have help," she replied.

"Can I do anything, dear?" Mrs. Joffre asked kindly.

"Not now, mother, only leave us alone for a while, please," Laura told her.

"Very well, but call me if you need me," she said as she left.

Laura lost little time in showing her husband's latest letter to Susan and explaining the whole circumstances which surrounded his opposition to Robert Glade. She casually mentioned that Pierre Joffre was of the opinion that the visit to Glade's office just as Susan herself had betrayed a curious mood.

"Oh, that's nothing to worry about," Susan replied promptly. "Those boys have so happened to inherit an unusual abundance of magnetism which yields a rather lasting influence over one and, fortunately, for good."

"In my case it wasn't for good," Laura denied in the sudden moment as she recalled having been hypnotically subdued by Frank Metcalf on that fateful evening when she witnessed a demonstration of what prenatal influences could do with an ordinarily sane man. However, Susan was thinking too far ahead to notice Laura's break and she replied:

"We can make it very much for your good."

"How?"

"Pete and I went over the whole subject two nights ago and we decided hypnotism alone will serve to divert your mind from your worries to an extent sufficient to avert baneful impressions which might seriously injure the chances of your next generation to be happy and useful. You of course realize war's tendency to lower the standard of quality in children born in turbulent periods. We all love you too dearly to permit these ill effects to come to you."

"But what could hypnotism be produced by whom?"

"By Frank, with me as his chief assistant."

"Mercy no. 'Tis a fantastic idea."

"Indeed it is not; it is an exact science, my dear," insisted Susan. By pressing hypnotism she could be forced to concentrate your mind on only the things which are good for you now."

"That might be done, I grant you, but I would be afraid of evil effects just the same."

"You're not taking the slightest chance on that, dear," assured Susan. "Supposing I invite Frank over tonight and we try an experiment?"

"Oh, I'm afraid to."

"Fear is the very evil force now busily at work to wreck your whole nervous system, she asserted positively. "The memory of all these descriptions that make me insist upon your trying an advanced thought method. Your case, my dear, is most urgent."

"I know it is," Laura agreed.

"Then trust yourself to me and I am sure I can prove myself a good friend in need. Now I'll run right over and get Frank. I'll explain it all to Mrs. Joffre on my way out."

When Laura had an opportunity to interpose more objections Susan had raced out of the room and downstairs. Laura could hear her talking to Mrs. Joffre downstairs, but she could not summon enough energy to go downstairs herself.

Now more than ever before her husband went away to war, she realized her helplessness to successfully combat the untry worries arising from the combination of circumstances evolving from her husband's desire to bring Pierre Joffre back to her.

When Frank Metcalf arrived in her room accompanied by Susan, there was an outburst of rather obstreperous merriment. Both males were so wonderfully well-fed that his humor filled the air, lifting Laura out of her deep gloom speedily.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Joffre, I request that we have Pierre's mother and father present. That's why we have come," said Frank Metcalf, who then proceeded to carry on a fascinating hypnotist's experiment. Metcalf said after a while: "I want no possibility of Pierre ever getting it into his head that I took an undue advantage of you."

"Yes, and Mrs. Joffre were summoned, and they were the only ones who betrayed any skepticism at the outset, but whatever fears they had were soon allayed, because Frank Metcalf performed a near-marvelous hypnotist's experiment. Metcalf's remarks absolutely silenced the entire company.

"You're sound asleep and you haven't a single worry—you're so happy that you feel like laughing and you will laugh," he told
Laura as he leaned over so close to her that his nose almost touched her's. And, without a second's delay, Laura laughed heartily while every other face in the room was comparatively composed. "Now you will cease laughing," he said after a full minute whereupon Laura did discontinue it. He made several passes with his hands before her eyes and then said in low, pleasant tones: "From now on you will be forgiven for your misconception of my mind the instant they enter it. I will that you must not worry and you will it with me. You will remember constantly that you cannot worry. You will laugh at any of your thoughts with me: I will laugh at any woe!"

Laura straightened up and most firmly repeated those words in positive tones. Then Metcalfe continued:

"I'm Frank, I told you in my letter that I was coming. I knew my mind, my mind, my mind!"

Metcalfe placed his right hand on Laura's forehead for a moment, and then he said:

"When I snap my finger you will be wide awake and you will enjoy a hearty laugh at once, my dear."

He waited possibly ten seconds and then he snapped his finger. Laura lurched forward slightly and glanced around at all the grave faces confronting her. Immediately she burst into a wholesome laughing saying: "I really didn't think you had, but I should worry if you can't join me in enjoying a laugh."

Miss Susan Weston very promptly joined her with a merry, little laugh attired with laughing twitter, but Metcalfe only smiled benignly. Mr. and Mrs. Joffre were yet too annoyed to even move a muscle. They had never before witnessed a demonstration of hypnotism. Both entertained doubts as to the genuineness of the test.

"Was you really asleep, my dear?" Mrs. Joffre finally managed to ask.

"Yes, and it was delightful," Laura declared with consummate buoyancy.

But Mrs. Joffre still couldn't believe it. "Wait a moment, looking at her daughter-in-law a moment, she walked out of the room shaking her head in the negative.

"Now you've got me worrying," the elder Joffre remarked looking after his wife.

"I'm sorry to have her worrying, father, but as you must understand, I can't and won't let that worry me," Laura replied.

She probably thinks you've gone insane," was the old lady's rejoinder.

"Oh, nonsense," Laura replied laughingly.

"Well, you'll have to excuse me while I go and rub my eyes a bit and think it all over before I can decide whether this is all a fake or a miracle," he said.

"It is neither, Mr. Joffre; it is simply a matter of putting into practice a true science, that of mind control and the making of matter subservient to the mind," Metcalfe volunteered as if with a sincere desire to dispel all doubts from the old man's mind. "I'll do her good, but I don't know," he said as he walked slowly out of the room.

"Oh," exclaimed Laura arising suddenly. "I wonder if mother will write Pierre about this too!" The next instant she coolly seated herself. "You don't seem to worry about, because I'm going to write to him about myself and make him understand how wonderful it all is, and he will join me in my rejoicing over being freed from worries.

"Now my dear little Laura has the right idea," Susan said as she threw her arms around her neck. "And with a little affection showered on you once in a while, you'll be all right. I'll serve as your sweet-heart in the absence of your husband."

So saying she kissed Laura and gave her an impressive hug. Then Laura looked up at Metcalfe and said:

"There was no harm done that evening, nor is it to be regretted, because down deep in your heart you didn't want to do any harm."

"Thank God for that," he murmured most fervently.

"I think you're most wonderful," she continued.

"Oh he is wonderful," Susan affirmed fairly leaping into his embrace and submitting to a resounding kiss.

"Now, you see, we are all happy, which only proves it is easy to be so in the face of the worst possible odds," Metcalfe remarked as he patted Susan's cheek affectionately.

For an hour or more this trio talked and laughed together, their excitement spread its contagion downstairs to the parlor to which Mr. and Mrs. Joffre had repaired. One prolonged siege of merry laughter in particular brought them upstairs to learn the cause. They were favorably impressed by the fear that Laura was, in the gayest mood she had ever been in since coming to their house.

"Do you really feel this happy as a result of being hypnotized?" Mrs. Joffre asked as soon as the laughing had subsided.

"Yes, I haven't a worry in the world tonight, because I know the fate of all of us, my beloved husband included, is in the hands of a Higher Power, and we must take what He gives us with a smile," Laura replied.

"And you really enjoy all this laughing?" the elder Joffre asked.

"Yes, indeed I do," she answered.

"Give me a little of that hypnotic treatment, Mr. Metcalf; I haven't laughed that heartily in years," the old fellow said turning to Metcalfe.

This request precipitated another round of laughter among all, even Mr. and Mrs. Joffre, and, for the remainder of the evening the whole five participated in the joys of life, but Metcalfe had disseminated by his truly remarkable demonstration of hypnotic mastery.

CHAPTER VII

THE WAR TWINS AT WAR—THEN PEACE

The next morning at eleven o'clock Susan Weston and Laura Joffre were awaiting admittance to Robert Glade's office in the American Legation, Susan had persuaded Laura to accompany her and had joined her in keeping the visit a secret from Metcalfe. Laura's reason for being an absentee in this secrecy was inspired by her fear that the war twings might live up to their implication should they become imbued with the notion that they were rivals for the hand of Susan at such an early stage of the game, when Susan herself did not know the dictates of her own heart.

Pierre was exceedingly candid in his acknowledgments of the pleasure over seeing Susan again. His treatment of her was extremely tender. To Laura's mind there was no conjecture as to the man's feelings. He was enamored. That was annoyingly obvious to the observant one, but only for the moment, because she was quick to develop the ability to throw off the worry of it.

"It is almost beyond me to believe you can look so glad to see me when you know I have come to relieve you of three thousand beans," Susan told Glade.

"What does three thousand dollars amount to when it brings such a charming queen as you for even a few minutes," Glade replied.

"Gee, you must value me highly."

"I do."

"Then raise your ante to the fund of Young American Ladies First Aid to the British Red Cross Society." Glade suggested.

"All right, come back tomorrow morning and I will tell you what I have decided to give in addition to this five thousand," he agreed.

"Isn't he the fox," Susan said turning to Laura.

"Mr. Glade is very charitable," the latter replied.

"Charitable! What do you mean, charitable?" Susan demanded jovially.

"Mr. Glade is extremely fond of you," Laura's eyesxm. was not misapprehensive.

For a solid hour a merry tete-a-tete went on between chiefly Susan and Glade. Meanwhile the formality of getting his name down on the subscription list was accomplished, and when the young women got a serious condition came to the surface.

"Do you know, Laura, I love Robert Glade just about as much as I do Frank Metcalfe," Susan announced on the way back to her apartment. "Very, few conditions could be much worse in the life of such an attractive, young woman as Miss Susan Weston."

A fortnight rolled by and then two important things happened in Laura Joffre's life. One was the receipt of a letter from her husband in answer to one she had written relating how much better she felt since submitting to Frank Metcalfe's hypnotic treatment, which, by the way, had been repeated three times in the two weeks with good effects. Pierre expressed himself as elated over Laura's new-thought idea, and he declared Metcalfe had his full confidence, being as he put it, "a vastly superior gentleman to such a doubtful quantity as Robert Glade."

Thus was the injustice of Pierre's attitude toward Glade impressed upon Laura's mind. She reflected that Metcalfe had come nearer to a breach of goodness than Glade ever did, but in striking response to her own mind control she forthwith forgot the whole matter and worried not!
The other important event was a formal declaration of war between the war twins.

Miss Susan Weston had lost too much time making up her mind as to a preference, and she had maintained secrecy too long. Metcalf, by chance, learned of his brother's regards for the girl he had come to love most dearly, and as the case seemed to him to have all the earmarks of a deliberate double-cross on the part of Glade, he summarily flew into a rage. His first act was to send a stinging rebuke to his brother by messenger. Glade responded in person, arriving at the Metcalf house in an automobile late in the afternoon. Laura saw him enter the house and soon afterward she heard loud, angry voices in that same house. It was the first intimation she had received of any ill feeling between the brothers, and, without the slightest debating she ran over to Metcalf's bent on laughing them out of their quarrelsome moods. Uncle Mose responded to her ringing at the front door, and the first thing she noticed about him was he wore a very troubled expression on his wrinkled, black face.

"Lordy goodness, ma'm, I'm afraid you done come at a bad time," he protested as Laura indicated her intention of walking right in.

"I don't think so, Uncle Mose. No friendship can be so badly broken as to be past repair," So saying Laura walked majestically into the reception room. All was quiet at that moment, and she turned back to the old negro. "Where are they?" she asked.

"Up in de massa's study, ma'm," he replied. "I'll tell him you're here."

"Thank you, hurry," she replied.

Within a few seconds after Uncle Mose disappeared down the upstairs hallway, Robert Glade came rushing down the stairs to Laura.

"I'm so glad you've come just at this moment," he exclaimed quite out of breath.

"You can help me prove to my poor brother that I did not wilfully seek to undermine his romantic interests with Miss Weston. You know I was innocently unaware of being a rival of my own brother."

"Yes, I know all about it," Laura replied.

"Tell Mr. Metcalf that if he will receive me I will try to act as mediator in this little trouble."

"Good," Glade exclaimed as he ran back up the stairs.

A moment later Uncle Mose appeared at the head of the steps.

"De massa says for you to come right on up to his study, ma'm," he announced, and a minute later Laura found herself in the vortex of a storm of rage such as she had never experienced before. But, it did not worry her.

"It's a dirty, contemptible trick on his part," Metcalf declared bitterly.

"Quite on the contrary, there was no dirty contemptible trick at all, not on the part of anyone," Laura corrected with authority. "I know the whole story."

"Then please tell it to me quickly," Metcalf requested.

"It's very brief," she declared. "It's simply that you two brothers are so nearly on an equal so far as charm is concerned that dear, little Venturesome Susan has not yet been able to bring herself to a point of venturing to decide which one of you she likes the better."

"Oh, that's it," Metcalf said as if only

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CHAPTER VIII

A Runaway Brings Another Girl their way

That very instant Robert Glade's machine drew up in front of Metcalf's house and he, attired in evening clothes and a silk hat which added distinction to his good looks, stepped out on the sidewalk.

"There he is now," Metcalf announced, whereupon they all perked through the glass door.

As Glade was about to enter the gate he seemed to be attracted by something he saw down the street and came to an abrupt stop, fixing his gaze in that direction. Instantly all rustle came to a halt, the group inside the house heard the clatter of a galloping horse and a woman's shrill scream. Simultaneously they saw Glade run into the middle of the street. An instant later they beheld the spectacle of him grabbing the reins of a runaway horse and boldly keeping pace with it. As the buggy to which it was hitched flashed by they discerned the form of a fashionably dressed young woman occupying it alone. Simultaneously all rustle came to a halt.

"The woman in the buggy did not move, and all ran to the scene, being joined by others of the neighborhood. Glade's chauffeur took charge of the horse while Glade and Metcalf lifted the woman from the buggy and carried her to Metcalf's house.

Aunt Mandy was summoned, and she soon revived the woman with the aid of Susan and Laura. The woman had suffered no worse injury than to faint from fright. When she regained consciousness, she plunged her very white and shapely fingers into her mass of raven black hair and muttered:
"Let me think; what was that address I was going to?"

"It would probably be best for you to return to your home, madam," suggested Glade. "My motor car stands in front and is at your command."

"You are very kind, but where is my horse and buggy?"

"My chauffeur has it in charge, but I thought you might be a little too nervous to undertake to drive the horse for the present; my chauffeur will drive it home for you."

"That will be lovely. I—will accept your kind offer. Whereupon she gave Glade his first opportunity of looking into her remarkably black and beautiful eyes. "My name is Miss Wilda Dennett," she continued smiling up at him.

"And you're from the United States of course," Glade said.

"Yes, from Savannah, Georgia."

"Our old home," Glade and Metcalf explained together.

"Is that so?" Miss Dennett asked in surprise. "Isn't that remarkable?"

After the formality of introductions, a veritable party ensued. Upon Metcalf's instructions, Aunt Mandy served hot chocolate and wafers, and the Victrola was played in the breakfast room. It was nearly two hours later that Miss Wilda Dennett happened to think of her parents.

"Oh goodness, father and mother will imagine the Germans have captured me," she announced. "I must be going as much as I hate to, for it's the first real southern hospitality I've had the good fortune to enjoy since I came to Paris."

"You haven't changed your mind about availing yourself of my motor car, have you?" Glade asked.

"Not in the least," she replied. "In fact, I am more anxious than ever to ride in your motor car, especially since you will be obliged to drive it."

"But Mr. Glade has a chauffeur," Susan remarked.

"He's going to drive her horse," Glade reminded her. Then he turned to Metcalf.

"Frank, I'll go over those papers to-morrow night."

"You're welcome to at any time it suits your convenience, Bob," he replied cordially.

After Glade and Miss Dennett had departed and after Metcalf had taken the liberty of kissing Miss Susan Weston three times in rapid succession, Laura arose to say:

"See, Venturesome Susie, I told you things would work out for themselves."

"It does seem as though that little run-away will prove most fateful, if I ever make it," agreed Metcalf.

"Well, just how fateful could it prove?" Susan asked rather teasingly.

"It might even lead me to feel perfectly at ease in proposing to you," Metcalf replied calmer.

"In the presence of an audience?" she asked in feigned horror.

"I'd like for the whole world to hear me propose to you, dearie."

"Why make it public?" she asked.

"So the whole world could benefit by the object lesson it would teach, if you accepted me, mind you," he replied.

"And if I did accept you, what would that object lesson be?"

"It would prove beyond a doubt that a human born unlucky can by dint of his own incessant efforts overcome the misfortune and be supremely happy."

"But you weren't born so unlucky," she insisted. "It isn't everyone who has a rich father like you.

"It isn't everyone who had a poor, sweet mother like I did either," he rejoined.

This led to a vivid recounting of the experiences of his parents before his birth in war-ridden Souland, and after he had finished, Metcalf gently asked:

"Now, Susan, my little guardian angel, will you be my wife?"

"You bet her life," she answered back greatly.

"Congratulations to you both," almost yelled Laura in her great joy over the very apparent happiness of her two friends.

Thus the betrothal of Frank Metcalf and Susan Weston began. And the very next day he received a letter addressed to Mr. Frank Glade. It was from his twin brother, who took this initiative to restore his honored family name to the Frank who had so long lived incognito of his own volition in order to protect that honored name against any attempt he might commit in his irresponsible moments.

CHAPTER IX

THE STORK BRAVES WAR'S FURY

Three months elapsed and the terrible war had grown in its fury. In fact, the great battle of the Marne was in progress at that very time. Pierre Joffre was in the midst of it somewhere despite the desperate efforts of Robert Glade to secure for him a commission which would take him out of the project. The French government had appointed two different sets of men on different occasions to carry out their program of secret campaigns in neutral countries, but Joffre's name was far down on the list of eligibles and had not yet been reached.

It was a chilly, rainy day about this time that Laura's attending physician sent her to bed and Aunt Mandy was the first one out—

---

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side the family summoned. Then, in the midst of an afternoon deluge which swept over the city, Susan Weston and Wilda Denrett arrived at the Joffre house prepared for a long stay. They came in Robert Glade's automobile.

"What is the latest news from the battle of the Marne?" Laura asked them anxiously the first thing after they arrived. "The French losses are very light," Susan fibbed.

"Your husband's regiment wasn't even in the fight," Wilda added with feigned seriousness.

"I'm so glad to hear that, and he may yet return," Aunt Mandy replied.

"Yes, Robert is conferring with some French officials this afternoon about rushing through a commission for Mr. Joffre," Wilda announced.

"Oh, I'm so glad," Laura said with gratitude written all over her wan face. Aunt Mandy, Susan and Wilda joined with the elder Mrs. Joffre to do everything in their power to make the remainder of the afternoon comfortable and pleasant for Leverett.

At seven o'clock that evening Robert Glade and Frank Glade, formerly Metcalf, arrived at the house, and were received in the parlor downstairs by Susan and Wilda.

"We have good news for Laura," Robert told them triumphantly the moment he set foot inside the room. "You got her husband the appointment," Wilda guessed.

"He is in his way here now," Robert admitted. "He will be ordered to report in Paris at once. He should be here before next week.

"Oh, goody," Susan exclaimed jumping up and down with joy. "But it may not be best to tell Laura of this until after the doctor is consulted," Frank suggested.

"Where is the doctor?" Robert asked.

"He is on his way here now," Wilda replied.

It was at three o'clock the following morning when a hasty, little cry told the party, assembled in the parlor, that a stranger had arrived upstairs. Fifteen minutes of suspense ensued and then Aunt Mandy came rushing downstairs.

"Is it a boy or a girl," all four asked her at once.

"Lordy massey, chillun, there's both kinds," Aunt Mandy announced.

"Twins?" all asked.

"Yes, bless 'em, a boy and a girl." "And is everybody doing well," Susan asked with much concern.

"Yes, deedly, fine, m'am," the old negro asserted.

"And neither one of them seems marked in any way?" Frank asked eagerly.

"Not at all, massa, they is as perfect a pair of babies as I ever laid my eyes on, and I've 'tended to lot of them," Aunt Mandy declared.

"Isn't that grand!" exclaimed Susan, who then threw her arms around Frank's neck.

"You, dear, may have performed a miracle for all our needs," responded Frank. "For all anyone knows hypnotism may often perform miracles, my dear," Susan admitted. "It brings you typewriter triumphs unexcelled by any machine on earth, and will write any form from the size of a postage stamp to a wide legal document."

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greatly shortened because they had no sooner stepped into the room than the new arrivals began to vie with each in emitting the loudest cries and the much interested young women were hustled out of the room. Reaching the head of the stairs they stopped to look at each other, and then Susan said to Wilda:

"War twins."

"The second pair to cut a big figure in our lives," Wilda added.

It was exactly fifteen days later that this same party was assembled at the Joffre house with Laura and her twins. This time they were all there to give a rousing reception to a heroic soldier, Pierre Joffre. Robert Gladke was made entirely responsible for his release from the French army. He had persevered through thick and thin, and he had achieved a victory. Frank Gladke had won his place on Laura's roll of favor in quite another way as has been related, but he shared equally as a recipient of the little mother's unbounded gratitude. There was not a single dark cloud on her horizon now, excepting the slight possibility of Pierre being dethroned when he learned that Gladke had been his benefactor. The deal whereby he was rescued from the trenches had been cleverly engineered, so he was completely deceived as to its origin. He had written his little wife a truly enthusiastic letter, giving her all the credit for removing him from the sphere of actual warfare and had added an announcement that he would leave the front the following day.

CHAPTER X

THE FAILURE OF A TOLD PLOT

Laura was clasping this very letter to her breast as the mission clock in the hallway struck the hour of six. Dusk was settling when a man in uniform leaped over the front yard fence and ran at top speed toward the house. All within the house exclaimed simultaneously and there was a general rush for the vestibule. Laura in mad joy tore open the door and she was in the arms of the man.

The next instant she realized that the man who embraced her was her husband. Impulsively she drew away from him. Like all the others gathered around her, poor Laura was speechless. Apprehension succumbed to a veritable mental panic as her quick deduction led to the one plausible answer. Something had happened to Pierre!

Throughout all that tense moment the soldier remained at attention stolidly, but with just a slight trace of a snore on his face. Robert Gladke was the first one to regain his equilibrium. He advanced a step towards the soldier.

"You have a message for me, I presume," he said.

"Yes," the soldier answered as a smile spread over his swarthy face.

"Tell us then, tell us quietly," Laura pleaded almost frantically.

"It is quite pleasant," the stranger declared. "May I come in?"

"Yes, yes, but hurry; this suspense is terrible," Laura urged.

Once in the parlor, the soldier surveyed his surroundings with detachment, and then carefully scanned the faces of those who eagerly gazed upon him. Unmistakably not of French blood, this man could be judged either a Portuguese or an Arab. His eyes were jet-black, small, piercing and closely set. His nose was exceedingly sharp and the general contour of his face was such as to impress one with the idea that he was a contemptuous and relentlessly cruel individual. His manner, his smile and the tone of his voice accentuated this impression.

"Why do you hesitate to deliver your message, sir?" asked Frank Gladke suddenly manifesting an impatience which bordered on displeasure.

"Oh, it's no use to hurry, but I will for the lady's sake," the stranger began. "It is her husband I am to tell about. He is worse than dead."

"Worse than dead?" his auditors repeated in unison.

"Yes, he will never come back to his home," the soldier continued.

"Why not?" Laura asked with great anxiety.

"Oh, I say never—he may come back, but not to stay long—it is on account of Katerina, a Red Cross nurse."

After divesting himself of this bit of information, the stranger coolly lighted a cigarette which he had taken from behind his ear a moment before, and he did not take the trouble to ask if anyone objected to his smoking.

"Say, what's your game?" Frank Gladke demanded, confronting the soldier menacingly and clenching his fists as if he anticipated striking a blow.

"It's no game of mine," the stranger replied shrugging his shoulders. "Joffre asked me to come here and lie for him, but when I saw his pretty wife I could not do it."

And the man betrayed the humiliation of his audacity.

"Then it's up to you to quit beating around the bush and tell us the truth, and I want you to do just that very thing," Frank Gladke demanded looking the man straight in the eyes.

"Very well," the soldier replied, affecting a clumsy affable attitude. "I am with Katerina who he loves and who loves him. She will not let him go away from her for the present. He wanted me to say he was detained at the barrack.

"That's a lie," almost screamed the distracted Laura.

"Yes, it's an infamous lie," a voice from the vestibule smug out in ringing tones.

All turned abruptly toward the doorway and there beheld Pierre Joffre, his head swathed in bandages.

Laura threw herself into his outstretched arms and kissed him many times.

The swarthy-faced stranger quickly pulled a revolver out of his hip pocket and he was just on the verge of leveling it on Pierre when both Robert and Frank Gladke pounced upon him, knocking the weapon out of his hand and precipitating a struggle in which the stranger fought with all the fury of an enraged beast. Pierre gently pushed Laura away from him and rushed to the aid of the two brothers, while all the women present hastened to get away from the gladiators.

"Stand back, Joffre, save yourself!" Robert Gladke commanded as he proceeded to lift his adversary bodily away from the others.

Astonished at this demonstration of human strength, Pierre did desist his efforts and gazed spellbound on the spectacle of Robert deliberately hoisting the soldier high in the air and hurling him to the floor, whereupon Frank Gladke promptly leaped on top of the man and contributed his share in
the form of a volley of well-aimed blows, while Robert stood nearby at rest. The intruder and would-be traducer fought desperately, but despite this, Frank deliberately lifted him from the floor and duplicated his brother's feat of elevating the combatant high in the air and tossing him violently back on the floor again. With equal precision, Robert jumped astraddle the squirming foe and took his turn at punching his face.

Suddenly the soldier ceased to struggle, and his body became limp, whereupon Robert arose and coolly dusted off his clothes. After surveying their vanquished rival with a sardonic look, he made his way to the group of witnesses to the unusual spectacle.

"It's an old-time trick my brother and I used to work in emergencies when we were kids," he explained smilingly.

"Is the fellow dead?" Pierre asked rather anxiously.

"No, he is only ready for a long stay in the hospital," Robert assured.

Even as he uttered these words, the fallen soldier opened his eyes and quick as a flash he grasped the revolver from his belt. Pierre was the first to discover his move, and he leaped on top of the man and wrested the gun from his hand in a twinkling.

Enraged beyond control Pierre arose and leveled the pistol on the soldier, and was just about to pull the trigger when there was a hasty outcry from the vicinity of the double-crib in the far corner of the room. The two babies were veiying with each other in the art of making themselves heard.

"What's that?" Pierre asked before he could stop to think. "Oh, our baby," he answered himself.

"Our baby, my dear," Laura corrected as she hurried to the crib.

"Our babies! Twins?" And Pierre forgot all about the dangerous man who laid wiggling at his feet. Instead of minding him a second longer, the young father walked with celerity to the crib and leaned his head over it.

Fortunately the Glade brothers retained their alertness, and they seized the intruder in the nick of time to make short work of making him securely their prisoner by binding him with a rope which Wilda Dennett had secured in an adjoining room.

The brothers were finishing their work when Pierre discontinued his fondling of his offspring upon remembering what he was about to do before he heard their outcry.

"They're war twins," Laura told him as he turned to glance back at his enemy.

"Yes," he agreed as his gaze fell on the two Glade boys engrossed in the completion of their task. "And—and—why are they twins?"

"They are also war twins who have been wonderfully kind to us," Laura replied, after which she briefly told her husband of the best acts of both men. Then suddenly her heart was filled with such joy it made her eyes glisten and she abruptly asked: "Who is Katerina?"

"Katerina is that fiend's wife, who was so eager to be near him that she joined the Red Cross," Pierre frankly declared.

"And what has she to do with you?" Laura asked, with the slightest trace of accusation in her voice.

"Nothing only I saved her from being murdered at the hands of her husband," Pierre explained.

"And that is what the matter with your head?" she asked laying her hand gently on the bandages.

"Indirectly, yes; but it was weeks ago that I prevented him from killing her," he went on. "Jose—that's his name—stood nosily on the battlefront. When we became comrades, he seemed to be a pretty decent fellow. But I learned later that his game was to reap profits from selling his wife's honor to the soldiers. When she refused to be thus mistreated, he attacked her and was just about to beat her to death when I happened onto the scene and I did what any man would do—interfered. From that day on his wife avoided him and he turned my bitterest enemy. He had told him all about you and my home in our days of friendship. By some turn of fate he succeeded in getting a furlough just in time to beat me to Paris. He waylaid me and almost crushed my head with a club after telling me of his villainous plan to come out here and upset my home. Luckily I regained my senses soon enough to get here before he had time to get very far with his dastardly plot."

"The miserable beast!" Laura murmured as she gazed over at the now completely overpowered man with awe.

"He is all of that, and I am going to see to it that he is turned over to the authorities and that justice is meted out," Pierre announced. "Now introduce me to the young ladies."

Laura introduced Pierre to Susan Weston and Wilda Dennett.

"They came into our lives rather late," she added. "It was too late to give Wilda a chance to own both Robert Glade and to give Susan the chance to equally own both Mrs. Frank Glade."

"Indeed!" Pierre exclaimed. "What a happy situation. Accept my congratulations everybody, including yourself, little precious wife, for presenting me with the only war twins in the—"

But Laura interrupted him to explain that the Glade brothers were also war twins of another generation and told him the whole extraordinary story later.

The unusual coincidence of two pairs of war twins coming into the same sphere under such circumstances impressed Pierre deeply. He felt abundantly happy for it all. But with admirable consideration for others less fortunate, he evinced the one unifying spirit of a real virile, God-fearing manhood by reverently returning thanks to the Supreme Being.

"And in the hour of our mutual joy, let us send up prayers for the millions of subjects of belligerent countries who have naught but sorrow for their lot to-night," he added.

For these words he received a dozen kisses from the loving little wife, because it was to magnanimity, this manhood, which had always inspired her to love Pierre Joffre with ever-increasing intensity.

Her act of impulsively kissing her husband showed her deep concern. The senior war twins and their fiancées caught the germ with rather noisy alacrity and the elder Mr. and Mrs. Joffre fell into the spirit of the moment by emulating the oscillatory achievements of the younger field.

Thus the faint war twain were heard from again and a happy, little mother and a proud daddy divided kisses equally among their809 promising and interesting families.

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The Psychic Mysterious Personality Expressed in Perfume

By N. E. Loser

To express the personality of a woman so mysteriously as Theda Bara, the world-famed William Fox screen star, in a medium so evasive and elusive as a perfume, has been the task of Ann Haviland, a perfumer of note. Mrs. Haviland has been able to duplicate the secrets of the physicians and alchemists of old, whose wonderful perfumes and incense are practically a lost art. She has, after great difficulty, evolved a perfume for Miss Bara, which blends to a remarkable degree Miss Bara's mysterious and dual personality.

The perfumer in her remarkable career of furnishing perfumes for women of all nationalities, as widely acknowledged, she has never been so put to the test, as she was in mixing a combination of ingredients to conform to the psychic personality of Theda Bara.

Mrs. Haviland has a super-sensitive nose—a nose that is guided in its instincts of smell by psychic thoughts, combined with a careful study of her subject. After a visit of Miss Bara to Mrs. Haviland's studio, the perfumer was able to evolve a fragrance which she assessed Miss Bara, was the rarest scent ever made, and which in its mixtures psychologically leaves the impression of her mysterious personality.

"Theda Bara is the most mysterious and fascinating woman that has ever come to me for a perfume to match her personality," said Mrs. Haviland. "The very first impression you get of Miss Bara is one of eeriness. She seems to glide into a room like a vapor, giving the observer a thrill that manifests itself in little gasps and the drawing in of the breath. In departing she leaves that same weird feeling.

"Perfume is an art as subtle as music, as intangible as the quality that reveals the soul in certain portraits; as powerful to express the inner spirit as the notes of the human voice. How to harmonize Theda Bara's perfume with her mysterious, haunting personality, was the task before me.

"As a base for the mixture I made a perfume of oil, woods and gums of Persia. This to typify her Orientalism, her glistening, snake-like charm, her mysticism, her allurements. For her better nature (she has a sweet, child-like character) I combined a perfume of pomegranate blossoms exuding a scent of velvety sweetness and charm, typifying the depth of her soul and also radiating warmth. When mixed with the ingredients composing the baser personality it sent forth a subtle perfume, haunting in its odor which truly symbolizes and will always be associated with Theda Bara's dual personality.

"What is all the more remarkable about this perfume for Miss Bara is the fact that there are no animal odors used, such as musk, civet or ambergris, which invariably are the basis of all commercial perfumes. Miss Bara requires more delicately, more mysterious, more subtle for the composition of her psychic perfume."

Mrs. Haviland is also completing the mixture of a wonderful incense for Theda Bara. This incense unlike any others, is a Biblical formula and contrary to established methods. It will contain no sandal wood as a base, but a combination of perfumes, which when smoldering, will send forth a vapor conveying up in its scent the haunting mysteries of the dead Egyptian past.

In answer to a question as to why woman is addicted to the use of perfume, Mrs. Haviland said: "To lure the opposite sex. From the days of old, through the centuries to the present day, perfumes have, and will be associated in the minds of men with the one woman."
INTRIGUE
(Continued from page 11)

She complied with his suggestion promptly. A moment later a desperate battle was joined. Tourville and his men had entered after using a battering-ram to break down the gates. A hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The defenders were in the minority and the battle soon simmered down to a duel between Tourville and Henri personally. After some maneuvering Tourville got through Henri's guard with his sword, and an instant later the prince fell mortally wounded. Of the subsequent search of the castle Tourville and his men found and released Richard Carr and then came upon Peggy, being surprised to find both there.

"Where is the little Grand Duke?" was the question Tourville kept propounding, and, a moment later, he was answered most reassuringly when several of his soldiers led the boy into the room.

"Well, it took you a long time to get here," the lad said simply as he entered.

Tourville's eyes fell on Peggy, and he ran into her arms, crying: "My beautiful lady! I knew you'd save me."

Peggy hugged and kissed the child. She was overjoyed to see him.

"Yes, gentlemen, we owe the rescue of our Grand Duke to Miss Dare," Tourville announced, looking grateful at the girl.

"She left a note which gave us our first clue to the whereabouts of your youthful Excellence."

Richard Carr stood a little apart from the others. He was struggling with his emotions. He realized that he had entirely misjudged Peggy, and was remorseful.

And it was not many weeks later that Peggy, now Mrs. Richard Carr, sailed for America with her husband. She was leaving the little Grand Duke free from intrigue at last, but it was a fearful parting, just the same. The attachment she had formed for the lad and the adoring love he had fostered was not without precedent. After many lingering kisses, she tore herself away from her boy.

"Goodbye, my beautiful lady, but some day you'll come back when I'm more grown up," she shouted as she boarded the steamer.

(From the Photoplay Written by Madelle Helvet Justice and Produced by Vitagraph-Lubin-Selig-Essanay, Inc., Featuring Peggy Hyland, Mark McDermott and Little Bobby Connally.)

Drawing Straws With the Interesting Sidney Drews
(Continued from page 19)

just for the sake of being sure. The other evidently has the money."

"But why on earth did you persist in accu-

racing me?" she demanded, with ire.

"To hold that cowardly Manchito here until I was sure the revolution had gone through," Amnelo replied. "It is all over now. His president has been assassinated."

"Well, now that it's all over and settled, I want you both to give me orders for silk," the president said. "I want to get down to business and make up for lost time."

Then a hotel attaché walked into the room, and without a word handed a tele-

graph to Miss Mason.

"Oh, it's from my firm," she remarked with obvious pleasure as she tore it open. However, an instant later what she read brought a sobor expression over her face.

"I'm wrong, senorita?" Amnelo asked.

"Listen to who my first care me and judge for yourself," she replied, and then she read aloud this message:

Miss May Burkhart,
Care of El Grande Meson, Puerto Ramon, Sal-

vaduras: You're fired for keeping busy.
N. Y. Silk Co.

Then the woman swooned.

Selling Silk in Salvaduras
(Continued from page 18)

general of the president's army and not you, Manchito, you fool."

"Fool? Me?" Manchito asked as if the accusation were ridiculous.

"Yes, you," Amnelo thundered back at him. "Our agent was not a woman, but a man, and he was here two weeks ago."

"Why did you pick me on then?" Miss Burkhart asked, beginning to see through the whole difficulty which had been keeping her guessing almost from the minute she set foot in Puerto Ramon.

"Two women arrived tonight—one had money for us," Amnelo explained. "I called on you and my cousin called on the other

People Can Be Judged Accurately by Their Silhouettes
(Continued from page 25)

She did. She told Devlin she wasn't sure whether the insurance on her husband's life was paid up to date. Besides, one of their comedies was incomplete, and anyhow she didn't want a tragedy in her life. Then, while she was back in the familiar old hou-

sousie, he said:

"Well, Fate got in its work. I knew something was going to happen today, and it did. And if I hadn't been the seventh son of a seventh son, Fate would have won out."

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GIBSON MANDOLIN GUITAR CO., 743 Harrison Court, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Marked Down.
"Every man has got his price."
"Yes; and there are a lot of bargain sales."
In the Elysian Fields.
Wife looked out the window.
"It is time for my spouse to begin coming home," she murmured.
"Ah, there he comes—and somebody has removed the pit!"
Where Else?
First Student (examining change)—"Hey, waiter! Where do you get these Canadian dimes?"
Second Student—"Canada, you chump!"
Cholera Infantata?
Queen of Spain—"Moï Gracia! The baby has the stomach-ache."
Lord Chamberlain (excitedly)—"Woo! Call in the Secretary of the Interior."
A Mystery.
"She seems like a reserved girl."
"I wonder whom for."
No Wonder.
"This canoe is rather tipsy, isn't it?"
"Yes; it's been bottom up several times."
Also the Contents.
A—"Did you hear about the circus being unable to perform?"
B—"No. Why?"
A—"The cook left the coffee pot inside and the elephant swallowed the grounds."
Much Ado About Nothing.
First Stude (doing some trick figuring)—"Eighteen times twenty plus forty minus thirty-five all subtracted from three six plus five leaves—"
Roomy (sleepily)—"What the deuce are you talking about?"
F. S.—"Old Betsy, you know."
(Figure it out for yourself if you don't believe us.)
A Short Story.
Ruth loves Merrill.
Merrill loves Ruth.
Merrill wants to wander.
Ruth wonders why he would wander.
Says Ruth, "Let us at least wander together."
But Merrill doesn't want to wander that way.
Says he, "No."
He exits ruthlessly but Merrill!
(The end.)
Hubby's Dinner.
She plays at bridge with other queens
Till daylight rises.
And then she buys a can of beans
And homeward bies.
Reserving for the Future.
Housewife—"And are you going to give up all your bad habits at the beginning of the year?"
Bill—"Oh, no! You know there are other New Year's Days coming!"
An Urgent Case.
Violently the loving wife shook her husband's shoulder.
"Wake up, George," she said. "The doctor has just sent your sleeping draught."
Why.
"An American citizen army won't fear nor subduing gasses of any enemy."
"Why so?
"Every voter has smoked campaign cigars and survived."
Father's Definition.
"Pa, what's a running account?"
"It's an open account in a dry goods store, my son, which keeps your mother running downtown all the time to buy things."
But.
"I always like to hear a man say what he thinks."
"But people who always say what they think usually think such disagreeable things."
Thankful.
Mrs. Nexodore—"That girl across the way has a singular voice."
Mr. Nexodore—"Thank God it's not plural."
No Holiday.
"Don't you want a holiday?"
"No," answered the self-considering citizen. "I'd rather go down town and sit in a nice warm office than stay home and have to shovel snow."
The Difference.
"What's the difference between a Socialist and a pharaoh?"
"There are many, but the leading one is that the former fights for his principle and the latter for his interest."
She Was His.
"I wonder why Fuldub always alludes to his wife so uncourteously as my own?"
"Well, she is his own. Everything else about the place he is acquiring on payment."
Substitute.
"Do you enjoy a problem play?"
"Sometimes," replied Miss Cayenne. "It's the only way I know of to talk scandal without harming somebody who actually exists."
Not Always.
"Talk is always cheap," said the Wise One."
"Except," returned the Matt, "when you talk on the long distance telephone."
Correct.
Poet (rejected and dejected)—"I'll be thought better of when I am dead and gone.
"Editor—"That's so. Why won't you be writing any more then?"
Mother's Idea.
"Did you meet any nice men while you were away?"
"Yes, mother. Lots of them."
"Lots of them! There aren't that many in the whole world."
No Delay.
"Do you ever ask your wife's advice about things?"
"No, sir; she doesn't want any."
Didn't Think It So Bad.
Widow (weeping)—"Yes, poor Tom met with a horrible death. He fell from the third-story window and was instantly killed."
Friend (sympathetically)—"Dear, dear! is it possible it was as bad as that? Why, I understood that he only fell from a third-story window."
There Are Others.
Bacon—"You say he's stubborn?"
Eber—"Terribly so."
"Hates to give up?"
"Does he? Why, he's dating his letters 1816 yet."
As to Cossars.
"Vanessa says she will wear no man's collar."
"I commend her decision. This flabby stuff is morebecoming to her particular style."
Definition from the Trenches.
"What are diplomats?"
"Diplomats are the people who do the quarreling when we do the fighting."
Misunderstood.
Marcella—"Did I understand you to say Gerty Conover was Spanish?"
"Yes."
Waverly—"Not exactly. I said seriously, why he didn't take me at all."
To Help Him Out.
"You are lying so clumsily," said the observant judge to a litigant who was making a dubious statement of his case, that I should advise you to get a lawyer."
New Name for It.
A Kerry peasant said another for a loan. "It was a Kathleen Davoren loan, yer honor, an' Paddy Kane knew it was at the time he gave it to me," said the defendant.
"A Kathleen Davoren loan?" said the puzzled judge.
"What sort of a loan is that?"
"That's what we call kind of loan, yer honor, down in our part of the country; it may be for years and it may be forever."
Rather Confusing.
Going to the grocery where she deals, a woman of Irish nativity recently purchased a dozen eggs for 20 cents. Going back a week or so later, she again bought a dozen of eggs, and to her amazement the grocer charged her 44 cents.
"What do ye man!" exclaimed the irate woman, and in her store only a week ago and got a dozen eggs for 30 cents.
"Why, my dear woman," explained the grocer, "eggs have gone up on account of the war."
"Don't be tellin' me that," rejoined the lady. "Ye can't make me believe they're fighthin' with eggs over there."
Preposterous.
The Celt—"I want a ticket to Chicago."
The Agent—"Do you want an express ticket—one that will take you there and back?"
The Celt—"What's the sense of me payin' to go there an' back whin I'm here already?"
Not Infrequently.
Grace—"Men are such conceited things! Why, one may see them any time gazing at a looking-glass."
Dick—"Yes, but it's generally a good-lookinglass."
The Only Way.
The Irish sergeant had a squad of recruits on the rifle-range. He tried them on the five-hundred-yard range, but none of them could hit the target. Then he tried them on the three-hundred-yard, the two-hundred-yard, and the hundred-yard ranges in turn, but with no better success. When they had all missed at the longest range he looked around in despair. Then he straightened up.
"Squad, attention!" he commanded. "Fix bayonets! Char-r-ge!"
He Knew All Right.
"Which little boy can tell me what it is that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?" asked the teacher.
"Please, Miss, I can," answered little Eddie. "It's our landlord when he gets the back rent."
Could Suit Her.
"Do you guarantee these colors last?" asked the customer at the hosiery counter.
"Certainly not, madam," replied the new-clerk in the fullness of his knowledge. "Black is never a color, you know. But I can show you something pretty swift in stripes."
No Use for Them.
"Look here, Suip," said Slowpay, indignantly to his tailor. "I just put any pockets in these trousers."
"No, Mr. Slowpay," said the tailor, with a sigh. "I judged from your account here that you never had anything to put in them."
Mender—"Here's a scientist who gives out a statement declaring that girls should eat a lot in order to keep warm."
Slender—"If that's the case, I can't understand why girls I take out to dinner don't roast to death."
Smith—"How's everything at your house?"
"Oh, she's all right!"
"Hey, what did you go and sell them apples for?"
"Ain't they for sale?"
Note.—Address all contributions for this page to Last Laugh Editor, The Photo-Play Journal, Philadelphia.
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FIVE PASSENGER FOUR
FOUR PASSENGER ROADSTER
TWO PASSENGER ROADSTER
SAME PRICE
ONE year old and oh so husky is The Photo-Play Journal with this April number. Tantamount to a veritable sensational triumph has been the success achieved by this magazine from the inception. For this victory we are indebted to the great American public and the great photoplay industry. Of course we owe something to the judgment which led us to a confident belief that there was room for at least one motion picture magazine of the highest possible class. The field was well occupied by numerous periodicals devoted to the affairs and people of this wonderful silent art, but they were (and are) on the same plane of being near-trade publications and contained (and still contain) very little of interest to anyone outside of the profession. The Photo-Play Journal is designed for the photoplay fans, and regular persons reading it will find the fan's own standpoint, and it is even interesting to people who are not fans at all. No other picture-play magazine can claim as much. Bankers, statesmen, captains of industry, lawyers, physicians, clerks and merchants, all read The Photo-Play Journal as well as women of most all castes, and, besides, people in all branches of the film business. Its reading following is a "composite" of all the best classes of magazine readers, many of whom had never read so-called moving picture publications until we had made our auspicious advent into the field. The widespread popularity The Photo-Play Journal has achieved in such a short period of time has been due to a courage which led us to be unique in everything without ever placing ourselves in a position of contravention to the most exalted American magazine ideals which had become time-honored before there was such a thing as an animated picture. We have never been afraid to spend much extra money to produce the very best for our readers, and while competitors curtail expenses at the expense of their patrons, we deliberately increase our expenditures to give our friends more than ever for their money. This applies to readers and advertisers alike, and the net result is, we are very happy and exceedingly encouraged on this our first anniversary.

RADUIM is about as scarce as any commodity in the world but good scenarios are just about equally as rare, and this in spite of the fact that nearly everybody is writing them. The germ has started a regular epidemic and yet there are surprisingly few really meritorious photoplays evolved. At least there is a limited number that reach the screen, and we have the word of the producers that all the good ones submitted are accepted with avidity. It is obvious the vast majority of aspirants to honors and pelf as photoplaywrights have entirely the wrong idea as to the requirements of the film manufacturers, and it seems to us that the best way for all to determine what kind of stories "bring home the bacon" is to make a business of seeing all the features which recognized critics praise, with the view of studying them carefully and comprehensively. Special attention should be paid to the construction of the plot, the continuity of the story, the technique in general, and the effects of various novel situations introduced. Once the amateur writer catches the spirit of looking after all these details and is simultaneously able to evidence an ability to elucidate a real, out-of-the-ordinary story, his or her success is assured. Above all, don't permit the repeated rejections of your manuscripts to discourage you. Even temporarily set alone interminably, because the more difficulty you encounter in your struggle to "hit it," the more elysian will your ultimate success be. Above all, try to improve your work incessantly. Don't hold a grudge because a dozen efforts fail to impress any producer to a sufficient extent to inspire the writing of a check in your favor. Keep plugging away, correcting past errors and averting the literary weakness which proved disastrous in previous attempts. Explicitly, if you possess the slightest aptitude and if you will persevere long enough intelligently, you will become a successful photoplaywright.

THERE is a reverberant song of praises being sung through the breadth and the length of the land as a result of the marked improvement discernible in the quality of motion pictures nowadays. We are daily in receipt of dozens of letters felicitating us on the almost universal success producers are having in adding to the quality of their screen productions. For a while we received many letters expressing apprehension over the situation in the industry, but apparently the nearly sudden upward leap for better to which we gave cognizance last month, has been noticed quickly by the fans, who at best are never willing to pamper even a genius for his achievements, but who are always ready to give due credit to whom it is due. Candidly, it must be noted that whatever there was of the pusillanimous spirit infesting the film business has practically disappeared entirely, and there is not the slightest semblance of cajolery in the declaration that the American producers have made good as a whole. Therefore they are able to face a future filled with tempestuous possibilities without much chance of being annihilated even though they may be hampered by the opprobrious ruthlessness of fateful war. The courageous agility with which they have fought their way to the highest plane of accomplishment in their particular line of endeavor even during a nerve-racking era of world-wide inquietude precludes the possibility of any serious retrogression, it makes no difference what happens. Their American perspicacity is certain to prove invincible, and therefore we who proudly proclaim allegiance to the stars and stripes may justly feel gratified over the unwavering fashion in which those who furnish our screen entertainment are pushing forward in the very midst of previously unheard-of obstacles of the most formidable sort. It should be most reassuring to these same producers to be apprised of the fact that the photoplay fans are awake to the amelioration they are making in the art which is ever destined to attain greater heights so long as mankind retains his penchant for being diverted.
MOLLIE KING
PATHÉ
GLADYS BROCKWELL
FOX
MARIE DORO
LASKY
CONTENTS

EDNA MAYO
(OUR GIRL ON THE COVER)

Miss Edna Mayo, although only 22 years of age, has had six years experience on the speaking stage and in motion picture work. The most recent plays in which she appeared on the speaking stage were "Madam X," "Excuse Me" and "Help Wanted." Miss Mayo graduated from a girl's college in a suburb of Philadelphia when only 16, and her beauty and talent at once won her a position on the stage. Miss Mayo displayed exceptional ability in her role in the three-reel Essanay photo-drama, "Stars Their Courses Change," in which she played opposite Francis X. Bushman. In addition to her photoplay work, Miss Mayo is exceptionally skilled in sculpturing. She made a long study of this art both at the Art Institute in Chicago and the Art Student's League in New York. She also has an excellent voice. Miss Mayo is athletically inclined, and is an expert swimmer and horsewoman, as well as being a lover of all other outdoor sports.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by LAVERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUSINESS OFFICES: LAND TITLE BUILDING

J. H. TURNER, President-Treasurer 

JOHN A. TENNEY, Western Representative, Morton Building, Chicago, Ill.

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Entered as second-class matter, April 20, 1916, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Richard Drake, already crafty, well-fixed, prosperous looking and with the air of sleek confidence gained from working the public and getting away with it, was facing his old, half-maudlin father, the town drunkard and a bum in every aspect. In spite of the human derogatory’s earnest pleading, which culminated in abject begging, Richard refused flatly to give him any money. Disgusted and almost sniveling, Gregory Drake, the father, turned and with an oath went out of the neatly furnished domicile of his son. Thereupon Richard laughed a hard, unfeeling laugh.

The ostracised parent wended his weary way to an adjacent freight yard, where he met John King, who had just left his nagging wife with a vow to never return. In their subsequent conversation they discovered that both were in the same sad predicament, and they mutually agreed it would be conducive to their contentment to quit the town entirely. Without much further parleying they climbed into a convenient box car, and were ready for the trip somewhere else.

About this time Thomas Ogden was finding himself unable to work his mine with only the aid of his daughter, Helen. He had complete confidence in his ability to eventually gain wealth through this mine, but he could not do all the work necessary himself, and he was adverse to pressing his daughter into service any longer at such heavy manual labor. As he leaned against a prop at the entrance to his mine considering his condition decrepitly, just after snatching Helen to their humble cabin to rest a while before supper, Gregory Drake and his companion, King, shambled slouchingly up a foot trail nearby. Their journey in the box car had ended unceremoniously when they were kicked out by trainmen “between stations,” and now they were literally “following their noses” to an unknown destination.

After hearing the stories these wanderers had to tell, Ogden, true to the spirit of whole-hearted hospitality such as invariably controls a native westerner, took the men to his crudely built shack to give them shelter and food. While the keenly observing Helen was preparing the evening meal, Ogden conceived the idea of taking these two new acquaintances as partners in his mining project, and without giving it much consideration he proposed that they join him. He waxed enthusiastic over the scheme, because he felt it meant at least to spare his beloved daughter from bearing so much of the brunt of the privations with him.

It was just ten weeks later that Gregory Drake had his first dream of fabulous wealth. He had found some specimens which looked like pure gold to him, and in unrestrained excitement he hastened to Ogden with a yell of triumph. Instantly Ogden saw that the man had been deceived by a few pieces of “fool’s gold,” and so latter was his disappointment that he snatched the specimens out of his hands and tossed them to the ground. When Drake became convinced that his discovery amounted to naught, he was disgusted and angered.

“Ten weeks of hard work and this!” he exclaimed vehemently. “I’m ready to quit. I’ll sell my share for fifty dollars.”

King joined Ogden in trying to dissuade Drake, but it was in vain.

“All right then, I’ll take you up,” Ogden said firmly as he produced an old, worn wallet from which he extracted some currency.

Before handing over the money, however, Ogden wrote in duplicate the following on small scraps of paper:

In consideration of the sum of fifty dollars I hereby relinquish all right, title and interest in and to my share in the Mont Blanc mine to Thomas Ogden.

After signing the two documents, Drake snatched the rooney and his copy of the record of the transaction and quit the mine immediately. King felt it was a good riddance, and with Ogden he resumed work.

Drake was still in Ogden’s shack gathering his few belongings when his former partners actually struck gold in the mine.

The sight of the precious metal seemed to craze Ogden, who grabbed King and danced around with him out of sheer joy. Happily they rushed out of the mine shouting in celebration. Drake had just left the cabin. He was slouching up a trail when he was attracted by the commotion the celebrators were making. Helen, in the cabin, was frightened and rushed out to ascertain the cause of it. She ran down to her father and King, who wildly held aloft the spade of gold. Drake, who had hidden behind a huge boulder, watched and listened, and soon realized the meaning of the demonstration. A sudden fury swept over his whole being. He had sold his share and would be cheated out of wealth perhaps.

When he saw the now exuberant Helen run wildly back to the cabin as Ogden and King re-entered the mine, Drake became hot with resentment and hate against these men who were to profit by his own hasty action. His whole mental process govern by unreasoning rage, he hurried back down the trail.

Ogden and King had become engrossed in their digging. They worked with feverish haste, both having entirely forgotten all things excepting the gold. Drake, therefore, experienced little difficulty in sneaking unnoticed into the mine and planting and lighting a fuse. He had made his escape from the tunnel and was running away from the scene at top speed when Ogden discovered the snarling fuse. With King he made a wild dash away from the danger, but they were too late. A terrific explosion sent King to his untimely death, mortally injured Ogden, and completely wrecked the mine. Gregory Drake had quenched his thirst for fiendishness and disappeared.

With the aid of several miners poor, distracted Helen succeeded in breaking her way into the mine and finding her dying father. He lived just long enough to tell her that the mine was immensely rich in gold-ore deposits.

It was some time afterwards that Helen, very sad and subdued, held her first consultation with a lawyer, who had taken two mining engineers to her cabin in an effort to determine the value of her inheritance.

“Ma’am, this mine is going to be a wonder,” one of the engineers told her after finishing his examination of specimens of the gold ore.

To Helen, in her deep sorrow, this was not uplifting news. However, she aroused sufficient interest within herself to thank the men for their efforts in her behalf.

The passing of time reconciled the girl to the loss of her father, and a few months later she had established herself in her own palatial New York home, which quickly became the mecca for those who viewed her through the golden veil of her wonderfully productive mine. The change in her mode of living had contributed much to the processes which brought to the surface her real disposition and character. She was a spirited girl of few impulses and she was charmingly attractive. Naturally she was sought by several able attorneys, who realized that if her mine continued to yield as it did, she would be a mighty big catch for some lucky chap.

It was on the occasion of a little tea party at which Helen’s favor was counted by several young men, and particularly one who was almost pestiferous in the persistency with which he forested his attentions on her that Reverend Dr. Granger, a practical man of God, entered the girl’s life seriously. He was a man whose face was always illuminated by
that inner sympathy and goodness which is the keynote of a character that will not search for bad, but always finds the good in life. After being welcomed into the house by Helen's Aunt Margaret, a society woman, Rev. Granger strolled over to Helen and betrayed his amusement to find her practically surrounded by suitors. A little later when he was alone with her for a moment he said: "All these—that chap and the rest—are after your money." Helen knew this too well, and it all made her sick of her position. She nodded wearily at the reverend gentleman. "I want your money too," he added, causing her surprise and dismay until he added, "but I want it for my family. I wish you would come and see my family."

It did not require much urging to induce her to go, because she was thoroughly tired of the sordid money-chasing crowd which filled her home. She saw the chance of gaining relief from it all by going out with a clean-minded, whole-souled man.

Once in an automobile Rev. Granger took Helen directly to a slum district. He took her into a shabby tenement house.

"I'm going to show you a bit of the yeast I have had a hand in raising to lightness," he told her as he entered, "for this is a part of my family."

He took her into a room, clean, poor, but showing some evidences of neatness. There was naught but poverty there, but an air of self-respect prevailed. A woman was busy over a wash-tub and a man, either paralytic or maimed in an accident, was in the bed, but both seemed quite cheerful and contented. Helen paused, dismayed at this horrible poverty. Rev. Granger greeted the couple cordially and they were obviously delighted to see him.

"And is the rest of my family in good shape?" he asked after a while, whereupon the woman told him of a sad case in the room across the landing.

Rev. Granger with Helen hastened into this very squalid room and found three children and their mother terribly emaciated and weak from hunger. The kindly man of God lost no time in providing food for this family, and he promptly started his work to improve their condition. When Helen finally left that room she was so weakened by the shock of it all that she nearly fainted.

"I have seen and I want to help your family," she told Rev. Granger after they had returned to their automobile.

As they rode through the narrow streets, Jack Burton, apparently down and out, but who had managed to keep his clothes neat and clean even though they were threadbare, was leaning against a ledge of a footpath on the Brooklyn bridge. He was in a disconsolate, whipped-dog state of mind, and he felt ready to leap into the river. As he drew himself up as if to take the tragic step, a typical bum came sidling along, boldly walked up to the young man and gave him a rude jerk.

"Say, mister, could you'se slip me de price of a bed—just a little, mister?" the bum asked.

"Certainly; will it be the Ritz-Carlton or the Waldorf?" Jack promptly asked the stranger with suppressed amusement. But when he noted the bum was hurt and disgusted, he added: "Why I'm flat broke. Let's hit the bread-line."

The bum was opposed to any such action and left Jack, who, after deciding to remain in the world a while longer despite the fact that it did not treat him well, ambled off towards New York, bracing his shoulders for a new attempt. An hour later he stood in the bread line with the hungry hot pollo. A few minutes later Rev. Granger and Helen arrived on the scene. Jack was brushing some ravelings from the sleeve of his coat when Helen espied him with a little surprise.

"I wonder how he came to be there?" she asked Rev. Granger, indicating the young man.

"We shall try to find out," the minister replied as he approached the bread line.

Jack betrayed embarrassment when he was confronted by Rev. Granger and Helen. The stylishly dressed girl had partly extracted a bill from her purse, but the expression in Jack's eyes convinced her that she must not offend. She hesitated, and then noticing a little tie-clasp, too small to have been pawned, she offered to buy it. Jack, seeing her intent and really surprised that she should discover this way of saving his feelings, exchanged his last trinket for the money with a bow of thanks. Helen carefully stowed away in her purse this purchase while Rev. Granger talked earnestly to Jack to whom he gave his card with an invitation to call.

After Rev. Granger had taken Helen to his own modest home and had explained the system by which he performed his charitable work practically, he asked her what she thought of his family.

"It is all wonderful, and I'm going to come every day and help, because I want to
Thus she learned the combination of the safe

be a part of the work, she replied enthusiastically.

Rev. Granger was frankly delighted. He shook Helen’s hand heartily and then they parted, the girl hurrying back to her own home.

Not long afterward Jack Burton formally accepted the kind invitation extended to him while he was in the bread line by Rev. Granger, and called at his home. When asked to recount his troubles, Jack bravely told all.

“I was a big man on a small newspaper out west, and I came here to show New York,” he explained; “and then he laughed at his own failure to accomplish his gigantic task.

This led to a solution of his problems, because Rev. Granger secured him a position on one of the city’s leading newspapers at once, and Jack Burton started life anew with his whole soul filled with undying gratitude and with his entire being surcharged with a dogged determination to achieve a success.

Several weeks elapsed. Helen, in quite plain garb, was sitting at the typewriter in Rev. Granger’s room hammering away with surprising speed. Rev. Granger entered from another room, and he was keenly surprised to find the girl thus on the job.

“I didn’t know you typed,” he said.

“Oh, but I went and learned, because I thought it would help,” she replied.

At that moment the housekeeper ushered Jack Burton into the room. Rev. Granger introduced the couple, Helen being slow to recognize the young man in his natty, new clothes and more prosperous appearance.

“Miss Ogden is my co-worker,” Rev. Granger told Jack.

The young man was visibly pleased to make the acquaintance of Helen, and she made no effort to restrain an open interest in his report of how successful he had been thus far in his new position.

A few days later Jack Burton was assigned to cover the news of an open-air meeting at which he found Helen. The meeting had only started when two rowdies got into an altercation which culminated in a near-riot. A dense crowd separated Jack from the stand on which Helen sat, and his first thought was to reach her that he might shield her against the onslaughts of the maddened throngs. However, while he was fighting his way to her, she sought to interfere with a policeman, who was handling a poor woman roughly, and was placed under arrest, being started on her way to the police station before her would-be protector could disengage himself from a gang of hulking men who resented his shoving. Jack discovered the officer escorting Helen away with dismay and he quickly overtook them, accompanying her to the police station, where, through Jack’s assurance of being acquainted with her, she was soon released.

When they finally separated Jack turned to his work of gathering the news of the meeting, and Helen went directly to her home, where she found her Aunt Margaret awaiting her.

“Oh, aunt, I’ve been arrested and scared—and—yes, I’ve had a grand day,” Helen announced joyously as she entered.

Aunt Margaret was inclined to be severe, but Helen was too buoyant and elated—perhaps because Jack was the one to rescue her.

It was about this time that Richard Drake, son of the fiendish Gregory, and his equally crafty partner, Carter, found New York to be a profitable field for their get-rich-quick schemes. Drake maintained a suite of offices and put on airs of the utmost respectability. He was very sleek and well-groomed, polished in manner and assured in bearing.

As Carter sat in his private office chatting and planning with him, a clerk delivered a small basket filled with money and handed Richard a slip of paper.

“Richard, old wise guy, this Montana Investment Company is some bird, eh?” Carter remarked as he ran his hand lovingly through the basket of money.

“It’s like taking candy from a child, Carter, but now here’s something for me to worry about,” Richard replied as he studiously scanned the slip of paper.

“What now?” Carter asked, showing renewed interest.

“What kind of a looking man is this?” Richard in turn asked the waiting clerk without paying any heed to Carter’s question.

“Pretty seedy-looking, but he claims to be your father,” the clerk replied.

Richard scowled blackly. He did not want to see his father. He hesitated to make up his mind, but fearing the old fellow might create a disturbance if denied admittance, he finally ordered the clerk to show him into his office.

Gregory, as much a bun in manner and appearance as ever, walked in a moment later. He started towards Richard with outstretched hand, but Richard’s attitude was repelling, and the old man stop-
THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL FOR APRIL, 1917.

ped abruptly, much disconcerted. Richard nodded an introduction to Carter, who took the trouble to shake hands with Gregory. Then Richard looked his father over manifesting his displeasure.

"Well, I guess I'll take you home and fix you up, but you'll have to stay away from here, because you'd be bad for business." Richard told his father.

Gregory was willing for anything for the sake of a little ease and luxury. Richard took his father to his sumptuously furnished apartment. The evidences of opulence flabbergasted Gregory, who was almost fearful in his gratitude when his son ordered a valet to make him comfortable.

While this was taking place, Helen Ogden was busily at work with Rev. Granger in his room, excepting for a brief time during which Jack Burton dropped in for a visit. Jack regarded Helen as a truly wonderful woman to devote so many hours in the slum district when she could be constantly surrounded by unlimited luxury in her own home.

"How do you like it down here now?" he asked her pleasantly.

"I love it," she declared as she smiled delightedly. "The people down here love me for what I am. They don't know about the money and it doesn't stand between the family and me."

Jack's expression suddenly changed to blank dismay. She had brought up innocently the very thing that stood between him and his love for her. Helen looked up suddenly and caught the expression on the handsome young man's face, and her intuition flashed the real meaning of it over her like an icy flood. Jack thereupon arose from his chair and rather awkwardly indicated that he must be going. Helen also arose and shook hands with Jack most warmly, still smiling to hide her inward depression. As soon as he had departed, Helen allowed all the discontent to show in her face, she realizing that she cared and Jack cared. Now the money had risen between them because of her own innocent remark. Innately she became very dœlful.

In Richard Drake's apartment there was no sadness, however. The young schemer was enjoying the forming of new plans to cheat the unwary. His father, now well dressed, but evidently having taken several drinks, broke in on him. Richard knitted his brows in a little frown as he looked at his father, wondering what to do with him. Gregory sat down and looked around the room admiringly, and then became sad.

"I come near bein' rich once," he said.

"I bought the owner of the Mont Blanc Mine now if—"

Richard glowered at the old fellow suspiciously, thinking his drinks had made him mad.

"Right, Richard, I'm not kiddin' you," the father insisted. "And to prove it, I'll show you the paper what put me out of it all."

Thereupon Gregory produced the cradle, old document written by Thomas Ogden in the year 1896. The occasion of his purchase of Gregory's interest for fifty dollars. Richard grabbed the paper and scanned it credulously at first, but suddenly he leaped forward from his chair. An idea had struck him. He had his father to remain in his home, and he hurried out of the place after carefully tucking the slip of paper in his pocket.

He was in his office a few minutes later and had called Carter for a conference.

He exhibited the document his father had given him.

"The girl probably has no papers," Richard said. "If we had that mine it would yank in the coin like a magnet pulling steel filings."

Promptly Carter conceived an idea and he lost no time in getting busy with testing several kinds of inks. His ominous purpose was at once apparent to the overjoyed Richard.

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In the next six weeks Carter had made the round trip to the far west—the Mont Blanc Mine. Richard and Gregory received him cordially in the library of the former's apartment.

"Everything is fixed," Carter announced as he tossed his traveling-bag aside. "Her lawyer can investigate until he turns pink."

Then, after Carter had made full report on what he had accomplished, the two conspirators turned to coaching Gregory on his action when he was called to court to lend his aid to win the case.

Upon receiving his first notification of the court action which Gregory Drake had brought through his son and Carter, the lawyer who had long taken care of Helen's legal business, became exceedingly excited.

"An action has begun to secure your mine, claimed by a bill of sale previously to your father's death," he told the surprised Helen. "Have you any old papers?"

"I have no old documents excepting some letters," the disturbed Helen replied.

"Letters won't do, but I'll have to fight the best I can," the lawyer told her.

He was very much distressed and worried at the prospect of losing so valuable a property. Helen was annoyed, but there was no great emotion at the thought of losing the mine. To lose the money would mean the vanishing of her plans for the poor, but it would mean the sweeping away of the barrier between herself and Jack. Hence she was torn between two emotions.

It was only a few weeks later when her lawyer, terribly depressed, came to Helen's home to apprise her of the fact that the Drakes had won their case and she had lost her mine. Helen could not help feeling as though a great burden had slipped from her shoulders and she was even a little elated as it came home to her that now she could let love have the reins. She composed herself and told the lawyer she knew he had done his best for her. She was genuinely glad when he took his leave. His fretting made her nervous, and she did not regard the misfortune as worthy of so much attention.

Meanwhile Richard, Gregory and Carter were celebrating their victory. They had a right merry jubilee with wine flowing freely.

Helen Ogden had lapsed into a pensive dream-state when Rev. Granger arrived very much upset. He was keenly sympathetic, and he was astonished to note that the girl could not even bring herself to a point of being saddened. It was soon clear to him that for some reason Helen did not choose to disclose was not unhappy over her loss.

"Surely you will fight for the sake of the plans for the family," he said finally.

Helen was arrested by the utterance of her friend and mentor. She had allowed her own private and personal selfishness to make her forget her greater obligation. The barrier must stand—she must help to re-build it for the sake of suffering humanity!"

"Yes, I will fight," she said after a moment of deep study.

"I knew you would," he replied with a kindly smile.

At that instant Jack Burton, with a newspaper in his hand and in a state of excitement, rushed into Helen's presence. Jack had read of her loss and had quickly decided he was at last free to confess his love, because she, too, was poor. But Helen, without delay, told him that she would be compelled to fight to regain her fortune.

(Continued on page 30)
The Passion to Rule

by

Delbert E. Davenport
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Illustrated by J. F. Doriot

Tie the passion to rule
That inspires any soul
To deeds that are gigantic;
If the nature is dual
Then the failure is none,
But none the less Titanic.

And herein lies a tale which started with the advent of Adam and Eve and which will be concluded only with the total destruction of the world. Verily, so long as human beings exist there will be the eternal struggle to transcend and withal low scruples will always prevail to an extent sufficient to perpetuate combat. Not only will the unhappy spirit of self-aggrandizement continue to embroil nations, but it will forever remain as a menace to the tranquility of human life unless object lessons become so terrible in their impressiveness that they will influence every man, woman and child who enjoys the breath of life. There is incessantly hope for the Utopian ideal, but a universal hindsight must first succumb to perfect foresight and the milk of human kindness must not be skimmed for a prolonged period.

Indeed, it is the persistency with which human failurities remain with us and the headstrong penchant of man to refuse to purge his soul of the lust for power that gave to New York the Honorable Horrible Force, a wealthy lawyer whose thirty-five years of strenuous life had been filled with herculean efforts to develop strong, forceful characteristics which he knew would cower those upon whom he could trample with impunity. He was extremely domineering. He had to be master absolute of all he surveyed or else his mood was unbearable.

He was ruler absolute in his patrilial household and he pursued a policy of persistent reprimanding to keep his sovereignty impressed upon his beautiful wife, Debora, who had retained all the vivacity of her youth at the age of 35. Force chung tenaciously to the inborn belief that woman being dependent upon man was at least his protege, if not quite his slave, and he held that it was his duty to subject her to constant discipline of the strictest order it made no difference whether it humiliated her or not. So permeated was he with his convictions on this subject that he had consciously overstressed many bounds in his domineering and that he was taken most seriously was evidenced in the almost abject fear his servants manifested when he came into the home.

Curiously enough, Jimmie, three years old, and the only child born to this union, was partial to his father and the little fellow's demonstrations of this hop-sliced affection added to the unhappiness and discontent of the sensitive, young mother.

Upon arriving home one evening for dinner, Force found Debora dressed and awaiting him, but he took exceptions to the way she had her hair arranged and he sent her back to her boudoir to have it dressed according to his specifications. Then a few minutes afterwards when she was late in putting in her appearance in the dining-room accompanied out in the parlors to ride out, Little Jimmie was seated in his high-chair and he was pounding it with his fists in a most unruly fashion. Debora ventured to interrupt his husband in his exhortation to correct the bad and Porce in turn interrupted her.

"My dear Debora, will you ever learn to leave all reprimanding of our child to the nest of the household when he is present?" he asked her oratorically.

"But Herbert—" she started to protest.

"Never mind, this is not an occasion for a quarrel," he insisted. "The entire incident calls for only strict obedience on your part as well as that of the child."

Debora endured all these curt scoldings without a murmur, but secretly she resented her husband's unyielding attitude and she was not to go seceded spots by herself in a constant endeavor to divert her mind from the worry of it.

So it happened that on the very next afternoon she went horseback riding unperformed out in the park and as Porce would have it, a stirrup of her saddle broke, causing her to fall from her horse and to sprain her ankle, and also causing Wesley Martine, a handsome, young fellow to see the exception extant upon her as to fairly overwhelm her as she realized the contrast between this sort of chivalrous treatment and the domination of her husband.

Here in the midst of her distraction over her help-mate's unyielding austerity, Debora had quite by chance met a man, who obviously was the very living antithesis to the sort she had known. Wesley Martine was from the same world as from him in his manner towards her. He was a gentle- man, virile, candid and wholesomely hearty in all he said and did. He stooped to no tawdry flattery, yet he made the woman feel that he was sincerely pleased to make her acquaintance. He ingratiated himself with a smile which seemed to be the very acme of good cheer and worthy hopes. Culture and probity were discernible in his make-up. He was a humane man.

Of course Debora did not dare to permit him to take her all the way to her home, nor could she endure to reveal her identity to him. She impulsively felt she would prefer that he did not know she was married and she maintained this attitude despite his prompt presentation of his business-card.

"For the present I shall be just plain Debora to you," she told him glibly.

"I shall not attempt to persuade you from your whim, I assure you," he replied pleasantly. "However, I will hope that if all conditions are favorable this shall not be our last meeting."—I—I'm afraid it will be," she stammered in some confusion.

"Then pray do not forget me should there ever arise occasion for you to need a friend," he urged respectfully.

"I shall not forget your kindness or— you," she assured him.

And then she shook hands warmly with him, lingering just a moment before arising to get out of his way. He noted this pause—this slight show of reluctance to leave him—and after he had hopped out to assist her to the sidewalk, he smilingly gazed straight into her eyes. A moment later, after she had disappeared in a taxi-cab into which he had helped her, this man was sorely beset by perplexities and apprehensions. Why had this most charming woman he ever met so firmly refused to allow him to accompany her home?

One evening two weeks later, Debora met this same Wesley Martine again, this time by clandestine appointment and not by accident as before. On this occasion a romantic park bower was their trysting-place and a mutual love came to surface with a zest.

"Oh I pray I may be forgiven for confessing my love so early," Martine said as he gently took the overwhelmed Debora's hand.

"You are suffering from the same influence that I am— a loss of self-control," she murmured graciously.

"Oh, I—yes—someone else—1—but, let us talk about something else for a while—until we have known each other longer, anyway.

"As you will have it, I will have it and be unmeasurably pleased," was his gallant reply.

Then for a whole hour they conversed, discovering that both were interested in the same subjects. Each admired romantic history and action; each liked simple do-
mestistry; and each had penchant for tennis, golf, and other outdoor sports. They were wonderfully congenial. 

Alas, while Deborah thus regained herself in the ardent wooing and engrossing discussions of Wesley Martine, her fretful husband, cognizant of the care he was taking toward her usual habits about the home and when he learned from a servant that she had gone for a walk, he flew into a rage and after searching all over the premises and the adjacent highways, he was just on the point of going for a general search when she returned, after leaving Martine more in a quandary than ever as to why she sought so desperately to restrain herself from confiding in him more. Thereupon Herbert Force espied the approaching figure of his wife he began upbraiding her bitterly.

"Without me—without my consent even—you go galloping about at night," he yelled as she came into the room. "Here dare you thus challenge my strictest rule!" And as he demanded, he confronted her savagely.

"I—I really didn't think it would anger you so, Herbert," she replied timidly and with only a slightly attined conscience.

"You didn't think? That's the trouble with women—she never thinks," he chided irascibly.

"But surely you can forgive me for being unthinking in a case like this when an hour's stroll meant everything to my—er—content—I mean health," she stammered as her mental attitude alternated from one of resentment to one of fear.

"Your health! There's nothing the matter with your health.

"I was at a notice, it, but I—I really am ill and I'm going straight to my boudoir, too," she broke in as her mingled emotions began to gain control over her she started for the house on the run.

Herbert Force was somewhat perplexed by these words and this act. Perhaps his wife was ill! His heart softened a bit and the next instant he followed her, overtaking her on the veranda and slipping his arm tenderly about hers to assist her.

"I'm sorry, Deborah, if I have been too severe while you're ill," he said with a little solicitude.

"Oh, it's all right—it has to be all right, but walking, that I must lie down a while," she replied, entering the house without paying any attention to her husband's embrace. 

He accompanied her to her boudoir and when instead of preparing to lie down, Deborah threw herself wearily into a chair and stared straight down at the floor, he became irritable again.

"Why don't you lie down if you're ill?" he asked dubiously.

"Oh, it isn't that kind of illness," she replied as if provoked.

"Oh, it isn't, eh?" he asked disdainfully.

"Then we can continue. Where have you been, Deborah?"

The thundering tone of voice in which Force asked this question and the accusing attitude he assumed, completely upset Deborah. She tried to reply, exerting a supreme effort to be plausible, but the stenched words and became terribly confused. He listened impatiently, his suspicion growing by leaps and bounds.

"I—I—don't know where all I've been—just walking, that's all," she finally blushed out desperately.

"That's a fine story for a wife to tell a husband—a husband who trusts her implicitly—foolishly perhaps," he commented bitterly.

"My record is clean up to now, Herbert Force," she declared arising from her chair and facing her husband defiantly.

"But if it is clean up to now, how long will it remain so?" he asked pointedly.

Deborah proceeded to tell Herbert Force all he wanted to know. She related how her husband possessed information of her secret meeting with Wesley Martine. The minute this apprehension seized her, she felt like swooning. She knew Herbert Force well enough to know that he was not the sort of a man who would stand idly by and permit infidelity to pass unpunished. What must she say now? She studied fractious, but he discerned her mind was outbared. She was in a tight corner.

"I—I can't talk to you any longer, Herbert, when you take the position you do— I must be left alone for a few minutes to recover from my illness," she managed to say after a prolonged silence.

"Oh, very well," he replied, "but here and now I want to impress upon you the fact that if ever you go away from this house again without advising fully with me I'm not going to allow you a few minutes' respite, because I'll nail you to facts before I stop," and so saying Force left the room slamming the door shut noisily after him.

When he finished his own private study, he paced the floor momentarily and then he paused long enough to eloquently express his whole idea of woman alone: "A woman has to be kept subjugated in order to keep her.

Meanwhile in the quiet of her boudoir, Deborah began engulfed in grief. Her predicament struck her as most hopelessly unhappy, but suddenly when memories of frequent occasions came crowding in her husband had grossly mistreated her coming surging back to her, the subsequent resentment induced an anger which inspired her to slam a door and to hurl a framed picture of her husband to the floor.

The noise Deborah made in her moment of aberration attracted Force to her boudoir and when he saw the evidence of her rebellion, he became furious in his rage. "If you write, you will hereafter have to submit absolutely to my rule and you will have to show more respect than you do when you destroy my pictures, which any good wife would treasure," was his ultimatum.

There was so much acrimony and such an unswerving determination in his manner of delivering these harsh words that when he rushed out of the room to permit of ample reflection on them, Deborah was in a state of despair. What was it? What was it? Was it the use of trying to be good when in order to continue her thus far faultless life she would be obliged to endure this man's implacable domination? How much happier she had been while harking in the smiles of Wesley Martine! She sank back in her chair the very personification of despair. What was to be her fate? What would be her salvation?

Sadly she brooded for fully ten minutes. Then she arose suddenly and she stood erect for a moment as she gazed at herself in a mirror. Impulsively she became very resolute.

"No!" she exclaimed to herself, "I want to rule somebody—everything. I am tired of being ruled. Now I must rule." Immediately she summoned her maid and grizzly ordered her to pack her trunks.

While the surprised maid proceeded to obey his instruction, Deborah stole into the adjoining nursery where uncle Jimmie laid fast asleep. She had only begun to affectionately gaze down on the younger when quite by chance he turned his back toward her. The unguarded moment was too much for the highly sensitive nature of Deborah. She took it as an ill-omen. She had always felt chagrined because her son betrayed a marked preference for his father, and now the consummating and involuntary act of the little fellow's convinced the mother that she counted for naught in his affection. She was just in the frame of mind to be so extremely foolish as to be suspected.

The despondency which overwhelmed her manifested itself in her almost frantic exit from the nursery without kissing her son. She hastened back to her boudoir, where she found her maid idle and pondering.

"Why aren't you hurrying as I ordered?" Deborah demanded sternly.

"Yes, madam—I—but, pardon please, I was just wondering why you're going away," the maid replied.

"You could not understand why I want to get out of here in a twinkling un-til you get the desire to rule and not be ruled," Deborah told her.

This, of course, puzzled the maid all the more, but she speeded up her efforts at packing when her mistress gave evidence of being vexed over her slowness.

A moment later Deborah conceived a darling idea. She recalled having read and saved a newspaper clipping which told of a strange, far-away land. She determined impulse to get at as great a distance as possible from her present uncongenial environments inspired her to get that clipping and read it again. Here was the tell-tale headline of that article:

"Uncharted island of untold wealth is dis-covered in the South Atlantic Ocean—traveler tells of Isle of Iona, one hundred square, located 1,000 miles off the central eastern coast of South America; is inhabited by fifty thousand people, ruled by a cruel dictator who forbids encroach-ments of civilization.

After reading this extraordinary news story and contemplating it for several minutes, Deborah went downstairs to the library where she found Force reading a magazine. Without uttering a word and apparently2

"Oh," was his only response, as he resumed his reading.

Once back in her boudoir, Deborah settled down to an enlarged study of a map of the South Atlantic regions. Finally, after figuring out the approximate location of the Isle of Iona, she paused to reflect.

"I'll go there to rule, and to forget ever having been ruled," she told herself finally.

That very night Deborah Force, with only several hundred dollars in her purse, fled from her home while her husband napped in the library. She left the following letter for her husband:
DEAR HERBERT:

You are so completely under the influence of the passion to rule that I am leaving you in order to give you undistracted sway. I will ask for divorce, alimony and custody of little Jimmie. I am going forth to rule somebody or something, or both. I have caught the domineering fever from you. Good-bye and good luck. May you possess your heart's content, but no longer to my discontent.

DEBORA.

When Herbert Force read this letter the following morning, and after he had ascertained that his wife had really abandoned him, there was weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth.

"Oh, how could she do such a thing to little Jimmie?" he moaned, and then, becoming irate, he added: "Especially, of course, for him who gave heart or respect for man. She proves her worthlessness."

And promptly he stubbornly decided that she should not have a divorce, and he proceeded to clear his legal decks for a battle to prevent the granting of any such a decree.

On this same morning Debora lost little time in arranging a meeting with Wesley Martine.

"Since we know we love each other, I must frankly tell you I am a married woman, but I will divorce my husband for you," she told Martine, who was visibly surprised and simultaneously pleased.

While he had been quite unaware of Debora's true circumstances up to this time, he had been peculiarly impressed by her evasiveness.

"I am extremely sorry, my dear, if you have been a victim of a matrimonial blunder, and I shall trust it is right that you should seek a new consort," he told her.

"It is right, and I want to extricate myself in the right way, because I want you to accept my love without a hurt conscience," she replied.

"That is noble of you, and it convinces me that you deserve a happiness which has not heretofore been your lot," he said. "Be assured, sweetheart, that I shall follow you in any lead you may take. I am at your command most devotedly."

Thus elated Debora. It was a real innovation to have a man express subserviency to woman. She liked Wesley's attitude. She regarded it as superb gallantry, inspired by a strong, manly love.

"You and your words make me wonderfully happy, dear, and I shudder when I think of how empty life has been without you," she said.

That he took advantage of the opportunity to tell him about the Isle of Iona and her desire to explore it.

"I want to go there, conquer those strange people and rule them," she added, whereupon Martine laughed heartily, but not derisively.

"You shall have your wish to go there gratified, but as for conquering and ruling those people, well, that's something outside the realm of pleasure," he told her.

"But I would love the excitement," she persisted.

"Then we will spend an exciting honeymoon there," he agreed. "Remember, I will follow you in any lead you may take, but I am rather averse to war."

He laughed jovially as he gently patted her cheek. She slyly took his hand and squeezed it as she smiled up at him radiantly. She made no effort to conceal her growing love for Wesley Martine, whom reciprocity was equally as obvious. She had cast her lot unreservedly with him, and he was immeasurably pleased.

CHAPTER II.

It was the last day of a bitter legal battle in a divorce court. Debora had been compelled to bear the ordeals of a severe cross-examination, because Herbert Force had fought tenaciously to prevent the granting of a decree. In their merciless grilling there was wrung from her lips much evidence to show that she had an affinity, and, taken altogether, her case was decidedly weak.

The adroit manner in which Force paraded little Jimmie in the Court room had a telling effect on the Judge. Debora's emotions upon every occasion when her infant son crossed her line of vision had convinced all that she was, after all, reluctant to endanger his future. Wesley Martine had, from the very beginning, kept securely in the background. The only part he played in the life tragedy was to furnish Debora with money, and he did this secretly. His name was never mentioned in connec-

"Yes, I do; most devotedly and most faithfully," was his reply.

"Why do you wish to persuade her against divorcing you?" was the next question.

"Because I am convinced she is being deluded by some mysterious outside influence, and that she does not know her own mind, nor does she realize the seriousness of breaking up a home in which there is an innocent little third person."

"What action of hers has convinced you that your wife is being deluded by some mysterious outside influence?"

"The fact that she started absenting herself from her home and duties without being able to give reasonable explanations."

Then his attorney followed this by introducing servants of the Force household to prove that Mrs. Force did go away alone (Continued on page 49)
OW many pets do you think Mary Miles Minter, the pretty young Mutual star, who is spending her days out at the studios of the American Film Company, at Santa Barbara, California, has?

"Gracious me," says Miss Mary, when you ask her. "I've no idea. Let me see. There's—" and she drops the wiggling bundle of animated white wool which she holds in her arms, and begins to count on her fingers—"Mickey Mutual."

Here the bundle of white wool, which is now chasing flies in the stream of sunlight that floods in through the studio door, comes running back, thinking that Miss Mary has called him.

"Go way, you scamp," says Mary, pushing away the barking "Mickey" and going on.

"Then, there's Teeny-Weeny. He's my very own Pomeranian. He's sick today, because he ate too much chocolate cake last evening for dinner, and now he's lying at home on his pink satin cushion all day.

"Next," folding down the pink second finger, "there's the Queen of Sheba, the angora cat that can walk on her hind legs, and Nellie, the canary, and the two love birds, aside from my pigeons that live in a little dovecote in the yard and fly to my window every morning to eat out of my hand.

"And oh, dear," throwing her two hands up in despair at ever counting them all, "there's the bushy-tailed squirrel that played with me in 'Dulcie's Adventure,' my second picture for the Mutual. The studio manager here keeps him in a little cage for me. Don't you want to see him?"

You wait while Mary dashes, head first, into her dressing room and comes out with a big bag of nuts to carry out to master bushy tail, who sits all day in the window, cracking nuts with his sharp white teeth or turning his little wire cage round and round.

Then while the little squirrel sits blinking at you with friendly bead eyes, Mistress Mary goes on to tell you about the rest of her many living playthings.

"I can't say that Mr. Jones's baby pigs are mine," says Mary, "but I go out to see them every Sunday afternoon, so they sort of belong to me. Mr. Jones lives out in the
country, and mother and I motor out there every Sunday. One of these little pigs played with me in 'Dulcie’s Adventure,' too. Mr. Jones said I might have it killed and have it for dinner after it had played with me, but I just couldn’t bear to have it done. I had carried it around in my very own two arms, and it would seem just like losing a member of the family to have it gone.

“This little pig’s name is ‘Mary,’—named after me.

“Then, of course, I mustn’t leave out mother. She’s my pet. She has always been very, very dear to me, because she is the best mother in the world, and because she knows just everything.

“There’s nothing I’d rather do than have tea with mother out under the trees in the yard.”

Just then, Mistress Mary Miles Minter, aged fourteen summers, eyes the color of corn flowers, lips like two soft blown wild roses, hair spun from purest gold, gives a dear little scream. She forgets that you are there. She forgets all about the pets she is “counting out,” she forgets even her mother.

You follow the direction she has gone with your eyes. You see Mary Miles Minter run to the door through which one of the extra women is entering, a lusty young infant in her arms.

“You dear, dear pet, you darling pet,” she gurgles to the baby, who crows and leaps with joy at sight of her.

Then and there your interview with Mary Miles Minter might as well end. There’s nothing more about pets you can find out that day.

“Mary is no earthly good when the baby is around the studio,” says Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, the little star’s mother, who consents to finish out the interview for her.
BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE SCREEN

It is much more interesting to invade the scenes behind the screen than it is to stumble around behind the flyway scenes of the stage. There is more of the real thing in the screen that go into photo-plays and there is by far more ingenuity shown in arranging these settings. For instance, we have the picture at the top in which you will perceive Mac Murray, the Lasky Paramount star, really up a tree and indeed occupying a most precarious position, all for the sake of recording a really vivid scene a la camera. Previously the expression “up a tree” had merely a slang significance, but here we find Mac actually up a tree and the picture demonstrates the charm of photoplay producers that the cost of production keeps going up. However, it is this sort of realism that fans the popularity of the cinema art.

In the middle picture, you can gain a very comprehensive idea as to how a really big scene can be filmed in a comparatively small studio, for here we have Vivian Martin and Colin Chase, the Morosco favorites, finishing a thrilling rescue. Colin, as the hero, has not only saved the life of Vivian, but he has accomplished the same thing for the youngest, who sits nonchalantly at the wheel of the toy Buick. It all looks simple, doesn’t it? But the way this scene moved forward on the screen gave many a photoplay fan ample opportunity to gasp.

In the picture at the bottom you are given the inside dope on a scene built especially for this one situation. This is really two pictures in one, because inside the camera film magazine is being wound a picture of a scene in “My Fighting Gentleman,” an American-Mutual feature starring William Russell. The falling “Negro” is William Carroll; next to the right is Clarence Burton, and presenting another blow is William Russell. Prominently in the foreground you will note the camera man getting the picture and keeping securely out of it at the same time.

Now you know how it is done.
Back to Nature Via the Photoplay Route

Here are two of the countless examples of how the screen not only takes you back to nature, but brings the actual wonder scenes of faraway climes to your very door through the agency of the neighborhood picture-play houses. Producers are constantly exploring the out-of-the-way places where picturesque nature is at the zenith of its glory, and the result is a wealth of remarkably enlightening views which would never otherwise come across the line of vision of millions of people. This growing penchant for interpolating into the photoplay extraordinary views is most gratifying, and whether the next-to-nature scene be awe-inspiring or simply gorgeous, the effect is to disseminate in a vivid manner valuable edification, for, after all, no other power is so potential or so unique as nature.

In the large picture above you see a scene taken from actual life in lower California which was used for the photoplay entitled "The Black Butterfly." This presents a spectacle rare to those who reside in more populous sections of the country, but it represents a mode of transportation still in use in another though remote part of this same country.

In the smaller picture below is an actual scene used in California. This and many other unusual views of the great outdoors added unusual interest to "A Lands of the Lumberlands."
America's Sweetheart and the Flag's Best Press Agent
Start Their Big Hurrah For Better Photoplay Art
By TOM FIELD

There is going to be a tremendous and a very noticeable effect discernible in photoplay art as a result of the coalition of Mary Pickford, America's sweetheart, and George M. Cohan, the flag's best press agent, and now that they have formally started their hurrah virtually with the slogan: "For better and never for worse," you may well expect results. For sooth, one notable result already has been the winning over of Douglas Fairbanks, who, at the head of his own producing company, will release his pictures through the same Artcraft Corporation, which is to control all Pickford and Cohan features. What a formidable combination is this trio—Pickford, Cohan, and Fairbanks. It constitutes the top of the top-notch, and no doubt it has started some producers to scratching their top-knots. And no wonder we find the clever and erudite little Marguerite Clark congratulating George M. in one of the accompanying pictures. There is something to congratulate him about. He has made a most auspicious and timely advent into the shadow world, and from the inception he has achieved success, for it had always been a foregone conclusion that he would be a veritable triumph in his own picturization of "Broadway Jones," in which he is given such admirable support by pretty Marguerite Snow.

So far as aptitude is concerned, Mr. Cohan has proven to be the champion recruit of them all in the motion picture ranks. The moment he made up his mind to get into the screen branch of the entertainment business, he lost no time in taking up the study of every phase of the game, beginning right at the bottom, with the technical workings of the machine which is now crystallizing Cohanism for all time by means of the screen. With Joseph Kaufman, his director, acting as chief instructor, George devoted many hours to studying the camera as if bent on learning how to manufacture one of the blooming things. When he completed his minute scrutiny of the whole machine, he commented succinctly as follows: "It's a wonderful little preserver." And that is just what the moving picture camera does: it records the actual doings of human beings in a way which insures posterity of seeing the entire transactions as comprehensively as any present-day audience.

Mr. Cohan's idea of the photoplay art is Mary Pickford's ideal, namely: the pictures must improve with marked celerity, and each succeeding release must eclipse its immediate predecessor in point of both class and massiveness. In other words, as Miss

Who is he? Or rather, who is she? For it is a girl—the most popular girl on the screen. Her first name is Mary. To everyone who can guess the full name of this boy—pardon, girl—we will give a handsome automobile—providing a certified check for $10,000 accompanies each guess.

One of the first of these celebrities to visit George M. at his new studio to wish him well was Marguerite Clark, the popular Famous Players star.
Pickford announced when she divulged her decision to produce "A Poor Little Rich Girl," the time has come when all factions in the film world must combine efforts intelligently to give the public better fare than they have ever had before. No play is too great for a picturized version, and she holds that the most brilliant masterpieces of all ages, both of the stage and of literature, should find their way to the screen now. "All worthy works need the perpetuity the screen offers as much as the screen needs augmented excellence," she observes.

In "A Poor Little Rich Girl," Miss Pickford is certainly at her best, and her characterization of the title role accentuates her true, undefiled artistry, which is indeed at its zenith. She is so irresistibly cute and so superbly clever in this famous Eleanor Gates play that she is sure to increase her clientele of admirers if there are any people left she has not won. "A Poor Little Rich Girl" was released March 5th, and from this date the demand for seats at all theatres at which it has been exhibited exceeded any former record, which is convincing evidence that the public is quickly getting her idea of "constant improvement in pictures."

All three of the accompanying pictures in which Miss Pickford is shown are quite intimate pictorial "inside tips" as to how her latest feature was filmed. Look them over carefully, and you will see Little Mary as she is when she's really at work.

With all the evidence of their activity in plain view, Mary Pickford and George M. Cohan deserve unlimited felicitation, because what they are doing to make the screen more worthy of respect than ever is going to be one of the preponderant forces which will develop the art to unforeseen-of proportions. Verily, just as sure as there is a sun in the expansive firmament, the photoplay is going to continue to ascend as long as it possesses the contributory services of such geniuses as these and for the good of the common weal the public must not be slow in granting profuse cognizance to this fact. The proper spirit now means the enlistment of other celebrities who will do their bit to make permanent the most democratic form of entertainment man has ever devised. Indeed, it is the art which deserves to be as universal as wholesome thought.

Little Mary has been enhancing her reputation because the people at large recognize her humanitarian efforts as an elevating and ingratiating influence which is conducive to developing to greater lengths wholesome diversion. Now Little Georgie comes along and combines his unlimited experience, ability and versatility with the numerous virtues of America's Sweetheart with the frankly avowed purpose of giving the screen additional power for accomplishing common good. It is as he says: "Since I am a regular picture play actor I had just as well let it be known that I am in the game to have the satisfaction which comes only with success at raising the standards I find prevailing." In view of the wide latitude the photoplay field offers for those who would animate it, there could be no conjecture as to the exact course Mr. Cohan intends to pursue.

This is the age of specialization, and the motion picture industry has followed the lead of other industries in this respect. For this reason such specialists as Mary Pickford and George M. Cohan are invaluable.
FOUR CHARMING WOMEN OF THE PHOTOPLAY
In my blood runs a kind of lust for adventure. Some years ago at Cincinnati I conducted a baby show. It rolled up a total of 400 babies. Not satisfied with that I inaugurated a New Year’s jingle contest open to every versifier in the United States, and to which more than that many replied. There are other things to prove that I am more than usually reckless or daring. I suggested and just recently finished handling a competition to choose a name for a film star’s new home. Through it Miss Edith Storey, the Vitagraph emotional actress, has been brought out of a difficulty. She has obtained the name.

Her’s was not the worry of it. The committee with which I surrounded myself for moral support and some degree of protection had all of that. In the main it was not so perilous as had been anticipated. It was a genteel contest. Everybody entered it in a lovely spirit, and, after a ton of mail, more or less, had been laboriously digested and the more plausible offerings tabulated, Miss Storey picked the one she loved best, allowed the committee to concur with her—and there was the end of it. Her new home on the Sound, not far from Portnoit, L. I, now has a perfectly serviceable name, and she has discarded the old one.

The old name is what stimulated all the excitement. Local custom had attached, without a by-your leave, the name of “The Farm” to the nice, new, cobbledstone and shingled mansion of hers. It had been the name of the estate before she improved it. But she put roses on it instead of turnips, and built concrete terraces and driveways; and there’s a garage where the stable used to be. So calling it “The Farm” rather made the emotional star feel emotional the wrong way. “The Farm” was out of step with the modern tempo of the place. Charming enough was “The Farm” had one still to wash from a tin basin lack of the summer kitchen, but distressing if one kept in mind the existent comforts of French windows and hardwood floors and porcelain tubs.

Miss Storey was glad to rename it, however, by consulting her friends of the movie public, after the appropriateness of the method was laid before her. Indeed, it relieved her of much perplexity when the Edith Storey Committee undertook to handle the matter. Very well. We got busy.

First of all was sent broadcast over the country a picture of Miss Storey’s attractive home with a portrait of her own attractive self, along with a printed description of the edifice and a request for ideas.

They came. It seemed as if every person who had ever seen Miss Storey in her splendid film characterizations knew just the name the home ought to have. Some knew as many as twenty names.

There is a rule, safe to go by, that in matters of public attention, the mail response is the best indication of prevailing interest. The interest in Miss Storey must be about 100 per cent.

No part of the country was unrepresented; no class, no age, no condition failed to respond. It might be termed a letter-postage ovation.

But the suggestions themselves rather than the number of them comprise the more pertinent feature of the competition. The whole range of Nature, the sciences, literature, art was touched upon in the replies—to say nothing of the motion picture industry, which was far from neglected.

“Eureka,” “Venus Star,” “Ocean View,” “Belvedere,” “Louvre,” “Minnehaha” and “Filmland” were but a few of the first ones that arrived.

But generally the public was striving for the beautiful. Poetic thoughts predominated. It is pleasant to chronicle that the general tenor of the replies was like a benediction to Miss Storey. And more than once a tear was evoked.

Wrote one darling lady: “I am old enough to be your mother, but am still young enough to love the beautiful.” And she added: “May your life be long and happy in the enjoyment of your new home, and to give the

Edith Storey on the terrace of her wonderful country home, "The Rubblet"

How Edith Storey’s Home Was Named

By Fred Schaeffer

Miss Storey picked the one she loved best, allowed the committee to concur with her—and there was the end of it. Her new home on the Sound, not far from Northport, L.I., now has a perfectly serviceable name, and she has discarded the old one.

The old name is what stimulated all the excitement. Local custom had attached, without a by-your leave, the name of “The Farm” to the nice, new, cobbledstone and shingled mansion of hers. It had been the name of the estate before she improved it. But she put roses on it instead of turnips, and built concrete terraces and driveways; and there’s a garage where the stable used to be. So calling it “The Farm” rather made the emotional star feel emotional the wrong way. “The Farm” was out of step with the modern tempo of the place. Charming enough was “The Farm” had one still to wash from a tin basin lack of the summer kitchen, but distressing if one kept in mind the existent comforts of French windows and hardwood floors and porcelain tubs.

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Wrote one darling lady: “I am old enough to be your mother, but am still young enough to love the beautiful.” And she added: “May your life be long and happy in the enjoyment of your new home, and to give the

Miss Storey all comfy at home

Out on her lawn with her dog "Olsey"
lovers of art pleasure as you portray life through the films.

A child wrote: "I hope you will spend many happy years in your new home, and have lots of good times; I hope Santa will treat you good, for you are a good heart!"

And the other hand certain fans evidently wished to stimulate whatever detective instinct is possessed by Miss Storey. At least that fan must have who wondered "if 'Unneedarest' would appeal to you." The depth of this fan's interest, and the sentiment which offered "N. P. L. L.," I, with the excuse that "in the movie parlors the people always wonder what's to come next so let them ask what the initials stand for.

They happen to stand for, the writer was good enough to explain, "either North Port Look Inn or North Port, Long Island," not neglecting to point out that mail couldn't easily go astray with that aid to the post office.

Before this was laid aside as possibly too involved, there was another picked up that had printed in ink on a clipped picture of the house this enigmatic word: "Groyung." After intense thought one might find in it a reference to the fountain of Perpetual Youth, but it all seems there's a profound difficulty in arriving at the exact sense of it, the committee regrets, without more assistance from the contestant.

Back to the clearly defined poetic again! Comes a well read friend with this sentiment: "Her picture suggests the description of Annie Laurie's Lover: 'Her heart is like the swan.' Without any desire to flatter, I would suggest that she name her new home "The Swan's Nest." This suggestion from a clergymen. But equalizing it is that a clergymen who thinks that "White Dove Manse" would be appropriate.

The reference to it was in the way Miss Storey's picture was printed in the announcement—"The poise of her head and her dress showing white like that of a dove's body."

Not only that, but the expression on her face is peaceful and still full of spirits. Oh, how dizzy! To fit once more from grave to gay, this reply was good for a gleam of animation from the judges.

In style of architecture, coupled with a thought of the better (?) half who does, or inevitably will, occupy her charming home with Miss Storey, suggests the name: 'The Storey-and-a-Half House.'

One writer had a very handsome country home of her own, and to that extent put herself in the star's place. Her choice was "Star Light." Another correspondent's hint along this line was "Star Home." This came from a veteran's widow 70 years of age on the poet Whittier's birthday, last December 4th. This one own abode humble cottage but still "Home, Sweet Home." Association of ideas again ruled in another contestant's thought of "Liladell" for a name, since her own name was Lilie, and "doll" sort of rounds it out.

It is, or it is not (take your choice) remain to say how many of the ideas leaned toward ingenious twists of Edith Storey's own name for the purpose of distinguishing her castle. Get these: "Storilawn," "The Lone-Storey" (another dig at her joyous single-blessedness, eh, what?), "The Storey & Ef.," "The Ed-Rey, E. Strydithoite," formed from the letters of her name; "Winithby," i.

e.: "Win" taken from "Winifred the Shop Girl," "ith" taken from Edith, and "ey" taken from Storey; "Edithstoreyin," meaning probably there's somebody at home; "Edigraph," "Restory" (another transposition); "The Distorye," to quote, "changing the locks of her name but leaving to sound almost correct; "Storey Rocks," "Edore," and so on, and so on.

A veteran 73 years of age and glad to know of the success of anyone," wrote from Maine with a kindly invention, which, however, had to be placed outside the winning group. As the Spring and Summer seasons of the year pass to Autumn bringing a calm-like rest to clime and soil, a change somewhat comparable to the change Miss Storey will experience, she leaves her active life and returns to her home, then I should think bringing over her a spell of happiness in the new home.

As she looked at the picture of the little mansion a student of Shakespeare offered this thought: "From 'As You Like it' these words came to me:

'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,:
Fled to a region of untrodden virtue,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything...'

But instead of "Sermon-in-Storey" this friend adroitly selected "Storey-in-Storey" as the name to be derived from the quotation.


THE ALLIANCE OF CUPID AND ANANIAS

By DELLA MOONEY

BESS MORTON left the house immediately after breakfast and descended the hill by the winding path which led to the old farm-house, where the scene as she sat on a board which spanned the brook in the "east pasture" with her little, bare feet paddling in the cool water.

How he had laughed at her! He had stayed there for fully thirty minutes, teasing and incidentally making love to her when, of course, she was perfectly helpless to do otherwise than simply sit and listen. She apprised him then and there of how angered she was to be disturbed, especially in view of the fact that she had left home to be away from him and to forget him. She frankly told him how she wanted to get out in the quiet forest and spend one whole month without seeing a single familiar face. The prospect, Emmanuel had made upon it, that she had so little practised aloneness, that she was, indeed, in need of it to which she was entirely unprepared.

It was too provoking then, on coming down to breakfast on the very first morning, to find Tommy Sears coolly standing in the doorway between the dining-room and porch. He had turned around and met her gaze of astonishment so calmly and deliberately that surprise and anger kept her still while he was being introduced to "Mr. Jones, of Chicago." The expression on her face and the icy tone of voice in which she acknowledged the introduction, had made someone else, self-assured as Tommy—Jones—decide to leave immediately for Chicago or some other distant point. But Tommy laughed and chatted all during breakfast and asked her where she was from and how she happened to be in such an out-of-the-way place, while Bess answered his questions coldly, but with studied politeness.

Of all this Mr. and Mrs. Bots took little notice, as they had become to find their two "city boarders" so congenial.

Jake, the "hard man," was more observant. He sat nearby and smilingly listened to the one-sided conversation, deciding at once that "the Miss was pretty much stuck up." As it began, it continued, Bess persisting in treating Tom as a stranger and never once forgetting to call him Mr. Jones with special stress on the "Jones." When they met, and Tom arranged affairs so it was for him, Bess did not ask him any questions, and as far as she could see he did not in the least mind her attitude. It was most chilling. Tom chatted cheerfully and laughed loud and long at his own jokes. Her aloofness in no way disconcerted him. In fact, it was precisely the way he had expected her to act.

Then, on the morning of the brook episode, when she told him in twenty different ways how tired she was, and how she hated him, Tom felt his plan was working out admirably! That's the kind of an unshakeable fellow he was.

So, on this new morning, he did look around the house to see a blue dress and a big, white sun hat disappear behind a huge rose bush. It was true he had peeped through the keyhole and had decided he must take the same path for his stroll. But, on this morning, he sat and smiled to himself, and smoked and planned. It seemed a great day for dreams. Sitting on a big log near the spring was Bess with her head stuck perky on one side, listening for "Mr. Jones" to approach.

She sat there for fifteen minutes, waiting and impatiently kicking little pieces of bark off of the stump before her. She had recently found that seeing her place had been settled one way or the other on that very morning. She would tell Mr. Jones he could either quit his teasing and ludicrous love-making or go back home. How he would have laughed and reminded her that he was just past twenty-one if he could have read her thoughts then!

At the end of a half hour, Bess climbed on top of the stump and got up on her tip-toes perfectly he could not understand "Mr. Jones" delay. She looked around for some higher point from which to survey her surroundings, because if he wasn't coming, she wanted to know where he was any way!

Then she discovered what she had failed to notice before. Over under a big oak tree a long ladder stood. With one little run and jump, Bess reached the ladder, and in another second was sitting up on a limb and clinging fast to a smaller limb. She grew all by itself to the larger one. As soon as she was settled comfortably, she turned to look back towards the house, and the next instant she jumped and nearly fell as something crashed loudly below her. She had kicked the ladder and it had toppled over.

Let it be said to her credit she did not scream. Instead she sat and held tightly to the one little branch and turned slightly pale as if it were possible she and Mr. Jones might be impossible to get down now without assistance. So, girl that she was, she sat and tried to plan when there was nothing on earth to plan with. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bots were slightly deaf, so it would do no good to call them. "Mr. Jones" might hear her and come to her rescue, but she would rather stay up there all day and wait until Jake happened by than have Tommy Sears see her perched up there chugging to that lone branch and her feet swinging so foolishly.

But what could she do? She concentrated on the jumping man right up on the ladder. He fought ten minutes and could not get a solitary brilliant idea. Then she glanced at the house again. She could just see the steps leading from the front porch, and yes, there he was. "Mr. Jones," the man sitting on the lower step still smoking, his heart gave a slight leap of tenderness. "Dear, old Tommy, he's been nice to me after all," she murmured.

"I knew you'd have to say that pretty soon," he yelled without even arising or looking up.

Instantly Bess Morton was startled. Surely Tom Sears hadn't heard what she barely whispered when he was so far away that it was not easy to hear even his yell! "He was only thinking out loud," she finally muttered to herself after convincing herself it was impossible for human ears to hear at such a distance.

Now everything had happened just as Tom burst into a loud, hearty laugh and he arose. In another instant he had started to walk slowly toward her and very presently he was in the shade of that very oak tree. At sight of his smiling face all terrors vanished from her. How could she be smiling when she was away up there in the tree and so uncomfortable! She remembered how much mirth her bare feet had afforded him the morning before. Why in the name of common sense had she followed him to the country at all! Oh, she hated him! "Mr. Jones" went right on his way without paying the slightest heed to the young woman or her predicament, and he sat down on the log precisely where she had been before—oh, just before. He picked up some pebbles and began throwing them idly at a tall weed, humming a popular love-song—her favorite, she noted—all the while. Bess's cold heart was going to burst, she was getting tired, and even though she knew she could not understand "Mr. Jones" delay, she began to think she did look silly, but she could not avoid wishing she would glance her way. Nevertheless she would not call him—she had all the girlish stubbornness in her whole system summoned to prevent such a calamity.

Ten minutes elapsed, and "Mr. Jones" still tossed pebbles and Bess retained her pose of watchful waiting. Then, all at once, she noticed something looking vaguely familiar in her head. What if she should become dizzy, she thought. What would happen? Then, oh horrors, she was going to sneeze! She wrapped the little life-saving branch securely around her arm and clamped her free hand flantically over her mouth and nose, but it did not good. A loud, smothered ca-choo made "Mr. Jones" jump up and turn around apparently in apprehension. He started at first a gasp and then at the ladder on the ground and back at the girl again. The next instant he yanked off his hat and waved it high in the air as he yelled. He did not laugh, he simply yelled. And Bess, with a perfectly sober face, only sat and stared at him.

As soon as he could control his laughter, "Mr. Jones" seated himself on the log again.
and gravely remarked with reproving intonations of his voice: "Little girl hasn’t your mother taught you it was impolite to stare?"

Bess refused to reply with even so little as a blink of the eye.

After a few seconds Tom sent up a pleasant smile to the girl in the tree and arose, slowly chimney back up the hill. When she realized the contrary intentions of the young man, Bess could not restrain herself from uttering a scolding little "Well?" Very promptly he retraced his steps, stopping beneath the tree. Did you call Mum?" he asked blandly with his face down.

"No, Mr. Jones, it must have been the lady in the next tree," she replied sweetly.

"Oh I say, Bess, let’s take a little walk, it’s a dandy, fine morning," he suggested, feeling quite encouraged.

"I’m sorry, Mr. Jones, but I’m really so busy, I afraid I’ll have to decline your invitation."

Mr. Jones looked puzzled. He could not understand all this friendliness. So he sat down on the grass underneath the tree and began whistling a small stick as he whistled a merry tune. When he looked up in the tree again, Bess was leaning her head over against the only support there was, that blessed, little, lone branch.

"Tired, dearie?" he asked gently, and as he got no response he continued: "Now don’t you dare jump down, Bess. You’d make a mess in so much of the grass, and I’m sure Mr. Botts wouldn’t like that a bit, and you might even hit the ladder too and break it.

"Well, who said I?"

"Oh, anyway," he interrupted, "I forgot to tell you I’ve decided to build that extra room after all." "What extra room?" she asked quickly as she sat up very straight. Then she blushed as she realized he had scored a point.

"Why, in our new house," Tom explained.

"I just couldn’t make up my mind whether or not it was best to build it now, but I remember hearing you say you would like a little extra room for your own, and what your mother will retain, when Jake and I were in town yesterday I wired them to start building the house, and to add the extra room. Won’t it be jolly, dear? When did you say, Bess, the twenty-sixth or twenty-seven of this month? Oh, it doesn’t make much difference, but let’s see, the twenty-six is Wednesday. If we’re married out here the twenty-sixth we can just about reach sister Grace’s on schedule time. I wrote her we’d be there about the first of July. I’m so glad we can have a June wedding after all, and I believe you said you much preferred June to May, and I’ll look just as beautiful then."

After rattling this all off at lightning speed, Tom got up and danced a jig, and to save her life Bess could not keep from smiling in her amusement, but she maintained her equilibrium sufficiently to say: "I believe you’re about the silliest man I ever saw."

"Really, do you, sweetheart?" he asked discontinuing his grotesque terpsichorean efforts. "Oh, if we get back and settle down in our little home, you’ll change your mind about it. Then he paused to stretch and yawn, finally adding: "But gee, it must be dinner time; I’m ravenously hungry."

And without further ceremony and in the proverbial jiffy, he ran up the hill and in a hop, step and a jump landed squarely on the porch of the house.

"Oh T-o-o-o-o," he heard a little voice call."

"In other words" he answered back to the outwitted girl in the tree, and with a few leaps and hops he was back under the oak tree once more. "What is it, honey?" he asked noting that she turned her head away from him. "Oh I know I heard you call this time, and say, Bess, you have the cutest voice I ever heard." He paused momentarily and then added coaxingly: "Come on down now and tell me what you want!"

"Tom Sears, how long do you expect me to stay up here" she demanded with a tremble in her voice that suggested forthcoming tears.

"Me?" he asked feigning unbounded surprise. "Well, my goodness makes alive, I never hung you out there. Better come right down, because I never scented anything so good in my life as they’re cooking for dinner at the house."

"You may tell them I will be ready for dinner in a few minutes," she announced coldly, becoming her old self again. "And, while you’re here would you mind placing that ladder where it was? It was leaning against this limb here, and I accidentally knocked it over. Mr. Botts would think me dreadful carelessly if I left it laying there. I wouldn’t ask you to do so much for me only the ladder is such a heavy affair I fear I can’t lift it."

"By George," Tom exclaimed, "it just dawns on me, Mr. Botts asked me yesterday to take this ladder up to the barn for him. I came down here now just to carry it up there."

He ribbed so earnestly that Bess could not help but smile. Meanwhile Tom busied himself sizing up the ladder, and while thus engaged he continued: "Yes, he will be out of patience, but I’ll explain to him how I am going to get a girl near the springing, a girl with the rosiest face, the most beautiful golden hair, and the most charming violet eyes. And, I did meet her. The nicest part of it was, she’s up in the barn."

He stopped to chuckle a bit, and then he added: "She and I are going to be married too when she comes down out of the tree and—"

"Mr. Jones, would you please place the ladder so I can get down," Bess requested at this point, giving Tom a look which should have driven the last vestige of hope out of his heart.

"Why, what’s the matter," he exclaimed. "Then your slightest wish shall be gratified, most haughty queen."

So saying he placed the ladder against the tree and climbed up to her with celerity. He slid down the other side of the faithful little branch. Then he took the same position as she had, opening his eyes wide with an expression of fear on his face, and clung tightly to the branch with his hands over both of hers, it might be added, and he swung his feet just as she had been doing. As a climax to his minicry he pretended to sneeze. Bess looked straight ahead, but her lips quivered. Whether she was going to cry or laugh, I am unable to determine, so he gazed at her and smiled a neutral smile, one of those kind of smiles which can be readily blended into a serious mien if the occasion demands it. Then suddenly an idea came to him.

"Look here, Bess," he ordered.

Without realizing it, she obeyed him and looked squarely in the eye.

"Well, goosey," she said after waiting a full minute for his next word.

"I wanted to look down there," he replied as he pointed at his extended foot against which the end of the ladder was barely balanced.

"Tom," she cried apprehensively, "don’t you let it fall."

"Well, Bess, here’s the way it stands," he replied. "If you decide we’re to be married real soon, I'll help you down now, but if you persist in rejecting me, you just as well stay up here anywhere, because I won’t let anyone else marry you. And, so long as you’re sitting up here, you won’t mind my sitting up here too and entertaining you, will you?"

Thereupon he gave the ladder a little shove and easily caught it with his foot as it fell back. Bess could not help catching her breath. Tom noticed this, and so he repeated the experiment several times while waiting for an answer, but no answer came.

"Poor thing," he said to the back of her head, "can’t talk."

When this sally proved futile, he decided on an extreme method to achieve victory, and so he climbed back on the ladder.

"Well, guess I’d better take the ladder and put it where Mr. Botts told me," he remarked nonchalantly as he slowly climbed down. "Goodbye, little girl, enjoy yourself and I’ll come back after dinner. Don’t get lonesome."

He stepped off the ladder onto the ground and was just about to lift the former away from the tree when Bess turned her face toward him again.

"Tommy, I want to get down from here," she pleaded as tears welled up in her big violet eyes.

"All right," he agreed looking up into those eyes, "when is the date?"

"Well, it’s day after tomorrow, you old goose," she replied. "I know all the time it was going to be some time in June. Why on earth didn’t you stay at home anyway? There wasn’t the least bit of sense in your chassaying down here after me. You were fibbing. I know it, but I was not going to marry anyone else."

"Hooray," he yelled as he threw his hat far up the hill. "The right-of-way of the ladder is yours."

"Mercy, mother won’t be surprised," she (Continued on page 51)
LADY wants a good honest girl!

It was the matron of the employment agency speaking to a wall of honest girls, for they all arose to their feet and crowded about her.

"To cook and wait and mend and sweep and wash and iron and scrub and dust and—"

By this time all the good honest girls had retreated in high scorn to their seats, excepting Peggy McGraw who remained and clutched desperately at the matron's sleeve.

"And act as a lady's maid to her daughter in between times," the matron continued.

"Shame an 'tis a job after me own heart," Peggy said eagerly. "Wurk is me middle name!"

The matron looked a bit skeptical at the little figure, but in spite of her size Peggy McGraw was not the one to give up, and she got that job.

There were four splendid reasons why she had it—her four little orphan brothers and sisters. Before she left the humble little cottage she told them that she was a queen going to take care of a grand kingdom, and while she was gone, they must take care of this little realm. Tim, the big brother, was "Me Lord Duke of Dishwashin'," and Norah was "Lady of the Cookery," while little Bridget achieved the honor of "Duchess of the Bedmaking" and the baby, Patrick was "Knick, Pick-up-the-Crumbs." Thus did Peggy leave the royal titles fairly distributed in her little family when she gathered up her belongings and drove away in the royal chariot—the front seat of Barney O'Dell's taxi-cab. Barney, by the way, was a great admirer of Peggy.

It was an encouraged Peggy who arrived at the Caldwell home ready for her new work, but some of that encouragement fled when she found how terribly everything was in disorder. The Caldwells were "has-beens" of an old aristocratic Washington family, who had lost their wealth since their father died, and their ambition in life was to keep up appearances so that society would never suspect their poverty. There was enough money left to send Arthur through college, and of course it was imperative that Marian marry someone with position and wealth. Marian, however, was in love with Jack, who worked for a living, and there were many unpleasant scenes between her and her mother on this account. Mother favored Mr. William Deane—Million-Dollar Deane, so no one bothered to investigate how he made his fortune.

Peggy found a lot of things to straighten up in the Caldwell home, and Arthur was not the least of these. On one occasion very early in the game he came stumbling into the house from one of his usual rah-rah parties at the hour of 5 a.m., just as Peggy was starting her day's work, for she had to be an early bird to get it all done. She assisted Arthur's unsteady feet up to his room.

"Bring me a highball—that is a nice girl," he ordered her as his head wobbled.

What Peggy gave him was a glass of buttermilk and a good calling down.

Peggy helped Marian too. When Mrs. Caldwell ordered that Eighteen-Dollar-Per-Week Jack was not to call on her daughter any more, Peggy arranged for them to meet in the cellar and cheered the faint-hearted Marian up by saying, "Don't worry—no millionaires will propose to ye!"

Then one day came an important dinner party. Peggy's little brothers and sisters went over to the Caldwell home to help her serve it. Tim was rather lost in the clothes that belonged to the Caldwells' former butler. "It's a sort of a hand-me-down job, but it seems to serve the purpose," Arthur observed with delight when Peggy began smiling on him and even permitting him to help her with the dishes and sometimes eat his dinner when the family thought he was at the club.

Of course Taxi-cab Barney soon was brought to the realization that he had a rival, and while this realization came to him in the form of a sickening thud, this good-hearted Irish lad found himself hopelessly tongue-tied and clumsy when it came to discussing the subject of love with Peggy. So thus it came about that he had to worship her from afar and live on faint hopes.

One evening Mrs. Caldwell discovered Arthur eating cookies and drinking milk in the kitchen. When he sneaked out of the back door and made good his escape, his mother turned fiercely upon the startled Peggy and accused her of flirting with her darling son.

"I'll have you know I ain't no vampire!" Peggy told Mrs. Caldwell indignantly.

"Which would you rather have your son don', drinkin' all night at cabarets or drinkin' milk in here a little while with me?"

"The idea of any servant speaking in that tone to me!" fairly yelled Mrs. Caldwell. "Consider yourself discharged!"

Without even so much as giving the now saddened Peggy a parting glance, Mrs. Caldwell sailed majestically out of the kitchen. It was all the girl could do to prevent breaking into tears. She needed the job, and she had found a new interest in being close to Arthur. "Oh well, I had no business being sassy anyhow!" she told herself after a while, and then she proceeded to place the kitchen in order for the last time.

By this time it had developed that Deane had placed Arthur in the war office for a purpose. There were some plans for an invention which would mean a great deal to the army equipment of any nation who possessed them. These plans were delivered to the war department, and by some clever
manipulation Deane succeeded in having these fall into Arthur’s hands. Everyone else had left the office when they arrived, and simultaneously there came quite mysteriously to Arthur a note proposing to give him a thousand dollars if he would allow these plans to be copied.

Arthur was plunged into a state of great mental confusion when he realized the predicament into which he had been plunged, and he was more perplexed than ever when, upon rushing out of the office with the plans and the note, he met Deane.

"Is everything all right, Art?" Deane asked him anxiously.

"No, whatever it is, it isn’t all right with me, and I am going to turn these plans and the note over to the police at once!" Arthur replied decisively.

"Of course that is the proper thing to do, my boy, if you feel you have any grounds for suspicions," Deane replied, "Come to the saloon with me and tell me all about it."

Unwittingly Arthur accepted this invitation, and within two minutes after taking his first drink he felt strangely dizzy and ill. The bar-keeper had complied with the villainous instructions Deane had given him in a quick signal and had drugged the young man’s drink. Arthur had just staggered to a nearby bench when he lost consciousness. Deane rushed to his side, pretending solicitude. He made short work of extracting the valuable plans from the young man’s grasp and pocketing them. He left his victim in charge of several of his accomplices and made his get-away.

It was only a few minutes later when Deane was emerging from an adjacent park just in time to meet Mrs. Caldwell and her daughter, Marian, who were returning from a shopping tour. The strain of guilt told on Deane perceptibly, but he managed to summon enough presence of mind to suavely suggest that the two women take a taxi-cab and go straight home. Outwardly, it was a mere whim of his, for he pretended to object to Marian walking so far. Mrs. Caldwell, who was ever ready to curry his favor, gladly accepted his suggestion, and the trio drove away in a taxi-cab. It was the very opportunity Mrs. Caldwell was waiting for, and she insisted that Deane stay for tea. When he evidenced an inclination to reject the invitation, Mrs. Caldwell called him aside and whispered, "Remember, dear boy, this is the day Marian promised to give you her answer!"

"Yes, I was thinking of that," he fibbed.

"So it came about that he stayed for tea, much to Marian’s discomfort. She knew he would press his suit for her hand, and she feared she would not have the strength of mind to refuse him. She knew she did not like him, and she felt it would be a calamity therefore to marry him, but all the while her ambitious mother was exerting every effort to force her into this unhappy matrimonial venture.

When she felt despair gaining the upper hand over her, Marian thought of Peggy. "She’s a clever girl and might suggest something worth while to me," she told herself mentally. And a few minutes later she took advantage of an opportunity to excise herself and hastened into the kitchen where she found Peggy finishing her straightening up.

"Oh, Peggy dear, I am so worried I don’t know what to do," she told her.

"Well, maybe I can do it for you," Peggy replied, "What is it?"

"Deane is here now and expects his answer, and I am afraid I will give it to him in his favor."

"And you don’t want to?" Peggy asked, as if to make sure of her grounds.

"No, it will break my heart, for I could never love him," the distracted girl replied. "There’s something about him that makes me feel as though he were extremely dangerous."

"I’ll tell you what I’ll do," Peggy said after reflecting momentarily, and suddenly clapping her hands together joyously, "I’ll hide under the sofa, and every time I think you’re weakening I’ll pinch you on the ankle!"

"Good, do it, do anything to save me," Marian implored.

While Deane was waiting alone in the parlor, he found it beyond him to resist the temptation to look over the plans he had stolen from Arthur to make sure they were all there. He was carefully though nervously examining these papers when Peggy slipped into the room and crawled under the sofa on which he sat. A moment later Deane dropped one of his papers and Peggy, fearing he would discover her when he stooped to pick it up, hurriedly pushed it back on the sofa again.

When a few minutes later Marian joined Deane he promptly launched into an eloquent proposal. Immediately Peggy began pinching Marian’s ankle strenuously, causing her to shuffle her feet noticeably. This reminded Marian, and just as she was about to refuse Deane flatly, she espied Mrs. Caldwell standing in a doorway, and the mother’s frown so controlled the girl that before she realized what she was doing, she had said
the fateful words and gave the man the assurance he sought.

After she had heard her daughter agree to marry the man she had selected for her, Mrs. Caldwell disappeared from view, and Peggy lost little time in making her escape back to the kitchen, where she arrived just as Eighteen-Dollar-Per-Week Jack rapped cautiously on the back door. Peggy admitted Jack at once.

"I got the license, Peggy," he whispered as she shoved him in past her, making him hide in the pots and pans closet.

"Now you just take things in your own hands, Jack, when Marian comes out to get her supper," Peggy told him, and then she got extremely busy in an effort to conceal her uneasiness.

Meanwhile Taxi-cab Barney had found Arthur unconscious on a park bench, and he took him home in his taxi-cab, supposing he had fallen off the water-wagon again. Peggy, with tears streaming down her face, was waiting to be driven away from her job when Barney drove around to the back door. Arthur was just returning to consciousness. His first impulse was to make sure he still had the important plans, and he was much dismayed when he failed to find them.

"The plans—the plans—I've been robbed—I'd just left Deane and was going to the police station, when I grew dizzy," he explained.

Peggy was bending over Arthur when he uttered these words, and the name of Deane associated itself with her late failure under the sofa, and then she remembered the large bundle of papers Deane had put away so hastily when Marian entered the room. The paper that had fallen behind the sofa had a large spot of ink on it, and she asked Arthur if by any chance he had spilled ink on the plans.

"Yes, I did,—in my nervousness at the office," he replied. "How did you know?"

Peggy's mind worked fast. She said not a single word more, but pushed Arthur back into the taxi-cab and motononed Barney to drive as fast as he could. At that instant she had discovered Deane leaving from the front of the house in another taxi-cab, and she instructed Barney to follow him at all hazards.

While all this was transpiring, Mrs. Caldwell was kissing and felicitating with the sad-eyed Marian, and was rejoicing that at last she had become engaged to wealthy Mr. Deane. Marian impulsively got away from her mother as soon as possible and repaired to the kitchen, for she expected to prepare supper, due to the fact that the new maid who was to take Peggy's place would not arrive until the next morning. As she listlessly proceeded to perform her task, she sobbed continuously, but it was not many seconds until she was startled by a clatter of tinware as Jack leaped out of the pots and pans closet, snatched her up into his arms and ran out of the house with her.

"I'm carrying you off by force," he told her. "Please let me."

"Let you—I'm fairly overjoyed!" she replied.

After an exciting chase, Barney's taxi-cab had caught up with the one containing Deane, just as the latter stopped at a queer old roadhouse on the outskirts of the city. But before they could stop him Deane had hurried into the hotel, and when Arthur went in after him, the clerk refused to let him go up.

"The man said he was not to be disturbed," the clerk said. Dishheartened, Arthur went back to Peggy. She was not discouraged, however. It was the work of a moment for her to slip into her apron and cap, snatch up a broom and make her way by a back window into the hotel.

No one noticed the servant, who was sweeping so busily, and before long her keyhole investigations were rewarded and she discovered Deane copying the plans in one of the upper rooms. When he went into the adjoining room to talk over the payment of the money with the foreign agents who had come for them, Peggy attacked the keyhole with a hairpin, but the lock would not yield. A hurried exploration of the hall closet, however, disclosed a small step-ladder and oh joy—a vacuum cleaner. So while the foreign agents bartered with Deane in the adjoining room, Peggy with the vacuum cleaner thrust through the transom was "sucking up" the precious papers.

Then followed a tense moment, when the men discovered their loss and rushed out to find a maid indiestrionously cleaning the wall. But Deane stumbled over the broom and came face to face with Peggy, and when he grabbed her by the shoulders the plans fell out of her apron. He snatched them up, but Peggy's sharp teeth on his wrist soon made him lose his hold. She caught up the papers and shut off from a retreat by the stairs, she risked the window and fell two stories to the ground.

With a mighty effort she dragged herself to Barney and Arthur who waited by the taxi-cab. There was a wild race to town, and when they finally found a policeman, Peggy fell back exhausted in Arthur's arms. (Continued on page 55.)
THE SILENT TREND
A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World
By BERT D. ESSEX

It would be difficult to determine whether the photoplay industry is endangered or promised a benefit from the contemplated new arrangements which would divide the big interests into two combattant groups, one headed by the Famous Players-Lasky combination and the other led by the Selznick-Goldwyn interests. Several newspapers have published sensational stories of the proposed amalgamations and there seems to be plenty of prospects for the "simmering down" process, but if this is a tendency towards the formation of iron-clad trusts which will choke off all other competition, it is likely to cease being anything like a prospect, because the people of the United States have had quite enough of the baneful results of combinations which rule their line of commodity oppressively by dint of their superior power. There are several men participating in the proceedings by which it is calculated to get a "corner" on motion picture affairs who are highly undesirable, excepting when they are obliged to fight with the same handicaps which beset the others. Indeed, we knew several film magnates who would become serious menaces to the industry if they were clothed with the authority to dictate, and if they were left immune to the recurrence of appeal or repeal. One of the effects of such a combination as is proposed would be to further increase the salaries of stars and to advance the price of pictures to exhibitors, who, in turn, would be obliged to advance the admission prices to their theaters, and thus ultimately the photoplay fans would be the ones to pay the price, and apparently, all because a handful of "big men" want more profits to accrue from their investments. It would all be very well if the producers can prove they are entitled to a wider margin or if they could prove that they actually lose money or do not earn any under the present conditions. However, it is doubtful whether or not they could establish any such status quo. There is no intense bitter antagonism existing between these two leading combinations, and possibly even before this article gets before the public a reconciliation may be effected between them, and then there would be little to prevent their coalition into one affiliation under which they could rule or ruin, it all being dependent on how much foresight and integrity the chiefs may possess. As striking evidence of the tremendous powers of movie producers and the firm hold it has on the public, it can be positively declared that even a hurtful combining of interests would not seriously detract from the interest taken in the screen and business would not diminish, although it is definitely unfair for the patrons to have to pay ex cessively for this wonderfully democratic entertainment.

It has long since become a frequent occurrence to transform good stage plays into much better photoplays. This achievement is attained once more in the case of "The Dummy," the dramatic success, which has emerged now as a veritable screen success. Jack Pickford, in the title role, surpasses all of his previous efforts, if it being the first time he has appeared as a star in his own right. Up until now he has co-starred with Louise Huff, but he proves he can shoulder the whole responsibility faultlessly. In "The Dummy," the unusually interesting adventures of a bright, resourceful, and vicious young messenger boy form the basis of the story. He pretends to be deaf and dumb in order to outwit a gang of kidnappers, who have stolen the daughter of a very wealthy family. The kidnapers are either sittingly or scientifically than a "dummy" in the silent drama and the removal of this at this point of the play is a happy one indeed. There is genuine entertainment in "The Dummy" and it has been pictured with a deft hand.

NORMA TALMIDGE has a better starring vehicle in Wilson Mizner's "The Law of Compensation," her latest release, than she had in "Dorothy," which, in spite of a considerable success, seemed to lack a number of qualities essential to a complete victory. In the first place, the title, Pan thea, is not tell-tale enough. Nowadays photoplay fans show an inclination to prefer features which have titles giving some idea of the nature of the story, and it has been observed that films with baffling names often fail to attract the crowds expected. Besides unfolding a thoroughly engrossing story, "The Law of Compensation" has the advantage of exquisite scenic investiture, the major portion of the exterior scenes photographed in Florida being superb to a superlative degree. Miss Talmadge displays an admirable sense of dramatic proportions in the masterly manner in which she builds up her new characterization.

SPECTACULAR, impressive, and with plenty of the exalted spiritual, "Joan the Woman" is the Jesse L. Lasky wonder which photoplay exposes to the comprehensive faculties of all humanity the quivering heart of womankind as it has existed through all the vicissitudes of the ages, and as it is centered by the Maid of Orleans. According to actual history, Geraldine Farrar in the title role of this cinema masterpiece seems to be the very reincarnation of that same brave, self-sacrificing maid of yore so completely this truly celebrated screen star succeeded in utterly losing herself in the part she portrays. "Joan the Woman" deserves what it will unquestionably get—a place in the permanent gallery of notable motion picture achievements. It is indeed, epic in scope and provides a veritable mile-stone by which posterity shall know a sharp turning to the upward in this remarkably flexible art. Aside from the compelling interest the work contains, it is educational to the far-reaching drama and it rests so squarely on its foundation of historical fact that it is certain to wield a wide influence in increasing the respect of mortal man for feminine power. Not only does the play endure Joan of Arc to all Americans, but it arouses that portion of the inborn Ameri-
canism which encourages a united effort to facilitate the task of unenterfiling the gentler sex so long in the bondage of prejudice. But it has been one of the photoplay spectacle, there comes an uncontrollable desire to see woman win her fight for suffrage. The masterly manner in which Cecil B. DeMille has staged the piece makes it in the tableau, thrilling and astounding, and, above all, the whole film is an eloquent demonstration of the unlimited latitude for evolving incomparably fine entertainment through the agency of the common-place animation. Thanks to the faultless artistry of Miss Farrar and her supporting cast, the story as unfolded on the screen is so admirable, so sympathetic and the life of the Maid of Orleans is visualized with such fidelity that it seems like something more than a mere picture. It is more edifying than you could have thought pictures could be. A mighty theme is the story of this peasant girl's awakening, her simple faith and the act of arousing the imagination of a nation. Joan's extraordinary career is traced from her unsophisticated dream days in the little town of Domremy to her final martyrdom by being burned to death by the men she loved, but who did not understand her. Adorably Jeanie MacPherson, who wrote the scenario, shows the brooding Joan, the coming of the spiritual call to deliver her country, her appearance at the shabby makeshift court of the representative of France, her electrical appeal to his couriers and the march of the newly organized army, led by the girl in white armor, upon the British forces who were besieging the city of Orleans. The narrative moves swiftly forward from the crowning of Charles VII at Rheims to the ultimate capture of Joan and her cruel persecution by Bishop Pierre Cauchon and her death as a heretic, forsaken in her hour of need by the king who was indebted immeasurably to her. The most human note sounded in the whole amazing story is Joan's act of suppressing her own ardent love for an English captain in order that she might dedicate her life in its entirety to her country. The picture's characterization of Joan is superb in every detail. She draws fine lines of histronic technique seldom seen in photoplays or on the speaking stage. Conclusively, "Joan the Woman," constitutes one of the most triumphant strides forward ever taken by the cinema art, and it will undoubtedly endure even after the advent of picture spectacles which surpass it decidedly. It will surely be witnessed by the majority of all the populace of this great country ere its popularity begins to wane.

EXCLUSIVELY typical of the American business world is "the grand rush," and this custom of doing big things with dizzy celerity was never given a more surprising demonstration than when Louis Mercanton, the director of the war picture, "Mothers of France," gave up in despair in New York recently after coming all the way from Players-Lasky in Los Angeles, said that some of the American managers tended to admonish him to avoid haste," Mr. Mercanton said. "I have not encountered this whirlwind sort of thing on our side of the water, and in the making of so much rush one part of the American managers tended to admonish me to avoid haste." The competition was so very far beyond anything I had anticipated (that it got me confused, and I am going back to my headquarters to see if I may be somewhere the right side of town). To understand what we consider common-place business system impresses the foreigner as most extraordinary "Mothers of France," by the way, is epochal in several particulars. In the first place, it is a film in the world's most wonderful actress, is its star. In the second place, it was written by Mr. Jean Richépin, poet, dramatist and member of the French Academy. And finally, it is brought about by arrangement with and assistance of the French government, which retains ownership of the film and becomes a partner in the enterprise of promoting it, unifying the intensely national spirit which is at the bottom of the French pictures. This photoplay will be a part of the official record of the present European war, and will be preserved through the generations. The authorities in France, both civil and military, and even the Emperor, is interested. he carries to the world a genuine representation of France as it is, and not merely Paris with which most persons are familiar.

THE day is probably not far distant when many American photoplay producers will establish studios and companies in Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. The Antipodes are climatically and scenically superior to our own beloved California and Florida in many ways. Every conceivable form of natural phenomena and foliage is to be found there, and it is a paradise refreshingly different. As the song publishers turned to Hawaii for new ideas in melodies and lyrics, so perhaps the filmmakers may have to turn to the Antipodes of the South Sea for a change of scenery and all it inspires. Thus far it has been impossible for American magnates to extend their activities to this field, due to the fact that the cost of labor involved is tremendous. Big budgets which would be prohibitive. However, there is a prospect of this obstacle being overcome and the opening wedge has come in the form of the acquisition of a controlling interest in the Auscula Pictures Film Corp., by the famous Players-Lasky interests through the astute negotiations of Alec Lorimor, their special foreign representative. On the face of it, there is indication of the growing tendency of American film producers to exploit their sphere of endeavor to the extent of becoming a world power in the motion picture business, and in this connection it is to be hoped the vast field offered in various South American countries will not be overlooked. It is a splendid opportunity for the film kings of Uncle Sam's domain to demonstrate that they possess more business acumen and more ability to wield international influence than most of the captains of other industries have in the past. The attitude of the nation as evidenced by men in many commercial lines of this country in the matter of competing with Europeans in especially Brazil, Argentina, Peru and Colombia, has been a glaring discredit to our ingenuity and enterprise. There is no doubt a lucrative film business awaiting the first wise tack in South America, and, moreover, there is no reason why the majority of pictures of the future exhibited in the United States shall be the trade-mark, "Made in the U. S. A." or, if made there by American managers, "American-Made.'

ONE of the greatest of all American actors is Theodore Roberts. No one acted with fairness and capable of analytical dissection of the dramatic art can gainsay this conscientiously. The enigmatic part of it in his acting and censorship of his art is his great ability. He can, however, be occupied in other hands. It is in his capacity as a public man that he has assumed his sternness. The story revolves around his characterization of an old country lawyer who is sent as consul to a small town in Mexico by a gang of designing politicians, because they think he can be used to further their own nefarious ends. But he rebels against their machinations with righteous indignation over their presumption that he is amenable to dishonesty. He mounts high in the realm of ideas when he is refused to sign his government's rights away, even when he and his daughter are threatened with death by the rebels in power. United States troops arrive in time to save the faithful, old watchdog. As usual, the Roberts’ later, the same story, is a big theme and is acting in this lovable character. He is a big, small-town lawyer of unimpeachable probity with a dogged determination to preserve his sincere fealty to his beloved country. Theodore Roberts lives every character he portrays, and he does it so infallibly that he commands credit for being a true genius. The theme of "The American Consul" is timely, and the play can claim Pancho Villa and others of his stripe as its best press agents.

JUST at this hour when so-called "bone-dry" prohibition legislation is driving the liquor interests to desperate straits, "Out of the Wreck," in which Kenneth Williams is featured, comes as an opportune thunderbolt inasmuch as the story presented by this photoplay is a most vivid indictment against the intoxicant evil. There is one scene in the picture in which a man is transformed into a snarling leopard to convey the impression of the rising of the animal instinct. The story has to do with a young girl who is forced, through the death of her parents by tuberculosis, to earn her own living and this leads to her marry...
ing a man only to learn from him, when he is bribed by drink, that he already has a wife living. To save her own life this unfortunate girl is forced to shoot the man. She is acquitted at the subsequent trial and eventually becomes a mission worker. Finally, she goes out to politics, in which she proves so capable that she is elected to the US Senate. The story is told in a way that is not only interesting but has a moral lesson for all who read or see it. It is an example of the general trend to remember the likes and dislikes of the juvenile mind in constructing photoplays.

The story is of a little girl who by a ruse secures a position as a secretary for a young attorney. In the course of events cleverly developed, she changes identities with a rich girl of her age and resembles her in appearance, so that her mother can get her away from her father from whom she is separated.

Another feature with an appeal similar to "Polly Redhead" is "The Girl Boy," in which a charming little girl is so bent on being her father's son that she insists on dressing in boy's clothes. By thus being a tomboy she is later given excuse for saving her lover's fortune by making a dangerous ride over a mountain. Her winning of "the race in the big chance" pleases. Of course this story is not constructed very expertly, nor is it as good as "Polly Redhead," but it is a foregone conclusion that young America will be elated with this rather unusual boy-girl as adroitly portrayed by Violet Mersereau.

Even after having an international vogue as a book of the "best-seller" variety and then a prolonged run as a Broadway theatrical hit, a truly good story can command further tremendous attention as a photoplay as is demonstrated in the case of "The Barrier," the famous Rex Beach fiction classic. The huge popularity of the picturized version seems to prove there are many thousands of people who would probably enjoy the story if it were not shown on the screen. Explicitly, no literary masterpiece can become universally familiar without the aid of moving pictures. There are too many photoplay fans who never did nor never will read books to any great extent. There are undoubtedly just as many others who never could nor never would afford to pay the admission price of the so-called legitimate, first-class theater. "The Barrier" will expand its vogue at least two-fold as a result of it being filmed. The impetus given to the circulation of literature by the cinema art is obviously unlimited, and it all provides a range of development which impresses profoundly in the contemplation. Nowadays if you want a story placed before practically the whole public, you have to do more than publish it or to present it as a spoken play. You have to film it.

Silas E. Snyder, the able, affable and keenly observing director of publicity for Hal Roach's film-makers of Balboa, has just completed a trans-continental tour, and after visiting all the principal cities he announced that the outstanding tendency in the motion picture business is to build finer and more suitable theaters for the advantageous presentation of the programs. The erstwhile "store room" picture houses are disappearing and now theaters "made to order" for photoplays are being built. As the old order changed all actor portrayal. Like many other stage-hits, "Broadway Jones" is immeasurably benefited in the adaptation of the screen, and the story with its wealth of chewing-gum lore is intensely interesting throughout. Marguerite Snow as the girl-in-chief who romance is centered, is a perfect Jones. As her adoring and pursuing the attractions to the principal role, she gives a character that is the equal of any stage play fan. It is the occasion of the advent of a new screen star of the first magnitude.

If you want to see the big reason why Mary Pickford is practically supreme among the feminine stars of the photoplay, don't miss her incomparable characterization of the title role in "A Poor Little Rich Girl," her latest Artcraft release. Caster than ever, displaying her admirations-compelling tresses to a better advantage than ever and more delectably winsome than ever, she is the lively personification of a beautiful flower. She is pretty in her own individual way among the cradle cradle of this is the best part she ever created before the camera. Becoming a peradventure of a doubt, "A Poor Little Rich Girl" is better than "Hearts Adrift," "Tess of the Storm Country," "Poor Little Pippa," "Emeralds," "Maddam Butterfly," "The Girl of Yesterday," "The Foundling," "Eagle's Mate," or "The Pride of the Clan." Only one of her previous efforts could approach this latest triumph of her art, and that was "Rags," while in many ways "Hulda From Holland" contained superior qualities. "The Eternal Grind" was below the Pickford standard, and it will always be regretted that she ever produced "Less Than Dust" all Little Mary has been uniformly great from the inception of her brilliant career as a moving picture star, but if she continues to eclipse her former notable achievements as she does in "A Poor Little Rich Girl" the future is too imbued with past to win recognition in the super-superlative. She spreads cheers in generous quantities in her new character, and she is sure to be the recipient of augmented praises for the wonderful impetus she gives to the popularity of the art of which she is a charming mistress.

William Fox has two especially interesting features now current. One is "A Tale of Two Cities," a really superb screen adaptation of Charles Dickens's well-known novel. William Farnum in the double role of the soft-spoken aristocratic Charles Darnay, the Honorable John Made in the hard-boiled part of the English barrister, Sidney Carton, is the star, and it may be said that his acting is masterly. In fact, in many ways, this Bill of the Farnums is at his very best. One of the outstanding features of this production is the several magnificently enormous settings, the chief of which is the great basililc. In the second noteworthy Fox film, "Wanted. In the Wild," Jean O'Sullivan, the popular dancer, makes her photoplay debut, playing the role of a gypsy lover in the wilderness. The title of Miss Sawyer's starring vehicle is "Love's Law," in which she plays the part of a girl who forsakes a career certain to bring her wealth and fame to join her gypsy lover in the wilderness. (Continued on page 52)
ROLAND BOTTOMLEY

FLORENCE LA BADIE

ELEANOR CROWE

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

A MIXED QUARTET OF POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS
EDITORIAL

ABYSMAL ABSOLUTISM ABSCONDS

Whoever said there would be no end to absolutism in this world of ours certainly must have reckoned without due consideration of the American public. What has happened to a certain small group of av¬
racious men, who sought to get a corner on the motion picture industry of this country, is indisputable proof that monopoly after all is a rank, cowardly abonder in this realm where the love for fair play predominates. Although you and you may be unaware of the fact, there have been truly desperate efforts made by several men to combine their film manufacturing interests so as to practically control the entire field and to defy would-be competitors. Fortunately, for the greatest entertainment art which has ever been de¬
vised, they have failed dismally. Today the track is open to any and all entries, and the race is as square as a die. It was, of course, inevitable that there should be attempts to corral the bulk of the fabulous profits accru¬
ing from an industry so gigantic, but it was just as inevitable that no success could come to persons so unscrupulous as to essay making the popularity of it a matter for purely personal gain without care for the common weal. There is ample room for the photo¬
play-going public to rejoice over the situa¬
tion which exists now, because the inability of cliques to foster trusts means the unflagging energy born of honest, legitimate compe¬
tition will keep the screen constantly in the ascendency with ever-improving diversion as the upshot. And, after all is said and done, the one thing which is cardinal with the photoplay fans is to get their money’s worth. Of this they may be safely assured hence¬
forth, for absolutism is beyond the range of possibility.

BENEVOLENT BETTERMENT BESTOWED

There is no excuse for the kind of a motion pic¬
ture which offends public decency, and there are few producers who would even consider making such a picture even though it did bid fair to return a tempting pecuniary gain. The tendency in the photo¬
play industry today is towards better and cleaner pictures. There is no doubt of it and the public should give those responsible for this laudable trend all due credit. The de¬
mand is for pictures which can be discussed in the home with impunity and which entei¬
tain wholesomely every day in the week, in¬
cluding Sunday. There is no plausible reason why people should be prevented from seeing pictures of real merit on the Sabbath as well as any other day. If a picture is decent enough to be permitted on a week day, it is just as germane for the day of worship, and there is certainly no justice in depriving the many thousands of people who can turn from their work only on this one day of rest. The captains of the screen industry are doing their share in improving conditions by offer¬
ing better and more immaculate plays, and now it is up to all of us to reward this bestowal of regard for the general good by giving fair consideration to the subject of Sunday pictures.

CAPTIVATING CAPRICIOUS CHILDREN

The proposition of producing photoplays which children can enjoy is worthy of universal en¬
couragement and support because the right kind of material taken from juvenile books and transformed into ani¬
mated pictures possesses a cogency sure to wield a wide educational influence. There are two kinds of pictures the kiddies prefer. One is the clean, wholesome slap-stick comedy, and the other is the kind of a story in which the children and animals play the important parts. The very capriciousness of the child mind rebels against anything sad, and therefore their pictures must be replete with fun. Children should not be taken to see sordid photoplays, because the unhappiness enacted on the screen has an extremely bad effect on the delicate nervous system of the immature. Neither is it wise to take the young folks to see features in which complicated problems are involved, because their inability to com¬
prehend it all worries them excessively. In view of the fact that there are few of the regular releases which prove to be good entertain¬
ment for youth, it is befitting to urge upon the producers an augmented activity in the work of having photoplays written and produced especially for children. A proper supply of this sort of film, if it is permeated with helpful object lessons and exalted teach¬
ings, will prove a notable aid to humanity, inasmuch as it will contribute immeasurably to the cultivation of the juvenile mind while it captivates.

DIVERSION DEThRONES DESPONDENCY

Never before has the public had such incentive to loyally support photo¬
play theatres as now when the achievements in the art are so noticeably greater. Entertain¬
ment never meant more or never bestowed more genuine benefits than it does today and it makes no difference what trage¬
dies have blighted one’s hopes or what dis¬
appointments have engendered a bitter feel¬
ing towards the world, there is a propitious present in which to gain more mitigation “at the movies” than was ever attainable previously. You can have invigorating relief from any memory which harks back only to discourage by becoming addicted to the habit of seeing all the best of the plays of the hour. Despondency can’t flourish in diversion.
NANCY CROYDEN, the young and beautiful daughter of Sir Jeffery Croyden, a wealthy English baronet, had been visiting friends in Paris; and, during her stay there she became acquainted with Ora Tourette, a young French widow. Charmed and somewhat flattered by the attentions of the older woman, Nancy took Ora as her honored guest to Croyden Hall, her parental home in England.

Shortly after their arrival at Croyden Hall, Sir Bevis Neville, who was deeply in love with Nancy, called to see her, and he was shocked to find Ora there. He had had an "affair" with the latter and his experiences had been such as to cause him to command her to leave forthwith.

"But perhaps I can do something for you by remaining here," the fascinating French woman suggested.

"Pray tell me what?" Neville asked.

"In the first place, I will forget you once loved me, and in the second place I will promise to do all in my power to advance your suit with Nancy," she whispered as she smiled confidently.

This inspired Neville with an idea. He needed someone to help him win Nancy, for somehow she was not at all easy to impress. In fact, she was often quite elusive and simply could not be induced to seriously consider marriage.

"Very well then," Neville consented after a long pause. "If you really prove your desire to be of assistance to me, I will not interfere with you."

It so happened that Terence Flynn, a handsome, young Irishman, had been engaged by Sir Jeffery to accompany Nancy on her daily rides. Nancy, finding herself growing fond of him, timidly confided to Ora the strange, irresistible fascination the young man had for her.

"Ah, but worry not, my dear—love levels all ranks," the quick-witted Ora assured the girl promptly conceiving the idea of availing herself of this opportunity to disgrace Nancy in the eyes of Neville.

"Then you don't hold it against me to love one beneath my social standing?" Nancy asked in surprise.

"Certainly I don't and no fair-minded person should," the designing Ora replied.

It did not require much time for Flynn to become aware of the unusual interest his young mistress was taking in him, and he dared to dream golden dreams. Indeed, he realized he had fostered a very strong love for the girl despite her higher caste.

Upon entering his humble room over the Croyden stables one day, he found a note and a costume of Mephistophiles. The author of the note, signing herself "a friend," invited him to attend the Hallowe'en party at the hall, promising if he be brave as well as handsome that Nancy would not look coldly upon him. Flynn, after much pondering, decided to accept the invitation.

A merry dance was in progress when Flynn arrived at Croyden Hall on Hallowe'en. He was in full costume, and was cleverly disguised. He had scarcely gotten into the place when a masked woman beckoned to him for a dance. Flynn went to her quite controlled by curiosity and anticipation.

"Ask your mistress to show you the haunted chamber in the tower—then be brave," the woman whispered to him as he danced with her.

Flynn was amazed at this instruction. It was extraordinary. He calculated it might all lead to an adventure which would be memorable. However, he was brave at heart and could never resist daring to do most anything.

Nancy, returning from the music room, after a scene with Sir Bevis in which she had rejected him, hastened to Ora just as the latter was finishing her dance with Flynn. After a moment Ora skillfully withdrew, leaving Nancy with Flynn.

Shortly afterwards Ora encountered Sir Bevis, who inquired for Nancy.

"If it were not so preposterous, I would say that she is dancing with her groom," Ora whispered in his ear as she pointed out the gaily dressed girl over whom Flynn was bending lovingly. Sir Bevis stationed himself at a safe distance and watched the couple with envious apparent in his every facial expression.

"Won't you please show me the haunted chamber?" Flynn asked Nancy presently.

"Sure, with pleasure," she replied laughingly, and the two slipped out of the ballroom and toward the stairway.

Sir Bevis, watching, followed, and a little later he found the couple in the haunted chamber locked in each other's arms. Wild with rage he drew his sword. Flynn did likewise, with moment's delay, and a deadly combat followed in short order with the sword-trick employed Nancy chocking in a corner, as the witness. Beaten down by the stronger man, Sir Bevis fell, and the victor carried Nancy laid feather while he run away with him. Frightened, yet fascinated by the handsome conqueror, she consented.

The unwary Nancy lost no time in telling Ora of the whole affair, and of her decision to elope with the man she truly loved. Delighted with this turn of events, the plotting French woman took charge of the flight for the young couple and while the merry party was still under way, she assisted Flynn and Nancy to depart through a side entrance. Ora had taken the precaution to furnish Flynn with money to buy steamer tickets after adroitly suggesting that he take his bride to America.

The very next day Flynn was wedded to the now half-repentant girl, and almost before she realized the gravity of her step, she found herself aboard a ship bound for New York. Once settled on the vessel, Flynn returned to his first love—liquor—and when the frightened Nancy besought him to stop drinking, he assumed a most insulting attitude.

"It's a special occasion, my dear," he told her. "Isn't every groom that marries a nobleman's daughter." A

An almost hideous laugh following this brazen remark made Nancy shudder. She felt convinced now that she was destined to undergo some most trying experiences as a punishment for her folly.

In the meantime Sir Bevis Neville had recovered from his wound and upon making a personal investigation of the case in which he had fared so badly, he found in Flynn's room over the Croyden stables the note inviting him to the Hallowe'en party, and he at once recognized the handwriting as that of Ora Tourette. This enraged him, and he promptly sought her out and denounced her roundly after she frankly admitted having written the note.

"Never fear, sir, I shall make you pay more dearly yet for throwing me over," she boldly told him after listening impatiently and sneeringly to his excoriation.

She immediately quit Croyden Hall and took up her abode in the heart of London, bent on pursuing her set course of persecution out of a spirit of revenge.

It was just one year later that Flynn, while sitting in an East Side bar-room in New York boasting of past days, received
word of Nancy’s death a few minutes after the birth of a baby girl. Upon arriving home he found the infant in charge of two kind neighbors, who informed him that his wife had named the baby Susan almost with her last breath. As worthless and as heartless as Flynn was he could not restrain his emotions. He was genuinely grief-stricken for the nonce. He was simultaneously sorry for and proud of his daughter, but the loss to which the Grim Reaper had subjected him nor the worry of a baby’s future did not bother him long, because he did not abstain from his abominable drinking more than a few hours.

Years passed slowly and Susan, granddaughter of Sir Jeffery Croyden, had grown to be a valiant and beautiful girl, trying bravely to keep a home together with the meagre earnings of a drunken father. She was starting life under serious handicaps.

About this time Ora Tourette, still bewitchingly beautiful and well preserved, met and charmed Tom Neville, nephew of Sir Bevis, in London. Tom visited the fair charmer in her rooms often, and was enticed into gambling with her confidante, “Dick” Carrington, a card sharp. While losing heavily one night, Tom caught Carrington cheating, and he accused him without hesitation. A quarrel ensued. Carrington drew a gun, but Tom knocked it out of his hand. The weapon flew towards Ora, who picked it up and accidentally pulled the trigger. The stray bullet hit Carrington and he fell to the floor. When the excited maid rushed in, Ora accused Tom of killing him. Carrington tried to tell the truth, but died uttering the one word, “Neville.”

Tom, a few hours later, confided in Sir Bevis, and at the latter’s suggestion he fled to America. The young fugitive had not been in New York long when he chanced to meet Susan, and he engaged a room at the Flynn flat. Susan, charmed by his likeable personality and his natural probity, promptly fell in love with him, and as the days passed Tom found himself growing very fond of the little girl.

While the love of this hopeful couple was ripening, Drummond, a Scotland Yard man, succeeded in tracing Tom to New York, and through Flynn, who had taken a venomous dislike to the young man as a result of a bitter quarrel with him, the detective was placed on the trail which promised speedy success. Tom, who had invited Susan to be his guest for a day in the country, was waiting for her to don her “best clothes” when Drummond walked into the place and arrested him on the charge of murder.

Tom was amazed by this sudden turn of events. It was thoroughly unexpected, and when Drummond started to handcuff him, he fell to begging earnestly.

“There is a little girl in the next room who must not know of this,” he said.

“What’s she got to do with it?” the officer demanded in surly tone of voice.

“Nothing, only wait and I will go without the manacles,” Tom urged, whereupon Drummond quickly replaced his handcuffs in his pocket.

Susan had not heard much the men said, but she knew someone strange was present, and she rushed into the room exceedingly curious.

“What is it?” she asked Tom anxiously as she entered.

“It is nothing to worry about, Susan,” Tom explained reassuringly. “This man has just notified me of certain important business matters which demand my attention in England.”

“And you must go away and leave me?” she asked as tears welled up in her big blue eyes.

“Yes, for a while, but it won’t be long until I shall return to you,” he said.

“And must you go now—at once?” she then asked.

“Yes, without a moment’s delay, for it is very important,” the considerate Tom replied.

Fortwith the brave-hearted Susan, forcing a smile, took a pair of scissors from the table, and cutting a curl from her hair, gave it to Tom, who tenderly placed it in his wallet. Then he bade her good-bye and left with Drummond. Broken-hearted Susan sought consolation in playing with her pet dog, “Pony,” confiding to the extent of declaring “there ain’t no chance in this world—it’s all bluff.”

Upon being tried for murder in England, Tom was sentenced to twenty years in prison. The incontrovertible testimony of Ora and her maid spelled ruin to the unfortunate victim of circumstances.

Some time later Sir Jeffery Croyden received a letter from Flynn, written while
the latter was dying. The letter contained a picture of Susan and the request that Sir Jeffery befriend her inasmuch as she was his in-laws' daughter. Sir Jeffery sent Mr. and Mrs. Thompson to America to get Susan at once. They found the girl eager to accompany them, but she refused pointblank to leave "Polly" behind, and so the dog was included in the party.

As Susan approached Croyden Hall with the Thompsons, she discovered Tom working with a gang of convicts near the roadway. Leaping from the automobile she ran to him, and that he was serving a twenty-year sentence. Throwing ethics to the winds, she clung tenaciously to him until she was dragged away by Thompson and a guard, and thus Tom once more saw the little girl he loved so intensely go out of his life.

Sir Jeffery welcomed Susan with open arms, and there was plenty of reciprocity on the girl's part when he showered tender-ness upon her. The bond of endearment exis-
ted between them from the beginning.

A few days later Sir Bevis had an interview with Sir Jeffery regarding Ora Tour-
tette. Sir Bevis had pleaded with Ora to tell the truth and save Tom, but the heart-
less Frenchwoman had flatly refused, and Sir Bevis was heartbroken. Susan entered the room in time to hear the story, and she astonished the two men with an idea which she had some difficulty in explaining.

"In the world again when the murderer sees Lady Gwendolin's ghost he blows de whole works, and if dis dame wid de funny name knew me mother and got a peek at me, she'd do de same ting," she finally blurted out.

Sir Jeffery decided the girl's scheme was worth a trial, and by strategy he induced Ora to visit him at Croyden Hall. While Ora was talking to Sir Jeffery and telling him of her grief over Nancy's death, she suddenly espied what she believed to be Nancy's ghost standing in a shaft of moon-
light and pointing at her. Terrified she clung to Sir Jeffery, who tried to tell her there was no one there. Convinced that Nancy had returned in spirit form to tor-
ment her, Ora broke down and confessed all. Drummond and Sir Bevis, who had been watching and listening behind the por-
tieres of this moment, and Drum-
mond led the hysterical woman away as his prisoner. Susan's plan had worked out ad-
mirably, and she had done her part well by taking on ghost-like mannerisms and pos-
ing in the moonlight.

It all led to Tom's early release from prison, and he went directly to Croyden Hall. Susan received him happily, and she was immeasurably pleased when he showed her the cuff she had given him in New York.

"This has been my one treasure through all these terrible times," he told her. "And now, my darling, I am going away again, but this time to build up a future for you."

"No," she dissented stubbornly. "I've had partings enough. I want to be with my cuff."

Sir Jeffery and Sir Bevis, peeping behind the portieres, were highly elated over what they saw and heard.

"My precious darling," Tom murmured as he embraced Susan.

"My gentleman," she murmured back joyously.

From the Bluebird Photoplay by Kate Jordan, through special arrangement with the Bluebird Company, starring Violet Mererson.
A Motion Picture Giant Tells About Other Famous Mammoth Men

By FRANK SNOW

JAMES GROVER TARVER. That's the name of the newest William Fox photoplayer—one who literally towers above everyone else in the motion picture profession, and above nearly everyone in the entire United States.

Mr. Tarver is short in name, but long in person. He's just 7 feet 5 inches tall, from tip to toe, and his weight is perilously close to four hundred pounds.

Mr. Tarver's towering stature is so well balanced that he never seems to be quite the giant that he really is. He has a magnificent physique, and has never been ill a day in his life.

Mr. Tarver was born in Franklin, Texas, thirty odd years ago, and has been with the foremost circuses almost since he was able to walk. He is well-known throughout the country.

Although Mr. Tarver admits he is blessed with a height fairly adequate, he asserts he is nearly a full foot shorter than an Irish giant named O'Brien, who lived in Northampton.

He enjoyed a pipe, says Mr. Tarver, and as much as he was 8 feet 3½ inches, the lamps of the town gave him splendid opportunities for lighting it.

"He always stopped before the door of a grocer in Bridge Street, withdrew the cap of the lamp, whirled his tobacco into flame, and then walked on as though nothing out of the ordinary had taken place."

"On one occasion he kissed a young lady who was leaning out of the upper window of a house to look at him as he walked along the street. Another time, the huge carriage in which he was traveling was stopped by a highwayman."

This is how much bigger Giant Tarver is in reality

"O'Brien put out his head and as much of his body as possible, to see what was the matter. The robber became so terrified-stricken that he fell unconscious."

As a boy, Mr. Tarver was introduced to Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, the famous Kentucky giant, whose stature was 7 feet 11½ inches, and who weighed four hundred and ninety-six pounds.

"And the glad news throughout the land. Everyone the declaration is received with enthusiastic applause. Here we have the majesty of George III and cast it into bullets. Close-up of Washington receiving the news with joy. (Cut-in:)"

"This declaration shall be read at the head of each brigade. Next we see naval stuff—General Howe sailing to Halifax, then returning to Sandy Hook and landing 9,000 men on Staten Island. Here we have a close-up of Howe eating pudding and waiting for a fitter day for an assault on the trenches lack of Brooklyn.

"It was all fine movie business. Just think of the real ice in Delaware river when Washington crossed it. Then comes the final "fadeout" of Great Britain from America. All honor to Washington, 'the Father of his country' and 'the Father of the motion picture idea.'"
A Wonderful Day With Captivating Peggy
By ADELE W. FLETCHER

TRY to imagine, if you will, my surprise when preparing to spend the day with captivating Peggy Hyland of the Vitagraph Company, I learned that in order to journey to the studios with her in her motor I would have to be ready at eight forty-five. Needless to say I was waiting when her limousine drew up before the door, and in another minute we were speeding along the streets, bound for the Vitagraph studios in Flatbush. Occupying the folding seat in the machine and contentedly looking out of the window was Jackpots. Jackpots, I’ll have you understand, is a most favored animal. He is the little star’s loyal comrade, and Miss Hyland thinks the world and all of him. “We travelled to stardom together,” she explained, “for Jackpots was with me when I was a chorus girl in London, working for George Edwards at a salary of two pounds a week.”

After about a half hour we arrived at the studios, and as the chauffeur honked his horn when entering the automobile entrance, a large shaggy brown dog seemed to spring from nowhere and followed the machine to the steps where we alighted.

“Hello, Bob, old fellow,” exclaimed Miss Hyland delightedly. “Did you come to meet your old friend even though your poor foot was sore. All right, you shall have your reward.” And in another moment she opened the door of her dressing-room and Bob and Jackpots bounded in, almost knocking her off her feet.

Dropping her manuscript, large motor coat, bag and gloves on the lounge and saying to me, “Now just make yourself comfortable while I attend to these impatient animals,” she went to a locker and taking out a box of dog biscuits she knelt upon the floor, not even waiting to take off her hat and suit-coat.

“This is a daily occurrence,” she said, her eyes sparkling with delight. “And I think I enjoy it nearly as much as they do. Dogs are a wonderful anyway, don’t you think so?”

Of course I did! I couldn’t help thinking so if Peggy did, for she had entirely captivated me from the moment she clasped my hand in her’s in a cheery “Good morning” an hour before in her motor.

A call-boy appeared with the announcement that the director wished Miss Hyland to make up and wait in her dressing-room, for he expected to use her any moment.

Taking off her suit she donned a dainty orchid crepe de chine negligee and proceeded to put on her make-up before the white dressing table. As she explained while she worked, no matter how often you apply cosmetics, you can always improve some line or tint. In fact, it appears a study which she quite enjoys. But then, as I learned before the day ended, this little star truly loves every phase of her life before the camera, and is never happier than when she is working out a characterization.

When the office boy came in with her daily mail, she excused herself while she opened the letters and glanced at their contents.

“How they go into my writing-table drawer until I answer them,” she declared. “You know I answer every letter personally, for I love the dear things the writers say, and I feel that only an answer penned by my
own hand is the proper return. Sometimes it is three weeks before I find time to write them, but they are answered nevertheless.

About eleven o'clock the call-boy again appeared with the announcement that Miss Hyland's director would like her to be ready in five minutes.

"All right, Jim," she answered. "You needn't come back for me. I'll be in the road across the street where we take the scene on time."

Running to her locker she dragged forth a trim riding habit which was upon her graceful figure in no time. And, indeed, she made a charming picture in the tight-fitting black clothes with the high boots, hat and crop in her gauntlet-gloved hand.

"You'll come over with me, won't you?" she asked. "We have only one short scene that I do in this costume."

make quite delicious things—would you believe it?"

When we finished our repast the dogs were fed, and then the matron came in to clear away the things. It was easy to see that Miss Hyland was her idol, and it was no wonder, because the little star couldn't have been more courteous had she been talking to her Queen.

It was now time for her to report in the studio for a number of scenes, so into the great glass building we went, followed by his nibs, Jackpots. The "set" was up, and a cunning little kitten was scampering about as though he enjoyed working for the movies. I later learned that this same cat was rescued from the basement of the hotel where Miss Hyland first stopped when she came to America. He was made a private pet until he proved himself an apt actor, and then he was adopted by the company. Picking him up in her arms, she talked to him tenderly, and soon he was quieted down and ready to do what they wished him to do in the picture.

(Continued on page 55)
The Life of a Photoplayer—Three Parts Smile, Two Parts Work, and One Part Rest

By CECILE SWEENEY

OU have often heard that the life of a photoplayer is strenuous in the extreme. This term, when applied to the profession generally, is a slight exaggeration. It is true the people who portray screen characters oftentimes are kept very busy doing their share to entertain the populace, but there are few of them who do not have ample time for recreation, and they cannot be blamed for availling themselves of all such opportunities.

The case of Agnes Vernon, the young leading lady who has been playing some of the most important roles in Bluebird and Universal productions of late, is a good example of just how the average photoplayer's time is divided. Two-sixths of this young star's time is devoted to work, one-sixth of this being in the studio and the other one-sixth being in her own home where she joyously does most of her own housework. In this regard it might be divulged that she considers the studio and her kitchen as her two paradises on earth. Just as she is an enthusiastic and successful actress, she is equally as enthusiastic and successful a cook.

Three-sixths or one-half of her time is devoted to smiling, but, of course, as one of the accompanying pictures will show, a part of this smiling remains with her as she works in her garden. The other one-sixth of her time is given up to sleeping. Summarizing it all, it is to be noted that there is just about the proper proportion of everything in her everyday existence. And this may be said of her thousands of associates in the photoplay art.

In a big city like Universal City, where hundreds of men, women and children are employed daily in the making of moving pictures, an actress must be either beautiful, talented, fearless, wear magnificent creations, "screen well," be possessed of an amiable disposition, ride wonderfully, or must possess any one of a hundred accomplishments which attract the attention not only of the average movie fan, but of the hardened critics and heads of the film world. Such a little girl is beautiful Agnes Vernon.

When Carl Laemmle, president of the Big U organization, conceived the idea that Hobart Henley with his fine stage presence and talents, would do even greater and bigger things in the west, he had also in mind a little leading lady who would be an ideal partner for the handsome Hobart.

After some deliberation it was finally decided by the Universal heads that Miss Vernon would, in the future, play opposite Mr. Henley, and there is no happier child than pretty Agnes in Universal City.

This golden-haired, blue-eyed little girl was born in Oregon, December 27, 1896, making her just nineteen years old. She was educated in a private school, after which she and her mother moved to California. Agnes always had a hankering for the stage, but her prim mother would not hear of it. However, one day a little over a year ago, mother and Agnes visited the Universal studios, then located in Hollywood, and when they saw the happy, outdoor life of the actors of the movies, consent was readily given. Miss Vernon then received her first part from Murdock MacQuarrie, and although she had had no experience whatever, she soon learned the rudiments of acting before the camera, and before long Mr. MacQuarrie gave her some leading roles to play. That she was successful is a foregone conclusion as those who have seen her work in "When It's One of Your Own," "The Fear Within," "Where Brains Are Needed" and other productions in which she has been featured during the past year.

“Of course I do not want to create the impression I am so extremely busy that I only get four hours sleep out of every twenty-four,” Miss Vernon says. “My division of the day into six parts takes into consideration only the wakeful hours. From my earliest childhood I have endeavored to keep smiling at least one-half of my time. I truly detest a somber face when there is no excuse for it. One little smile contributes more to the wholesome work of spreading cheer to our fellows than most any other potential influence I know of, and therefore I am not only an exponent of the art of smiling but I respectfully exhort all to become addicted to such pleasantness. This glorious spectacular affair we call Life is just as replete with inspiration to make merry as it is beset with woes. I consider it a strictly fifty-fifty proposition, and all a human being needs to do is to strive incessantly to dodge the dark half of it and to persist in projecting oneself into the realm where perpetual sunshine rules supremely.

“I think I am within bounds of propriety when I assert that there are too many moving picture actresses who take themselves seriously to excess, and they fail many times to smile when every incentive provided by the part they are playing requires them to smile. I think through the medium...”
of the screen is provided a most effectual means of spreading the doctrine of smiling at life's vicissitudes. Therefore it is constantly my concern to be able to look pleasant as much as possible in every role I play giving me the slightest opportunity. Moreover, outside of one's work there is unlimited chance for maintaining a cheerful countenance, and every person owes it to exalted causes of the general weal to contribute gratuitously a lion's share to the good work of betraying a sunny disposition.

"When it comes to work, I figure that one-third of one's wakeful time is enough to devote to such strenuousness, because the old saying about 'too much work makes a dull boy of Jack' is truly applicable, and its warning should be heeded."

Miss Vernon has a curious combination of ambitions. First of all, she wants to be one of the foremost of motion picture stars. Secondly, she aspires to be an expert horticulturalist and she devotes a great deal of her leisure time to the cultivation and study of flowers and of the vegetable kingdom in general. Thirdly, she is just as eager to accomplish extraordinary things in the cuisine art, and she says she will never be satisfied until she can vie creditably with the best chefs of the world. Another one of her ambitions is to tour the world in an automobile. She owns and drives her own car—always smiling. Still another one of her ambitions is to achieve fame as a champion pedestrian. She can walk ten miles at a lively pace without showing the slightest signs of fatigue, and, she has walked twenty and thirty miles at a clip just for the fun of it. Few actresses can boast such a variety of aspirations.

"Variety gives zest to life, and I am always willing and anxious to learn any new useful and wholesome pastimes," she says. "The only fun about cards, for instance, is to be able to play many different kinds of games with them. It would soon become tiresome if one played a single game continuously. I think card playing loses its fascination unless you change games frequently. The same idea holds true in the case of dancing according to my opinion. The fun in dancing is having the ability to do an extensive variety of steps. The most charming style of dancing would become boring if you kept incesantly at it to the exclusion of other styles."

As unstintably evident, Miss Vernon is a girl of the "so different" variety. She is indeed quite interesting, and it seems perfectly safe to predict a worth-while future for her in pictures, because she has the right spirit about life in general, and this after all is the indispensable quality that without obtaining the proper artistry to interpret characters in make-believe.

She is certainly making friends rapidly with the photoplay fans of this glorious America of ours, and when the great European War is terminated and the unfortunate peoples of the belligerent nations have time to regain themselves in the diversion afforded by the screen, they should be given plenty of the features in which Miss Vernon proves so delightful to help forget the monomental troubles war lords have heaped upon them with so much reckless abandon and lack of consideration.

There is one more interesting phase of Miss Vernon's life worthy of mention. This is her inclination towards practical charity. She will forsake any pastime or work to go to the aid of an unfortunate. She often gives away the most of her salary to alleviate the sufferings of the needy. She smiles most radiantly when engaged in this laudable occupation. She extends her efforts in promoting the humanity of mankind by mingling with all the aspirants for photoplay fame she can meet around the studio. Her set purpose is to seek out the deluded ones who are devoid of talent or ability and to set them right.

"It is a shame that so many misled people should continue a futile struggle in a game that holds no possibility of a win for them, and I am constantly trying to save as many of them as I can from the inevitable bitter disappointment by inducing them to forget their fallacious ideas that they can act, and to return to the work they know they can do," she says. "Occasionally you find one who renests your advice, but nine times out of ten you can convince the hopelessly deficient that they are flouting with woe."

Miss Vernon thinks there should be some sort of nation-wide association established to carry on systematically the work of disillusioning the hundreds of young men and women who persist in breaking into the movies even after they have been tried out as "extra" and found sadly wanting.

"I imagine picture producers would welcome such an institution," she says.

However, as she acknowledges, there are thousands of would-be screen favorites now in the oblivion of the "extra" ranks who would tenaciously hang on just the same. To chase rainbows is just as human as it is to err.
INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS

Gail Kane and Mary Miles Minter are organizing Red Cross clubs among the motion picture actresses on the Pacific Coast, both being imbued with the idea that while the nation prepares to hurt people of other races we should prepare for our own people who get hurt.

Harry Pollard, of the Pollard Picture Plays Company, is compiling a dictionary of words connected with motion pictures, and it is safe to predict that when he has finished the job he will have a bulky book filled to overflowing with a single word added into a dictionary. Thus has the photoplay industry contributed to the upbuilding of language.

Blanche Sweet, Vivian Martin and Mae Murray, all three stars of Paramount Pictures, possess ambitions to create new styles for smart people. They vie with each other in devising new ideas in all sorts of wearing apparel for milady, and each has had the satisfaction of seeing their creations worn on New York's select Fifth Avenue.

Tom Mix started life as a cow-puncher in Texas. Later he faced a firing squad in Central America and had a narrow escape from death. Finally he served as a United States marshal, was one of Col. Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War. Later he was a scout in the Philippines, and after that he was in the Boxer uprising in China, being wounded when Peking was captured. He fought in the Boer war, and was with the late President Madero of Mexico when he captured Juarez. Now he is a William Fox director and star. Mix has literally mixed into most everything in the form of adventure.

Sessue Hayakawa, the Lasky star, is learning to play the ukelele in an effort to "drown out" Wallace Reid, who is about the most persistent devotee to the violin in filmsland.

Sylvia Bremer, who was recently engaged to support Charles Ray, is an Australian beauty, who has already achieved an enviable success on the "legitimate" stage, her latest affiliation of this sort having been in George Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara."

Clifford Gray, Balboa's new juvenile, studied music in Berlin and Paris before going into pictures. He has set many of Eugene Field's lyrics to music.

Eugenie Besserer was once known as the champion woman fencer of the world. Since becoming a Selig star she has been working very hard to win laurels as one of the "movie champions."

James Kirkwood was trained in the art of wood carving in Grand Rapids, Michigan, before he ever dreamed of being a motion picture director or actor. He is an expert at making wooden models. Presumably, however, he has a marked aversion for "wooden heads."

House Peters, the Morasco star, has been presented with an extraordinary penknife having seventeen blades. It hails from an astonished admirer who evidently believes in giving his favorite plenty of chances to cut a wide swath.

George Walsh was famous as a football player when he was a student at Fordham College.

Maxine Elliott, the world-famous beauty, who has gone into pictures as a Goldwyn star, is writing a book containing her theatrical recollections. It will be published late in the forthcoming summer.

Annette DeFoe, Fox film comedienne, is of French parentage. Her real name is Annette Au Coin, which, translated, means "on the corner," she says.

Diplomatic relations between Bryant Washburn, Essanay star, and Mike, the watchman, have been severed temporarily. As has been his daily custom, Mr. Washburn gave Mike a cigar upon entering the studios the other morning. It was an excellent smoke, but somebody switched it on Mike for a loaded one. When Mike settled himself comfortably for a good smoke, there was an explosion which almost knocked the watchman out of his chair. Mr. Washburn has entered negotiations whereby he can be exonerated and diplomatic relations again restored.

Extra! John Wanamaker has joined the Fox film forces as an actor! Nay, nay, Pauline, 'tis not the venerable Philadelphia merchant prince, but an eleven-year-old future-great, who is blessed with an illustrious name.

An exceedingly interesting little fact known to very few is that Charlie Chaplin gives away about $1,000 per week to charity.

Ethel Barrymore, the popular Metro star, has made an exhaustive study of Gypsy lore, and she has discovered that this race of lovers of wandering first made their appearance in Europe in the early part of the fifteenth century and the same words used by them in those days are in vogue among the Gypsies of America today.

Mrs. Vernon Castle, whose latest fame has come through her characterization of the leading role in the serial, "Patria," is now "someplace in France" with her husband, Vernon Castle, who is a member of the British Aviation Corps.

According to statistics conscientiously gathered, there have been a total of 162 babies named after Theda Bara in the last two years. Meanwhile this well-known actress confesses that she spends an average of $400 per month for stamps with which to mail out her autographed photographs.

While at a club in Jacksonville, Fla., during the production of "Broadway Jones" recently, George M. Cohan became interested in a little negro attache who frequently answered the telephone in the same manner. Every time the phone bell rang the little darkie rushed through the crowded room and shouted into the receiver: "Hello. Yes, Wazat? Good-bye." Finally George M. asked: 'Boy, what was that?" "Oh dat," said the darkie, "Dat's nuthin'. There's always somebody wants to speak to somebody, dat's all.

With the Advent of Spring Ye Trysting-place Becomes Popular

Here we have Harold Lockwood and May Allison showing how graceful lovers can be when in their element of Nature's Beauty and Love's Temptation. It is just a reminder that "in the springtime the thoughts of young folks turn to love."
SETTLED OUT OF COURT
By J. N. STEWART

CAST:
Ronald Cowan, who has selected the law for his career.
Ruth Cowen, who is no relation to Ronald—until later.
Mrs. Cowen, Ronald's mother, back in the home town.
Mrs. Griggs, Ruth's mother, back in another home town.
T. V. Griggs, Esq., Ruth's stepfather.
Barnes, foreman of the Griggs factory.
Joe, Barnes' ally.
Note Smith, station agent at Kingsboro.

NOTE—Written in the present tense which is the accepted form in Scenario Writing.

Ronald Cowan, a young man, from whose face and neck several months of city life have not yet succeeded in effacing the tan of his complexion. His ready-made clothes are neat, and in excellent taste. He has a pleasant smile. His broad shoulders give evidence of strong muscular development.

He calls for his mail and receives a letter addressed to "R. Cowan, General Delivery, Metropolis." Back in the little home town a loving mother has written by lamplight and enclosed a little flower from the garden that borders the path to the humble cottage.

Ronald Cowan draws aside to read his letter. It will not keep. He must read it now before taking his evening meal in the basement cafeteria.

Then to his lonely room on the third floor of a second-rate apartment house on the ragged edge of respectability within walking distance of the office.

On recommendation of leading citizens of the home town Ronald has secured a position in the office of the assistant district attorney, where he can supplement his study of law with some actual practice. Already he has proven of worth, and is looked upon with favor. It is his ambition to hang out his shingle for himself as a full-fledged attorney-at-law, some day.

The next evening upon return to his lodgings, Ronald is introduced in the hallway by the landlady to "Miss Cowen," who has just taken the room across the hall. Miss Cowen is an exceedingly attractive young lady, and her charms are appreciated even by Ronald, backward though he be in matters involving the gentler sex.

Miss Cowen frankly surveys her neighbor and, while recognizing his unsophistication, admires his evident manliness and his good looks.

As he returns home the following evening, Ronald sees Miss Cowen accompanied by a slick-haired, slender gentleman of the floor-walker type, who escorts her to her door and is there bade good night by the self-possessed young lady, who pleasantly greets her roomer-neighbor and precedes him up the stairs.

Outside his door Ronald carries a moment to look at Miss Cowen's closed door and then toward the street. With a ruminative look he disappears into his room.

The following day, in making a purchase of a tie in one of the great department stores, Ronald is surprised to find Miss Cowen wearing those articles of masculine adornment.

She naively endeavors to sell him a flashy tie, but Ronald, noting the slick-haired floor-walker in the offing attired in one of the same pattern, picks out a subdued specimen, in keeping with his modest garments and his quiet taste. Miss Cowen hides a smile which does not indicate displeasure.

Being a young woman of good taste herself, she admires his evident of a similar possession.

While waiting for his change and parcel, Ronald witnesses the advance of the floor-walker in Miss Cowen's direction and his efforts to occupy her attention with his pleasing (?) presence.

Miss Cowen makes it clear, even to Mr. Floor-walker's somewhat dull comprehension, that she has not been captivated by his charms.

Ronald hovers near, not desiring to appear as an eavesdropper, but showing his set teeth and clenched fist that he could right willingly eject Mr. Floor-walker from the place if necessity arose. Miss Cowen catches his attitude, to her secret amusement.

Meanwhile Ronald receives his change and parcel, tips his hat to Miss Cowen, and departs, casting a look of disapproval in the floor-walker's direction. As he leaves he hears a girl at an adjoining counter call to Miss Cowen, "Who's your friend, Ruth?" Mr. Floor-walker, noting the hat tipping and Miss Cowen's answering smile, yanks down his cuffs, twirls his moustache in anger and looks daggers.

Next day, after close of office, Ronald visits the post office for his letter from home. The handwriting on the envelope he receives is not familiar, and the postmark is obscure, but he draws to one side and opens it. It reads: "Dear daughter Ruth—I am glad you are going to change your room to one more sunny. I long for you, but want you to be where you are happy, and I know you were so unhappy here. I trust your new neighbors will be pleasant. Be careful."

This fills the first sheet of the letter, and is enough to make Ronald realize to his chagrin that he had better deliver it to Miss Cowen, his new neighbor, to whom he judges from all the circumstances it belongs.

He does so that evening, and is thanked very prettily by Miss Cowen for his frank ex-planation. Miss Cowen's thoughts continue to be pleasantly occupied after she closes the door and sits down to read her letter. She looks in the direction of the doorway Ronald recently occupied and her expression is one of approbation.

Ronald meanwhile is similarly occupied. His thoughts picture his own mother writing to him, and he wonders what the home life of his new-found friend could have been like when he had been young.

The facts are, Ruth's mother has married a second time, and the present husband was unkind to Ruth. The high-spirited girl has left a home of considerable refinement and ease to take a humble position in the city where she may be independent and have peace. Her stepfather is well-to-do, but has proven a disappointment to Ruth's unfortunate mother. Her disposition is ugly, his business methods none too upright.

Ronald receives a commission from his chief to investigate a concern up-state. He is sent under instructions to stay as long as necessary to complete the evidence upon which charges can be brought and action taken to put the question concerning out of business.

As he leaves his room with his overcoat and valise, he stops by his neighbor's door and looks thoughtfully at it, then passes down the stairs. He is sorry that his departure from the city by the afternoon train is too hurried to permit his saying "good-bye" to the pretty young lady across the way, who at that moment is vending ties, with a sour-faced floor-walker hovering in the middle distance.

Ronald finds Kingsboro, the town up-state, a pleasant little place and having a number of angles of the case to pursue, he settles down for a stay of a week or two.

That evening Miss Cowen fails to meet the young man across the hall. She does not hear him come in up to the time she goes to bed. She lies awake wondering. Next morning, there being no further sign of him, she drops a remark to the landlady as she pays her rent which causes that party, in effusiveness at receiving the rent so promptly, to say that "Mr. Cowen left yesterday afternoon saying he'd be gone several days."

On the way down town Miss Cowen stops at the post office and inquires if there is anything for her. She is handed a letter which she places in her dress and hurries on for her humble restaurant breakfast. At the table she opens it and reads: "My Dear Cowan—I do not wish to alarm you, but feel it my duty to write that your mother's heart action is weak, and the attack she suffered yesterday is serious. She says she has not advised you of it, so I take it upon myself to suggest you come home for a few days."

This much Miss Cowen sees on the first page, which her warm-hearted sympathy causes her to read before she is aware of prying into a letter not her own.
Leaving most of her breakfast untouched, to the astonishment of the walter, the young lady hurriedly pays her check and leaves. Going back to the apartment house she raps at the landlady’s door and asks if she knows where the post offices are. Before she can speak, he eventually the waiter, who is also her have a satchel and his overcoat.

Miss Cowen, noting the lateness of the hour, goes to her work and ponders. What shall she do? Her sympathy is fully aroused. This young girl has been doing an evening paper for most of the town, she is paid and dismissed. Her revenge is complete, but his punishment is that he must always remain what he is—nothing!

She finds the young man on the street with determination shining in her eyes. She buys a noon edition of the paper and sitting on a bench in the park, she reads it in search of employment. Her reading is spasmodic—her thoughts go continually to the letter that was recently summoned. A young man at the State Board of Food Commissioners, has assumed an arrogant attitude which is making him the target of a special investigation.

Miss Cowen's Louise’s opinions. The young man has been waging hotly and there is an investigation is now on of a certain plant whose product, by recent tests has proven particularly objectionable. "This up-state manufacturer," the item reads, but mentions a farmer who was recently summoned. Before the State Board of Food Commissioners, has assumed an arrogant attitude which is making him the target of a special investigation.

While Miss Cowen is reading the paper, she finds the young man, who was recently called by the State Board of Food Commissioners. He is reading the paper, which she helped her roomer-neighbor receive from the floor of the hallway a few days back. She had caught the words "food investigation" upon it.

We can forgive her if she shows a sudden revulsion of feeling against the young man. It is true she has no love for her stepfather, but after all the matters concern her mother, and if she cannot do the man who is her only end in great distress to that dear lady. Oh why, why, must it be that this new found friend to whom she has been so pleasantly attracted should prove a persecutor of her? But, after all, too, she is the only one to be a hit at the door of young Cowan? Manifestly not, he is but obeying instructions. He is engaged in a work for the public good. Miss Cowen takes a broad view of the matter. The one at fault is her stepfather, and no one else. Young Cowan says, with a smile, "Yes, she must be liberal. Her heart prompts liberality. Mr. Cowan's stock rises.

It would be well to make sure that young Cowan has gone to Kingsboro, his home town and the site of his stepfather's factory. He goes to a neighboring drug store and calls up the district attorney’s office. "Can you tell me, please, who has the food investigation in charge?" She is answered "The assistant district attorney, madam; just a moment, I will give you his office." “Hello, yes, this is he... Oh... I regret that I cannot discuss matters over the phone—if you will call, I'll be glad to talk to you.

Ruth goes to his office, introduces herself as Miss Cowen, and says she is seeking a young man whom she thinks is engaged in the legal aspect of the food investigation—his name is Cowan—no, he is no relation, but she has important matters for him of a personal nature. "Yes, Mr. Cowan is one of my assistants. He left town yesterday—oh, about business. Any word I can send him I'll be glad to convey." Mr. Landry is quite "officially" minded.

The young man is bold stroke. She says, "Thanks, I'm leaving for Kingsboro to night—and." Mr. Landry falls into her trap. "Why, that's—is And then he catches himself, closure his mouth and rubs his chin. Miss Cowen, affecting not to notice his interruption, continues her remark, bows to Mr. Landry and departs. She pauses outside the door to turn and smile at the success of her strategy.

Taking the train for Kingsboro she goes to the one first-class hotel in town and finds the register is not empty. It seems that Mr. Cowan is "absent," Mr. Cowan bows, then starts at the name Griggs and repeats to himself with a look of some embarrassment. He visions the front of the Griggs factory in the outskirts of town, which he has just been reconnoitering. Miss Cowen, however, gives him no time for further self-complacency. She hands him the letter which she accidentally received and opened, telling him that its contents are important and asks his pardon. Mr. Cowan smiles his forgiveness and rests the vigorously opened one of hers. He then excuses himself and leaves.

Miss Cowen and her mother continue their visit, quite apparently with much news to each other. The young man in her appears from Ruth's gestures and her pretty confusion. They ponder over her errand to Kingsboro, and Ruth defends him on the score of his working for the public good.

Young Cowan goes to his room thoughtfully—his usually sunny face wears a cloud of concern. His mother is ill. His present investigation involves the welfare of two very attractive women. He has much cause for worry. He could not go to resign to make his living by persecuting such as—still, yet duty is duty.

Mr. T. V. Griggs, Esq., is looking out of the window of his office in the Griggs factory with the hope that he is at the door and his foreman Barnes enters. Barnes is big and rough—not a prepossessing specimen. They talk and look at newspapers and a couple of letters. Griggs says: "We've got to look out for these investigators—they're on the prowl now." Barnes says, "There's a stranger in town, and he's prowling—around Joe's seen him twice.

Griggs says, "Watch him—if he looks suspicious some accident must happen to him—get me?" Barnes nods.

Nate Smith is station agent at Kingsboro. He was born and raised in the town. He loves Ruth Cowen and knows of her unhappiness. Ruth does not return Nate's tender regard, but they have been good friends since school days. Nate has lived in hope. He saw her arrive on the noon train and looked wistfully after her as she walked up town.

As Nate closes up the ticket office that night above, he looks back at the approaching train. On charge, he walks down Elm Street and spies Ruth on the veranda of a friend's home. He enters the gate and greets the girls, stopping at the steps to visit. Shortly they see Barnes and Nate is everything earnestly. Barnes says, "There's somethin' up when those crooks are together like that." Ruth glances after them apprehensively and asking her friend to excuse them a minute she draws Nate to one side. "They're fearless, asks the young man. "I want to go—nothing but a job and a job.

Ruth says he'll do anything he can for—her name desire. Ruth says "Watch Barnes tonight; I think he means mischief," Nate says, "How about Cowan?" Ruth replies, "Don't let him get hurt." Nate promises, looking mystified, then leaves, going in the direction taken by Barnes and Joe. He follows them to the depot where they perch on a baggage truck, smoking and talking. Nate goes into the office as if on business—he's watchfully waiting.

Ronald Cowan is torn between anxiety for his mother and concern over his work. He paces the floor of his room, finally puts on his coat and hat and goes to the depot. Joe spies him going in and tells Barnes "That's the guy.

Ronald asks at the ticket window if there is a night train he can get to Conway Junction with E. & W. for Prentiss, his home town. Nate puts on a hat and goes with his on the route, but explains that the express doesn't stop at Kingsboro. It would land Ronald at the junction in time for the morning local on the E. & W. If it only stopped. It's due to pass through at 11:30. Nate says he'll wire the dispatcher for permission to flag it. He has the operator do so and gets an O. K., for which Ronald gratefully proffers him a cigar. Nate likes Cowan—he's so frank and open. But why Ruth's solidous attitude? If Cowan is against her stepfather's interests she has no call to befriend him. Nate scratches his head in perplexity—oh, well, no one knows a woman's mind and heart! But Nate sighs and he was he had.

Meanwhile Joe is cavingdropping in the gloom at the door and reports to Barnes. They decide to stick around—maybe it's a trick of Cowan's. "If he's going," says Barnes, "we'll give him somethin' that'll make him hesitate about coming back.

Ronald and Nate stroll out, Ronald explaining that he'll get his grip and return in good season. As they emerge Barnes and Joe hide themselves around the corner. Nate says he's going to ask Cowan to come down the street, keeping his eye open for the conspirators, of whom Ronald is in ignorance.

Mrs. Griggs and Ruth are interrupted in their conversation by the bookstore manager. She packs his grip and then, having over an hour till train time, walks in the direction of the Griggs house. He hesitates to leave Kingsboro—one look at the home of her he loves do will him some good. Behold, he meets Ruth and her mother and feels them of his departure. "Shall you return to Kingsboro, Mr. Cowan?" asks Ruth. Ronald revives his hat in his hands as he studies
Barnes telephones to Griggs the news of the affair at the depot, and gruffly asks, "What up? no great joy, love the "persuasive" morning," says Griggs, sliding a few feet and whirling over onto his hands and knees, Barnes scrambles to his feet and escapes. Ronald and Nate right their disarranged clothing and rub some very sore spots on their shoulders.

The train pulls in and Ronald gets aboard reluctantly. He now has two strong reasons for wanting to stay. He would like to follow up this peculiar case now that the plot gives evidence of thickening. He shakes hands warmly with Ronald and the boy is scarcely stopped. Ronald is on the lower step of the car glancing back toward town—somebody behind him gives him a violent shove and he tumbles into the darkness. Barnes had slipped onto the platform of the adjoining car before it reached the station and he is waiting for Ronald. His trick is successful. Ronald lies senseless in the ditch.

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Baffling Grammar
This is taken verbatim from a recent press sheet of the Mutual Film Corporation: "Nance O'Neil, Mutual star, does on jades."

The dictionary says a jade is either a tired horse, a worthless nag or a stone used for ornamental carving. Now just what would this press agent have us infer?

When Ann Murdock, now a Mutual star, wants a little recreation she flies away to a little cabin she owns in the Adirondacks, where she invariably wears boy's clothes and has lots of fun.

All of which revives that famous ancient question: How old is Ann?

Miss Gail Kane despises tea and also parrots.

Well, they both are hard on the nerves.

William Stowell, the Universal leading man, was at his tailor shop. The price of a prospective new suit hit him too hard, and he said so. "But, look at your size," said the tailor. "Tell you what I'll do," replied Bill, "suppose we make it a knickerbocker suit, knee breeches and all?" A compromise was thus effected, and big Bill obtained a discount.

And if the high cost of living continues to mount higher, many of us will be lucky if we can afford pants which extend down as far as knees. We'll cease to laugh at the lone fig-leaf idea yet. Instead we are liable to appreciate it, for it may be the only way to beat down the prices.

Hector Pasho, who introduced the cake of soap into movie comedy, has retired on a pension.

He literally cleaned up as it were.

William Farnum is getting to be a regular camera bend. He possesses three cameras, and seems to keep them all busy. He and his brother, Dustin, are constantly photographing each other.

This is what you might call a picturesque brother act.

Matt Moore, who played the part of lover to Mary Pickford in "The Pride of the Clan," is her brother-in-law, being the brother of her husband, Owen Moore.

But even this does not explain why Matt was such a dismal failure as "the leading man" in this picture. In fact, far from being in the lead, he was away behind.

IT is easy to lose a pocketbook one wants to keep, but Marguerite Clayton, the Essanay star, finds it impossible to lose a purse she doesn't want. It was an old worn-out purse and she threw it into her wastebasket. A maid discovered it, and noticing the star's monogram returned it to her. Miss Clayton then threw it out a window and a newsboy, looking for a reward, returned it.

We were going to suggest that she throw it into Lake Michigan, but then some poor fish would bob up with it. Ah, now we have it! If she really wants to get rid of it, all she need do is to slip a little change in it.

The high cost of living is solved by Bryant Washburn in the Black Cat feature entitled "A Four-Cent Courtship," in which the young man demonstrates how to win a bride on a four-cent spurge. Impecunious scholars should please copy, because with the cost of brides down to a couple of two-cent stamps, why even Job's turkey should be able to win a wife.

Sunday, Sunday," yelled Max Linder, the Essanay comedian, in the midst of a scene being filmed. Nobody knew what Max wanted. He slammed a door and locked it, moaned as though drinking from a bottle, and then shook his head. "He wants a close-up," shouted a wise one. "Sunday—closed up. See?" Max doesn't drink, but he has learned that Chicago is dry on Sunday.

Dry subtlety is this.

Valeska suratt, the Fox star, has named her pet marmoset, Menellik after the King of Abyssinia.

Now the question arises: Which is honored, animal or king?

Harry Carey is probably the only movie actor possessing a license from the United States Government as a skipper. But you couldn't hire him to do any skipping—he's a settled sort of fellow.

Just now Kathryn Williams, the Morosco star, is playing a new role in real life. She is serving as the administratrix of a deceased uncle's estate, and she is performing like a regular business woman.

So she proves she can act as something else besides an actress.

Screen Stories with Black Face Comedy by Jack Winn

Anten DIRT
Mary Sais, the Kalem actress, owns a fine ranch near Lund, Utah. She is a strong believer in investing all her savings in safe real estate in sparsely settled sections of the country.

We don't know exactly what her idea is, but it might be that it is dirt cheap.

Race Cunard, of the Universal, owns twenty-five dogs of every breed and variety. Needless to add, the neighborhood in which her home is situated is not a healthy one for cats.

This may explain her fondness for dogs—they make for a howling success at preventing cat-hooling.

Mary Garden's advent into the "pictures" as one of the Goldwyn stars, is a notable event reflecting great honor on the importance of the photoplay art.

Indeed, since the famous international opera star has been signed, the Goldwyn press agent has been able to even make his typewriter fairly sing.

A new record in the matter of the number of scenes taken in a single day has just been established by Dorothy Dalton, the Ince actress, who "did" 81 scenes without a re-take in six hours.

This reminds us—we made a record once: we had one scene with our irate friend wife that lasted eleven hours, and if there had been any necessity for a re-take, we would have fainted from sheer exhaustion.

Charlie Chaplin has a pet snake.—Press Bulletin.

On paper?

It is claimed that Mary Miles Minter has 72 strings of beads, and every one of them is a different color.

We'd name the 72 different colors, but we're color-blind. Of course, perchance, there may not be 72 different colors. We don't know. Will some one who has had experience in playing the colors advise us?

Myrtle Stedman possesses a splendid soprano voice, and she sings extensively at church entertainments and various charitable functions.

This should be interesting to the countless Anxious Inquirers who are constantly flooding photoplay magazine editors with letters containing their fears that motion picture folks are "no good." Myrtle is indeed a very good gal.
The Passion to Rule (Continued from page 15)

at night. These developments tended to overwhelm Deborah's attorneys when they were unable to disprove the assertions, and finally after the Court had given due consideration to the case, it flatly refused to grant the divorce.

"And in the name of common sense and in the cause of humanity, I urge that Mrs. Force return to her home and husband and perform the duties she owes to her child," the Judge added.

"I can't," Deborah exclaimed plaintively. "It was always impossible, now it's too late."

Immediately she yielded to bitter weeping, and all manner of persuasion proved futile in reconciling her to the advice she returned to her home and made amends. The law could prevent her from gaining freedom from Herbert Force, but it could not compel her to live with him. She did not love him. In fact, she had a marked aversion for him. The thought of living in any part of the body, leaving no mark or blemish on the most delicate skin. No electric needle, burning caustic or powders used. Originator, sole owner and used exclusively by me.

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L'IDEALE CORPORATION, P. O. Box 1206, New Haven, Conn.
The Money Mill

(Continued from page 12)

"Then I must help you, and I must forget my own selfishness," he assured her gallantly.

This welded the mutual love of the pair, but neither mentioned inward feelings. They were both brave. Helen took Jack into an adjoining room where Rev. Granger was chatting with Aunt Margaret.

"Here is a recruit," Helen announced as she drew hand tenderly on Jack's arm. "He will help us if he can get back the mine."

The very next day Jack began his investigation of the case. He went straight to the offices of the Montana Investment Company, and his interest was first arrested by the following placard posted in the reception room:

WITH THE ACQUISITION OF THE MONT BLANC MINES, WE CAN ANNOUNCE A GREAT BONUS TO ALL WHO INVEST BEFORE JANUARY 1, 1917

A shrewd clerk approached Jack, and taking him to be a prospective customer, began explaining the proposition. Jack feigned keen interest, and after promising to return to give the matter further consideration, he left the office. He had made a plan which required some careful preparation, and some further investigation. He wished to visit Rev. Granger's room, where he reported to Granger and Helen.

"I have a hunch that the same chaps who got your mine are running a crooked game," he announced. "If I can prove it, why it will be some scoop for my paper, and it will mean you get your mine back."

Helen was greatly interested in Jack's account of what he saw in the offices of the Montana Investment Company, to which he referred as "the money mill."

After being fully assured of every possible cooperation from both Rev. Granger and Helen, the ambitious Jack hastened back to the rendezvous of the get-rich-quick promoters. The same clerk who had approached him before again greeted him, and settled down to a serious effort to sell him stock. Jack assumed an alternating attitude. First he was dubious, and then he seemed on the verge of "falling" for the scheme. When he began to fear letting the prospect get away from him, the clerk begged him to wait a moment. Hastily he went to Carter and told him of the case. The result was that Jack was in Carter's private office within a minute. Jack permitted Carter to persuade him to buy some of the stock, and the latter ordered a stenographer to bring him some blanks. He obeyed promptly, but Carter frowned as he handed the papers back to her.

"This is the third mistake you've made today," he thundered sternly. "Can't you do anything right?"

The young woman became irritate and sullen, leaving the room in a huff. Jack completed his transaction hurriedly and was just leaving when he overheard Carter telephone Green's Employment Agency for a new secretary. Jack's mind worked swiftly, and he lost no time in reaching Green's.

"Will you hold that Montana secretary job a bit?" he asked the man in charge. "I have a friend who needs it."

"Sure; but don't be long in getting her there," the other replied.

On the following day Helen's lawyer had a handwriting expert on the job of studying the important little document. The expert studied it carefully, and then took on a very serious expression.

"The bulk of the paper was written by a man using his right hand," he announced. "The names were written by a left-handed penman. "Carter is left handed," Helen declared as she leaned forward eagerly. "Good; he's our man," the lawyer said, slapping his own knee enthusiastically.

It was deemed the part of wisdom for Helen to continue her work in the offices of the Montana Investment Company temporarily. She promptly said her secret was safe without successor. In Richard Drake's absence she searched through his desk, but she was interrupted by the arrival of Gregory Drake. It was the first time she had seen him, and despite her efforts to remain impassive, she saw him as a man of much greater self-control she could not conceal her surprise. The last time she had seen him was when her father died. At sight of her Gregory's face assumed a fixed stare of incredulity, and then it became wrinkled with fear. Richard arrived on the scene in time to see this curious dem and of his father to explain the meaning of it. "It's Helen Ogden, that's th' meanin' of it," the old man declared.

Carter had pushed his way into the office in time to overhear this, and with Richard he experienced alarm. Helen instinctively made an effort to get out of the room, but she was blocked at every turn by three men. Richard, after he had grabbed her, pinioned her against the wall.

Carter hurried out of the room and thereupon Helen exerted a supreme effort to regain her freedom, but Richard held her captive and placed his father to guard
grilled as she carefully climbed down the ladder. "Oh, I knew that I had intended seeing you again, and that I just hated you." Then she stepped onto the ground and confronted the waiting Tom. "Well, I do hate you," she continued after a short paean. "You're going to marry me anyway right out here under this tree the first Wednesday that comes along."

Then a boy in white flannels and a girl in a blue dress (the hats were forgotten and left on the grass) walked hand-in-hand back to the house. The girl talked so fast about "only one white dress here" and how vexed Madge would be because she couldn't be bridesmaid, but she didn't care if she was angry, that the boy couldn't get one word in edgeways nor could understand more than one out of every three she said. Upon reaching the porch they stopped. Bess faced Tom with an expression of sheerness on her face. "You did it, did you?" she asked. "I knocked that ladder down on purpose."

"I know you did, you little liar," he replied quickly but gently as he kissed the crring, little daughter of Ananias.

"You did know it," she asked. "Yes, certainly."

"Then did you really hear me when I whispered to myself something about you being nice?" he asked. "Yes, I heard it," he replied. "How could you when you were so far away at the time?" she asked showing some amazement.

Tom thrust his hand in his hip pocket and pulled out a small, round, black object resembling the end of a telephone receiver and then looked down upon it meditatively. "It's some kind of a patent ear-attachment for deaf people," he remarked.

"Yes! I borrowed it from Mr. Botts, who is hearing impaired," she explained. "And it was with the aid of this modern device that you started my undoing in single blessedness?" she asked as she examined the object closer.

"Yes, sweetheart, by being able to catch that one remark of yours which convinced me of your weakening in my favor, I gathered all the courage necessary to press my suit to a successful end. Thus and with this I effected the alliance of Cupid and Ananias." Whereupon he held the ear-attachment aloft triumphantly.

"I confess I did everything—everything but to keep from giving in to you—now, but since there's been a new alliance I'm glad, because I won't have to be up a tree again," she replied, submitting to an embrac.
The Silent Trend
(Continued from page 35)

Holmes discards his villainy for the nonce and plays the sympathetic role of Andre, the gypsy leader. Innocent (Miss Sawyer), after being cast off by her wealthy uncle, wanders into the forest and is found by Andre, who takes her prisoner against her will. She is later liberated by Rosella, who loves Andre herself. In escaping Innocent meets Standish Driscoll, son of her wealthy uncle, who immediately falls in love with her, but Andre overtakes her and returns her to the gypsy camp, where she gives the first evidence of her marvelous dancing ability most effectively before a campfire. Another escape takes Innocent to the city, where she cultivates her talents and soon, under the name of Monet Moyer, she achieves fame. Standish Driscoll still loves her and wants to marry her, but the girl finally realizes she loves the big gypsy leader of the forests, and she forges her career, returning to the roving life of the hills.

The back of the card, in the serial, “Patricia,” the best thing Miss Sawyer does before the camera is the dance feature. Without any desire to depreciate the tendency of exploiting terpatchean favorites on the screen, we are constrained to take note of the fact that so far they do not display much theatrical aptitude. As an actress Mrs. Castle is impossible, and Miss Sawyer is with her.

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Why Is Your Favorite Your Favorite?

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For Pauline Frederick.

In my humble opinion there is no one to compare with Pauline Frederick, the Pearl of Perfection, among the stars. Of course the scenarios are not always suitable for her, her vivid personality and sweeping performances cannot help but attract the lover of dramatic acting. No matter what role she is to portray, Miss Frederick easily adapts herself to the character. Pauline Frederick is quite wonderful and in a class by herself.—Gladys C. Fox, 39 Sayre St., Elizabeth, N. J.

For Theda Bara.

I consider Theda Bara the greatest, most attractive actress of all American cinema. Because besides being the greatest vampire the screen ever knew she is able to play any most other role before the camera, and whatever she plays she can play it so it looks absolutely natural; and because she can make a person marveled at her. The way she can work her wonderful eyes and transfer her marvelous personality into thousands of different expressions.—Miss Mary Jones, 104 East 4th St., Waterloo, la.

For Douglas Fairbanks.

I get the "Journal" each month and think it is one of the best screen magazines. Hope your favorite rating this period. While I do not have a favorite at the moment I want to win one of the prizes: Douglas Fairbanks is my favorite because I think he is the most vital actor of all. He has all of "personality plus," and fairly radiates happiness in his screen work. His pictures are wholesome and full of life. His facial expression equals the best, and he has a wonderful originality. He is a real man's favorite and will always be a successful actor, and I am only one of million with whom he is a favorite.—Mrs. Ed. DeBoe, 26 W. Harris Ave., San Antonio, Texas.

For Mamah Petrova.

Petrova is my favorite screen artist because she embodies in herself the perfection of refinement. She is as rare of combination of qualities—a high order of intellect, genuine personal beauty, wonderful charm of personality. Perfect poise, and a God-given gift of making others see the play through her eyes. This she does under the sympathy of her unconscious. I think I may say to yourself, "My time has not been wasted."—Grace O'Connell, 934 1 St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

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THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

LAND TITLE BUILDING

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
The Passion to Rule

(Continued from page 9)

"Oh, splendid, you dear, dear boy," she murmured joyously. "The adventure of it all will be grand, and—and—it does offer an honorably legal means to the end we seek, especially if we can gain recognition as a regularly constituted government.

And thus, imbued with the dangerous idea of this wildest of wild dreams, Wesley Martine and Deborra Force promptly set about making preparations for their extraordinary expedition. Secretly they superintended the loading of Martine's capacious yacht with an abundance of ammunition, a hundred machine guns, several small cannon and large quantities of small arms.

Wesley engaged Franklin Graham, sixty years old, and a former United States army captain, as military aide, together with one hundred stalwart men of fighting ability as an army. The minute Graham took charge the whole affair took on an orderly appearance. He was a soldier in bearing, at heart, and from lifelong training. It was easy to discern in him the qualities which go to make up the shrewd strategist and a stern disciplinarian. He was entirely gray, but he was a well-prepared man, and as active as a man of twenty-five. He was a man controlled by a sense of duty, and he was a man of probity. Indeed, he was a serious, sincere man across whose grimly set face a smile rarely flitted. He was a crank in many ways, but honest and not heartless.

Finally, after four weeks of preparation, Wesley and Deborra and their command were ready to sail. Throughout this busy period Deborra seldom even thought of her husband. She was wrapped up heart and soul in the enterprise from which she hoped to win everything she wanted in life. However, just prior to her departure from American shores, she thought of that husband long enough to dispatch to him the following letter:

Your determination to either rule or ruin me is driving me out of the country, so you can succeed in neither. If our boy ever asks what has become of his mother, tell him the truth, namely, your absurd devotion to the passion to rule drove me away. Without malice and with best wishes, Debra.

This was her final attitude towards Herbert Force. She really regretted it, but she felt she had no control over the fate which brought about such a tragic situation, and so she was not only resigned, but determined to make the best of it. She derived unbounded satisfaction from the prospect of being enabled to slack her new-found thirst for power, and, moreover, she was pleased by the mutual love which existed between herself and Wesley Martine.

However, as she stood on deck and watched the American shores fade into impenetrable mists, she became quite unconscious of the fact that Wesley Martine stood beside her, with his arm around her waist. She was deep in meditation. She was wondering.

"Could it be possible I am making a terrible mistake after all?" she asked herself.

"Am I really sane?"

Martine seemed to divine her thoughts, for as he gazed sadly landwards he muttered, apparently to himself.

"Oh, well, time alone will tell," was all she heard him say when she felt herself grow alarmingly faint.

(To be continued in the May number.)
A Wonderful Day With Captivating Peggy

(Continued from page 41)

By the time the scenes were finished the studio clock chimed four, and once again we entered the dressing room where theatron had afternoon tea awaiting us. As she removed her grease-paint, rouge and blackening, Miss Hyland told me how hard she had found it at first to shop in America.

"Why," she said laughingly, "the other day I entered some shop and asked in my very best manner for the haberdashery department. Imagine the poor shopgirl! She looked dazed for a minute, and then told me she guessed I'd find what I wanted in the notions. Now how in the world was I to know that the notions meant many different things?"

Once more we entered the limousine. Glad to make a gray suit with squared trimming, suede boots to match, and a deep-gray hat with the underbrim of fur, the little lady was very attractive.

"Come Jackpots," she called to the dog, who was lingering behind.

Here one of the extra girls carried the animal to her.

"Are you bound home?" Miss Hyland asked.

When the little girl said she was, there was an immediate invitation to jump in.

Pots-and-Pans Peggy

(Continued from page 39)

Several hours later in the humble cottage four little children were weeping over their Peggy who lay so white and still on the bed; but she opened her eyes at last and told her little ones not to cry.

"It would take a whole lot more than that," said the girl of Peggy McGraw," she told them.

The courageous girl had succeeded in cheering up her family when Arthur arrived.

"I've come to ask you to marry me," Peggy said, "for I am sorry, but you are not in my class; you're not a real working man," she said.

Arthur knew this was true, and felt it would always be true of him, because somehow he could not reconcile himself to the idea of being a wage earner, so he went away much dejected but without holding any malice toward the game little girl who had refused him.

A few minutes later Taxi-cab Barney arrived. He was awkward and clumsy as usual, but was bubbling over with love for Peggy.

"Shure an' 'tis a long time ye've taken to say the word, Barney O'Dell!" she whispered.

In the meantime Marian Caldwell had attained the height of her ambition, and had been wedded to Eighteen-Dollar-Per-Week Jack, and thus Pots-and-Pans Peggy served her purpose in life with universally happy results.

From the photoplay of Agnes C. Johnston. Produced by Thanhouser and released as a Pathé Gold Kresto Play, starring Gladys Hulette.

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Pots-and-Pans Peggy

(Continued from page 39)

Does a host of mental demons bar your path to success? Do you feel yourself incapable to meet most important situations? Do you lack the power to make people recognize you—to make others see things your way—to compel people to listen to you? Are you weak in a crisis? Most men have the brains and the ambition to do big things—but a weak personality—a lack of self-confidence—timidity—poor vocabulary—inability to—stage fright—laziness, unorganized ideas—lack of power—are holding them back from the success they desire and have within them.

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The Photo-Play Journal for April, 1917. Page 55.
A Moving Target.

A Highlandler with bagpipes entered the street and commenced his dance at the same time marching up and down in time-honored fashion.

"What about all the time he plays?" asked Johnny of his father. "I don't know," replied the old man, "unless it is to prevent me getting the range with the instrument which he had on at all times.

His Advantage.

"Well, Maggie, I certainly am dead tired," said the laborer in his house when he got home.

"Tired, is it? You don't know when you're in luck. Here I have been at the wash and all through this hot day and you've been working in a nice cool sewer."

Nothing Like the Present.

"Is this the lawyer who is going to defend me?" asked the murderer as he looked at the young lawyer.

"Yes," answered the judge, "he's your lawyer. If you are ready to die, asked the murderer, "could I have another?"

"Certainly," answered the judge.

"Okay," said the murderer, "can I see him alone for a few moments?"

Not Depraved.

Miranda Miller took the seat in the rocking chair which Rastus Robbins had offered her with a great flourish. "Thank you very much, Mistah Robbins," she said; "but Ah don't like to deprave you of your seat."

"Oh," said Rastus with a greater flourish, "no depravity at all, Miss Millah."

Keeping Up With Father.

It was a Pike County woman who indited a note to the teacher indicating that her man had been out of her young hopeful. The note ran thus:

"How is your father? You rite me about whippin' Sammy. I hereby give you permission to be out of school if it is necessary to learn his lesson. He is just like his father—you have to learn him with a club. Pround noleage into him. I want him to get it and don't pay no attention what his father says—I'll handle him."

Safety First.

A man observed that in these days of change and trying to keep up with Lizzie he had made it a rule never to ask a man how his wife was if he hadn't kept track of the pair for a couple of months. The rule was the result of his having said to a woman: "I had a long talk with your husband and his reply: "Had you, indeed? He's a very interesting man as I remember him."

King George and Kaiser Wilhelm are in accord on one thing, and they both congratulated President Wilson upon his birthday.

Pretty Sick Man.

The private had had pneumonia and had been for some time in the hospital, where they treated him so well that he was much averse to the prospect of being discharged as cured. One day the doctor was taking his temperature, and while Tommy had his thermometer in his mouth the doctor moved on and happened to turn his back. Tommy saw his chance. He pulled the thermometer out of his mouth and popped it into a cup of hot tea, replaced it at the first sign of the medic's turning. When that worthy explained the thermometer he looked first at Tommy and then back to the thermometer and gasped:

"Well, my man, you're not dead, but you ought to be."

Knew More About Thems Than History.

After reading the famous poem, "The Land of the Pilgrim Fathers," to the class, the teacher said: "It is my exercise suppose you each draw, according to your imaginations, a picture of Plymouth Rock.

All but one little fellow set to work. He painted and finally raised his hand.

"What is it, Edgar?" the teacher asked.

"Please, ma'am," Edgar piped out, "do you want us to draw a heretic or a poor old rooster?"

Generous Employment.

"Did your husband smoke the cigars you gave him?"

"No." But he enjoyed them just the same when he saw how happy the lovely premium that came with them made her.

She Knew Better.

Mickey Flanagan came home one day sniffling.

"Ye got licked!" cried her mother with conviction.

"Naw, I didn't neither, maw," Mickey retorted. "The doc- tor was at our school today, tryin' to find out if there was anyth- ing wrong with me, ad' he says I got ad- noids."

"Adnoids? What's them?" Mrs. Flanagan demanded.

"They're things in your head, maw, what has to be took out," said Mickey in a doleful tone.

"He's a liar," Mrs. Flanagan cried hotly, "an' it's me that ain't afraid to tell him so. I fine-comb your head iv'y Sat- urday night, and it's never an ad- noid kin I find!"

Intimidation.

Gentleman (giving alms to a beggar).

"Now, play me a beautiful piece on your clarinet please," Beggar."No, sir! I can't play no more, only I carry here a instrum- ent to frighten people!"

How Long?

"Mother," said Freddie, as he laid down a paper telling of the latest success of the Civil War. "How long would a fellow have to study to be a Frenchman if he had a lot of talent?"

About His Size.

"I see from the newspapers this morning," said a portly gentleman to a Policeman at the hotel reception desk, "that you ar- rested a man whose mind is a big one."

"Yes, ma'am," returned the sergeant, "we did."

"All right," said the woman. "Will you bring the man out so that I can have a look at him? My Henry didn't come home last night and that description about its him."

Pat Gets Right Back.

Pat was fishing in a river be- longing to a rich man, over which there was a notice, "Tres- passed upon is punishable by law." He ignored this statement and, after fishing for some time, caught a salmon, which he brought back and cooked. A policeman pass- ing by the door smelled the salmon and knocked at the door.

"Well, Pat O'Hara, in whose river did you catch that salmon?"

"Well, I'll tell the honest truth, it's as near the gentleman's house, over there it is," said Pat.

"Come," said the sergeant, "you don't know everything in that river belongs to that gen- tleman."

"Arrah, to be sure," said Pat. "I went for a swim in that river would I belong to that gentleman?"

Her Alibi.

Much to the curious little girl's disgust, her elder sister and her girl friends had quickly closed the door of the back parlor before she could wedge her small self in among them. She was upstair for a little while, then she knocked. No response. She knocked again. Still no at- tention. Her curiosity got the better of her, so she knocked no longer. "Dodo!" she called in staccato tones, as she knocked one, two, three.

"Tain't me! It's mamma!"

Honest Answer.

The stories told by Suetzler, a famous Swiss artist, prove that he was a man of rare and incorruptible honesty. At one time the parish officers of a country church applied to Suetzler to examine their organ and make improvements in it.

"Gentlemen," said Suetzler, after a careful examination of the instrument in question, "your organ be worth £100 just now. Vell, I will spend you £100 on it, and it shall den be worth £500."--London Graphic.

He Recognized Him.

The class had been having a lesson on English history, and King Charles had been the subject. "Fishing to study to be a holy man which the children were taking in," the inspector put the following question: "Can any one tell me who was the monarch who had long, black, curly hair?" No re- sponse. Then he named the name begins with a C."

"I know, sir. It's Charlie Chap- lin!"—American Boy.

Cutting Off Its Retreat.

In the little village school room the children were very quiet, for their school mistress was giving them an interesting and in- structive lesson as to how the rat which had caused much an- noyance in her household. "It was yesterday," she said, "and great was my satisfac- tion when, at last, it was tracked to its favorite haunt, and I and several others were enabled to cut off its retreat."

"By the way," she said, "as a kind of afterthought, "can any of you tell me what 'cutting off its retreat' means?" Silence reigned for some moments, but at last, one of her boys took a guess. "That's right, Ethel," said the mistress, encouragingly. "Why, I've been a certainty for the wrong miss," answered Ethel at once, "it means its tail!"

Sad to Some People.

A school girl had been having a heart-to-heart talk with her pupils. At the conclu- sion of the talk she said some mean- ingful significance of the words: "You might have been asked the boys and girls if they could think of any four sad words. One little boy old year held up his hand and said:

"I know two sad words."

"What are they?" asked the teacher.

"One is 'the end of the rent.'"

Polite, Though the Heavens Fall.

Dorothy was so home-sick at her first party, and cried so bit- terly, that the hostess' mother suggested that it would be bet- ter for her to go home. Doro- thy accepted the idea, but a few minutes later, upon answering a timid knock at the door, the hostess' mother and Dorothy both burst into tears. "Well, Doro- thy, I am glad to see you again. Did you decide to come back to us?'' No, m'm; I t-forgot to say I had had such a nice time."

Not Hard.

"How long will it take you to learn to run a motorcar?"

"Oh, three or four.

"Weeks?"

"No motorcars.

Winning Is All Nonsense.

One day while her granddaughter was paying a visit to Florence's home, the little girl said to him: "Gran'pa, your talk about persever- ance when you was a little goon sense."

"Well, well!" cried grandfather, "why do you say that?"

"Said the little girl, 'I've worked all the after- noons trying to pin them on mother's hat.'"

He Was Lucky.

Tramp—"Some men have no hearts. I just told a feller I was goin' to sleep in the woods."

Pedestrian—"Didn't that app- eal to you?"

Tramp—"Naw. He told me he was a goin' the same thing, and had ter pay the doctor fer tellin' him ter do it."

Note.—Address all contributions for this page to Last Laugh Editor, The Photo-Play Journal, Philadelphia.
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