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"THE SHOW GIRL'S GLOVE"  
A Woman's Wits Defeat Injustice  
By Vivian Barrington

MARY ANNIS, tense with horror, read the livid sickenings in every detail. She was scarcely starting to see her own name; much less shocked. The tragedy itself was so overpowering, so much worse than any of the details that belied to make the matter at once upon lit- tle of the significance of the appearance of her own name in that reeking mass of garbled gossip. The facts were plain and few enough; it was the surmise that filled the glaring pages. Dick Hampton was dead, that was the first fact. Rapacious as the Hamptons were, Dick Hampton had been, once, easy-going—and he was dead! She had dined with him the night before and with the brother who was at this moment in prison, charged with his murder!

"It isn't so! It can't be!" she cried out her conviction to the paper that she dropped to the floor. She knew she couldn't be so. Poor Dick Hampton was dead—that much, of course, was true. But to say that John, his brother, had killed him, and as a quarrel over a woman of that sort—it was absurd! She summoned up a vision of the girl on whom, if the newspapers were to be believed, the real responsibility lay.

Stella Desmond, show girl! Mary knew her! She had been from across the footlights. Everyone knew her. She was the rage among a certain crowd of younger men. Dick Hampton had been one of the first. They met the night after, to applaud her in the one little "hit" a wise management had given her. Stella could not act; she could not sing, but she was ravishingly beautiful, and she filled more sales every night than the star and the sound of music. And then, one day, as she was to be seen, after the theatre, in the no-name restaurant that catered to the night life of the town; nightly, almost, it was Hampton—had been Hampton— who played host to her and to the lively guests she chose.

Many girls in Mary's position knew her as Mary did. Most of them hated her. For Stella Desmond got the attention these girls expected as their due. Stella, who asked for no chaper- ones; Stella, who was a "good fel- low"! Like Mary, some of these other girls, nice girls, wondered, with shuttle heads, what men could see in Stella Desmond and her kind; unlike Mary, some of them envied Stella acutely. Mary had never done that. Even the fact that Dick Hampton had been showing her marked attention before he fell under the Stella's spell had never made her envious. Mary took things quietly; she did not make a habit of repeating her past fate.

The first shock of the tragic news over, Mary took up the papers again, and tried to piece out a coherent and straightforward story from the stuff that had been printed. It was hard to do. But gradually the theory that had been evolved by the police and the reporters emerged from the obscurity. They saw it as a plain case. Stella had favored Dick; there had been a quarrel between the two bro- thers only the day before the shooting, in which her name had been mentioned. That same night, John Hampton had seen Stella. They had supped together; they had been seen, moreover, to engage in a conversation that was more than serious. There had been hot words on both sides, and Stella had risen from the table in a huff, and joined a party at another table, laughing as she looked back at her escort. John paid the check with a face as black as thunder, and then stalked out of the restaurant without another glance at her. Thus there seemed to be a motive for the crime.

As for the opportunity, that seemed against John Hampton, too. He had been seen, bending over his brother's body, in the dead man's office. Dick Hampton had confessed to a sharp knife, one that always lay on his desk, and that he used for opening letters. It was not a paper cutter, but a real knife, given to him by a friend who had brought it back from an exploring expedition in Central Africa. And, what was more, the mark of the blade from the finger, on which the mark of the blade from the finger, on which the mark of the knife in his brother's possession that had worked John Hampton into the frenzy that had killed the murderer and, as the obituary expert of the Evening Clarion put it, had put the mark of Cain on his forehead.

"No!" Mary shook her head, with a determined little gesture that any of her friends would recognize as something that should have been in love with that creature! That's where they've gone wrong! They don't know him as I do! He might have a murder in his past. But until I do almost anything I suppose. But he would never stoop to an affair with Stella Desmond! Mary herself was mentioned only incidentally. She was referred to as a friend of both brothers, and she had scarcely finished reading the papers when friends began to call her up to offer the sympathy because of the notoriety. Her father was indignant.

"Dammed outrage!" he said. "I'm doing your name into the filthy business! You'd better be away from your home. Take a trip to Europe, or out to the Coast, until this blows over. Not your fault—but better to escape it."

"Run away?" Mary looked at him scornfully.

"I ought to. I've got to. It isn't fair to you, or to John."

"But Dick! I'm going to see John Hampton!" her father gasped.

"Want me to call up John Hampton? Mary—he's in prison!"

"That's why he needs his friends," she said, lifting her head, proudly. "And I've been his friend! I'm not going to stop because he's falsely accused of a dreadful crime."

"Falsely!" gasped her father. "Why it's an absolutely closed case! There's no loophole in the law, no escape out of, unless they plead insanity!"

"It's just because everyone thinks so, that I'm needed!"

"I know he's innocent because I know the man. And I do not lose faith in my friends because they are under a cloud.

"—I forbid you to go near him!"

"I won't. I've engaged to decide such matters for myself," she said, quietly.

And go to see Hampton she did. She had to be there, not only to get through the ordeal at the prison; the staring reporters, scenting a new sensation in her coming; the course comments that she heard. But she set her teeth and went: through with it, and was brought, at last, to Hampton's cell, and allowed to speak to him alone.

"Mary!" he said, agast. "I couldn't believe it was you!"
The Movie Pictorial

May 23, 1914

I stick to my friends," she said, quietly. "Jack, in heaven's name, what has happened? What are you kept at? This arrest and all of this newspaper talk—it's absurd!"

"I saw the light that came into his eyes then. Indeed, she had spoken almost with calculation. She could imagine the effect on him of finding that there was some one, at least, who believed implicitly, even without a denial from him, in his innocence."

"I—I don't know!" he said. "It's just as I said, Mary. Just as I told them! I went in there to see him, and I found him on the floor, dead. He must have died instantly. And Mary, I want to tell you something—something I wouldn't have spoken of except for this."

"Yes!" she looked at him curiously. "It's about Jack, isn't it?"

He stumbled over the name, and she saw the look of horror that came into his eyes. "He—Mary—he'd been a little mad, I think, about that girl—Stephie Desmond. But his eyes had been open. I'd had to look up things about her past life, to save him, you know, and I talked to him—convinced him. He was through with her. He—he was coming back to you."

"To me?" Mary started. She stared at him. Before she could speak again he went on.

"Yes, to you," he said. "It's your right to know it, Mary. It's his right that you should know, that you should understand that he had come to his senses before he died."

"Yes, that is right," Mary said, in a strange, muted voice. "Thank you for telling me, Jack." She was silent for a moment. "I must go now, but I shall come again. And, Jack, remember that I am your friend and that I believe in you. There must be some way to clear you, to prove that you didn't do this frightful thing. And I am going to find that way!"

For hours that night, after she was supposed to be in bed and asleep, Mary went over and over every detail of the murder of Dick Hamptom, asked herself over and over from the few new things that John Hampton had been able to tell her, she reconstructed for herself the story that she must not tell. She was in the house in which she was sure, the idea of murder had been born. John Hampton, moved by some emotion, some impulse, had ignored her questions as to his meeting with Stella Desmond the night before his killing. But Mary, trying to put herself into the other woman's place, felt that she was beginning to understand.

And with understanding came a rage that amazed and almost frightened her. She had believed herself capable of such passion as seized her now, at the thought of the Dick Hampton who had been murdered, and the fact that he had been murdered, and the fact that he had been found dead with only a scrap of his wife's clothing on his body, and the fact that he had been murdered by his own wife.

The Next Moment He Had Resolved Out Through the Bars and Caught Her as She Dropped

"I'll try to please you, ma'am," said Mary, when Stella had engaged her. She was beginning to wonder at this girl more than she had ever done before. She seemed so frail, so delicate; and her eyes were so appealingly innocent. She was not quite so young as she looked. She was the type of woman who appeals to men because they were frightened eyes, too, eyes that had seen more than a girl's eyes should see.

There was the beginning of the plan that Mary and the reporter had conceived. Her part was a hard one to play. She had to do her work, as it were, all alone. She was an exciting figure. She was a working girl, and she never knew her duties. And always she was watching and waiting for Stella to make a false step; to do or say something that would give her the clue she sought.

Hard though her work made it for her to do so, she managed always to find time to visit John Hampton once a day. And of this the newspapers made much, so much that one day, Hampton summoned her resolution, and forbade her to come again.

"Mary," he said. "You must stay away! You can't think how much it means to me to have you come, but, for your own sake, you must not do it. I am thinking of you, not of myself."

"When did you ever think of yourself?" she cried impatiently.

Her hands were thrown out in a gesture that the strain under which she was living wronged her. She gave in at last, explaining that it was a matter of Hampton's eyes. The next moment he had reached out through the bars and caught her as she tried to escape.

"I'll be—all right!" she said. "But I must come. Don't stop me!"

"Think differently!"

But soon other things did, things that Mary had to do. She was almost on the point of giving up in despair. She did not know that she might be on the right path. She had evolved her own theory of the crime. Any detective would have called it, scornfully, guess.
work, and demanded her proofs. That was why she kept her theory to herself while she waited to get them.

Stella Desmond lived in a hotel, and one of the maids employed by the house showed a good deal of friendliness to Mary from the first. She was a timid little thing, and Stella had repelled her, for some reason. She seemed instinctively to feel that Mary was not, like herself, a servant; she looked up to the older girl. And one day she came in, while Mary was alone in Stella’s room.

“I’ve been wonderin’,” she began. “There was a glove I found one day, all spoiled, so—Miss Stella’d throw it out, I guess.”

Forbidden’? Mary said, absently. “Just one glove!”

“Yes, just one. That’s all. Now, I don’t know—I was thinking—maybe you’d seen the mate to it, and I could fix the other all right, the stains would come out.”

For a moment Mary’s heart stood still, as the possible meaning of what the girl was saying struck her. Then she caught herself.

“Let me see the glove you have, Hilda,” she said, quietly. “I’ll see if I can find the mate for you.”

Gladly Hilda brought the glove. Mary’s heart swelled as she looked at it. She recognized it at once. And what was more she recognized the stains for blood stains.

“Let me have it, Hilda,” she said. “I’m afraid the stains won’t wash out, but perhaps I can find another pair.”

Practically, when she had got rid of Hilda she telephoned to her friend the reporter.

“Good,” he said. “Listen, now, do just as I say. You understand? Sure! All right! I’ll be up at once, with Kearney, of Headquarters.”

Breathless with excitement Mary waited. If Stella came home too soon, before Kearney and the reporter! But she did not. And when she did come Mary was ready. She followed her mistress into her bedroom. So silent were her feet that Stella did not hear her. But there was no muffling the siren that burst from Stella’s lips as she dropped the bloodstained glove that lay on her dressing table.

“My God!” she shrieked. “Where did that come from?”

Then she turned and her eyes fell on Mary.


The next moment Kearney was in the room.

“Come on, Stella,” he said. “The game's up. Tell me the story now, it'll be best for you.”

He took the glove from her nervous fingers.

“This glove can almost speak for itself,” he said.

He led the way into the next room. For a moment he looked as if Stella Desmond meant to resist. But suddenly she collapsed in a chair.

“I'll tell it all!” she cried.

“Go on! You killed him. Why?” said Kearney roughly.

“"No" she cried. "Listen, it was like this."

And, while the reporter’s pencil flew over the pages of the notebook on which he had planned to write down the confession of guilt he had been sure she would make, Stella told the story.

"His brother had turned him against me!" she said, sobbing. "He had made him promise to go back to some other girl he was engaged to, and he was going to give me up after promising to marry me! I went to beg him to take me back and he turned me down! Then I said 'I'd kill myself and I grabbed that terrible knife—and he tried to stop me—and we were scrapping there—and then, the next thing I saw the blood rush out, and he sort of groaned and lay down, and—and I ran away—and that's all."

There was more, but it was only repetition. Kearney looked at the reporter.

"Some story, Charley Greene!" he said. "And some pinch for me!"

Then they saw that both women had fainted. "I'll be damned!" said the reporter, looking curiously at Mary. "I can understand Stella, but, gee, her troubles are over! And while they were on she didn't turn a hair!"

"'Tis the way of women," said Kearney, philosophically. "Stella wasn't lying, Charley, and that tale will get her off, too. Poor little devil. Hard on the chap that died, but—"

"Exactly," said Greene. "He didn't see the signs about 'No trespassing.'"

"It was not Mary who told John Hampton that he was a free man once more. He had to wait until she had gained a little strength before he even saw her. When he did he dropped to his knees before her chair.

"'I can't thank you,' he said, brokenly. "'I'm glad you know from what that wretched girl has confessed, that I told you the truth about Dick, that he meant to go back to you.'"

"'Jack!'" she said, sharply. "'I—liked Dick. He was like a brother. I even loved him, that way.' She blushed; then caught her breath and went on. "'But I never cared for him the way you think."

"Mary!" he said. "Mary, look at me!"

At first she would not; then she could not.

But it made no difference.

His Lucky Month

J. W. OR "BIG JACK" JOHNSTONE, leading man of the Western Electronic Company, located at Tucson, Arizona, considers October his lucky month, for it was on October 27, 1929, that he was born in County Clare, Ireland. He made his first appearance on the stage in "Ben Hur" in October; in October, 1916, he first appeared in films at the Reliance studio; in October, 1911, he left Reliance to join the Pathé player, and in October, 1912, he affiliated himself with the Eclair Company where he still remains though it is hard to say what next October may have in store for him.
J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate
II—Inspiration in Breakfast Food and Photographs

**By RICHARD J. HENDERSON**

**Iss.uted by J. Clinton Shepherd**

**May 23, 1914**

**J** OHN R. WALLING was just a trifle perted.

Dolly Ewing, the little

auburn-haired beauty who

dispensed tickets for him at

the Marvelous Movies, had made him

jealous.

He wouldn’t admit it, and anyway he sus-

pected it was more than half mercurial.

Ever since he had rescued the wealthy

Franklin Cowperthwaite from a thug in Central

Park and had become a “fifty-fifty” partner by

that token, he had been unable to think any-

thing but success.

And now Dolly, of all persons, was “acting

up.”

She had encouraged a big, hideous, bloated

person named Hicks or Wicks, or something

like that, to take her out to lunch—and dinner

sometimes.

“He’s perfectly lovely,” Dolly asserted with

a fine display of fervor.

“He’s a great big, blitherin’ run!” John

roared.

That was a vital error on his part.

Had he smiled on Miss Ewing’s caller, and

been kind and gentle to him, then that would

have ended it.

“You’re disgracing yourself—and me—and all

of us!” Walling roared in bitter reproof.

“It isn’t so,” Dolly protested with a twinkle

in her eyes of blue. “He told me I had histo-

trion—anyway, that I could act!”

“Half-rotten,” Walling mumbled. “Can you

act?”

“Sure!” Dolly agreed. She knew she could.

She was acting for the blessed benefit of J.

“Exius” Walling at that moment, and he didn’t

seem to know it.

“You just stick around, young lady,” he said

bravely, trying to smile, “and I’ll own a film

company some day, and maybe make you lead-

ing lady—if you’re not too little.”

That final jibe was quite senseless.

“Pooh!” Miss Ewing observed, “lots of great

actresses are little. You’re not running a

Hagenback show, are you? You don’t want

elephants and seals entirely?”

The manager of theMarvelous scratched his

head and looked nearly as wise as he felt.

He decided to change the subject. Dolly wel-

comed his sage decision.

“That chap across the street,” he began

mysteriously, “gave me an option on the

Up-Town over there.” He jerked a thumb

testily to the opposite side of Amsterdam Ave.

“Why don’t you take it up?” Dolly queried

airily.

“That’s it. His option reads that I must

pay cash-in-full in thirty days. He wants a

merit for it, too. But that isn’t all: He is

giving me a run for it. Why, he’s taking in

all kinds of big feature stuff. I tell you, girl,

I’ve got to clinch our patronage.”

It was a large ambition, but Walling had an

inspiration.

“Ham and eggs, doughnuts, a.m. breakfast

dainties generally.—

“Are you raving, Jack?” Dolly questioned

in alarm.

It cheered him to hear her say, “Jack.”

Tell it to me again,” he urged Jeffreyly.

“Cracked ice—and sleep—al-

ways help,” and Dolly’s eyes be-

came very bright and bright and

alarmed-looking.

“I’ll make ’em eat tickets,” and he brought

down a chair and sat down into an ample palm.

Mr. Hicks—or Wicks, or whatever it was—

came into view at that moment, and it de-

veloped that Dolly had been telling him that

Walling was an ex-pugilist—by way of self-

protection.

He saw the energetic movement of the movie

manager and altered his course.

“How can people eat tickets, I wonder!”

“Never mind how. Now, let me figure. This

report shows that we had an average of five

hundred vacant seats at our three shows every

evening last week. At ten cents a seat, that is

fifty dollars a show—

“Exactly,” Miss Ewing agreed.

“Well,” John continued, “our total capacity is

eight hundred seats, and that is eighty dol-

lars a show, or two hundred and forty a night—

meaning an absolute possibility. Now, if we

sell only nineteen hundred tickets, that is one

hundred and eighty dollars a night. Rainy

nights means even less.

“But if we could sell all the seats at eight

and half our profits, Jack, we’re way in the

dred and four dollars a night. We would gain

fourteen dollars a night or nearly a hundred

a week, and cut down the Up-Town’s patronage

to some extent.”

“I can’t follow you,” Dolly broke in hope-

lessly.

“I don’t expect you to,” Walling replied with

a grin. “My duty toward you is to take you

by the hand and lead you.”

The girl blushed. That wasn’t because she

was angry. She liked to hear him talk that

way.

“If that fat guy takes you out again,” he ca-

tioned, "I’ll beat him up—and—"

“And fire me?”

“Oh, no—just beat him up and throw his

body in the North River.”

“The East River is deeper,” Dolly sug-

gested, mischievously.

“Depth doesn’t make any difference,” John

explained. “He’ll float!”

“If you marry him again, I’ll get angry,”

Miss Ewing pouted.

Walling looked at her auburn curls, bit his

lip, and held his peace.

“Say!” he elaborated enthusiasticly, “I’m

going out on business—over to the delica-

tessen store.

“You’ll get into an awful pickin’ Dolly

interrupted. Walling ignored her.

Then into the drug shop, the gents’ fur-

nishers, the grocer’s milliner’s—

“Oh, going shopping!”

“Yes, for patronage. Don’t ask any ques-

tions. Just get the operator to run off those

films for the plant, and if I’m not here by

six to take you to feed, drag the bay.”

Walling hastened up the street, and entered

the delicatessen store.

“My name’s Walling,” he began excitedly.

“Yell, dad’s your father’s fault—don’t blame

me,” the proprietor returned.

John grinned. When he laughed, he laughed

all over, and the old German enjoyed a good

laugh at his own jokes.

“What do you give for prices?” Walling

asked.

“Prizes? Oh, pretzels and bickies and

cookies. Dey helps demselvers, most chen-

ally.

“Don’t you give premiums?”

“Not yet. Anyhow, some times I feel I

should try mining shovel.”

“I’ve got the best trading stamps in the

world—tickets to the Marvelous Movies.”

“Shiteal ‘em?” the Teston asked suspicionally.

“No—I run the show.”
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

"Say, it was a grand film you had on at the Cheltenham Theatre. I myself was in the Frenchman's Parade."  
Mr. Cohn, the German promoter, became enthusiastic about the German Army. He raked up dozens of German rah-rah songs, but thought the Fatherland was the most wonderful of all countries.

Then he got down to business.  
"On some things you make good profit," he explained, "on others your profit is small. What can you afford to pay for premiums on your goods?"

"Oh, maybe, two per cent."

"All right. I am getting some coupons printed. You give one with each nickel purchase."

"A movie ticket? I should give away ten cents mit a kankell!"

"No, no," John corrected. "You give one of the coupons with a nickel purchase. That means twenty to a dollar. For every forty coupons, you give a ticket to the Marvellous Movies, good for any show at any time. That means one movie ticket to every two dollars of goods sold—or five per cent, so far as your customers are concerned. But I will let the tickets to you for eight-and-one-half cents and give you all the coupons you want."

"Ah-hah," the delica-teomen man groaned.  
"That's really only four and one-fourth per cent. However, some of the coupons will be missed and you'll never have to redeem them. But that isn't all, Mr. Schmidt. I give you some handy hangars—show cards, you understand. They'll be fine! And you can take one hundred tickets or more, and pay for them when they're gone."

The German thought a minute.  
"All right, I'll try it. Uncle. Should I pay it?"

"Keep it up. Oddlywise, I don't."

John went out whistling. He had struck the hardest problem first and conquered.  
Mr. Schmidt also saw a point.

"Lena," he told his wife confidentially, "as soon as Walling was out of view, 'twas comfort for us. We save three pennies a day on der moods. We go der Marvels always, by der Up-Town now."  

The druggist, milliner, cleaner and dyer, tobacco seller, haberdasher, grocer, butcher, dry goods merchant and others all agreed.

And twenty-four hours later, this card appeared in all these shops:

**FREE TICKETS**

to the best

MOVIE SHOW

in New York

One Coupon with Every 5c Purchase
40 Coupons get a Ticket

TO THE MARVELOUS MOVIES

2116 Amsterdam Ave.
Get Your Entertainment for Nothing!

Change of Show Every Night—5 Reels.
No Staging—Biggest Features from Best Film Companies.

Then he had the coupons printed. 100 to the sheet. He cut them into strips. These coupons were like this:

1/40 One of these with 5c every 5c purchase.
40 coupons good for 1 ticket at Marvellous Movies for any performance.

Hugo Schmidt
2142 Amsterdam Ave.
Redeemable at this Store.

Each of the nearby merchants did his own redeeming. But those in outside blocks bought the coupons at the rate of 25c for 100 copies. He cut them into strips. Hugo Schmidt bought some of the coupons which were never redeemed. He felt safe in the venture.

Those who patronized shops out of his own immediate environs would bring the coupons to the Marvellous Movies for redemption. But he realized that he had to offer the merchants additional inducements, so he em-ployed a sign writer by the piece to prepare some very decorative window and counter cards for these merchants.

With each 1,000 coupons, they were entitled to one large or two small cards, in two colors. Within less than a week, his patronage began to grow. The merchants made up not a few of the coupons themselves.

The idea took, and here is Walling's balance sheet on the outcome for a ten-day period:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. of coupons sold</th>
<th>12 merchants, own block, daily, 10,000</th>
<th>Gross income from 250 tickets daily @ 8.5c each, $25.25</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>No. of coupons to merchants outside of block, daily, 10,000</td>
<td>10,000 coupons @ $10 per 5,000, $20—</td>
<td>200.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. of coupons to merchants outside of block, daily, 10,000</td>
<td>10,000 coupons @ $10 per 5,000, $20—</td>
<td>200.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>10,000 coupons @ $10 per 5,000, $20—</td>
<td>200.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Cost of printing 200,000 coupons @ $2.50 per 1,000 sheets (100 coupons to a sheet)...**  
$142.50

**Printing show cards...**  
$13.00

**Lettering 200 counter cards at 15c...**  
$30.00

**Patronage of stores using his service...**  
$25.00

**Gross income...**  
$412.50

**Gross expense...**  
$75.00

**Net profit...**  
$337.50

"You see, Dolly, it pays!" John declared with much enthusiasm.

"Yes, it does," she agreed amably, "but I'm going to kick on buying pickles and pig's feet every day at the German's. Let's get cheese and crackers next week. And, say, Jack Walling, I know the cigar man is soaking you on those cigars. Can't you arrange to smoke them out toward the curb?"

"Those cigars, indeed! Why, I give all the cheap ones to the cops. I smoke only two-bit perfects."  
"Oh," Dolly gasped, "what a fancy name and...
The House of Dreams

BY BERTON BRALEY

MINE is a dull and humdrum life. But in my heart of hearts, I've dreamed of love and work and strife in far and foreign parts.

I've longed to sail the rolling sea. Ten thousand miles or more.

And land in Samarcand, maybe, or else in Singapore.

I've hoped—in spite of circumstance—that someday I might know the storied places of Romance.

Where lucky rovers go.

But duty keeps me closely bound.

And though I long to roam.

This great and busy world around.

I've had to stay at home.

Yet there's one place where I can find My dearest hopes come true.

Where I escape the daily grind.

That Plate has held me to.

Where life grows varied and sublime.

The world before me seems.

And I forget both space and time.

Within this home of Dreams.

Romance, Adventure—those I know.

And life grows strangely sweet.

Within the little picture show.

A few blocks down the street!

And once, a long time ago, he had a little auburn-haired girl like me. She would have been ever so much older, of course.

Walling nodded his head slowly.

"That's Dolly," he said. "It wasn't my comfort I was thinking about. It was you down there in that terrible East Side.

"And Mr. Cowsworth's little girl ran away from home and married against his wishes. And I couldn't help going to live there. He is my employer just as much as you are."

**THE MOVIE PICTORIAL**

*May 23, 1914*

**THE MOVIE PICTORIAL**

*May 23, 1914*

**THE MOVIE PICTORIAL**

*May 23, 1914*
Producing a Joker Comedy

By Clarence G. Badger

Illustrated with Photographs

H ave you ever sat in a comfortable or uncomfortable plush or wooden chair while the orchestra served its syncopated tunes or the piano its tinsel jumble and, fairly clutching your sides, watched the antics of the Joker actors performing their ridiculous burlesques on the screen? If you have, it is equally certain you have experienced that delicious sensation of thankfulness that your person, at least, was secure; that you, yourself, were in no danger of being scattered by the amateur paper hanger who was demonstrating his prowess by decorating a luxurious drawing room from end to end with great gobes of sticky paste; that the burst water pipe could not deluge you, no matter how long the plumber delayed; that the lunatic barber could not reach you with his deadly weapon; that back-breaking falls and elbow-skinning slides, pitched mud battles waged waist deep in mud, or any one of a hundred other breath-taking and beauty-destroying situations were utterly foreign to your way of life.

Director Allen Curtis misses no situation or location that can be used in the scheme of a comedy. His eyes are open to every possibility. For instance: when the big storm and subsequent flood which broke over the Universal ranch near Los Angeles recently—and incidentally washed out its roadway for half a mile—and had subsided, Mr. Curtis at once saw an opportunity in the mud walls of the swimming waters. He said to his scenario man: "Here is mud. Now, build me a story around it. I don't care what it is, just so mud flies. Don't forget, the mud must fly!"

He got what he wanted. And you can see it all in "The Luck of Hog Wallow Gulch." The story in this: Arrives the wealthy tenderfoot in Hog Wallow Gulch intent on buying a gold mine. He is taken in tow by Mongrel Mike (Max Asher), who directs him to Adam Crook (Ralph McComas), a dealer in "salted" mines. Mongrel Mike then does the dirty work for Adam Crook by "saltling" a mine with wonderful gift pebbles.

The sale is about to be concluded when the party in broken up by a big black bear who at once single out Adam Crook—McComas really would make a choice morsel for a bear—and after a terrific chase captures him. The inevitable-in burlesque happens. The last you see of Adam Crook is his fleshless bones being gnawed clean of their last particle of gristle by Brother Bruin.

Then Prospector Bill (William Franey)—who dearly loves, nay, lives on, whisky of the cayenne brand, discovers the salted mine and, being in a slightly altered condition, mistakes the gilded pebbles for the real thing, and carries home a sackful to his daughter, Alicia (Louise Faenza). But Prospector Bill has been trailed to his cabin by Terrible Disk (Rob Vernon), and his band of cut-throats, who rob Bill of the nuggets and carry away Alicia to their den besides.

The wealthy tenderfoot (San Kaufman), the innocent cause of all the trouble, discovering the adored Alicia in the clutches of the bandits, rushes to her rescue with a box of dynamite. Terrible Disk makes a wild getaway to escape the tenderfoot, clinging all the while to the sack of nuggets, with the result that he is caught in the stick mire of a mud wallow which he is frantically trying to cross. The tenderfoot, close at his heels and carrying the box of dynamite with the fuse already lit, narrowly escapes being mired, too, and to save himself is obliged to abandon the dynamite, just beside the desperate struggling wildly in the grip of the relations gins-like mud, which holds him tightly.

The explosion comes! High into the air Terrible Disk is hurled, still clutching the precious sack, and down he comes again with a mighty splash! The glittering nuggets are scattered far and wide over the mud hole. And down come the rescuing bandits and begin to search for the nuggets.

This peculiar action of the cut-throat gang is witnessed by Mongrel Mike, and at once he imagines a gold strike. Wild with excitement, he spread the news, and the inhabitants of the Gulch rush in frantic haste to the spot. The bandits, of course, resent this invasion and—at last—a glorious mud battle begins. The opposing factions face each other, waist deep in the mire, at first fighting with mud in handfuls as one might throw snow balls. But very soon they close in and the fighting becomes rough and tumble, with the combatants rolling about in the ooze.

Then comes the breakaway, and the wild rush to the assay office to dispose of the nuggets. What follows when they discover that their nuggets are only gilded pebbles... Words fail, but the film tells it all. Mr. Curtis, the director, and O. G. Hill, the camera man, must not be forgotten. In producing this picture they had to be as clever as the performers, wade into the wallow, and take their share of the flying goblets. They almost seemed to enjoy it.

Well, as a matter of fact, everyone enjoyed it. Who wouldn't? It wasn't work at all, it was play.
My Experience in Mexico

A Movie Camera Man's Vivid Story of Guerilla Warfare

THERE are two kinds of moving picture camera men—those with good jobs and those in Mexico. A week before this story was started, I had just despaired of making a Mexican kind. I thought that was the only life suited to my excitement-craving nature. I had made a dozen pictures in the States and,, in the last twenty minutes after dawn while waiting to be shot at sunrise. A friendly peon, a sharp hand, with a quick eye and a most natural way of getting all set in their line work between day-break and sun-up. So here I am, rooting for the quiet life and looking for a job in a dynamic fantasy or some other safe retreat where a man can round out his life in peace and quiet.

My camera is in Mexico. I hereby offer it as a present to any person who is willing to go get it. He will find it in the tent of Colonel Jesus Ives Hidalgo, third from the corner.

But the Colonel and his staff, Santa Anna, Saltillo, salute the sentry and lower bridge as you enter. If the Colonel is enjoying his著作权, you are at the ground of the Señor oblique. If the Senor is auguste, the canteen also, just take the camera and tell the sentry I told you it would all right.
bricked death at us every minute. The thin line behind me melted away like a morning mist, for they had a wonderful way of disappearing in a moment, these guerrillas of Sonora and Chihuahua that Gonzales commands, and I was left practically alone between the lines. A squad of a dozen or so cavalrymen swept in wild confusion toward me from the flank. "Run, you d— fool," they shouted in Spanish, "there are six hundred of them and only two of us." And I stood, as if in a hurricane of bullets whistling their chill music over my head. I have never "faked" but one fight—and that was a dismal failure. On the other hand, I have taken pictures of actual fighting, pictures on the firing line where the encounter was hand to hand, that were so vivid the producers cried "Fake!" and refused to buy them. One picture, the best of the lot, showed a charge of 1,000 Constitutionalistas up a hill, topped by a chapel manned with Federals. There was fierce fighting on the grassy side of the hill, and blood flowed freely. Fifty men or more lay wounded on the slope after the line had reached the top; others lay crumpled up and stiff, stamped unrecognizably with the mark of death. Over the stone wall our men fought the Huertistas a bayo, cu duel. I knew, for I was there, grinding away. Men fell mortally wounded before the camera, others fell dead. The Federals led to the chapel and our men set it aflame. What happened within that horrible furnace of swirling flame and smoke no camera will ever record; but my camera got the picture from the outside. More than that, my picture shows our half-clad boys removing clothing from the bodies of Huerta's well-garbed men lying dead in the trench behind the stone wall—shows one poor hombre trying in vain to wrest a run away from a Federal badly wounded, but not too badly wounded to resist. All this and more was crowded into that terrible picture—terrible because it was tinted red with human blood.

Do you think that picture was a success? Do you think any sneak, smug, self-satisfied buyer of live stuff from Mexico even asked the name of the man who took it? Not on my second wife's burning dardines. They smiled or grumbled—so Hoppeton tells me—and said it was a good fake! A fake, mind you! A fake!

It was at Matamoras that I fell into the hands of our friends, the enemy. Happily for me, there was no more fighting. I made my way to Huerta, a little light-haired German who later went through the fiery furnace of suffering at Torreon. He saved my life, that Dutchman did, and my magazine. True, I had to spill two hundred feet of film and film was scarce, too, at the time. They marched me off to the guardhouse with a dozen other prisoners all privates. I had in my pocket a letter from Hoppeton which dealt with Huerta in terms most uncomplimentary and spared no bouquets in speaking of the Constitutionalists. I knew that I would be searched. Hoppeton, too, had figured out that I might be captured sometime. "Don't forget, boy," he had told me when I left him, "if you are ever captured, cram your papers in your magazine."

I followed his advice and the Federals found nothing when they searched me. However, they marched all of us out for the firing squad, believing against their principles to permit prisoners to live in the same world with themselves. My Dutch friend had his camera on the job as we filed out of the prison. I threw myself on his neck. To my dying hour—which then seemed very close at hand—I shall never forget the look of utter astonishment that startled itself over that little, fat Dutchman's face. However, I managed to let him know my trade, and he saved me. I was taken out of the line, examined by the commanding officer and later released.

I never saw my fellow-prisoners again, but I can imagine what happened. I heard firing—not the volleying of an attacking force nor the occasional snap of the sharpshooter, but the sinister, murderous bark of a firing squad at regular intervals—as I stood in the tent of the commanding officer, awaiting his pleasure. No; there is no doubt in my mind as to the fate that befell those poor devils.

Even when I was released I feared that the Federals would apply to me their "leya fuga," so I just naturally socked with the Dutchman till our own boys drove the Federals out of town and the Dutchman with them.

It was sometime after this that Mr. Hoppeton lost his pull with the Constitutionalists and came within a hair's breadth of losing his camera man, to boot. It developed afterwards (although I did not know it at the time) that one of my early pictures of the rebel army maneuvers caused the trouble. Mr. Hoppeton had said this picture to a producer. It was a bully picture, showing a regiment of cavalry speeding on the charge past the camera. I also took them on the return. The horsemen made a splendid picture as they rode, pole-mill, into the wa-silla. This swell picture almost cost me my life.

The purchaser of these pictures showed the charge and the return which looked for all the world like a flight under a caption that ran something like this, as well as Hoppeton recalls:

"Rebel cavalry charge the Mexican breastworks at Torreon and are routed by the Federals. Panicstricken, the rebels flee like sheep for their lives."

You can imagine how that tickled the rebels when they heard of this. I was taking my noonday rest (strange, isn't it, how quickly one acquires the customs of the country?) when I was arrested. Colonel Hidalgo took my camera, four of the rank and file took me. They tied my feet together, then my hands, threw a blanket over me and nonchalantly discussed my probable fate. I gathered that my presence in camp was no longer desired. I also gathered that I would look down half a dozen long rifles at sunrise the next day and watch them spit fire and lead.

I didn't sleep much that night. I reckoned I would have thought of home and mother. If there had been either to think of. A certain brown-eyed girl back in Newark, New Jersey, was very much in my troubled thoughts. I had never been much of a church man, but I knew there was a God and I wondered if it were a part of His great plan to have me die like a dog. Somewhere, I felt that if it were, His plans was all a mistake. Then I thought again of my brown-eyed girl, and, thinking of her, I forgot the pain of the thongs on my feet and my wrists in the greater pain on my heart.

It was growing day and the guard was nosing when Cartos, my body-servant, a gray shadow in the dim light, crept stealthily to my side. In a moment he had cut the ropes that tied me. He half carried me toward the picket line and, stuffing tortillas in my pockets, bade me goodbye. Red streamers in the sky were heralding sunrise as I glanced backward at the sleeping camp. And right then and there I made a mighty resolution that I would never again take moving pictures of warfare in Mexico.

No sir! No more Mexico for me! My wife—I mean that brown-eyed girl—won't hear of it.
Ford Sterling
A Perfectly “Serious” Funny Man

By RICHARD WILLIS

Ford Sterling is a surprise: one of the funniest men on the motion picture stage, he is one of the most serious men I have ever interviewed. He is not only funny on the screen but in rehearsals and whilst the scenes are actually being taken he compulsively laughs, and in conversation, he will make his hearers laugh despite themselves but always he will be perfectly serious the while. This is the keynote to his character, dead seriousness about all he undertakes. In his time he has acted many parts not only on the stage but in other fields as well, and in all his undertakings he has been soberly serious and has made his mark.

I interviewed Ford Sterling at his pretty bungalow at Venice, a delightful residence situated so that a fine view of the ocean can be obtained. Sterling leaves early and arrives home late but he spends most as much of leisure time as he has there with a particularly delightful lady who looks like his sister but who one is surprised to learn, is his mother. They are great pals these two, and it is charming to see them together. She is disgracefully young and it is easy to see that Ford is a mighty good son, for this dear lady thinks there is nobody just like him and woo betide anyone who will hint to the contrary.

Ford Sterling had the famous dancer, Bosie Clayton, and the well known theatrical manager, Bill Cooper, to dinner and we sat around the table and reminisced the while. The conversation would make remarkably good reading but my commission is concerned with the Sterling person and I must not digress. In his cozy study we got down to cases.

"Your birth place and early history please?

"I was born at La Crosse, Wisconsin, but the family moved early in my career to Texas, where my father engaged in the cattle business. Later he went to Chicago and entered the electrical business and was president of the Western Telephone and Construction Company.

"On my death I had to get busy. Before this, I attended the Notre Dame College at South Bend, Ind. Allan Dwan of the United

played boy parts and learned a lot. Whilst with them I made up my mind I wanted to get into musical comedy and with more persuasion and persistency, I enjoyed the management of The Gay Human to give me the chance I wanted. "What are you prepared to do?" he asked me. "Anything I am told to do," I replied. He said he would try me out and he did with a vengeance, for I acted, did a song and dance, was property man and even helped load the cars, but I shut my teeth and kept on learning and forcing my way up step by step." "What came after that?"

"I was just thinking—I warn you that it is going to be very hard for me either to give dates or the actual order of things. You had better let me ramble along and I'll talk of things as I remember them."

"Go on."

"Well, from then on I got some interesting side-light on this many-sided man's career. Here they are.

One time when things looked bleak I joined a summer fair and did a trapeze act for I was always an athlete and it came easy to me, I later did a slack wire act and I always sang in the concerts and at times was called upon to dance too. It was hard work but I can look back and enjoy the memory of it at that. Again I looked around and a chance came in a different direction for I joined the John Robin- son clowns and did an act with a baby elephant and a pig and amongst other things I did a tumble over both of the animals. I was billed as "Keno, the boy clown."

"I remembered it well," I murmured.

"From then on I mixed things up a bit, for in between the winters of acting I played professional baseball in the summertime. I did this for seven seasons and played with the following teams: Gulfport, Mississippi, Mobile, McKeever, Pa., Saginaw, Toledo and for two seasons with the Duluth team. I loved the exercise and the excitement of it and had to force myself to stop when I saw that I had bigger opportunities on the stage. There was another digression and the excitement of it and had to draw pictures for the Chicago American. Do you remember the Sterling Kids? Yes? Well I was the artist and the originator. Let's see, here are some of them."

For the next half an hour I enjoyed Mr. Sterling's highly original pen and ink caricatures and cartoons and some excellent color work too, and learned that he had earned some good sums by illustrating for advertising companies and periodicals and that at one time, a time spoken of with affectionate regret, he occupied a few years with George Ford Morris, the famous painter of animals. I also inspected original drawings presented to Sterling when he left Chi-
PICTORIAL

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

15

"Yes, I can certainly claim a good measure of success in vaudeville," said Sterling, "and I owe a whole lot to my experiences on the variety stage. The first time I tried, was somewhat early in my career when I went out of Chicago on circuit with a partner. We called ourselves 'Sterling and Woods' and did a singing and talking act. Then I became well known as a German comedian over the Keith & Proctor and Orpheum route with another partner, 'Sterling & Herr' that time. Still later came the sketch 'Breaking Into Society' in which I enacted the part of a Dutchman. It was one of the most successful things I ever did. It was while doing a vaudeville act with Tom MeEvy, now with the Biograph, that I got into the picture game. Pathé Lehrman saw me and told me I should go into pictures and that he was convinced I would make good. Mack Sennett had been looking around for a comedian and when he saw me at the Riverside Theatre, he approached me. The result was that I joined the Biograph comedy company of which Mable Normand was a member. Then as you know I
capo which represent the work of some of the best known pen and ink artists of the day, quite a notable collection and one he is justly proud of. Returning to his reminiscences, Ford Sterling continued.

"I have played in stock a great deal, of course, and my first real stock engagement was at the Columbus Theatre in Chicago, where I acted the juveniles. After that I was in stock in Worcester, Mass.; Providence, Buffalo, Denver and Milwaukee. I acted, sang and danced in several musical comedies including the 'U. S. Giris' under Julian Kahn out of New York and I was with Francis Wilson in 'El Capitan,' 'Erminie' and other plays. I also put in one or two seasons in burlesque, whilst in more serious productions I can recall these: I followed Ralph Stuart in 'Under Southern Skies' in which Minnie Mcllwraith had the lead and Henry Watthall of the Reliance was the hero. And, by the way, I also acted with Tom Ince of the New York Motion Picture Company at one time. Then I acted a fine line of parts with Frank Keenan in New York and was with F. G. Williams and the Fox Mortona. I was with Mansfield in 'Monseur Beauregard' for some time and was with 'The Royal Letter,' which was a failure here and a success on the other side of the pond. Later I took the part of Monseur Grevay in 'The Amazon' on the road for thirty weeks and was the Professor Feather in "The System of Dr. Tav and Professor Feather" with Frank Keenan in New York. There were others but I do not want to be monotonous."

"I remember you in vaudeville, tell me about your variety stage career," I requested.

"Ford Sterling told me many other interesting things and recalled some of the hard times he had to struggle through. There was one period where things did not go right and he was dead up against it and occupied a large attic with Jack Dean, Dick Bennett, Wallace Wanner annd Pauline Zimmerman in Mrs. Innes boarding house at Forty-sixth and Broadway. They called it "the barracks" and Sterling slept on the top of a wheezy baby grand piano.

Ford Sterling started out his career, when suddenly he had to make his way in the world and he has forced himself to the top of the ladder after many hard knocks and some bitter experiences. Small wonder he is a serious man with a serious outlook.

"To make a success on the screen" he says "the acting must come from the heart and the head. One must be thoroughly conscientious and love the work and one must think, think of every action and every look. There must be a reason for everything done and moreover that reason must be transparent to the audience or it is ineffective. This goes in regard to comedy, slap stick comedy you will, as well as for psychological drama. With me it has been a matter of continuous study and so it is with others who really succeed and I insist upon those who act with me being intelligent. Every tumble, every apparently foolish bit of business, has some reason for its being done, the result being that even in a knock-about comedy that it is easily followed and has continuity—one rapid fire action leads to another. When I entered the motion picture business I sized up the situation and I knew that it was my field and that I could force my way to the top and that is why I accepted a much smaller salary to start with than I was earning on the variety stage."

His success is the result of his serious aspect towards his work, the intelligent way in which he approaches all he does coupled of course with real ability. The hard times he has gone through make that success all the sweeter. He waved me away from the pretty porch standing by that same charming lady, who looks like his sister and who is his chum and his mother.

"I joined the Keystone and acted with Sennett, Pathé Lehrman, Mable Normand and Fred Mace. I don't have to tell you or the readers of your writings about my connection with the Keystone, for I prefer to leave the question whether I was a success or not to them."
INTERESTING SIDE LIGHTS on the MEXICAN WAR SCARE

The Arrival of the Recruits at Fort Lincoln Before Uniforms are Distributed

Working One of the Big Guns on the U.S.S. "Mississippi"

26-Inch Turret Guns in the Bow of the Battleship "New York"

Twelve Men Standing on One of the 16-Inch Guns on the Battleship "New York"
America's Prospective Cup Defenders

The "Resolute" Just Before Launching at Bath, N. Y., She Will Compete with the "Defender" For the Honor of Defending America's Cup.

The "Resolute" Just After a Nib in the Top-Sail Bumped.

The "Resolute" Close Hauled on a Trial Sail and (Left) Raising Sail on the "Resolute"

The "Resolute" Getting Ready for New Trial Trip off Bristol, R. I. (at Left) Raising Sail on the "Resolute"
NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR

The Beautifully Furnished Bridal Chamber on the "Home."

Mrs. John Jacob Astor Ready for Her Morning Ride Through the Beautiful West Virginia Country.

Wallamby College Held its Annual Ring Day Festival. The Sodality Showed in the One Recently Desolated by Fire.

A Ship That Collided on the Long Island R. R. at Long Island City, Caused the Engine to Assume the Position Shown. It is Thought the Man was Killed and Two were badly Hurt.

One of the Fountain Figures Bore to Adorn the Fountain Garden at the Rockefeller House at Pansoria.

Jesters Were a Feature at the Annual Ring Day Dance of the Students of Wallamby College.
OMEN by the hundreds may be seen any day swarming about the Es-
mann Studio in Chicago. The num-
ber is—that Francis X. Bushman is
within! He is the magnet that draws aspirants
from every walk of life, from the woman who
arrives in her electric to the girl who has to
count her pennies.

Like a tidal wave the desire to act with this
delicately-composed, and popular young man has
swpt over Chicago, till you wonder whether there
are any young women left to play bridge or
tangle or wash dishes or do any of the stern
and one thing that are the especial
precocious—or burden—of the sex.

Some of the applicants desire merely to put
their names on Mr. Webster’s book of “extras”
in order to have the honor and pleasure of be-
ing near their idol—and kill time. Others have
to work for a living and seem to think that earn-
ing a living near Mr. Bushman would be much
pleasantter than earning one in a department
store, for instance. Still others have real am-
bition. All are permitted to leave name and ad-
dress and a photograph with the head producer,
with the promise that if they are needed they
will be notified.

And nearly always these applicants get their
chance. One day a message comes over the
telephone, a terse message: “Be at the Street
Studio at 9:30 on such and such a morning.”

Try to picture the excitement of a girl on re-
ceiving such a message. There is of course, only
one problem to be faced. “What shall I wear—
But that gives rise to a thousand questions—
Is there time to get something made? I won-
der if I could go as high as a hundred? (Some
of them do.) What do you suppose his favorite
color is? I never heard whether he likes
blondes or brunettes? Do you suppose he pre-
ters a tailor-made girl or a fluffy ruffle? Well,
it doesn’t make much difference; I can’t be
anything but a fluffy ruffle. I’ll see him
anyway.

But seeing him is a long and tedious process.
The girls begin coming—note, that I say begin—at
9:30 and they keep on coming until the after-
noon looks like a debonair’s tango tea. And
sometimes they have to wait until afternoon
before they even approach the studio proper.
They are herded into the “extras” girls’ dress-
ing room and told merely to “make up.” Look-
ing around, one might decide this order to be
quite superfluous, even though the command is
so much Greek to most of them. Fortunately
there is usually some sophisticated young
person to point out the differences and
make are almost ready and everyone goes to it.
It isn’t particularly easy, so far as the time
being all have an absorbing occupation; there is
much scrubbing off and dabbing on and more
chatter than you ever heard anywhere else in
the world.

Finally after many hours of suspense, the di-
rector sends somebody to show the ladies to the
studio floor where the scene is being taken, and
there is a general stampede, for all want first
place and each one’s aim is to get nearest to
Francis X. Bushman.

But what a disappointment awaits them? They
have not taken into consideration the fact
that in making pictures the leading-lady is the
one to have the coveted position near the
leading man. And these girls have to stand
back and see Ruth Stonehouse, Beverly Bayne,
Gerta Holmes or Irene Warfield get the part.
After all, it isn’t as much of a disappointment
as might be supposed, for these girls have
heroinics, too.

So they submit themselves to the inevitable
and do as the director tells them. If the scene
is a dance, each girl is given a partner and when
the music strikes up “Mandalay” off they trot.
If the story calls for a gay cafe scene, the extras
are ushered in by the director; each one is as-
signed a place at a table and they have the plea-
ture of forming a picturesque background, and
a splendid view of Mr. Bushman, Mr. Washburn
and other leading men escorting the leading
ladies to the table scene.

If a girl shows any bit of talent or individual-
ity she is apt to be called upon a second and a
third time and if she is not too discouraged by
having to play “bits” ensemble, she will have
the chance to play a stenographer or a maid and
appear on the screen for at least ten seconds
some time. Then if she perseveres long enough
she may get into what is known as the extra
and be assured three dollars a day for every
day she works. This may be one day a week
and again, it may be several. But like every-
thing else worth while, it takes work, lots of it,
and a whole freight train full of patience to
succeed.

Three Espanay girls who started in as begin-
ners and have made good without any former
stage experience are Ruth Stonehouse, Beverly
Bayne and Ruth Hennesey. But in these days
when the standards for pictures have improved
in every way, it is hard to get any farther than
the extra list without a big success on the stage
and a promising recommendation for so many.

One girl, who thought it would be a diversion
from her society schedule to appear on the
screen, left her name and number as hundreds
of others have done. She was started and
pleased to have a phone call shortly after to be
at the studio for work the next morning. With
the help of her maid, she managed to gown her-
sel and get there in time to be told she was
to play a regular shanty Irish part in a slap-
stick comedy. She was so stunned for the min-
ute that she did not have time to think. She
accepted the perfectly awful looking calico dress
handed out to her by the wardrobe mistress, put
it on and was in the floor with the others in a
few minutes.

The whole day was spent in taking these
scenes and everything went well. But the next
day when it came to finishing the picture by
making the interior scenes, and everything was
ready for the start, it was discovered that the
girl who had done the Irish part failed to appear.
They phoned for her and were informed that
she was not going to finish the picture, that it
was not what she had imagined it to be. She
wanted to take only society parts.

Fortunately somebody decided to take
this part and even if they did have to re-
take all the exterior scenes the picture was a howling
success.

Yet, who would blame the girl? She didn’t
get what she wanted either.

As for Francis X. Bushman, it may seem ut-
terly impossible or highly improbable, but the
fact remains that he is, without, a modest, friendly
young man.
The Cross Roads

The Intimate Confessions of Mollie Morgan

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS—Mollie Morgan describes, in the opening of this novel, her life on a farm. It is the life of thousands of other girls, but with a difference—in this case a soul, as well as a body, is starred. Mollie reads daily every book that gives her a glimpse of the outside world, and longs for its romance. Her father, grown miserly through his fierce struggle for very existence, is suddenly made rich by the discovery of oil on his farm. They move to a neighboring town, but instead of spending his money to make himself and his daughter happy, he begins to do business as an unscrupulous money lender. As a result Mollie is snubbed, and their wealth brings her no happiness.

II

Theodore, the handsome, the smarting picture. George Converse, a photoplay star, comes to the town to take part in the making of a picture, he be this time with the heroine, and inducts her to elope with him. While they are waiting for a train at the next town, Mollie's father over-takes them, and at first feels something of a shock, forces a marriage. At the same time he warns Mollie never to turn to him if she is in need. He has saved his reputation but he will do no more for her. Immediately after the ceremony Mollie's husband avows her formerly of having trapped him into an inartificial marriage. Upon their arrival in New York Converse insists that their marriage must remain a secret for some time, explaining that a public announcement of it would interfere with his work by hurting his popularity with women. He and Mollie take a small furnished apartment, and Mollie is happy for a while. But her husband's frequent absences and his refusal to let her attempt to get work as a moving picture actress only spice the right, when they are alone, a woman, aided by indigent friends, pays access to the apartment—and Mollie discovers that this woman is Converse's wife, her own marriage to him was invalid!

III

I

I knew that I saw the truth in my husband's,—in George Converse's face. I saw more than that. I saw enough to banish every trace of the love I had felt for him. For there was revealed in his face more than a confession; there was terror, there was abject fear, but there was no remorse. He was thinking, as always, of himself. He had no pity for me, no regret, except—for being found out. But I had to turn away from him.

The other woman was still there, threatening me, and George was too shaken to do anything. I saw that it was for me to handle the crisis. For a moment I was almost afraid to speak. I did not know whether I could control my voice. I wanted to say something. I could feel something. I found myself swept over me in great waves of emotion, and I understood at last the impulse to give way to hysteria. My whole world had crumbled beneath me; I wanted to cry, to laugh, to do anything! Never believe that hysteria, in the beginning, is not conscious and deliberate! I know better! It is a woman's natural vent. For a woman is too weak to bear, but I hidden from men. There is no weakness, no useless, in that mingled impulse to laugh and to cry! There is just a dreadful understanding of the mingled comedy and tragedy of life.

But I got control of myself, and turned to the woman.

"Will you send your—your friends away?" I asked her. "Will you let me talk to you, so that we can settle this together, once and for all?"

She stared at me curiously. I got my first chance really to look at her. She was a big woman, much bigger than I, and older. She had been, not so long ago, very handsome. But now she was coarse; I could see that she had used a good many artificial aids to restore her youth. But she had nullified their effect by the passion she had allowed to sweep over her. When she answered me her voice was strident.

"Talk to you, indeed!" she said. "What next, you house! I find you here with my husband—living with him—"

"I can show you my marriage certificate," I shot at her then. I heard a groan from George, and I saw a look of incredible malice come into her eyes.

"Is that so?" she asked me, severely. "Did he marry you?" Then she turned to the door, and called to one of the men who was standing there. "Did you hear that, Tom? If she ain't lying, it's a hugey!"

"I'm not lying," I said, as quietly as I could.

"There'll be no trouble in proving it, and my marriage was perfectly regular, too. It was celebrated by a justice of the peace who will be able to satisfy anyone."

She looked at George, for the first time since I had spoken. He fairly shivered under her eyes.

"You'll come to time now, George!" she said. "Honest, I never thought you'd go that far! You must a' been crazy! Tom, get out—you and the others. Wait for me. I'll see you later. She's right, and I want to talk this thing over."

I felt when they had gone. I was just beginning to remember that I was not dressed to see any man except my husband's. I was disgraced by their presence, pressing through the door, starting at me.

"Now, then," she said, when we were alone. "I'm sorry for what I said to you, but I didn't know, did I? I believe you, now. I am strong enough, though I'll make sure when you show me your certificate. The rat!"

George was slinking toward the door.

"I want a divorce, and.., and, and..." I asked, and then, "You're not going to leave him, are you?"

"You make me feel, all at once, as if I were prying into another woman's secret. But I didn't want to."

"Yes," she said. "I suppose you can see it—have seen it. Love him? Help no, I do, I do! That's why—"

I came here tonight. I was going to hold this over him, to keep him. You know! Exposure would hurt him—even if he hadn't committed an actual crime. A divorce suit—with the sort of evidence I thought I'd found here—wouldn't look nice to the young girls who are crazy over him in the pictures. They idealize him, you see (that's the word, isn't it?) They can stand for his being married—but not for his treating his wife the way they treat him. His..."

"He told me he was afraid of the effect on his work if anyone knew we were married," I said.

"Oh, would she?" she said. "He's clever, as clever as sin. Before he went away last time, when they made those pictures at Harborough, he was pretty well looked at. But when he came back he began staying away, to be with you. I suppose. He fooled me. I believed what he said, and I found him coming here. I'd been making scenes—and then I looked him—I didn't see that he wasn't going to complain about his staying away more than, and I fixed up this plan. Her voice changed.
She nodded her head.

"You've got nerve," she said. "And, you're straight. That's some compliment I'm giving you, after what I thought when I came here! But I guess I can take it. You'll make good. And say, don't be too stiff in the neck. If you're going to set up against it, come to me. You'll win out. You're the sort to do it. But you may have a hard time for a while.""Thank you," I said. "I think you mean it—now. But you'll begin hating me when you think about what's happened, and I won't blame you a bit."

"I guess you're right about that," she said.

"But, just the same, I'm apt to keep on meaning it, for all that. Better take it easy, you know. I'd like you at the same time. Well, I'd better take him along with me, hadn't I? You're not going to make a fuss, have him arrested, or anything, are you?"

"No," I said. "I'm not going to do anything like that."

I hadn't even thought of such a thing until she spoke. I suppose I have some inherited instinct for fighting things out by myself. My father was always the same way. He used to say that he could get along without going to law—and that it was cheaper.

I saw George alone in the street only a few minutes before he went away with her. He was still abject, but he had made an effort to pull himself together a bit, too.

"Molly!" he said. "There's no use in my saying anything, I suppose—but I never meant to let it come to this! I'm going to get a divorce, and I meant to get you here to myself, and—oh, I'd planned it all—I was going to get a divorce, and marry you—"

He ended with a groan. I almost felt sorry for him. He was so weak, you see. I was beginning to understand him, even then though, it wasn't until long afterward that I had things really straightened out. But that very weakness of his explained a good deal. George wasn't wicked. He hadn't meant to go about all the rules and disaster that had come. He had just been weak, unable to resist the current that had swept him up, and taken the easiest way. And the marriage, the worst thing of all, he blamed my father for, my father and his gun.

"I suppose you hate me?" he said, brokenly.

"I don't think so," I said. "You see, I used to love you. Now—I despise you. And I can't hate a thing I despise. I think I'm almost a little sorry for you. You've got to be happy you know, and it's going to be hard. But you've bound yourself, hand and foot. You—"

"I'll beat the game, somehow!" he cried. "Molly, I'll get free from her! I'll make her divorce me, I'll manage it, somehow! And me if back to you. We'll be married again, properly married!"

I laughed at him, then.

"Do you think I ever expected you again?" I said. That was our parting, that was not well to the man I had married, to whom I had given my love. But that I can't go home, and I'm afraid to be left without any money here,
“The Triumph of Mind”
The Gift of Second Sight is an Innocent Man’s Salvation

THREE-REEL 101 BIBON FILM

CAST

Fannie ................................................... Lois Weber
Ben, her husband ................................. Phillips Smalley
“Crooked Trill” ................................... Ella Hall
Daily, owner of Bell Mills ............... Rupert Julian
Earle, his partner ............................... William H. Brown
Bird, a girl of the streets ............... Elsie Jane Wilson
Daisy, a wayward girl .......................... Agnes Vernon
A Lawyer, Ben’s counsel ....................... Dick Rosson

SYNOPSIS

Ben, a workman in the Bell Mills has a quarrel with Earle, the owner, during which he pulls a gun on Earle. Ben is thrown out and Daily, the other partner hides the gun. Daily is being blackmailed by Bird, a girl who knows that he is responsible for the downfall of Daisy, a young and innocent girl. Drained by Bird of all his resources, Daily tries to rob the safe, and is caught by Earle whom he shoots down with Ben’s gun, and escapes.

Ben, a little drunk is making his way through the mob that has gathered when his gun is discovered beside the murdered man, he is arrested, and later is convicted of the murder on circumstantial evidence. Fannie, his wife, takes “Crooked Trill” a wonderful old lady who has the gift of second sight, to Ben’s lawyer, and persuades him to see whether “Trill” can discover any new evidence. Trill sees in a vision his long lost sister in a home for wayward girls. He goes there and discovers that Daily is the man who ruined her. When he confronts Daily with Trill and Daisy, and when Trill describes a vision in which he sees Daily murdering Earle, Daily falls to the floor unconscious. The final scene shows Ben free and believing at last that “Faith in Victory.”
"Jane, the Justice"

The jail is used to win Father’s consent

AMERICAN BEAUTY FILM

CAST

Jane, the Justice ............... Margarita Fischer
The Constable, her father ........ Fred Gamble
Zeb Coo., defeated candidate .... Joseph Harris
Harry, the Hunter ............... Scott Beal

SYNOPSIS

At a recent election in the town of Holtville, Jane Higgins is elected Justice of the Peace. Her knowledge of law is limited and her decisions in consequence are greatly in danger of being overruled; in fact, a handsome young man named Harry, who is arrested and brought before her for shooting on private grounds is fined a few dollars and set free. His short time in court, however, is not wasted for he and Jane are greatly attracted to each other. This does not meet with the approval of her father, who is constable, and he orders the young man away.

However, Harry succeeds in getting himself arrested for fishing on private grounds, in the hope of seeing Jane again; but her father hustles him to a cell and keeps guard himself. Eventually the constable falls asleep; Jane steals the keys, liberates the young man and locks her father up in his place, releasing him only after he has promised to consent to their wedding. This he does and he clasps them both to his bosom.
Blood Will Tell
A Century-Old Wrong is Revenged
THREE-REEL ESSANAY FILM

CAST
John Randolph .......... E. H. Calvert
Georgia, his wife ....... Irene Warfield
Richard Brinsmore, Georgia's lover .......
............. Francis X. Bushman
Brinsmore's English wife ........ Ruth Stonehouse
Colonel Porter ............ Thomas Commerford
Georgia Porter, his daughter ........ Irene Warfield
Stephen Mitchell, Georgia's suitor ...........
............. Bryant Washburn
The suitor Georgia loves .......... Francis X. Bushman

SYNOPSIS
MORE than a century ago, Georgia Randolph, a neglected wife, discovers her husband making love to another woman and decides to yield to her lover's entreaties and elope with him. Her husband, furious, searches for and finally finds her living with Brinsmore; the two men fight a duel in which Randolph is killed. When Georgia finds this out, her passion for her lover is destroyed, and, although she is to bear him a child, she leaves him. Brinsmore goes to England, where he marries, and Georgia lives out her life alone and broken hearted.

A hundred years later, Georgia Porter, a co-ed, elopes with an impetuous student. But her father has already promised Georgia to Stephen Mitchell, a wealthy suitor who has loaned him money. Colonel Porter and Mitchell pursue and overtake the lovers and the two young men fight. Mitchell is killed and Georgia's lover is tried for murder and is acquitted. Later, Georgia, who decides to attend a ball in Colonial costume, in searching for one of her great-great-grandmother's gowns, comes across an old letter of Richard Brinsmore's which reveals to her her ancestor's tragedy; together with the fact that her lover is a direct descendant of Brinsmore's — and she refuses to marry the living Richard. He leaves her, heartbroken, only to be killed in an automobile accident on the way home.

Richard Roosevelt as Richard Roosevelt
Georgia Porter, the Pretty Girl Attends a "Treat" Bound with Her Importance Station Letter
John Randolph is Hearted When He Sees Georgia His Wife and Her Lover
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

"The Southerners"

A Dramatic Adaptation of the Famous Novel
by Grace Greenwood Bracy

THREE REEL EDISON FILM

CAST

Mary Annan .................. Mabel Trunnelle
Beverly Annan, her brother . Julius A. Mood, Jr.
General Peyton, Confederate officer . Bigelow Cooper
Mrs. Peyton .......................... Anne Leonard
Royd Peyton, U. S. N. Their son . Richard Tucker
Willie Peyton, C. S. A. Their son . Allen Crolius
Admiral Farragut, Commander of U. S. N. .... . Duncan McRae
Captain Johnson, of the C. S. S. "Tennessee" .... . Augustus Phillips
The Union Chaplain ............ Harry Linson

SYNOPSIS

WHEN Boyd Peyton comes home from his first cruise as a U. S. A. officer in the spring of 1861, he has no doubts as to whether he loves Mary Annan. Mary, however, can't decide between Boyd Peyton and Robert Darrow. At her birthday supper she rises to propose a toast to the South and forbids anyone drink to her who does not love her and forbids anyone to love her who does not love the South also. When Peyton drinks she is certain that he is going to enlist in the Confederacy and she is certain also that she loves him.

But when a local company of militia offers him the captaincy the next morning he refuses it and they discover that his loyalty is with the Union. Mary immediately breaks her engagement with him and throws herself into Darrow's arms. But, in the weary days that follow Mary discovers that she loves Boyd too much to marry anyone else and sends Darrow word. He receives it on the eve of battle, and goes in with a smile on his face to get a bullet through the heart.

The next day, Mary's young brother is killed in the battle of Mobile Bay and Boyd is terribly wounded. Mary has the joy of nursing him back to health and affec- tionately reconciles him and his family. So, with the declaration of peace, happiness comes at last to the sorely tried lovers.
The Star of the Vaal

The Most Intense Series of Mysteries in Years

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY BLAKE VAN NICE

Synopsis of Preceding Installments—Trenton Montgomery, motor car manufacturer, purchases through Here-Rupert von Teeneck, the famous diamond-Star of the Vaal. The directors of this company object to his extravagance. One night at the Auditorium Theatre in Chicago, Mr. Montgomery is struck down and dies and the jewel vanishes. Mabel Canfield, fiancee of Gooce Chandler (Mr. Montgomery’s sister), causes the arrest of Harold Victor, Robert Warner, and Deisy Delcure, all of whom are present at the performance. Pennie Cumnings (Victor’s sweetheart and, with him, an employee of the Montgomery company) is not arrested, but is allowed to continue her work. By means of a pocket dictaphone, an invention of Victor’s, she procures evidence of Canfield’s iniquity to his betrothed, Miss Chandler. Receiving a mysterious message, Canfield goes at night to the Montgomery home, only to see the manufacturer die while examining some jewels which vanish with his death. Miss Cumnings, who has just come up the steps of the Montgomery mansion, sees Canfield go in and come out again. He sees her, too, and pursues her. She trips and falls directly in his path. Canfield attempts to help her up, but she escapes him and takes refuge at von Teeneck’s, where she finds Bob Warner who has broken jail. Bob, to avoid Canfield escapes, disguised in Deisy Delcure’s clothes. Pennock, Montgomery’s chauffeur, has access to the Montgomery library through a secret door behind a bookcase. He comes in and steals some jewels from the safe just before Montgomery’s death. When Miss Chandler discovers Montgomery’s body she sends for the police. Moran comes and seizes Pennock’s shadow on the wall from behind his secret door and shoots at it resulting in the household. They find a mysterious paper on the table in Canfield’s writing. The next day a new car is found in which Montgomery has left all of his money to Canfield, and they find Canfield’s laundry which has been delivered at the office by mistake, and on one of his cuffs is the combination to the Montgomery safe. Things begin to look black for Canfield. Chief Moran is at the Montgomery’s house the next day when Pennock makes his escape in a postman’s uniform, concealed by a light overcoat. He chances Pennock’s big car and overcoats it, only to find it empty.

CHIEF MORAN looked under the seats, and

even up in the folds of the
top of the touring car,

but there was no sign of
any human presence.

There was a light overcoat in the car. Apparently it had been thrown over the back of the seat in great haste.

The patrol-wagon was very near the Chief by this time, but he was determined to solve the riddle himself.

At that instant, a postman came down the steps of a nearby residence. He whitened softly and paused to examine the addresses on some letters in his hands.

“Did you see anybody leave this car?” Moran queried in nettled tones.

“Did I see anybody leave that car?”

Pennock looked at the officer in well-feigned surprise, as he repeated the interrogation.

Then he shook his head abstractedly and knitted his brows as though endeavoring to remember.

“You had a blow-out, didn’t you?” he asked in a half-irritated way.

“No here,” Moran replied, as he winced at the thought of the burst tire in Lincoln Park.

“What you heard was a pistol shot. I punctured one of these rear tires with a bullet.”

“You’ll be shooting an innocent bystander some day,” Pennock mumbled in a critical manner, but inwardly classifying himself as the innocent bystander. He was relieved to learn that Moran did not suspect him. He was a natural glance up Dearborn Avenue caused him to gasp. He transmuted the gasp into a yawn so as to stifle suspicion against himself. The cause of Pennock’s perturbation was another gray uniformed personage bearing down upon him, not rapidly, but with fearful certainty. The real letter-carrier was less than a block distant, and coming steadily toward the scene of excitement.

“I am late now,” Pennock said apologistically, and hastened on his way at the moment the patrol and several automobiles came rushing up to the curb. Those afoot were wheezing and puffing as they ran a few hundred feet in the rear.

Pennock was in genuine haste by this time, but the playing of his rule forced him to walk up the next steps, shuffle his stack of letters and pretend to ring the bell. Had the Chief known, he might have taken a closer look at the contents of the counterfeit postman’s bag, and found the envelopes blank—but he did not so much as suspect. Besides, who would imagine a letter-carrier as having divested himself of a topcoat, in the freezing automobile, and sliding to safety back of a sheltering elm?

The really—truly was in gray was hurrying through the formalities of delivering letters and parcel-post packages and papers, in order to participate in the mob-scene no—being staged around the deserted car, which Pennock had really stolen.

Pennock skipped the second house, and walked around the next one. His business-like walk altered into a run the moment he was out of sight. He tossed his bag into an area-way, and went at top speed around to Goethe street, with apprehensive glances over his shoulder.

Warner was waiting expectantly, and with considerable trepidation. He had witnessed the procedure and was prepared for flight.

“Take it, quick!” Pennock breathed nervously, as he tremulously handed a roll of treasury notes to Warner. “I’ll beat it for Clark street and get to von Teeneck’s. Bye-bye!”

Warner crossed Goethe street at an omnibus lope, and continued southward through the alley. Pennock swung aboard a south-bound
street-car, and felt immeasurably relieved to note he was not pursued.

By this time the bona fide carrier had ar-
rived and the mission of Uncle Sam responded modestly, but with a glacial
feeling of pursuiving precious time.

"Shove" said Moran.

"Well." the carrier responded with a gulp, "ask anybody in the block. I've carried this route for seven years. Why, there's the lie-
tenant. He lives at thirteen forty. He knows me."

"Sure I do," that officer responded agreeably. "I always call him 'Uncle'-short for Uncle Sam."

Then the light dawned in Moran's intellect. It dawned so rapidly, its brilliance shocked him.

"Find that other postman?" he ejaculated, half in command and half in amazement.

During that time, Pennock was past Elm street, and before any one could be found to
tell of Pennock's success in getting on a street-
car, that gentleman was already hurrying along East Austin Avenue to von Tenneck's house.

Inside the laboratory, secreted back of a coal pile, was the empty jury box. After a suit-
ble moral agony, but the law be set upon him for tampering with the Montgomery will.

The postman, however, was an old servant (who called at odd times to perform
necessary mental tasks) admitted Pennock, who dismissed the aged officier and began to free himself from the new objectionable gray
uniform.

Pennock had another suit of clothes in readiness.

To Pennock, the plan that he had laid upon him, made the change in raiment and
departed the rear way, doubled back through East Austin Avenue, and rode on a State Street car to Delaware Place.

Shortly afterward, he was in his basement residence, the Montgomery home, once more the humble chauffeur.

Mantel Canfield was watching furtively from his
position of security. Immediately upon
Pennock's departure, Canfield contrived up ideas
of an advantage in adopting the discarded dis-
guise. Here was an opportunity to go abroad without attracting attention. And cleft as a postman, with a satisfied smile of serene se-
curity, he beamed upon the outer world from behind the mask.

Every police-station in the city had been notified and every officer was on the lookout for the postman. In consequence, Canfield had not preceded far before he was nabbed with scant ceremony.

Trembling, protesting, mustering such ques-
tionable courage as remained, he was taken
most unwillingly before Chief Moran.

"I know you, Canfield!" the Chief exclaimed, as he surveyed his habillement wonderingly. "That cap bears the same number as the one the cul-
prit wore. How did you get into this outfit.

You were not the same man merely. I saw him walk to the car at the Montgomery home."

"Canfield was on the verge of exposing the
unearthly truth, but the truth did not appeal to him as particularly inviting. It might ex-
cite divers embarrassing explanations.

He mumbled in a choked, inarticulate man-
er, and glared at Moran in ill-concealed fear."I—l was held up," he blustered. "A post-
man came along East Ohio street and pushed me into an alley—unmercifully. A private
garage was open and he rushed me into that. He held a revolver at my breast and said, 'Off with those clothes.' I naturally obeyed. He forced me to get into this rig. Why, Chief, my life was at stake."

Moran sneered in response.

He knew too, though you would leave so
harrowing a scene and stroll down the street leisurely and smiling, as this officer reports, and never think of notifying the police of the
assault upon himself.

"The police!" Canfield bellowed. "Why, they
would be the last I'd report anything to. Don't
.

Moran pondered the subject some seconds and
sounded approximating.

"To tell the truth, Mr. Canfield, I think you
are in as bad as any man I ever knew.

That's why I'm going to lock you up and keep
you behind the bars, partly as a matter of pub-
ic safety, and partially to study your mental
balance."

"Don't!" Canfield pleaded helplessly, as he
wove toward the tier of cells. "Don't! I'll
tell all I know."

"You bet you will!" Moran agreed.

Coincident with the incarceration of Mantel
Canfield, Chief Moran liberated Harold Victor, upon whose visage confinement had already
blanched the tints of prison pallor. "You may go," the Chief told him kindly, but only after having arranged for a strict
surveillance over him.

Victor bowed awkwardly, and walked out wearily, like a man dazed and forlorn and ir

He paused on the walk in front of detective
headquarters gazing indifferently down La Salle
street, whose surging throngs paid no heed to
his faltering indecision. The drizzle had set
again, and Victor's spirits failed to respond to
any reaction of freedom. His mention was labored and his steps lagging.

Boarding a car at the corner of Randolph
street, he was soon speeding through the tun-
nel, and once he had gained the North Side
his listless interest began to revive.

He proceeded direct to Warner's home and
was admitted without the necessity of ringing
the bell.

Daisy Delvarre greeted him in an airy, easy
way as though no worldly affairs had placed
their hand upon the hapless clan.

Of all persons!" she warbled cheerfully. "I
suppose you're going toINDEX.A coined word."

"No," Victor corrected, "but the Chief saw
his way clear. Who's here?"

There were voices in the living room beyond.

"Only von Tenneck and Bob. But, say, Fan-
nie's coming over soon. My, what a little old
reunion there will be! Do you know those
pedestrian newspapers are driving us mad?
There's the phone again. Now, just listen."

Daisy picked up the receiver irritably.

"Hello!" she called lazily. "Yes, this is Mr.
Warner's residence. What? Daisy Delvarre
here? Oh, no. I haven't seen her for days. Who's that—Mr. Victor? Who's he—a race-
horse? Do tell! I never heard of the gentle-
man. No, this is the maid. You'll have to
excuse me. The grocer man is at the back
door."

The actress turned around warily.

"That is number thirty-three said chokingly.
"Newspapers are all right for some
kind of press-agent work. But, Harold, dis-
missing that dreary, foreseeing subject. I do
think that machine of yours is a wonder. You
call it a storage-battery. I believe. The pro-

Warner burst into a fit of ribald laughter.

"By George! That was Pennock's disguise!
At any rate, it removes Canfield from our midst
for some considerable time. By the way, here's
what I got this a. m."

On a postal was scrambled this message:

Get — money — in — get — trash
kvirum — sh — melvawb — yvem — nvgmrwv

Victor regarded it curiously, and then gave
the card back to Warner.

"Here," Harold grumbled, as he turned his
attention to the storage-battery mechanism.

"You haven't put it together properly. See
this rod? Well, that goes up—like this. Now let's
turn it on, full force."

That was the beginning of the trouble.

The battery sang a low, purring melody, and
in the world outside the walls of the Warner
domicile, various events began to transpire.

Pamela Cummings was hastening from the
Montgomery offices, alone Ontario Street, when
she noticed a large motor-truck stop short, just
clear of the tracks in Clark Street.

Then a rumble went out of commission a
dozens yards distant. A number of pedestrians
who gathered around to witness the futile ef-
forts of the annoyed drivers, felt a tingling
sensation through their bodies—and beat an
unceremonious retreat.

A flagpole on an adjacent building began to
blaze—flared up—and then ceased.

Pamie did not tarry long, because something
seemed to strike one shoulder with the biting
wings that might follow hard on a blow with
a wire brush. The spirits of malice and mys-
tery were in the very air.

The battery in Warner's home was producing
mischief, although Victor and Warner and the
professor did not realize it, so keenly concen-
trated were they on discussing its technical-
ities, potentials, and other absorbing aspects.

Daisy picked up the telephone to reply to
another insistent call—and dropped it with a
scream.

"What!" she wailed. The course of the vagrant current kept Fan-
nie company. Weird events transpired all
around her.

An amateur musician sprang from his hardy-gar-
dy and shook his hands like one suddenly
nipped by frost, much to the delight of the as-
sembled children.

It was said that telegram keys ceased clicking
Morse, and took a turn at rag-time. Cer-
tain portions of the North Side were settings
"Quite right," Warner agreed. "Read it yourselves. They crowded around his shoulders, crossing their necks to gain a view of the typewritten words.

"Well, I never!" Daisy wheeled faintly. "Oh, Bob, a million is a lot of money!"

"And it's all yours tomorrow!"

Warner patted his chest and blinked his eyes at the magnitude of the mission.

"And every one responded emphatically:

"You bet!"

After the first burst of elation had subsided, Robert Warner began to realize that escape to Indianapolis would not be so simple as he had fancied.

Detectives had been holding vigils on his home clock, a frequent and unobtrusive departure from Central Station. It was not plain to Warner why he had been permitted his liberty at all; or why with the police knowing his whereabouts, he was not returned to durance.

Back to the evening editor of the gathering in Warner's residence, there was a strained condition, anxiety, and no end of misgivings. While Von Tenneck had contributed to the fund for paying Victor's in-jenations, Warner lacked confidence in the savant, and would have risk gladly himself of the professor's enforced society and support, were such independence possible.

Then, there was Fannie's questioning mind. The night Chief Moran had discovered the pocket diagram on Victor's person and it had voiced the warmest sentiments relative to Miss Cummings and Von Tenneck's abode, and in Harold Victor's own voice at that, Fannie had been just a trifle perturbed—not to say jealous.

That evening, through the kind and co-operative offices of Daisy Delvar, Fannie was enabled to welcome the opportunity of having Harold to herself, unhampered by the presence of others. She had hoped for this fervently, hour after hour. She had day-dreamed the conversation she would hold with him. And now with her fondest wish fulfilled, she said simply:

"I hope the drizzle ceases and the weather clears."

Of all things she wished to discuss, the weather was the most remote. It is that way with men and women betimes, under stress of urgent emotions. Their minds conjure up words that their voices refuse to form, or are incapable of reducing to speech.

"It has been rather disagreeable," Harold acquiesced later, "I have been rather unhappy by the presence of others. She had hoped for this fervently, hour after hour. She had day-dreamed the conversation she would hold with him. And now with her fondest wish fulfilled, she said simply:

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The Movie Pictorial

Muriel Ostricher

The Cross Roads

(Continued from page 31)

A cry of his, that assertion that I was harrowing for the pitiful thing he yet was to become himself to be softened, it enabled me to throw off the grief I might otherwise have indulged in. It made me laugh. My heart was overjoyed.

I stayed in the apartment alone that night; there was no other place for me to go. I had absolved myself, not the others, and I had the desire to believe him as I knew I did not. But I didn't lie awake worrying. I was trying to make my plans. Just the little matter-of-fact we had, we kept me busy. I had to think of finding a place to live. And I had to figure on how much I would need, without knowing anything, really, of New York, and how much I would give away to my host, to me just to live. I knew that it might be a long time before I found work; I had to try to make ends meet. How long the money I would have lost. I couldn't get away from the apartment fast enough in the morning. I packed two suit cases, taking just enough of the things I had bought with George's money to last me for a time. At least, that was my first idea. But then I made a selection of the thing I didn't know, but I thought that it might help me to get work if I could say that I was able to write. I left all my clothes, every single thing, except that I took the bags down town, and checked them. And then, feeling that part of my life was dead, I said, "I'll be all right. I'll be all right." I made the vital necessity search for work had to be postponed until I had done that. According to the plan I had supposed. The first places I went to were dreadfully expensive. And then, when I got among the places I didn't have to, the homes looked at me strangely, and answered a lot of questions. They wanted to know where I worked, and several of them slammed their doors in my face. But I knew that I had nothing as yet. Others asked for references and looked suspicious when I explained that there was a strange reason why the letters were short. Of course, there were other places, too, dreadful places, kept by dreadful women, who leered, and said things I hardly professed. But in one of them, at last, I saw a woman, evidently a lodger, and—I knew. I had not been out at night without learning something of what it means to live in a great city. When I understood, I fled from that neighborhood. And at last, in a mean little row of little houses in downtown, one of which wasn't far from the suburb, I found—not what I was looking for,—but what I was glad to take. Here the families were poor, and the rooms of them were clean. But they asked no questions, because I was willing to pay for two rooms. I paid what I could. I took the room with which I finally came to terms. I felt, that she had been beaten about by the world, too. It was late when I found her house and I moved in as soon as I could get my bags. The very next day, I began to go around among the studios to look for work. I hadn't expected this to be so easy, and so the truth didn't displease me. It was summer, and a great many men and women who had work on that stage, the regulars, the legitimate stage so-called, were out of work. Perhaps they really looked down on the movies, but how glad they were to get a clerk's job a day as an extra! And how utterly they shut off my chance of finding work. The directors all liked it to them, and they were free with the routine. I found that I, without experience, with nothing but a feeble sort of prettiness to recommend me, was pushed. That was," still you see. I didn't know how to make the best of what looks I had. But I was not easily discouraged, and it was just as well for a woman as I was to live through the summer, kindlier than some of the others, gave me a hint, that I realized how the search had worn me out.

"Why don't you go to some of the suburban studios, dearie?" she said. "You see, we go there, but I think it's so much, it takes time and care. There's Yorks, for instance. Two or three studios there, so if one didn't have anything, another might."
WHOS' WHO in the PHOTOPLAYS
SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE PLAYERS

GEORGE PERIOLAT claims Chicago, Illinois as his home, for it is there that he was born, though for several years past he has resided almost constantly in California where his picture work is done. Mr. Periolat appeared on the legitimate stage with Otto Skinner, Julia Mather, Maurice Barrymore and Adelaide Thurston in "A Ward of France," "Arizona," "Secret Service," "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Pretty Polly." His first film experience was obtained in Eassany's Chicago company and he also worked for four years or more with the Selig company. The next three seasons were spent as "character man" of the American Company, located at Santa Barbara, California, and last fall he was engaged by the Victor Company of the Universal. Some of his best work has been done in such films as "Oil on Troubled Waters," "Honey, Have the Dogs," "Samson," "Cupid Never Ages," "The Mission in the Desert" and "The Squaw and the Man."

H. Farnery, and in 1913 joined his old director McClure with the 101 Bison brand of the Universal. His wife is Cleora Orson and their home is brightened by little Marjorie Bainbridge, their two-year-old daughter.

CLARA MARIE HORTON is the little blonde lady who is being featured in the latest series of her comedies. She was born in Brooklyn and made her first appearance in Powers films, where she scored an instantaneous success. She was quickly signed up by the Ecalr Company and has been able to please the public. This year nearly three years, during which time she has played a wide range of roles, in every instance with marked success.

LOUISE FAZENDA is a Californian by birth and was born in Los Angeles in 1906. She made her first stage appearance as a member of the Valentine Stock Company and encountered homes with Henry Miller, B. H. Sothern, and Dustin Farnum followed. She has appeared in "The Squaw Man," "The Greyhound," "The Yellow Jacket," and has been in repertory. She joined the Universal Film Company in 1912, and for some time past has been a leading woman in Allen Curtis' "Joker" Company. Miss Fazenda was the winner of the Los Angeles Times Popularity Contest in 1912.

THYLE COOK BENHAM, ingenue and leading woman of the Thanhouser Company, is just like so many other playoperators, appeared first in musical comedy. She was with "Peggy from Paris," "Woodland," "The Sultan of Sultin," "Marrying Mary" and "Madame Sherry.

She was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1884, and first appeared on the stage in "Little Red Riding Hood" in April, 1899. Her first film contract was as a member of the Rex Company in August, 1910. She was in Germany a month later and she went to Thanhouser and has a been a featured member of Thanhouser casts ever since. In private life she is Mrs. Henry Benham.

FLORA FINCH, Huyck Mogen, Lillian Walker, Wally Van, Elenea Girard and Albert Roccardi are enjoying wonderful popularity in their silent comedy characters. They are the stars of "The Photoplayer," which is being shown nightly at the Vitagraph theater, on Broadway. Flora Finch has out-flushed herself in the design of the costumes she wears in the red-stroke pantaloons of the photoplayer, and the red-stripe pantaloons of the photoplayer, and the red-stripe parasol made trouser suit style trimmed with green bows. And fortunately for Flora, the spectators do not share the opinion of which her bosses (in the sketch) so plainly demonstrate.
WEST COAST STUDIO JOGGINGS
NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

THIS Balboa at Long Beach are soon to give a big hop for the benefit of the band
been formed. The company has in-
vested in suits and the big league of movie
players will entertain a vast number of movie
as each of the Essanay games which are
being played on this summer's schedule.
(No umpire has as yet been engaged.)

Fair weather, sunny days and good humorized
producers have made the films game very well
along the west coast for the past two months.
No rain is in sight.

At Christie, director of Nestor Universal
comics, has written and will immediately produce
a series of four one reel fun films. Victoria
Perda, the beautiful leading lady of this com-
young ball fans of the away games which are
of being on this summer's schedule.
(No umpire has as yet been engaged.)

"She is always pursuing or being hounded,
backstage and on the lot. I want to see her in
a beautiful dress in a lovely garden in a quiet
part." McGowan features railroad rather than
flower yards.

Knockout comedies have their drawbacks.
Ask Louise Gaunt, who sprained an ankle, sus-
tained a knocked cheek and hurt her arm badly
all in one week—and smiled through it all!

Milton H. Fehrney has terminated his special
engagement with a regular Alhambra in Company
in the republic of
is taking his first rest for several years. His
plans are all formed, but he is not prepared to
give them out yet.

Now all you really, truly scenario writers:
Take note that Harry Pollard of the Beauty
company, when he was producing pictures for
his company and featuring Margarita
Fischer and himself.

Willfred Lucas is putting on some magnificent
sets in the Cleo Madison features and the
lady herself is doing some fine work.

William D. Taylor cannot get away from the
name "Captain Alvaraz." They call him "Cap"
now.

Billy Garwood was mistaken for the scape-
grace son of a San Francisco millionaire
recently and given a lot of advice, much to his
amusement.

Augusta Phillips Fehrney, the photoplay-
wright, is writing what she considers her master-
piece. It is to be produced as a special
state-right film and was sold before it was
completed.

Margarita Fischer has rented a charming lit-
tile bungalow at Santa Barbara where she enters
her many friends.

Adele Lane of the Selig Polyscope Company is
acting in two films at once, one being a pre-
tension melodrama, Under Director Motion, en-
titled "Mirror of Life," and the other comedy,
etitled "The Millionaire Baby." The one char-
bacter intensely dramatic and the other frivol-
os! It will be interesting to note the complete
change if they are released anywhere near

oma Darkfeather has a large number of chil-
dren correspondents and has offered to give a
new picture of herself to those who send a
good original drawing of herself. She will give
present, to all those whose pictures are par-
ticularly good. Children must tell her some-
thing about themselves.

Pauline Bush is a fortunate young lady. She
has received a nice 'little nest egg from her
father's estate. In addition she has a stated
sum which comes to her twice a year. She is
not "uppish" about it either.

Harold Lockwood, the good looking lead, and
Russell Bassett, fine old character man, have
gone east with the Famous Players.

The Edwin August company has selected a site
at Hollywood where a studio is to be built
right away. In the meantime the company is
producing 2 and 3 reel features with a picked
and most capable company.

Thomas H. Luce, the Broncho manager, who
has made such a success in the film dream,
has written a play entitled "Mr. Al-
rdin" which will be produced at the Majestic
theatre during the week beginning May 19.
The Cross Roads
(Continued from page 59)

So the next morning I took the train to the city of the ill-fortune and made my way to Yonkers. There I found my way to the Bentax studio, and there Mrs. Haines, the director, gave me work at once. She was a very lovely lady.

"Sure I can use you," she said. "You've got a good chance here—aren't many extras in pictures. Besides we can't get many of them from the city on a chance. Come along tomorrow. Bring a bathing suit. We are starting someatern stuff.

I arrived there with a real luncheon that day, and then rode around on trolley cars, enjoying the pretty Westchester scenery. It was dreadful hard, but I didn't mind. The next day I went to work. I had to improve a bathing suit, but it was all right.

The work seemed easy to me but that Mr. Haines was as frightfully. He didn't seem to care about our being women; he was as rough with us as with the men. Once he singled me out.

"You're as stiff as a rail!" he said. "For the lube of Mike, act natural! Move those long legs of yours as if you were miles away, and make up your mind. I wouldn't do any of a wooden soldier! Zip—ginger—pop!"

I was stiff. It was all dreadfully new to me. But I managed to struggle through the work, and I thought I was getting along pretty well until I could see that it would be a long time before I got any promotion. But all the time I was figuring—playing parts, thinking of how I would do Daisy Frank's part (she was the leading woman). And then on Saturday Mr. Haines came to me.

"Can't use you any more, Morgan," he said. "You're too stiff. Get your money—but don't waste time showing up here again. The Lord knows I need extra people—but you're a false alarm. Back to the ribbon counter for you!" (To be continued)

J. R. Walling-Movie Magnate
(Continued from page 10)

"Well," he stammered, "I'll be going. The report is here."

He turned regretfully toward Dolly, who was seated in the opposite seat.

"I suppose you won't ever sell tickets any more, will you?"

"I should say we won't!" Mr. Cowsworth thundered. "She'll have the best in all the land."

Dolly hung her head.

"And you be happy unless, I help Jack," she pleaded. "Why, it's life to me. Please don't make me stop."

"Goes!" Walling shouted, "you're a brick. Stick with me and we'll be worth millions. I will make you a great movie actress."

"Hill'sl!" Mr. Cowsworth exclaimed. "I'm worth two of us, myself. I'll give you our company."

"Not on your life!" Walling protested. "we partners-fifty-fifty—we're going to stay partners—"

"Why, father," Mrs. Ewing broke in anxiously. "when she could get her breath, "you told Dolly yourself that Jack saved your life. Let him have his way."

"All right, all right," the elder man answered. "be happy with him. With him. What Jack says goes. Here, Walling, where are you going?"

"To buy out our rival!" John called back.

"And, Dolly, remember—this afternoon at two sharp."

"You, Jack!" she caroled, and then she did what all women do when they are very happy.

She wept.

And her mother sobbed.

And Mr. Cowsworth sniffled.

And Bobby wished he'd gone with Jack, to help buy the Up-Town.
HELEN HOLMES of the western Kalem company, has completed a course in tele-
graphy which she took up to make more real the part of the "girl-to-the-rescue" which she
must render in the railway-wreck pictures for which the western Kalem company is noted. "So many people who see
these films are dumbfounded by the risks at which our actresses go" she says, "and I decided
I should learn it too, and to send real messages on the screen instead of make-believe ones." Miss
Holmes has now acquired complete mastery of the dot and dash system of communication.

Carlyle Blackwell spent his first day at the Kalem Players' board at the Los Angeles, with a
dreadful case of homesickness. Over them, while waiting for the pajama scene to occur, he
donned a Balmacan raincoat that hit him just below the knee, and in
gard he nonchalantly embraced the name of the
connoisseurs. Mr. Blackwell, recently of the Kalem players, will undoubtedly carry over his
popularity and success to the new Players productions in which he is to appear.

Lillian Walker arrives at the Vitagraph the-
ater at Forty-fourth street and Broadway, at a
quarter of nine each evening. "Not that it's
necessary to go that early, but, I like to see
who's sitting in the front of the house and the
boxes," explains Lillian.

Valley Van also arrives at a quarter of nine,
"to keep my eye on Lillian," he explains. "She
might get a crush on some other good looking fellow and then when he's zapped out, what comedy
be?" We're wondering where Wally would be.

Flora Finch rushes back of the wings at nine, usually, "My, how, such a time as I had
getting here! Everything happened!" She
strips off her street clothes and wriggles into the stage Players' suana and saunt, over-all,
that proclaim her uniqueness in the realm of
stenography in the "silent comedy," "I will
never be ready in time tonight!" she wails, but
she's ready in time, and waiting to "go" at
nine-twenty-five.

Hughie Mack? He's always there before time.
As early as eight o'clock he may be seen lo-
ering about the street corner and the lobby.
When another fat man enters Hughie has to
creep around the stage. The largest dressing-room
at the theater is his.

Howard Misimier still swings his cane
hastily along Broadway. His vacation of some
weeks ago in the country seems to be effective
still, and his friends-in-pajamas, "Please. You'll
be fat yet, Misimier!" But Misimier prefers
to doubt.

Allan Hale and his pointed mustache are
sighted at frequent intervals. On such occa-
sions someone is sure to observe, "You should
have seen the way he raised the
thing! He was really good looking!" And the
fun of it that the still youthful Allan is particu-
larly pleased with himself for giving to the
world such a treat as he believes his blond
mustache to be.

A sunny day brings "em all out on Broad-
way. Malcolm Williams, who played the
" outside," in the Famous Players film of that
title, is being called "the Master Mind" and a
finish to "The Master Mind" for the Lesky
Feature Play Company, Helen and Dolores Cos-
tello, who had come into New York to meet
their mother and enjoy the latest attractions,
are out with the Astor with her, Clara Horton, who had finished
early at the Edison studio in Fort Le N. J., and
ferried into New York for a dancing lesson;
besides James Lackaye who filled half the side-
walk with his great size as he told friends what

Edward Boulden, he of the Edison company
at the H.M. studia, whose dapper air makes
him especially eligible for certain char-
acter parts, tells a story of a letter received
an evening. He says: "I don't usually read
in which—meaning the letter—she expressed
her great desire to adopt Edward with the in-
tention of bringing him up to be a model young
man. Edward declined her kind offices without
informing her just how many years he had
been old enough to vote.

Josie Sadler, the "cut-up of the Vitagraph
company, is the most retiring and quietest
person imaginable, when she has dreamed her
paint-ooft and slips from reed to real life.
Her great joy in life is to take care of her
flowers, which bloom in window-boxes in every
room of her apartment, and where she is
the wizard of sauce-pan and kettle as well.
And after that, in the evenings, a quiet hour with
a good book finishes what she terms a "perfect"
time.

Helen Marten, "on the other hand," ships
from her last costume of the last scene for the
day, flies homeward to a mother-cooked dinner,
devotes ten minutes to her cat and canary.
and then goes to a low-cut dress and
departs most likely for a New York dance
will. Yes, there's quite a difference in years between
them. Sadler and Helen—but each thinks
her special time is the "perfect" one.

Alfred Norton of the Thanhouser studio made
a surprise excursion to New Rochelle for an
and very nearly lost his life as a result. It
came about because of his anxiety lest the
balloon and its occupants should not keep
in range of the camera. Thinking they were
floating out of its focus, he leaned far out of
the little basket, lost his balance, was grabbed
by the foot just in time by the aeroneast,
A. Leo Stevens, and pulled back to safety and
thankfulness therefore. " Gee! It was a narrow
escape this time when they had the
balloon wafted to earth and his co-players ran
to greet him.

Lila Chestier has moved her family—her big
brother, her little dog and herself—out to New
Rochelle so she can be "near things." it used
to be she had to get here, she said.
"Now it takes me five minutes. All I have to
do is get up, jump into my bath, jump out and
walk a couple of blocks and I'm here." The
events of dressing and breakfast were brought
to her attention and she said, "Oh that! It
doesn't take me a minute to dress—and my
brother gets my breakfast for me." Would that
there were more brothers like unto Miss
Chestier!

Irving Cummings says he's at peace and at
home, out with the other Thanhousers in their
sunny studio. "At rest" is the way Mr. Cum-
ming describes his sensation after his
many here-again-gone-again stops at the vari-
ous studios which he has recently had his
services.

Vinnie Burns still feels the effects of that
hurt to her back which occurred more than a
week ago during a picture scene in which she
starred for the Selox company. "My mother
was in the same hospital to which I was taken,"
she said to the Vitagraph's back against a curtain.
"And I kept my presence there a secret from
her. I wrote her I was at Palm Beach and
told letters to them there who would mail them for me. Sometimes, when she's bet-
ter, I'll tell her."
NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

When I don't care if you never sold anything before to start in. You will read endless money with me. You're honest? You're square? Of course you are. Of course you have. You want to make money. You want to start big. You want to make big money. Well, that's all I ask. If you want to make big money with me, you can start laying down the biggest financial success of the year. You can start selling my unique, never-before- seen bath tub. You can start selling my $300-a-month tub. You can't sell it back. I furnish you with all the necessary equipment, and you make $300 a month. You have nothing to lose.

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EMPTY ITS SELF

Remember this: The Robinson Folding Bath Tub, equipped with our special One-Way Self-Emptying Device makes the tub self-emptying. Every drop of water is thrown out at the end of the bath cycle, and no water is left in. This makes the Robinson Tub invaluable to all who have small basements, little water closets, or basements under garages.

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"film favorites" to be decided by popular vote

This handsome bottle contains a toilet water—fascinating, subtle and distinctive—the kind that will make your friends immediately recognize your taste and discrimination. Its delicate fragrance will charm you and all who come near you. But as yet it is nameless—and there are four different odors.

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These Toilet Waters are part of a line of Toilet Articles we are producing under the brand name of “Film Favorites Toilet Articles”—Toilet Water, Perfume, Face Creams, Skin Lotion, Face Powders, etc. They are prepared by a chemist from private formulae, and are used exclusively in a large number of the finest beauty parlors.

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You write by my method

Elbert Moore

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Elbert Moore

(Farmer Scenario Editor)

Box 772KS

Chicago

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The Movie Pictorial

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News Photographs Wanted—The editor will be glad to consider news photographs of timely or unusual subjects from amateurs or professionals. At least one hundred words of descriptive matter must accompany each photograph, which should be enclosed in a mailing envelope. The identity of the person who sends the photographs will be acknowledged. Photographs are not returnable. The editor will consider whether or not photographs have been published previously and in what publication, and whether or not prints are being sent to other publications.

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Carlyle Blackwell says:

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C William Lord Wright is Editor of the Motion Picture Department of the "Dramatic Mirror," former Editor of the Photoplay Department of the "Motion Picture News;" Author of "Art of Scenario Writing," "The Real Thing," "Home Folks," "Last Days of Simon Kenton," "Story of the Ding Man Eloquent," etc., etc. He is one of the most experienced and capable writers in the business.

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An invaluable aid to the new writer. Send for it now.

It is just off the press and is ready for immediate delivery.
“Dolly of the Dailies”  
The Martinengro “Scoop”  

Adapted from the Photoplay of Action Davies

By Harold S. Hammond

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE EDISON FILM FEATURING MARY FULLER

THE MOVIE PICTOR
VOLUME I
CHICAGO, MAY 30, 1914

I T WAS just nine o’clock on one of those Sunday nights in summer when New York city editors were busy with their daily task. The editor of the Daily was in his office early. He hoped he would see that she was busy as soon as he got through talking to the great James Malone, managing editor of the Evening Mirror. He decided that if Parks did not send her home she would go over and talk to the new reporter. He was Hillary Graham, the man she had met in the lounge of “Mother Eve.” Dolly thought he was more interesting than her typewriter, even if he did know a great deal less about the newspaper business than she imagined he did, and infinitely less than he had pretended when he was hired.

But just then she heard the bell of the telephone at Mr. Parks’ elopement and saw Daddy pick it up.

“Something doing,” the copy boy of The Evening Mirror said, as he reached for the receiver.

Dolly stood up in her eagerness. Her idea of excitement was gone. No newspaper reporter wants to go home when there is a good story to be got. James Malone’s eye was already riveted on the local room of the Evening Mirror to see if he had any news on hand. He thought Dolly called out: “Miss Malone.”

Dolly dropped forward with gravity. Her work was finished. The bomb explosion story had been apprehended, she thought. But James Malone had a hunch that Hillary also and now he called: “Mr. Graham.” And it was to Hillary that he spoke.

Mr. Graham, Martinengro, the well-known non-American merchant and philanthropist of the city who had a big murder story on! And to think of giving the story of the day to that cub of a Hillary Graham, a man who wore a rose-colored nose tip! Hillary set off on his assignment in the highest spirits. He hadn’t hoped for such a chance to distinguish himself so early in his experience. He was so impressed with his own importance that he hailed a taxi-cab at the front corner—he was too new to the newspaper game to know what Parks would have to say when he saw an unauthorized cab bill in his expense account—and rode to 603 Commercial Dimly he realized that the barrier-tender was standing over him. He drove a kick which reached the barrier-tender’s shin. But it was the last effort of a man who was down; his breath was gone and his strength with it. The last thing he saw was the bumper-crash, cruelly pellucid; then nothing went black.

When Dolly reached the Salvation Army headquarters she found there had been...
SHOWING HOW!

OF long ago in Chicago a hundred doctors watched a dentist clinic in which a famous surgeon performed a delicate mouth and throat operation and illustrated at the same time a new method of anesthesia—all in moving pictures.

The unanimous verdict of the hundred doctors was that of all the clinics they had attended none was as satisfactory as the one they had just witnessed.

The pictures readily made clear detail much more direct and distinct than the actual operation.

And all of the interested spectators saw all there was to see—and all at the same time.

This is something for those to think about who regard moving pictures as nothing but a fad!

Walking back on the opposite side of the street to that in which the saloon was located she saw that the building was only two stories high, the upper one apparently vacant. A doorway at one side of the saloon front probably opened on a stairway which led to the floor above. On the moment’s impulse she slipped across the street and tried the door. It was open. She took the little electric flash lamp she was in the habit of carrying from her pocket and went up the steps. The floor above was one large room. Buckets containing the remainder of a supply of calamine in two colors gave evidence that decorators had been at work there. Dolly inferred that the place had been rented, after being long idle, and the landlord had been getting it ready for a new tenant. She flashed the lamp on the walls. Yes, they had been newly calcimined. The windows at the back opened on an alley. By the dim light at the rear door of the saloon, directly under the windows where she stood, was a pair of sloping cellar doors. Two barrels stood beside them. But there was nothing else. Dolly explored the remainder of the room she was in by the aid of her stone. She did not like the place and except the trustees the calaminers had been mum. Whatever had happened to Hillary he had not been hidden above the saloon. Perhaps he had been thrown into the cellar. Dolly decided to find out.

She tip-toed down the stairway and out into the street. The alley was blocked at one end by the policemen who guarded the spot where Martinengro was being killed. She walked around to the other end. There was no one about. She could see the two women outlined against the light from the street lamp at the other end of the alley. Dolly hid the tamber-beam in a doorway—a step behind was too noisy a thing to carry during the desperate attempt she was about to make—and prepared to go up to the second floor.

When she reached the rear door of the saloon she paused to listen. She could hear nothing. Then gingerly she went up the cellar doors. They were locked. Dolly flashed on her lamp. The fastening was a padlock as big as her two fists but the wood of the doors looked old and rotten. If she could find something else to use as a pry she might be able to pull both padlock and hasp from the doors. How she did wish she had a pocketknife handy. With a well-crafted pocket lamp and an automatic pistol! She started back down the alley determined to find another.

Flashing the lamp in the corners as she walked she saw the blade of an old shear with a piece of the handle still intact but she re- flected it might be a service to get this here hasp off but it would make too much noise. Then she kicked something in the dust of the alley. Her hand shot out. It was a hand, she had a horrid feeling in a cellar crowded with barrels, casks and cases. Above her head she could hear the men in the saloon talking and she could see the light from the two cellar doors. She went on through the cellar, flashing her lamp first to one side and then to the other.

There were three or four barrels on their sides with spigots fitted and under one was a half gallon measure. What if the barrel-tender should come down stairs! Evidently the men were in a hurry, she must explain her presence there! Or would she be given a chance to explain it? What chance was theirs? She would have to lay hold of the hasp. Dolly’s impulse was to turn and run. But just then her determination to see this through came back. She wouldn’t quit until she had started, not until she had to.

Walking past the barrels Dolly came out into the light of the cellar. She flashed her lamp but there was nothing. Then she decided to search the cells more carefully. She went back, flashing by the barrel in the entrance corner. Still she found nothing. “Well,” thought Dolly, “I’ll take another look into that coal bin and get out of here then she held the lamp on the flame coal. The pile gave way a little, rattling loudly as a wagon going over cobble-stone or so it seemed to Dolly. She stood still, breathless with fear. She could not see anything overhead. She flashed the lamp to the ending. She was under the sidewalk: to side was the rear tower of the saloon. Then she flashed the lamp around the bin. She could see a heap of coal in one corner she held the lamp on them for a moment it was a man. Dolly gasped. The man’s clothes were of the same grey checked material Hillary had worn when he left the office. Then Hillary. Was he dead? Dolly didn’t dare move, for fear of disturbing the coal. She dropped on her hands and knees and e...
slowly and painfully toward the man. She touched his hand. It was still warm. She flashed her lamp on his face. A trail of blood ran down Hillary's cheek; he was streaked with coal dust; his tie and collar were torn off; but he was not dead.

What could she do?

Hillary was unconscious and perhaps badly injured. If she went for the police the men who had thrown him there might come back, see that he was still alive, and finish him. Or they might take him away. Perhaps they were waiting until one o'clock, when the saloon would have to be closed. She did not want to leave Hillary to their mercy, not as long as she had a loaded pistol in her pocket. For Dolly was all compassion now. She regretted her scorn of Hillary and his rose-pink crepe necktie. He was a fellow reporter of The Contact's staff who had got with foul play. All her loyalty was aroused.

Flashing on the lamp again she saw that Hillary's head was bolstered up against the wall of the bin. She realized that he would never regain consciousness unless she could shift his body so that his head was lower than his feet. In the dark, for she needed both hands and could not hold the electric lamp, she straightened the unconscious man out. Then she crept back over the coal to get her handkerchief in whiskey from the barrel where she had seen the half-gallon measure. With this she wiped the blood and coal dust from Hillary's face. He gave a low moan.

"Where am—I," he began, but Dolly clapped her hand over his mouth before he could say another word.

"Sh-h," she whispered. "Don't move. Don't make a sound."

Hillary went off into unconsciousness again while Dolly rubbed his face with the alcohol. When he revived the second time his head was clearer.

Dolly saw that the pain in his head was almost unbearable. She managed to sit so that his head could rest in her lap and there she held him. She could hear the bartender closing up the saloon. Would he come down stairs before he went home? Would the men who had attacked Hillary and thrown him down here come after him when the lights upstairs were out? Dolly took her pistol from her pocket and shoved the safety up, ready to fire. But the bartender locked the front door, rattled it to make sure it was fastened, and walked off down the street. She could hear his retreating steps above her head.

For hours Dolly sat and waited for the men to come but they did not. She grew drowsy.

She leaned her head against the coal bin. Hillary had gone to sleep. She closed her eyes. The next moment—or so it seemed to her—she sat bolt upright, grasped her pistol, and screamed.

Above the coal hole was open and through it came a stream of coal that threatened to bury them. But immediately the flow of coal ceased and Dolly saw the face of Daddy, The Contact's copy boy, framed in the coal hole. When he saw Dolly and Hillary he shouted.

"Get a box or a chair or something and stand on it," he said. "Quick."

In a minute Dolly was out through the coal hole on the street. Hillary lay limp. He had fainted again.

"Beat it to the police station before there's a crowd here," Daddy whispered to Dolly. "I'll get a cop. Quick."

As Dolly reached the police station, breathless and disheveled, she saw the patrol wagon go clanging down the street. Evidently Daddy had let the police know. Dolly went straight to the lieutenant's office to tell her story. Before she was through they brought Hillary in, sufficiently revived by the rough and ready methods of the ambulance surgeon to talk, but too weak and shaky to sit up. At Dolly's request they put him on a couch in the lieutenant's office.

"Well," the lieutenant said, "I think we'll have those fellows before night and if we do you two shall have the exclusive story. You've got a scoop. Going to you, little girl, if ever a reporter did."

An hour later the bartender confessed his share in the attack on Hillary and admitted that the man in the slouch hat had stabbed Martinengro but he insisted that it had been a mistake. The man had killed Martinengro thinking he was some one else. A few minutes later the man with the slouch hat was brought in between two detectives. The whole story was in and Dolly was ready to call up James Malmoe.

That great man had just two words to say when Dolly told him what had happened. They were: "All right."

"That man never wastes any time congratulating you," Dolly said, as she hung up the receiver.

"You'll get the congratulations when you get into the office," Hillary said with a smile. "You have mine right now."

"Thank you," Dolly said, as she turned to her copy paper and picked up her pencil. "I know I have."

"You're not more than that," Hillary continued. "Dolly, you're the only girl in the world. You're the woman I've dreamed about. You're a wonder. I love you. I'll marry you tomorrow if you'll let me."

Dolly looked up with a smile but she saw that Hillary was in deadly earnest.

"Rose up there," she asked. "No, sir. Not while I am having as much excitement as I've been having so far. No, Hillary, I'm not married, so today or tomorrow or whenever."

"I won't bother you now," Hillary said, write your scoop for The Comet. But I'll see you. I know its ridiculous for a dub like me to propose to the girl who is putting it over ever reporter in town. But you wait. Some day I'll ask you again and it won't be so absurd."

"I guess I'll have to keep pleasure in your company until the climax of Hillary's proposal provided."
REEL CHILDREN

and Their Work

By L.R.S. Henderson

THE usually well-regulated and orderly studio of the Essanay Company were in a turmoil. The place was fairly overrun with dirty, ragged looking youngsters. There were kids poking into box-up boxes; kids behind trunks, playing patty-cake; kids scurrying; kids laughing, kids crying; kids getting spanked and being—quiet; it's a fact! Some sedate, haughty stars might be seen trotting in and out of the studio in a fashion most lacking in dignity.

"Well," I asked, after surveying the scene, "why the orphan asylum?"

"Orphan asylum nothing," someone explained, "these children have been brought here by their parents to assist in glorifying the name of the already glorified Mr. George Ade.

"Yes," I queried, "and by that you mean what?"

"Just this—Mr. Ade now writes scenarios for us, and today we are to begin the production of "The Fabulous Good Fairy," which we will be about two dozen children.

"What!" I cried, "do you mean, children, that's well. Oh, I am not specially young, but I mean I have grown up in a sense so I decided the knife in the jam and smeared their faces with it. They submitted like little angels, probably because it was jam. Then, "Your hair is too smooth," he said, and went around disarranging curls until they looked as if they had never even been on speaking terms with a brush and comb.

During the taking of the picture, they were urged to "eat fast," and a couple of boys were picked out to quarrel over the jam. They pilled it right into the meat, which was the most natural thing for any human child to do, and the camera was completely forgotten. Then Father McGinnis, dinner pail in hand, went off to his work; the children finished their meal and Mother McGinnis showed them all off the stage.

The older ones who had never been in pictures before, could hardly contain their joy at being in a sure-enough movie. Most of the children were accompanied by their mothers, and each food parent took special note of the histrionic ability displayed by her respective offspring. But, as a matter of fact, the kids were just having a good time and were but vaguely conscious of the camera. They certainly had glori-
After later playing out in the big backyard, watching the chickens and watching the ducks swim and—thank Heaven—they weren't told to "keep clean!" The life of the movie child is indeed full of sunshine and joy, at least while he is at work.

When the director called them in, he discovered, upon looking them over, that every last youngster had kicked the jam off his or her face, as far as the tongue could reach, and they had to be re-jammed.

At the opening of the next scene, Mother McGlinn is at the washbowl, while a baby plays on the table. In upon this poverty-stricken scene sweeps a grand creature, a real "Razzmataz lady," as Mr. Ade expressed it. She tells poor Mrs. McGlinn, as she surveys her through her lorgnette, that it is a sin to have children. Mrs. McGlinn grabs her baby from the table and clasps it to her bosom. She resents the hateful suggestion, just made. Then the door opens and the real of her brood come swarming in. They don't go near their mother's caller—but it isn't necessary. Their mere presence is enough. And yet, I can hardly blame her. I am fond of children, but twelve in one room is staggering. At any rate, they nearly suffocate the Razzmataz lady with their dirtiness and greed nature, and she makes a hasty exit.

The day's work over, the young actors played out-doors until about five o'clock when, much to their disgust, they were taken in, washed up, brushed up, and dressed up, to emerge from their dressing-rooms as their mothers would have them.

The next day twenty-three children, dressed again as "Tuffies" (another Ade expression), were deposited in a great, big automobile bus which made its way down Lake Shore Drive, followed by two other automobiles containing the Razzmataz lady, Mother McGlinn, the director and the camera crew. It was thus we made our way to the slums where the rest of the scenes were enacted in back alleys and in front of tenement houses.

There were about a thousand real Tuffies that gathered around the camera and made it rather difficult to get the pictures, but they were finally finished, and the youngsters and their mothers were taken out to luncheon by the director.

Some of these children are born actors and are well worth mentioning. There is Tommy Harper, fourteen years old, who played the lead in "Presto Willie," and has acted with Francis X. Bushman and other stars.

Then, there are the Paul children, James, aged seven, Frederick, a lad of five, and Agnes, a mere baby of three; and Mildred Piatt, also three, an instinctive little actress. Talented or not, they are all bright, and healthy and happy, just a bunch of adorable kiddies; and I'm for 'em!

"Kathlyn's Jungle Party"

By Emily Brown Heininger

Pitty the poor millionaire. He doesn't have to work to earn money to spend, but he does have to work to spend the money he doesn't earn. The more money he has, the harder he has to work. He must be amused. This does not mean that he is amused, it means that he has to amuse himself, which is very hard work, indeed.

Take, for instance, the pitiful case of the millionaire who go to Pasadena for the winter. They go there so that they can be out of doors all of the time. This complicates the matter of amusement a good deal. Anything that takes them indoors, except to sleep, is positively forbidden—else why are they there?

Of course, there are many things they can do outdoors: they can go motoring, boating, yachting, aeroplaning, swimming, and golfing; they can play tennis, baseball, football, volleyball, basketball, and even tennis and heartsease, provided they do it on a veranda. But there is nothing particularly new or exciting about any of these things; they have all been done for years and years.

Miss Marjory Board, of New York, holding a Coke-a-Cola with a Russian Timber Wolf, a Green Gopengue Elephant, and a Taste of the Tropics. The elephant was given as a present by the people of the Congo, and the other animals were presented by the government of the Congo. The elephant was named "Jumbo," after the famous elephant, and the other animals were given as a present to Miss Board, who is one of the most popular actresses in Hollywood. She is also a great lover of animals, and has done much to promote the welfare of the animals in the world.
I know how I felt that day when Haines sent me from the studio in Yonkers. I don't want to pretend for a moment that I saw things then as I do now. I didn't. I thought Haines was a brute: a devil incarnate. I thought all sorts of wild things: that some one had taken a dislike to me, and that I was being sent away because of that; oh, I don't know what! I blamed Haines; I blamed everyone—except myself.

And it is just to keep others, perhaps, from going through the same throes of despair and resentment that came to me that I have tried to show what calmer reflection made me understand was the truth. Perhaps Haines might have been kinder; if there had been the slightest reason for his apparent lack of interest in me, I have no doubt that he would have. He might have explained exactly what was wrong. But there is the point, you who think you are entitled to an explanation of why your work is not what is wanted, no matter what sort of work it may be—Haines was too busy to tell me how he was driving a woman he had to dismiss wherein she had failed. If he hadn't confined himself to the simple dismissal, as he did with me, he wouldn't have been able to give any time to producing pictures—which was, after all, what he was paid to do.

I went back to New York that day, feeling that my prospects were as hopeless as they could well be. But I was not ready to give up. I had that inherent streak of obstinacy, and I was not even ready to try for some other sort of work. I had made up my mind to win success before the camera and I meant to do it, no matter what the cost. Monday morning the heartbreaking round of the studios began again. I still tried the suburban studios, in New Rochelle, and across the Passaic, on the New Jersey side, stop the Palladins.

Now and then I got a day's work as an extra woman, but not during the war was never asked to come again. No director ever asked me as Haines had done: none took the trouble even to abuse me, as he had done. That was my part that preyed my eyes and ears. I began to realize that such unanimity of opinion must have a meaning. And then, one day, I had the experience that closed the transactions. It destroyed the thought to which I had been clinging, that I met one rebuff after another because I lacked influence. I was crossing the river on the ferry when I noticed a girl I had seen once or twice before. Like me, she seemed to be making the rounds of the studios. She was pale, and very, very thin. Her eyes were dreadfully bright; I could see that she was under a strain of some sort. I could not tell, of course, what sort of luck she had had, but my search of the studios had not brought us together, but I knew that she had always been turned away wherever she had happened to cross my path. I wondered if she was as desperate as I was beginning to be.

We went up the hill together, and reached the Veronica studio early. They had a bare, disused dining room, and there we sat, and went through the same breaking experience that had come to me, at least, often before. Early as we were, it did us no good. The room filled up, and long before the director, a Frenchman called Lemaire, came out, it was crowded. I knew now how it would be. He would neither know nor care which of us
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16x268],
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20x591 ascent, took a
lot of rehearsal. The climax came when we extra women, led, of course, by one of the
principals, dragged a man from his hiding place, and rushed him to the guillotine to be beheaded. It was rather horrible, but historically, perfectly correct.

I was glad, because the scene was easy. All there was for me to do was to surge forward with the rest, raising my arms, and shrieking. I felt that I could certainly do that. And I suppose I did my part well enough. But it was not what I, nor even the principals, nor the mob did that made that morning memorable. It was the pale, thin girl, with the unnaturally bright eyes who startled everyone.

For she was not playing the part of a Parisian woman of the Revolution; she was that woman. She started us all; Lemaire was absolutely fascinated. While the camera clicked he watched her, his eyes scarcely leaving her to make sure that everything else went well. And, as soon as he gave the word to break, he rushed to her. For a few moments he talked to her, and when I saw him take a little script of the scene he was directing—he had written it himself—and make some hurried changes.

"Gost!" said a veteran who was standing next to me. "She's made a hit all right. But he's writing in some stuff for her.

It raised him to a level of unknown, who had had, if anything, less success than I in trying to find work, had been equal to the chances that had been open to all of us, and had riveted the attention of the director upon herself. I shall not tell you her name. You know well I could rest of us want a day without a word of praise or blame; she stayed. She is under contract now to the Verinique Company, and is one of their greatest stars. She has, under contract ever since that day; Lemaire arranged the details by telephone before he would let her leave the studio!

That must have brought me at a round turn. It made me understand that I myself might be responsible, must be responsible, indeed, for my failure. This girl had a single chance, and had taken it. I had had many, and had let every one of them slip

easily through my fingers.

"She's a genius!" I said to myself, trying to explain. But that was not enough to dispose of the fact that I was merely a spectator, a genius, that's true, I said to myself. "But, you could do what she did. All you have to do, you could learn the rules."

So I talked and argued with myself. And it was on that day that I told myself that I would get something, no matter what, to learn how to act before a camera. I had come to something, at last, you see. I had discovered that there was something for me to learn and I was sure that I could learn. I wasn't envious of the other girl's success; not after the eyes of Lemaire. I was grateful to her instead. That was the beginning of my secret campaign to win success. Unless you are a genius—and the proportion of people who succeed as a result of genius is mighty small—you have got to be systematic to accomplish anything. And that night I sat down in my room and I really reviewed what I had to enable me to accomplish my purpose.

The result almost made me give up, then and there, and decide to look for work in a store. Almost, but not quite. Instead I decided to use some of the little I had to pay my rent and make a tour in a school that guaranteed to teach me to be an actress. There are good schools of acting; I decided to make a tour of them. I wanted to see the one that I went to was not one of them.

It was not specifically a school for moving picture actors that I selected; if there was such a school it was probably the most expensive of them all. I went to a school that I knew—and I took it just because it was in a part of the city where I was not going to do anything for me. In fact, I think I felt that the first day they put their foot before that time, twenty dollars. And so I kept on.

I did learn something, of course. That was inevitable. One or two of the men who were supposed to act as instructors had been actors. They taught me and the other members of the class something about stage business. I learned to lift, to how to walk across a stage. They taught us a few stock gestures. And they made a real fuss about manipulation, and getting over them as they found that we weren't interested in. It was in laid great stress upon it, claiming it to be the one thing this was not. I thought that better than anything else. I wanted to learn the art of moving about a stage; it was about all I thought I could learn there. And I wanted to learn about facial expression. I wanted to be able to respond intelligently the next time a director was speaking at me and cried: "Now, you Morgan, fear! Regret fear. There! That right. That will do!"

I was just beginning to see, to get a vague idea of the entirely new technique that a movie producer has developed. It is just that acting technique, you know, that has been responsible for some of the biggest strides that have been made in the production of photoplays. In the old days everything had to be simple and direct, it had to be shown in several and slow-giving what things in the drama, that can't be shown by action, can't be indicated, sufficiently, in a single sentence or gesture, flashed on the screen it wasn't until actors developed sufficiently to be able to make an audience grasp such things by their expression that it was possible to begin the production of real photoplays. There were really competent picture actors who could so register their emotions and their ideas that they could make an audience understand almost anything. But I couldn't get them to teach me what I wanted.

"Say, why don't you forget that moving picture stuff?" Kerns asked me one day. Kerns was the "director" of the school; the man who had promised, when I paid my money, to teach me everything I said I wanted. He was a fish-eyed little man, who could never look straight at you. His eyes went wandering from spot to spot in the room while he talked; they never rested more than a second on anything. "The movies have hit the legit, pretty hard, but it's bound to come back. An' say, I think you can place business they want to take small money to begin with."

"On the stage! The regular stage!" I asked, instantly. "The movies!" I heard he believed that there was a chance for me there.

"Sure," he said. "Stock company, greatest training there is. They'll all tell you that. You'll get the stuff you need there. Even if you want to go back to the movies after that it'll help you. That's where most of them movie actors come from, take it from me."

It sounded reasonable. For the first time I felt that Kerns wasn't so bad. I had made up my mind, within a day or two, to begin the "course" that he was just a fraud, trying to collect money from his "pupils" without any intention of making any real return. A good many young girls came to him: most of them struck me as impossible. They were, a great many of them, without education; and yet Kerns was excited by his advertisements, paying them the money they had scraped and saved to get. I saw covert glances; looks that Kerns exchanged with purry, flaxily dressed men who came to the school sometimes, but who seemed afraid for myself. Young as I was, I realized that it was old with the experience and there were other girls, young, ignorant! I wanted to tell them what I thought. But I was afraid they would laugh at me.

(Continued on page 40)
Ruth Stonehouse
A Modern De Medici
By KATHERINE SYNON

SOME women are, according to LombrFunc, born criminials. Others achieve criminality and front page notoriety. Others have crimes thrust upon them. Ruth Stonehouse did. She has killed twenty men, including a father, a brother, a grandfather (venerable old man), a sheriff, a chief of police, and a detective. She has shot, and stabbed, and poisoned, and dropped her victims over precipices. She has accomplished the even more wonderful feat of having committed suicide successfully on several occasions.

And yet she never once desired to perpetrate any one of the crimes that stand upon her record. But she couldn’t help it. She is the leading tragedienne of the Essanay Film Company, and she works for her title. She looked very truculent, though not at all homicidal, as she waited a call in her big, costly feminine dressing room at the Essanay Chicago studios. She had just come from her cell on the studio floor, a structure that the property boys declare was made for her individual use, so frequent have been her appearances in it. She was wearing a black gown of poverty-stricken cut and a wig of a thickness that should proclaim to some future audience at the movies that her heroine was suddenly, miserably poor. All the brightness of her hair was concealed beneath the heavy wig, but no disguise could hide the beauty of Ruth Stonehouse’s brown eyes. They were laughing as she talked of her wardrobe. “The property woman told me this morning,” she said, “that she had some splendid clothes that I could wear in my roles. They’re just the right thing,” she told me. “The Salvation Army didn’t want them any more and so I got them for you.”

“Didn’t take them,” Ruth Stonehouse went on, “although finding fit and proper garments for my work is one of its problems. They must look worn and yet I can’t keep on wearing the same clothes for a New York Bowery girl and a Russian nihilist. The costuming of murderers is quite important to the murderer.”

“Do you like to murder?”

“Generally speaking, I do not. But there’s justifiable homicide, isn’t there? Sometimes, if the play’s intensely exciting, I grow so wroth up in my part that I honestly enjoy the crucial moment. Conditions are changing, though, and murders are less frequent than they used to be. I’m reforming, you see.”

“How did you begin your nefarious career?”

“Determination.” Her very beautiful mouth assumed a rigid line that emphasized the word. “I wanted to be a dancer, and I’d studied for that when I realised that if I could get work in the moving pictures here in Chicago, I could probably stay at home through the greater part of the year. I found the chance with the Essanay. I was a background woman for weeks and weeks. I didn’t have any sort of part for months. I had grown fearfully discouraged when the part came to me quite by chance one day. Some one who had been planned for it wasn’t around, and the director called me to take it. I had two days in which to learn it. I hardly slept through those nights between. When the rehearsal came I threw into that part everything that I had felt through the months in which I had been waiting, and hoping, and losing hope. If it had been comedy, I should have been a failure. But I should have overplayed it. But it was tragedy, melodramatic tragedy, and so I did the one thing that brought it out just right. When the pictures came out I cried. I had been living that part for days afterward, although I hadn’t an idea of whether or not I’d felt for something within my brain that kept insisting that I had really acted when I’d had the chance. Then the proof came in the pictures, and Ruthie’s been a heavy lady ever since.”

Ruth Stonehouse had a handicap in starting her work in Chicago that she herself may not have realized. She was one of the most popular girls of the Lake View High school where her beauty, her talent, and her charm had made for her a large circle of admiring friends. When these friends discovered that she was posing for the “movies,” they used to haunt
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

The motion picture shows in the hope of a glimpse of the girl whom they know and loved. When the picture of her melodramatic activities was not on the screen, the Stonehouse rustics forgot tension in sur-
giving with Ruth Stonehouse’s adventures. Her first murder created howls of laughter that the theatre man could find no explanation for;
but the idea of bright-haired, soft-eyed Ruth Stonehouse killing a man was too much for the sobbingness of the younger set of Lake View. They have accepted the situations since that time
with less enthusiasm, and, but they remain the nucleus of the admiring following that Miss Stonehouse has estab-
lished throughout the world.

Ruth Stonehouse’s popularity is founded upon a
quality of mind that has to express itself indirectly
through the pictures but which is instantly apparent to
those who meet her. She has the keenly analytic
quality that distinguishes some of the great women of
the stage. She is of the stuff of which great actresses
are made. Fier with youth, beauty, charm, and the
ability to make her body express her mood, she has the
gift of dramatic vision. She knows just exactly how
an act will appear to an audience. She knows how a
pose will look from the other side of the footlights. She
thinks very quickly, and sees very far. She has the
high ideal of work, a tremendous ambition, and a fine
discernment of acting values. In addition to this, she
has the rare quality of refusing to rest for a moment
on her past successes.

Her best-known work has been in the intensely mel-
dramatic adventures. She lay for an hour in the icy
waters of Lake Superior while the camera man was
photographing her in the victim
of a wreck off Isle Royale. She
has been thrown from horses time
and again, although she is one of
the best riders in the business.
She has narrowly escaped death
in the film pictures that revealed automobile accidents. She has
established for herself a really re-
markable record of hairbreadth en-
trap, but she refuses to even
over-all those laurels because of her
belief that the day of the mel-
drama of accident and extraneous
thrill is now past.

"When the motion picture was
proving itself to the world, it had
to win its way by sensationalism," she explained, "just as every new
venture has to. Involve sensa-
tionalism in order to
make it known.

New periodicals,
newspapers, even busi-
ness enterprises have
all used thrillers as
the basis of attracting
attention to them-
selves. But just as
soon as that object
is attained the
newspaper, or period-
ical, or business en-
terprise seems to
swing back the pendulum into
the more conservative methods.
It’s been the same way with
moving pictures. We had melo-
drama first, but melodrama is

giving place to the dramas of the

emotions. Instead of accident we are getting incident.

The drama of the future in the movies
the short drama of tension. This is drama that
It demands much more work from the actor.

(Continued on Page 32)
HONORING THE VERA CRUZ HEROES

Thousands of People Honor the Men Who Lost Their Lives in the Recent Skirmishes With the Huns.

The Funeral Ship "Hunsaw" Arrives at New York City With the Bodies of 17 Heroes Who Fall at Vera Cruz.

President Wilson and House Members Almond the Funeral EMotion. Henry Kissell Places a Wreath on Each of the Coffins.

The "Hunsaw" Arrives at New York City With Flags at Half Mast.

Funeral Carriage in Front of the City Hall Where the Dead Were Honored.
Concerning the Mexican Trouble

A Company of U.S. Infantrymen are Stationed at Each of the Loops on the Panama Canal to Guard Against an Attack by the Mexicans. These Entrenchments Extend for 20 Miles along the Canal.

Enrique Zapata, Head of the Revolution in Several of the Mexican States, Who is Fleeing for Emiliano Zapata, who is Scheduled to be the Next President of Mexico.

Richard Harding Davis, the American War Correspondent in America and Later Set Free under Condition That He Would Not Try to Enter Mexico City or Send Out Letters or Telegrams.

The Barricade at Vera Cruz in which the Barricade of the United States is being Conducted by President Wilson.

Company I, 8th Infantry at Outpost Duty in Trenches about 15 Miles from Vera Cruz.

One of the Aeroplanes at Vera Cruz being Brought in after a Long Bouting Flight over the Enemy.

Federal Soldiers at Tampico Defending the City against the Attacks of the Rebels.
The U. S. Army in the Field

U. S. Signal Out-Post at La Trèfle Where the Water-Works Which Supplies Vers Gren is Held by the American Soldiers

The Clubs of the Provisional Regiments of Infantry are Becoming Accustomed to Cooking Meals with their Light Equipment

Initiating a Young Recruit by Means of the "Bucket Ride." The Members of This Company are Encamped at Hampton Plains, L. I., Ready to Sail for Mexico at an Hour's Notice

A Quiet Game of Cards on the "Texas" While Awaiting Orders to Proceed to Mexican Waters

While Waiting for the Time to Come for Active War Duty, the American Soldier is Particular as to His Appearance

U. S. Marines Waiting Lunch from Train While Enroute to La Trèfle from Vers Gren

Wash Day in Camp at Texas City
Timely Notes from Home and Abroad

The Ending Recital of the Government Branches of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School was Given by the Sons of the Clan.

Miss Eva Serrin, Prominent Resident of the Metropolitan Opera House Performing at the Graduation Exercises of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School, of Which She is a Product.

Removing the Wounded Marines and Sailors from the Hospital Ship "Neling" at the New York Navy Yard. They are Taken Care of at the Navy Hospital.

English Torpedo Boats and Destroyers have been Stationed at Helgast Lough to Prevent Running to the German Volunteer Force. The Great Quest for Sending Yip-Way Signals to Ships of War in the Harbor.

One of the Wellesley College Girls Out for the First Race of the Season on Lake Waban, Mass.
The Star of the Vaal

The Most Intense Series of Mysteries in Years

By LLOYD KENYON-JONES

Illustrated by ROY BlAKE VAN NICE

"I Have Warrants for All of You." One of the Detectives Stalled Without Ceremony

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

May 30, 1917

18

THE INDEX OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—J. TRENTON MONTGOMERY, motor car manufacturer, purchases, through Henry, partner of Teneck, the famous diamond, Stir of the Vaal. The directors of his company attack him for extraneous. At the Auditorium Theatre in Chicago; Mrs. Montgomery dies suddenly, and the diamond vanishes. Mabel Cunfield, fiancee of George Chandler, (Mrs. Montgomery's sister) has Harold Victoria, Robert Warner, and Daisy Delvare arrested. Fanne, daughter of Victoria's sweetheart, is arrested and charged with Miss Chandler, who breaks the engagement. At the district attorney on the case, falls in love with Miss Chandler. On receipt of a mysterious message, Cunfield goes to the Montgomery home at night, just in time to see Mr. Montgomery die suddenly, and the jewels he has taken from the safe are vanished. Miss Cummings sees Cunfield go in and sees him come out. She is his partner. She escapes him and goes to von Teneck’s where she finds Bob Warner escaped from jail. Bob disguises himself as a woman, and gives Victoria Cunfield’s clothes and escapes. Pennock, Montgomery’s chauffeur, has a secret door in their library. He plays evader in a manner when Chief Moran comes to investigate Montgomery’s death, freedom of interview. Moran sees his shadow and shoots at him. Pennock escapes. Fanne Cummings finds Montgomery’s will, while she is out of the office. Cunfield finds it, changes it, and fias it in probe. On Cunfield’s cuff (his laundry has been delivered at the office by mistake) Fanne finds indelible pencil marks, which Miss Chandler says are the combination of the safe. Pennock leaves the house disguised as a letter carrier. Moran changes his machine, overthrows it, and finds it empty. Pennock meets Moran, gives him money and goes to von Teneck’s to disguise his disguise. Cunfield, in hiding, does the uniform, goes out in it and is promptly arrested. Chief Moran liberates Harold Victoria, who goes to Warner’s house and there demonstrates to Warner and von Teneck, his new storage battery, which is so powerful that it affects the whole outside world. Warner gets an offer for it from an Indianapolis firm.

HE female contingent of the household became restive, and almost unruly. Miss Cummings felt annoyed at not being allowed to interview Harold. Different lamentations racked Daisy. Warner repeatedly, laying it down with strict and emphatic force, crying and ranting betimes, entreating and threatening, to stay home till all official danger might pass. On such remonstrance, he answered her negatively.

At the height of their argument, the bell rang.

von Teneck had returned.

His features were flushed and his frame was shaken by emotion.

Before he would speak, he walked about the room stealthily and rapidly, examining the windows, to make certain they were locked, and drawing the shades.

Then he turned out all the lights save one.

The others looked askance, but the scientist vouchsafed no explanation until he had arranged the setting to suit his preconcerted ideas.

"Now we're in for it," he hissed, raising a warming-finger. "Everything goes wrong...."

"In what way?" Warner interrogated anxiously.

"In every way. Ah, friends, could we but decipher the signs—could we only train our vision between the lines. Pennock has turned traitor!"

"No!" Then a hush settled on the tense-featured assemblage. "He no longer acts on orders. He does everything independently. The fool has set to frightening Miss Chandler. She leaves the library—which, alas! she haunts) one moment, returning the next. In the interim, Pennock deposits some mystical scroll on a pad which he places conspicuously on the writing table. Again, he marks with chalk on the safe or wall."

"The idiot!" Warner ejaculated.

"Worse than a fool, I tell you. Why does he do it? Can you guess why? Certainly you can not. But be silent, pray. Here is a note that he left in the master room, and inadvertently left in his clothing which he deposited at the bank. I shall read it."

von Teneck unfolded a square of crumpled paper, and read:

"Dearest Grace:

God knows I dare not tell you what we have recently come within the domain of my knowledge.

Each moment a fearful danger assails you. The library is pregnant with potential crime. Flee. I beg of you."

"You found it where?" Victor questioned closely.

"In the outside pocket of Pennock's coat, which he left this very day in my laboratory, after his escape from Moran."

"Why," von Teneck, and Victor's eyes snapped with a strange brilliancy, "you forget that Pennock wore a gentleman's uniform. He discarded that regalia for a street coat. Canfield was in hiding there at the time. Presumably Pennock did not see him. Upon Pennock's departure, Canfield outfitted his own clothing for the uniform, in which he was arrested shortly afterwards."

The scientist nodded reflectively. "That is so," he admitted. "Then Canfield penned these lines. I should not have admitted him to my home, only the poor devil begged and whined so."

Warner indicated that he wished the missive. von Teneck complied.

"The writing is apparently disguised," Warner commented. "I judge it is Canfield's chirography."

Daisy Delvare had forgotten her recent mental storm. She sat erect and expectant, with her hands gripping the arms of a chair, and she was gazing fixedly into space.

"Does Canfield still love Grace Chandler?" Her voice was low and well modulated, and she addressed her remarks to herself chiefly.

"He is impelled by stronger sentiments than love," Warner corrected.

"What sentiment could have more potent force than love?" Daisy quoted approvingly.

Her mental processes and reverted to his ambition to save Robert Warner further sorrow and imprisonment, which she realized would be his full meed when apprehended, to his effort to leave Chicago.

"Self-preservation is stronger than love. Warner replied slowly. "Only when you consider the imminently mortal peril, can we be measured. He is going into a similar peril at this moment."

"How?" the savant challenged.

"He is afraid that the same cause that took the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery will..."
Robert Warner was elated over Miss Delarie's altered attitude toward going to Indiana-polis to negotiate the sale of Harold Victor's estate.

It was agreed that they should sell only the battery rights covered by letters patent. The wireless feature of transmitting energy (requiring special apparatus) was to be retained for future sources of re-novation to the battery hoard in some future; the others for sale.

Early the next morning, Robert Warner was the recipient of a special delivery letter. It ran thus:


"The doors he done!" Warner exploded. "Well, I'll foot him!"

He then convened a council of war, to explain the details of his plans.

Fannie and Harold sat quietly, and in apparent contentment, on a divan, immensely satisfied with one another's company. Daisy preferred the piano stool. Warner remained standing, and puffed laboriously on a black cigar.

"Unless we raise some cash very soon," he said thoughtfully, "we shall be in an unenviable position. If we are called upon to defend ourselves against suspicion or accusation regarding the Montgomery death, it is useless for me to speak further about those trag-eclides.

"However," and his voice became high-pitched and vibrant, "there is no telling what might occur. As you know, Nelson and Nelson have examined the patents of this battery. They were satisfied a month ago that it was close to perfection. It will be easy to convince them now as to its completeness. Mr. Montgomery had tentatively agreed to arrange the sale prior to his demise. We shall have no commissions to pay to him. Thank God!"

Warner chuckled dryly.

"And, good friends, it devolves upon me to get to Chicago today."

He proceeded to give them his ideas, and the others greeted the suggestions favorably, and there was evident good nature—not to say amuse-ment.

All of which accounts for a number of hurried "phone messages" from the Warner residence, and the ear-wigging of three men of Warner's acquaintance. These individuals were of Warner's stature and physique. Furthermore, they had been schooled in adventure, and had all been from the humdrum of work-day realities.

Succeeding certain instructions to these men, one of them departed shortly before noon—and the fat was in the fire.

There had been nothing secretive about the coming or going of these individuals, which explains why the news was communicated to Chief Moran, with due despatch.

That executive sated intrigue and plot the moment he learned of the omens of impending flight, and he did not propose to grant Robert Warner the satisfaction of manipulating any hour.

While preparations moved rapidly at Warner's domicile, they progressed with equal agility at Headquarters.

Moran selected three of his most skilful detectives, and talked over his contemplated coup with them.

"Warner has been uneasy ever since we landed Canfield," the Chief explained. "He is up to something treacherous. I have reason to believe that it is his purpose to leave Chicago. Without why the organization is helpless. But with the balance of them as anchors on his movements. Warner is seriously handicapped."

"And the two of them departed just to attempt to get away from Chicago, I want him held."

The men nodded.

"My strategy," the Chief continued, "is to work both sides. I want just one man with me to view the front of the house, and two of you to keep vigil over the rear. My auto will be leave immediately around the cor-

ner. It is now eleven o'clock. We shall leave here in thirty minutes.

The day was bright and balmy. The great elms along the drives cast enormous patches of shade. The boulevards were alive with mo-
tor vehicles. It was not an ideal day for shadowing an escaping culprit. Too many per-
sions were abroad.

Fannie hastened to her duties at the Mont-
gomery offices. Victor and Daisy remained to assist Warner and his aides.

Perceiving through the windows, Miss Delarie noted the arrival of the Chief and his men.

"Goodbye, goodie!" she gurgled in delight.

"One would imagine they were friends of yours," Warner observed.

"On this occasion, they are," I want to see Moran's eyes when he realizes what has been put over on him. Are the boys ready?"

"Yes, Chief," Moran responded. "It is time to summon our taxis."

He telephoned to a garage near the New-
bo, library, and his order so precise that they would understand and obeyed explicitly.

Then he sat down and lighted a fresh cigar. Victor joined him in a smoke.

"Harold Victor," after some minutes of reflection, "it looks as though our deal would be a go. I shall insist on a substantial cash payment. I assure you, you, Fannie, Pennock, you Teaneck, Daisy and me. That is six of us. You and I own thirty per cent. apiece. We shall be financially stronger to-day; our inside ring of four especially!"

"If your scheme works," Victor interposed. "We shall be in a position to take a stand at one of the windows. Hello, here are the boys now, and the taxi is driving up to the curb!"

The door of Warner's home opened, and Rob-

ert, Fannie, and, to a degree, Harold, hastened out. They were dressed in white coats and trousers, followed by two suit-cases, bear-
ing various pied-bleu steamship, railway and hotel labels.

Warner was clad in a neat business suit and wore a derby hat. He paused to chat earnestly with Harold, and they then proceeded down the street to the cab.

They had been talking less regarding the disposition of the luggage, but the dispute was settled, and Warner displayed wanted written in adjusting himself in the seat.

He whispered his orders to the driver, and the vehicle was out of the way. The exhaust couched, and the taxi moved down Astor street. Before it had proceeded seventy yards, the Detective, in Moran's car, trailed after it—and the Chief smiled.

"I have a vision of Bob Warner making his getaway now," Moran mused. "But Daisy may be up to tricks, and Harold Victor will also be considering some."

In a calm and cool state of mind, the officer hummed a popular air. Indeed, the murky approaches to the clearing of the mystery of the 82 and 83 were nearly penetrable. His goal was in view.

It is worthy of remark that at the very vertex of one's success, and even in the hour of seeming triumph, events oft go awry.

Moran gulped and sucked in his breath in a dry rasp at what assailed his watchfulness. Another taxi had come to a stop at the curb in front of the Warner residence.

Somehow, the Chief sensed what was about to transpire.

The door opened.

Robert Warner stepped out into the sunlight. He was an exact duplicate of his predecessor—but tall and well-shaped. Right behind him was Harold Vigi-
tor, carrying two suit-cases, decorated with gaudy labels and not unlike Joe-

Bach's.

They tarried a minute in earnest conversa-
tion, and then hastened to the cab. There was the same sort of secret, similar whispered instructions, and a start down Astor street.

The only difference between this and the first scene was that of the taxis. Robert, War-
ner was hastening now.

Moran was almost stunned at the boldness of the plan. Much as he disliked to follow the post, he ran over to Lake Shore Drive, and, upon pressing a car into service, two motor-cycle officers passed and hailed. He cut them.
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

Chief Moran.
Detective Headquarters,
Chicago, Ill.

I was the second Warner; changed places at North Ave. with another; will be home in the morning.

Robert Warner.

A special delivery letter early the next morning putting the leave in sight of the sudden

rights. To make the story brief, Nelson and Nelson clinched into an agreement, and paid $100,000 on acc.

out. We are to receive $200,000 more in a five-year period. I will see you a few hours after this letter gets into your

hand. You will find five hundred dollars here. Keep them in the vault. I will give you the key.

Yours for a better day,

Robert Warner.

"Isn't he a genuine fellow?" Daisy chuckled.

"Yes, but Harold invented the battery," Fannie reminded her.

So long as there was money in it, Daisy was not at all particular about whose invention made the new-found wealth possible.

Moran had planned on intercepting Warner, but individual had different notions, which prompted his leaving the train at a suburban station, and proceeding to his home in a large touring car.

"Bob!" Daisy cried in great glee, as she dashed to the door to admit him.

"Well, I have it with me," Warner said excitedly, and he piled up notes, checks, drafts, and currency on the table.

"Now, let us get Pecunio and your franchise book in tow, and we'll split the plunder according to agreements."

Warner and Victor took thirty thousand dollars apiece, and each of the others were given ten thousand.

"Now, Warner," what I purpose is that we shall create a defense fund and secure the services of some capable criminal lawyers."

"And combat a pair of perspective spokes?" Daisy snapped testily. "Whatever do we do anywhere we turn, the spectres of the Montgomery family must haunt us. Who knows if they will never stay buried?"

"Don't talk that way," Fannie pleaded. "It is hard enough to have put suspicion directed toward us, without slandering the deceased."

Daisy evoked an inaudible response, but reserved her opinion.

spirits of Daisy Delvare, Harold Victor and Fannie Cummings. It came in time, too, because the monetary store of the clan was scant—woefully slender. And Fannie saw small comfort in the harrowing condition that had confronted her the evening before, when she was discharged from the Montgomery Motor Company.

Fannie had slept but little all night, and her troubled slumberers were distraught and sporadic.

Daisy had sought to comfort her, but Miss Delvare was too busy with her own worries to devote much time as nurse to Fannie.

The letter from Warner contained five new one-hundred-dollar bills.

"I wonder if he made them," Daisy mused, as she ran the velvety paper through her fingers.

"I expect he did," Victor agreed. "At any rate, suppose we read his letter?"

The epistle had been penned hastily, but Daisy dubbed it the first of the six best sellers. Its contents were brief, pointed, business-like and cheery.

Dear Friends:

The deal went through. Nelson and Nelson had to do something, and that rapidly. They saw the possibilities in the battery, which embodied all the improvements they had hoped for. A powerful banking organization is back of them, and something else also helped: The Hoeller Motor Company.

The following telegram to Moran restored his good humor:

"Miss Chandler. There is Nothing on Earth I Would Not Do for You—So Summle Is Too Great to Ask Of Me!"

Without comment, they continued southwest, into Rush street, over the bridge, and went in Randolph street to Headquarters.

Two other taxis were drawn up at the curb in front of Central Station.

And inside were the two other Robert Warners, and four suit-cases with their circus decorations.

"Good work," the Chief chuckled in commendation to his men.

"Well, Messrs. Robert Warner, et al., I must ask you to remove your theatrical appendages. Take them to the wash-room and get them scrubbed up."

Ten minutes later the three prisoners were marched before Moran.

He squawked in helpless dismay.

None of them were the genuine Robert Warner.

"Miss Chandler. There is Nothing on Earth I Would Not Do for You—So Summle Is Too Great to Ask Of Me!"

"Well!" Chief Moran roared as he looked over the three counterfeit Warners.

They glanced at him blankly, but professed ignorance of the importance of the drama in which they had played their dubious roles.

"Under the severest cross-examination, they remained stolid and gave evasive replies; so much so that the Chief was determined to hold them until the real Warner was located.

Evening there was a rift in the clouds, and the following telegram to Moran restored his good humor:

"Dear Friends:

The deal went through. Nelson and Nelson had to do something, and that rapidly. They saw the possibilities in the battery, which embodied all the improvements they had hoped for. A powerful banking organization is back of them, and something else also helped: The Hoeller Motor Company looked us up, and put in a bid for the

right.
"Take a Light and Go in," Moran Commanded. "If You Find Anybody, Shoot!"


"I wish I knew what all these mysterious misses mean," she sobbed. "I seem to stand alone, without anybody to whom I might turn for advice. And in my troubles, I rarely retire until the balance of the world is sleeping, and in the morning I am up before the world."

In the absence of her grief, loneliness and fear, Grace Chandler buried her head in her folded arms, and wept silently.

"I am weary, Pennock. Things have not gone right at all. They have been ails. When a man reaches my age, he is out of sympathy with fate. All these years I have slaved without adequate compensation. Why, can you imagine that the directors of the Montgomery company refused flatly to pay me for my fuel tests I made? At Mr. Montgomery's demise? Yet, that is what they have done, although each day their fuel economies turn into their coffers no less than a hundred dollars."

"But you got out of this!" Pennock whined. "I am not going to get into trouble over a foolhardy action like yours. This is no reception. Come along, now!"

Pennock had the safe open by this time, and withdrew the tray.

The men stepped to examine the contents, and the safe was drained hungrily at the wealth within their grasp.

"This is possibly a ten-carat stone," von Teutock said, and it was a brilliant to his eyes, and scrutinized it. "I will pay you a thousand dollars for it, Pennock—no more, no less."

"It's worth five hundred a carat, easily," Pennock objected.

"Quite true, my friend, but remember, we must cut it into two or three stones. That reduces its relative value. At best, I can get no more than twenty-five hundred. I stand to get not over fifteen hundred. Here is the money—count it."

He waved the bills through his hands, and examined them, and recounted them.

"Take it for five hundred," Pennock urged.

"You're a rascal," von Teutock corrected. Pennock agreed. Then they bartered on various gems, and some of them the police Chandler is given to early rising, alas, and the halls are carpeted with heavy rugs, and there is no hearing one till the intruder comes to that door."

Shortly after eight o'clock, Chief Moran, with a detail of men, came up to the Montgomery residence. The appearance of the police scarcely attracted any attention in the fashionable neighborhood of the tragedy.

All of the servants of fact that they had made the paternal home of the Montgomery family the center of the elite, had been swallowed up in the ravenous maw of tragedy—and there was an appearance of neglect about the stately old mansion.

Accompanying the Chief was Clarence Atwood, the young eyes were a little red with weeping and want of sleep. The ruddy hue had departed from her cheeks, from which the plumness was thoroughly gone.

There was evidence of assistance in Atwood's step as he waited at the door.

Miss Chandler greeted the officials in the formal library, her eyes were a little red with weeping and want of sleep. The ruddy hue had departed from her cheeks, from which the plumness was thoroughly gone.

Her weeping face struck Atwood to the quick. This was different from dealing with the ordinary course of crime. There was nothing squadroned or phlegmatic about the Montgomery affair. Miss Chandler's suffering carried with it a refinement that was so far removed from the realm of things criminal, Atwood's mind was set on finding some solution to the baffling riddles. It was no longer a matter of bringing the guilty to justice, but of lifting the veil of duty. Grace Chandler volunteered to carry around on her frail shoulders.

"I understand some new outrage has been committed?" he asked, with a tone of sympathy.

Miss Chandler nodded, and pointed toward the safe. "They took some more jewels this time. I am sorry I did not heed your admonition to remove them."

"And did you see any signs of the shadow on the wall?" Moran asked her eagerly.

"Yes, sometimes," she replied. "I actually saw part of some person's clothing. But the aleve, as he committed the crime, was a little red with weeping and want of sleep."

The Chief turned and looked at her curiously, and he and Atwood glanced at one another.

"It is needless," the young lady added.

"What do you do say this?" Moran questioned her gently.

"Oh, well, I request it. And you, Mr. Atwood, know what I have feel. I learned through friends that the dreadful murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery is beyond all question. I tell you this, yes, on my nerves to withhold the truth. The verge of hysteria, and thought of complete nervous breakdown that is coming is hatred.

There was the look of half delirium in her eyes. She no longer appeared to be talking to the Chief, but to some imaginary person. Atwood was adown with fear for her mental safety.

"Miss Chandler," Atwood said hopefully, as he approached her by the side of the farther side of the room. "Don't you think you could make arrangements to leave the city?"

She gazed at him blankly.

"Oh, I want to go somewhere," she replied, when the question had become plain to be troubled mind. "I must go somewhere. It is all right for you, but me—oh, all times. In the night, I fancy that I know things. In the day time, I think I see this..."
"Nina of the Theatre"  
TWO REEL KALEM FILM

CAST

Nina .......................... Alice Joyce
Paul Kenough ..................... Tom Moore

SYNOPSIS

NINA, a very beautiful young actress, has been engaged to Paul Kenough, the leading man of the company, only a day or two when he develops an alarming illness and is rushed to the hospital. Immediately the doctors in charge advertise, offering $1,000, for some one who will submit to a disfiguring operation by means of which Paul's life may be saved. Nina, unknown to Paul, offers herself. The young surgeon, who performs the operation, saves Paul's life and also saves Nina from being disfigured. But when Paul is ready to leave, all eagerness to get back to Nina, Doctor Brent lets him go without saying a word, telling Nina, later, that Paul did not care to even see and thank the woman who had made so great a sacrifice for him. Paul finds out that he owes his life to Nina only when he gets back to his company. He rushes from the west coast to the hospital in Minneapolis, but Doctor Brent refuses to let him see Nina, and destroys the ardent letter he writes to her. So when Brent makes love to her, Nina agrees to marry him, partly out of sheer physical weakness, partly from spiritual discouragement. After the honeymoon Nina discovers that her husband has a passion for vivisection, also that he is as hard and relentless towards her as towards the animals he tortures. But she does not leave him until a frantic and unsuccessful attempt to save her beloved Angora cat, Fluff, from him, has disclosed to the full Brent's hideous cruelty. Nina goes back on the stage, but in a new company. On the night of the first performance a sudden change is made in the cast and she finds herself playing opposite Paul. Their reconciliation is interrupted by a telegram saying that Nina's husband is ill and needs her. She goes to him only to find that he has become a raving maniac, who pursues her from the room and down the stairs, where he trips and falls headlong, breaking his neck. Nina, shuddering, thrown herself into the welcoming arms of her lover.
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

"The Master Mind"
FIVE REEL LASKY FILM

CAST
Richard Allen, the Master Mind
Henry Allen
Lucine
Mabel Vanbeurer
Edwin Booth
Dick La Reno
Harry Fisher
Monroe Saltsbury
Billy Elmer

SYNOPSIS

Richard Allen, known to the police as the Master Mind, was kidnapped when a small boy and trained to be a pickpocket, but he graduates from this petty thieving to the leadership of a gang of daring criminals. He is middle-aged, and known to the world as a wealthy club man when he finds his only living relative, his brother, Henry Allen. Shortly after their reunion, Henry finds his sweetheart in the embrace of another man and shoots him on sight. His conviction and sentence to electrocution is secured by a young District Attorney who is in love with Lucine, a member of the Master Mind's gang. The Master Mind resolves to revenge his brother's death. Lucine is sent abroad to be educated and when she comes back, she again meets the District Attorney and marries him. The Master Mind has sent word that the four aces will mark the steps of his revenge. When the District Attorney makes an unsuccessful raid on the Master Mind's house, he finds an ace on the table. The second ace is dropped into the District Attorney's pocket the night he and Lucine become engaged. The third is lying in the wall safe when they return from the honeymoon. And when Lucine is discovered one night giving money to Creegan, the Master Mind produces the Ace of Spades. But Lucine's unhappiness is more than he can bear. He confesses his guilt and the husband and wife are reunited.

A complete review of this production appears in the July Flickers magazine.
Filming the Hippodrome

By Johnson Briscoe

The American Sports Scene from "America," in Which over 500 People Appeared on the Stage at One Time

It is now exactly nine years since the New York Hippodrome was first opened and during this time each annual spectacle has exceeded its predecessor in magnitude and magnificence. Finally, it almost seemed as if the very limit had been reached this past season when the production of "America" was made, for it far outshone everything that had gone before, being the very "last word" in pictorial splendor, exceeding anything ever housed within the walls of a theatre.

For several years past the Shuberts have been besieged with offers for the film rights to the various Hippodrome productions. But it was not until "America" was produced that they could be convinced of its motion picture possibilities. The result is one of the most stupendous films thus far manufactured.

To begin with, as may be gathered from the title, "America" fairly breathes the spirit of our country, is redolent of our times, customs and sports, and it will prove, too, a notable object lesson along educational lines. The scenes embrace almost every picturesque section of this country, ranging from New York City to the New Orleans levee, and from Florida to the Yellowstone National Park, not to mention a peaceful New England farm and a New Mexican village.

All in all, there are exactly one hundred and one different scenes, requiring seven thousand feet of film, beginning with a picture of the Hippodrome building itself, and ending, logically, with exodus of the audience from the theatre. The story plot of "America" has been faithfully followed and it so happens that the unraveling of the plot lends itself especially well to screen purposes.

Not the least interesting of the pictures are those showing the various sports of this country, a round dozen in number, which will follow in the order named: golf, basketball, canoeing, tennis, swimming, yachting, boxing, bicycling, fencing, football, riding, and baseball. There is genuine thrill in the reproduction of the Grand Canyon scene, in which a team of horses and an automobile (the latter filled with passengers) make flying leaps through the air, plunging into the river beneath. This was an unfolding "thriller" at the Hippodrome.

And think of the speculations which will be rife over the water trick, done by the diving girls who disappear and then slowly emerge from the tank, water-soaked, yet tranquil and smiling.

The production, which was originally conceived by Arthur Vogel and John P. Wilson, was made into film form under the direction of Lawrence McGill, assisted by John Pratt, as representing the All-Star Feature Company.

The pictures required about ten weeks in the making, as it was only possible to use the Hippodrome stage during the morning hours, the afternoons and evenings, of course, being given over to the regular performance.

In order to gain the proper lighting effects it was of course necessary to use artificial light throughout and this alone necessitated a working staff of over forty men. Stop just a moment to figure out for yourself the tremendous expenditure required for lighting alone, the mere electric equipment being in the neighborhood of twenty-one thousand dollars. The operating expense for the millions of candle power hit an average of $7.14 per minute—this for hours a day for about ten weeks. Is it surprising that one becomes dizzy at the mere contemplation of such a financial outlay for one film.

Not since the very first Hippodrome production has any effort been made to send the spectacles on tour, that other cities might have an opportunity to see them at first hand. At that time it was discovered to be wholly impractical, for there were not enough stages of sufficient size to accommodate their bulk. Hence the unique Hippodrome offerings have
remained exclusively a New York institution, denied to all save those who resided in or visited the metropolis.

With the release of the "America" films, which are to be shown immediately in the theatres leased and controlled by the Shubert Theatrical Company, practically every city of any importance will have a chance to see a real Hippodrome spectacle at close range, barring only the spoken dialogue, which, it must frankly be set down here, is always of secondary importance at the mammoth playhouse.

An interesting story is told of how these pictures really came into being. It seems that while the subject was under discussion as to their practical film value, with the dissenters greatly in the majority, an English film manufacturer declared emphatically that the undertaking was an utter impossibility. "It can't be done," was his terse verdict. Upon hearing this flat statement, American grit and determination asserted themselves and Arthur Voeglin merely said, "Well, we'll show 'em." And he has!
The Star of the Vaal

(Continued from page 37)

Every hand seems to be turned against me," Atwood stonied her, and then rested her head easily against the arm of the chair. He found one of the servants, and had him bring a glass of water.

"No, I don't know," she asked, as she sipped the cooling liquid. She shook her head in negative response.

The district attorney gave orders for her burial, and in his speech there was some sympathy for the young woman in her own household. There was discussion among the friends the following evening, and Miss Chandler lived in the house of friends of the family. There was the mad public clamor, and the host of morbidly curious who were everlastingly pointing out the house as a scene of some unhappy tragedy.

Miss Chandler ate a slice of toast and drank some coffee, but the balance of her food remained untouched. Thus she had abstained from even the necessary things of life, obscured by the ghosts of what had been and what was to be.

Miss Chandler's ready money was running low, and though she fought bravely to hide the truth, that was a contributing worry.

In the meantime, Gracie Chandler looked fixedly into space. At times she sobbed in a mechanical way, as though frenzied weeping were her greater passion.

"Miss Chandler," Atwood breathed fervently, "let me help you out of your dilemma. Permit me to take you somewhere that will be free from the present place, and one in which there isn't a question of law with me any longer. I promise to help solve the riddles of the past—but most of all, I fear for your future. There is nothing on earth that I would not do for you—no sacrifice is too great to ask of me."

Impulsively, he pressed her hands, and looked desperately into her troubled eyes.

And for the first time since the tragic moment at the performance in the Auditorium, Gracie Chandler smiled—and without analyzing, she felt immeasurably satisfied.

The Star of the Vaal

The Dainty Lady of Lubinville

THAT is what they call Ethel Clayton out in Philadelphia—the dainty lady of Lubinville. Perhaps it is because she is so delicately beautiful. Perhaps it is because she has a rose pink boudoir of a dressing room.

Nobody ever called Ethel Clayton a "mixer" and yet she is one of the favorite stars of the Lubin company. One reason is that she is so generous. The humblest person on the extra list feels that Miss Clayton, above all others, will help out if the need came. She has given gowns and hats and coats to girls who she thought needed them more than she did herself. Last Christmas... But the really important thing about Ethel Clayton is her acting.

Her first appearance was, as is the case of so many others, the result of an accident. E. H. Sothern, presenting "The Prince" at the Illinois Theatre in Chicago when two players of small parts were taken ill. In a great emergency, Sothern remembered the work of two girls in a performance by a private school which he had just seen. He sent for them. One was Louise Kelly, now in vaudeville, and the other, Miss Clayton. Mr. Sothern was so favorably impressed with Miss Clayton's work that when the actress whose place they were to fill was able to appear again he offered Miss Clayton a more important part—Miss Clayton accepted.

Later, Miss Clayton was leading woman with the J. B. Graham company for several seasons. She made her known to Broadway with Edwin Stevens in "The Devil," as leading woman at the Grand Opera house. Miss Clayton was "Bobby Burritt" as chief—support to Emmett Corrigan, and in the productions of "The Country Boy" and "The Brute."

Ethel Clayton's first appearance as a star in moving pictures was in the Lubin version of Charles Klein's play, "The Lion and the Wooden Horse," of which, she played Shirley Rosemore.

But I wish it was an easy tell how Ethel Clayton looked the day I saw her in her dressing room as it is to tell her stage likeness. You can see in the photograph how delicately moulded her features are. But black and white does not do justice to such hair, such eyes, and such a complexion.
The MOVIE PICTORIAL

Clarence Atwood finally prevailed upon Miss Chandler to get out into the open air. He seated her in the right-hand seat of the car, and on they were riding along the smooth boulevards that parallel the north shore.

Atwood could see no duty in the world more pressing than to convince the clink of Miss Chandler, and that young lady was more than willing to permit her handsome admirer to take full control of the situation.

Chief Moran was not the sort of person to object. Right at this time, he did not care whether it was Cupid or black Imps that assisted him in getting Miss Chandler to the scene of the crime.

He had posted a few of his men at vantage points in the grounds of the Montgomery estate. And as the car neared the mansion, he felt a reluctance as to giving Moran the walk-safe combination, she had finally acceded to his demands, and he now settled down to take inventory of its contents.

Through the half-open book-case door, Pennock spied on the operations, and became utterly perturbed at the Chief's progress.

The combination was yielding, turn by turn, and was nearly completed, when Pennock disconnected himself, and shortly afterward (still garbed as a butler), dashed into the room from the hall.

Clearing his throat, and standing at attention, he told the surprised servant, Pennock addressed the Chief.

"There's somebody at the rear door," he said curtly, "and he wishes to speak to you at once. He is a hilding sort of fellow, and I did not venture to ask him in. From his agitation, I gather it is a matter of some moment.

The Chief arose, perplexed. Without pausing to question, he permitted Pennock to direct him.

Pennock returned on the run, gave the safe-knob an extra turn or two, opened the safe, and with the tray of gems, vanished through his own door. This was about 10:30 P.M.

Finding no one, Moran hastened back, but he was a moment too late. Then the full realization came to the Chief, and he knew that he had been duped.

The moment Pennock reached the basement, he hastened to his room, deposited the jewels in a bag, and hastened back up to the press. Then he divested himself of his servile habiliments, and with a dressing robe on, went to work in his office.

The janitor looked up hastily and greeted him.

"I wish you would go over to Clark Street," Pennock said, indifferently, but with a note of command, and buy two dry batteries at the garage. Here is the money, and keep the change for a drink or a cigar. Now, go.

The janitor, glad enough, to escape from the black pit of the basement, obeyed, and as he left the residence, Pennock locked the door after him.

"I may as well leave a little note for Joe格尔," Pennock observed, and he penned the following lines:

Vigi Ucte qv vig Xecn ku ykryp qpg okg qag averuant.

Having written this cipher message, he ar- rayed himself in overalls and jumper, rubbed his hands, took his night cap and gloves, and took the janitor's seat near the furnace.

Moran knew that the house would be searched, but he also realized that the gentleman in the janitor's seat would tarry on the road, and remain absent until he had invested his change in internal movements.

Pennock was quite correct in his deductions as to Moran's activity. Only on one point did he miscalculate.

The Chief had summoned several of his men, and one of them had already followed the janitor, keeping strict surveillance over his every movement.

Moran was more convinced than ever that the alcove was the direct avenue through which the many unaccountable events appeared and vanished. How else could the butler have made his escape? What other answer would account for the shadows that in the past Moran himself had seen, and once had shot at unsuccessfully?

In the alcove were numerous book-cases, and in these were various volumes—some fiction, some histories, some medical, some biological.

With the greatest care, he scrutinized each book-case, and sounded the walls. Twice he made the attempt to dislodge them, but was met with more methodical examination.

He began the next time by pressing against the books, feeling for one, then, as the book tilted back. Then he came to one that did not yield, but resisted his pressure. This he regarded more cautiously.

Then he would group electric bulbs in the alcove. These were over toward the inside wall. Moran recalled that the shadow he had seen on the opposite wall, must have been cast by these lights, and therefore the opening would be between them and the library doorway.

This corresponded with his suspicions pertaining to the case that was firm and unvarying.

After pushing it and testing it for some moments, Moran grasped one edge and gave it a violent tug. It gave way, and as the book fell, a trap door opened, revealing a passageway heading toward the basement.

With the trap door raised, he searched it, and found himself in a passage-way connecting with the rear of the cellar.

With the trap down, his progress cautiously, and came out into the furnace-room, with the bogus janitor in a half dose, plasterly smoking a pipe.

If it please carry—-if all plagues wrought out the way they do in stories, both the law and its breakers would find more dramatic settings for their labors.

Only to work the same day after day. Human beings meet unlooked-for contingencies.

Thus it was with both Moran and Pennock.

"Say, janitor," Moran blustered, "have you seen me about here recently?"

Pennock stretched wearily, removed the pipe from his mouth, rubbed his soot-painted face with his primy hand, and replied, "Not that I know of. I guess I was sleeping, though. How did you get in?"

The Chief did not reply to the question.

"Come on!" he said, "get up and help me hunt. One of the butlers is down here. You likely know him—a smooth-faced, sharp-featured kind of a man."

"Oh, yes—the new fellow." And Pennock arched, stretched, and then, procuring a candle, lighted it and went down. "Where shall we hunt?" he asked sleepily.

"Bring that light along. We'll look through these rooms. Hello, whose place is this?

"It belongs to Pennock's own apartment."

"That belongs to the Chief!"

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. He left a couple of hours ago. Went to some garage, I guess."

The janitor went to the room casually and proceeded. But the more diligently he searched, the less satisfaction he found.

"What a break," he said thoughtfully. "Could he have escaped from the basement?"

Pennock yawned and simulated deep meditation.

"I tell you what," he said, "and he brightened up with a show of animation. Moran and I waited for the exposition of wisdom.

"There's a sort of cubby-hole back of the elevator. The Chief might be hiding there."

Pennock led the way and opened the small door that revealed a black pit beyond.

The Chief regarded his spotless uniform with some trepidation, and shrank back.

"Take a light and go in," he demanded. "I will wait here. If you find anybody, shout, and I will take care of the rest."

Pennock hesitated. His plunger was still in the room, on top of the clothes-press. He wanted those gems. If he did not take them, then who would the opportunity again present itself?

But his moment of irresolute pondering terminated, and he stepped very cautiously into the abyss.

Moran waited. He could see the flickering rays of the lighted candle, but these became less brilliant, and then shone out only occasionally. Becoming restless, Moran called to Pennock. The voice came back muffled, and apparently weary.

"I'm looking around some old crates in here," Pennock shouted. "There's no sign of anyone yet."

Moran left the doorway a moment, and hastened into Pennock's room. He looked around curiously, and then found the cryptographic message that had been written by the chauffer.

He saw the similarity between it and many others that had been left in the library, or had been given the janitor, but that was all. Moran was now certain that the hunt was nearing its completion.

Outside, after the departure of the real janitor, some of the detectives had become exceptionally suspicious, and were determined to bring the man back and have the Chief question him.

The janitor complained bitterly, but under duress of official pressure, he returned with the janitor's basement door lockset, and they pounded insistently.

Moran heard the knocking, and lost no time in opening the door.

"What in the world?" he asked warmly.

"This fellow claims he's the janitor in this place," one of the detectives replied.

"Janitor nothing! Why have I him for me now," and Moran waved his hand toward the direction of the cubby-hole.

Pennock had taken advantage of the absence of the Chief, and was planning a final dash for his treasure, when the officers entered the basement.

"What time this fellow was through," Moran observed, walking toward the place where Pennock had vanished.

"Hello!" he called. "There was no response—-you!" he paroled again. "Come out of that!"

Only the rattling echo of his own voice answered him.

Then suspicion raced through the Chief's mind, and with his pocket-dash in one hand and the key in the other, he rushed upstairs, slammed his head from the rafters, he entered the hole. Long rows of boxes and crates, jammed against the walls, greeted him—these and the janitor, there was no indication of a human being.

Moran hurried along.

He had mounted every portion of the dungeon, the central path of which was clear.

A wheelbarrow blocked his path—and bey- beyond, that, he detected a light. Toward this brightness and sound:

The litter was less pronounced, but the Chief...
realized that he had covered a considerable distance.

The necessity of his own illuminant diminished. The light of day was breaking the shades at the farther end of the subterranean chamber.

Moran hurried toward the aperture. He found himself in a pit beside the Montgomerie garage.

Penmuck had escaped!

(To be continued next week)

SOLUTION OF CIPHERS IN THE SECOND INSTALLMENT.

A cryptogram of words occurs in the middle of Chapter 7, starting at "Daying" at the end of the first paragraph reading:

"Yes, 'oh' is the word," Warner answered.

"but it's forgotten and put one over. Don't object, for heaven's sake, Daisy."

Beginning from "Daying" count back every sixth and then every fifth line and then every other line, writing this combination, the result is: "Don't forget the big cipher. It occupies an entire chapter of this story, and carries a large reward."

The second cryptograph is on one of the lines near the end of Chapter 8, and the third on the back of Miss Hollingsworth's passport. Read every odd line (lines 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11), which results as follows:

"It is a shame that some people are always looking in the wrong direction for evidence of this game. True simple things that are found easily anywhere tell the wonders world how to acquire knowledge of a solution of these beguiling problems."

The third cipher is the will in Chapter 10. Additions have been made to each line. The genuine testament should read: "I, J. Tremain Montgomery, do hereby bequeath all my property, both real and personal, and the property of my sister Miss Grace Chandler, my sister-in-law, to then pay all outstanding debts, keeping the residue for her own use."

The Cross Roads

(Continued from page 1)

Kerns kept coming back to the opening he said had to take it. Mr. Kerns.

"And I told him I would not take it. I had been trying, half heartedly, for work in the studios while I took the miserable pretense of a course, but the results of the few jobs as an extra that I got only confirmed what I had reasoned for myself, that the 'school' was doing me no good.

"Artists who had turned me down, I think it. Mr. Kerns. Where is it, and how much will they pay me?"

"Oh, there'll be no trouble about terms," he said.

"You'll have to settle that with the management before you get there. The theatre is in St. Louis. You want to go right out there, and report to Manager Larry Spruans, of the Caledonia Theatre. You'll have to pay him the booking fee, of course; fifty dollars, and the six per cent of your first month's salary."

"Six per cent?"

"Fifty dollars!" I said. "After I pay my railroad fare to St. Louis I'll have about forty dollars in the world!"

"I'm sorry, but I've sold it."

"Me?"

"I had to sell it."

"Aren't you going to sell it?"

"I don't know what to do."

"Well, then, give me twenty-five dollars now," he said.

I registered, angered then. If one of the proprietors had told me I could have seen me he might have thought better of me!

I had been stupid, slow. I will admit it. But

Ruth Stonehouse

(Continued from page 22)

though there is much less risk in it than in the older ways of death and disaster. In the movies it becomes the drama of facial expression, the eyes, and I decided to make them grimace, nor altogether pantomime, but the drama where the actor must express all the emotions by his face. He should be shown in the same amount of expression in the drama of the theatre, it would be overplay because he has there his voice and the words of the play to support him.

The new sort of reel drama is going to require much more dramatic ability from the writer than did the older style. Any playable plot had a good chance under the conditions of two or three years ago in the 'movies.' Today, however, the tendency is toward the kind of drama where the play has to be as closely knit as if it were to be produced before an audience of high-brow connoisseurs. The rapidity of film production does not hide any defects in structure. The 'movie' audience is quicker to get extraneous matters out of the other's eye, being trained, I think. In such quickness of vision that its mental activity is at a higher pitch than is that of a usual theatre audience.

"If you've followed a play in a foreign language which you did not understand, you'll see what I mean by saying that the audience that must hold the audience. When Nascimento first came to this country—before Owen Johnson taught her English—the plays were a little difficult. She was remarkable in all of them because she had the supreme acting ability of being able to get all her audience of twenty minutes, and not a single word of a language which her audience could follow. But only the few plays that were so well constructed that their action, their lines or sayings succeeded in impressing the audience with the work of the other actors in her company, remarkable though these actors were."

DURING George Tervilliger's operations with his Lubin company at St. Augustine, Florida, he did some pretty expensive and daring stunts. For a picture entitled "A Man from the Sea" an automobile was run off a dock into the ocean, with two men in the machine, Anna Luther being one and the chauffeur, who was an expert swimmer and diver. As the machine touched the water, both jumped into the water immediately, but the chauffeur to the stern of the bottom. Miss Luther and the diver reached shore rather wet but received no injuries.

Another expensive scene was the total destruction of a yacht by fire and dynamite. The vessel was an old one, stripped of all its interior fittings and painted white. It was then towed two miles out to sea, by turbinated and charged with dynamite. Being anchored away out from shore, several men had to be placed on the yacht to fire it and then jump for their lives in the boat to be picked up by motor boats and rapidly carried to a safe distance. For fully an hour the flames proceeded to do their work, and the boat was touched. When the explosion took place the craft buckled and in a few minutes sank to the bottom of the ocean.

After several other daring scenes the company arrived back in Philadelphia all safe with the exception of one Pete Volkman who is still in the hospital suffering from a gunshot.
True to Life
To the Editor of the Movie Pictorial

YOUR request for the public's opinion on what is wanted in motion pictures I think is a very good idea.

The days of yesterday are being educated to the motion pictures, and have begun to voice their opinions and sentiments in the line of what they want.

I feel that the "Movie Pictorial" is the first and only magazine to realize this.

I have never yet sat in a motion picture audience, where, if the pictures on the screen were natural and true to life, the very naturalness of the scene and acting did not bring approval from some one. It might be a mechanic or laborer recognizing the familiar movements of his work; the horseman's approval of an exhibition of riding; a brilliant social gathering, with the men in immaculate attire, the women in beautiful gowns; a historical scene; or the particular attention given to costumes, views, and paraphernalia used in a foreign scene. All these things are sure to bring approval whether they affect the plot of the picture or not.

One of the companies would do well to solicit the public's opinion, and encourage them to state their objections to defects in their pictures.

J. EVETTE W.
Fort Dodge, Iowa, May 12, 1914.

Suggestions from the Audience
To the Editor of the Movie Pictorial

SEVERAL times, recently, I have heard the devotee of moving-picture shows called a "fan." I think that this should be discouraged, since it is belittling to the taste for film-making of those who, even in its infancy, certainly is worthy of dignified treatment.

It is said that, in America, the business is so conducted as to place it upon a very high plane, for the most part, entirely unobjectionable, and praiseworthy. This is not to say that there are reels which are directed to a rather lower order of intelligence.

Some of these have a tendency to approach the vulgarity of comic supplements, and it is only such that are properly to be criticized.

Seldom does one attend a high-class show without seeing two or three reels well worthy the attention of any spectator. It is this side of the art that is sacred of growth, and all should cooperate to remove whatever works against the shows' successes.

As a spectator actuated by the highest good will toward making pictures and their works against the possibility of fire, as connected with this form of entertainment. It would be too much to say that the audiences are panic-stricken, but, at least, they are not fully at ease, as yet. This being so, everything that tends to upset their nerves should be avoided. For example, employees, small boys and attendants, should be strictly forbidden to run about the aisles, either in the auditorium or anywhere near enough so that their voices may be heard over the immeasurable distance. People thought in the minds of certain of the audience is, "I wonder if anything is the matter?"

This is no safe dodge, and is sometimes seen by the men operating the projector, or those who go to speak to them, and, indeed, to any loud discussion or colloquy hearing of that nature.

I think the common sense of this will appeal to all.

In many cases, it would be quite possible to elevate the screen receiving the pictures from one to five feet higher over the stage in the theaters. Careful experiment should be conducted as to what point is the best, where the line of sight from the audience, and from each of the audience, clears the heads, shoulders, and other obstructions, and where exactly the pictures should be shown, where, if the screen were raised even one yard, it would be in clear view from every part of the house, and even people in the rear of the house, standing at the top of one's line of sight. This is a simple matter, and yet, I am sure, is overlooked in some establishments. The most important reform would be attained by raising the screen; namely, it would make it possible to put up an opaque barrier between the audience and the musician's lights. Thoroughly screened from the top, the electric music-lights glare below and on the sheets of music; consequently, there is an irregular row of annoying and distracting lights from which one cannot free one's consciousness. If the screen cannot be raised, the lights should still be blocked off, even if the musicians are turned about so as to face the audience, rather than the screen. I consider this an exceedingly important matter, since the flickering lights have much to do with the eye-tire from which many suffer, and by which many are kept from the shows.

A question of another kind is one to which there are certainly two sides, but it seems that good taste would be able to decide in favor of the "right" thing. The whole matter is one of the attention—whether it is more important to keep it upon the screen than to give a petty realism. Probably the best thing to do to be use the auditory helps only in series where realism is not essential. Thus, where a reel is supposed to be a war film, the rolling of drums, the clattering of horses' hoofs, and so on, rather add to the effect. We know that the story is not a true one, and so do not mind the breaking of our impressions by means evidently artificial.

But it is far different in serious sets of pictures. Such a view, for instance, as "The Charge of the Light Brigade," is, to a sensitive spectator, almost ruined if the black-drum man attempts to imitate the Regiments in their charge with thumping drums. If they were very definite imaginative visions, lending themselves to their illusion, but not accepting such realism, they could not go beyond right limits, and these limits are those of the pictures themselves. They may recall, but the charge is not the natural charge. Thus, a subdued rumbling does no harm; distinct taps of the drum, which recall the wader of the drumsticks to our consciousness, take us miles away from the scene of battle.

As to the display of legends and lettering, stage directions, and so on, the suggestion is to eliminate, in all deferences, that they should not attempt the decorative. The simpler they are, the better. In any form, they are a disturbance to the interruption, and the less attention they require or emotion they excite, the better. Thus, it will be seen that decorative features, color, and all such devices, are of doubtful value. Another thing—they should be carefully edited. I have seen some curious blunders in the text of otherwise excellent pictures. Instead of seeking a style, the audience has to note the "enormity" of some natural object, meaning, of course, its great size. Nevertheless, we have standards of any well edited periodical.

Of course the thoughtful reader will see one or two premises here suggested forbid extending the technique of extraneous -- the vases of flowers, and similar attempts to make the stage "artistic."

Bronxville, N. Y.

Suggestion of another picture show exhibitor is: Let the audience upon the
WALLACE REID or "Wally" as he is called, by those who know him best, has had a wide and varied experience for one so young. Born in St. Louis in April, 1890, and with only such stage experience as he had gained from bank for the duration of his father, Hal Reid, "Wally" secured an engagement with the Selig Polyscope Company in 1909. From there he went to Vitagraph, thence to Universal, then to America and, finally, back to Universal again. Dorothy Davenport in private life is Mrs. Reid and her husband opposite his in all his productions. Motoring is the favorite amusement of the Reids.

ALLEN CURTIS, director of the Joker comedies of the Universal, was born in New York City, February 2, 1876, and made his first stage appearance in New York in August, 1891. He has played with such famous stars as Weber and Fields, and Ward and Volker, has been featured in burlesque, and has appeared in a musical comedy stock in and around Chicago. In March, 1913, Curtis joined the Imp Company as a player, later being transferred to the West Coast organization, and assigned to the Joker brand. He is now directing exclusively. He is of fair height, dark-skinned and will be remembered for his work in "The $10,000 Bride" and "The Priceless Treasure."

HOGARD DAVIES was among the oldest picture players in the West, for he began work there when but one concern, the Selig Polyscope Company studio. Born in Liverpool, England, in 1880, he made his stage debut in 1900 in "The Lights of London," and afterwards appeared in the companies of Wilson Barrett, Forbes Robertson, and Louis Morrison. His picture work began in 1907 with the Vitagraph Company, but in 1910 he drew his salary checks from the Bison Company, while the beginning of 1912 found him with the Universal. At this writing he is connected with the Majestic Company.

MIGNON ANDERSON, petite and blond, is another Thanhouser player if you were to encounter her in real life on the street for she seems anything but bold and daring when you meet her. She was born in Baltimore, Md., 1892, and in 1911 she first appeared on the legitimate stage in "Robert Emmett." Following that production she was associated with Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mansfield, Herbert Kel-

RILEY CHAMBERLAIN will be instantly placed as the "funny old man" of Thanhouser films, for Riley has been playing "characters" for Thanhouser since March of 1912. He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, November 6, 1874. As long ago as 1874 Chamberlain made his debut as a member of the Chicago Academy of Stock and scored a tremendous success, though he very soon discovered that character work was his particular forte. He has appeared in "Adelaide Neilson, W. J. Florence, Charles Congaull, John McPherson, May Irwin, E. W. Hawke, George Grvertisement," in such plays as "The Blue Mouse," "Luke's Husbands," "Tillie's Nightmare," "Madame X" and "Excuse Me." Chamberlain's concern is the only motion picture studio for which Mr. Chamberlain has worked, but such characters as he created in "Condor's Nest" will never be forgotten. Fishing occupies all of Riley's time when he isn't working.

PAUL SCARDON made his first stage success in Melbourne, Australia, the city of his birth, in 1894, and for some years thereafter was associated with the J. C. Wil-
Coast Studio Jottings
News of the Photoplayers in Southern California

By Richard Willis

Mona Dain Weather is wondering how many of her children are in the U.S. She is being overwhelmed with sketches of Indian Maidens submitted by the kiddies in answer to a contest of an Indian toy for the best ones sent in.

It was at first reported that Dr. Lloyd Mace attended poor Kirk's secret-sauce funeral and died from shotgun results. That being the result of being manhandled by a lion at the Universal ranch. As a matter of fact a Dr. Jackson treated Kirk's poisoned arm and Dr. Mace only had to go to the hospital, too late to avert the tragic death. The coroner's jury censured Jackson.

"Ball Durham," who used to twirl for the N.Y. Giant, distinguished himself here last Sunday when he threw the sphere for the Key- stonian team of the Movie League. His followers knocked the universities down by 5 to 7.

James Neil, late of Kalem, and for a long time manager to the Morrow forces has been engaged by the Lasky company to take the pair of father opposite Thomas W. Ross, and Jane Dawell in "The Only Son," being produced by Oscar C. Apfel at the Hollywood studio.

The latest director to take charge of a company is Tom Sanchi, who is producing plays at Solig's, with Lasky company in the leading part. He is working at the animal farm near this city.

There was a note of keen satire in a recent production put on by Harry Edwards, entitled "Universal Ike is Kept from being an Actor." Louise Glum was irresistible in this rapid fire production.

Josslyn Van Trump, who has played good parts in Universal and Mutual films, is under the care of a specialist. She is suffering from an attack of some eye trouble, caused by overwork, and as a result she is being kept in a darkroom. The doctor says she will be all right soon.

Mrs. Arthur Mackley and her husband "Sher-iff" from the Town of Terror went away for a 5 days' trip last week. Whilst in Edinburgh, Mrs. Mackley wanted to see Holyrood Castle. "Where do you come from?" asked the courteous attendant.

"Los Angeles," answered the Californian.

"Los Angeles? That's where your women are. I'm very sorry, we can't admit any suffragettes, Madame." And what's more, the argument of persuasion would alter his decision.

Tom Mix and the Solig animals from Pres-cott, Arizona, have arrived and are quartered at the wild animal farm here with the rest of the big zoo. The whole organization was transplanted from the desert to this city. Everyone is now busy on a big picture.

Russell E. Smith, the associate editor and controller of the Mutual is the writer of 3 plays and over 300 magazine stories, besides which he has revised purchased scripts by the hundred. He has moreover written vaudeville songs, and numerous magazine articles and noted that he works 22 hours out of 24 is quite normal with it all.

Mona has ridden many a time in coach, but has just had her first experimentation eastern riding costume. She says she was the ONLY articles to wear it.

Pauline Bush is taking a vacation and has escorted her mother to Alaska. She won't ever think pictures for a month. The rest is needed for she has worked long and faithfully.

John Steppling who recently joined the Ricketts company of Americans at Santa Barbara, Illness that has so well that he is sending east for Mrs. Steppling and the kiddies. He is quite a family man, is John.

Jimmy Atkinson of Bosworth's, made a special trip to Alaska to purchase the valuable collection of furs, skins, flax, macnaws, etc., used in the Jack London films. Jimmy had some strenuous experience when in the far north.

The recently organized U. S. Feature Film company started work at San Diego this week. A. R. Belton is the business manager, Arthur Nelson, late of Frontier, and Hal Clements, re-cently离开 of Western, are the three directors. In the company are Larry Peyton, Natalie de Lonton, Elizabeth Burbridge, and camera man A. Vallet. The company plans will produce three-"Westerns," and one-reel comedies.

Myrtie Redman, who gave a notable performance in Jack London's "Valley of the Moon," with the Bosworth company, is playing the leads in three other pictures.

William D. Taylor, the Vitagraph player, is the author of a dramatic sketch named "The Mills of the Gods," He put it on with Anne Schaefer for the Woman's Club at Santa Monica recently. The first performance of the playlet was given in New York City.

Helen Holmes of the Kalem company is a beautiful young woman. In years gone by she was a famous artist's model and treasures some good examples of the work of several celebrated artists.

Paul Hurst and George Malford have returned from a fishing expedition to Catalina Island. Asked what luck he had there, Paul announced "Luck? Huh! Caught thirteen fish, and blew out one tire."

May Cruso, who is a favorite at the Frontier studio in Santa Paula, is a sister of James Cruso, of "Vater's Family." She intends to be as famous as her handsome brother, if she can.

That beautiful little actress Margarita Fischer is delighted at having captured first place in the Photoplay Magazine idol contest. Everyone else seems to be as pleased as she is. Margarita is uniquely and deservedly popular.

Earle Fox, formerly of Reliance fame, has left that company. He has had a severe spell of illness and is only just able to be around again. His future plans are not yet determined upon, but he wants to stay in California.

S. S. Hutchinson, president of the American is enjoying a busy "business" holiday in Chicago. He states that the demand for Harry Pollard's Beauty Brand films is growing steadily. It ought to.

Anne Schaefer of Vitagraph fame, has won a place among the leading actresses employed in a popularity contest conducted by the St. Louis Times. Later the ten will be voted on and one favorite will be selected. June Novak, also from the "show-me" state is in the contest.

Forty new steel cages have arrived here and are being set out at the Solig wild animal farm. The animals will now enjoy more quarters while waiting for scenes.
THE CROSS

(Continued from page 30)

all at once I saw how I was
and all the others. I thought
there was no use of my being at
Theatre in St. Louis. I was so
that I was wrong. Partly
There was a Sprague, only
money she had, just as
only because they wanted
wanted her to reach a stran
a result.

"Say, looks here, now," he
me wrong! Say, you go out;
waive my commission. You've got a wrong
idea, a.

"I have not!" I said, viciously. "I'm going
straight to the police. I may not know, but
I suspect a lot. And I guess they can find
out whether I'm right or wrong."

Suddenly he fished out a roll of bills. He
counted out four five dollar notes.

"I'll give you back your money," he said,
with a fine show of indignation. "I don't want
the money of anyone who calls me a cheat!"

I took it. I needed too badly to have any
hesitation, even if he had earned it. And I
didn't go to the police. Even if the threat	had frightened him, I felt that it would be
useless.

That was the beginning of one of the worst
periods of my life. There are times of crush,
grief, squalor, and helplessness that are harder
to endure than actual disasters. There is something
about active misfortune that makes one rise and fight
back. But what I had to endure was just
day after day of hopeless endeavor to get
work—was beginning to be too well known
at the studios. Except for mob scenes, when
they needed anyone I did not want me. When I went
into a room full of waiting
men and women there would be a little
titter.

And at last I got an inspiration. I had
failed in New York. I was known, in New
York, as a failure. Well, why not go
somewhere else and start over? Why not do what
I had seen so many do, bluff my way! With
a few new clothes, with a great deal of assurance
and audacity, why couldn't I do what others
had done? I did know something new, but I
could never make these directors, who knew
the old me so well, see it. And then I laughed,
harshly, to myself. I had just twenty-five-dol-
lars in the world when I came to this decision.

But, I had a plan. And that, it turned out,
was worth untold riches. I had regulated, some-
how, the confidence had lost. And when
Santelman, of the Cornflower studio, played a
great joke one morning I turned the joke
in my advantage.

"Hello, you here again, Morgan?" he said.
He was a sarcastic, bitter beast of a man, but
clever. He loved to pick out some unfortunate
who liked myself, and humiliate her—it was
seldom a man, who might have resented what
he did—before a waiting crowd. "Well, say,
maybe I've got a job for you! You can't act
but can you sew? Sew quickly?"

"Yes," I said, biting my lip. Sometimes,
if too much, I would get a gig. I would
him a few dollars a week to take her place.

There was a roar of laughter. It was a choice
insult, to offer an actor such a work. But I
said the chance was in it. It would not
be giving up my chosen field to take such work.
I would still be in the game.

"If you said I'd said thank you, Mr. Santel-
aman! When shall I start?"

His jaw dropped. But I had, him,
right away for nineteen little
money. Morgan. You've got

I smiled. I was wondering
would take me to save fare
in mind. And right there I decided
to live on six dollars a week, and save

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(To be continued)
EASTERN STUDIO NEWS  
GOSSP OF THE PLAYERS IN-AND-AROUND NEW YORK

PAUL GERHART, well and favorably known for his several years’ work in Pathe and Reliance pictures and also for his ability as a director, has joined the Ramo company and will direct pictures hereafter.

Lulu Leslie of the Lubin studio, is one of the best-liked women appearing on the screen. “If you meet her on the street or in the studio, you will find her well-groomed always,” said a director for whom she did some work recently, and he is only one of many.

James Cruze, before launching into the production of the screen, held the exciting position of “barker.” If “Jimmie” didn’t confess to it himself, nobody would ever guess it. However, the Thanhouser star does not at all mind telling about the “old days” when he traveled from town to town with a medicine show.

Harry E. Chandler is the newest addition to the Lubin scenario staff. He is now possessor of one of the six big mahogany desks that line either side of the corridor, from where the majority of the Lubin screen stories originate.

Harold Lockwood is the good-looking young man who played recent leads in the Famous Players Film Company, opposite Mary Pickford. He is now at work in the Famous Players studio in New York. His few weeks in the east have already made him a favorite with the film folk he has met at the Screen Club and elsewhere.

Peter Lang is again to be found at the Lubin studio in Philadelphia. For several months he was a member of the Famous Players, but the Lubin plant is “home” to Peter.

Lolita Robinson, late star in “Fine Feathers,” is to become leading woman for the Jesse L. Lokey Feature Play Company. She will make her debut in “The Man on the Box.” Miss Robinson—Mrs. Max Figman in private life and the mother of a clever two-year-old daughter—will be welcomed by the screen as her work on the stage has brought her general liking and much popularity.

Max Figman is to star in “The Man on the Box,” which will be made in California in early June. The play by this name was one of Mr. Figman’s greatest stage successes. Its scenario, which will require the great out-of-doors as a setting, and will put to use the accomplished riding of both Mr. and Mrs. Figman, are especially adaptable for filming.

Jim Kirkwood, who returned from the coast a few weeks ago with the aggregation that found its way straight to the Famous Players studio, is beaming with happiness over being back where he can look at Broadway every five minutes, if he so desires. “Lonesome?” Try staying away for a while and you’ll see!” is his invariable answer; and he starts in to beam all over again.

Richard Tucker—called “Dick” by those who dare—is again at the Bronz studio of the Famous company—“somebody’s and a month’s,” as he puts it, of work in the south. “Then it comes to a question of loyalty to New York. Tucker is one of the front-rankers.

J. Searle Dawley, who has been one of the directors of Famous Players films for the last year, is taking a rest from service in this company. He says that when he starts in again it will be with a new directing policy and with a different company.

Flo LaBelle was the wearer of a wonderful new gown in a recent scene from “The Million Dollar Mystery,” which is in preparation at the Thanhouser studio. Both she and “Peggy” make their leads in this series, have added a number of new costumes to their wardrobe since the making of this series began. They know the value of good-looking clothes. This is one reason for their popularity with the picture public.

Norvyn Kane, playing leads opposite Muriel Ostriche in Princess pictures is one of the jolliest of the girls at the New Rochelle plant. His good-looking face and happy manners has impressed screen spectators with the result that his daily allotment of mail is a heavy one.

Alice Joyce is the latest favorite to be announced as lead in a film series, which will be released at two-week intervals. But it is further stated that each picture will be complete in itself, hence there will be none of the tedious waiting which usually attend a continued-in-the-same-story series. Each picture will show Joyce in an entirely different role. The first release, “Nina of the Theater,” will come June 8.

Edwin S. Porter, technical manager of the Famous Players Film Company, and Hugh S. Ford, producer, have gone to Europe to film James E. Hackett in “Monsieur Brancas.”

Ella Margaret Gibson of the Western Vitagraph Company is the latest of the many photo-play stars to be given the title “youngest leading lady in pictures.” She is eighteen years old and has been on the stage since she was twelve.

Claire Whitney of the Blache company out at Fort Lee, N. J., a taking part in “The Lure,” which is now being produced by that company with the stage cast which has made its several month’s run so successful. Miss Whitney was formerly a musical comedy star and is, very, very pretty.

Bobby Connelly, the little Vitagraph boy who has made livable the character of “Sonny Jim” on Vitagraph programs, has been ill with pneumonia for more than a month. His convalescence will be over shortly and again film-goers will have a chance to applaud “Sonny Jim” and his curls.

Florence Lawrence wishes she were not so shy. “You mayn’t believe it, but I am, really,” she confesses. “I hate to talk about myself—but I’ll tell you anything you want to know about my bull-dogs!”

Bert Adler, who has written “ad” copy and dictated publicity for the Thanhouser Company for years, has risen a notch in position and importance and is now travelling representative for C. J. Hite, president of the Thanhouser Company. Those who know Mr. Adler are glad to hear the good tidings and extend hearty congratulations.

Arthur V. Johnson, actor and director at the Philadelphia Lubin plant, has added about twenty pounds to his weight and is accordingly twenty pounds better looking. Some good looks!

Mildred Bright is one of the Eclair company that has found its way to the western Eclair company. She has made several films in New York and Philadelphia, and when she arrives in Los Angeles will be received a hearty welcome. Some of those who made the trip are: Robert Frazer, “Bill” Schorre, George Nagla, Gene Herbst and Burt Hamb.
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? to be decided by popular vote ?

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Who is your ideal? Help us secure the answers to the four question marks!

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"MISS RAFFLES"
She Meets Her Match

RALPH LYONS stared indig- nutly at his chum, Bob Leslie. "He said," he said angrily. "Just because you've got no taste is no reason for you to think I'm in the same boat! I tell you the girl was a beauty!"

"And she said she lived here—had a sum- mer home here?" said Bob, lifting his eye- brows at the thought. "And you're going to bring her here?"

"Who said anything about her?" said Ralph. "I said she was a beauty!"

"All right," said Lyons, morosely. "Shut up and tend to business or we never will get to your place! I hope you're right for once, and that none of your family are there! I'd hate to burst upon their sight for the first time looking the way I do now."

"We'll soon know, anyhow," said Bob, as he turned a corner on two wheels and sent his car spinning into a narrow road, hedged in on both sides by trees. "But you needn't worry. I called Pop on the phone, and he said the place was all right."

"I had ever get a key? we have to make it fly the window in the kitchen. But I've done that often enough to know the trick."

"Work and tramps don't agree by a long shot."

"I don't care," said Bob, "as long as we get in."

"All right, let's go."

"What's the matter, can't you do a simple little thing like that without flunking?" demanded Bob. Then, in real concern: "Say, you're not really hurt, are you?"

"He saw his friend limp to a chair for a moment. "Not bad," said Ralph, wincing, however, as he sat down. "Gave me an ankle a bit of a twist. Same one I used to hurt playing football, of course. I'll be all right after a while."

"I've been hurt before," said Bob. "But it serves you right, for being such a clumsy pest. Here, lean on me. I'll get you upstairs, and you can lie down. Then I'll run over to town and get some plaster or something. You'll want to bind it up a bit, won't you?"

"Be better, but just now I'm hungry," said Lyons. "How about some eats first?"

"You've come," said Bob. "He forged hastily, and produced a feast. Beer, crackers, a can of pork and beans, that he heated over the gas stove, all they could pos- sibly want."

"Fine!" said Lyons. "Run along, now. Show me your room first, though. Oughtn't we to clear this truck up?"

He looked at the debris of their meal. "Lord, no!" said Bob, indifferently. "Let the servants do it!"

"But they may not be back until spring?"

"What of it? We should worry! Come on!"

So, being men, they went on.

And Lyons, although his ankle still hurt, was quite content. He heard the car chug off, and settled down upstairs, with a book, to wait. He had smeared his face with something he had found that had brought him to Bob's house. It was a girl; a girl he had seen just once, on a train. There had been a little mischance; she had been caught without her purse, and he came to her rescue. Then they had talked, and he had begged her to tell him who she was. And she had smiled at him provokingly.

"Let's make it a little game," she had pro- posed. "You're to find me. If you win, you get my money back. If not, why you lose it! Our stakes are made to our order, aren't they? Of course, if you insist, we'll exchange cards, and I'll send you the money, and a nice little note, saying how glad I am, and—we won't see one another again. But—"

"The game, by all means," said Bob, "I agreed. "But—"

"the stake is all mine. You ought to put something up, too. You stand to win, but not to lose—and that's no sporting proposition. If you win, you keep the money. If I win, I get it back—and something besides."

"What?" she had asked.

"And—a kiss," he had suggested, dar- ling.

She had frowned at that, then smiled.

"Agreed?" she asked.

"But now you'll never find me!" She shrieked. "The stakes were so high, sir, that I can't affor- d to lose!"

And Bob knew that she was one of the colony of sum- mer residents to which Bob's family belonged. But Bob, to whom he had told the story, with re-
The Movie Pictorial

June 6, 1915

CENSORSHIP!

"S" NIFTILY argues: "The highest musical
purpose aimed at in the highest
species of the drama is touching
the human heart, through its sympathies
and antipathies, knowledge of time;
in proportion to the possession of which
knowledge every human being is wise, just,
sure, tolerant and kind."

"We wish all men and women whose
mental limitations take the form of an inch
to cause other adults person's plays and
books would cut that out and ponder
until its meaning has, perhaps, illuminated
their cloudy shades."

The foregoing ia from the SATURDAY
EVENING POST. To comment on its
application to the censorship of motion
pictures were like unto painting the lily, or
spilling refined gold.

Be immensely valuable.
"You—you must know that that's absurd!
he gasped. "You can't take that. I can't let
you do it!"

"Please sir, I've lost my bet," she said, mourn-
fully. "If you won't let me earn my living,
how can you expect to be paid?"

"Good God!" he said. Can't you realize that
this is serious, that it's no time for playing?
She straightened up at that.

"Oh, let's forget the tragedy," she said.
"You're very clever—but so am I! I tell
you what I'll do. I got here first—unless you
were wasting your time. Anyway, I cracked
the hit. But I'll be fair. I'll divide with you,
fair and square."

"What do you think I am?" he asked wildly.
"A thief, of course, like myself," she said.
Her laugh, light, musical, all that he mem-
bered from their brief first meeting, pealed out
in the empty room, startling in its-loudness.
"Well, do you agree?"

"Listen, girl!" he said. "I'm visiting here.
I came with the son of the house! For heav-
ens sake put that book away and then get
me help, you let me lend you money, what-
ever you want, so that you won't be tempted
to do this sort of thing again! Here, put it
back, and I'll help you to get away!"

"I'll tell you, this one can't," she said.
"You sound as if you might be telling the truth.
She straightened at him intently, and he saw
her eyes glisten. "Oh!" she cried. "I believe
you are telling the truth, that you're not
a thief at all! You're dressed as if you were
playing here."

She collapsed, suddenly, sobbing. She
seemed to be overcome by shame. Gently,
Lyons took the necklace from her unresisting
hand. He turned the girl's head as he did
it, to shut the steel door and put his arm about
her.

"Come," he said, and she let him lead her to
a chair: "You've nothing to fear from that.
I meant what I said. I'll do anything I can
to help you."

"The money I've had, it's mine," he said, weakly.
"I looked at her, puzzled, not knowing what to do or say.
"I don't know why you've done this, but it's
not your fault. And I want to help you."

"How do you know the necklace was the only
thing I took?" she asked him.

"Wasn't it?" he said, weakly. He looked at
her, puzzled, not knowing what to do or say.
"I don't know why you've done this, but it's
not your fault. And I want to help you."

"You know the necklace was the only
thing I took," she said. "I don't know why you've
done this, but it's not your fault. And I want to
help you."

"That man in the train—oh, you sublined
yourself, but you looked as if you—" he could
do no wrong in your eyes."

"Is that fate?" he asked, gently. "Can I be
believe that what you are doing here tonight
is right?"

She stamped her foot.

"You ought. Oh, you're just like a man! You
work everything out by your logic. Don't
you ever feel things? Why, a woman, in your
place, would know, no matter what reason or
logic told her, whether a man was really doing
something wrong or not."

"But you don't defend yourself!" he said,
hopelessly. "And—what am I to think? You
come in here, with every sort of reason for a thief.
I saw you, you know, as you came through the
window—"

"You saw me!"

She caught up her bag sharply. "And said
nothing? You wanted to trap me? You
were so sure that I was a thief? And you
pretended to be surprised when you came up from
behind."

"I didn't see your face," he explained, hastily.
"I could only see your—er— your feet."

She blushed at

"And—well, your what at the time!" she went on. "Your
face, really, you really must look at it, it's pretty
dirty."

"Isn't it?" she ad-
mitted. "I came in nothing."

And she

"Heads Up!" he said.

"Heads Up, Miss Rafnes!"
For Old and Young

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOVIE PICTORIAL.

ALTHOUGH writing letters is not my forte, I cannot resist the opportunity which your invitation in the last "Movie Pictorial" gives me to say a few things about picture shows.

First, I believe that everybody would like to see more good dramatizations of standard novels, and productions of standard plays. Take Shakespeare for instance—if we didn't become intimate with him in school days (and do you realize how large a per cent of the average picture show audience never had any school days?) the chances are we shan't have much opportunity to know him when we have settled down to the business of making a living or a home. Imagine the luxury of making his acquaintance through the medium of good films. "A very superbicial one."

Mr. Professor-of-English in Highbrow College may say—but never mind, sir! It is better than none, and it may even prompt a few of us to read the play when we get home. One thing is certain about most people, especially children, retain a more lasting impression of the play after they have seen it on the screen than after having read it. When I think of what a treasure house is including the film producers in the literature of past ages, not only in English but in other languages, I wonder that they accept so much American "back" work. Of course I don't believe that original dramas should be excluded—we might resent the producers' efforts to educate us too extensively in the classics, and the modern photographers have given us many a good drama, both tragedy and comedy, but it does look as if at least ten out of every thousand Indian pictures might be sacrificed for the cause.

Then I believe that there is always room for more good travel and scenic pictures. The average man at the picture show has traveled very little here and none abroad, and now that the picture show has made it possible to bring the mountain to Mahomet, the cinematographer should set out after it. It is interesting to compare the involuntary gapes with which an audience will greet the overpowering magnificence and beauty of a picture of Niagara Falls with those that welcome the appearance of Diana.

Pictures of various industries both here and abroad are always welcome. Most of us are interested in knowing how such everyday commodities as paper, glass, etc., are made, and the mere machinery in these factories is a fascinating sight for many. One of the most talked-of films we have had here was one showing the gigantic farming machines that are used in the West to dig ditches, pull stumps, and so forth. And we have never had a film to show us how moving pictures were made. But what I believe that the public wants most of all is some solution of the child problem. Many a play that is excellent for grown-ups, is such that you don't want your children to see it, and yet in this day and generation particularly in the small town where there is almost no other amusement, it is next to impossible to keep a child away from the picture show altogether. What is to be done? To my mind there is one possible solution: to establish a children's theatre in each town that is large enough to support productions, but films suitable for children shall be given, and where a matron (with assistants, if necessary) shall be in charge of the little audience, so that parents need not come unless they wish. Try to avoid saloons and other degrading scenes, cowboy bravado and swagger, all suggestions of roughness and indecency that occasionally appear in otherwise good comedies, and constant love-making or other acting that tends to cheapen the emotions. Dramatizations of the old fairy tales and folk lore would no doubt be popular with these audiences, as would also productions of scenes from the Greek, German, and Norse myths. For the towns which could not support a special theatre, two or three matinees a week might be set apart for the children, with the best productions as to matrons, films, etc. Then mothers who let their children go at night may do so at their peril. The producer and the manager will have done their part.

E. G. WILSON.
Naugatuck, Conn., May 14, 1914.
J. R. Walling-Movie Magnate

III-The Knock-About Team of "Failure and Success"

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL
June 6, 1914

"We're going to get your picture taken," and he colored apologetically at the very thought of referring to Dolly's beautiful features as a "mug.

"To give away to the men?" she queried hopefully.

"I should say so! To keep for myself. Oh, Dolly, I wish you were poor again—no, not that way, but just so I could help you. I feel so all alone.

Now that she had him coming, she purposed to shake his pace. It rarely pays to let them gain too much upper hand.

"I should think you would spend your time planning on the big opening of the Up-Town," Dolly returned.

Walling had been thinking about the same subject very seriously. This rude jolt to his sentiments gave his industrial brain a chance to sort through the facts.

"I have it all planned, Dolly. Let me read this letter to you. Understand, though, you must sign it.

Feeling her importance rising with the market, Miss Ewing assumed an expression of infinite wisdom.

"This is the letter that went to their mailing list, because Walling thought that a list of patrons should be as important to a picture house as to any other business. Only recently two ladies had made a canvass of the neighborhood, calling up speaking tubes and asking the housewives if they patronized the Marvelous—and informing them that it had been consolidated with the Up-Town. The names and street addresses of those who replied in the affirmative were turned over to the Up-Town, and were placed on files, alphabetically arranged.

UP-TOWN MOVIES

THE GIRL

with:

THE KING, BESS, MARY, HENRIETTA, MARY FRYER

AUBURN

CURBS 2117 Amsterdam Ave.

NEW YORK

To Our Friends-Greetings:

We're not going to permit the Governor of Vermont to hang Mrs. Walling. Nobody saw her kill her husband, even if the circumstantial evidence was strong.

In fact, we doubt that he was killed at all—or even died.

We suspect that he was simply in a bad fix and decided to disappear.

But for all that, the mob wants poor little Annabel Walling to hang.

That's just because she was a militant suffragette—weighting only ninety-eight pounds! The brutes!

Besides, it isn't as bad as it appears.

From tears to screams of laughter in their rapping room.

Come, Tuesday evening and see just how it ended.

You'll meet us in our new home—right across the street from the place where we made our big hit.

A ladies' tailor has that place now—Mr. Max Sutro. He tells me that he and his wife are going to attend the Up-Town every evening.

All our old friends are coming, too! Remember—three rooms on the Wall-
The Girl With the Auburn Curlis

P. T. I knew the time that I was going to write this, only a woman is supposed to add a postscript! We'll give everybody a little souvenir!

"Oh, yes," Dolly exclaimed excitedly. She always did like Jack best when she saw him courting. She no longer had him sick and helpless. He looked much better just as he was.

"Santa pays for 'em--stamps and all," he chuckled.

Dolly's admiration grew apace.

"What about the presents?" she asked dubiously. "Not my photo, surely?"

"He had thought of that, but it wouldn't do. He must keep the cost down within reason."

"You just can't give up the old ways," he replied, reassuringly. But all the while, he was racking his brains on the gift problem. A souvenir, he reasoned, must be useful or unique to be appreciated. Also, it had to be low in price. If it was too expensive, he would lose money and, what was worse, cause his lady-love distress. But a tasteful gift, even in a picture house, would be worse than none at all.

Then he hit upon a bold scheme. Why not a bundle? Pain hearted never won empire. Secretly, Jack Walling always envied Napoleon—that is, with the single exception of his generous patronage at Waterloo; and harrying, possibly, the St. Helena residence. Down in his home-town, whenever a man did anything dashing, he was called a Napoleon. These had Napoleons of finance, the grocery business, barbering and even of peanut-stands. In the face of that calamity, Walling still admitted he was lacking for the Corsican. At times, when no better luck appeared, he would stand the way the artist made Bonaparte pass at Amsterdam, or wherever it was. The evening of the opera, a Napoleon arrived. But the skies wept a peevish drizzle, and there was a sudden look to the streets that bored ill. A brown paper package, its "rag" at the curb, and great flourishes of incriminatory dignity, frayed the gayer. A massive horseman bore a packet which Schmidt’s card. Hugo was some little advertiser himself, however, and the card was large and conspicuous. It carried this legend:

"Best wishes from Hugo Schmidt. Finest Delicatessen in New York. 2413 Avenue M. Open Sundays."

One mighty bank of the heavens had a large sepia photograph of Dolly Ewing in the center. And another, from Mr. Cowsworth, was in the form of a ancient cup. "Walling could not determine whether it was to appear in the contingent from Erin, to suggest heaven, or to brand his scheme with the subtle suggestion of "Tyre." It was that kind of hire, any way!"

Despite the glistening pavements, the crowd shod in, and to each person presenting a ticket at the door was handed a sealed envelope. Inside the envelope was a dainty little folder.

And within the folder was a ticket to the Up-Town Theatre!

The message read:

Dear Friend:

As a token of good will, kindly accept this ticket. The evening is for you at our expense. The ticket is good any time.

We are as great as our friends permit us to be. We appreciate your presence and want you to come often—just as frequently as our features and treatment merit your patronage.

We thank you for past favors, and we are

Yours for an Hour of Enjoyment Each Day.

The Up-Town Movies.

The Girl With the Auburn Curlys.

There are times when a dime, rightly placed, can do a dollar's worth of shouting. The announcement of a free show would have brought the unattainable. But now those who attended felt friendly. They had no giving to do as to the cost or value of their gift. The outing came as a charitable, patronizing overture. The duldest mind could take the number of seats (one thousand) and calculate that, at a dime a seat, that meant one hundred dollars; and for four shows, four hundred dollars. Walling was elevated in their estimation. He was a chap after their own hearts. Benefactors, lawyers, doctors, paused on the way out to compliment Walling. He had emerged from the mob and a small part of the metropolis realized it.

"Dolly," Jack confided a few days later, as they met just outside the theatre, "I really want to see that show."

"It's a big hit," Dolly responded casually, "But I'm only a common fellow.

"Don't be so modest. Everyone is talking about you. This is the 'hit of the season.'"

"Can't imagine," Dolly gasped, "Honest and truly can we get down where people live?" She was just going to say something else when she recollected Mr. Cowsworth's admonition to remain at home, and remembered especially the secret he told her about Broadway. But she felt hurt because here was an open offer right before them and beckoning for them to follow.

Right at the point of waverings, something occurred—something quite terrible.

One of the attacks came racing from the other beholders...

"Fire! Fire! Help!"

"What's up?" Walling gasped.

"It's blazing—burning! Oh, I was trying to clean my coat with gasoline—and now my coat is on fire! Help!"

"Shades of it!..."

Walling commanded Dolly, as he rushed inside. A few fire extinguishers were arrayed along the walls. But there were none of value except a scattered rain-drops, for the conflagration was on in earnest. Battle as he might, the blaze was gaining and driving him back.

Down the street the fire was raced. The street was glutted with a vast crowd watching.

"Jack! Jack!"

Dolly screamed, as the firemen ran toward the entrance. But no sound, save the crackling of the flames, issued from the dead interior.

"Jack! Dolly shrieked again as she struggled to force her way past the officer restraining her, but she fought and was held.

The fire was gaining. Walling used every extinguisher within his reach. But he was forced to retreat without respect to his feelings or ordinary business. She would have offered up a Manhattan Island of picture houses in exchange for Walling's safety.

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little dreams come true. She wanted to see Jack just as he had been before it all happened. She followed close to his quiet form, and when she saw that her hat was away and her curls fallen down.

"Take him to Mr. Cowsworth," she pleaded.

"If you want to," Mr. Cowsworth ob-

otected. "I always like having a hatter, but Dr. Blank and my heart would finish me some day. And when a man ceases his labors, what is left to do?"

The man of medicine nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Well, get into some sort of enterprises. Why don't you start in the motion picture business?"

"Yes, yes!" and Dolly stumbled at the door. But they heard Miss Ewing's name in frantic little outbursts of terror.

A physician was on hand even before they had Wally in his arms. But by that time, Jack opened his eyes wonderingly, and coughed because of the suffocating smoke fumes that had torn at his lungs like fire-brands.

Then the truth came hurrying on him, and he drew back from Dolly, and never seen him do before: He wept, and wept bitterly. After the doctor assured him a few days would mend his hurts, Dolly (with the tear stains still lingered on her eyelids) assumed the role of nurse. And there Wally lay with a cold towel on her brow, and Dolly petting his hand, and she thought it all out a few days before. The reality didn't seem half so romantic as the image she had buitled, because she had not calculated on Jack's suffering either physically or mentally, and now she knew that his pain was severe and his grief was deep.

"They lied to me about its being fireproof!" he moaned. "Suppose the house had been filled with people! I'll never fall for an old building in a town ever again!"

The excitement had again played its old tricks on Mr. Cowsworth. His heart trouble came. He was stricken with a pain of late it had not been nearly so pronounced. Mrs. Ewing phoned for a physician, not the one her father had consulted all these years, but for the first one she could think of, and that was in the next building.

The doctor looked very grave as he examined the man. His name was Doane, and he used his stethoscope, and thumped Mr. Cowsworth's ribs and chest thoroughly, even though a trifle roughly.

"Oh, isn't he!" Mrs. Ewing blurted out fearfully.

"Nothing!" the physician replied.

"His heart is as sound as a hockey stump. It's indigestion, that's what it is. Those old epigrams run true.

"It's my heart!" Mr. Cowsworth insisted pateously as he straightened up. "It's my heart, I tell you. Why, all I ate for lunch was—"
Looping the Loop with Beachey

By Katherine Synon

There is a thrill in speeding over a motor speedway in a racing car that is whirling ninety-five miles an hour.

There is another thrill in holding to the sides of a steel basket hung on an aerial tramway thirty feet above Lake Michigan.

There is a more gasping thrill in plunging down beneath the sea in a submarine.

The memories of the moments of fear and exaltation that these events had held rushed back when Photoplay Magazine gave me the assignment to "loop the loop" with Lincoln Beachey, then fled into the background with the realization that all their excitements had been but child's play compared to the supreme danger of somersaulting in the clouds with the most brilliantly daring aviator of the world.

Beachey was at the Cleero aviation fields, tuning up for his Chicago flights. His slaves — they're just exactly that — had just pushed his famous machine from the hangar and he was trailing after them with an almost ecclesiastical air of being in procession.

He is a quiet, reticent, steady-eyed, square-jawed young man, this Lincoln Beachey who has flipped and flopped into more fame than that of any monarch of modern days.

He was manifestly and naturally interested in the instrument of his remarkable distinction. He turned away from his concentrated supervision of it with the look that the school principal who's reading Harold McGrath's new novel gives a small boy who has been sent to the school office for discipline. That abstracted glance of "Now what am I going to be bothered with?" was his title. But his brusque "You can't do it," was more so.

"Women can't take risks like that," he amended his ultimatum.

"But I'm used to that," I said. "I used to work on a newspaper."

"Lots of girls have done that," said Beachey with some little gloom. "For an editor who didn't like me," I added.

Beachey looked more attentive. "The adventures that Kathryn had are as naught to what I had to go through for twenty-five dollars a week. I am the original Dolly of the Dailes. I live on thrills. I eat them for breakfast food."

He didn't even look interested. "I've aeroplaneed before," I bragged.

"Where?" he asked crisply.

"Here."

"How high?"

I pointed to the framework.

"What did you think when you came down?"

He demanded.

"I was sorry," I said and he beamed triumphantly, "that I had not appre..." but his bruque "You can't do it," was more so.

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"I'm used to that," he said. "I used to work on a newspaper."

"And the slaves, too?"

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL  
June 6, 1914  

pilot always displays. There wasn't a suggestion of nervousness in his relaxed hold. The tenacity that an amateur regards as essential to success was totally absent from his attitude. "Beachey is one of those men who relax their bodies when their brains are at highest tension. They are the masters of crafts," one man said. With them their hands are as much machinery as are the levers and wheels beneath them. Watching Beachey work the instruments of his flight gave the impression of seeing a high-powered piece of machinery driven by a certain and tremendous force that reveals itself only in results, conserving its energy from any other exhibition of power. Beachey's passenger comes to the point of giving the pilot's methods no more attention than the passenger on a trolley car gives to the motorman's control over his brake. Beachey's calmness was not nervousness, but serene pleasure.

We had been going higher and higher, until at the roof of that part of the West Side of Chicago seemed to be hundreds of feet below us. The course had been diagonally upward, a straight line that took us southward and eastward. Quite gradually Beachey began to swerve on this course, taking a turn almost straight ahead. We rose on an angle closer to forty-five degrees than we had been ascending. The angle of ascent grew sharper. I could tell that by looking down at the chimneys of a factory a little north of us. Beachey flung a command over his shoulders, "Look up, and not down!" His words sounded hardly above a whisper, and yet I knew from the strained look round his mouth that he must have shouted it with all his force. But the rumbling roar of the wind and the pounding of the engines drowned sound other than their own.

I could not sense the change of angle, but I knew from the way that Beachey's shoulders seemed to be coming down that we were rising almost perpendicularly. I caught my breath and held myself tightly as one does in the shooting of the chutes. We had come to the apex of our height of flight. Now we would descend into the heart-stopping somersault. A phrase, recollection of some other times of again, "Racy" days of reporting, came to my mind, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." Over and over with foolish insistence I kept saying that "Cockeyed Caucasians in the air"—with the thought, "We're going to loop, we're going to loop."

Slowly we began to descend, with none of the nauseating feeling that comes from a sudden descent on a scenic railway. It was a steady, soaring sweep that Beachey was taking. I thought that he was getting ready to make his"loop-the-loop." But suddenly I saw that the prow of the plane was rising in the air. Somehow my thought was of satisfied curiosity rather than of fear. Beachey's back was paled, his face was set, each muscle in one of the old "Loop-the-Loop" devices in an amusement park came back to me. "Well, I lived through that," was the comfort it brought. This something not exactly the same. There was the slow sliding in circular, the slow approach to the zenith. For the moment we were above. There are no words in English, Russian, or Chinese to describe the curious sensation of being upside down. Curious it is at any time. When you hang five hundred feet above the earth with your feet closer to heaven than your head, you have touched the zenith of thrill.

There came a second's sensation of helplessness when we struck the other side of the circle, whose diameter we were courting. Then, just as easily as before, Beachey volplaned. When we had come to the horizontal again he looked around, shouted over the roar, "All right!" before he began the descent.

When he helped me out of the plane he was as nonchalantly cool as if he had run a motor car. "Now you go home, and never again, as long as you live, dare to try a trick like this again," ordered the man who had steered the car through its deadly floats. "I'd never have taken you if I hadn't thought one trip would cure you."

"But—"

"It's a game for one," said Lincoln Beachey.

William D. Taylor  
Actor, Athlete, and Irishman  

By RICHARD WILLIS

I found him smartly and immaculately garbed as always, yet quietly enough, of his dream, for he suggested the sands for our chat, and the sands it was. We scoped out a comfortable, able hallow to rest in and, lighting our pipes, settled down to smoke and talk and, for a diversion, to toss pebbles into the restless ocean.

"Well, Captain Alvaras, the first question on my list is: Where were you born?"

"Guest!"

I hazarded England and Australia.

"England! I've lived in Australia and I was born in Ireland. (Look at my upper lip and gray eyes, man). I had a jolly boyhood and went to Clifton College in England. We call it a public school over there, but here you would dub it a private one. Education aside, it is one of the most beautifully situated schools in England, and supplies a goodly part of the best scholars and athletes that Oxford and Cambridge can boast, too." 

"Did you do anything notable there?"

"I was a fair student and that is all about, except that I was a fine hurdlr, made my mark in this at least, and went in for other sports. I made more or less at elocution and was a leader in college theatricals and entertainments, too, but, although I had visions of the stage, my parents only wanted me "up for the army. My own vision decided against it; in other words, I failed in the eyesight test. So the army was "all my eye," as we used to say over there."

Billy Taylor is forever joking, and he does it without a smile. That's the Irish in him. But his twinkling eyes give him away.

"I still had the stage idea and was shipped first to France and then to Germany to study languages, which came rather naturally to me anyway. The cigars in Germany, which went cheap and harmless, and the beer, which was frequent and harmless, became monotonous, so I sighed for a change—and I did what one or two Irishmen have done before me—I came to America."

"Frock coat, silk hat, languages and all!" I queried."

"No, sir; no frock coat or silk hat. But the languages came in very useful, for I went range-riding for a year and had we went trouble to say things voluble and strange to the horses and steers which scared them into obedience. I went first to an English colony, a big ranch at a place called Rundlemyre in the Northwest, Kansas. It was no silk hat job either, but a fine, healthy experience. I enjoyed it."


"And why not?" he replied. "Life is good and better if you will. We've got here to America; everybody the same and things go along easily enough. Well, I've got to the stage when the clerk knocked me. I've been (evidently a conceived pal here). I returned to the old country and, through a mutual friend, I met Charles Hawtrey, the famous comedian. When I told him of my experience, he said to me that he would give me a chance, and thus the saddle lost a prominent rider and the stage received—well, an earnest worker, if I no more. I was not quite nineteen at the time and I acted in Hartywey's company in the provinces. He is
a capital fellow and he gave me my finalings all right. After that I played in a number of companies, and then crossed the pond once more, when I met Fanny Davenport and joined her company. I was with her for three years, and it was a wonderfully fine experience. I started playing juveniles, but later I transacted much of her business, besides acting some important parts and underscoring all the business. You know the class of plays, don't you? 'Dora,' 'La Tosca,' 'Joan of Arc,' and so on, dramas and tragedies. She was a great actress, if somewhat eccentric one, but her eccentricities were part of her genius. She was a very hard woman to act opposite to, for she played all over the stage and would accept no prepared arrangements. It was quite disconcerting at times, as one would have to follow her closely to avoid addressing thin air. But she was a splendid friend to those she liked, and treated me—as a friend. I firmly believe I would have been with her yet had she lived.

I used to visit the old country once a year to see some of my people and to execute commissions for Fanny Davenport. On one occasion I purchased the armor for Joan of Arc in Paris. When I first went to her to tell her that I had the armor for Joan of Arc in Paris. She would ask me if I wanted the armor for Joan of Arc in Paris. I would say, "Yes, I'll take it." She would then laugh and say, "Oh, we'll see if you suit yourself, and so on." We went on for the three years and my salary went up steadily all the while. Fanny Davenport was a fine woman, peace be to her ashes.

"What did you do after her death?" I queried. "I went into the stock company at Castle Square, New York, and took Jack Gilmore's place at a moment's notice. Poor Jack broke his shoulder blade, and I got my part on a Saturday and played it at the Monday matinee. The piece was 'Men and Women,' I remember. "And then?"

"I took the juvenile lead in 'Sans Gene' with Katherine Kidder, both in New York and on the road, and later put in some time with Sol Smith Russell on a tour, and then the making fever got to me and I hied me to Dawson with all my savings. I went there three times in all and made plenty of money and lost it all again. I enjoyed it, though! (This last came quite naturally.) In between these delightful little financial see-saws, I acted with various stock companies in Seattle and other cities, taking lead, of course. The last time I went to Dawson was the last time I was with the Gemmell Company, out of a steady position, all right, but not exciting enough for me. On another occasion I took an official position with the Smugger mine at Telluride, Colorado, but—oh, you know what the stage bug is! I had it badly, and made up my mind it was more waste of time trying to keep away from it, so I joined Harry Corson Clarke's company and put in a long season at Honolulu, and I guess that is about all—let's go and bathe." I sternly stopped him. "No, sir; you have not once mentioned pictures."

"Oh, no more I have. Well, I wanted a change, and came to Los Angeles and watched the motion picture companies at work, and it seemed more than interesting to me, so I determined to try it; and get a position with the Kay Bros at Santa Monica and acted a variety of parts and found I enjoyed it hugely. Then came the Vitagraph and you know all about what I have done with that company. My last part, that of Captain Alvarez, absolutely fascinated me and gave me the thrill of a lifetime. I really believe it is the best thing I have done for the screen."

Ask Rulin B. Sturgis, Edith Storey, Anne Schaeffer or George Holt, and they will, without doubt, say the same thing. It was a great performance. However, this capable actor will have many more equal to it, for he has forced his way to the front in a manner which is irresistible.

William Taylor is tall and distinguished looking, with kindly gray eyes and sensitive nostrils and mouth which bespeaks humor. He is a delightful companion and his great charm is that he is the same to everyone, king or beggar, company-owner or property man. He has always a friendly word on his lips and a twinkle in his eye.

We had our bath and he swam rings round me—and I pride myself on my swimming! We had dinner at Nat Goodwin's cafe and he has an Irish appetite. In his own words, "but I enjoyed it!"

---

The Call of the Movies
By Florence Jones Hadley

All you can bear the livelong day
At our house is the picture play.
We talk of films and reels and girls
Until our head spinna and twirls.

He wishes he could live once more
Those blessed, peaceful days before
A whole foot town would rush to go
To see a moving picture show.

And ma vows she just knows some night
She'll wake to find her hair turned white;
For when at last she falls asleep
Strange phantoms through the darkness creep.

A countless throng, they press about
Each one demanding with a shout,
"A nickel, please! We want to go
To see the moving picture show."

But sometimes ma will up and say
"Now, if you'll all be good all day,
Why, I won't promise, but there might
Be something doing, 'bout tonight."
And like as not, right after tea
Pll just look back and wink at me
And say, "Spose no one wants to go
And see the moving picture show."
Dressing for the Movies

By Mary Fuller

There are two reasons why "modern dressing" for the photoplay is a great problem. By "modern dressing" I mean present-day apparel in contrast to costume of past generations which are always furnished by regular costumers, although the time will come, I believe, when each costume photoplay will have its dressing made new and fresh for that production.

Here, then, is my first reason:

The constant outlay and, if one is fastidious, expensive choices necessitated by the demand for one or worn before.

"Oh, there's that polka-dot she wore in so-and-so picture," they will say.

And woe to the actress who repeats the same costume. As to myself—I have an aversion to wearing a gown or costume twice. The result is that my finances ebb and my wardrobe overflows to alarming proportions.

Now to discuss reason number two.

Any actress who seeks individuality in clothes must keep a dressmaker busy and devote precious time to fittings. For instance, I see in my mind's eye, a crea-

As the Girl's Daughter, in "She Saw the Ghosts," Her Embroidery Shows a Veil That Bore Its Mark.

An Affair of Dress.
distinct lustre and radiations visible to the camera eye as well as the human eye. Yes, it is a matter of "radiation" with me.

"Oh, this cheaper one will do just as well," say usually our directors. But it never looks the same to me, nor does it feel right, and that "feel" is everything to a sensitive player. The most lustrous satin, the softest velvet, the radiations of the exquisite! Yes.

And I never choose colors according to camera values. I take what pleases the human eye, untrammeled by photographic conventions. This may be foolish, and I know that the screen never does justice to my brilliant or erasable colorings, but I refuse to be disappointed, and seek my reward in the pleasure of wearing my pretty costume even if the camera does not record all its beauty. The intrinsic beauty of a thing enhances the beauty and distinction of the wearer.

As a photographic convention, light blue takes white and a better white than white itself—according to the camera man. But when I see white in my mental fashion creation I want to wear white, not blue. And there you are! Although I have a fondness for pretty, up-to-date clothes, I do not like to be cast in the modern society drama. Rather do I prefer picturesque flasher-maidens, poetic wood nymphs. I like the role that demands "thought fire," not a hairnet and pumps.

fashion visions and feels that irresistible prompting to execute them, it takes the time, money and energy of the busy actress. One vision I executed three years ago has never seen the light of day yet. It still repose in the tender darkness of my "treasure trunk," awaiting the film character who will suit it.

Of course, where the film company has an expensive and up-to-date wardrobe open to the calls of their members, all the foregoing vexatious problems are eliminated. But sometimes the wardrobe has only a limited supply of stock gowns which are neither individual nor fresh, and an actress who takes her profession seriously can not afford to sacrifice indifferent taste in dressing.

Only the best of materials are, to me, suitable, as I claim that although all satins, for instance, "take" as satins, yet the best quality has a certain

tation; my imagination conjures all the alluring details of that gown that may breathe of my individuality, or of that character. I look in all the shops to find it ready-made; in vain I give up the search; the distinction of it still lurs in my imagination; I buy the materials and either collaborate with my dressmaker, or devote evenings to making it myself. If the latter, I do my work with despatch, cutting and sewing with a reckless daring that may accomplish a first-chance success, using, like Nature, such materials as come first to hand for my

hidden purpose, such as wrapping paper to shuttle off, or iron screw nuts to weight each end. But, in the end, it fits; it is individual; and, best of all, is my mental creation, translated into reality. But when one is prolific in

Miss Fuller's Costume. The Taffeta Embroidered with Flowers in the Natural Colors.
War Correspondents and the U. S. Army in Mexico

Y. S. Instant-Artillery on the March near Veracruz

Removing 520 Bags of Mail at Veracruz for Delivery to the Mailer

U. S. Artillerymen Getting the Guns Ready for Action

Exhibition of the U. S. Troops outside of Veracruz

Another View of the U. S. Army Camp near Veracruz
UP TO THE MINUTE NEWS VIEWS


Hal Parr, a Well-Known Club Man of Baltimore, on His Three Minutes to Win a Wager of about $5,000.

Frederick Prince of Baltimore Landing on His Back when His Mount Failed to Take a Barrier at Fox, France.

The Drinking Water for the Inhabitants of Hassane, Morocco, is Obtained by Burying the Water across the Desert as Shown.

Reproduction of the Eleven Million Dollar Check Presented by Charles Mellen at the Recent Meeting Before the Interstate Commerce Commission.
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

The Latest News of

[Image of a railway station or a train station with a view of the surrounding landscape.]

The International Exposition to Open in San Francisco on February 9th, and Close November 4th, 1915, WILL BE THE LARGEST AND MOST EXHIBITING WONDERS DEFEALED THE WORLD HAS SEEN. The Photograph Shows a Good Idea of the Progress That is Being Made on This Great World Exposition. The Grounds Face North on San Francisco Harbor for a Distance of Eleven Thousand Feet and Are Located Just Inside the Golden Gate. While the Picture Shows San Francisco Harbour the Extreme End of the Grounds on the West Forth and Inside the Western End of the Site Where the Big Train Track and

[Additional images and text not fully visible due to the image's resolution and angle.]

A view of a train station with a view of the surrounding landscape.
THE WORLD IN PICTURES

San Francisco, California:

The Bill Grandol and Athletic Fields are to be Built and Which are Near Under Way. The Area to the Right of These Buildings is the Transportation Area on Which the Port of the Exposition Attractions are Near Under Way. The State and Railroad Pavilions are at the Extreme Left of These Structures. The Reception Grounds are Flanked by Two United States Forts. Fort Mason on the Right May be Seen. But the Frigate and the Fernlure of Golden Gate are Just Out of the Picture at the Left. On the Waters of San Francisco Bay the Working of the Maritime Power of the World is the Life of Another After Passing Through the Panama Canal and the Golden Gate.

Just over the Bridge in the United States Race at Belmont Park Thursday

A Bird's-Eye View of the Naval Station at San Francisco, Cal., Showing the U. S. Air-Flue.
THE CROSS ROADS
The Intimate Confessions of Mollie Morgan

Illustrated by Vincent J. McGuire

STORY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Mollie Morgan, the only child of a farmer, so poor that he is forced to be miserly, managed, despite the hard work she has to do, to acquire a love for romance by means of the discarded magazines that she finds and devours. The sudden discovery of her father's wealth, and his ability to overcome his miserly tendencies, and, though they moved in di\-

ers, with the money her mother sees one, and the sort that is of the city, where one sees thousands of strange faces constantly, are different. Sometimes I did want to know people, to talk to them. There was Mrs. Moultrie, of course, my landlady. With her I exchanged a few words at times. But she was too tired to talk, as a rule. She was old before her time, driven constantly by the need of work, and of more work, harassed by the hundreds of grievances little details that affect her and keep her busy, and to whom she has to keep her promises. And at the studio there was no companionship.

Even then, sometimes, I wondered about the other women I saw there, and what would be the end of it. But still, Mollie would be within me still an instinct that made me abhor all such things. I had been through one terrible experience; in a sense, it had aged me, and given me the wisdom of age. But in a sense, I was still young. I was not embittered, although I thought that I was, I suppose not, the resiliency inseparable from youth that had nothing to do with my experience.

That is something people never even attempt to understand about a woman. They are ready to judge her, always, by standards that may not be justly applied. I am telling you now of my own case. I will admit that for the first time there was a need for my youth, in me, that even George Converse hadn't been able to discover. I didn't discover the need for my youth, in me, that I had never actually built any definite fixed hopes of a life with him. That had been a wonderful episode, nothing more. He had swept me off my feet. But there had been ways, from the first moment, been something unreal about it.

In the was nothing logical, of course, about such an attitude on my part. A man, placed as I was, would have turned his hand to anything, and would have been able, when he was ready, to resume what he really wanted to do. But—what was different? Call it feminine folly, if you like— it was so. And, as a matter of fact, when I began to think it over, I realised that there was no chance in a million that I could get other work which would pay me even half as well. It just happened that I could do what the studio required of me.

I had always been able to sew quickly. That was one thing that helped me. Then, too, I knew exactly how to do it. As many professional sewing women would have done, try to finish everything; I realized the need of haste. And I was not averse to a little hard work, so that when a costume was wanted in a hurry, I threw it together in a day or two, while it would have given long service, was all right for the purpose.

But, then, how could I mind the work, and do, and did, indeed, find that by keeping my eyes and my ears open I could learn a good deal, it was hard—crucifying hard. Girls who had made the weary round of the studios with me looked down upon me as a neophyte, and seemed to feel a sort of sorrow; they looked at me with sneers. That was partly due to the general atmoshere of the Jupiter studio. But I set my teeth. I wasn't going to be beaten. I hadn't had a fair chance in New York, not because any one had refused it to me, but because I had not been fair to myself. And I was determined that I would find out, with everything possible in my favor, whether my dream was hopeless.

There were times during those months that followed when I almost went mad, I think. I had no friends; in a way, I wanted none. I had grown accustomed, in the days before I ever met George Converse, to loneliness. But, of course, the sort of loneliness one must endure in the country, where one sees no one, and the sort that is of the city, where one sees thousands of strange faces constantly, are different. Sometimes I did want to know people, to talk to them. There was Mrs. Moultrie, of course, my landlady. With her I exchanged a few words at times. But she was too tired to talk, as a rule. She was old before her time, driven...
of the few men who treated me like a human being, and gave him twenty-five dollars to bet for me. If it were lost—well, it meant three weeks more of drudgery. But if the horse won! 
And it did! I got back my twenty-five dollars—and two hundred and fifty beside, for the tiny little house, which was among rooms. I had even more than the maximum amount I had dreamed of for my new venture. I resigned my place at once. Two days later I was on my way to California.

It wasn't quite the same Mollie Morgan who looked back at me from the mirror in my hotel room at Los Angeles—a good hotel, in a good town. Downstairs I could see myself playing the part of one of those girls, making a living as she had done, but with motives and consequences that I invented for myself. From that simple suggestion I evolved a weird story, with dramatic possibilities that surprised me.

I had never thought of trying to write scenarios. I didn't think of it then, even when I finished one. It was simply a means to an end. And now I no longer had any doubts as to what to do. The first thing was to move from my hotel, and find cheaper quarters. I didn't need the hotel just then. Then I sent out my manuscript to a scenario editor of one of the smaller companies, but one that had, I knew, a reputation for fair dealing. I left the hotel address, and, explaining that I was going to visit friends for a little while, I arranged to call there for my mail.

In about two weeks, during which I was as patient as possible, I got an answer: a check, and a request to write more plays, signed by the editor for the Smiler companies! I suppose anyone else would have been delighted to jump at that chance! But not I! The strange, obstinate side of me came to the surface at once. That wasn't what I wanted; I had made my plan, and I meant to carry it through. So I telephoned to the editor, and asked him for an appointment.

"Mr. Morgan," he said, and I could see he was surprised. "We like your script. We want you to do more for us."

"So glad, Mr. Caldwell," I said, briefly. I had cut the check for fifty dollars they had sent me. "I will, if we can agree on terms."

He looked rather dismayed as he took the check. "Terms," he said, "This is as much as we ever pay."

"I'm not anxious to be paid for the scenarios at all," I explained. "Of course, no one but myself can play the part of the eastern girl in this play."

"Oh, you're an actress," he said, blankly.

"I'm proving it to you just as you know it! To hand back that check when I had money enough to last just about ten days! And to look at it as if it were a matter of complete indifference!"

"Of course," I answered. "And my only idea in writing this scenario was to assure myself of a part in which I could do myself justice."

"I know," he said, doubtfully. "It's most unusual!"

As if I didn't know that—and as if that had anything to do with it! I really haven't any authority," he said, after seeming to think it over. "You'd have to see the director, Mr. Cole. But I don't think—I doubt if it could be arranged.

"Then I'm afraid I'm wasting your time," I said, smiling at him. "If you'll just send the check back to me."

"No," he said, very decidedly, at that. "I'll see Cole, I'll get him to see you. Perhaps you'd let me send a car to bring you out to the studio?"

I consented to that, provided Mr. Cole turned
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

"A Terror of the Night"

A Page in the Active Life of "Dolly of the Dullins"

Two Reel Edison Film.

CAST.

Dolly Desmond: Mary Palmer
James Bollivar: President of the Union Realty Company: Charles Sutton
James Mains, managing editor of Ten Cent.: Charles Cogle
Mrs. Winslow: Florence Coventry
A Director of the Union Realty Company: Robert Brower
A Clerk: Bruce Eytinge

SYNOPSIS.

WHEN Mrs. Winslow, a young widow, inquires of her agent, the Union Realty Company, why the rentals for a piece of property called "Bollivar House" have shrunk, to almost nothing, she is informed by President Bollivar that no tenants will stay because it is haunted. He shows her some newspaper clippings about the "haunted house," and advises her to sell it to his company. They will pay her $10,000 for the property, which, however, is worth $50,000. Mrs. Winslow consults Dolly Desmond, star reporter on Ten Cent., Dolly decides to investigate the matter and goes to live at "Bollivar House" alone for a week. She sleeps the first night on a couch in the hall, armed, not with a revolver, but with a garden hose, which is connected with a water faucet! When she awakes to see a ghostly white form descending the stairs, she turns the hose on it. It halts, wavers, and then rushes out of the house and into the arms of Malene, who is watching outside. The ghost proves, of course, to be Bollivar, who has chosen this means of attempting to get Mrs. Winslow's property at a low price.
“On The Verge of War”
The Strategy of a Mexican Spy Proves Fatal
Three Reel Bloom Film.

CAST.
Col. Graham, U. S. N. ...... Harry Schumm
Lt. Freeman, U. S. N. ...... Herbert Rawlinson
Pedro Villard, a Mexican spy ...... Frank Lloyd
Professor Polari, a hypnotist ...... William Worthington
Myra Goodwin ...... Anna Little

SYNOPSIS.

PEDRO VILLARD has been sent by the Mexican government to get the U. S. plans for their base of supplies and their operations on the west coast. He discovers that Lieutenant Freeman has been detailed to make these tracings of the plans, but is unable to devise any means for securing them until he happens to drop into a theatre and see Professor Polari, a hypnotist, working with Myra Goodwin, whom he advertises as his daughter, for a subject. Myra, hypnotized by Polari, secures a position as seamstress in the Freeman household. Controlled from a distance by Polari’s marvelous powers, she steals the tracings and sews them into the lining of an evening cloak. The terrific strain of keeping up telepathic communication with Myra kills Polari, but not until he has gapped out to the waiting Villard. “At the Charity Ball, Mrs. Freeman—” Villard attends the ball and steals the papers, only to discover that they are false ones placed there by Lieutenant Freeman, who has discovered everything. Villard’s accomplices are captured, but he himself escapes to Mexico, where he is put to death for falling in his mission. Myra is adopted by the Freemans, and there is promise of a romance between her and the young lieutenant.
"Judge Dunn's Decision"
"Pride and Prejudice" War With Justice
Two Reel Selig Film.

CAST:

Judge Dunn ................. Al W. Fisco
Mrs. Dunn .................. Lillian Hayward
Kate Dunn, their daughter .... Lily Clark
Mrs. Gregory ................ Eugene Besserer
Anna Gregory, her daughter ... Stella Ranato
Frank Barton ................ Guy Oliver

SYNOPSIS:

JUDGE DUNN, whose social position and standing as a magistrate are of the highest, is quite unconscious of the fact that his wife and daughter dress extravagantly, play bridge for stakes and carry on outrageously with the men they meet. When Anna Gregory, second maid in the Dunn household, leaves, Mrs. Dunn pays her with a lot of expensive clothes instead of money. Anna gets a position as an ingirl where her finery makes her unpopular and also casts suspicion on her character. So, when Judge Dunn discovers the loss of his diamond studs he is easily persuaded by his wife—who has pawned them—that Anna stole them.

Anna is arrested, whereupon her mother goes to the judge and challenges him to investigate the actions of his own wife and daughter before he convicts her daughter. He becomes suspicious only when he arrives home early one night and sees his wife taking some jewels from the safe. He follows her to the pawn shop, and as soon as she leaves, goes in and verifies the transaction. The next day Anna's case is called, and she is acquitted. But Judge Dunn is not through. He publicly unbraids his wife and daughter, who are in court, and forces them to apologize to Mrs. Gregory and Anna. Mrs. Dunn and her daughter acknowledge their fault and promise to reform, and Anna and her mother are free to take up their lives with renewed courage and an unaltered name.
"Kiss Me Good Night"

When Temper Meets Temperament

Two Reel Lubin Film, Featuring Arthur Johnson

SYNOPSIS.

WHEN Bob Summers discovers that his brother Jack's condition is due to a habit which Betty, a spoiled society girl, has of becoming engaged solely for the purpose of getting rings to hang on her fan as trophies, he determines on revenge. He makes love to Betty, and successfully. She breaks her engagement with "Clasy" Howell, her latest victim, adds his ring to her string, and accepts one from Bob. But in a few days, although by that time both are genuinely in love, she turns him down. On the night of her birthday party, Bob rounds up her victims and a minister, and goes to her home. To avoid embarrassing her guests, Betty leaves the ballroom with Bob, who forces her to give back all of the rings and to marry him on the spot. Immediately after the ceremony Betty escapes in her limousine, boards a train and gets off at a small way station. Bob follows in Clasy's machine, races the train, and sees her get off. Two crooks, who have spotted Betty's jewels, are also hot on her trail. They all come together in the house of Jake, the town constable. Jake, instigated by Betty, arrests Bob and Clasy. The crooks attack Betty in an upstairs bedroom. Bob rushes to the rescue, knocks them down, takes their revolvers and covers them and Jake, as well. Betty is thus compelled to clear Bob and Clasy. Jake handcuffs the burglars, and as he is about to march off to the town jail, Bob tears Clasy away from a great slab of home-made apple pie and forces him to drive them back to town. As Betty nestles close to Bob in the machine, she turns her mouth up to his and whispers softly, "Kiss me good night."
The Star of the Vaal

The Most Intense Series of Mysteries in Years

ALTHOUGH Chief Moran sent out a call to the various stations to be on the lookout for Pennock, the clerk who had reported the case to him, nothing was done. In evading the clutches of the law, he had found himself practically penniless.

He had made great haste in the matter of the butter and assuming the disreputable garb in which he had posed as a farm laborer. In so doing, he had neglected a dead body—a trifling matter at all. He had forgotten the currency von Teneck had given him to exchange for the stolen gems!

The other jewels were likewise left behind. Pennock had even neglected the frame of the drama. He had not learned of the ten thousand dollars that awaited him at Warner's, and even though he knew that this wealth had been in his possession, he would still be helpless, for Moran and his police were in jail pending a hearing.

Had he entertained the repentant hopes of parole, he would have remained in the Montgomery house, those hopes were futile, for Moran had searched the uniform of the butter, and returned the money to government.

But Moran had not found the diamonds and other stones, and these might yet form the combination stone of a new fortune for the hapless Pennock. The day had dragged out its weary length, as all days must do when one waits.

"It must only do some quick thinking," Pennock mused. "You surely ought to know what to do, James, and how to do it. The sooner you figure out the right way, the better it will be your chance, and you should have at least read the handwriting on the wall," he told himself.

But one waits—and particularly when hunger grips and time is not seeing, but growing laggard.

But all things must come to an end, and the event brought the twilight of the night. The early evening melted into the midnight hours, and Pennock crept through the shrubbery of the belengured grounds of the Montgomery estate.

At times he paused to listen. But only the purring motors on the drive greeted his aural efforts.

The great mansion was enshrouded in darkness. No light illumined a belated window pane.

Pennock was fearful of trusting to the passage-way. Should a watcher be stationed within, then no trap could be more certain of its prey.

Then was a window with a shattered sash, through which Pennock had entered on previous occasions, and out of which he had helped von Teneck the morning before.

Crepating on hands and knees—at times lying flat from sheer terror, he hastened slowly. The exertion of his heart seemed to him not unlike the reverberant thumping of a drum.

Gaining the window, he held his ear to the opening, but only the measured cracking of the furnace fire answered his watchfulness.

There was little choice left for Pennock. He was as well off imprisoned as at large without proper raiment and no funds.

He left himself into the nether darkness, and expected a hand to reach out and grasp him at every step. But no one was near.

Pennock knew every foot of the way, and he was shortly within his own room.

Then he became suddenly bold. He closed the door and turned on the light.

A detective stood immediately before him.

Neither spoke. Pennock's oozing nerve gave no allusions, and the officer kept him to the floor, with his thoughts racing tandem, hope following despair.

"I thought you would come," the officer observed. "They have a habit of coming back."

But the officers winked at one another, for in the annals of crime, the innocent and the guilty all protest in much the same words—and who is to know until the law and the facts have been heard?

Contrasted with the dreary array of criminal events, the affairs of Miss Grace Chandler stood out in strange relief. She was beginning to live again. But this was due to Clarence Atwood, who had insisted that the young woman leave the scene of terror and take up in a cheerful little hotel on the North Shore. Miss Chandler, despite the wealth of her sister and brother-in-law, had been held in reasonable restraint. They had been kind to her, but he was as far as actual goodness was concerned, but they had also narrowed her sphere, and thrust upon her the company of rich men as Canfield.

Secretly Miss Chandler was beginning to look with willing dependence toward Atwood as the realization of her new-found joy dawned upon her, she recalled that had it not been for Fannie Cummings, she might even now be bound in the thrall-dom of her engage-

ment to Canfield.

Atwood had called on her, and they sat on the terrace chatting, he still faced the future fearful to not mention anything connected with the tragedies that had forced themselves into the girl's life. He told her about the brighter things in life, and was happier when he was in her company.

Miss Chandler permitted her suitor to let his conversation follow his till for a time, and then she entered the borders of a forbidden subject.

"Miss Cummings is still imprisoned," she ven-
of events no such golden opportunities are afforded.

Miss Chandler blushed, and Fannie smiled.

“Well, it is only when young people are tossed about in the storm of circumstances that they really know the importance of full comprehension.”

Atwood nodded assent. He quite agreed with Miss Cummings, and founhnd himself liking and believing in her, in spite of his official self.

“I suppose some such romance will develop between Warner and the actress?” he questioned.

Fannie laughed.

“What do you suppose?” and she beamed in radiant good nature. “Why, they have been married more than a year!”

“Oh!” Atwood groaned. The expletive was not one of surprise so much as the result of a realization that, under the statutes, Daisy would not be able to testify against Warner—even if Atwood fancied she would anyway!

“Of course, there is too much of a cloud hanging over one’s character,” he said thoughtfully. “I do so hope that your fiancé will be able to prove his innocence.”

“Why—be will,” and Fannie looked just a trifle defiant. “Besides, Chief Moran told me that he expected Harold would be free before night.”

Atwood nodded in wistfulness, and made a move to be gone.

I know it,” said he after deliberating the substance of his though in a slow moment. “She is not in prison. She was liberated on bonds before she so much as saw the cells.”

Miss Chandler was elated.

“But no mention has been made of it in the papers.”

“I know it,” the district attorney admitted. “We were bound to be more quiet. You see, there is a strong attachment between Miss Cummings and young Victor. She will do as he says—and every more she makes in exuded. Yesterday she put forth desperate efforts to find Pennock—your chauffeur, who were arrested last night. But she was unsuccessful. Today she started to look up your nephew. He was at home. She has assumed another name, and under that alias, she has secured rooms not far from here. Why, that is coming along the walk!”

Fannie did not pause, but came straight up to the chief. This happened to be her husband also. When she saw Atwood and Miss Chandler, she attempted to escape, but they had nodded to her, and invited her to join them.

And Atwood was astonished, and she was extremely agitated.

Miss Chandler grasped her hands and smiled pleaser, saying she was going to get married. We became elated in a dignified manner to indicate that he did not wish to be regarded as too friendly.

“T-t-t see, at-t-t a short time back,” Miss Cummings ventured. “He says that I need not worry—that he has fastened the guilt on the right person.”

Fannie pretended to pay no heed to his disapp reasure.

“Not, not know, we are all rich now. Mr. Warner sold Harold’s patents on his storage battery for a millions dollars!”

The chief, at them frankly, and noted their looks of surprise.

“We never had anything to do with those terrible crimes at all. The apparent mystery we all displayed was to protect our secrets about Harold’s inventions—and, if you are at all interested, when he is free, we are—we, all, the others, the others, the others.”

“Stay, in the patrol-wagon, on the way to the station.”

The humor of a such a courtship appealed to Atwood, and he moved closer to Miss Chandler.

“I wish somebody would arrest us,” he remarked ingeniously. “In the ordinary run
around, but they are all there—one of them had been in the bag.”

Miss Chandler smiled, and Fannie smiled.

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After seven hours of moral susgion, Pennock told Moran everything he had ever known. He was actually eager to talk. The chief finally had to put a damper on the prisoner’s volubility.

Pursuant with Pennock’s confession, the gems were recovered in the clothes-packs in the basement room. They were brought to the chief for inspection.

“You stole how many, all told?” he asked casually.

Pennock counted mentally, and then with the aid of his fingers.

“Twenty-odd,” he replied.

“Then, according to the final will and testament of Mr. Montgomery, there is a discrepancy of about $5,000,000 to $7,000,000.”

The chauffeur stoutly denied all knowledge of them.

The officer who had brought the fortune into the chief’s office was plainly disturbed.

“There was a hole in the sack,” he explained. “See for yourself; it was burned. I looked all
Atwood questioned his vision. Then he turned on the electric current, and the glow of the phosphorescent diamond verified his sight.

There were twelve diamonds—the same number Moran had missed on checking up his count.

Beneath them was a note, screwed in a bold hand. Atwood’s experience told him that considerable effort had been made to disguise the penmanship.

The top of the sheet contained this cryptographic legend:

114-112-112-114 114-44 R 114-41 R 114-44 AE
014-114-112-114 140-140-143

Beneath were these broken sentences:

“Who wouldn’t?” Atwood responded dryly, as he noted down the description of the visitor, given by the officer.

XXII

At seven-fifteen that evening, the force of picked detectives assembled in the Chief’s private office. They were a sober-assembling assortment of men not at all like the sleuths of tradition. Moran gave his instructions in short, clear statements.

A warrant had been issued for the latest suspect.

The last of the afternoon crowds were hastening home. The wind was off the back, carrying on its breath the smell of a gathering fog. It was one of those nipping nights, when the cold gets inside and clings—and yet not the kind of chill that especially accosts heavy clothing.

The plain-clothesmen scattered, and took different routes. Moran and Atwood rode in the Chief’s car, and were soon in the old section immediately north of the river, where the row of warehouses and factories obliterated the ancient dwellings that still struggled for a position and tenants. Leaving the car in a by-street, they proceeded on foot up an alley, and finally let themselves into a diminutive court through a gate.

From a first-floor window, the dim rays of an oil lamp were discernible. Very cautiously, they pressed nearer, and paused at times for fear their footsteps might frighten their quarry.

The fog-born beams of moon’s monotonous and clamorous warning over the estuary.

“Tie’s at work,” Moran whispered gleefully.

“See his shadow on the dun-colored draperies?” Atwoodasc值得一钱地 evade a reply.

“We can gain a better view from the steps. I will go up first.”

Very slowly the Chief brought his weight to bear on the wooden stairs. He took each step in union with the fog-born’s blast, thus submerging the lesser sound in the greater noise.

“At the end of the landing was the lighted-wrought window.”

Following the officer’s lead, Atwood essayed the ascent, and shortly the two representatives of the law were side-by-side.

The shade did not quite reach to the sill. A space, of about two inches gave them a clear
Players’ Birthday Calendar

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

JUNE 6
FRANCES STEAR, who in September will begin her eighth consecutive season as a David Belasco luminary, presenting her success of this past year in "The Prince of Pilsen," "Jole," and "The Little Cafe."

BRIGID FOYSTER, the actress-playwright, most happily remembered in "Lena Rivers," and whose most recent offering was "Dear Doctor," which had a trial in vaudeville.

GABRIELLE REJANE, the distinguished French actress, who is returning to this country next season, to appear in our leading vaudeville theatres.

JUNE 7
WILLIAM WARDWORTH, the clever young character actor, beloved by all patrons of the Edison pictures, playing specially strong a real moment in the vastly amusing series of the World B. Weed pictures, in which he plays the name part.

RALPH STUART, who recently added to his popularity through his work in the leading part in the Mohawk Film Company’s initial offering, “Heart’s Only.”

COMER CANTWELL, who has been graduated from ingenue into leading roles, the past season appearing with the stock company at the Bijou Theatre, Fall River, Mass.

BEAUFORD MORRIS, whose name will long be held in association with Harlem theatre-goes through his lengthy term with the Keith and Proctor Stock.

JUNE 8
GEORGE A. LESLIE, the well-known director and leading man of the Edison company, one of his recent pictures is entitled "The Mystery of the Amsterdam Diamonds."

LUVLY HERSHEY, one of our best-known picture actresses, is featured in Thanhouser’s and Majestic, and now prominently associated with the California Motion Picture Company.

W. J. FINCH, the clever character actor, lately seen in “Madame President,” recently a recruit to motion pictures, being specially engaged to appear with Leah Baird and Alexander Blythe in a picture, “His Last Chance,” a newspaper story.

EDEA MCNEIL, the blonde beauty, late in “Evergreen,” is now under contract to Klaw & Erlanger to appear in “The Little Cafe.”

HAROLD DE BRUCKER, who for the past three years has been playing in the support of Walter Whitcomb in “The Typhoon.”

ALAN MURRAY, lately seen with Julia Sanderson in “The Blue Fox,” is seen in “The Dancer,” who for the past three years has been writing for George Arliss in “Disraeli.”

JUNE 10
MABEL R. QUINN, who also for the past three years has been playing with George Arliss in “Disraeli.”

LILLIE MAE GREEN, who enjoys great popularity with vaudeville lovers upon both sides of the Atlantic, being equally as popular through Europe as in this country.

MRS. LESLIE CARTER, whom we are shortly to see another of his productions, "The Last Winter in France where she acted her great success, “Du Barry,” for the George Kleine company, a picture which has not yet been released, and which the greatest interest has been manifested.

LITTLEBELL POWER, who for the past two years has been playing with Annie Russell in a revival of Old English comedies, notably “She Stoops to Conquer” and "The School for Scandal.”

SUZETTE HERBERT, happily remembered in the Daly company and in more recent times a valued member of Charles Frohman's forces, appearing in his latest play, "Much Ado About Nothing" and "The Will."

MARGARET FAIRBURY, who for the past three years has been identified with "Died Bird," in which she played the role of Water.

BILLIE TAYLOR, the singer and song-writer, who is generally to be found either in vaudeville or musical comedy, is in company with his wife, the talented Stella Mayhew.

JUNE 11
PAULINE, who with his hypnotic tricks has been signal success in our leading vaudeville pictures, where there is always a steady demand for his services.

WILSON MELROSE, whom we saw on Broadway in two unsuccessful productions last season, “Shadows” and “John Roe,” is said to be an artist who, if one means to intimate that he had anything to do with their falling!

FRED STANFORD, one of the distinguished London actresses, who appeared here many years ago with her husband, Arthur Boureel, both of whom are now playing in the London halls in “Find the Woman,” the Charles Klein drama which we know as "The Third Degree."

FRANK SHEEHAN, who has been signal success recently with his portrayal of Richard Harding Davis sketch, “Blackmail,” which is shortly to be expanded into a full evening’s play.

HARRIET MACLAY, who had a pleasant experience last season acting in the short-lived productions of “Miss Phoenix” and “What Would You Do?”

JUNE 12
GEORGE LOANE TUCKER, the actor-producer, who has starred many pictures bearing the Universal brand and who was responsible for the “Traffic in Souls” films which attracted such notice last winter.

REUZER RUSCHE, the beautiful German actress, who has found it rather uphill work in getting a firm footing upon the European stage, and who is now meeting with more artistic appreciation than she.

FRANK LOUSE, the sterling character actor, lately seen in “The Peril,” is now in “The Peril” with Edith Wynne Mathison in “The Deadlock.”

IRENE FRANKLIN, who sings songs as no one else can—just ask any vaudeville patron.

Roe COWAN MURPHY, the clever broker and who it rapidly branching out as a dramatist, being part author of those two new successful plays, “Uniform” and “Get a Tip and Advertise.”

KATE LEVIA, the actress of grand dame roles, who has retired from the stage, at least for the time being.

ARTHUR ROW, who divided last season between "The Five Frankliners" and with Doris Keane in "Romance."

JOHN GOONALD, whose most recent appearance behind the footlights was in the production of "The Reformers."
FRANK MONTGOMERY of the Kalem Company has a new Indian actor on his staff, one Robert Padill, who comes from New Mexico. He is young and lithe and, like many Southwesterners, rather attractive. He takes the place of Art Ortega, who left the company recently.

G. MACKENZIE, J. F. McDowell's camera man, is the author of an entertaining book, "Rambles in Many Lands." Mackenzie was one of the very first men to engage in the moving picture business, and has budgeted hundreds of productions in many countries. He is a man who takes a genuine pride in his work.

Poor "Jackie" Saunders of the Halco Company came in contact with some poison ivy when doing a forest scene, and her pretty face has been swelled to double its size. At one time fears were entertained for her eyesight. However, she is much better already.

George Melford of Kalem is engaged on another of his eastern picture entitled "Hindoo Vengeance." A very large cast is being used.

William Worthington of the Universal Company is an immensely popular member of the photographer's club, to which he belongs because of his real exceptional bartonize voice. That is to say, that Mr. Worthington is an accommodating person also.

T. A. Woods and H. H. Hawkins, president and general manager respectively of the Pasdena Film Producing Company, which will start work shortly, are both well known Pass-adena film makers, and will, it is expected, work on a studio. Leon De Kent, late of Lubin, will direct, and take leads. Three-ree features in particular will be made here.

A crate of rattlers caused much excitement at the Lasky Features studio the other day. One of the shingleers got loose, and it was up to de Mille to catch it. Fred Kley, busy in the manager's office, jumped a fence in escape, and the telephone girl mounted the exchange board!

Universal like Carney had a difference of opinion with his manager, and B. H. Edwards, manager of the New Universal Company, new companies, and to work about 20,000 voltage pressure.

Kalem fans will probably be interested in knowing that all the Ruth Roland and John Brennan comedies are directed by the younger brother of Marshall Neilan. He is a boy from Parlor, who is helping himself in directing the company. He is also manager of the studio in Hollywood, Cal.

Donal Crisp, well known actor with the Reelart, has blossomed forth as a director, his first offense being a satire on the New Woman. He has written for Dorothy Gilmer and Robert Harvon in the cast.

"The Script" is the title of the monthly bulletin to the members of the Photographers Artistic League and Russell R. Smith, W. M. Ritchley and Marc E. Jones will jointly edit it.

Fred Gamble has a new way of getting into jail. In a recent play he is guarding a cell when his daughter comes along and pushes him, and he falls inside, whereupon she locks him in and goes to get married. Gamble says he has heard of a man being thrown, having watched a prisoner push the door, but he is in an entirely new way to break in on the business of breaking out.

Otis Turner of the Universal is getting ready for the promised feature done on a big scale of "Damon and Pythias," in which William Worthington will be Damon and Herbert Rawlinson, Pythias. Anna Little will be in the cast also.

Douglas Gerrard, prominent member of the photographers' Club and leading man with Gamble in the Kalem studies, who gave such an excellent performance in the part of Shannon in "Shannon of the Sixth," in an American play through with an "Iliadian" role, has been cast as a rogue and dark curly hair. He is known as "Jerry" to his friends. Before his work with the old Majestic, Universal and Pathé companies, Gerrard was prominent on the stage, being associated with Ethel Barrymore, Viola Allen, Grace George, and many others.

Young Paul Willis, who so successfully played the part of Kalatuck in "Little Kalatuck," the Vitagraph story of the poor lad who went away from the cold city to the beautiful South, and became a schoolboy at Santa Monica. Between scenes he studies hard and is a diligent student. His latest film play is "Pore Patsy," in which he carries the part to perfection.

Busy Balboa! Henry W. Otto is putting a three-reeler of his own writing, although he has just completed another three-reeler entitled "The Seeds of Jealousy" with Henry King and Louise Fazenda. Bert Bracken has taken his whole company to the mountains and will produce two stories while away.

Can anyone fancy Billy Garwood as a country boy? That is what he plays in a circus production at the American. As a matter of fact, the boy had his last role as an actor liked to play an eccentric part for a change.

Cleo Madison recently jumped from a burning bungalow, her clothes afire, and with a wild run and a great leap, went down a sixty-foot embankment. Oh! The lives of these photographers.

If you were a motorist near Los Angeles, and were driving along slowly on the smooth broad streets, you might perchance suddenly see a flash of color pass you on the roadway. That would be Charles Ray in his classy new coupe, going to the coast camp at Santa Monica. He is some speeder.

Within a space of an instant, a diamond of tremendous size (only eight hundred carats) had come into being. It was not a black man of color, and the item of jewelry had required some perfect workmanship, and after a week's labor by the finest craftsmen in the world, the diamond became transfigured. He gushed, gasped, and fell forward on the table.

The diamond had disappeared!

"Dana" doctors were two scared spots—so-though a heated iron had been pressed upon them—the same tell-tale marks that had disfigured Mrs. Montgomery's throat! To the very ends of their long fingers, her husband became transfigured. He gushed, gasped, and fell forward on the table.

The following excerpts are taken from the memo-book found by the officers at the doctor's right hand, under sequential dates.

"I received a note from the Right Honorable Star of the Vest for J. Trenton Montgomery. Consideration $100,000. My profit, $25,000. I shall not accept the offer."

"Silent delivered. Cast kept. Quality of coal inferior. Consumers Co. orders special lot."

"Montgomery repeats folly. Has borrowed $30,000 from me. I was a fool to lend it. I need it to help exterminate Prince C— of the stage."

"Guy is a real business man in life, the present Mrs. Montgomery would have been the Countess Ten Eck."

"Wanted to buy a mighty high. Have cultivated Pennock, who is indebted to me anyway."

"No need funds. Tonight, with Pennock's aid, I shall act."

"We succeeded in getting safe combination. What a fool M. is to keep his jewels in his exchange box!"

"I have achieved my most remarkable triumph. The Star of the Vest is duplicated; all but bargain phase.""Pennock and I substituted spurious gem for real one,—attacched bogus Star in original setting. The necklace remained unharmed."

"I have entered Montgomery's home through secret passage in alcove and made further substitutions. Pennock assisted. He is clever, but ragged."

"Montgomery is dead! I am doubly a murderer! What have I done to merit all this? I saw his face on the alcove hunting for a work on gems at the time. M. Canfield entered but Pennock escaped through the alcove!"

"I fear to sell the gems we have plighted from the M. home, and still need funds. Prince C— is more arrogant than ever, but decency prevents me from telling him the whole story."

"Pennock worries me. He is writing cipher notes to Miss Chandler, poor girl. He wishes to brighten her away and purloin the remaining gems."

"My contributions to Harold Victor's coffers may be large, but he betrays me. He is a scoundrel. Pennock forced me to divide my stock interests with him."

"Canfield sought refuge at my home. He disliked me, but half betrays me. I hope Miss C. does not marry the weak brute."
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The PLOT OF THE STORY

By HENRY ALBERT FISHER

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THE CROSS ROADS

(Continued from page 22)

Rosa White and I went through the scene again with the camera clicking, and then Cole stopped us.

"That's enough for the present," he said.

"You understand, Miss Morgan," I've got to ask you about the pictures. You look all right to me, but you may not photograph well. There may be a dozen reasons why you won't do. But you know at least I've seen you. I'd expect sixty dollars a week, I could begin as soon as Miss Frances left them. Cole said something about a contract. But I only smiled at him.

"This is only a provisional arrangement," I said.

"Neither of us wants to be bound by a contract. I may take up the project, and make a big success. I think we'd better leave things open.

I could see that they were rather relieved.

And, as for me, I wanted to get away, and be by myself, so that I could give my feelings free play! My hazard had won, desperate as it had seemed! The letters, too, went on. I knew that, even if I didn't follow this triumph up as well as I hoped, I was on the right road. I had made my mark!

I went back to the hotel. There I found a telegram. Womanlike, I took it to my room and stared at it for a long time.

"To George Converse. Co. 1. 25th Street.

"I've got a new story. Am writing. Everything will be all right. George."

So George Converse was going to try to come back into my life... just as I had been gui-eed to see that I could order it for myself!

(To be continued next week.)
ELLA ADAMS' knowledge of athletics is not limited to that of spectator. She is a skilful boxer and as a swimmer and track athlete is above the average. It is hoped her work in Eichler pictures will utilize these accomplishments.

Jacob P. Adler, who is playing the leading role in "Michael Strogoff," a feature film made at Leo Mittler's Russian-Jewish actor on the stage. He was born in Odessa, Russia, and left that country without permission. Such an offer would mean being exiled to Siberia, were he to return.

Charles Maude, a cousin of Cyril Maude, the English actor, and a grandson of Jennie Lind, the famous singer, has a leading role in the London Film Company's first release, "The House of Temperley." Mr. Maude is in New York where he is spending the winter in "The Philanderer," at the Little theater. Though thoroughly English, he has a keen sense of humor which makes him an entertaining talker.

Flora Finch, whose eccentric portrayal of characters in Vitagraph films has made her one of the best known comedians in pictures, takes a keen interest in "new thought" and suffrage. Also she has a splendid voice and talked until she was a very young girl. So it may be well to remind you that when Flora is making you laugh by her ludicrous attempts to sing, in some funny, "The Man on the Box," picture, she may have furnished you with a musical treat to those who were present when the picture was made.

Miriam Nesbitt and Marc D'Ameter were chosen by H. G. Plimpton of the Edison company to represent the Bronx studio at the picture hall held in Chicago's Coliseum.

Eleanor Blanchard, who was for several years at the Essanay studio in Chicago, is now at home at the Lubin studio in Philadelphia. After he was putting her talent for comedy to worthy use.

Pearl White, who is "making good" the opportunity for daring work in the Eclectic "Perils of Pauline" series, says that almost more thrills attend the making of the "Perils" than those that are shown the public on the screen. The fifth series, which were made in Chinatown, was completed only after a misunderstanding with the Orientals which resulted in Crane Wilbur's receiving a scalp wound, and after the utter ruin of a beautiful wrap Miss White had hoped to wear in the restaurant scene.

E. K. Lincoln, who, when he left New York for the Photo Play Production Company's studio on the coast, expected to be gone for only a few weeks, has been out there now for two months and writes back that "Broadway should see his sunburn." Broadway thinks so too.

Arthur Johnson, who has just finished a three-reel picture, "The Last Rose," breathes a word of thanks to the public. In the picture I play the part of a clergyman. I'm superstitious about any picture with a clergyman in it and I'm glad I'm through. It's a dandy story, there's no need to go any farther with it if I could have been a little wicked.

Miss M. B. Hovey of the Lubin scenario staff in the author of "The Last Rose." Lottie Brodie, who plays the femininity lead in it, has asked her for another such "gem."

Lillian Logan, who formerly played leads in silent films in the Chicago studio, is now appearing in the London Film Company's "The House of Temperley," made in London, England. Miss Logan was an operatic student who gave up her study of music for film work.

Valentine Grant, leading woman for the old Olsott Players, is making New York in the acquaintance of people in the film industry. Until three months ago Miss Grant had not the slightest knowledge of films or film work. Mr. Grant, the film producer, and she are greatly pleased with his choice of her as leading lady. She is delighting everyone she meets with her personal charm and tactful manner.

Sidney Olsott is renewing old acquaintances among the many he has in New York. He added about twenty pounds to his weight in Florida, but the general opinion is that he has never looked better.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Pigan and their daughter "Funny" have said goodbye to the east until early fall. They have gone to the Lasky studio on the coast, where they will play leading parts in "The Man on the Box" and other productions.

Dixie Compton has been selected to play the lead in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which is being made by the Broadway Picture Producing Company.

Fred Mace, in the cast again after his months out at the coast, spent several days out at New Rochelle resuming pleasant acquaintances with many former companions. By them, as well as by the public, he is spoken of as an "Funny Fred Mace."

William Russell, who recently transferred his popular work from Thanhouser to Biograph productions, suffered the loss of his mother recently. Mrs. Lerch-Russell is but a single name, known by many of the friends of both William and Al Russell and her death occasioned genuine sorrow.

Alice Joyce has added a third name to those two which are known the world over. Her new name is Moore-Mrs. Thomas Moore. The departure of the two leading players of the Kalem Film Company will but bear out the wish of the film public, as the match has so long seemed an ideal one. However, it was a romantic and abrupt decision and came as a surprise to the admirers of both Mr. and Mrs. Moore.

And now comes the announcement of the engagement of Mignon Anderson and Irving Cummings, both of the Thanhouser company at New Rochelle. They corroborate the announcement with the news that the marriage is scheduled for early June. Both of these screen stars are widely known for their work and their popularity. Their friends are many, and they all wish them luck.

Miss Lillian Walker, Miss "Dimples," of the Vitagraph company, says she is counting the days until she can begin her daily swims at Brighton Beach. "Only twenty more days," she says, "I think I'll be as thin enough by then. Mr. Blackton has asked me not to get all burned up as I did last year, so I guess I'll have to go mornings or late afternoons, though I like the sunniest hours best." Being obliging, however, she has promised to "cut out the sunny times."
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I Will Tell You How—FREE

I will tell you gladly and willingly. Why should any woman neglect an opportunity to escape the pain and bitterness of losing weight, beauty, suppleness and靚乌 salaries in the body? Mystery is not our heritage. Nature supplied you with a woman—should have the rich, peaceful life of yours. Sear, lose flesh molded after the nature of all the description of those perfumes our modern literature with love and admiration for the division of weights. For why should there be that uglier aspect—the face of your weight and the form of a man.

Write To Me To-day

I don't care how fat, or fleshy, or undeveloped your body may be—I want to tell you how I gained perfect development. No physical culture—no manner, foolish habits or picked fashions—nor makeup or inferences. I have my own way. Whatever I have been told before—unadorned face and arms is beauty is yours—beauty is yours—beauty is yours.

Send No Money

Just write me a letter—address it to me personally—that I may tell you of the results of the happiness for pointing the way to you and telling you what I know. Please send your letter to-day to the following address:

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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT
ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THREEPLAY, SPEAK−CLEVER. WALTER HOWARD CRAPTS had several months of stage experience before joining the Imp Company. He was cast for one of the leading roles in B. C. WITTY'S 'The Eights' still for the present was with Sam S. Shubert's 'The Belle of New York.' He has also appeared with Frank Daniels, William Hodge, Eddy Foy, and James O'Neill.

BREEZE. PHILADELPHIA, PA.—No we can't tell you when we make of automobile Ruth Roland drives. If you wrote her, enclosing a stamp for reply, Miss Roland would probably tell you all about it.

EXHIBITION, FT. WAYNE, IND.—You are correctly informed. Marie Dressier is soon to be seen in Keystone comedies. Mack Sennett will be her director and already some of the pictures have been completed.

A B. C., ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.—You've got it wrong. Marshall Nellam is with Kalem not Selig. It must be Marshall Farnum you're thinking of—he's with Selig as a director.

JACK A. EVANS, II.,-—Mona Darkthacker is not a real Indian, though she has specialized in that style of roles for so long that you can scarcely be blamed for thinking she is one. Carlyle Blackwell is with Famous Players now, instead of Kalem.

BESSIE ROBERTS, IOWA.—Kathie Fischer of the Beauty Company is Margarita Fischer's niece, not her daughter. Mercy, Margarita isn't old enough for that.

SHORT D. QUINCE, ILL.—Yes. George Fields of America is married. Winifred Greenwood is Mrs. Fields in private life.

CONSTANT READER, GREEN BAY, WIS.—The Gene Gauntlet films are made at the Gauntlet studios in New York City. Norall Phillips is the creator of "Our Mutual Girl" and her real name is Norall and not Margaret.

ANGE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Mabel Green, formerly of Leland, after joining the Company in your city, is appearing in productions being put on by the Historical Picture Film Company of Chicago. Florence Lawrence is still with Victor.

G. C. B., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—AUGUSTUS CARNEY, better known as "Alkalie Ike" or "Universal Ike" is no longer with the Universal. We can't tell you what company he has signed with yet. He has had only just left the Universal.

I R. J., GABRIELLE, MONT,—Yes, we believe Thee Madison has a sister, but we can't give you her name. Pearl Sinclair, though appearing in "Putnam and Putmutter" in New York City is still to work wherever she finds time in the Pathes studios.

MARK N., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—We can't tell you when the twelfth part of "Kathryn" will be shown in your city. Why not call up the General Film Exchange and ask where it can be seen? The manager will probably gladly tell you just what theater it is being shown at the day you call him up. Ethel Clayton is the heroine in Lillian's "The Lion and the Mouse."-

CARTY, ST. PAUL, MINN.—Victoria Forde was the wife in Nestor's "Could You Blame Her?" and the role of the dressmaker was acted by Stella Adams. The two ladies are not related.

Mrs. D. E. REDDY, AVE., CHICAGO, I11.—The questions and answers are taken from the Photoplay Magazine to the Moving Pictures some weeks ago and will in the future appear regularly in a department in the weekly publication. After a while there you will be just as well satisfied and find that you can get replies to your questions much sooner than was possible under the former method.

DOROTHY R., MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.—We suggest that you subscribe for the Photoplay Magazine, the monthly publication, handled by the publishers of The Movie Pictorial and Photoplay Magazine if you are seeking in instruction on how to write photographs and where to sell your scripts after they are completed. Thomas H. Body, the film employee department in Photorap Magazine has lengthy articles each month on script writing in The Photoplay Scenarior.

S. B., FOX ST., NEW YORK CITY.—Muriel Ostriche and Morris Foster were the principals in Thanhouser's "The Strike." Others in the cast are Fan Bourke, Morgan Jones, Eric Hewett, Joseph Sparks, George Welch, Claude Cooper and Mrs. M. S. Cooper. We printed Mr. Sterling was induced to shift his part for the reason that so many other persons do—more money, though we can't says positively that the was the principal reason. Thanks for the suggestion made. You will find The Movie Pictorial improving with each issue.

CHESTER E., AVE., H., CHICAGO, I11.—Although we don't make it a practice to publicly reveal the names of those writing in for information, since many are inclined to take offense at the publication of their full names and addresses we see no harm that can result in this particular instance and so will give that Dhabi your whose question was answered in the second issue of Movie Pictorial is Miss Anna Maloney of 3212 Anthony Ave., South Chicago, Ill.

MISS R. M., GRAND AVE., CHICAGO, I11.—The complete cast of Broncho's "Sherry Escapes Matrimony" is as follows: Sherry—Sherry Hamilton; Budd Simms—Charles Swickward; Tom Crowne—Thomas Chatterton; Nell Holden—Helen A.; and Mrs. Simms—Miss Midgley. Your other questions we cannot answer at this time.

OSCAR D., R I, PANO, TEXAS.—May 5th was the release date of Beauty's "Eugenia versus Love."

Mrs. Robert J. D., DEXTER, CO.—Fan Bourke and Ethyl Cook were the two girls who worked for "May" in Thanhouser's "A Woman's Loyalty." The Thanhouser studio is located at New Rochelle, N. Y.

"Mother," St. Louis, Mo.—We have never heard of a "Ruth Wheeler," who is a motion picture actress, and so cannot say what company your niece may be with. It is possible of course that the is a private person of this concern, in which case, her name would not appear in the cast sheets we receive. If any direction is given to the box office she will send her address to this office we shall be glad to convey the information to the St. Louis party who made the above inquiry.

PARK, J. STEPHEN, MINN.—Ralph McCoomb was the sheriff in the Joker comedy entitled "Mike Searches For His Long Lost Brother;"

CLAIRE MCC, CLEVELAND, O.—Sally Crute was "Marlon" in Edison's "Mother and Wife."

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I want square men to set as my Special Sales Representatives in every county. I want hustling, energetic, ambitious fellows, anxious to make big money, who are willing to work with me. I want to make them self-supporting men with enough money to make more money, easier, quicker, more sure and certain that you ever did before in all your life. I want you to advertise, sell, and appoint local agents for the most sensational seller in 50 years—the starting invention that has set the entire country agog—

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Here's an absolutely new invention. Nothing else like it. Has taken the entire country by storm. Solves the bathing problem. Gives every home a modern, up-to-date bath room in any part of the house. No plumbing, no waterworks needed. Take full lengths, widths, lengths and widths of every room in the house. The Robinson Tub folds in small roll, handy as an umbrella. Rivals expensive bath-room. Constructed of the wonderful "Steelite" material. I tell you, it's a marvel! Remember it is needed in every home. Means modern bathing facilities for all the people. A godsend to humanity.

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NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

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Well, this is what we want to do. First of all we want to do the job that five years ago was too much. We have to do the job that five years ago was too much. What is that? It is to make a better home by getting the Robinson Folding Bath Tub. You will do this for me. So far as you are willing to do your best, by my cooperation and help, you can make the largest amount of money in the shortest time in any business you can enter. Your career, your credit, your money, your everything depends on your success. We promise you, we guarantee you, you can make money. We have enough literature, enough machine, enough everything. We will help you out in every way we can. You have no fear. 

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See for yourself. The Robinson Folding Bath Tub that has been in production is guaranteed for 70 years against any defect in manufacture. This is due to the steelite material used in the construction of the Robinson Folding Bath Tub. The Robinson Folding Bath Tub was first patented in 1863, and every tub that has been manufactured since then has been guaranteed for 70 years. This guarantee has been absolutely and completely fulfilled in its terms. This guarantee has been absolutely and completely fulfilled in its terms. This guarantee has been absolutely and completely fulfilled in its terms.

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"The Motion Picture Story"

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An invaluable aid to the new writer. Send for it now
It is just off the press and is ready for immediate delivery.
"DUTY" The Word Acquires a New Meaning to An Erring Wife

By ROBERT KERR

Illustrations from the Eclair Film

That is not my fault," he said, patiently. "I've tried to explain the situation to you, Isabel, and that this strain will not continue."

"You needn't work like a slave!" she said. "We have plenty of money, both of us. Even if you gave up your practices altogether, tomorrow, we would be more than comfortably well off. As it is, you spend more than you earn."

"I am not working for money," he said, slowly, choosing his words carefully. "I have a duty to these people who trust me. Sometimes, Isabel, I fear that you have no understanding of that word duty. I think you realize neither my duty as a doctor, nor your's as my wife."

"Perhaps I don't," she said, angrily. "In that case, it's a great pity you didn't marry a different sort of woman! Good-night!"

She swept up the stairs then, without waiting for his answer. And he, after a little time, followed her. But he did not go to the room they were supposed to share. He had been sleeping in another room for some time, where the telephone, likely to ring in his ears at any moment, might sound without disturbing Isabel's sleep.

Isabel Alexander felt herself a very much ashamed young woman. Her marriage with the doctor, although he was considerably older, had been a love match, pure and simple. Seeing him afar, so to speak, but still8 retained his charm and his fortitude. She had regarded his profession of healing as the noblest in the world. But her marriage had disillusioned her. She found that, indeed, she had never realized as likely to exist, certainly never allowed for in any way, were spelling her married life. She found that she had to share her husband with a whole community. Things that, in the abstract, had seemed noble, proved in practice to be only a nuisance.

Every marriage involves a certain period of adjustment. The happy marriages survive this. Man and wife grow to understand the allowances they must make for one another, the sacrificing that is required to make their harmonious and separate individualities join into a harmonious and contented whole. It is when this adjustment is unduly delayed, or never comes, that unhappiness and the ruin of the marriage results.

And now, in the case of the Alexanders, the period of adjustment was not working smoothly at all. Alexander himself, more nervous and high strung than he was quite ready to admit, really suffered because he could not go on himself wholly with his wife. He wanted her entirely to himself, and yet he could not give all of himself to her. And Isabel, in her turn, could not grasp the high conception of his duty, constantly drove him, and animated all his actions. Young, high spirited and very much alive, she had always had what she wanted, and, in her haste to get it, had her, to be deprived of it now. "And the inevitable consequence was a certain drifting apart. That, in itself, led to another consequence. Isabel craved love, attention, and her husband could not, as she soon began to put it to herself, would not give her, she began to accept from others, almost indiscriminately, at first, taking admiration and attention everywhere—but that phase could not last. She was in a dangerous mood. It brought her, inevitably, into the intimacy with Jack Welby that was nearly to prove her undoing.

Welby was a painter who, at this time, presented such a contrast to the image of her husband that Isabel had evoked, that she was especially attracted to him. He was an
"God, Isabel," he said, one day, "You've No Idea of What an Inspiration You Are to Me".

artist; he had the artistic point of view in many ways. Duty to him was only a word. It chanced that they saw a great deal of one another. And the friendship that sprang up between them was as natural as anything of the sort could be. It began innocently enough; Welby wanted to paint her portrait.

She was of a type that appealed especially to him. He had no need to depend upon his painting for a living; he could afford, therefore, to gratify his frequent desire to paint a pretty woman. Indeed, it was almost his conventional opening. When he wanted to make an impression, his first move was to suggest a portrait. A subtle sort of flattery, that! It worked admirably with Isabel.

Isabel's husband thought nothing of the matter of the portrait. He wanted Isabel to have a good time, within certain rather liberal limits. He was a broad-minded man; he recognised, although not as clearly as he might have done, that his absorption in his work was hard on her. After all, they saw very little of one another. And in the beginning Isabel did not take Welby very seriously. She told her husband of the sittings, at which Welby's cousin, Marcia Fairbanks, was usually present to play the prop-sty.

But it came to be more than a matter of sittings for a portrait. That was inevitable, too. The new craze for dancing swept Isabel off her feet. And her husband, of course, had neither time nor inclination for the not too easy task of learning the new steps. Isabel had been, so had Welby.

And all those who assiduously follow the lure of the tango and the one step find it pleasant. It seems, to dance with the same partner pretty often. It was not long before stories began to come to Alexander that disturbed him; stories of tango teas, of gay little parties in restaurants. True, Marcia Fairbanks was usually one of the party, and there had been rumors of an engagement, once, between the painter and his cousin. But the presence of Marcia did not altogether nullify the effects of the stories in the doctor's mind. She was a sinister sort of girl; he had never liked her, nor, altogether, trusted her. And the upshot of what he heard was a sharp little scene between him and Isabel.

"What?" she said, furiously. "About Jack and—me?"

"You," he said, troubled, but firm. He passed his hand across his eye. He was very tired; as he was most of the time in those days of widespread sickness. "I— I think you'd better stop seeing so much of him, Isabel. In fact—I'll have to insist upon it."

Isabel flushed dangerously.

"What right have you to insist on anything of the sort?" she demanded, indignantly. "You leave me alone—to go around alone—all the time! You never go out with me! You won't learn to dance! Do you want me to be shut up in a cage, to get about as much fun out of life as a mummy? I'm young. Do you want me to give up, and be an old lady right away?"

He sighed.

"I don't mean to be unreasonable, my dear," he said. "But it is my right, as well as my duty, to interfere if I find that the woman who bears my name is causing it to be bandied about in the mouths of gossip—"

"Your duty!" she sneered, fiercely angry by now. "You're always harping on that! You can remember all your duties except one, to make me happy! That doesn't exist for you, it seems! Well, I will be happy, in spite of you!"

They were at a deadlock then. Angry words were exchanged, on both sides, but they brought them no nearer a solution.

Isabel, awakened to the idea that Welby was not just a friend, but still continued to see him, for the first time in, angrily, and to think of a possible breaking up of her married life; for the first time Welby found her responses to the gifts he had for her had been dropping that he was aware of her unhappiness. In a word she was prepared to look upon him as a lover, as a man to whom she might fly for relief from the man she had married, whom she now saw sure he hated her. Duty! The word nauseated her.

He prevailed upon her to accompany him on sketching expeditions into the neighboring country.

"God, Isabel," he said, one day, "you've no idea of what an inspiration you are to me!"

And Marcia, who was with them that day, although it was for almost the last time, frowned bitterly as she heard. There had been a time when her husband had had a flicker of jealousy, then had been an unspeakable hatred of Isabel, with the unreasoning hate of jealousy. Those sketching expeditions became a matter of daily occurrence. And before long Welby was tiring of the art, and Isabel, reluctantly at first, was listening, and finding it easier every day to do so, harder to endure for her in the case of her husband's predecessor in his little attentions, was really in love with her by that time. He prevailed upon her to accompany him on sketching expeditions into the neighboring country.

"Why should you stay?" he urged. "He's taking the roses from your cheeks, the fire from your eyes. Oh, Isabel, don't let him teach you what love is! Let him get a divorce; then we can be married, and live for one another! Come—don't wait—don't delay—come to-day!'"
And half an hour later, when he had seen her to her home, it was arranged. She leaned over the porch rail and gave him her hand.

"You'll come," he said, gently.

"Yes, dear," she said. "To the studio, first, Jack. You'll be there?"

"I'll be waiting," he promised.

With an eager anticipation, now that it was settled, Isabel made ready. After all, she felt, she was justified! Her husband had cheated of the happiness she had looked for when she had married him; had she not, then, the right—was it not her duty, even, to seek it wherever she might hope to find it? She was busy in her room when he knew that his life was in the balance, all the troubles of the last weeks fell from her. And she knew—knew, with a sudden rush of love, that he was her man, the man she had married, the man she loved! And this was what he called duty! It was something real, then, something for which he was prepared to give his very life. A man who could do that had earned the right to talk of duty!

And when it was over, and the life-saving task was finished, she flung herself into his arms with a burst of tears.

"Frank! Frank!" she sobbed. "I've been a wicked little fool, but I'll be better now! I will—I promise you I will!"

He patted her, soothingly.

"It's all right, all right," he said. "I've got to hurry over to the hospital now. But to-night I'll rest—and we'll have a talk, dear. Shall we?"

"Yes," she said. And then she stopped, short. She had just remembered her mad promise, and the man who was waiting for her, even now. Somehow she must tell him that she had changed her mind. Luckily, Alexander was too preoccupied to notice the change in her manner.

In a moment she was alone. She wrote a note to Weby; then, afraid to trust it to any messenger, carried it herself to the studio.

It would be better, after all, she decided, to see him. She thought he would not care greatly. But when he opened the door to her she had to ward off his eager rush to seize her in his arms.

"Wait!" she said, in a strangled voice. This note—read it!"

He tore it open. She saw his face go white.

"What?" he said, chokingly. "You're going to back out?"

"I must!" she said. "I can't—oh, I can't do it—"

"All right!" he said, wildly. "Here goes!"

And, before she could stop him, he had snatched a revolver from a drawer near his hand. She managed to throw up his hand, but the pistol went off as she did so. She saw the blood spurt from a wound in his shoulder, and he fell, heavily. Then she screamed.

From adjoining studios two or three girls, also painters, came in. One of them, more sensible than the rest, rushed to a nearby drug store.

"Give me some bandages—an antiseptic!" she cried. "Mr. Weby has shot himself."

Marcia Fairbanks was in the store. She turned like a flash.

"Is he alone?" she cried.

"No—Mrs. Alexander—" said the girl. She seized the bandages the druggist gave her. And as she did so Marcia was calling into the telephone. Her eyes were evil with triumph and it was Dr. Alexander's number that she called.

The doctor was there within ten minutes. At the sight of his wife he groaned aloud. But he, pulled himself together. Sternly, looking away from her distracted face, he did what was necessary. And then, almost idly, his eyes fell on the note she had written. He knew her writing and he-read the note. And then he took her arm, gently.

"Come," he said. "I think I understand. And my duty now is to you. His wound is trifling."

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**The Rivals**

ER since the day when Marie Dresser gave up being a queen of the stage to become a Keystone comedienne, she and Mabel Normand, the Queen of the Movies, have been bitter rivals.

It began, they say, with dressing rooms. There is only one "first" dressing room, and while Mabel Normand ought to have it by right of priority of occupancy, on the other hand, Miss Dresser ought to have it by right of superiority of size. From dressing rooms it graduated—fostered and featured by all the local papers—to salaries; from salaries to maids; from maids to Pomeranians; and from Pomeranians to motor cars.

Everyone breathed easier. Here at last was something that might be settled. When it was rumored shortly afterward that Miss Normand and Miss Dresser had decided to demonstrate the merits of their respective cars—also their driving—by racing against each other at Ascot Park at Santa Monica, the various members of the company began drawing their salaries in advance to back their favorites.

The day arrived. Miss Normand was there with her high power 'Dear Cat Stutz, while Miss Dresser drove a Flat. Many fans were there but the weather made a postponement necessary.
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL
June 15, 1914

Picture Producing in the Good Old Days
By Metro Kay Melchoir
ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

The haphazard under which each of the scenes of the film producing business is handled while trying to educate the public to the possibilities of the motion picture drama as a substitute for stage and motion picture drama as a substitute for stage plays. The old Twenty-Three quarter dramas were myriads. Scenes of the pioneer producer were fraught with endless tribulations, comedy and drama, obstacles galore and few advantages.

In the old days, if such things may be called though they came hardly more than a year ago, the moving picture camera was a new and undeveloped invention. Lion-hearted producers who had the temerity to invade the "new field" were scoffed at and woefully lacking in experience. While they blazed the way, they became wiser through the medium of bitter experience: their one consolation was that with the serious side was blended usually a vein of the droll. It helped to lighten the load, to brighten the horizon ahead, and to turn near-tragedy into comedy.

Among those who started early in the game and who tasted the bitter with the sweet was a certain man who is universal, who is locked upon these days as one of the foremost of comedy producers. Mr. Christie was a member of the first independent producing company ever formed. It is doubtless that his assistance in several reminiscences is practically unlimited.

In the good old days we 'doubled in brass,' painted scenery, borrowed the necessary stage settings from our trusted friends, and did whatever else it was necessary for us to do just to keep us "were helping along," says Mr. Christie apropos of his experiences during the infant days of film production.

"Most of the time "helping out" meant playing two or three different roles, assisting the leading man who was also a stage carpenter, in "rustling" about for the needed 'props,' spelling the cameraman while he lent variety to a scene by acting a part, and otherwise making ourselves generally and effectively useful. In our spare time we boosted our special variety of film to any and all theatre managers with whom we might scrape an acquaintance, com- jured up plots for scenarios, and kept a weather eye on the weather conditions, which might prove useful later on. If leisure time hung heavily upon us after attending to the other little matters already enumerated, we acted as volunteer press agents, or helped our non-professional friends into serving as extras for the glory of it, and thought up bits of business which would get on the footlights of the show.

"A few years back we couldn't clap our hands and summon a whole battalion of stage hands, scene painters, and other skilled artisans," continues Mr. Christie in his commentaries. "We made the best of the bad situations, did our own scene painting, and otherwise kept down expenses at every twist and turn. A picture costing more than $500 was looked upon as a magnificent feature. Now-a-days we spend that much for the scenario alone. And five dollars a day was an exorbitant salary for a star.

In contrast, let me advise you that there are many stars today receiving from twenty to fifty dollars a day the year round, with seven days in every week—not six.

"In the first Universal producing company ever formed there were Messrs. Milton H. Farnum, David Horsley, Francis Ford, Harry Edwards, Joseph A. Golden and myself. Mr. Golden was director, Mr. Horsley was camera operator and manager of the negative department, and Mr. Farnum was leading man. Our studio was a back yard in New York City, and it was very small. We had one set of interior scenery. When we wanted a new interior they used to send me on the run to the nearest wall-paper store. Mr. Horsley would give me a two-bit piece before I started and my instructions were to get as many rolls of paper as possible with the money. Upon returning to the studio everybody got busy. Two or three paste brushes and a bucket of unmixed adhesive fluid was kept on hand for such emergencies. Everybody—manager, director, camera operator, leading man—became a paper-hanger. For real speed, we had every professional paper-hanger in New York beaten to a frazzle. Often we re-papered our lone set of interiors as many as six times a day, thus giving the appearance of six different rooms.

"Our studio was in the rear of a gigantic tenement building which was infested with even more children than usual in tenements. Light diffusion was unknown. An Irish washerwoman lived on one of the upper floors, and she used to hang her clothes on a pulley line which extended directly above one end of our studio. When we were putting on a picture we started to put on a couple of scenes. The washer-woman, from her window above, saw us working in the studio. She immediately got out her tubs and before we had set arranged or even rehearsed the scene a full line of clothes were flapping in the breeze over our heads. Because it was Sunday she charged us a dollar for taking in her clothes. It was the straw that broke the camel's back. She was too expensive—we decided to locate our studio somewhere else.

"Expense was the principal consideration at all times. Extra people, yes, but even though we only paid them a dollar a day. You must remember that our resources were very limited. One day we put on a war drama in which Confederate and Union uniforms were prominent part. Two armies were to clash. We hired twenty extra men to play the part of the two armies. First we dressed them in Confederate uniforms and showed them charging past. At the next to the last man of the twenty went rushing through the scene a Confederate camera, the last man standing stock still until the other nineteen had hurried back to the starting point and charged forward again. We did this five times, making for ourselves a Confederate Army of one hundred trained soldiers. Then we had them change into Union uniforms, and as sons of the North, they again was repeated, stopping the camera at the psychological moment and again making an army of one hundred Union soldiers from our original twenty extra men. During the shooting of this scene I played the part of a Captain of the Confederate Army. I was supposed to be wounded in the battle and lie in front of the camera. I had to do the 'fall' early in the scene and lie in front of the camera without moving while the two armies marched through. The sun was blinding hot. I required a half hour for the extras to change uniforms, and another hour to march them through the scene—on the installment plan. Mr. Metro Melchoir took an additional half hour for 're-loading' his camera. It was always running out of
When the scene was finished, we noticed Mr. Fahrney had forgotten to remove his hat.

The same was repeated in every scene, and it was obvious that Mr. Fahrney had no desire to be dressed as a bank robber.

But Mr. Wurlton, who was responsible for the costumes, was quick to notice the error.

"Mr. Fahrney," he said, "you have forgotten your hat."
Everybody knows the lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, camels, zebras, and monkeys that appear in the Selig productions but everybody doesn't know

how extensive are the preparations for securing and presenting these unconscious actors.

William Selig secured the beginning of his present collection of animals more than four years ago, when he bought the "Big Otto Menagerie." Many additions have been made since then so that, at present, the Selig cast of animals includes four elephants, a hippopotamus, two giraffes and a long list of baby animals.

Their home is a fifty acre farm at Edendale, California, formerly known as the Indian Village. Edendale is a much more appropriate name for it however. The place has been made over into a veritable Garden of Eden for its rare and valuable residents. Human beings can go from one part of the earth to another and adjust themselves with comparative ease to changes in temperature and environment, but it is different with animals. They are so much more sensitive to changes that often they are unable to adapt themselves to the new conditions, but sicken and die. With these considerations in mind, Mr. Selig has had the farm divided up into sections, and in each section have been planted trees, shrubs, and

grasses from Asia, Africa, and Australia, in an effort to re-create for the different animals their native environment. It must seem like a real haven to the new arrivals at the farm, after their long and tedious journey from another continent. It takes, for instance, about three months for a consignment of animals from the Eastern Hemisphere to reach California. They are usually shipped across the Atlantic from some Asiatic or African port to New York, and from there by rail to the west. In Chicago they enjoy a good rest at the Selig plant West. One of the latest consignments to arrive in Chicago was a great big elephant called, "Mary Garden" and a baby elephant called "Tiny Thais." They seemed to like Chicago very much, so much, in fact that "Mary" was quite unwilling to leave, when the day of departure arrived. She said that she didn't want to go to California, that she was more than comfortable in her steam heated quarters, and that she didn't know whether "baby" would like it. The men understood her objections pretty well, but they knew that Mary had to go to California whether she wanted to or not, and they knew, too, that she had to be persuaded to change her mind. Getting a willing elephant into a box car was a job, but getting an unwilling elephant into a box car was well...

In this instance "Mary" proved simple minded and easy to deal with. The men first enticed baby Thais into the car with some raw Irish potatoes in a basket, and then when she called out to her mother, "Come on in! The eating's fine," mother realized at once, not that she was hungry but that her child was being taken...
The director and his animals had motored out into the desert 25 miles. Everything went beautifully until—well—they can explain it only on the ground of thirst. In spite of the fact that one is constantly assured in vaudeville that the camel never gets thirsty at the wrong time, etc., the camel did get thirsty. But, as he is in the habit of eating before he drinks, he looked around for a meal first. The most tempting thing in sight was one of the "actor's" ears, and the camel just calmly nipped it off.

This surprising display of a cannibalistic inclination in one of their most trusted members, brought the scene to an abrupt end, until a doctor could be secured. Since then, the camel is kept muzzled except when he is actually "working."

There are only a few trained animals among the inhabitants of Selig's East Lake Park. Five of the most beautiful leopards play with their trainer, who is called Olga, "The Leopard Queen," as gently as kittens might play about a baby. When they were brought from the "Big Otto Menagerie," Olga could not bear to give up her pets, so she came with them. They are all touring a vaudeville circuit at present.

The Selig Farm these days is one of the busiest spots to be found in California. Besides carrying on all of the regular activities of the place, they have an army of gardeners at work, for the Selig Farm is to be a counter attraction to the Panama Exposition in 1915.
Mona Darkfeather
A Daring Movie "Princess"
By RICHARD WILLIS

"Princess" Mona Darkfeather is an impossible person. She upsets all traditions and is, so to speak, what she ain't! She is an Indian Princess and she is not, she is an exceptionally fine actress and she is not, really, a most contradicting and interesting individual.

Her very entrance into this interview was dead wrong. She should, by all Princess precedents, have been seated in state beside the big chief with two yards of reserve all over her and fifty-dollars' worth of disdain on her haughty face. Was she thus? No sir, she sat on the hillside awaiting a scene, clad in Indian garb, it is true, but she was joking with the chief and other Indians, helping with the squaws, nursing a papoose and any nice things to a couple of bare headed, bare footed little Mexican girls, all at once. Neither did she hold aloof from the pale faces, for Charles Bartlett, Jim Davis and Rex Downs all talked with her on familiar terms and when Director Frank Montgomery gave his imperative command "come on Mona" she went meekly to take a wild bareback ride on her famous pinto pony, Comanche, with an Indian in hot pursuit. I determined that the cherished traditions of my tender childhood should not be mangled in this manner without retaliation and that I would interrogate this Crusader of dreams and expose her without any compassion.

So later we sat amidst some very beautiful scenery on a most uncomfortable log and thus I expose her past.

"Tell me," I demanded, "who and what you really are?"

"My parents are descended from an aristocratic Spanish family who came to this country many years before the revolution. I was educated at a Catholic school in this city."

"Spanish and not Sioux," I sighed.

"Yes, too bad, isn't it?" Mona's tone was sympathetic but there was sarcasm in those brilliant black eyes of hers, "however, I am an Indian Princess, for I was made a blood member of the Blackfoot Indians and given the title of 'Princess' by Chief Big Thunder. I feel half Indian anyway, for I have lived among them so much and I speak several Indian languages and understand poor Lo as

few people do. They are wonderfully fine people when you really understand and know them as I do and believe me they are very, very easy to manage and Frank Montgomery, my director, knows their ways and manners as much as I do and that is why he can get what he wants out of them—they love him and they love me too, and I am glad of it. At times some of them visit us at our home and even if we have an appointment we never hurry them off. I always sit on the floor (I like sitting on the floor anyway!) and we have lemonade and cakes and laugh at pictures and costumes but we do not talk much and in due time they take their leisurely departure, always with great dignity. They are very happy when they are working and raise never a murmur no matter what they are called upon to do. So you see I don't at all mind being taken for an Indian—at times."

"Tell the readers of this magazine about your stage experience," I requested, with official directness.

"I am sorry, but I cannot tell them about that which does not exist," said Mona, "the fact is that I was never on the stage before I went into motion pictures. It is a terrible thing to admit isn't it? I have never had time to manufacture a real, live stage career, but one of these days I will get you to help me and we will make one to order that will sound quite well. That is in your line isn't it?"

I refused absolutely to be ruffled by such tauntings and sternly asked her how she managed to get into the pictures.

"Here again," said Mona, "I went dead against proper traditions, for I started right in playing leads at the outset and without any experience either. It was—"I am not going to tell you how long ago, I saw an advertisement in the paper calling for a Spanish type who could make up as a good Indian and as I had to work, and stereography and myself do not mix well, and as I would certainly be fired in an hour if I ever attempted to pose as a sales girl, I summoned all my courage and applied for the position. Not knowing much about salaries, I asked for too
much and got it, and the position. I found out afterwards that I received more than the leading lady was getting, so I remained as a leading Indian actress started then to play parts with the Kalem Company."

"Yes, and it seemed nice to get back to. They have always been so appreciative of our efforts. They are starring me in a series of two-reel Indian subjects now which go all over the world. I know, for I get many letters from foreign parts, a large number of them from children. I am always glad to get them, for I honestly love children."

Mona Darkfeather has been giving prizes to children who draw or paint a reasonably good picture of her. Some of the drawings sent in are awfully funny and she enjoys them hugely.

"Do you like the work?"

"I love it and wouldn't do anything else even if I could. About the only other thing I could do would be to sing in musical comedy or cabarets and might not make a success, of course, but I studied music for years, and am told I have a good contralto voice. But I could never stand the indoor life and the inactivity. Besides, what would Comanche say?"

Now Comanche is a very important item in the Montgomery message. He is only a Pinto pony but what a pony! Comanche is like a big spoiled dog and as playful as any puppy. This pony is much attached to Mona and there is little or nothing within the powers of an animal that she cannot get him to do and here is a tip for Mona. If she ever wants to leave the pictures, she can go around with Comanche and give exhibitions and show people just what a Pinto pony can do.

She might, at the same time, show them how a real Indian artist should look and walk and talk, too. Poetry besides living among the Indians for years, and learning to speak several of their languages, the Princess Mona is the fortunate owner of a really magnificent collection of Indian dresses, head dresses, jewelry and all sorts of trophies, the gifts of the many Indians who have been her friends. Her most valued trinket is a heavy hand-wrought bracelet of silver, given to her by Chief Red Thunder, of the Blackfoot Tribe. She says that when she has that on she really feels like the Indian Princess he christened her.

Of course, no real Indian maiden ever had half so good a time being an Indian as Mona Darkfeather. For one thing, an Indian girl doesn't have a chance to learn to ride. Princess Mona, herself, didn't learn to ride until she went into pictures work. When she applied for her first position and they asked her if she could ride, she said "Of course." She says that at the time she was sure that she'd have time to "bone up" on riding before she was put to a test, but she didn't! On her second day in pictures, she had to ride bareback, and not on a pony like her beloved Comanche, but on a mean little Pinto that didn't like her in the least. But, although she says she had a dreadful time sticking on, it is hard to believe it when you see her vault to the bare back of her pony and disappear like a streak of lightning. It is probably quite apparent that this interviewer, for one, has nothing but admiration for the Kalem Princess. And why not? For she is good to look at and good to talk with Everyone who knows her loves her. And everyone who knows her admires her, because she is so frank and genuine, absolutely devoid of sham or pretense of any kind, and above all, so plucky. You never hear a whisper from her on no matter what happens in the taking of those "wild west" pictures. For sheer pluck and endurance and perseverance she has most of us beaten.
The Pierpont Morgan of the Movies

One of the Big Men—
"Who's Who in Filmdom"

By M. K. Katterjohn

FIVE men got about a table in the
editorial office of a great metropolitan
newspaper. Four of them watched the
fifth, closely and, perhaps, eagerly.
The details were of the biggest projects
that ever had a fair show of succeeding had
just been outlined to him. It was a huge proposition,
so big in fact that several of the biggest
men in the growing picture business—this
newest big business in which almost every-
thing that is conceivable is possible—had shied at.

But this tall, silent, wry man sat
perfectly quiet—
thinking. His appearance and atti-
tude were a magnifi-
cent example of his
dominance of mind
over matter, yet
there was nothing in
his eyes or in his
manner that
reminded one of an
extraordinary height to which he
alone could fly.

One of the four,

"I suppose you'd
like to think about it
over night." he
replied.

"No," was the
reply. "I'll take it
now. Bring on your
completing stories."

Thus did "The
Million Dollar Mys-
tery" evolve in an
instant from idea to
achievement.

And thus did
Charles Elton
Hitchcock furnish a
practical illustration of the
qualities of mind
which make him the
Pierpont Morgan of
filmdom.

He is a natural organizer; and naturally,
therefore, his mental make-up is an interest-
ing study in organization. Organization has
been the key-note of his career. By objec-
tive organization he has fought his way over
obstacles of mountainous magnitude; and by
subjective organization—in other words the
efficiency of his own concerns—he has
developed them to their present enviable
strategic strength in the moving picture
world.

He was born in a farm near Pleasantville,
Ohio, June 7, 1875. He was one of 16, divided
to brothers and sisters on the 50-50 basis. He
grew up on a farm in the agriculture background
which has put the backbone into so many
sterling Americans.

In due course he became a country school
teacher. Later he was a citizen of the world; he
"thinks in continents" instead of rots; his
genius has linked the hamlet to the metropolis,
and made a cosmopolite of the hay-seed. But
Charles J. Hite is still as homespun and sincere
as in the days when he followed a corn shuck
and dreamed of the time when he could follow
instead his inclinations and get into the

the first moving pictures were being made by
Edison. Believing that these pictures would
make a feature of his lyricum entertainments
he added them to his program. In this way
he handled the "Great Train Robbery," which
was one of the first big pictures made in the
United States, and in which one of the prin-
cipal actors was Gilbert M. Anderson, the now
popular "Broncho Billy."

Coming to Chicago about nine years ago
he continued his lyricum work, but took on also
a south-side restaurant, which he quickly made
a success by putting into practice a rule which
always spells success in a public busi-
ness, namely, "give the people what they want." Hite
was always studying the wants of the
people; he always had his ear to the ground for
expressions of popular desire, and, in the
words of the enterprising Fred Elbertus, "it wasn't
a large and furry ear either."

He also developed a corollary of his rule,
and when he decided that the Midland Lyceum
Bureau could rent films from him as well as
from somedow else and organised the Charles
J. Hite Moving Picture Company, he put the
corollary into immediate operation, and not

the General Film Company. Hitchcock joined
the insurgent movement against the Midland
Lyceum and organized the American Film
Company, a manufacturing concern. Hite was a
stockholder in this, but he saw no immediate profit in the manufacturing end
from the independent standpoint. He believed
that the exchange was the logical situation at
that time, and he purchased the Globe, the
Royal and the Union film companies, which
were competitive exchanges, consolidated them
under the new banner.

However, conditions soon developed which
made it impossible for Hite to buy films enough
to supply his patrons. The independent manu-
facturers were working at top speed, but dis-
tribution conditions were bad, so he turned
manufacturer also and purchased the Thanes.
Company, and the Majestic distributor. This
was confronted by a problem more difficult than any
he had encountered before.

The independent manufacturers had organ-
ized under the name of the Motion Picture
Distributing and Sales Company to fight the
General Film Company, which controlled about
half of the exchanges of the country at this
time. Hite marketed his films to his own ex-
changes with the Sales Company, which
was the Producer and Distributor. The
and directors of this clearing house were the
original moving spirits in the manufacture of
industrial films. They usually were under
under tremendous expense for patent liga-
tion, civil suits for damages from the alleged
owners of patents controlling the cameras with
which Hite made his films. He had no
rule that any other manufacturer becoming
allied with or asking the benefits of this clear-
ing house was not paying a tax on every reel of film. This tax
was levied to pro-rate the expense for past
lending and pending damage suits.
Hite, in his own way, raised the necessity for
paying this tax when there was a strong de-
mand for his films. So he organized the Film
Supply Company, which offered him a
and relief for himself and other manufacturers
who were similarly situated. This was only
step towards the organizing of the Mutual Film
Corporation, which is now as big as or bigger
than either the General Film Company or the
Universal, the latter being that element of the
independent manufacturers who originally
composed the Motion Picture Distributing
and Sales Company.
In July, 1912, Hite solved his problem finally,
by organizing the Mutual Film Corporation, a
holding company to own and control film ex-
changes throughout the United States. This
company was to operate for the exclusive
profit of certain manufacturers whose productions
were up to the required standard.
This new corporation supplied the subsidiaries under
fourteen brands, Mutual Special, Griffith, Amer-
ican, Broncho, Beauty, Domine, Kay-Bee, Key-
stone, Majestic, Mutual Weekly, Princesse,
Princess, Royal and Thanhouser. The exchanges throughout the United States now
handle the Mutual releases as against the
 similarly handled in 1912.
This is in brief the history of the man who is
to the moving picture industry what the late J. Pierpont Morgan was to steel, coal, railroads and steamships—the man of
selling genius. There never has been a time
during the remarkable growth of this newest
and most popular form of amusement but that
Hite has been ready to the touch but tem-
pers steel within the smooth glove, has been
felt along the whole line of this kaleidoscopic
industry.
Today he is a stockholder, director and
officer—sometimes all three—in six different
motion-picture producing companies, and, in addition, the chairman of the Mutual Film
Corporation. He has great establish-
ments in New Rochelle, N. Y., and in California, and
from his control there is a continuous
stream of amusement and education.
But, although he is the master film manu-
facturer of the world, Hite never seeks the
spotlight. He is silent almost to tactfulness.
He thinks a lot, and the man who thinks
before he speaks usually finds very little
speech necessary. He is a slender man, five feet 11
inches tall, and weighing about 165 pounds. He
strains himself uncommonly well, with
black hair and blue eyes, with a piercing, deep-set and thoughtful. He is ex-
tremely courteous and thoroughly conscientious.
He has the ability to inspire not only respect
in the hearts of those who have the
loyalty in the highest degree. He has friends
because he reveals his own genuine friendli-
esse and his own sincerity. He always
has been accustomed to living up to the
best that is in a good man. He has been
married seven years. His wife is a charming
woman who has two daughters, Muriel and Marjorie, aged four
and one, respectively, make the home circle complete.

But back of his impressive and love-
ly personality is his impressive and effective
mind. Charles J. Hite’s mind is a wonderful mechan-
ism, because of the mastery of perfection. It is of the rapids-try type and yet it
is sure fire. Work—mental work—is his
hobby, his only one, except, perhaps, that he is
something of a tangist, is very fond of
swimming, and besides is somewhat devoted to
a magnificent yacht.

Watching him work is a lesson in the intelli-
gent application of nervous energy, a dem-
stration of logical reasoning without the
syllabism. His mental processes are not less
sure than other people’s but they are much
greater. His conclusions are the result of
reasoning and not of intuition; but they appear
intuitive because he reasons so fast. His is
one of those X-ray minds that project itself
headfirst into every subject that is brought to
its attention, encompasses that subject on
its four sides and top and bottom, illuminates
its interior thoroughly and then gets off and
since it up in perspective almost before the
introdu-
cations are over.

But withal, anything his mind undertakes is
thoroughly done, because he has developed to
point of superior efficiency a wonderful
capacity for details. This is a lot of adjectives,
but it is the collection of the qualities of
them to do justice to his ability in this
respect. He has a memory like a talking
machine record. And it is a departmental
memory, with each department in charge of
a filing clerk; and when any detail large or
small that has once been brought to his volun-
tary consciousness has been recorded and filed
in the archives of that memory it has as little
industry that is shortly to become a full
brother to the United. States Steel Corpora-
tion. Charles J. Hite is master of the
situation.

“"The Lightning Conductor”

By Johnna Briscoe

N OT in a long time has a more entertain-
ing nor more diverting picture been
shown in the films. This one, “The Lightning Conductor,”
which was shown for the first time before a
specially invited audience on May 7th, at the
Cinerama Theatre, Toronto.

This is the initial film offered by the Hefco
Company, composed of those three well-known
actors, Walter Hale, William Elliott and Dus-
inna, and the scenario was written at first
hand during a tour of Southern Europe. It is
released through A. H. Sawyer, Inc.

Those of you who have read “The Lightning
Conductor,” the sprightly motor car romance
C. N. and A. N. Williamson, may recall it as
one of the most entertaining pieces of fiction in
recent years, and one specially adapted to
picture purposes. It must be said at once that the
films are in every way worthy of the book’s
high standard.

The pictures follow the plot of the story with
amazing fidelity, showing the adventures of the
wealthy young American girl, Molly Randolph, and
her Aunt Mary, through France, Switzerland and Italy;
of their expe-
riences with a pseudo chauffeur, the Hon. John
Winston, their meeting with the French
advoca-
tor, Tallyrand, and the officious interfer-
ence of the New Jersey youth, Jimmie Payne.
It all flows along easily and gracefully, with
the tone and spirit of the story preserved, and
one attractive scene follows another in
rapid succession. The exteriors in France are
most picturesque, and exceptional good taste and
wisdom has been exercised in light color scheme
settings selected for the various scenes. And
one
roadway through France, lined with
over-
hanging trees, and a drive through the
Alpine road evoked most spontaneous applause. The
picture perspective upon these was most ad-
misible.

The acting is of the highest grade and is all
more notable because none of the players
were selected on account of their training and
experience—on the strength of the
Dustin Pawna
and this was his debut in pictures, for “The Squaw Man” came long afterward—made a
memorable John Winston, playing with
quiet, dry humor, thoroughly in character.
The character, Walter Hale was excellent in
the rather brief role of Tallyrand, and William
Elliott, as Jimmie Payne, succeeded in
some, interfering young Jerseylvite. The part of
Molly Randolph was easily within the range of
Rosina Henley, and Helen Bertram, as the
ad-
mirable comic opera queen of yesterday, was
a qualitily amusing Aunt Mary.

No reference to this film is complete without
special mention of the music which accom-
panied the different scenes and situations.
This part of the program was a lesson in itself, a
les-
son in how to please movie managers who
contest that the musical accompaniment to pictures is of secondary importance.
All the tunes, for the most part of the latest and most
popular variety, are presented in a
unison pictur-
ed. For instance, each time something
happened to the motor-car, which was very
frequent, we heard, “Out and Out Under;
the sentimental scenes were accompanied by “Just
a Little Love, a Little Kiss”; the scenes
across the country roads had “It’s Apple Blossom Time”
and the bedroom scenes, “At Home and No Place to Go”;
while shouts of laughter greeted the picture of an Italian magistrate, dispensing an especially elaborate piece of dead

Where Did You Get That Hat!”

Although one may argue that such an agree-
able picture as this should be independent of
its music, nevertheless its success was all the
more augmented by happily apropos musical trum-
blings.
FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

A scene in the town of Harbin, China, showing the almost unparalleled devastation left in the wake of the recent earthquake there.

Secretary of Labor Wilson and the Governor of the State to Address the Mine Workers in Colorado. Secretary Wilson is in the center, with William E. Parker of Birmingham, Alabama, to his right, and General Shifflet of Lexington, Kentucky, to his left.

A unique feature of the Volunteer is the complete fire department, recruited from the fire departments of the various German cities, which are said to be the best organized in the world.

This young woman fought side by side with her brother under the command of General Scheidmuller, the rebel commander who took Tangshan.

The Volunteer is equipped with two 500-ton steel gunboats, powerful enough to act as torpedoes for the 600-foot guns of the latest fleet. Each of these boats, which have a total capacity of 1000 tons, is commanded by a captain from the fleet.
Aviators of the U. S. Navy and Some of Their Remarkable Pictures

This View of Vera Cruz Harbor Taken from an Aeroplane by Lieut. Bellinger and Design Stamps of Our Naval Scouting Department Shows the American Fleet at Anchor

The Highest They Used is a New Model Called "Fool-Proof" Built by the Burgess Company. One so Perfectly Balanced That It Cannot Be Depended On in the Air

Another View of Vera Cruz Harbor Taken from Lieut. Bellinger's Aeroplane Giving a More Extensive View of the Fleet

Lieut. Bellinger and Design Stamps, Photographed Just as They were About to Start on the Flight During Which They Made the Series of Bird's-Eye Photographs Reproduced on This Page

A View of Vera Cruz Looking North. Taken from a Height of 3000 Feet in the Air. The Old Forts of Foreign in Conspicuous on Well as the Naval Academy in the Foreground to the Left

Mechanics in the Pur- pose Shop are Working Overtime Building the "Fool-Proof" Multiloop Which Been Ordered for Our Army and Navy

Ready for a Flight. Design Stamps of the Naval Aero Corp

The Municipal Plan. Tree Planted, and the Outhouses in the Left Foreground are Conspicuous in this Unique Photograph of Vera Cruz Taken from a Navy Aeroplane
And I knew now, and blushed, though I was alone, as I put the knowledge into thoughts for the first time, that George had not meant to marry me, and that it would have made no difference! As things were when I went with him I would have stayed with him, in spite of everything! Even had he told me the truth—though he would never have done that—I don't believe I would have left him. At the time, you see, I thought I loved him. And I could see now that the end of our relations would have come just the same. Only, what a frightful difference there would have been!

As it was, the wedding ceremony, invalid though it was, gave me a standing, in my own eyes, and those of George. In a curious way, it compelled his respect. He would have treated me very differently had there been no memory of old Squire Bacheolder, mumbling the words of his queer service. And how utterly helpless I would have been before the dreadful onslaught of his real wife! She would have read guilt in my eyes at once, just as she had read innocence that night, and my treatment at her hands would have been very different. And I would never, I am sure, have had the courage to make the fight that had brought me, in the end, to California, and to my engagement with the Smilax company.

Now that I had come to that I realized how much it meant to me to have won even this small measure of success from a hostile—no, not a hostile, but an indifferent world. I had won it, such as it was, with my own brains, and by my own efforts. I hadn't had to use my sex. I had thought a great deal about the strange influence of sex during my struggle. I have not touched upon this, but that does not mean that ways of avoiding all the harshness, all the struggle, had not been suggested to me more than once. Men had done that. I have tried to make it. I have sometimes been successful, but I wasn't altogether homely, either.

The whole atmosphere in New York, with the constant intimations that I need not work unless I wanted to, that I could have a ‘higher’ pleasure ready any time I chose to take it, had filled me with an unutterable disgust. My experience with George Converse had at first made me cynical and hard. I distrusted, almost disliked, all men. It seemed to me that with a woman they thought of only dominating, her sex. They seemed unwilling to regard her as the same plane with themselves, entitled to play the same part that men do in the struggle of life; seeking no favors, asking only a fair reward for fair and honest work. I was wrong, of course; I had leaped, with the facility of youth, from one extreme of thought to another. From blind, trusting faith, in which I did not question motives at all, I had gone to an equally unreasonable scepticism, in which I assumed, without reason, and as a matter of instinct, that every man was my enemy.

There is a lot of talk in these days about sex-antagonism. Less in this country, I suppose, than in some others, like England. But that is the basis of it; the sort of experience I had. It was a phase. If ever I have a daughter, she shall not be brought up as I was. She shall not be hidden from me. It will never be possible for her to make, blindly and ignorantly, the mistakes I have made.

It would have been better for me if, in the days that followed the coming of that telegram from George Converse, I had had more to keep me busy. I was not wanted at the Smilax studio until Miss Frances left, to take up her new work, and there was nothing for me to do but nothing else, at least; even in the days when I did spend some time at the studio, getting familiar, as I explained to George, with his methods and with the routine of the studio, I was preparing myself for a meeting I knew must come.

Four days after the telegram I got a long letter from George; a letter full of contradiction and self-abasement, and of declarations of passionate love. He had never cared to regret losing me, and all that had happened, he wrote; he was coming, at once, and would arrive almost, as soon as his letter to tell me these things. He had tried to forget the angry, bitter things I had said when we had last seen each other. He was sure that I had not meant them, but he had understood the anger that had made me say them. Now, however, everything was to be all right.

I had been sure that he was coming, but the definite knowledge of it sent a tremor through me. I sat down, with his letter in my hand, and felt my self. All the weak, feminine, illogical part of me wanted to run away; to give up what I had taken so long to get. I didn't—go anywhere, just so that I might avoid seeing him. For I was sure that he would be right! That his ascendancy over me, so complete in the former days, I would not forget, might still exist. And now, while I could still reason, I realized what it would mean to

I Sat Down with His Letter in My Hands and Fought Myself
yield myself to him again. If I did it now, I would do it in the full knowledge of the sort of man he was. I would not have my former excuse of ignorance, and I knew myself well enough to understand that I could never again be the same.

But I stayed. When it came to the final test, I could not force myself to give it all up. And the struggle that was necessary before I reached the determination to face him boldly, filled me with a desperate anger that stiffened my resolve. I hated him for forcing me to make the choice; for revealing to me how weak I still was, after my belief that I had already passed through an ordeal that would enable me to resist any further temptation.

I should have been grateful, I suppose, for a test like that; for the chance to prove to myself that I was less weak than I had feared. But that is the sort of thing for which one is never grateful at the time. It all seems different now. Then it was as bad as a thing could be.

George followed his letter very promptly. He was as good looking as ever, of course; I had to keep on reminding myself how short a time had elapsed since that dreadful night when I had learned the truth. And he came to meet me in the lobby of the hotel, his hands outstretched, with a sort of eagerness that I had never seen in him before. In the old days the eagerness had always been on my side. He had been, not indifferent, perhaps, but very conscious of his superiority. I understood the changed conditions at once. Knowing this gave me courage, and a good deal of the terror with which I had been looking forward to this meeting left me.

"Mollie!" he said. "Lord, but it's good to see you again! And to know that I'm playing fair with you at last, that it's all open and above board!"

I laughed at him for that. It was so deliciously masculine! He had treated me as shabbily as ever a man treated a woman, and now, when, through no efforts of his own, he saw a chance to gratify his own desires and do the right thing to boot, he thought I would forget everything and welcome the amends he wanted to make!

"It's all open and above board," I said. "You're right there. But—just why did you come, George?"

"I think that, Miss Hugue, you would be happier if you left it to—"
dominant part in his life really must amount to something, one way or the other, that either she must be his superior in every way, or she must have an extraordinary stock of cunning.

"You don't mean it!" he decided, when he had thought that over for a moment, and cheered up immediately. "There's no hurry, Mollie. I don't blame you for being sure. You've had every reason to hate me. But I'm going to make you love me. I'm going to make you admit, before I'm through, that we belong to one another. Why, Mollie, you and I, back there, when we first went to New York, and were in that little flat..."

I could feel my cheeks flaming. There he had me, the brute! For the first time he did make me angry, furiously angry! To dare to remind me of that! To try to use as a weapon the humiliation he had forced upon me! Oh! I could have strangled him! I caught myself. I was not going to let him see that he had touched me, if I could help it.

"How do you do faster yourself, George?" I said. I even managed a laugh. "Do you really think that all the lightness was on your side, all the seriousness on mine?"

That saved me. It was his turn to blush, and his eyes shone with the first genuine emotion he had shown.

"Mollie!" he said. "What's come over you? You never used to be like this! I know! Then it's another man by God No!"

"And if there is?" I said, seeing my advantage. "What is that to you?"

He was so angry that he couldn't speak or

(Continued on page 20)

Roscoe Arbuckle

"Nobody Loves a Fat Man?"

Roscoe Arbuckle was busy tying the helpless and hapless Mabel Normand to a dreadful-looking contrivance that apparently contained a dynamite bomb when I first saw him. But even as he completed the task he was set upon by a squad of police officers. When the melee was over Director Mack Sennett expressed his satisfaction and Mr. Arbuckle was free to rest.

He lumbered toward me, rolled a cigarette with a one-armed sweep, lit it, took a puff and sighed contentedly.

"Fire away," he said. "But don't ask me how much I weigh. That question's barred."

I gently assured him that I would not ask how much he weighed, that I knew already.

"How much did they say I weighed?" Mr. Arbuckle asked alertly.

"A little over 300 pounds."

"What? Three hundred! I don't weigh a pound over one hundred and eighty, and, what's more, I never did," Mr. Arbuckle asserted with something like a glare.

"Indeed," I remarked, "making a note of the point. "And—please pardon my curiosity—but you're married, aren't you?"

"Yes," Mr. Arbuckle admitted, "I am married but don't tell them that."

"You see," he added hastily, "my wife and I do have much times reading the love letters I receive. Being single does make for popular-

ity, you know. Mrs. Arbuckle's stage name is Minna Durfee, if you want to know. But don't tell them that."

"I wouldn't think of it," I said solemnly.

"And another thing," Mr. Arbuckle continued. "Don't say that I played in 'The Round-Up.' I never did. It was Maclyn Arbuckle. I like well enough to plead guilty to having done it but my habitual integrity forbids. Besides there are too many people who know it was he and not me. Of course I don't agree with him when he says nobody loves a fat man. I know better as I have hinted."

"You were on the legitimate stage for a while, weren't you?" I asked. I knew very well that he was but you have to be respectful to the man who is giving you an interview.

"Yes," Mr. Arbuckle answered, "I was. Outside of the few sweet years on the Loop circuit, I spent nine months with Ferris Hartman and "The Campus" company, on an Orienta tour. We toured China, Japan, India, Honolulu, the Philippine Islands and even some civilized places. I passed up notices and appreciations in fourteen different languages and I might have had more if I could have been sure whether the writers in some of the other languages were roasting me or praising me. The tour ended in January, 1913. Since then I have been in the pictures."

My first experience in motion pictures was at Universal's Hollywood studio, under Director Al Christie. I was introduced by Robert Leonard. I made a version four weeks when Fred Mace left Keystone and I was taken on to fill the vacancy. I have been with Keystone ever since.

"I have done my worst in "Two Old Tars," 'A Noise from the Deep,' 'The Riot' and 'The Gangsters.' But outside of being buried by snakes, chased by bears, and made to do forty-five foot dives off the long

wharf at Santa Monica, my work has been rather uneventful."

With that Roscoe Arbuckle ceased to talk in favor of enveloping himself in clouds of cigarette smoke through which he peered at me like one of the genii of the Arabian Nights.

"As you were going to say?" I ventured to ask, encouragingly.

"I'll say just this," he began with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "I am a member of Keystone's baseball team and a finer little aggregation of players never existed in this immediate vicinity, for a good distance around."

"Let me see," I mused. "Wasn't that the team they beat me last week by a bunch of boys from the high school up on the--"

"Excuse me," Mr. Arbuckle said hurriedly.

"I hear the director calling me. I must get back to my work. Give them all my regards, will you?"

Whereupon he returned to the fray, pounced upon Ford Sterling and his squad of policemen, dispersed them, took possession of the helpless and hapless Mabel Normand and dragged her away while the camera clicked steadily.

Since his first stage experience ten years ago as super for a hypnotist, he has been steadily rising. He has been gaining in weight for a good deal longer than that, for he weighed only sixteen and a half pounds when he was born.
"The Baited Trap"

A "White Slave Story" With a Happy Ending

Two-Reel Imp Film, Featuring King Baggot

SYNOPSIS

When Dennis Molloy comes to New York from County Wicklow, Ireland, the only job he can find is that of porter in a saloon which is the rendezvous of a gang of "white slavers." His sleeping place is a junk room to which everyone has access, but to him it is home simply because the picture of Norah, his beautiful, black-haired, blue-eyed sweetheart, hangs above his bed. "Black Louis," the bartender, and "Squinty," a Bowery gang leader, attracted by the picture, plan to get rid of Dennis, and at the same time secure Norah to sell to the notorious Madame Cleo. They plant a purse of money in Dennis' room, and persuade him that, in as much as he cannot find the owner, the money is his. As soon as Dennis has sent Norah's passage money to her, they have him arrested and put into jail. Squinty meets Norah when the steamer docks, and takes her to Madame Cleo's house. But Dennis has a friend in a same newsboy whom he once saved from Squinty's cruelty. But sees Norah taken off by Squinty, realizes the whole dastardly plan in a moment, and hastens to the police station with his information. The police, alert for any chance to capture such a gang red-handed, release Dennis. He hastens to Norah's rescue ahead of the officers,foil two gangsters with a blow apiece, and takes Norah into his arms. Dennis is given a place on the police force and a year later, just at Christmas time, he is able to name his son after his friend, Sergeant Michael Hooley.
"The Oath of Pierre"

The Story of a Young Trapper's Revenge

Two-Reel American Film

CAST

Pierre Dorchet, a young trapper... William Garwood

Nanette Dorchet, his sister... Vivian Rich

Papineau, Nanette's betrothed... Harry Von Meter

Clarence Crow, government surveyor... Jack Richardson

John Kent, his assistant... King Clark

Mrs. Naughton, of the border line... Louise Lester

Julie Naughton, her daughter... Charlotte Burton

SYNOPSIS

PIERRE DORCHET, when he is out on his long trip visiting all of his traps, leaves his sister, Nanette, under the guardianship of his close friend and her betrothed, Papineau. The young surveyor, Calvin Crow takes advantage of Pierre's absence to make love to Nanette. When Papineau, in despair, starts out to meet Pierre and tell him of his sister's infatuation, Crow first promises to marry Nanette, and then heartlessly breaks camp and leaves her. Her brother and her sweetheart return to find her so distracted with love and grief that she darts into the cabin and ends her life. Pierre over her dead body, takes a terrible oath of vengeance. Crow, meanwhile, plunges deeper into the wild country, meets Julia, Pierre's sweetheart, and makes love to her so successfully that when Pierre and Papineau arrive and tell of their intentions, she slips away and warns him. He persuades her to leave with him. Pierre arrives at the deserted camp, and as he stands in the firelight, Crow shoots him. He falls, apparently dead, but when Crow comes up to exult over his victim, Pierre grapples with him and in the struggle which follows, he kills him. Pierre and Papineau go out into the forest to live the rest of their lives in solitude. Julia never sees her lover again.
A Warning from the Past

Coincidence Saves a Man's Life and a Woman's Happiness

Two-Reel Edison Film.

CAST.

Arthur Trevor...(as Herbert Prior
Anne Trevor, his wife...(as Mabel Truselle
Philip Sayre...(as Yale Benner
Anne Trevor Sayre...(as Mabel Truselle
William Maitland...(as Bigelow Cooper
Mrs. Maitland...(as Anne Leonard

SYNOPSIS.

AARON TREVOR loved two things more than anything else in the world, his wife, Anna, and the sport of fox hunting. Anne tried again and again to persuade him to give up the hunting, partly because she was jealous of this passionate interest of her husband's, partly because she feared for his life. For, while Trevor was a cool and distinguished rider, his favorite mount was a powerful, vicious horse, feared and hated by the grooms, which was aptly named Satan. On the day of the great fox hunt, Anne has a premonition that her husband will be killed. She begins a note to him, but before she has finished it, ashamed of her tears, she crumples it up and stuffs it into the upholstery of the green sofa. Trevor breaks a promise made to Anne, rides Satan and is killed.

Years later Anne's granddaughter is seated on the same green sofa in an agony of fear and dread over the fact that her husband, Philip Sayre, is to make a flight in an aeroplane with one of his friends. Her idly groping hands encounter a piece of paper in a crevice of the upholstery. She draws it out and reads her grandmother's half-finished note:

"I feel that you are in danger and I long to keep you from it. I know you will be angry, but—"

This warning from the past roars Anne to action. She hurries to the aviation field and persuades Philip not to make the flight. His friend goes up without him, the aeroplane is caught in a current and overbalanced and he falls 6000 feet to his death.
"The Song in the Dark"
A "Roman Love" Sees the Light
Two-Red Essanay Film.

CAST.

Angela... Gerda Holmes
John, an Italian Bird vender... John H. Comar
Angela's Mother... Helen Dunbar
George, Angela's brother... Bryant Washburn
Richard, Angela's Fiance... Richard C. Travers

SYNOPSIS.

ANGELA and Richard had been playmates during their childhood, chances during their boy and girlhood, and, when the story opens, they are lovers, engaged to be married. One day Angela buys a canary from an Italian vender, at the same time taking his card, that she may recommend him to her friends. All night the bird sings in her room. Angela is much puzzled by this, until she discovers that the bird is blind. The next day she goes to the vender, seeking an explanation. She learns that the vender blinds the birds purposely, so that they will sing, always, whether in the light or dark. Furious over the inhumanity of such a device, she interests her brother, a young attorney, in the case, with the result that he prosecutes the vender, who is found guilty.

Richard's and Angela's wedding day has been set. The news comes in readiness. And then Angela meets with a terrible accident and loses her sight. The dark hours spent in her lonely room are made endurable only by the canary, pouring out constantly a flood of melody, and from it she learns to accept the loss of her eyesight, but there is no consolation in it for her loss of her fiancé. Her love for him is the passion of her life, but it begins to seem that he is different. One evening, while Richard is in the house, playing chess with George, Angela sneaks down to the living room and begins playing softly on the piano. All of Richard's indifference melts away, his love returns with a rush and he goes to her, staks on his knees, with his arms about her and whispers, softly, "It is I who am blind, I love you."
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

Film Hypocrisy

To the Editor of the Movie Pictorial,

I have been making quite a study of the methods used in making the motion pictures and am glad to advert their weakness and much of the hypocrisy which emanates from the publicity departments must disgust the man or woman who gives any serious thought to the matter.

It is common to certain of these commercial manufacturers to advertise crime as a virtue in the guise of the film editor, and to play a most astute game over film and suggestiveness with a viceroy of "educating the masses.

To give an illustration of my meaning, a feature film is produced dealing with the "White Slave Traffic" and subsidized (by means of big advertising) papers extol the film as a means to warn girls of white slave peril and so forth and so on while the same persons who pen the "write ups" do so with a wink, well knowing that the object of the film producing the film is to cater to the easy-ready appetite for something which appeals to sensual and beastial tastes.

On the posters of one such film was this notice: "Children under the age of sixteen not admitted." Surely such a line was but printed to draw men and women to the box office and to get as much money as possible out of their pockets. That was in the picture itself for the eye and understanding of those under sixteen. The dimes of all ages and classes flocked up. Whether they were really accepted although the age between sixteen and twenty is as susceptible as any period of our lives. The film itself was not very exciting. It seems to suggest the lovers of a well produced and acted play or play nor did it preach or teach any lesson. It merely suggested a lot of unpleasantness, and nothing a girl or boy might not learn and should learn from their parents in the privacy of the home.

Such films as these pass noble boards of censors whose ignorant or hypocritical eyes are blinded by the "lesson" pointed out to them by the snobbish manufacturers, publicity, or sales managers. I have seen some revealing scenes in children's plays that will flash and dash a story which merely appeals to the love of prouven and adventure.

Exhibitors are advised in glaring advertisements by means of more or less suggestive pictures to "pack their houses" by means of these delusive features and offering "paper" extolling atrocities in order to catch the nimble, sickle.

I am not a prude nor am I prejudiced, but the absurdity of the average censorship and the trickling to sensationalism on the behalf of the distributors of films excites my anger.

Good melodrama is not to be sneered at and adventure is often exciting, but the details of the death scenes need not be made revolting by means of catch-penny details; and here again, the absurdity of censorship is made more apparent when one finds that scenes which will pass muster in one town are tabooed in another one.

And what is worse, the output of some manufacturers is allowed to pass when nearly the same incidents are ruled out when they occur in the films of other manufacturers. Why is this?

Let us have good pictures by all means, but do not let us stand for the elimination of incidents and scenes which are allowable as children's reading. Let us have adventure and melodrama which are both enjoyable and healthy, and have them in with the more desirable subjects such as historical and educational films.

Certain photoplayswrights are responsible for much of the sensationalism in our films. I urge you all to excise such as the -ine proofs. Your audience is large enough to demand better pictures. Good films are produced but they need more care. They need to be kept under control. Give us a punch and we will buy your script. is the cry of many of the manufacturers, and the more revolting the "punch," the quicker the market for the photoplay.

I do not think manufacturers write appreciating their responsibility, and that their aim is purely commercial. We should be commercial by all means. It is the living of many of us. But it is much to ask that this commercialism be tempered by a desire either to amuse or do some good, to be artistic as well as mercurial. There is nothing which will kill the industry quicker than trashy photoplays. The writing on the wall is there and those of us who see good stories, do not mean nashy-pamby stuff, but plays with some body and food for thought together with human interest. Leave the young one who is going down the biggest pay in the future.

A. P. FABREZ.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Are You a Knocker?

To the Editor of the Movie Pictorial,

A ND is it my opinion you are sticking to secure as to what the moving picture fan is willing to endure? Now, that's a ticklish problem, you see, that needs a little thought, at a bit of meditation, to be answered as it ought. There's some folks that you couldn't please, no matter how you try. They are born grumblers and they'll do it till the day they die. They've got that knotty habit (it's an awful thing to grow) and they bring their little hammer with them everywhere they go.

There are plenty of this species who are roaming 'round the earth, and when they spend a nickel, they expect five dollars' worth. To criticize they're mighty quick; to praise, extremely slow. You'll find a few of them at every movie show. The chronic knicker is a pest that plagues the cinema; he always was, and always will be, till the end of time. But take the average movie fan, he's a quite a decent guy, and treats things as he finds them, without always asking why.

I have made some observations among my fellow fans, which I am glad to pass along to aid your worthy plans. There's no accounting for folk's tastes, they've got the queerest kinks; you might as well attempt to solve the riddle of the Sphinx. The thin man dotes on comedies, he may be something of a unrealizing man, but he is a well known fact that those who laugh grow fat? The guy whose dome of thought is getting shrewd on the top, before hair-raising reels will help him grow another crown.

The bachelor simply revels in the scenes of wedded bliss, for all the things we deem worth while are those we cherish in our homes, the scenes of carefree club life, with the champagne flowing free, are what the hardened bachelor would much prefer to see. The man who wouldn't swat a fly (it certainly queer) raves o'er the wild adventures of some daring buccaneer. For him whose footsteps long have followed danger's winding trails, the scenes of simple life possess a charm that never fails.

The city life with gay cafes, bright lights and women's smiles. To see those pictured on the screen, the cowboy travels miles. The city dweller in his little study, four-room flat, likes broncho-busting, cattle rustling; all such scenes as that. The grown-up loves to watch the scenes of boyhood sports unrel; the little schoolhouse crossing the road, the dear old swimming holes. The small boy's great delight in bloody wars and Injun chases; that some day he'll be a hero, is one of his beliefs.

When this you'll it, it's as true as the public creed. You have to entertain them from their cradles to their graves. To satisfy them all you'll need be another Heinz, and add much variation to the fifty-seven kinds. But speaking as a movie fan (I'm glad to say I'm such) room for improvement, seems to me, is not so very much. And every time I chance to have a bit of surplus dough, I'll not take long for me to find a moving picture show.

M. E. STANTON.

Joliet, Ill., May 15, 1914.

The People's Choice

By E. B. H.

SOMETHING funny,

Something sad:

But take the average movie fan, he's a quite a decent guy, and treats things as he finds them, without always asking why.

There are plenty of this species who are roaming 'round the earth, and when they spend a nickel, they expect five dollars' worth. To criticize they're mighty quick; to praise, extremely slow. You'll find a few of them at every movie show. The chronic knicker is a pest that plagues the cinema; he always was, and always will be, till the end of time. But take the average movie fan, he's quite a decent guy, and takes things as he finds them, without always asking why.

I have made some observations among my fellow fans, which I am glad to pass along to aid your worthy plans. There's no accounting for folk's tastes, they've got the queerest kinks; you might as well attempt to solve the riddle of the Sphinx. The thin man dotes on comedies, he may be something of a unrealizing man, but he is a well known fact that those who laugh grow fat? The guy whose dome of thought is getting shrewd on the top, before hair-raising reels will help him grow another crown.

The bachelor simply revels in the scenes of wedded bliss, for all the things we deem worth while are those we cherish in our homes, the scenes of carefree club life, with the champagne flowing free, are what the hardened bachelor would much prefer to see. The man who wouldn't swat a fly (it certainly queer) raves o'er the wild adventures of some daring buccaneer. For him whose footsteps long have followed danger's winding trails, the scenes of simple life possess a charm that never fails.

The city life with gay cafes, bright lights and women's smiles. To see those pictured on the screen, the cowboy travels miles. The city dweller in his little study, four-room flat, likes broncho-busting, cattle rustling; all such scenes as that. The grown-up loves to watch the scenes of boyhood sports unrel; the little schoolhouse crossing the road, the dear old swimming holes. The small boy's great delight in bloody wars and Injun chases; that some day he'll be a hero, is one of his beliefs.

When this you'll it, it's as true as the public creed. You have to entertain them from their cradles to their graves. To satisfy them all you'll need be another Heinz, and add much variation to the fifty-seven kinds. But speaking as a movie fan (I'm glad to say I'm such) room for improvement, seems to me, is not so very much. And every time I chance to have a bit of surplus dough, I'll not take long for me to find a moving picture show.

M. E. STANTON.

Joliet, Ill., May 15, 1914.
Movie Walk
By VANDERBILT FILES

It looks as though Theatre Alley will soon have to be renamed!

In the language of the Great White Way, the short stretch of Forty-second Street from Seventh to Eighth Avenues (managers call it "just west of Broadway," with no reference to the plebeian avenues) is called Theatre Alley, because it contains no less than ten playhouses. Several are cheek by jowl: nowhere in the world can so many theaters be found within so small an area.

But, as is the case on all sides, those are rapidly succumbing to the movies. On the north side, in addition to the Bryant, which was built for photoplays, the Lyric is devoting itself to pictures of General Villa and of events at Chihuahua, Juarez and Torreon; the Republic (formerly the Belasco) is placarded with lurid scenes enticing us to come within and see "Protect Us!"; and next door, on the Seventh Avenue corner, Captain Becker is shown on the screen as a sort of the Hammerstein vandellle entertainment.

Operetta and spoken drama hold out a little better on the south side, with "Bar" at the New Amsterdam, "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the Liberty and "The Yellow Ticket" at the adjoining Eldridge. But the beautiful new Candler Theatre has elbowed its way into their brilliantly-lighted midst with the Kleine-Cines "Antony and Cleopatra" reels; the American, on the Eighth Avenue corner, mixes movies and vaudeville; and, on Saturday evening, May 16, the Harris Theatre capitulated and reopened with "The Christian" on the screen.

Either few people knew of the change of policy or nobody cared, for the audience could scarcely have been smaller had it been attracted by one of the and successes of dramatic failures that have "hooeooed" this pleasant playhouse during the expiring season. On the other hand, a scale of prices running as high as a dollar may have been largely responsible. Too, the photoplay presented was not new even to New York, which frequently enough gets reels after they have been shown throughout the country.

Two New Vitagraph Productions
Reviewed by Johnson Briscoe
"CAPTAIN ALVAREZ"
CAST
Bonita........................................Edith Storey
Robert W. Wainwright (Captain Alvarez)
William D. Taylor
Rossa........................................George C. Stanley
Tina........................................George Holt

Don Arana..............................Otto Lederer
Mercedes....................................Myrtle Gonzalez
Gonzalo....................................George Kunkel

"A THRILL with every scene," would be an appropriate descriptive catch-line with which to label "Captain Alvarez," the six-part romantic drama, by H. S. Sheldon, produced by the Vitagraph company, one of their Broadway Star Features, and now on view at the Vitagraph Theatre.

For sheer excitement and picturesque romanticism no picture of recent times can quite approach this one. It is a riot of highly-colored scenes from beginning to end, strange to say, the plot is both plausible and convincing.

Captain Alvarez is an alias adopted by a young American, Robert W. Wainwright, who, believing in the Justice of the cause, has allied himself with the Rebels against the Federal Government of Argentina. He fails in love with Bonita, the lovely niece of Don Arana, Foreign Minister to Argentina, and thereby gains the deadly hatred of Tirso, a Federal spy, and as villainous a villain as ever concocted villainy. The tale unfolds itself swiftly and drollly, with unusual directness and precision, showing the overthrow of the Federals, after a battle with the Rebels, and the establishment of a new republic, with Alvarez as leader of the Constitutionalists, a new political party.
Naturally such a story as this affords ample opportunity for effective pictures; the very background itself is replete with vivid sunshine and color. Alvarado is a highly romantic figure, daring, dashing, devil-may-care, plunging recklessly into one wild escapade after another, but he delicately extricates himself from the most trying situations, even when the odds are hopelessly against him. It is all a part of his day's work to lead battle forces, to plunge through forest fires, to quell insurrections, to kill off an enemy or two, to plunge from boats and bridges, to break wild horses, to burn railroads, and to woo a maid. All in all, Alvarado is a mighty busy chap, once he starts things going in Argentina. Small wonder that the radiant, though slightly haughty, Bonita falls a victim to his ardent love-making. He woos and wins her with the same ardent passion which marks his rebel leadership.

"Captain Alvarado" was produced in California under the direction of Rollin S. Sturges, who deserves the highest praise for the result of his labors. He had a happy eye, indeed, in the selection of his locale. Not only is this true of the exteriors, but the vast entrance hall of Don Arana's house is a lesson in judgment and good taste, the simple furnishings being particularly effective, and yet suggestive of the splendid interior of the house itself. The numerous battle scenes, with hundreds of men and horses dashing about, give a genuine thrill, and a sense of all of darkness and of things veiled and hidden is admirably preserved.

When it is known that William D. Taylor plays the title role and that Edith Storey appears as Bonita, practically nothing more need be said of the individual acting—it could not possibly be better. Rarely has an actor been called upon to do more venturesome and hair-raising work than that allotted Mr. Taylor in the present case and he does it as easily and gracefully as John Bunny makes us laugh. Miss Storey has comparatively little to do, and for one so skilled as she is, her task is an easy one. George Holt, as the wicked Tirso, fully shares honors with Mr. Taylor and Miss Storey.

**"Wife Wanted"**

**CAST**

**Uncle Joe** ........... Albert Roscaedi

**Henry** .................. Ralph Ince

**Billy** .................... Billy Quirk

**Gracie** .................. Anita Stewart

**Emily** .................. Lucille Lee

**Her Father** ............. James Lackaye

SHARING the program honors with "Captain Alvarado," at the Vitagraph is the farce-comedy, "Wife Wanted," by Joseph Allen, a decidedly unhappy contrast. The plot is hackneyed, one which has grown grey in scenario service, and it is rather surprising to find such a picture given such featured prominence.

The story concerns a young bachelor whose uncle promises to present him with five thousand dollars if he will marry and settle down. In order to get the money at once, nephew wires uncle that he has been married for two months. Uncle wires back that he is coming to visit the newlyweds. Now, can't you guess the rest? Nephew "borrows" the young wife of a pat of his, who in his turn is made to do service as a man-servant. Uncle arrives at the house and at every opportunity insists upon a display of affection on the part of the supposedly wedded pair, to the wild indignation of the masquerading waiter-husband, who carries his resentment to the point of spilling a bowl of soup over uncle's head and smashing all the dishes. Of course, nephew—has a fancies with whom he had planned to elope that very night and she arrives upon the scene to add to the general confusion. Finally everything is explained to uncle, who meanwhile has presented nephew with a check for five thousand, and everything ends with smiles all round. But, it proves, after all, to be a rather harmless picture, with a liberal dash of slapstick comedy.

Staged by Ralph Ince, it is very well played by a group of Vitagraph's best comedy actors, each of whom does everything possible with his cut-and-dried role.

**"The Christian"**

"The Christian," as "picturized" by Gene Mullin and photographed by the Vitagraph Co., was seen at Manhattan Opera House a few months ago. As with "Quo Vadis?", "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and, indeed, most stories that have been made known in both narrative and dramatic forms, the film production of "The Christian" more nearly resembles Hall Caine's novel than does the play, which was made famous by Viola Allen, with the late Edward Morgan as her leading man, who later played the same part opposite Elsie Leal.

But, of course, the limitations of legitimate stage production are much greater than those of film production. Of the five scenes in the play, four were interiors, while the fifth was a reproduction, very skillful but not in the least real, of a bit of wild sea coast on the Isle of Man, something that could not compare in effectiveness with the film picture of the Vitagraph version, where Glory and John Street act superbly against a background of rough rocks and restless ocean. Effective use was made also of "cut-backs" and "fade-aways."
The meager audience on Saturday was inclined to laugh at the over-sentimental scenes. They were serious and sympathetic enough over John Storm's grief at the loss of Glory, when she left the peaceful island home of their childhood for the excitement of social success in London; over his harrowing experiences in the London monastery, over his work among the poor and the mission he built adjoining the very music hall in which Glory sang and danced; but the case of Polly Love and Lord Robert Ewe pleased for more tears than we had to shed. We barely restrained our titters over the excessive nostril-pulling, dress-suiting, cigarette-smoking villainy of Lord Robert, though we were not unsympathetic with Glory's insistence, through John Storm, that he should make Polly an honest woman. But when the camera moved us right up to Polly's bed, where she lay with her new-born baby, we were, to say the least, uncomfortable. And it was hard to keep from laughing when everybody, in uninterrupted succession, was brought to the bedside of the distracted young mother—the villainous Lord Robert, his wealthy American bride, the saintly John Storm, etc. However, there is much that is excellent in "The Christian." One of the excellent features of the film play and one that went far beyond the possibilities of the original drama was the ample use made of the Derby Day incidents in the novel. Most readers remember how Lord Robert Ewe, in revenge, circulated the story among the fanatic John Storm's uneducated, superstitious, weak disciples that he has predicted the end of the world on Derby Day, the greatest holiday in England, when the famous Derby is run. Hall Caine's drama, as I remember, practically omitted this important point in the story; but the play does make the most of it, with splendid race-horses, views of the crowds at the course (advertised as employing three thousand persons), the exciting race itself and the angry mob pursuing Storm. The cast of "The Christian" is:

John Storm.............Earle Williams
Lord Storm...................Edward Kimball
Father Lamplugh.............Charles Kent
Brother Paul.............James Morrison
Parson Quayle.............J. W. Sambrooke
Archdeacon Wealthy........James Lackaye
Lord Robert Ewe............Harry S. Northrup
Harry S. Northrup
Francis Horatio Drake......Donald Hall
Glory Quayle.............Edith Storey
Polly Love...............Charlotta De Felice
Mrs. Macrae...............Alberta Gallatin
Vera Macrae.............Jane Fearney

"Home Sweet Home"
A Remarkable Reliance Film

CAST

John Howard Payne............Henry B. Walthall
His Mother....................Mrs. Crowell
His sweetheart..............Lillian Gish
His Sister...................Dorothy Gish

FIRST EPISODE

Apple Pie Mary................Mae Marsh
Her Father..................Spottiswoode Aitken

The Edelweiser............Robert Harron
His Fiancée..................Miriam Cooper

SECOND EPISODE

The Brothers................Donald Crisp
The Wife......................Blanche Sweet
The Musician................Edison Dillen

THIRD EPISODE

The Husband................Courtney Foots
The Home.....................Owen Moore
The Wife......................Blanche Sweet
The Musician................Edison Dillen

RARELY has a producer set himself a more difficult task than that which confronted W. D. Griffith when he attempted a screen production of John Henry Payne's immortal song, "Home Sweet Home," written in collaboration with H. E. Atkin. The pictures were seen for the first time at the Auditorium Theatre, Los Angeles, and more recently at the Strand Theatre, New York. And never before in the history of filmdom have so many screen stars appeared in one picture. In fact, in many ways, Mr. Griffith's is a unique and unparalleled achievement, and if he was not wholly successful, he has been at least successful enough to merit high praise.

"Home, Sweet Home" is divided into five parts, the first made up of scenes from the life of the composer, John Howard Payne. The second, third, and fourth are called "episodes" and are attempts to show the effect that this song may have in the lives of "the high and the low." The fifth is called an "allegory" for reasons that will be explained later.
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

The scenes of the first part are quickly sketched; suggesting his home life in England, his wild stage career and dissipation in Paris, his writing of the song which was to bring him his first success in London, in Africa.

The following three episodes show the influence of the song upon the lives of those who were so inspired, as varied as people to-day. The first shows a Western mining camp where a little rough diamond, Apple Pie Mary, is wooed and seduced by a prospector. The latter realizes the difference in their social stations and is about to break off their engagement when the song is introduced, and finds himself being in the two real features, "Love's Long Lane," by George Terwilliger.

The second scene shows the Irish poet-dramatist, whose plays have been produced here upon several occasions, notably by Margaret Wycherly.

Mary Clohesy, whose name and features are familiar to all lovers of Thanhouser pictures, though she retired from their forces two years ago.

Harriet Loughton, seen last season with John Mason in "Indian Summer," and recently concluded a contract with George Terwilliger, who secured the screen rights to all the novels of Cyrus Townend Brady, the rights to several of which he has already disposed of to the Famouse Players, Edison, Selig, and Mutual companies.

Eleanor Barry, who has been most successful since she abandoned the footlights for the camera, having for a long time played character leads with the Linib company, under the direction of Lewis J. Selig, and song upon the violin.

Mar Allington, who was for some time in the cast of "Everywoman," since when she was seen as Leatrice Joy in "Jilg.

Evelyn Chamberlain, the English actress, whom we last saw on Broadway with Lewis Waller in "Monseigneur Beaumarchais."

Guy Combes, whose name needs no introduction to patrons of Thanhouser pictures, having long been one of the stellar lights of the Kalem forces, as both leading man and director.

William Norris, lately seen in "The Laughing Hearses," and who appeared as Mr. MacMiche, the terrifying old lady, in both the stage and screen productions of "A Good Little Devil." Like the other principals, this one is no better-known impersonator of stage and screen, but the past two years seen as Don, the dog, in "The Lady of the Slipper," with Montgomery and Stone and Eisele Jena.

George A. Natale, who for the past three years has been identified with the cast of "Everywoman," whom for many moments he is singing with the Aborn Opera Company.

Charles Howitz, the prolific song-writer, co-author, with Frederick Bowers, of those two terrific hits, "Because" and "Always."

Flora Finch, the one and only, whose comic operatic work has placed her quite in a class by herself and who, along with John Dunty, shares the chief comedy honors of the Vitagraph pictures.

Cecilene Besser, the talented leading woman, who last season shared the center of the stage with Guy Standing in "At Bay."

Helen Collard, whose name is a household word in Syracuse, where for three summers past he has headed his own stock company, and who more recently was with the Poll company in Springfield, Mass.

Vera Michica, who at the present moment is staging the prima donna role in the 1914 vintg.

Harry Fairleigh, who was recently heard as Ralph Rackstraw in the big revival of "Pinafore," at the Hippodrome.

JANE OAKER, who recently made her re-
centry into Broadway theatricals, succeeding Ada Dwyer in "The Dummie," at the Hudson Theatre.

Charles Fishman, who those many years past has ranked second to none as a theatrical producer, having been sponsor for hundreds of plays in his time.

Shirley Hull, who for some time past has been leading man with Billie Burke, and whose features were not unknown to picture patrons, having played Jean in "Sapho," when Florence Roberts acted that role before the camera.

William Cameron, who has done most excellent work in the series of one-act plays at the Princess Theatre, New York.

Edna E. Buchanan, for a long time identified with Fox, "The Dear Friend," and who is under contract to appear this coming season in "Cordeila Blossom."

Cecilene Besser, in a successful farce, "Stop Thief," and who has been playing in vaudeville lately, offering a series of plays, supported by his wife, Ethelyne Palmer.

Harriet Mitchell, the past two seasons 13 "Years of Discretion," afterward appearing in the brief trial production of "It Pays to Advertise," and who shall see next season in "The Miracle Man."

Edwards Davis, who has built up a name for himself in vaudeville, offering a series of sketches, "The Unmasking," "All Rivers Meet at Sea," and "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

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"Hands Up!"

Frankie Mank, the popular and talented ingenue of the Lubin company, who is most often seen in the support of Edgar Jones and other Lubin favorites of past times, is being in the two real feature, "Love's Long Lane," by George Terwilliger.

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EUna Clifton who was with Bosworth in “John Barleycorn” and other Jack London productions has joined the Mutual to act juveniles. He is capital in everything he undertakes.

Edna Mason is taking the lead in a one-acter called “Sisters” at the Universal, doing a strong emotional part which suits her admirably. She has had some beautiful clothes made for this production. Edna has been struggling for some time to get the curl out of her fair hair, but now that she has succumbed and her present style of coiffure is very becoming to her.

Calder Johnston, the writer of Photoplays at the Universal thinks this west coast country is about right. He has brought his mother on from the east so it looks as though he meant to stay.

Paul Machette, the clever actor who was badly injured by being thrown and trampled on by some horses while working with the Albuquerque company, has not recovered yet. He will not be able to start work again for some time.

“Damon and Pythias” has again been postponed. Instead Otis Turner will put on “The Suburban,” a four-reel sporting drama by James Dayton with Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little in the leads. This is the story of Damon and Pythias as it recalls the palmy days of old Drury Lane; there will be horse races and jockeys and things all through the play.

Oh, you ought to see James, which his other name is Dayton! He is a perfect dream in gray. A specially imported gray hat, suit, tie, gloves, socks and even shoes. His blush is the only vivid touch of color about him, but rose pink and gray go well together anyhow. “Home Chances.”

William Bruston, the well known Kalem juvenile lead, has changed over from J. P. McGowan’s company to George Melford. That excellent actor, Bert Hadley, who was with Carley Blackwell, has taken his place with McGowan.

Dally Larkin, who is playing leads with the “Frontier” at Santa Paula, was never on the regular stage but started with the Edison company, has forged ahead with Matthes, Fathe, Libbin and the Powers companies.

Willis L. Robards, dramatic director at the “Frontier” has gone to Los Angeles to stage a big production. He will return in about a month.

“Buck” Connors of the Albuquerque company has a new car. They call it the “Red Devil.” I had one ride with Buck. S’nuff!

Two overflowing audiences greeted David Griffith’s big production “Home, Sweet Home” at the opening of W. H. Chute’s Auditorium in Los Angeles, which has a seating capacity of 5,000. Everyone at the show to see Mr. Griffith entered the whole Mutual company.

F. J. Grandson, Selig director, was telling an automobile man how one small incident can make many feet of film mere junk. In a particularly thrilling scene the director got the stage of a long scene of Indians fighting an automobile, he came over the brow of a hill. It had been an ox cart, now or a prairie schooner! What did Grandson say? Never mind.

Fred Gamble, the capable character man with Harry Pollard, laughs over an incident of the Freckles series when an auto smashes up a milk wagon belonging to Freckles (Harry Pollard). A countryman saw the ruins and told Gamble that automobiles should ought to be more careful” and more of the like. Gamble eventually told him that it was a moving picture and the old fellow was very wrathy and said that it is not the auto that should be throttled on the streets at all, fooling honest folks.

Dallin Clason, camera man par excellence, spent a week with the Universal, has gone to Fred Maco at Boyle Heights. Mr. is particularly good at light effects and new "stunts.”

Max Asher, Joker comedian, actually made himself very sick when he smoked several cigars in an energetic manner in a recent photocell. Max has our sympathy. We know those property cigars.

Tammany Young of Eddie Dillon’s comedy company has taken himself a wife. He went to New York to get her and everyone is asking her “how she likes the climate here?” She has been in Los Angeles for a few days, you see.

Leo Pierson of Burton King’s Useonic company was arrested recently on the charge of “stealing an automobile.” He was held, too, but they got him down and explained that the auto belonged to him. Leo says he got so angry and confused that he appeared more guilty than not. They say he got quite incoherent and wanted to wipe all the officers off the map.

Little Mary Ruby, playing ingenues with Otis Turner, is studying the celio and is a capable musician. She is doing delightful work with Turner and is a comer, sure.

The MOVIE PICTORIAL made a big hit here in Los Angeles, not only among the actors but with the general public. One prominent book store owner said, “Yes, it has certainly taken well. I sold out my copies the first day and could not get any more. Personally I think it’s a bright publication and I intend to push it.”

In the “Angel of the Gulp,” Arthur Mackley and Vesta Pegg essayed a fall down a mountain side locked in each others arms. They intended to go about 32 feet but the descent being precipitous, they did not stop until the bottom was reached. They shook themselves and counted scratches and then Mackley said, “Darn it—it’s a retake!”

Herschel Mayall, the Kay Bee-Bronco actor, is regarded as the official toaster at the Photo-players Club. He has a magnificent delivery and commands attention, a thing peculiarly essential at the club suppers. By the way, Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons are “interrupters in chief.”

Anna May Watthall, a pretty southern girl and a sister to Henry E. Watthall, the Mutual star, is going with the Keystone forces. She thinks with others, that Harry is the best actor of them all.

One of the most popular actors at the Universal studios is “Pard,” the beautiful collie dog owned by J. Warren Kerrigan. Pard loves to pose. He seems to be quite conscious of whose picture he is doing and will either crouch down in front of or look at the camera man. Pard is just now appearing with his master in a two-reel drama entitled “The Golden Ladder,” by Jacques Jackard.

Morgan Wallace, who was for a long time directing for Oliver Morosco at the Burbank Theatre, is now directing for the Keystone company. Going over to motion pictures is becoming quite a habit with Morosco’s stage managers.

Poor Nick Cogley, who sustained a compound fracture in his leg in a Keystone picture six months ago, paid his first visit to the studios this week to see old friends. He is on crutches and it will be some time before he is able to act again.

Much nonsense has been published regarding the relations of Mabel Normand and Marie Doro. They are both under contracts with each other’s eyes out, but in a week or so’s time they will engage in a battle royal at Asot Cup, near Los Angeles. They will drive their own cars in an automobile race.

Bert Bracken, who is producing for the Balboa company in the Scotch American descent with a strain of American Indian. He says he is a real American. He certainly turns out some fine American photoplays.

Wallace Reid, who was directing and acting at the Universal, has joined the Mutual forces where he will play juvenile leads. Dorothy Davenport will enjoy a rest before starting in again. A mighty nice clever young couple.

Bert Bracken and company of the Balboa have been enjoying the snows in the mountains. Bert says it is almost unseasonal to see snow at this time of year and so near home, too.

Bess Meredith has been ill. She caught a chill staying in the water too long with all her clothes on. She was out a week and says she still “feels like a rag.”

Johnnie Brunnen, the comedian with Kalem, is daily watching and waiting for his car which is on the way from France. It is a Peguet, or some such name, and the husky John B. is resting up on it to get in condition to read the hundreds of scenario scripts that are sent.

Gran Cunard has received a present from home, one of those gifts which no money can purchase. It is a hand-worked lace dress and according to those who know (feminine persons) it is a “dream.” It took the dearest, her mother, who made it many months of loving labor to complete it. It will not be worn in pictures.

Carlyle Blackwell, Harold Lockwood, and Russell Bassett all write from the Famous Plays studio and all seem very happy. All are boosting “Sunny California” and its climate.

Adele Lane of Seligs is at rest again. No one is backing. You see, Mrs. has left a colored maid who knows Miss Lane’s ways and who loves her mistress. Rosalie was sick and is well again.

Pauline Bush is taking a holiday in the North with her mother. She is probably thinking up some new ideas and brushing up her music.
JULIA STUART was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and was a child actress in England and Scotland for several seasons before coming to America while still a young girl. About that time, one of the most famous stars with whom she has appeared is E. H. Sothern, Salvini, Clara Maughs, Marys, Kent Claxton, Robert Edeson, and for two seasons she headed her own company and then appeared as Glory Quayle in "The Christian" under the management of Liebler & Company. In December 1910 she joined the other picture makers at the Lubin studios in Philadelphia, and a year later went to Eclair at Port, New Jersey, where the studio is being built. Gardening, automobiling and painting are her favorite amusements.

WILLIAM WADSWORTH, who plays the title roles in all of the "Wood W. Wedd" series of Edison comedies, has since always been a sort of a comedian he is now, for once upon a time he was capable of work of the most serious sort, appearing with such dignified stars as Otis Skinner (with whom he made his debut in 1894), Guy Bates Post, Annie Russell, Blanche Walsh, Modjeska, Mrs. Flase and James K. Hackett. However, the comedy roles were assigned him when he took up work in the Edison studios and on account of his wonderful ability to express a great deal with apparently a surprisingly little effort, he made good in a sort of roles which were new to him, but which placed him in the front rank of photoplay stars almost immediately. Pigeon Cove, Massachusetts, was his birthplace and boat-building is his favorite diversion.

ULE WARRENTON, leading character woman of the Universal Company under the direction of Henry McRae, made her stage debut when but a child, with her father, who was known as "Kelly the Minstrel Man." A few weeks later she toured Great Britain as a reader and lecturer and returned to America to tour through the seasons in Canada. She was an instructor in elocution at Notre Dame College and then resumed her travels with various Shakespearean companies. For more than seven years she directed and starred in her own companies in England and other Western cities. Some two years ago she signed a Universal contract and has since been appearing in the movies. At present she is a prominent member of a company which has been sent to the Hawaiian Islands and will appear in regular stage productions evening and during the day exact motion pictures.

HENRY GASELL, the leading juvenile at the Crystal Company and of whom he knows all the secrets of the Crystal, as that is the name of the company.

RAYMOND MCKEE, the eccentric light comedy star of the Lubin forces stationed at Jacksonville, Florida, is proud of the fact that he was born in Chicago and first appeared on the legitimate stage in "Girt, the Newsboy," while now he is playing with Robert Hilliard in "A Fool There Was" and with Triangle Players in "The Sweetest Girl in Paris," but thoroughly enjoys his work with the Lubin forces, where he has been for the last three years.

BILLIE WEST is not alone a player but also a writer of scenarios for motion pictures. After several seasons in musical comedy stock both in New York and St. Louis, Miss West was engaged for picture work by the Vitagraph Company and from there went to the Pathé studio. Later she went to California to appear in Kay Benwicke productions, joined the American for a five months' engagement and then signed her present contract with the Majestic Film Company. She is a spindly young woman, has a fond for antique furniture, loves babies, and is an expert fencer and swimmer.

ARTHUR HOUSEMAN of the Edison Company, who is known to every picture fan as an eccentric comedian of exceptional ability, was born in New York City and made his first stage appearance in musical comedy following that with work in vaudeville. He claimed him in 1910 when he went to the Edison studio and he be used to film work far more than he ever did playing on the legitimate stage. He is at present at the South Jacksonville, Wisconsin, studio of the Edison Company.

Florida, studio of the Edison Company.
MARY FULLER spent several days at Atlantic City during the latter part of May, and, though the season was early for it, she went in swimming. But her greatest enjoyment was riding on the boardwalk, and she made the stretch of the long beach, skirting the boardwalk many times. At the opening of the summer season, June I, riding on the beach is forbidden.

F. K. Lincoln and the other members of the Pine Play Productions Company are greeting their friends on Broadway after the two months’ stay in Florida, in the making of “The Littlest Rebel” picture.

King Baggot modestly confesses to the authorship of the scenario for “Jim Web, Senator.” a two reel film in which the popular star is seen as a politician who keeps straight. He is also seen as a convincing and masterful lover. The role is one in which King’s admirers particularly admire him.

Anna Laughlin is the likable young lady who plays the role of Ellen Allen in “The Greyhound,” filmed by the Life-Photo Film Corporation. She is best known to Broadway for her successes in “The Wizard of Oz” and “The Top of the World.”

Gaby Deslys will be seen in a Famous Players’ feature to be made in Paris, shortly, by Edwin S. Porter and Hugh Ford. What is lost to the film by virtue of the silence of the Gaby voice, will be made up for by the Gaby smile and those two reels of which are charming and so Parisian.

Arthur V. Johnson, motorists into New York recently from the Luba Philadelphia play, the “joyous” weather, as Mr. Johnson described it, was the inspiration for the trip and it also accounted for the beautiful blisters on the back of both hands. The Screen club, as usual, was Johnson’s destination.

Viola Dana, an actress of the legitimate stage and of “The Poor Little Rich Girl,” fame has joined the Edison players at their Bronx studio. Miss Dana is a little girl, exceptionally pretty, and full of fun and friendship.

Octavia Handworth, formerly of the Pathé Company, is the star of the new Excelcorum Company, which is busy at work on a multiple-reel feature picture at their studio at Lake Placid, N. Y.

Muriel Ostrich’s working costume for many days has been a gingham dress and a sun-honnet, and each morning, early, she has been wakened with a “glimpse” of other Princess players in a gingham scene of the picture. It was a costume change for New Rochelle, where the stirring scenes of a picture have been in the making. The “glimpse” so hot and the ride’s so long: besides I don’t like to wear a gingham dress all the time,” is Muriel’s plaint. She hopes that the picture will soon be finished.

Boyd Marshall is another who has gone forth to the gingham scene each morning. “I wouldn’t mind, only—Gee white! it’s hot,” is Boyd’s reason for hoping there will be no more re-takes.

Herbert Brenon, who directed the making of the big Production “Neptune’s Daughter,” which stars Anna Kellerman and in which he himself takes part, is resting on his farm in Fairhope, Ala. The injuries Mr. Brenon received in the taking of this picture are quite painful both to him and to the rest of the cast. Paul McClure, in good condition for an early resumption of work with the Universal Company.

Ethel Grandin has perfected a recipe for a “hot day salad.” She claims it has an unusually soothing effect on tired nerves and is liberal with invitations to friends to sample it. She doesn’t remember the recipe off-hand, but is willing to “write it down” for anybody who would like to try it. It might be interesting to note that she has named it the “Emp Salad.”

Florence LaBadie and Marguerite Snow give an enthusiastic account of their trip to the Chicago picture ball. “But we were shocked to find that they don’t dance in their big restaurants and hotels,” was Miss LaBadie’s one regretful remark.

Florence Turner writes from England of the ways and means she has recently appeared to advantage in the Famous Players’ film, “A Woman’s Triumph,” and is now in the Bermudas in a production being made by the Victor company. Miss Hart holds a warm appeal in the hands of photoprops, though her affiliations lately have been so numerous and changeable, it has been difficult work keeping track of her.

Anita Stewart, who contributed greatly to the success of “The Million Dollar Mystery” at the Vitagraph theatre, is again delighting audiences at that theatre. This time she is in a two-reel comedy sketch, “Wife Wanted.” She caught the introduction of the bill to a Broadway first-night from a box at the right of the screen and the,merriment which attended the warm reception she is receiving in the Turner Films. The work which made her the beloved of American picture-gurs, is gaining her the enthusiasm of European spectators, though of course she was well-known to picture fans there while working in Vitagraph films. She is a little lady who has a universal following.

Betty Harte, whose work in Selig pictures gained her prominence more than a year ago, recently appeared to advantage in the Famous Players’ film, “A Woman’s Triumph,” and is now in the Bermudas in a production being made by the Victor company. Miss Harte holds a warm appeal in the hands of photoprops, though her affiliations lately have been so numerous and changeable, it has been difficult work keeping track of her.

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Billy Quirk is chief mirth-maker in the same film. It is good to see Billy again and to be entertained by his funny tricks of gesture and facial expression. Billy, also, was somewhere in the audience. So was Ralph Ince, who directed the picture and played opposite Billy.

William Shay, whom everybody was pleased to see with Anna Kellerman in the “Nep- turne’s Daughter” film, declares that his recent ten days’ rest at Atlantic City was the only alternative a hospital presented. “Anything but a hospital as a rest cure,” decided Mr. Shay as he sat in the lobby of the hotel. Ill was the result of the trip to being wheeled on the boardwalk from end to end for ten consecutive days.

Florence Lawrence has a new car; it is one built after her own design and has “Comfort First” as its fundamental quality. It is expected to be used on hurried trips for exterior scenes and with a little compartment which makes it possible to avoid the necessity of using a couch which can be folded up and down and is guaranteed to make traveling as restful as sleeping.

William Riley Hatch is a new addition to the Pathé stock company. Those who saw Mr. Hatch in “Paid in Full” and other films of the All Star brand will receive this news with interest.

Earl Metcalf is again in the east after months of “filming it,” as Mr. Metcalf puts it, in Florida. He received a jovial welcome at the Screen Club and the other places he has visited.

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Write To Me—To-day

I don't care how much you pay, or how much you spend, or how much you earn, or how much you save. I am not interested in that. I am interested in what you say to me, and how you say it. I am interested in what you do, and how you do it. I am interested in what you think, and how you think it. I am interested in what you feel, and how you feel it. I am interested in what you want, and how you want it.

Send No Money

Just write me a letter and tell me how you want me to help you. I am not interested in the money you send me. I am interested in how you want me to help you. I am interested in what you feel, and how you feel it. I am interested in what you want, and how you want it.

MRS. LOUISE INGRAM
Suite 1035 408 Adams St., TOLEDO, OHIO

WILLIAM K. PITTSBURG, PA.—No, Lubin has not yet released the Romaine Fielding feature entitled "The Golden God," but it ought to be coming through soon now.

"GIDEON," ANNE, I. L.—Awfully sorry to disappoint you, but you don’t have too cheat about it. Warner’s Feature Films’ productions, and it was through that distributing agency that the "Television Temptation" was released. As to the player whose name you mention, we also have to confess ignorance. He certainly can’t be cast for leading roles—perhaps he’s a "type.""

PEARCY K., LANSING, MICH.—H. S. Mack was the hero in Biograph’s "In His Father’s House." Mildred Hutchinson was "Audrey" in Pathe’s "The President’s Pardon." HARRY M. WATSON, IOWA.—You, the Mary Alden, who plays "Mother" in "The Battle of the Sexes" was once with the Ranco Company, though she has been with Mutual for some months.

MARY J. BUTTS, MONT.—You were uninformd when you told that the moonlight effects in pictures were caused by projecting the moonlight through a small shaded filter attached to the front of the projection machine. No such equipment is necessary. The film itself is tinted blue at the factory or laboratory where the films are developed and the positive prints made.

"BUSINESS," SUPERIOR, WIS.—Yes, there are several styles of small projecting machines now on the market. A few which we might mention, the Edison Home Projector, the Kincler, the Bing, and the Victor Animateograph. We wouldn’t care, however, to recommend any particular one of them. Watch a demonstration and then decide for yourself.

"CUPID," RACINE, WIS.—Yes, Alice Joyce and Tom Moore are husband and wife. They have no children as they have only been married a few weeks.

J. G. T., CHICAGO, ILL.—We don’t usually decide bets, but you lose if you think Edward Coccimo was the best of the ten. He was with Kalem before joining the "Flying A." Thanks for the compliments on "Movie Pictorial!"—we’re trying hard to grow better with every number.

JERRY, SPokane, WASH.—Helen Holmes was the girl in Kalem’s "The Runaway Freight." Irving Cummings is withThanhouser now, not Pathé.

A. M., DENVER, CO.—Seems to me you are getting to be a pretty regular correspondent, but never mind as long as you stick to questions. Harry Carey was the trap in Biograph’s "The Truth Is". "The Selected Eriugener" films were taken in the Biograph studios, by the same Biograph Company that makes the regular Biograph productions.

K. K. K., FARMINGTON, MICH.—Boyd Marshall played opposite Muriel Orstrich in Princess’ "His Imaginary Family." We know Boyd will be glad to hear that you like his playing. Billy Barty was the wife in Lubin’s "The Locked Door.""LES L. C., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Ytanes No-Meyer is the actress in "A Vain Man," "Mistaken Muster." Guess you mean Rosemary Tabor and Haywood Myer in Lubin’s "The Mth." Yes, Phillips Smalley is married to Lois Weber.

CLARE B., BOSTON, MASS.—It wouldn’t be fair for me to "tell all" the things that Lubin obtains because then you wouldn’t be mystified as to how it was done when they do it again, which they will. Certainly Roscoe Arbuckle is still with Keystone. He can’t appear in every one of them, though.

CECILIA R., DALLAS, TEXAS.—Gwendolyn Pate is no longer with Pathé. You can reach her by addressing her, care of the Selig Polyscope Company, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. D. L., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Your inquiry as to why David Belasco productions have not appeared for some time, is for just the right moment for us to answer that. Jesse L. Laskey Feature Film Company has within the past few weeks arranged with David Belasco to reproduce all of his successes in motion pictures. Most of these will be made in a studio to be erected near New York City, but "The Darling of the Gods" will be filmed in Japan.

PHILIPPE CAY, WILKES-BARRE, PA.—The first of the New Albert pictures to be produced by Kalem is entitled "The Nine of the Theater," released on Monday, June 8.

HAZEL V., WILMINGTON, DEL.—The characters appearing in Pathe’s two-color feature, "The War of the Lilliputians," are not children out dwarfs. Kinemacolor flat picture is thirty-six inches in height while François Pilgrimage is shown by a little lady who measures only twenty-two inches. King Cigars is a player over six feet in height.

KATHLEEN S. L., NEW YORK CITY.—Jack Standing of the company is English, not Russian. His father, Henry E. Standing, was a well known actor of the old school and Jack has been leading man with such celebrities as Mrs. Carter, Margaret Anglin and Oline Nethercote.

ELISE K., OWATONNA, MINN.—The wayward girl in the 101 Bison film "The Triumph of Mind" was Agnes Vernon. Will Shearer is the uncle in Elazar’s "In a Persian Garden."

STELLA S., SAN JOSE, CA.—"Edythe" in the Frohman production of "The Covered Wagon" is played by two different actresses. When the picture first begins "Edythe" is played by Florine Garlan, but in the sheriff’s store when the "Edythe" of thirty years ago is mentioned the role is played by Edythe Sterling. The Sterling kid pictures are directed by Robert Thorns.

B. R., MONTREAL, CANADA.—Whatever did you dig up such a bunch of old ones. We had a hunt and a half to find even the release dates of the films you ask about, but here you are. Donald MacDonald was the new minister in the Neeter drama "A Man of the People" and Mona Langley was "Nell" in the same picture. William Worthington was the "stranger" in Victory’s "The Beatless Spirit." Yes this was the first film in which William "Little" Christie was replaced by Universal. Tony Jeanette was the race driver in "The Black Masks" (101 Bison).

CIRIEE MAC D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Good Lord, what in the world is going on in the world of pictures and the new horses. However, you happened to ask us now we know you are forgiven this time. The white Arabian horse seen in Director Mraz’s Universal pictures is named "Rajah" and not "Sheep." You must have been thinking of the Vitagraph dog. It’s name is "Sheep."

BEX O., LINCIGNO, N. Y.—The educational films are sent by the Selig Polyscope Company by Universal, not Mutual. It was a Powers brand subject and probably you will find it "out" of the exchanges to which you may apply for it. When "Waltz" was released for Mutual it was released way along last October and exchanges seldom keep prints on hand that long.

"THREE GILLS," SABANTON, PA.—Stuart Holmes is the Rango leading man and Mary Alden, who used to play opposite him, is now with the Mutual.
This Man Can CURE Your RUPTURE

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Rupture Now Supported and Actually Cured Without Use of Old-Fashioned, Ill-Fitting
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The explorers will sail from San Francisco July 22, for Sydney, Australia. From there they will cross the hitherto unexplored Northern Territory Desert in Australia. One of the interesting features of this trip will be the scientific study of tribes of natives that have never seen a white man.

From Australia the expedition will traverse New Guinea, Borneo, Sumatra, Java, and then will go to Manila, through China by way of the Yangtse River gorge, then through Burma, India, Kashmir, Ceylon, and thence to Aden. On the return trip the party will possibly explore Madagascar and sections of Africa.

Captain W. Robert Foran, big game hunter, explorer, and the man who took Roosevelt through Africa, will be in immediate charge of the details pertaining to the camera work and equipment.

This trip requires on the part of every member of the expedition cast iron nerves, indefatigable energy, a cool head, a clear eye, a keen mind, a sense of news values, and a constitution and physical make up that will stand terrific hardships and an immense amount of hard work.

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Next Monday, June 22nd, will mark the release of the first two-reel episode of the Million Dollar Mystery, the largest and most costly serial motion picture production ever brought out. The entire play will take 46 reels—nine miles of film involving love, romance and adventure. 2-reel episodes will be released once each week. And $10,000.00 in cash will be paid for the best solution of the mystery.

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"A Singular Cynic" and a Capricious Coquette

By BRUCE WESTFALL

Hence. Welton found him, still chuckling.

"Well, what's the trouble?" he asked. "Hang it, Fred, those two fools Florence has on the string are coming again, together. More pleasant diversions! They'll sit around and glare at one another, and Florence will feel them both to the top of their best! It makes me tired! She's behaving outrageously, and I'm getting sick of it. She ought to choose better friends, and both packing. They're giving me the wrong way.

"Why don't you assert your authority, then?" asked Stratton with a smile.

"And ditch the whole thing? Lord, don't you know her well enough to understand that just will make her more perverse! I don't like what she's doing that way."

"Well, then, if you're afraid to assert your authority, use a little diplomacy!" Put up a game on her! Make her come to a decision, but don't let her know you're making her! Get these adobe-pasted jokers of hers together, and make them understand that if they don't go in on the game you'll set the dog on them. It's your place, isn't it?"

"Yes, but— I don't understand. How would you go about it?"

"That's easy! Let's see. You can't get a woman through an appeal to her reason. She hasn't got any! That's what I told Florence just before you turned up, it's why she was so mad! You've got to strike at her through the emotions. She's got an overdose of them, too! Think of Florence as a reasoning, logical creature! It's easy to think of her with her hair brushed back and heels shoes and eye-glasses!"

"That's all right, but what's the idea?"

"Go for her emotions. See? A woman's got two particularly strong instincts. You can appeal to one by the cave man stuff. The other is the desire to be protected, to have a man be gentle, curbing the wild impulses of her nature.

"If she doesn't work, the other one does. So we'll have one of these chaps kidnap her, and pull the rough stuff. He'll represent the cave man, he'll be the primitive man, pulling her..."
off by the hair, and all that sort of thing. He could kick her, not too roughly, and carry her off-to a secluded nest, and keep her a prisoner. Only there'd be a regular chaperone, and it wouldn't be quite so easy to give him his chance. And then, if she didn't fall for that, the other fellow could come along, rescue her, and make a display of it, and then pull the gentle stop. You get her going and coming. She's bound to fall for one thing or the other!"

"Well, the woman grows, considering, "Don't sound as mad as most of your ideas, I'll admit! Think we could make these two yours?"

"If you can't I'll wash my hands of you!" said Stratton. "You can threaten to give them the shovels, so-and-so, but enough of that. Question's in, which gets the first shot? That's going to be a long story for that.

"Crazy as the idea sounded, Stratton's enthusiasm, and his persistence carried the day."

"It's going to be done!" he said. "Lord, it's sickening! Today I was sitting with the dog, on the steps of the summer house. And there they were, the three of them! Boyd and your Russian pal—one happy, the other glaring, and Florence looking wickedly frillacious."

"Well, glad she's there! And just another thing, what are you going to do with her?"

"I really don't know. I was thinking of maybe trying to get her a job as a waitress, or something of the sort."

"And what will you do?"

"I'm not sure yet. I think I'll try to get her back to Russia."

"But why?"

"I don't know. I just feel that it's the right thing to do."

"And what about Florence?"

"She'll be glad to have her back."

"But what about the other one?"

"I don't know yet. I'll have to think about it."

"Well, good luck!"

So Stratton spun a coin, and Boyd called "Heads!" It fell tails. So the Russian was cast as the man. Stratton coached him in his part.

"Tell her you've been insulted," he said. "Tell her she's been insulted, not to enough to hurt her, but just to show her you mean it! Get her on the beach and carry her off to your car. Welton's taken that empty place of Hudson's for the play, and we'll have Mrs. Armour there as a chaperone. She can pretend to be kidnapped, too. You get a fair chance there; first, Boyd gets his hands on her, and the sooner we have her over, the better."

"I think I understand," said the bewildered Russian. "But your American speech—it is not like what I learn from my teacher, who taught me your language."

"I suppose not," said Stratton. "But you'll have to learn it quickly."

"No, I can't do it."

"Oh, yes, you can."

"I'm not sure yet."

"Well, we'll have to try."

And so, according to schedule, the mock kidnapping was carried out. And Stratton and Welton, much amused, got reports at once of how the affair was going.

"She's very angry," the Rus-

"And when I would say to her, 'Oh, this is the real thing!' Or did you mean a real thing?"

"I did not forget that I was a gentleman," said the Russian stiffly.

"Oh, Leo and Stratton. "That wasn't the idea! You've been a gentleman, right along. And what did you get out of that? Not a thing! Your play was to be a bad, bad mannerer. You can't tell the customer your family's been accumulating, and drag her around by the hair. Probably you've been going down on your knees some more. Haven't you?"

"—and if I did!"

"Don't you think I ought to have tied her to a chair, or something, and then stood on her? 'Ah, a great beauty, that was your time of dzeno!' 'Now have I love to me power!' When you can make her a perfectly good conspiracy when you can't play your part? I thought better of you, Stratton! You're a good friend to have your opportunities at all. Why, coming from a country where they send people to Siberia if the fourth assistant secretary of the rubbish house, the first major of the Car's dogs don't like their neckties, you ought to have had Boyd out of the running entirely by this time. You ought to have had the lady scared to death, instead of which she's probably laughing at you."

"I'll try again," said Stratton, simply, and went back to the game.

"Not a chance," said Stratton. "Well, that's half your chance gone, Enett. It's all up to Boyd, now. Still, if he plays his part, he ought to be funny."

"They're both decent chaps and—that's all I care about," said Welton. "She's a big re- spectable woman, and he's not a bad man. If she marries some fairly good chap, like either of these, I won't have to worry about her any more."

"Yes, I see that," said Stratton. "Well, Boyd gets his shot tomorrow. Then we'll know."

The next day, about the time when the rescue was to be staged, Stratton wandered off along the beach with his dog. Somehow, he did not want to be around when Boyd brought Florence home. He didn't analyze his feelings; he simply wanted it to be over. And, taking a book he found a shady spot, and sat down. The dog lay down beside him, and Stratton paid no attention to him. He was in the habit, like most collies, of taking long walks, he barked, and he always came back.

This time, when the dog returned, he did not bark. Instead, he trotted up, and, with every sign of wanting to make him leave, took a seat beside him, laid down a little leather covered book. This Stratton took up, with a smile.

" Been stealing, ch? " he said.

"Well, I'll have to try to find out whose it is, so that I can return it."

He opened the pages idly; then he started. It was a diary; the writing was in Russian, Stratton and Welton. And, at the entries for the last few days, as he read them, all of Stratton's habitual influence. He stared at them incredulously first; then, as he read them again, he colored.

"I may be in time yet," he said to himself. "She feels like that—about me! And I helped to play this trick on him. Looks like a whole thing! I've been a beast!"

He looked at his watch.

"I may be in time yet," he said to his watch. "Is he back yet, or early?"

And, quickly as he could, he pulled up his horse, where Florence was a prisoner.
CALIFORNIA has a new baseball league which is creating no end of interest. It is called the Movie League and is made up of teams from as many different movie picture companies, entered to compete for a silver cup put up by one of the Los Angeles dealers. The six teams are called: R. and M. (Reliance—Majestic, Keystone, American, Universal City, Universal Studios, and Balboa.

Ford Sterling of the Universal Studio team—shown in the picture—is an old leaguer, and one or two other members of this particular team have played professional ball. Pretty Vicky Forde keeps the boys up to the mark, and rates them soundly when they don’t play as she knows they can and should. Vicky used to play with the boys around her home and even now, dignifies young lady though she is, she sometimes joins in a practice game.

Most of the Los Angeles games are played at Vernon. The Balboa company contemplates building a pavilion and dedicating a field for their players and the American Company is holding a big theatrical entertainment to raise money, with the people of Santa Barbara behind them to a man.

Certainly the league was a splendid idea and is likely to grow to large proportions on the coast. In a short time the scouts of the National, American, and Federal leagues will have to keep their eyes on the promising young players of the Movie League. Who knows but that they will find another Ty Cobb?
The Business of Being Funny
Which Means Merely Being John Bunny

By MONTE M. KATTERJOHN

peasants had heard of him. They had watched him in the pictures. Talk about your coronations, dur-
bars and inaugura-
tions! They are not in it with the spontaneous homage paid to John Bunny. The whole world know
him.

Mr. Farum is not alone in his opinion of "the genial John." John Palmer, the fa-
alistic drama-
ic critic of the Lon-
don Evening Standa-
ard, England's most con-
servative paper, voices his criticism of the Village
laugh purveyor in the most won-
terful and glowing t r i b-
ute ever paid any
actor or actress, of either
stage or studio.

Listen! "Mr. Bunny is
greater than Sir George
and eleven times," he told me on the occasion of my intrusion into his dressing room a few days ago. "I have committed suicide four times, been killed by reckless auto drivers twice, mangled by trains three times, and died two natural deaths, according to the rumors. Nevertheless I'm still on the job, and I should worry," he chuckled.

Of course you've never heard Bunny's voice. He does not surprise you with a plaintive and frail note as some good sized men do, nor does he possess a guttural bellow profound. Well, he talks in a low monotone. And as he talks, his mouth and eyes help him wonderfully, for he has an extremely flexible face. You've seen it in action.

"What can you tell me, Mr. Bunny, about the business of being funny?" I began. He eyed me quizzically and remarked:

"I don't get you." A smile of incredulity adorned his thousand-dollar-a-week face.

"Don't this incessant picture acting tire you? Doing some wildly foolish stunt day after day?"

"Tired?—Yes? Does a man ever get tired of something he likes to do? Why my dear boy, there's nothing I like better than to work, trying to make each succeeding piece of business funnier than the last one. Of course, if you mean by 'business of being funny' that it is some particular knack, then you've hit it. I can't define it though."

"Well doesn't the work seem rather silly? Say your stunt of kissing the floor as you did in 'Bunco Bill's Visit,' or battling with a dummy as in 'Bunny Versus Cutie?"

"Not a bit. No, sir—not a bit. I think you're on the wrong track. We picture people always play the craziest roles in the most serious way, putting every bit there is in us into the character we are creating. With me, it is a case of trying to be just the character I'm playing. Then I'm natural, 'cause my face helps me a lot."

There was a merry twinkle in his eye and a smile played 'cross his face. His delight at having floored me was magnificent. I began groping for a new line of conversation. The day was sweltering hot. Big beads of perspiration stood out on Bunny's face and the kerosene wrapped about his neck was rapidly becoming a wash-rag.

"How do you manage to make out these hot days?" was the only question I could think of while getting my wits assembled.

"Heat never bothers me," he replied, laconically. "I got used to this," and he indicated his perspiring brow. "In there under the area, I've been working in their glare for more than three years now, and it has never been too warm for me yet."

"Well that's fine," was my inane comment. Then I asked:

"You're married?"

"Oh yes, yes. Got two boys. Call 'em John Francis and George Henry," and without waiting for my next obvious question, he added. "No, they're not picture actors. John Francis is the operator of a motion picture projector, and George Henry—well, he hasn't selected a profession yet. Both boys are more like their mother than myself, thank the Lord."

"Of course you get just scads and scads of letters from people all over the world?"

"No, I positively do not receive scads of letters. While I don't want to brag, let me say that I get tons and tons of requests for autographed pictures. Some of the letters are very interesting, too. My collection comprises letters in Hindoo, Yiddish, Italian, German, Spanish, Russian, and numerous other tongues and cults, one of them being a letter from a Chinese manda- (Continued on page 24)
J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate

IV—Meeting the Coquette, "Miss Calculation"

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

JACK WALLING was suffering from what the brain specialists of Broadway would diagnose as "Neural Inflammatum," or, in everyday lingo, "swelled head." As the philosopher said, "Pride cometh in the Summer." At any rate, it cometh before a "fall." The stage was set for the stumbling of the youthful magnate's tone.

Maybe it was a plain case of atavism—the reverting back to ancestral traits—the outcropping of the "hick" instinct, or something similar. But whatever the cause, the delititious truth remained that J. R. Walling was excessively sure of himself.

He had commanded the vertical pronoun, and had embodied a halo around the third vowel of the alphabet. It was "I" this and "I" that, and even the indigent, sympathetic, and one might almost say, loving Dolly Ewing, began to weince at this flamboyant display of an inflated, rampant ego.

In fine, John Walling did most of his talking down deep in his thorax, or wherever it is that the guttural language originates. It was a chatty, unreal kind of articulation that rasped on Dolly's nerves, and she was inclined to wish her fat friend would loom up in the oling once more, just to shock Walling back to normal ideas and ideals.

"By Jove!" he said to Dolly, in a superior, patronizing way, as they were superintending the erection of one of the "Tennessee Doodle Movies," "I'm a bit poover over this delay. I have some superb plans outlined to make this show a wonder of Broadway, you know."

Dolly made a face at an imaginary spectre. This strutting creature was not her Jack Walling—indeed, no. Besides, with all this prosperity hanging on, he might up and marry some noted actress, and that would be the end of the little romance that had begun so prepotitiously and strangely in Columbus Circle.

"There are two other houses in the block," Dolly observed dryly.

"And it truly pains me, Miss Ewing, to think of their impending embarrassment."

"Miss Ewing!" she asked herself with surprise. So Walling was so familiar? Well, she desired all that was coming to him, and Dolly was sure she could see it en route.

"You know, Mr. Walling," she replied airily, with a meaning accent on the "Mr.", "that your rule methods won't go down here. We are on Broadway now, and Broadway has its traditions. One may become lax and careless along Amsterdam Avenue, but on Broadway, one is on parade, and must look bored, and languid, and complain about there being no music but the sun."

"True, but," he responded, keeping his wile-line in and his chest puffed out, much after the manner and style of a poste-pigeon. "True! I say. Why, bless us, we are going to burn up Broadway."

"Yes," Miss Ewing observed testily. "I have heard farm boys say that before—but they forget that the match-trust will put up the price of combustibles."

Farm boy! That was a cruel, deliberate jolt, and so pronounced was this same shock, that Walling went to run his fingers inside his collar, and to wonder why he sensed a feeling of impending insignificance.

"Very well, Miss Ewing," he said sullenly, with a poor imitation of indifference, "we shall see. And by the way, you are not to sell tickets in this new house, you know."

"Oh, indeed! Well, Mr. Walling. I am a lady of leisure. I do not even fancy I shall be opening tonight, or at any other time. Mr. Blackwell has invited me to take a trio on his beautiful, new yacht."

... in thunder is Mr. Blackwell? and Walling found that the dignity for the nonce. "A very dear friend of the family," Dolly responded, tossing her pretty head back saucily. "He bowled me as a shame a beautiful young lady such as I am should waste my golden youth with a prig like you!"

He said that, did he? Well, why didn't he find you and admire your beauty when you were singing in the squares, eh? Why didn't he help you when you and your mother and Bobby were starving?"

"That will be quite enough." Dolly interruped in a low, strained tone. "You only further convince me that a man has regard to your poor, added brains if I am going to pay you back everything you ever did for me, with compound interest on interest. Yours was evidently the call money market. Mr. Walling, and now you have demanded the real gold, I am ready to be able to keep the collateral, as you probably planned, you get back your filthy dollars. Here they are, with a fat bonus, Mr. Walling, and I am..."

Dolly tossed a pile of bills on the table in front of him, and rushed out into the light of Broadway. Walling was left speechless, stupefied, and then the full meaning of his unmanly act dawned upon him like the light from a white-hot furnace.

"Dolly!" he cried in anguish. "Forgive me, Dolly! Come back!" But only the throngs of the mighty uptown district greeted him. He caught one face of a man hurrying apartment, as Dolly was speeding in her car up Broadway.

Dolly had never realized that it was the inspiration of success that had made him succeed. And now the inspiration was gone, removed without warning. His spirits drooped, and he dabbled at his eyes and coughed pathetically.

The days of redecorating the theatre dragged along. Mr. Walling, ever on the alert, found Dolly at home, he had tell, was in a cold, strange, guarded voice over the telephone, "Darling! The yacht has gone out on a cruise to Europe," and that was all he could learn.

There is a fine hair-line—an almost imaginary one—between the beautiful woman and the woman; between the streets of memory and the avenues of reason become blocked with the traffic of slow-moving thought. That was Walling's situation. He had gone out of his schemes, and he groped, like one suddenly stricken blind.

Dolly the reaction came, and what a clean body and a virile brain had created by virtue of their vigor, he now sought to coas into activity through "green room" excitement, and formed gaitly, and hilarious indiscretions.

He became partial to cocktails and he cultivated the acquaintance of painted cynical women who were very pretty, very cute, in fashion to simulate what Dolly had been in reality. No sincerity or genuine enthusiasm shown from their artifice, yet all was, in a manner of fantastic things; Dolly motoring through the parks, Dolly smiling into the eyes of strange men, Dolly dancing in a weird sort of way, and even Dolly very still and cold, and dead.

Those nightmares haunted him awake and sleep. He had the introduction to Broadway should be a gaudy farce.

It is the falling of fools who can really do
J. R. WALLING
King of the Films
Will Open the
Yankee Doodle Movies
On Monday, the 7th.
Better Screen, Better Features, Better Music,
Better Seats, and Better Treatment.
10, 15 and 20c!
500 Reserved Seats!
From 2:30 to 11:00 p. m. Daily!
Remember the Date—and Bring the Ladies!

The day of the opening finally dawned, and with its first rays of light, Jack Walling was beginning to think of his long-neglected rest. There were wine-spots on his clothes, and his countenance was dejected and sullen, his appearance one of bedraggled neglect, of complete dilapidation.

He sat at a Turkish bath parlor, just as the sun was greeting Hell Gate, and instructed the willing attendants to bring him back to life. When the bill was presented, he had made its appearance before John Walling began to bear any striking resemblance to a healthy young man.

The pork had gone out of him. The purpose had fled from his soul. When he approached the new theatre in a taxi, and beheld the valetudinarian advertisements, the means, he realized that it was easier to drag than it is to live up to this boasting!

When he had selected his seat a few nights before, and when he viewed them in the full glare of day, they were a woeful crew. The woman at the ticket-window was sullen; grease-paint was plastered carelessly in the hollows beneath her lacustrine eyes, to hide the hallmarks of perpetual dissipation. The man at the ticket-office, a fault, perhaps the man Walling feared that even Broadway would respect them.

But worse than all else, John Walling realized, he would not be excused at least one and error. The two houses in this same block had long since contracted for first-run stuff from a different film companies. Walling was playing second fiddle, and the notes of the first violin are about all Broadway will admit hearing. But every one of his bodily movements was painful, and he lacked resistance. His purpose slumbered. He hadn't the courage to fight. He was whipped—and was the program, displayed just inside the lobby. Every one of the pictures he advertised had been dead for days. The manager, for once, had passed off to the enemy. But the sense of pride still welled in Walling's breast, and his native cunning asserted itself.

There were two hours prior to opening, and he purposed to make those feet-footed minutes bring him back from the brink of despair. He walked out, spied a doubting man, and tossed down three abateful frappes, and began to live again. His mind teemed withumberless mad, tumultuous schemes. Here he was on the very worst thing that had ever been foisted upon him. But the sense of pride still welled in Walling's breast, and his native cunning asserted itself.

At one-thirty, Walling rushed to his bank to procure more funds. He wrote out a check for five hundred dollars. Of course, after two hours he would be depositing heavily again, but right now he needed the money, and the need was keen-edged. In his wallet there was one lone five-dollar bill, and what is five dollars on Broadway? Why, it is not so much as a rain-check! It is not even permission to come again!

Unsteadily, he lowered up to the paying-teller's window, and presented his check. The teller looked up askance.

"Why, Mr. Walling," he said wonderingly, "you are already overdrawn some three hundred dollars. Mr. Cosworth had promised to make it good, but you know why he didn't. I cannot cash this paper—positively not!"

Then Walling realized that bills were falling due. He had hazy recollections of insistent demands that had been made upon him during the past few days. And for the first time since arriving in the metropolis, he felt his nerve waning. Once he had the fine physical force to bolster up his spirits, but now he lacked the stamina. He had no argument to offer. He reflected that he had probably cashed numerous checks during the preceding weeks. As he strolled out upon Broadway, that mighty thoroughfare seemed to have grown suddenly cold and distant. It was streams of selfish, unthinking, uncaring mortals, steeped in the sin of money-grubbing, and seared with the crime of unrequited ambition. No one paid even the slightest attention to the young man who had so recently been climbing high on the rungs of the ladder of achievement. A five-dollar bill stood between him and the future—and he did exactly what many humans do when the bounds of want and despair are slipping at their heels. He plunged into a saloon and drank deeply and hastily, to still the fire of remorse that was beginning to consume him.

And that afternoon. Broadway surged on past the 'Yankee Doodle Movies,' but the inso-lent siren in the window sold only a few cheap talking pictures, and those only to cut-down folk who just happened along. The three shows of that afternoon netted less than fifteen dollars.

Evening brought perhaps thirty dollars more—and the "overhead" was not under three hundred dollars each twenty-four hours.

The day following, the receipts were even smaller, and Walling knew that he could calculate his time on Broadway in hours. But tragic events were hastening the termination of even this fearfully brief period. The Mammoth Film Company shut him off entirely, and two others followed suit before the end of the first week. The theatre was now reduced to the most commonplace features—the old, hackneyed films that everybody had either seen, or had refused to view.

Twice that week, his night-watchman had shaken him into consciousness, and told him that midnight had come and gone, and forced him to leave his own playhouse to find a place to sleep away his stuper. His hotel had seized his baggage for unpaid board and lodging, and he sought the cheaper sections. The plans that had almost forced upon him a short time before, now turned the cold shoulder on him whenever he appeared. J. R. Walling was slipping with the accelerated motion of a body impelled by gravity.

The gay canvas sign still flapped above his entrance, and mocked him to that small coterie of the brilliant world of Broadway that chanced to be "in on the joke." But Jack did not realize that his banner of unfilled pretense continued to wave. He realized only that the hour of some mighty change was moving in upon him, and forcing him into the high-walled angle of some grim, cramped corner of fate.

Then came the mightiest shock of them all. In his dwindling pile of unread letters, there was one that seemed unduly official. With trembling fingers, he tore open the envelope, and read the dancing lines. Then he gasped weakly, and read again. The letter was from a firm of solicitors, dated three days before, and ran as follows:

Dear Mr. Walling:

We are forced to inform you, as executors of the estate of the late Franklin Cosworth, that unless full rent is paid immediately for the theatre property—ou
occupy, we must insist that you vacate the same. Attend to this without delay.

Respectfully yours, Helen's Grant.

Enclosure. The Right Honorable of Franklin C. Coworth, Deceased.

"Dead!" he groaned impatiently, as he attempted to steady his hands. "Franklin Coworth was not at home—he was, sodden and brutally indifferent and drunk! God, why didn't Dolly tell me this—why didn't she?"

And then he remembered, with a kick of horror, that Miss Ewing was not at her home—that she was cruising somewhere, in southern waters, perhaps, leaning on the arm of some strange man, while these fearsome episodes were piling up mountain-high in the lawyer's life.

Walling sat staring stupidly into space for many minutes, utterly disoriented by the new reality of the situation. Then he walked to his office, and very carefully balanced the large and pointed lines of the day's and the week's events on the desk. The oncoming night was to be the final performance—"the last show of the Great Dane of the "Death of Dolly Ewing.""

Not fifty people viewed this death-watch of a vanished hope.

With leaden steps, he turned into Broadway, after delivering the keys to the representatives of the bank who had been sent to take over the office. He could see the struggle of Mr. Coworth in Central Park, and the struggle of the old gentleman from the rough hands of a designing thug. He could see Dolly Ewing, with her fresh, girlish face, raising to every great offer in the Circle. He could see the glow of appreciation in her cheeks when he had helped her bring her mother and brother from the squalor of the low level back to the better life farther up the Island.

These incidents rushed in and around one another, and interlaced, until he was held prisoner by the awakening of conscience, the sternest judge, and most heartfelt juror, in all the world. As morning came, he caught snatches of sleep, and it was past ten o'clock when he emerged from his hiding place. He was engulfed with him, and bands trembling and body pulsing, and his whole being crying out for the return of Dolly Ewing, of himself—because denial was now a necessity, and the few dollars he still possessed would be little enough to sustain a life such as his.

It is said that criminals are moved by some uncontrollable impulse to revisit the scenes of their felony. It was this idea that caused Walling to start on his return. He was in the direction of his late failure. The gaudy banner still flapped flipantly in the breeze with a flaunting defiance over him that was akin to the hypnotic.

Then he turned away, sick at heart, and hung his head in shame because this was the end of the wall, the wall that had been hurrying on his heels of wanton pride. And that pride had been so overwhelming, so infinitely unenyburable, that it had considered Dolly—his inspiration, the real reason for his success. But now he knew, and he would have written a sight of the calling for twenty-five years of his life, if he had been able to

This ghastly in time to dodge it, and have it all to do over.

Just when turned Walling's whole steps in the direction of Central Park west, he could not say. It was a simple instinct, such as a homing pigeon must feel when it circles in the air, and then darts back, that had actuated him.

The old Coworth mansion was closed. The shades were drawn, and there was an appearance of the excessively sombre about the place. Timidly, he climbed the steps, and pondered several minutes before ringing the bell. For a long while he waited, and then the door was opened slightly. One of the old servants stood before him.

"Is—is Dolly here?" he asked.

"Miss Ewing? Why, no, Miss Ewing went away more than six weeks ago. She was not even here when her grandmother passed away. Poor old gentleman. He grieved a great deal about some young man—a chap about your age, as I recall him, but a much better sort than you. It seems that Mr. Coworth had changed doctors, and the last one told him his heart trouble was only indigestion, and he ceased being vigilant as to his health. And when he heard that a Mr. Walling had gone to the dogs, it was too much. Miss Ewing's departure added to his grief. Why it seems, you are to have his granddaughter marry this scamp of a—Walling. But there was some misunderstanding, I gather, and the young lady is off in foreign waters, with a Mr. Bickwell. He is very wealthy, it appears, an old friend of the family."

Walling nodded his head heavily.

"They were—married!" he asked, fearing to hear the reply.

"Oh, yes, they were married," the servant answered. Walling was ready to sink to the floor. So this was the inglorious end? This is what he had worked for, and waited for?

Did he not merit it? All those months he had cherished a treasure that could have been his for the request. And now, it was too late.

"His Mrs. Ewing gone, too?"

"She left right after the funeral," the servant said servitiously, as he cleared his throat. "She and her little son are going to join Miss Ewing in Naples, I believe."

"Miss Ewing? I suppose you mean Mrs. Bickwell?"

Dear me, no, I said Miss Ewing, and that is what I meant.

"But you just told me that they were married!"

"The Bickwells are married, to be sure. They have been married thirty-odd years."

"Oh!" Walling ejaculated hopefully. "Miss Ewing going to marry Mr. Bickwell?"

"I should trust not," the servant answered hotly. "They are very fond of each other."

As I presumed; but I may explain that the Bickwells are going to make a grand cruise this summer, about Miss Ewing's age—handsome chap, I heard them say, and any form of society when she was told about him. The young fellow has been doing some wonderful exploration work for us in his own little towns, and such. And I venture it will be a match some day."

The fear once more claimed Walling. So there was no Bickwell in it, after all? Well, then, the Bickwell. He was strong enough to overcome any rude attack that might sail his way. He could look on and master his failure. He would go west. He would hunt up some remote community, and begin life anew. Besides, Dolly Ewing was not the only girl in the world. He had been the savior of the world. He had been the one point, and his vision was undoubtedly dwarfed.

"Is it possible that you have not come here to Miss Ewing, would it be forwarded?" he asked.

The old fellow nodded in the affirmative.

Walling saluted, and wheeled his heel, and was gone.

And this is the letter he wrote after much thought:

Dear Dolly:

I can't tell you how I feel but I know that no punishment is sufficient for me. Now we have women and I know that I will always be painful for me to contemplate, and I shall recall it every hour of my life.

To think Mr. Coworth died without my knowing it—that my conduct hastened his death—and that you were insulted by my remarks—are rebukes that are greater to bear than any form of punishment any court could administer to me.

I wish you success, I wish you happiness. Today I leave New York, and where I shall go, I do not know. But I am going to start the struggle over again, and my only inspirer is the period when we were pale. I shall dream of the Little Girl with the Auburn Curl.

As ever,
Jack Walling.

Walling counted his scant store of changes, and smiled at its pitiful proportions. Then, packing his few remnants of belongings in a battered suitcase (the one he had brought from Kentucky), he hastened to the New York Central Station.

"How far can I go for twenty-one dollars?" he asked bluntly.

The ticket agent looked at Walling in wonder, and then grinned.

"Well, some places are gone to hell for half that sum," he responded.

"All right," and there was a ring of challenging decisions in Walling's voice, and a confidence in the place that, in your estimation, answered the points that description, and gave me a ticket to it quickly.

The agent clucked in a triumphant way,
and selected a paste-board from the long rack.
He stamped it and said pleasantly, "Twenty
dollars and you're the man, Wally!"
Walling paid the money, and as he hastened
toward the trainshed, he risked a glance at
the ticket. Across its front was printed, in
red letters, "Chicago." It was a single word
to a country-bred boy, second not even to New
York. For the first time since his ill luck
began, Walling smiled!
The issue of July 3 will contain an account
of Walling's experiences in Chicago.

Help!

"WHAT will I do with it?" That is the
question that Anita Stewart was ask-
ing when she won a suit of men's clothes,
which included complete under- linings.
best last week. Anita is not a suffragette
and she is not strong on women's rights; therefore,
does not wear the trowsers. Miss Stewart was will-
ing to exchange the coat, vest and trousers for
a lady's suit, but the tailor did not make this
line of apparel. She was obliged to take the
prize and say nothing. Her brother-in-law, Mr.
Ramsay, the Vitrage director, offered to
take them off her hands, but found they were
not the right proportions for a man who is six
feet tall. Somebody suggested that she get mar-
ried and keep them in the family, but not being
matriomonially disposed she still has the suit.
We promised to publish her case in the hope
of bringing about a happy outcome. I think, my
reader, you can tell her what to do with her
prize suit.

Correct Details
To the Editor of the Movie Pictorial.
T he Articles in your May 30th issue
"What the People Want" are, I think, so
well written and have such vivid pictures that it is
not difficult to judge what the people do want that I wish to
make a few suggestions of my own along the same lines.

A few evenings ago I visited one of the Pic-
tures houses in a suburb of Los Angeles and enjoyed a splendid picture made by the Edison
company. It was a tale of two real Civil War
stories that was certainly a disappointment.
The little house only seated about six hundred, but the picture brought in per cent of the audi-
ce were elderly people, among them many
veterans of the great struggle, both the North and the South. The plot of the story was good, but the way it was staged was too glaringly
false as to details that it was severely criticized by
those who participated in the Civil War and
those who remembered the events from 61 to
65.
The Confederate officers wore the regular
shoulder strap of the present time when the
insignia of rank worn by Confederate of-
cers consisted of bars, leaves and stars worn
on the collar of their coats and embroidered
work on the sleeves.
The fighting was done on modern breech-
loading guns, when the fact is that the war was fought with muzzle loading arms, both
infantry and artillery. The Union officers were
as badly mismatched as could be expected by
Major General's coat and shoulder straps.
The comments of the veterans and others who
noticed the great mistake made by the producers
of the picture would, it seems to me, have a
bad effect on future productions of Civil War
stories.
I read some time ago an article in Colliers
in which the writer made the assertion that
scenarios depicting the impossible, or even the
improbable, are accepted by the motion picture
companies, yet here are several pictures being shown now that are not only improbable, but are absolutely impossible. One
in particular is "Lucille Love" the girl of mystery.
Are the film companies so pressed for ma-
terial that they have to produce such prepos-
terous pictures? Would it not be better for
them to produce fewer pictures and give the people good ones. Some of these pictures please the young and the old, but there
is a tendency to put a damper on the enthusiasm
of the general public over the future of the motion picture industry.
My opinion is that the companies to derive
the greatest benefit in the long run are those
who cater to the intelligence of the people and
produce good pictures especially historical pic-
tures—and adhere closely to facts as to details.
G. T. LEWIS.

The Small Town
Audience
To the Editor of the Movie Pictorial.
I REALIZE that I do not know what all the
people want, but I do know what a large
class of them want. Experiences seem to me to
be rather generally overlooked. It is made up of
these more intelligent people in the smaller
towns—who really amount to an enormous
number, even if we only take the United States
into consideration.
In the little towns people go to the theatres
concerts, art exhibitions and the like, as well
as to the movies. Sometimes they go to the
picture theatre only as a last resort. And there
are even a few friends from the city who,
when they visit us, smile condescend-
ingly at our "picture show" habit; they re-
gard it as another of our quaint provincial
isms and I think they are rather wrong that I
have "degenerated" to the point of enjoying
picture shows.
In the smaller towns throughout the south,
the well-to-do frequent the picture show habit-
ually and almost exclusively. The negroes are
barred from the theatres and the poorest whites
and the farmers go to the dark, un-
troubled by the restless city habit of demand-
ing "something doing" in the evening to make
up for the drabness of the day. The more int-
elligent inhabitants, on the other hand, are
often voluntary or involuntary exiles from the
city—or else they are well-to-do and cultivated
citizens who enjoy the shows and trips to
the nearest cities, as often as they can afford
it, in search of the best that is to be had of
intellectual as well as material things. Hosts
of them are college-bred. And they all go to
the picture shows—often in sheer desperation.
Some of them go regularly every night. The
gilded youth—of the boys and girls home
from the great colleges in the north and
cast—give "picture show parties" before their
darkness is invaded by the girls in their pretty
dancing frocks, coming in together.
A large proportion of this audience is really
discriminating, capable, to some extent, of
judging and enjoying a picture in the artistic
merits. They watch eagerly for the actors
who are capable of a fine restraint, of the
subtle effects; and they buy in disappoint-
ment over the announcements promising a "thrift in every foot" (who wants such exciting
pedestal extravaganzas?) and the posters which
show the villains waving very deadly in his
own blood, and everybody else protrude except
the hero and the ingenuous.
I do not say that the manufacturers and
directors do not produce some work that de-
lights this class of picture-lovers; but I do
believe that they underestimate their number
and importance, and overestimate the number
of those who can be thrilled only by battle, mur-
der and sudden death, or amused only by what
I call "cerebral comedy." If the producers
could only be made to believe that we are not
chronically famishing for "thrills," anyhow! A
much milder sensation, if it is genuine, will
usually more than satisfy our requirements.

What We Want More Of
1. The "real thing" in "strong plays," such
as the work of Harry Carey and Claire Mac-
Dowell in the Biograph dramas, and of Ro-
maine Fielding and Mary Ryan for Lubin.
2. Comedies that do not depend upon a
more or less vulgar naughtiness for their point.
The best ones I have seen are those in which
John Bunny appears, and some of those pro-
duced by Pathé, Emanay, and "Alkali-Univer-
sal." etc.
3. The plausible, everyday story with the
"touch of nature;" like Miss Justice's "When
Tom P.'s a Woman," her "Pay-A-You-Enter
Man," the little Vitagraph play, "Her Faith in
the Flag," and many of the best Edison play-
lots. These have brought tears to the eyes of
at least one hardened veteran, who frequently
smiles when the hero dies in studied agony and
the heroine leaps over the precipice.
4. Dramatizations of real life—those showing
animals, industries, exploring expeditions, and
fine scenery.
5. Dramatizations of famous novels, like
"The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Resurrec-
tion." etc.
6. Famous players from the regular stage in
photoplays.
7. Costume and historical plays. These are
expensive, we know, but they are extremely
refreshing and illuminating to the variety-
starved villager.
8. Anything with Mary Pickford, House
Peters, Romaine Fielding, Benjamin Wilson, or
Harry Carey.

What We Don't Want
1. The Adventures of Anybody, What
Happened to Anybody, or The Perils of Anybody,
in four thousand parts. Nine lives is the limit,
even for cats; and we don't believe picture-
show actors have any more.
2. Comedies whose humor depends upon
smashing furniture, knocking people over and
satirizing them, or lifting ladies skirts inde-
corously high. (They don't need to be lifted
nowadays, anyhow; so this kind of thing is
"naughty" without even being interesting.)
3. Glaring and gazing as means of expressing
ordinary emotions.
4. Any more drunkards, or any more agoniz-
ing deaths (however clever the professional
tier) than are absolutely necessary.
5. Angels with paste-board wings, operated
by derelicts.
6. Hardly any detective stories—at least till
we get rested.
7. Ditto Indians.

Nacogdoches, Texas.
Some Confessions
By Kathryn Williams, Westerner

ONCE, when I told a girl in a New York friend's boarding house that I was born in Butte, Montana, she said that it sounded "theatrical enough." It was the kind of remark that had caused me to launch against my birthplace and I rushed into hot defense. An older woman who had known the Black Hills well before she drifted to New York to run a men's store for the accommodation of aspiring artists and singers told me:

"Mining camps are never theatrical," she said sharply. "They are too dramatic for that."

Looking back, I could see that Butte had been truly dramatic in the days when I had known it. The Butte I knew was not exactly that which Mary McLean pictured, although we saw it at about the same time. With a writer's trick of subtext exploration she dug into the depths of the town that have stamped it on the minds of her readers as an abode of the seven devils of soddenness. Butte had other leads however. Those others are the ones I remember.

Mountains of the Montana sky, the purple of the Montana mountains always make the background of any picture of my childhood that I conjure from the big storeroom of my memory of those times. The high hills, the sidewalks, the shacks, the little stores, one story high, with the facades that tried to pretend a greater height, the shack schoolhouse, the fascination of the railroad station, the mystery of the great chimneys, the crowds of men going to and from the shafts, all jumble into one big impressionistic picture now from which I have to pick out details as one finds the parts of a puzzle picture. But it is still so real and so vivid that when I saw the stage set for the street scene in "The Spoilers" I turned away to hide my emotion, so surely did that scene look like the Butte I had known.

In a place like that a child gets impressions quickly. A girl battles for her rights when the move to some need of battle that a boy develops. I don't remember any particular conflicts, but I do recall the feeling of being on guard, not aggressively, but constantly. That ashamed, I believe, a phase of western character-making.

Children everywhere are natural play actors. But it is the heightening dramatic quality of a mining town's way of bringing out the dramatic desire of a child. I know that we all played at acting from the time we were able to toddle. We used to stage Indian fights in the hummocks around town in places where Indian fights weren't things of a dim past or of a faraway country. Sometimes the impres-
would be issued for pay vouchers. It was exactly what I had expected. I was sure that I would never receive my pay for that day. I went back on the next day with a misgiving that I was very foolish to continue. That night I received $20 for the two days' work. I thought that I had more than earned it until I saw the picture.

The picture of myself on the screen dashed my last bit of superciliousness toward moving picture actresses. Instead of a scornful and successful actress, dominating her scenes, Kathryn Williams was a small, nervous person, crowding against the side lines, over-acting and under-acting. Was this the young person who had thought she could show the motion picture world the way to act?

It was, and my vanity was torn to shreds. The screen is an Alaskan field at best. It is a frigid background upon which appears nothing but black and white shadows. To make an impression there requires an artist. The

my career. I didn't feel as badly as I should have felt. The closing of that door opened another. I went to the Sargent school of acting in New York, and worked hard there for two years. At the end of that time I passed with five others out of a class of over forty pupils. Doris Keane was one of the five, and Martin Brown was another.

My first dramatic engagement was in "When We Were Twenty-One" with William Morris. I followed Maxine Elliott in the part. I was starred in it and played in that play for two years. Then I joined the Willard Mack stock company in Los Angeles and played at the Belasco Theatre there.

It was while I was there that I received a telephone call from David Griffith of the Biograph Company to come and see him. He wanted me to take a special part in one of his pictures. I was indignant at his offer. I wondered that any one dared suggest that I would so lower my art as to play for the "movies." I should not have gone at all had not a friend suggested that I go to the studio "just for fun." I went in just that spirit.

I know now what a supercilious person I was as I entered the studio yard to meet Mr. Griffith. I regarded the moving picture business as the puerile by-play of a real profession, a bit interesting, but not to be thought of in connection with the career of Kathryn Williams, actress. I remember seeing Florence Turner in the studio and remarking her beautiful diamonds. "Paker," I said mentally, not believing that moving-picture artists could afford any kind of jewelry.

After a little wait however the absurdity of the affair appealed to me. I decided that I would play the picture just for a lark. I played for a day. We finished late and were told that no tickets

Kathryn Williams saw rambling about in her scenes, conveying little or no intelligence to the spectator. Incidentally, the haughty spirit of that personage was crushed.

It was a bitter if effective lesson and one which I have never forgotten. No day has passed in pictures since that time in which I have not striven to improve; in which I have not learned something. On the screen my first mistakes were so pitiful that I realized deeply what success must mean to those who had scored.

I joined the Selig Polyscope Company and have been with that corporation for five years. I do not think I did anything worthy until I went to the Chicago studio. Up to that time I had watched myself on the screen with greatest care. I saw mannerisms there I never had known I possessed. The thought often came to me that the camera was not reflecting my work correctly. Sometimes it was positively uncanny. But I watched and worked at it to overcome the faults I could see in my performances. Under Mr. Turner I really got into my part. I came to put my finest feeling into the roles, more so than on the stage where words cover the lack of pantomime so often.

So thoroughly did I work into the atmosphere of my scenes, that now I often grow hysterical. In "The Spoilers," for instance, during a scene with William Farnum and the "Broncho Kid," my voice broke and I could not utter a word. They too were so thoroughly in the spirit of the scene that tears rolled down their cheeks. For as tears go, my later career has been flooded.
The Luckiest Girl in Pictures

An Interview with Pearl Sindelar

By Johnson Briscoe

Miss Sindelar in a Character Make-Up in 'The Indian Rain.'

"I f a flat ultimatum were delivered to you to give up either Pathe or 'Potash and Perlmutter,' which would you choose?"

It was a direct question, and Pearl Sindelar was fully equal to it. She gave a most expressive shrug of her shapely shoulders and met my question with one of her own, "How can you ask?"

"But don't for a single minute think that I am deprecating pictures, for I assure you that 'I am not. It is simply that I prefer acting before the footlights to acting before the camera." Her eyes glistened enthusiastically as she went on, "I seem to be the luckiest girl in the world, for here I am doing two things at once, in the way of work, and both are the things which I most want to do."

We were chatting away in Miss Sindelar's studio apartment in the Long Acre district, an individual, picturesque spot, and she was proving a most delightful interviewee, for we at once hit upon what is apparently her one hobby—her work.

"After nearly two years in picture work— I was for a short time with Biograph before joining Pathé, where I have been for the past fifteen months—you cannot know what a real joy it is to be playing a leading part on Broadway again."

For the benefit of those who may not know it, Miss Sindelar is now playing the leading role of Ruth Goldman, the designer, in "Potash and Perlmutter," under the direction of A. H. Woods, at George M. Cohan's Theatre.

"But were you not nervous at resuming your stage career again after such an absence?" I naturally asked.

"Yes, indeed, I was," she replied heartily.

"I was really frightened to death at first, but every one was so good and kind to me, helped me in every way, and after a night or two my nervousness quite disappeared."

"Did you find that your acting methods had in any way changed, that you had become over elaborate in gesture or were at all extravagant in your methods through your picture acting?"

"On the contrary," she said, with the utmost conviction, "I found that my work upon the screen had been of the greatest help to me. For one thing it had taught me poise, a quality which I sadly lacked before. Formerly, I was so excited and high-strung upon the last night of a play as upon the first. But my picture work has taught me to take things more calmly. I was in 'The Girl in the Taxi' for two seasons, and for a long time before that had been playing sketches in vaudeville where a rapid pace was the chief requisite. I am afraid I had begun to be extravagant, to exaggerate, to play too quickly and wildly."

"You see, the day of extravagant gesture in the pictures has altogether passed. The modern director demands that your expression convey the idea with naturalness; it is no longer necessary to wave your arms wildly in the air in order to inform the audience that you are going to take a walk up the road. Such were the methods of yesterday."

"But your voice," I kept at it rather persistently, didn't you find that that had 'gone off' through not using it in pictures?"

Miss Sindelar seemed prepared for everything. "Not in the least. After one or two rehearsals, I found in several of the speeches that I had to pitch my voice higher in order to 'top' several laughs which the other players had learned to expect through frequent playing of the piece. Not only that but my voice is in better condition than ever because of the rest it has had during the past two years. Besides, all the while I have been studying vocal culture. You see, there's a great advantage in picture work. Living in one place all the time you are able to do a lot of studying on the side."

All the same I was bent upon finding if there was any rift within the lute. It seemed almost too, too much, that this fortunate young woman should be at the top of two professions, when to hold even a small place in either one of them is about as much as most people dare hope for.

"Did not the Pathé people raise strenuous objections when they learned of your intention to return to the legitimate stage?"

The calm serenity of Miss Sindelar, secure in her own happy success, was not to be ruffled by any such suggestion either. "Why, no, they were perfectly splendid about it, even though I was almost prepared to give up my picture work for the time being, if it should prove necessary. They have even gone so far as to arrange my studio working hours to suit my convenience. You see, if he wishes, the director can make it comparatively easy for a player, calling him only when necessary, for those scenes in which he figures. For instance, in major days, while they are not always the best for me, I do not go to the studio at all. Other days my working hours are so arranged that I am through in ample time for the evening's performance at the theatre. It is a pleasant life."

And she sighed contentedly.

"What will you do when the time comes to go on the road?" I asked, seeming to me a knockout question. But did it ruffle Miss Sindelar? It did not.

(Continued on page 36)
From All Over the World

William J. Burns was the first person to welcome Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the hotel porter, and Lady Doyle, who arrived in New York on May 27th on the Olympic.

Mrs. H. C. McPherson, of New York City, was glad to get back to America. She was the only woman passenger from that city during the Battle between the Federal and the Rebels who returned there when it was over.

The Olympic, which left New York for Europe, was the last of the Guaranty class of ships. It was built at a cost of $20,000,000 and will carry a load equivalent to 25 freight trains of 20 cars each. The entire hull is divided into 12 watertight compartments, which may be filled or pumped out separately at any time.
CURRENT EVENTS IN PICTURES

The Thirty Competing Cars Were Led Around the Course by the "Penn-Stater" Which Turned into the pits after One Lap and the Mighty "Gulf" Was On.

Harry Gifford, by His Racing Driving, Put Up a Glittering Fight for Position in the Indianapolis Race. His Name Is A New Name in Short Distance Racing, and He Has the Possibility of Becoming a Big Name in Racing.


The Norwegian Steamer "Stork" Which Sank the Esmirna on Friday, in the St. Lawrence River, During a Heavy Storm. When the Storm Came, Only Eighty Survivors Were Left on the Ship. The Ship Was Sunk on Friday, in the St. Lawrence River. It Was Estimated to Be Over $3,000,000 in Value.

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

Making the Movies

By A. L. SLOAN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE moving picture theatre shows life more accurately and realistically than any other. All it lacks to complete a perfect illusion of life is sound, and that we have already had in some degree. We chuckle at the comedy, we are saddened by a pathetic lantern, we weep over an intimate glimpse of some life tragedy, we thrill over daring deeds and hair-breadth escapes.

And why are we so moved? Is it not by the absolute reality of it all?

So convincing are the pictures, so apparently true to life, that we seldom remember that it isn't real life itself that we are watching. We quite overlook the fact that we are gazing only at moving photographs of actors and screeners.

And how are the pictures made? Who has not asked himself that question? I had, again and again, until finally this curiosity led me to the great Selig plant in Chicago. I wanted to know; I wanted my questions answered; I wanted to see a moving picture made. I wanted to learn the "ifs" and the "hows" and the "whys" and the parlance of the movie studio.

Every movie fan knows the simple details of picture projection. He knows, for instance, that there is an immensely long film which revolves off one spool and on to another, much as the ribbon on a typewriter winds and unwinds, and that the thousands of pictures which compose this film are thrown on a screen in rapid succession by a powerful lantern, run by electricity and requiring only one man for its operation.

But it is a bewildered, fuddled fan who emerges from the moving picture studio. He rubs his eyes as though he had been in a deep sleep. He may even have to pinch himself to be sure that it was not all a dream. He is astounded, fairly breathless, not only from his glimpse of the complexity of the whole business, but by its magnitude as well.

In fact, the very first impression I got was that of the immense size of this undertaking. The word "studio" had given me certain definite impressions, of which size and up flights of stairs, stopping only to have a look at the bulletin board where the moving picture actors had their "assignments" posted. (Assignments may not be the correct term, but it is the one which comes first to my mind.) It was at this point that I realized for the first time one of the advantages of moving picture acting over acting on the stage—that of having daylight work and regular hours.

Making Pictures in Florida. Sol Golland, the Man in Black Woman Just in Front of Fox Theatre. Making the Production of "Life Rich"

THE studio proper proved to be a huge room, glass walled and glass roofed, occupying the entire top floor of the building. My attention was immediately attracted by a ballroom scene, which occupied the center of the floor space, and in which was being enacted an episode in a society drama. It looked very much like a real stage, except that it was not built on an elevated platform, with the orchestra in a pit in front, but was on the spectator's level, with the orchestra (a real orchestra) to one side, forming a part of the picture, and the scene painting was not in color, but in black and white. The players were waiting the order from the director to begin, standing around in their ballroom costumes, which appeared by no means as magnificent as they did later when the picture was flashed on the screen of the theatre.

"Lights!" shouted the director.
The moving picture actors and actresses themselves were very different in stage appearance from their brothers and sisters of the spoken drama. "Make-up," in the ordinary sense of the term, is not used at all. Highly rouged lips and scarlet painted cheeks have no place here, and the darkened eyelashes lose their value. Indeed, dazzling lights rob the movie performers of most of their natural comeliness.

Watching the rehearsal of a scene gave me some idea of the difficulties of an actor. I saw some of the differences between the work of a "regular" actor on the stage and one in the movies. I no longer wondered why so many of our great actors fail in pictures. Even Sarah Bernhardt fai led the first time she appeared on a film, although, quite characteristically, she made a success of the second one she attempted.

The camera is relentless, much more relentless than an audience. It overlooks neither a blink of the eye nor a movement of the body. There you have the secret of the unqualified accuracy demanded by picture acting. Anything forced, anything unnatural, becomes immediately apparent.

All action must be absolutely spontaneous, and, above all things, there must be no posing. The players must sink themselves in their parts and act as they would in real life, not as they may in stage life. The chief trouble with professional actors is that they cannot get away from their conventional ideas of acting and their consciousness of being watched. They always want to look at the camera, because they are used to looking toward an audience.

"Camera consciousness," I learned, is the great bugaboo of the director. Consciousness of posing before the camera usually spoils even the best player, if he is not able to overcome it and acquire the natural, spontaneous bearing which makes the best pictures, for the motion picture reveals each tiny mistake.

Then it was that I noticed that, in spite of the fact that the studio was as bright as a photographer's gallery, there were banks of mercury vapor tubes above and around the scene, which gave forth a dazzling splendor a few seconds after the director's order was given.

"All ready!" called the director.

The camera man began to turn the crank of his machine as the players took their partners for the dance. The band struck up "Too Much Mustard," and the dancing began. The scene represented a military ball, attended by formally dressed officers in starched uniforms and with orders across their breasts, and beautiful women, wondrously garbed. They danced gracefully, smiling and chatting to their partners, while the liveried servants stood statue-like at their posts—and the band played on—and the camera saw it all.

The director did not say much because the cast had been well drilled in the rehearsals that had preceded the actual taking of the scene. Once in a while he cautioned an actor to look away from the camera, or told a man to be more lively or a pretty girl to smile more broadly, or the bandmaster to be a little more eccentric in his gestures.

"All right," called the director.

The music stopped. The camera man opened his machine, took out the film and rushed away with it to the developing room. My guide explained that it was the last scene to be taken with this particular "set" and the director was anxious to see whether it had come out successfully. In order that the scene shifters might "strike"—that is, take down—this scene and prepare another. The studio was so busy that no scene is left standing any longer than is absolutely necessary.

Up to this time I had been so absorbed in the taking of the ballroom scene that I had not looked around me. My attention had been so taken up with observing the accurate attention given to every detail that it would have been difficult to get me to look elsewhere.

Now, from my vantage point in the center of the room, I gazed about me. Every inch of space seemed to be occupied with something or other. Here a scene was being set up; there, another was being taken down, and, again, another was in use for rehearsal. All of these scenes were on the floor level. I discovered that what appears on the screen to be a beautiful room is generally nothing but a section of a room, less complete, often, than a room on the stage.
"Through the Flames"

A Story in Which Love and Tragedy are Intertwined

TWO-REEL KALEM FILM

CAST.
Donald Hall, a millionaire........... Guy Coombs
Marion Hall, his wife............... Alice Hollister
Major Humphries..................... Harry Millerde
Mr. Rogers......................... Henry Hallam
Milly Rogers, his daughter........ Marguerite Courtot
Morgan, Milly's little daughter...... Baby Young

SYNOPSIS.

When Donald Hall discovers that his beautiful young wife is infatuated with Major Humphries, a thorough-going scoundrel, they quarrel bitterly, and the upshot of it is that Marion, recklessly accompanies Humphries on a motor trip out to a popular road house while Donald is at a director's meeting. A fire breaks out and the road house is burned to the ground. Donald finds Marion's charred handbag among the ruins of the building and believes her to be dead, but in reality she and Humphries have escaped and gone to Europe. Donald goes to the country and in the course of time he falls in love with Milly Rogers, an adorable and innocent young girl, and marries her. Their happiness is short-lived, however, for Marion, repudiated and abandoned by Humphries, comes back to her husband. Although Donald promptly pensions Marion off and they try to hush the matter up, Milly leaves him and goes home to her father. She dies when her baby is born and Donald receives a message to the effect that baby, too, is dead. Years later Donald returns to the spot where he and Milly first met, heartbroken and weary. As he stands with a pistol to his head, just about to pull the trigger, he sees a little figure trodging toward him. It is Margery, Milly's daughter, who has come back to get a forgotten doll before going to bed. A moment later Donald has his daughter clasped to his breast and realizes that life is again worth living.
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

"A Foolish Agreement"
Which has Startling and Disastrous Results

EDISON F. M

CAST

Henry Wallace ................ Charles Sutton
Mrs. Wallace .................. Margaret McWade
Harry Wallace, his son ....... Harry O'More
Hetty Wallace, his daughter ... Gladys Hulette
Helen Wright .................. Bliss Milford
Saunders, a burglar .......... John Sturges
Bert McClure ................. Elmer Peterson
Ralph Bennet ................ H. B. Mack
A Crasher ........................... Harry Epting
A Broker .............................. Julian Reed
A Doctor .............................. Harry Linson
A Yarac .................. Beatrice Mabel
A Policeman .......... William West

SYNOPSIS.

WHEN Harry Wallace comes home one night and discovers a burglar opening the safe, instead of turning him over to the police he decides to give him a chance to earn an honest living and offers him the position of butler in the house. His two chums, Bert McClure and Ralph Bennet, protest vehemently, whereupon Harry proposes a novel test of their own characters. Each one deposits $200 in a certain safe in order to see how long they can resist taking it. A few days later Mr. Wallace's bank, at which Bennet and McClure have accounts, closes. About the same time Mrs. Wallace is taken ill and a change of climate is advised, a measure which the Wallace's cannot afford to adopt. On the evening following the closing of the bank Hetty Wallace enters the library, turns on the lights and finds—her brother, her father, McClure, Bennet and Saunders, each dismayed at the presence of the others, and an empty safe. When a policeman is called in each one present insists that he is the thief. But is it Hetty herself who produces the money. She has stolen it to save her brother from temptation.
“Blue Knot, King of Polo”

And How He Helps to Win the Game and the Girl

AMERICAN GIRL

CAST

Mr. Karr.......................... William Bertram
Mrs. Karr.......................... Ida Lewis
Jimmy Karr (their son).......... Ed Cozen
Stephen Karr...................... George Field
Beatrice Beneful, Jimmy’s sweetheart............... Winifred Greenwood
Mr. Beneful, Beatrice’s father....... John Stephling
Elmer Boescke.................... Elmer Boescke

SYNOPSIS

JIMMY KARR and his brother Stephen are both in love with the same girl. Beatrice Beneful is patiently in love with Jimmy, but her father has no use for him because he spends most of his time playing polo and most of his money on his string of ponies. His latest extravagance, perpetrated just before Beatrice and her father come down from the city to see a polo match, is to buy an unpromising looking horse at an auction, one which he picks for a winner. Unable to swing the purchase alone, he appeals to his brother, who not only refuses to help him out, but also manages to make him look foolish to Mr. Beneful. But a friend, Elmer Boescke, comes to the rescue, and Beatrice, too—without Jimmy’s knowledge—buys an interest in “Blue Knot.” Stephen then tries to ruin Jimmy’s chances of success by getting into a scrap with him and breaking his arm, but again Boescke comes to the rescue, plays in Jimmy’s place and wins with “Blue Knot.” Beatrice’s father, astonished and delighted over Jimmy’s “horse sense,” congratulates Jimmy and offers him the management of his polo string. He further gives a dinner in Jimmy’s honor, to which Stephen is not invited, and announces Beatrice’s and Jimmy’s engagement. “Blue Knot” is also brought into the dining room and gets his share of the felicitations of the guests.
"Father's Flirtation"

TWO-REEL VITAGRAPH FILM FEATURING

JOHN BUNNY

SYNOPSIS

MR. AND MRS. BUNNY decide one day to visit their daughter Betty, who is away at college. As soon as they arrive Mrs. Bunny proceeds to inspect the town. Mrs. Bunny has words with the landlady and decides to leave; Bunny has words—of quite another sort—with a charming widow. Of course, it is to the very boarding house kept by the charming widow that Mrs. Bunny and Betty come in search of rooms; and it is the very room in which Bunny has taken refuge that the widow throws open for his wife's inspection. Mrs. Bunny decides to take the room and settles down to rest. Left alone, her roving eyes encounter a pair of feet sticking out from under the bed and with a wild shriek she rushes for help. Bunny also rushes for help and incidentally runs into his first piece of luck—a dress belonging to a lady boarder about his size. While he is putting it on the lady boarder comes in. Bunny gets past her, however, and into the maid's room. Also he gets past the maid—for a consideration—and out on the street. There his attire excites suspicion as well as comment, with the police station as the logical sequence. He discovers shortly that everyone, including the owner of the dress, is willing to keep silent—for a consideration. At last he is free. But he has forgotten the widow. When he arrives at the house he discovers that she, too, is willing to keep silent, but only—for a consideration. As Bunny puts his flattened wallet back into his pocket and trudges upstairs to his wife he murmurs ruefully, "Never again!"
"Million Dollar Mystery"
TWO-REEL INSTALLMENT OF THE THANHAUSER
FORTY-SIX-REEL SERIES

ALL STAR CAST.
Sidney Hargrave, the millionaire... Albert Norton
Jonea, Hargrave's butler... Sidney Bracy
Florence Gray, Hargrave's daughter
Florence LaBalle
The Countess Olga... Margarette Snow
Norton, a newspaper reporter... James Cruze
Susan, Florence Gray's companion... Lily Chester
Braine, one of the conspirators... Frank Harrington

SYNOPSIS.

MANY years ago, just at dusk, a man drove up to the
door of Miss Farlow's private school for girls and
left a baby with a note fastened to its clothes on the
doorstep. Seventeen years later finds the little foundling
popular with her companions, loved by her teachers.
In fact, the pet of the school. She has been given the
name, Florence Gray.

Her father is Sidney Hargrave and he writes to Miss
Farlow about this time and asks that his daughter be
sent to him. One night Hargrave goes to a fashionable
restaurant to dine. There he meets the Princess Olga
Perigoff, Jim Norton, a reporter, and Braine, a friend
of the Princess'. Braine and the Princess excuse them-
selves and leave, to attend a masked meeting of "The
Black Hundred" where they are informed that a traitor
member of their society, after many years' search, has
been found, and plans are being laid for revenging his
treachery. From that hour on Hargrave is shadowed.
The next day he visits a hangar and talks to an aero-
naut, goes to several banks and collects a huge sum of
money. But when he is ready to go to meet Florence,
his daughter, who is to arrive that day, he finds the
house surrounded. He escapes from the roof in a balloon.
The gang see him go, break into the house and open the
safe. It is empty. They try the third degree on the butler
but fail to get any information. And while they
search and search, 300 miles out at sea a balloon might
be seen floating on the water, a mass of wreckage.
I was almost helpless with anger and dismay when I knew that Mr. Cole had understood me so plainly that he wanted me to go. He did not dismiss me; for some reason, apparently, he didn't want to do that. But what he had said, of course, made it impossible for me to remain with the Smilax Company, and he knew it very well. It was a long time before I saw that he was right. Whether the stories about me were true or not—I am trying, of course, to show how it looked to him—people believed them. And, whatever the facts might be, it was going to be bad for the work of the company. Either I would be all odds with some of the actors, or a condition would arise that he had been particularly careful to avoid, and one that was bound to interfere with work.

But just then I could think only of my own predicament, which was natural. I had made a fight against very heavy odds; and now, when I thought I had won, that I was in a fair way to gain a real position, and a reputation that would be an asset to me, it was all spoiled—and by the appearance of the man who had always acted as if he cared deeply as I had supposed was possible. I have never really known whether George Converse was responsible for what I supposed. I found it pretty hard to believe, even in the first flush of my anger, that he had deliberately spread stories about me with a view to ruining my chance for success. He has always been incredibly small, but I could hardly think he did that!

For one thing, no matter how he told it, the story would not make him look very well. But, as I left the Smilax studio that day, it was not of much importance to me to discover how this disaster had come about. The only thing that bothered was that he had come. Once more I was facing the world, and once more it was for me to discover some means of wresting a living from it. I was living that it had shown pretty plainly that it did not care whether I got or not.

I think there was a good deal of excuse for the way I collapsed when I was alone in my room. It all seemed to me so bitterly unjust. I had done my best always, or thought I had. Perhaps when I say this I am trying to yield so readily to George Converse, back in Harbordough, but if you understood the life I had led before he came you would not think—as I still do—and always shall—that if ever a girl had an excuse for running away from home I was that girl. And I had been unable to see anything wrong in what we planned. He was my lover; we were simply going away to be married. There was nothing in my experience to warn me against him; nothing to make me look, as I should look now, for a base motive.

But now I was being punished. I had the name of a bad woman, and none of the rewards that are supposed to be hers; none of the compensations. I asked myself that day, as I was to do a good many times again, what was the use of being good? Why should I preserve the reality of virtue when I was, as it seemed, damned by everyone who knew anything about me? Why shouldn't I get the wretched price, the return for what I had to pay, anyhow?

But still I had a good deal of resiliency left in me, although just then, as I lay, choking back my sobs, on my bed, I didn't know it. Because I didn't really plan to let myself go, although I certainly was thinking of it. No—

I was wondering what point I should attack next, where I should take up the fight. I must have inherited a good deal of stubbornness from my father. All his years of pinching and tolling on the farm had never robbed him of the one thoroughly admirable quality he had, a dogged determination to keep on fighting. He had never given up, even though it seemed to be nothing but barren, rocky soil. He had fought with it, wrestled with it, determined to win some sort of living from it, and in the end he had been richly rewarded. He might have hired himself out, many times, in the years of my girlhood, and done better for himself and for me than as a landowner, but he would not do it. He had struggled with his hard crops, and his costly farming, and with the debts and mortgages that kept his nose always to the grindstone, and a sort of success had come to him in the end. To be sure, it seemed, in my eyes, a sort of success not worth having, for it came when he could no longer enjoy it, but it was, after all, success.

And so when I pulled myself together I had abandoned all thought of giving up the fight, and I sat up to try to work out some new plan. There was no use. It seemed to me, to stay in southern California. I had been in the game long enough to know that my reputation would follow me about. It ought to make no difference, if only I made good, but I knew that people would not want to have anything to do with me, and they would be willing enough, but they would feel, because of what they thought they knew about me, privileged to impose conditions that made my cheek stab, even to contemplate.

I suppose I exaggerated my own importance in thinking that everyone would know about me, and in thinking of me as Cole did. But I couldn't help being sensitive, and I don't know that I am sorry for it. I simply couldn't face me, people while I was sure of the sort of comments they would make as soon as my back was turned.

I went back to New York. The place didn't seem quite as terrible now. I had a little more strength enough to carry me along for a while, and I cut down the expenses of my engagement as far as possible. Moreover, even though my engagement with the Smilax company had been a dreariful farce for me, personally, I began to see that everyone needn't know that. At any rate, there would be pictures that I could point to, and I had at last acquired a foothold. It was an advance. The stamp of professionalism was on my work; directors couldn't sniff at me as an amateur.

And I would not, of course, be looking for work as an extra woman. That was bound to make a difference.

Almost as soon as I reached New York, I ran into a little luck. One of the new feature film companies that were beginning to spring up just then in great numbers, was planning a picture that had to be taken in Cuba. People were not anxious to make the trip; I consented, however, and the more readily because they had happened to send something of my work, and actually came to me. It was the first token of my advance, you see, and I was more than glad to jump at the chance. A very large company was to be taken down with a famous actor from the legitimate stage as the star. All expenses were to be paid, and I was to receive fifty dollars a week besides, which did not seem at all bad.

We started for Cuba soon after I reached New York, and the trip down was about as delightful an experience as I had ever had. I enjoyed the life on the ship, although, of course, it was not much of a voyage. I had always longed to travel. When I was a little girl I had loved to read of the old English sailors and dreamed of a time when I should go to strange lands myself, without ever daring to hope that my dreams would come true. And so it was with a long drawn out sigh of happiness that I watched the smoke of New York getting fainter and fainter on the horizon as we slipped down the coast.

"First time you've been out of sight of land, Miss Morgan?" asked a pleasant voice. I...
turned to see young Hemingway, one of the others, beside me. He was always smiling; I had heard of those in the company I was sure to like.

"Yes!" I said. "I suppose I'm silly, but I love the weather.

"Well, I hope you won't have to change your mind," he said, looking very portentous. "But I warn you now, take your last look at us, until we meet again. Very few of us are going to be very, very seasick!"

"I hadn't thought of that at all!" I said, a little dismayed. I hated the idea of having the little fellow in a silly weakness.

"Don't start, then," he said, earnestly. "This is the reason most people get seasick—because they think that they will. Some of them can't help it, of course. But I really think that most cases of seasickness are due to the vivid imagination of the victims."

It was a fact, I thought; I wasn't sick. And neither was he. He never was, he explained. But he was right about the others. We saw almost nothing of the company all the way down, and it wasn't until we were entering Havana Harbor that they began to appear. The first thing I looked for, of course, was the remnant of the Maine that still was to be seen then, just a little wreckage, sticking out of the blue water, so much bluer than any I had ever seen before they raised the wreck. Gradually, the beauty of the background got hold of me. It was so much more wonderful than I had ever dreamed it could be.

We didn't stay in Havana, but took a train for the north of the island at once. Santiago de Cuba was a very close-fisted headquarters and a good deal of the actual work of the picture was to be done in the country that our men had fought ever in the war. We saw battle fields out side the city, El Caney, and San Juan, and they didn't look like battle fields at all, but just like peaceful country.

It was interesting, but it seemed to me to promise to be very easy. The picture, as it was planned, was to depend so much on big effects, in which great crowds appeared, that the thought of leading players scarcely figured in at all. Young Hemingway, with whom I was very good friends by this time, liked the whole idea.

"They've got the right dope for this picture," he said to me. "We're only needed to give a sort of continuity to it. They're dead right in making out to you that we don't show the two sides of the show. That's what's going to make it go.

"However, I am ashamed to confess that I didn't talk much about the work we were doing. I didn't want to. I was too busy having a good time. For the first time in my life, I think, I let myself go. The transition was extraordinary; I simply forgot everything that had worried me; George Armstrong, my trouble with the Smilax people, the thought of what was coming next. For that matter, there seemed to be no reason to worry. The government should worry me at all. Fred Armstrong, the second day on the spectacularly staged with my work; he practically told me that I could use me in the next few days, at least, that were to follow.

"Everything was new to me and, although we were busy, the work was really difficult. We all had a lot of time to ourselves, and I began to go around a good deal with Char-
"Too Cheap to Be Good"

That is what a great many people say of the Photoplaywrights' Association of America. BUT THEY ARE THE SCOFFERS—the ones who are unable to believe that in these modern days of honest advertising, the truth and only the truth must be told.

We have been telling you the truth when we said that a membership in the Photoplaywrights' Association of America (for one dollar a year) will insure careful criticism of all the scenarios you care to submit. And the criticism is given by honest and expert critics who know their business. Now we are from Missouri and we like to be shown. And we believe in doing unto others, etc., etc.

So read the letters below, each one a balsamic expression of appreciation. They are only a few of the many similar letters we receive from our friends.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I received the criticism on my story "The Reformers" this morning. I realize that it is just as you say—that it is not only beneficial by your frank suggestions and am doing my best to put them into practice. I think you will find that the story is improved by your letter and I appreciate very much your being so kind as to read it. Please note that I am sure I will benefit by it.

B. H. W.

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I appreciate your criticism and thank you for your kind suggestions. I am taking your advice. However, I am afraid you missed the best idea around which I wrote. Yours very truly.

Dr. J.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I happened to call at the Photoplay, 101 Osceola St., the Universal Co. I believe there is a new finish on this story and the Photoplayers' Association of America is doing a great deal of helping. You may see a script landing—yourself. You probably remember the title you had in mind——"The Reformation". The Photoplayers' Association of America is one of the most clever plots and a punch with suspense. I think you will not have ventured to write a script just like that. Incidentally, I incorporated an article from the Photoplay about the Photoplayers' Association which referred to your letter about the novel. The result was three full interesting reels. Your story has also been of the greatest help and without your assistance and advice I believe I would not be able now to class myself as a professional play writer.

Very truly yours.

C. J. C.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I am glad to let you know that my story "Aside" and my other title "The Christy" are being used in twenty-eight thousand places in the United States. For this, you are so much to blame. You have saved me considerable money in postage by advising me from a critical standpoint that these novelists were unqualified because they lacked sufficient plot. You suggested an idea to me which I believe I can weave into one of my next novels and make it available, at least I shall try it. Respectfully yours.

H. M. K.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I wish to thank you for your kind letter and for the encouragement given me after reading my several stories. You have saved me considerable expense in postage by advising me from a critical standpoint that those novelists were unqualified because they lacked sufficient plot. You suggested an idea to me which I believe I can weave into one of my several novel stories and make it available at least I shall try it. Respectfully yours.

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H. H. D.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I have just received the criticism on my story "Aside" with criticism of my script entitled "When a Woman Dwells in Exile". I am very pleased to see that the criticism has helped me to the extent that I am positive now that my story and script are good. You say that I have to make a decision. You are right. I have received a great deal from your letter and criticism and feel satisfied that what you have written is the truth. I appreciate your approval as to applying the proper technique to the story.

Very truly yours.

T. W. N.

Cairo, Ill.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I received the criticism on my story "The Bluff" and I believe it was well written. I have been advised by my editor that my story was taken from one of Mrs. D. T. Southworth's novels and that it is not the right to write a novel from a script. I am going to have to be very careful in the future in taking a novel and using it. I have an idea that you are the editor of the Photoplayers' Association of America and you have a novel called "The Bluff" by Mrs. D. T. Southworth. I wrote the story and I am very happy to hear from you. I want to send you the story and I shall try to show you that your criticism are doing me good. Yours very truly.

MISS BLANCHE W.

Oaksho, Wis.

Dear Mr. Thomas: Yours of April 28th with criticism of my script entitled "When a Woman Dwells in Exile" has helped me to the extent that I am positive now that my story and script are good. You say that I have to make a decision. You are right. I have received a great deal from your letter and criticism and feel satisfied that what you have written is the truth. I appreciate your approval as to applying the proper technique to the story.

Very truly yours.

JAMES T.

Mr. Thomas: I have a confession to make. A new film was made by one of your companies last year. I have read the script and I congratulate you on your knowledge of the Photoplayers' Association. It is more than a year since that criticism at the point where you say my technique is slight. I am now working on the next one. Very truly yours.

WALThER, S. C.

NILE, N. Y.

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JAMES T.

Now WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Is there any doubt left in your mind that we are giving amateur writers just what we say we are giving them? The writers of the foregoing letters are people who are in the scenario writing game for all there is in it.

Do it at the least possible expense. Join the Photoplaywrights' Association, and send your dollar in TODAY.

The Photoplaywrights' Association of America
8 South Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

The Business of Being Funny (Continued from Page 9)

postmarks showing they came from every part of the world.

"That's only a starter," he remarked, and included numerous drawings crammed with more letters.

"Well, do you save them all?"

"I do," he replied. These are the things I have held up in the fire for some special reason. Goodness gracious! If I tried to keep 'em all I'd have to build a wing onto the Vitagraph studio.

This was a justified boast. Near the end of the day, the Vitagraph trụe came in again in the half-open doorway and yelled, "All ready, Mr. Bunny!" He had been making up as we waited and the call signaled him to the studio.

The scene in question was one of the sentimental, mushy-love sort. Dressed in an after­noon costume, Mr. Bunny, as he was known to his admirer, knelt before the lady of his heart, squeezed her tiny hand and told of his undying love. Was it funny? Just wait 'til you see it!

Now for Bunny's past.

He was born in New York City, September 21st, 1891. His real name is Charles B. Brown, several generations of the Bunny family coming from Pensance, England. He of the Vitagraph productions according to the Bunny family tree, was duly christened John, the first John in nine generations who has not been a sailor or sailor's wife. His mother was Eleanor O'Sullivan, of County Clare, Ireland.

Mr. Bunny, as he is known, was educated in the public schools of New York City and the St. James High School of Brooklyn. His first position was that of a clerk in a general store. His father, a notoriety worth being, was nearly twenty years old, as end man in an obscure minstrel company. His stage career, covering nearly thirty years, included engagements with Maude Adams, Annie Russell, Ford Smith, and he appeared under the management of H. W. Savage, William A. Brady, Charles Frohman and in the various parts. He did everything from minstrelsy to Shakespearean roles, and from a matter of record that he made a wonderful offal. His last professional engagement was with Weber and Fields.

"I began my career as a picture actor in 1915, about Christmas, and as a sal­
ary being forty dollars a week. Just about that time I needed the money, and I looked upon the motion picture as affording only be­
poverished employment. I was getting a hun­
derd and fifty a week from Charles Frohman, and Henry Savage had seen me for two hun­
dered five dollars a week. I could not think of anything tempting in pictures at the start. Now, well you know."

But he told me he expected to remain with the Vitagraph Company just as long as the would stand for him, regardless of the tempt­
ing offers of $1,500 a week to enter vaudeville. "Why this studio is just like home," he ex­
claimed. "I know every little churb and fel­
low worker in this plant. We just get along splendidly."

Some of the principal Vitagraph productions in which Bunny has appeared are: "John Tobin's Sweetheart," "The Autocrat of Pug Jack Johnson," "The Old Man and the Chief Fire Chief," "Mr. Bunny in Disguise," "Bunny's Double," "Bunny Buys a Harem," "Bunny's Sweety," "Bunny Takes a Wife," and "The Misadventures of a Mighty Monarch." The last named play was made while Bunny was enthroned as King of the Minstrels at Coney Island in 1918. "Ah, this is a great game," says John, the tenth, "this business of being funny," as he calls it.

Now it is the Orange County Motion Picture Corporation with the role of the new helm. Florence Seidell, a licensed aviateuse, is interested, and films will be written around her. The company is financed by Orange county capitalists.
Helen Costello, one of the two talented daughters of the ever-popular Madame Costello, who accompanied her parents upon their picture tour around the world and who has long been held in affectionate appreciation by patrons of Vitagraph pictures.

J. Harry Betrino, the actor-playwright, part owner of that delightful play, “The Yellow Jacket,” which was recently produced in Germany.

Fanny Hurst, who, to all appearances, has resumed her world traveling and lately concluded a season at the Little Theatre with Grace George in “The Truth.”

Camille D'Avellio, of happy comic opera starring days but who has been living in retirement in California for several years past.

Wells Hawkes, the popular public man and short story writer, who has charged the Red Wagon tales with classics of their kind.

Richard Buhler, who is specially popular in stock company circles, at present playing leads with Ford and others in Washington, D. C.

Thompson Buchanan, the playwright, author of that most diverting comedy, “A Woman’s Way,” but who has not turned his hand to playwriting of late.

Harry McAlpine, who has carried upon his shoulders the stage management responsibilities of many important companies.

Boyd Marshall, the handsome young juvenile whose work has been attracting considerable attention in recent Thanhouser pictures as an important member of the Princess brand in which he shares the honors with Muriel Ostriche.

Eva L. Rose, the admirable actress of adventurers and character roles, who has recently been doing some special work upon the screen, notably in the picture productions of “The Great Diamond Robbery” and “The Greyhound.”

Van Dyke Brooke, the sterling character of the Vitagraph, one of his most successful recent pictures being in the title role in “Miser Murray’s Wedding Present.”

Arthur Bouchier, the distinguished English actor-manager, recently seen in the music hall in the sketch, “Find the Woman,” and who some time ago appeared before the camera in one of the most elaborate series of “Macbeth” pictures.

Martin Harvey, still another of England’s leading actors, who has succeeded as a screen star, appearing in one of his most successful plays, “A Cigarette Maker’s Romance.”

Olivia Oliver, lately finished her season as leading woman with Robert Hilliard in “The Argyle Case,” in which she did notably fine work.

Porter Emerson Brown, author of that successful play, “A Pool There Was,” which has known five years of uninterrupted prosperity.

Hamlyn Brown, the remarkably talented dancer, latest with the Ziegfeld “Follies,” and now appearing in “Hullo, Tango,” at the Hippodrome Music Hall, London.

Lilly Brayton, the distinguished London comedienne, wife of Oscar Asche, and co-star with her husband in an extended tour of Australia, and at the present moment playing in “The Joy Ride Lady,” at the New Theatre, London.

Lillian Wrigins, the vastly popular Pathe star, who has gone to Europe to take the leading roles in a series of pictures to be filmed on the other side.

E. Vivian Reynolds, the stage director for the William Fox companies, and who is now abroad, looking for new ideas—whisper it—in the motion picture world.

Van Bixler Wheeler, who did notably good work this past season in the production of “Heart.”

Dorothy Floyd, the English actress, who last appeared in our midst in that most charming of plays, “Milestones.”

Jonathan Jones, the inimitable impersonator of “tube” characters, now creating no end of laughs in “Too Many Cooks,” at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.

Beat Laty, the article-caricaturist, vastly popular with our vaudeville patrons.

E. Vivian Reynolds, the stage director of this production at George Alexander’s St. James’ Theatre, London, where the most recent production was a revival of Wilde’s “An Ideal Husband.”

Chester Beechott, than whom we have no better-known name among picture publicity men, at the moment being adviser manager for the Photoplay Productions Company, sponsors for that successful film, “The Pleasure Seekers,” a scenario.

Frances Nordstrom, who has lately been dividing her time between stock work and vaudeville, in both of which fields she has long been favorably known.

Stevie Paxton, who for the past two seasons has been a shining light in the cast of “Fanny’s First Play.”

Edward Kimball, the character picture player, for some time with Vitagraph, whose name of you can readily recall as Lord Storm in “The Christian.”

Dorothy Jackson, the popular prima donna, who has long sung the chief role in “The Pleasure Seekers.”

Ruth Benson, who appeared last season in “The Family Cupboard” and in several of the one-act plays at the Proctor’s Theatre.

Frankly Ritchie, whom we saw on Broadway in “Isreal” and “The Marriage of a Star.”

Stark, who, at the moment, leads with the Harry Blasing Stock, at the Bijou Theatre, Minneapolis.

Hume Odenne, who for some time past has been identified with the role of Wilhelma in “Everywoman.”
The Cross Roads (Continued from page 26)
ride in like this! You're fired, of course, both of you. It's too raw! I don't care, personally, what you do, as long as it isn't spread all over the place! But this—to be away all night—"
I saw Charlie Hemmingway's face go white without rage.
"We, damn you!" he shouted. "Let me explain!"
And he poured out the whole story. But Armstrong's face never lost its cynical look.
"My dear chap!" he said, protestingly, "It's too thin! Even if Miss Morgan—even well, if we didn't know her views, this couldn't be overlooked on the strength of a story like that! I wouldn't tell it, if I were you.
And he rode off, without waiting for any more. Charlie turned to me.
"For heaven's sake, what does he mean?" he asked, blankly.
The time had come when I must tell him my story.

TO BE CONTINUED

Scenarios for Sale

TO SHOW some of the ideas and general appreciation of some of the would-be scenario writers, we submit the following:

PITTSBURGH, PA.

VITAGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA:

Dear Sirs: I've just learned to write scenario and intend to sell them for a small price about $15 dollars a piece before I fix myself up. I am that I am going to by a type-writing machine and have my script typed and have it published in the form of an idea of a story and sell them off. Dear Sirs I'm in tell you that I'll write a story to and Mr. L. of the company. Kindly if you need me for that small prize of money on every show kindly write me and I'll come and sold them off. I often heard about it that the company will pay from $15 to $20 for an idea. Why should they pay much money for a play I'm in tell you myself. Of course I have not the idea of what is the matter with the play it's the same thing the way they play they should have to lay off from work so they play. I ain't got no more to say about it and if you want them plays kindly write me. My address is on the other side.

Yours truly, R. P.

Pearl Sindelar (Continued from page 16)

"Why bother about the future? I am now identified with one of the biggest Broadway successes, one which will probably run here for months to come, and after that we'll play lengthy engagements in all the leading cities, in many of which there are motion picture companies located. And then there are the summer months. You see, I don't propose to give up my motion picture affiliations, for I believe the pictures have a tremendous future, especially as educational factors. I know what they have done for me, how much I have grown, developed, and learned through them. And both Mr. Wells and Mr. Lebhan, of Pathe, have been perfectly wonderful in their treatment of me, their thoughtfulness and consideration.

"All the same," I persisted, getting around again to my starting point, "if you had to make a choice of the two professions, the footlights, and not the camera, would claim you for your own?"

Miss Sindelar's expressive features, which are now familiar in every part of the civilized globe ("and that's something the stage could not do for me," she observed) were alert with animation and her parting word was, "But see, I don't have to make any such choice."

Beyond the shadow of a doubt, Pearl Sindelar is the luckiest girl in pictures to-day.

But if she did have to choose, I wondered...
WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS
NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

FRANK MONTGOMERY of the Kalem Company has just presented Mona Darkfurth in a new picture. The picture is now named the "Princess Mona Darkfurth Garage."

W. S. Hart, well known in New York as a legitimate director, has put together a new picture, "The Kid in the Taxi," starring his own creation "Kid," and is to appear in a series of Western pictures written around him. Mr. Hart was the success in "Bad Men," "Tramplin," "The Virginian" and "Stunt Man," and he is now named as the "Princess Mona Darkfurth."

There is a little new baby girl at Santa Monica, born to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Viteograph. If she proves to be as handsome as her father, or as charming as her pretty mother—Estelle Allen—Miss Viteograph will attract much attention in the years to come. Our best wishes to the parents and our congratulations to the baby!

J. W. Johnston, who was with Belfair for more than two years, is appearing with Jesse White in "The Virginian" and "Stunt Man," and is named as the "Princess Mona Darkfurth."

William Ryno and Jefferson Osborne, who went with Harry Matthews' company to Bismarck, North Dakota, and returned to San Antonio, have returned to New York. They have already left for New York with Elsie Albert and Baby Early. Ray Myers is expected here soon.

Mabel Normand is soon to be featured in a wonderful trick film at the Keystone Studio. She will appear as a fairy princess in one scene and a policeman hanging to its tail. Observers will not be able to detect anything wrong, but some of us, at least, will know that it isn't so.

Another famous old timer has been recognized on the Mutual stage, playing "extra." This time it is Billy Courtright, who reprised his role as the insatiable policeman hanging to the tail of the dragon. Observers will not be able to detect anything wrong, but some of us, at least, will know that it isn't so.

The Plot of the Short Story

By HERBERT ALBERT PHILIPS

The Plot of a Short Story is an essential study of the dramatic action, and no writer can do justice to his characters, no director can do justice to his story, unless he is thoroughly familiar with the Plot of the Story. The Plot of a Story is the backbone of the action, and all the action should be built around it, just as the skeleton is the backbone of the body. The Plot of a Story is the key to the action, and all the action should be built around it, just as the skeleton is the backbone of the body. The Plot of a Story is the key to the action, and all the action should be built around it, just as the skeleton is the backbone of the body. The Plot of a Story is the key to the action, and all the action should be built around it, just as the skeleton is the backbone of the body.
Plots Wanted
FOR MOTION PICTURE PLAYS
You can write them. We teach beginners in ten easy lessons. We have many successful graduates. Here are a few of their plots:

- "The Cane in the King"
- "Universal"
- "A Lively Affair"
- "Vigilante"
- "A Soldier's Sacrifice"
- "A Little Shop"
- "The Silent Voice"
- "The Old Man"
- "The Silent Voice"
- "XX"

Associated Motion Picture Schools
69 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO

DEMAND INCREASING. PARTICULARS FREE

WHOS' WHO IN THE PHOTOPLAYS
SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE PLAYERS

DOROTHY DAVENTORP, the pretty star of the Rex Company of the Universal, made her stage debut in "Under Two Flags" in 1902 when but seven years of age. She was born in Boston on March 12, 1895. The pictures claimed her in June of 1908 when she enlisted in the Biograph ranks. December found her a member of the Reliance Company and in October of the following year she was transferred to the Nestor Company. Engaged by Charles O.宝贝, and Universal followed, but now she has been definitely assigned to the Rex brand of the Universal. She was recently married to Wallace Reid, who had been her leading man in hundreds of films, and is exceedingly happy in looking after her newly assumed responsibilities.

FRANK W. SMITH is the leading character man of the Universal's Eastern studio, and is unexcelled in his line, as anyone will admit who has seen him as old Jarvis in "The Jarvis Case," or as Abraham in "Leah, the Forsaken." Born in New Orleans, December 18, 1881. He has withied such stars as Rosamund, Ben DeHart, Fanny Devereaux, and Robert Nesbitt. His first picture work was done in the Edison studios but since 1910 he has been a member of the Universal's company. Golf is his favorite pastime when away from the studio.

"JERRY" HEYENER, one of the Lubin leads and a director under the supervision of A. D. Hotelling, made his stage debut in Shakespearean roles, appearing on November 19, 1893, in "Hamlet" with Richard Mansfield. Work under Tom Keene, William Lackey, Nance O'Neill, and Creighton Clark followed and he has headed many dramatic stock companies in the leading cities of the United States. In 1904 he joined the Lubin Company for picture work and has headed films until today he is frequently called upon to direct. For a short period Mr. Heyener left the Lubin Company to appear with Kalem, Equitable, and Solax, but now he is back in Philadelphia, the home of his birth, and playing again in Lubin films. His favorite pastime when away from the studio is riding chickens, and he proudly boasts of many prize-winning birds. He is happily married, his wife's stage name being Grace Mae Clark.

MARGUERITE NAUMANN, the petite, bisnette soubrette of the Lubin Company, was born Buffalo, N. Y., home, for it was there she was born. Though she was recently married on the stage she was trained for picture work by Miss Maude Hoteley of the Lubin forces and made her first appearance in the cinema-as-a-baby films some two years ago. Miss Naumann is worked at present in the Jacksonville, Florida, studios and devotes all her spare time to her favorite sports of swimming, diving and motorcycling. She is unmarriag and so enthusiastically over her picture work that she feels she hasn't time to even think of marriage.

DAVID THOMPSON, character-man, leads, and "heavies" with the Thanhouser Film Corporation, calls it home now in New Rochelle, New York, where the Thanhouser studios are located, but Liverpool, England, was his birthplace in 1888. His first picture was made in September of 1901, when he appeared in "Soldiers of Fortune," engagements with James Corbett, Blanche Bates, and other companies, subsequent to 1906, when he joined the Edison picture players, and has been busy ever since in the New Rochelle studios.

WILLIAM CLIFFORD, leading man of the 101 Bison branch of Universal films, was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, June 27, 1878, and made his stage debut as Barad in "Raham and Joseph." He has supported such stars as Walter Whitsett, Mlle. Umberta, Holland and Robert Mantell, appearing in such productions as "Robots of Sicily," "Dream of an Empress," "We Are King," and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." His film debut occurred in 1910 in the Pathé studio and a few months later he shifted to the Metro studio and the following year to the New York Universal Company, from which he came to the Universal's Bison company. He is of medium height, a decided brunet and happiest when in the company of his wife.

HELEN LINDROTH, as the Duchess in "A Celebrated Case," gave an impression that will long be remembered. Speaking of it, Helen said, "I loved that part, and I think I was happier in it than any part I have in a long time."
CANNY TALK?
Do you really, honestly believe that your vocabulary is as extensive as it should be as it is POSSIBLE to make it?
Have you ever had the unpleasantly embarrassing experience of trying to explain a word to a group of people and not being able to find the word that exactly expresses your meaning?

CAN YOU WRITE?
in an easy, rapid manner without stopping to think of just what word is the one?
How much time do you want in thinking of what to say?
It's surprising, isn't it?
The most popular books, "Correct English" and "The Correct Word," are the best little time-savers you ever saw.

Theore written by Josephine Touch Baker, one of the foremost authorities on English Grammar in this country.

— and the price is $1.25 per volume—a small investment that will show immense return.

INVEST NOW!
CLOUD PUBLISHING COMPANY
1:00 Hawthorn Bldg., CHICAGO

DEVELOP YOUR FIGURE
ONE OUNCE A DAY
A Simple Easy Home Method That Gave Me Quick And Permanent Success

Judge from my picture as to the truth of what I say to you—that the crowning feminine attribute is a bust of beautiful proportions, firmness and congenital development. Then ask yourself how much you would like to have such a photograph of yourself, showing the glory of womanhood with its lines of infinite charm and grace.

Literature can do more for more for a two-cent stamp than would it? Then let me give you my message—let me write you in confidence. Have Marney and the great recent pictures of myself to prove what I say—otherwise you will not see me to-day.

I Will Tell You How—FREE
I will tell you gladly and willingly. Why should any woman have an opportunity to escape the pain and heartache of being skinny, swarthy, angular and unattractive in body? Let me tell you, my friend. Nature planned that you—a woman—should have the rich, pulsating lines of form, living flesh molded after the mother of all us, the description of whom perfumes our sacred literature with hate and admiration for the dignity of woman’s form. For why should there be that pliable thing of a woman and the form of a man.

Write To Me—To-day
I don’t want to be too fussy, or too didactic. Unwind your best self and say “I want to tell you a simple home method that will want to tell you how I gained perfect development. No physical culture—no exercise, foolish exercises, masses or injurious injunctions—just want you of my own new method, never before told about—insuring immediate success and permanent beauty.

Send No Money
Just write a letter—address it to me personally—thats all. I believe you will be one of the few people reading this letter who can write me to the following address:

MRS. LOUISE INGRAM
Suite 1035 405 Adams St., TOLEDO, OHIO
P. O. L. WASHINGTON, D. C.—We don’t get cast sheets of Ambrosio productions and so can’t tell you who those players were. The Civic Company operates outside of Italy and so the occasion demands and the jungle pictures you saw in “Between Savage and Tiger” were real jungle scenes and not filmed studio sets, of that you can be positive.

MAIDA R. CHESTERTON, I. B.—Clarence Burton was “Bob Benson” in Powers’ “The Pearl of the Sea” and “Myra” was Edna Maisen.

CRISZIE W. ONISHON, WIS.—Carlyle Blackwell is well known with the Famous Players. The first release in which he is to appear under the new contracts will shortly be announced. Fred Macre left Mutual to make feature films for himself. It is reported that he has signed a Pathé contract.

REDDY, CHICAGO, I. L.—The film “A Million Bid” which you saw was the same picture that was shown at the Vitagraph Theater in New York City. All of the Vitagraph theater productions are now being produced by the General Film Company as soon as the run on Broadway is finished. You seem to have the other “million” films confused. “The Million Dollar Robbery” is a Stannie Miller Mystery and “A Million Dollar Mystery” is a Thanhouser production which hasn’t been released as yet. The latter was written by Harold MacGrath.

EXHIBITOR, SPRINGFIELD, I. L.—“The Greyhound” is not an animal picture but a five reel visualisation of the play of the same name which was written by Paul Armstrong and Wil- son Minner. Your mistake is almost as funny as the story of the man who wrote his exchange for a “winter’s battle picture” and received a day the “War on the Mosque.”

X. Y. Z., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Thomas Santcher is still with Hal Roach and we have this copy went to the editor. Sometimes photomakers move so fast that they’re with a new company before our copy gets into the hands of our readers, but so far as we know Santcher is perfectly content and satisfied just where he is.

CHESTER W. C., PLYMOUTH, I. B.—The complete cast for Selig’s “Her Ladyship” is as follows—Lady Cecile—Gratire Gayboll, Earl of Clifden—Walter Roberts, Lord Sibley—Clifford Bruce, Richard Ruggles—Fred Ward, Jeanette March—Adrienne Kroell and Little Elsie—Ruth Heatley. Am unable to tell you where Ray Myers and James Cooley are now. Cooley was last with Mutual. So far as we have any record W. Christie Miller was never with Eclair. Don’t please Francis Newburgh with Selig. Only the exchanges could tell you which weekly is most in demand, the Pathé or the Hearst-Selig.

“AN INTERESTED READER,” GREENFIELD, I. O.—You certainly have gone back into ancient history. Over half the questions you ask are based on films which were released as long ago as August 2nd. You have to get the dope from the United Artists and the company records that run that far back. In fact that time Broncho and Kay-Bee were not telling them what was in their pictures. We are sorry to say that the Broncho and Kay-Bee of those days were only a part of the picture story. They had a secret of their own—‘‘theorgs’’ and the number of them on your page is only for those who are interested. We always appreciate it when you ask such questions.КаK the complete cast of Imp’s “Rounding Up Bowser” is as follows:—Bowser—Mr. Lee, Brown—Mr. Wood, and keeper—Frank Deer. Your chances of getting into motion picture work wouldn’t be one in a hundred, and thousands of trained players seeking work at the studios now. Why add yourself and your inexperience to the crowd already there?

JANE W., WHITESTONE, N. Y.—In Thomas Pictorial’s series of pictures called “The Adventures of the Diplomatic Free Lance,” the role of “Lord Trevor” and “Van,” his ward, have been played in all cases by James Cruse and Fie Laplade. “Abdel” is George Barnes and the chief of the police that you refer to is Cyril Chadwick. The story is adapted from a series of novels written by Clarence Herbert New and which appeared in The Blue Book.
MEN can make money anywhere. Men of industry have ten opportunities to one for women, almost everywhere.

Men are making a living, an independence, a fortune for themselves and their families in every state in the union.

—but FLORIDA! with its sunshine and flowers; its homes and health; its churches and good schools; the refinement and culture of its people, has given woman her opportunity to live as she ought on the farm, with the same independence, comfort and happiness enjoyed by the men of the family.

Hundreds of women are successfully operating “little farms” in Florida, chicken ranches, strawberry farms, lettuce farms, small vegetable farms, fruit farms and many are making money canning fruits and vegetables independent of their brothers', fathers', husbands' or neighbors' larger farms and industries.

Thousands more women can do the same and improve on the present successes—planning, thinking, working with the men folks, to better the already attractive living and money-making conditions.

At Hilliard and South Hilliard, Florida, close to Jacksonville (Florida's largest city) is a community of Northern people where this kind of real progress, happy home life, successful, small and large summer and winter farming are probably best expressed. Here the women are doing things. They are operating “little farms” and are helping in the accomplishment of big successes on the big farms.

Here in Northern Florida where railroad and steamship terminals are close at hand, with good facilities for quick marketing of crops and plenty of trains for traveling about, where the summer and winter climate is best suited to Northern people, is the place that holds rich opportunities for women as well as men.

If you stop and think a moment, it is the women that hold communities together and because of the genial climate, good soil, great demand for every winter and summer grown product of this favored North Florida district at good prices, women are exerting a powerful influence in its splendid development.

The following table shows what can be produced from a “little farm” of just one acre. These figures are official, taken from the twelfth Biennial Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Florida and are average winter crops and our people

at Hilliard and South Hilliard are growing these products:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Product</th>
<th>Cost per Acre</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Strawberries</td>
<td>$400 per acre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Head Lettuces</td>
<td>$360 per acre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>String Beans</td>
<td>$380 per acre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green Peppers</td>
<td>$370 per acre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corn</td>
<td>$310 per acre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Egg Plants</td>
<td>$360 per acre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watermelons</td>
<td>$330 per acre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bermuda Grapes</td>
<td>$400 per acre</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These same acres can be planted to two more crops during the year. There are many other fruits and vegetables that are successful money making crops, all of which are always in great demand, cash paid on the ground to every grower.

Figure out your earning on just a quarter acre each of four to six of these staples which is the type of “little farming” in this wonderful out-of-doors climate so successful in Northern Florida. It costs less to get started on these small farms in Northern Florida than on grain or stock farms anywhere in the Northern States and the living conditions are almost ideal.

We sell small farms of ten acres for $300 on easy payments, $10 down and $10 monthly, no interest and no taxes until paid for.

The titles to our land are guaranteed by the Chicago Title & Trust Co., capital $7,000,000. Each purchaser of ten acres of our land is given, free of cost, title guarantee policy by the Chicago Title & Trust Co. for the full amount of $300.
Power from within. Strength that is more than mere muscle strength—the strength of perfect health and abundant nerve force—the strength of the perfect man now within your reach through vibration. Nine people out of every ten are only half alive. They merely exist. They do not really live. Do you feel "tuned up" all the time? Aren't there times when something is wrong—not much perhaps—but just a little something, you can't tell what, that takes the edge off things—takes away the keenness of appetite and enjoyment. Usually there is just one thing wrong—circulation. The blood doesn't flow with the same tingle it used to. If you only knew what you could do, you wouldn't allow yourself to go another day without trying it.

What Prominent Physicians Say

Prominent physicians—among them men who have headed the list of great surgeons and men of medicine—endorse vibration. Read what they say in this announcement. Our thousands of testimonials from users indicate that this machine does much in maintaining health and youth. We all want them and we all know how they glide away. Youth is a thing of thrive. It has been said that we keep young as long as we keep active. The trouble with most of us is that we grow inactive all too quickly. Vibration is the very thing for the inactive one. Vibration pervades all life. The man that the effect appears to be beneficial.

For Women—Beauty As Well As Health

Wrinkles go—also other disfigurements. Constant vibration (that is, two or three minutes at a time once or twice a day) will make your complexion clear and bright and give it a healthful glow. It will exercise and tone up the muscles and they, renewed with fresh life, will keep the skin from sagging. And sagging muscles in the face tell more powerfully than anything else the story of age. If you have too much flesh, vibration will reduce it. If you have too much bone, vibration will add to it.

The Wonderful White Cross Electric Vibrator

It is not necessary to have electricity in your home to have a vibrator. More than half of all Vibrators in use are in homes which have no electricity. From the White Cross Electric Vibrator you can get three great natural forces—Vibration, Fanetic and Galvanic electricity. All of them are used by physicians in aiding the human body and its functions. Also you can get the refreshing vibrating chair treatment merely by attaching the Vibrator to an ordinary chair. You can give yourself an electric bath—just such treatments as you would have to pay from $1.00 to $3.00 for, are yours without charge if you have the White Cross Electric Vibrator. Send the coupon for the book entitled "Health and Beauty," which we will mail to you free.

Mail This FREE Coupon

For the Free Book "Health and Beauty"

Get the free book (also our Special Reduced-Price Offer)—then see the wonderful White Cross Electric Vibrator itself at your electric dealer's. We are mailing out this great book absolutely free and postpaid. It tells you how the earliest man turned to vibration (common rubbing) as a relief, through instinct. Send the free coupon today and find out about it and what it will do for you. We are waiting for you to find out how good it is. The book, "Health and Beauty," tells about our great offer. Send free coupon now.

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We manufacture White Cross Electric Irons, Hair Driers and Stoves. Dealers write.

FREE Coupon

Lindstrom-Smith Co.

Dept. 712X

1100 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Without any obligations at all, please send me, free and prepaid, your free book on Vibrations, full particulars of the White Cross Vibrator and your Special Reduced-price Offer.

Name.

Address.

By Electrical Doctor's Order is
William J. Burns to Aid Movie Pictorial
Readers in Solving The Million Dollar Mystery
We’ve Done It!

We promised exhibitors the most costly—the greatest motion picture attraction ever brought out—
We promised greater crowds than ever were seen at the theatres—
We promised a 46-reel serial production that would be the finest piece of motion picture photography ever presented—

We promised to promote this stupendous production by the biggest advertising campaign ever given over to one motion picture production—

We promised exhibitors packed houses and bigger box office receipts—

We’ve done it!

THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

Story by Harold MacGrath
Scenario by Lloyd Lonergan
Thanhouser's Million Dollar Motion Picture Production

We’ve done exactly as promised. The first 2-reel episode of The Million Dollar Mystery was released last Monday, June 22. PACKED HOUSES EVERYWHERE is the result. Undoubtedly this gigantic serial production is the greatest attraction ever offered to theatres. The story by Harold MacGrath starts in nearly 200 of the leading newspapers Sunday, June 28th. The second 2-reel episode will be released next Monday, June 29th. 2-reel episodes will be released once each week. Theatres may still be able to make booking arrangements if they act QUICKLY. Get in touch with a representative of the Syndicate Film Corporation at once. The Million Dollar Mystery is an independent release and may be obtained regardless of the regular program being used.

Remember $10,000.00 in cash will be paid for the best 100-word solution of this startling mystery.

SYNDICATE FILM CORPORATION
71 W. 23rd St., NEW YORK
166 W. Washington St., CHICAGO
or Syndicate Film Corporation representative at any Mutual Exchange in the United States and Canada.

THANHOUSER FILM CORPORATION, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Thanhouser releases will continue to be features of the Mutual Program

The Thanhouser Three-A-Week
Tuesday, June 22nd, "For Her Child." A drama of modern home-life depicted with remarkable realism by Irving Cummings, Ethel Worm, Laura Bullough (Thanhouser Kidlet) and Tom Allen.
Sunday, June 28th, "The Widow's Mite." A story of romance in which Helen Badgley, the "Thanhouser Kidlet," plays the title roll. The cast also includes the Thanhouser Twins (Marion and Madeline Fairbanks), Casey L. Hastings, Mrs. Fairbanks, Myra Hall and Helen Gane.
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The Movie Pictorial
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Beatriz Micheleena
The Beautiful and Celebrated Prima Donna

Who will appear in a limited number of dramatic successes supported by a notable cast including

House Peters

California Motion Picture Corporation
Capital $1,000,000.00

Directors
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"The Weakling"

He Proves Himself as Strong as the Strongest

JUDGE BERRY smiled as Nancy came in, book in hand. He was already at the dinner table, waiting for her. But he was used to that and he didn't seem to mind. His daughter ruled the Judge as absolutely as he ruled his own court room. Her whim was his law in their home. They lived alone together, save for servants, and the relationship between them was a close and intimate among whom.

"Well, Nancy," said the Judge, "Late again! Who kept you this time? Litt Largin?"

"Of course," she said, returning the smile. "He's a human question mark, Dad! What a shame, what a pity it is that a boy with as good a mind as his has never been to school! He's starved for knowledge. And until I began to try to teach him and some of the others around here a little of what I know—and it's not little, really—he never had a chance! He couldn't even read!"

"I know—it's a terrible thing," said the Judge, shaking his head, soberly. "The way these mountaineers have been neglected is a crying reproach to the state and the country. They come of the best stock in America. Their ancestors were pioneers; they claimed a wild and barren land. They helped, after that, to win independence; these are the people, you know, who fought the battle of King's Mountain in the Revolution, and kept the southern campaign alive—without which Washington would never have won at Yorktown. And now, they're regarded as degenerates—which they're not—as poor white trash, anything you like. They are mountaineers, but every time I have to sentence one of the poor devils I feel like shaving an ape.

Judge Berry knew what he was talking about. A man of culture and refinement, he was still in close touch with the people he lived. While not a wealthy man, still he might have sought a more congenial environment. But he preferred to stay among the mountaineers, and to do what he could to help them. For he felt that, given half a chance, they would make honest and loyal citizens. As it was, he felt, they and their potentialities were being wasted. They gave little to the state; they got less in return. Their children were not properly educated. The few schools were poor affairs, and there was no proper supervision of them, so that few children were sent to school at all.

Nancy Berry, brought up among these people, had returned from college fired with the desire to do something for them. Her first thought had been that she might begin by teaching the children. But this proved to be impossible. The mountaineers were queer folk. Moreover, they distrusted her because of her father. The Judge, by virtue of his office, was a sort of feudal enemy. Moonshine whiskey (whiskey made without the formality of notifying the tax collectors of the revenue office), was a leading product of the district, and it was Judge Berry's duty to try and if possible convict those who offended against the law. So the mountaineers would not send their children to Nancy.

Then she began to make friendly advances to the older girls, already married, some of whom...
William J. Burns’ Latest Case—The Lost Million

EVEN AS THE MYSTERY STORY is the greatest thing in fiction, so also is suspense the greatest thing in photoplays.

The story that keeps you laughing makes you enjoy the show; but the photoplay that sends you home wondering is the one that brings you back.

It was ever thus—the thing that baffles the many is the thing that interests the most.

How comes “The Million Dollar Mystery”—the very apotheosis of surprise and suspense.

The principal question it asks is what became of the million? And not the least interesting thing about it is that nobody knows the answer.

How, in the entire panoply of the mystery story, one man is paid to the person offering the best solution of this enigma of the mummy bags.

And “Movie Pictorial” wants one of its readers to win that ten thousand.

As a matter of fact “Movie Pictorial” readers have a better chance of winning than anybody else for the reason that “Movie Pictorial” has retained William J. Burns, the world’s greatest detective, and head of the Burns International Detective Agency to HELP THEM SOLVE THE MYSTERY.

Beginning next Saturday his analysis of each week’s installment of the mystery film will be published in “Movie Pictorial.”

Burns is engaged only to HELP “Movie Pictorial” readers.

Neither he nor anybody connected with him directly or indirectly will be permitted to obtain the prize.

His lifetime of experience is free to all, and his deductions can be secured only in these pages.

We shall not essay to win this prize ourselves.

But we are of the opinion that if we were to attempt to unravel such a mysterious mystery as this we would be very glad indeed to be guided through the labyrinth by such an eminent and successful unraveler of mysteries as William J. Burns. Let’s look at page 11.

Laugh. “But, say, you-all ain’t keepin’ company with no one—an’ it’s time I got a woman—”

Without a word Nancy turned on her heel, her cheeks flaming with anger! So that was what they thought—that! Because she was kind to them, they were privileged to make love to her? She was even angry with Litt, at first. But she soon saw the injustice, and laughed. Moreover, she felt that she had unchained Dave. But she had not. The next time he met her was in the village. He had been drinking and he approached her while she was speaking to Litt.

“You-all was pretty rough with me,” he said.

“Say, I want you for my woman. I guess you’re pretty stuck-up.”

“Litt!” cried Nancy. “Can’t you protect me from this man’s insults?”

“Shut up—and get out,” said Litt.

“You’re annoying Miss Berry.”

Dave turned on him, black with rage.

“I’ll give you thirty seconds to make yourself scarce, brother or no brother!” he snarled.

“Now—git!”

eyes to the fact that she had, unconsciously, come to think a great deal of him, and in a fashion in which she had never thought of any other man. And she did not hide the truth, even from herself. And so, though the discovery made her furious, she admitted to herself that she had been on the very verge of falling in love with Litt.

“With a coward!” she told herself, scornfully.

She still walked in the woods, in the place where she had been wont to meet Litt. But now he stayed away. Actually, though she did not know it, he was not afraid of her. Dave had made an evil boast concerning her, one night when he was drunk, and Litt, white-lipped, had sworn to foil his brother.

His chance came. One day he saw Dave start up in Nancy’s path. He didn’t wait for Nancy’s scream. Dave made a movement to seize the girl; before he had completed it, Litt, conquering his imagination, his fear, leaped for him and bore him down. For five minutes there was a furious struggle between the brothers. Nancy, terrified, shrieked for help, but there was no one to hear her. And in the end she saw Litt rise. Dave lay very still. One arm was broken, but that seemed the least thing to consider.

“I killed him, I guess,” said Litt, breathing hard. “It was a fair fight, wasn’t it?”

Oh, Litt, go! Go, quickly—in case you must—I couldn’t bear to have you arrested, when you did it for me!”

He obeyed her, reluctantly. The wonder of what she had done swayed him. He knew that she loved him, though between them there was no word of love.

“I’ll write,” he said, simply.

Dave Langdon was not dead. But his arm was hopelessly injured. He would never use it again; he had to learn to be left handed. And then survived in him a bitter hatred of the brother who had crippled him.

As soon as Nancy knew that he was safe, she wrote to Litt, who had kept his promise and told her where he was. And then she went to her father and told him, bravely, the truth.

“I love Litt,” she said. “And, I’m going to marry him.”

But, with whom? Litt, you won’t send him to college? He’s going to be a big man—”

She had her way, as she always could with her father. He made a journey to see Litt, and when he returned, he told Nancy it was all arranged.

Now, being him a little money, he wouldn’t take much,” said the judge. “And he’s going

Newly Sensutally Refusing Her Eyes, See That He Must to Desert Her
to take the engineering course. I, well, I guess you're right, daughter. Litt's going to win out, he's going to be a big man.

The beginning of Litt's college career seemed to justify the judge's prophecy. He had a great deal to make up; his classmates, though they were younger, had had far more schooling. Yet, at the end of his first year he had caught up with them, and he was planning his work so that in less than three years he might be at work. For he wanted to be married; study, though it was necessary, seemed to him a terrible waste of time. But Nancy made him stick to it. And for a time her pride in him grew, daily.

But then disturbing stories came to her. Things happened in college that seemed to show that Litt's old weakness was still to be feared.

—You're not play football, big and strong though he was. There was no one big thing, but straws, borne by the wind, showed Nancy where it was blowing, until her heart was sick within her. For she couldn't marry a coward! No matter how much she loved him, she couldn't—for she would never respect him. And for her life with a man she did not respect would be impossible.

Litt himself knew that things were going wrong. And yet he could not seem to fight down the cowardice that afflicted him. It was in his blood. And in the end it brought disaster. Litt's course was finished. Nancy, with her father, went to see him receive his diploma.

 Fate willed matters so that a thief was discovered that day. He had been rifling the clothes left in the gymnasium by the baseball teams that were playing a Commencement game. And he was trapped in the building. Every exit was guarded, and search was being made for him inside. Litt, with Nancy, happened to enter the building, to show her the trophy room. And there, skulking, was the thief. At the sight of them he started forward.

"Stop him, Litt!" cried Nancy.

"Out of my way, let me out!" snarled the thief.

And Litt gave ground—let him escape!

That was the last blow. Nancy, tears of humiliation in her eyes, stared at Litt for a moment. Then she turned away.

"Go, please," she said. "And spare me, Litt. Don't try to see me, any more."

Crushed, he did not even try to plead with her. That night she went home with her father; two days later Litt found employment as assistant engineer of a coal mine a few miles away. And so, for months, though they were only a few miles apart, they did not see one another.

Then Litt's father was arrested on the old charge, of moonshining. And, when he was put on trial, both Litt and Nancy were in court, each brought by the hope that the other would be there. As the case was called their eyes met. Litt's did not fall; he looked steadily at her. But Nancy winced and turned away. Then she looked at Litt's father, bearded, menacing, as he stood in the dock. She shivered.

The trial was a mere formality. Dave Largin sat behind Nancy; she heard his muttered oaths as point after point was made against his father. There could be only one outcome: the jury brought in a verdict of guilty without leaving its box. And then, before he passed sentence, Judge Berry asked the old man if he had anything to say.

"I reckon I have," said old Largin. "Judge, don't you-all send me to jail! Fine me, I'll pay the fine! But, if you say jail, you-all won't leave this yer court alive!"

There was a gasp from the crowded court room. Nancy, looking at Litt, saw his eyes blaze. She turned to follow them, and saw Dave, his left hand in his pocket, leaning, half out of his chair. Then her father's voice broke the silence.

"Prisoner at the bar!" he said, sternly. "You have threatened this court. Except for that, you would have been sent to prison for one year and fined five hundred dollars. It is the judgment of this court that you be confined in prison for two years and fined one thousand dollars!"

Thus did Judge Berry face the threat old Largin had made! The old man looked at Dave. Nancy screamed as he hurled himself past her. His gun was pointed straight at the judge. But, before he could fire, Litt threw himself in the way, the shot was fired; and, with a moan, he collapsed. And, before Dave could fire again, he was seized.

"Coward!" said the judge, two weeks later. Litt, sleeping in the house, was out of danger at last. And Nancy had come to her father. The judge smiled. "Not exactly a coward!" he went on. "Too much imagination for his own good—but it saved my life! He knew what was going to happen. And you'll notice, my dear, that he rises to meet the big emergencies! No, he's no coward. You can depend on him!"

"I'm going to!" said Nancy.

B urton Holmes has been captured by the lure of the movies. From his travelogue has been born the "travelette." The travelogue will continue as of old, but the travellette will invade the better class of motion picture theatres throughout the United States, Canada and Europe. The travellette will go to every nook and corner of the world, and will be heard in every language, if its originator's plans are carried out.

It follows out the suggestion frequently made to this traveler and lecturer that it was unfortunate that the results of his upward of a million miles of travel and his twenty-five years of observation have not been put into so few of the larger cities in this country.

This arrangement opens up and releases for the big "movies" miles and miles of travel motion pictures illustrating life in every quarter of the globe and thousands of colored views from a library that cannot be duplicated in the world.
When Movie Met Movie
A Story of the New York Exposition
By KATHERINE SYNON

Six hundred thousand people and eighty millions of dollars came together under the roof of the Grand Central Palace in New York from June 8 to June 13 at the second International Motion Picture Exposition.

Manhattan, immersed in railroad investigations, sympathy strikes and summer resort news, sat up and began to take notice when one of the biggest crowds that the hall has ever held gathered for the opening of the show. Even the polo crowd faded into comparative insignificance when nearly one hundred thousand people had passed within the doors and packed solidly the aisles where nearly all the Americans and some of the foreign manufacturers were displaying results of their industry.

After President Wilson had opened the exhibition by the pressure of an electric button in the White House the only time when there was a clear space between the booths was before the show opened in the morning and after it closed at midnight.

New York, like the other part of the United States, had gone "movie mad." From Broadway, where motion picture houses have been replacing the older theatrical business, came thousands of "fans," eager to see the actors whose work on the screen has been their delight. There came, too, actors and actresses who had posed for the films, and actors and actresses who had a desire to pose. The New York literary turned out for the occasion. So did congressmen, judges, and publishers. From the United States came film producers, and film companies, and film manufacturers, and nearly everybody connected with the motion-picture industry, representing an investment of $50,000,000.

From the East Side and Fifth Avenue, from Yonkers and Brooklyn, from the Jersey coast and Long Island, from Philadelphia and New Rochelle came the crowds, who made holiday of every day of the exposition and who showered on the actors and actresses the immediate admiration that the latter say is the only thing they miss when they leave the stage for the film.

For six nights, while outer New York shuddered and swooned in one of its terrific heat waves, Grand Central Palace surged with stars, and comets, and satellites, crossing courses so often that the picture universe was threatened with annihilation had not the sun of good nature radiated. But good nature was the middle name of every man, woman and child who came to the show.

Any one who believes that the American public isn't curious should go to any point where the public can see a motion picture star. Mary Pickford held a reception at the booth of the Famous Players one night and the spectacle of the throngs who pushed, and shoved, and jostled for one glimpse of the little, unaffected girl, whose fame has encircled the world looked like the corner of State and Madison streets in Chicago at noon or Park Row in New York at six o'clock jammed into a ten-foot space. Alice Joyce gave an exhibition for the Kalem films the same night in one of the theatres of the upper floor, and there were just as many people there as crushed in dawn below at the Pickford party. Francis X. Bushman of the Rosanary, who won a medal as the most popular film hero in America, tried to promenade around the place with Beverly Bayne, who was resplendent in a raspberry-hued gown of much style, but their progress was altogether too triumphal for their comfort, King Baggot was nearly mobbed as he watched the dancing at the Universal.

The Universal dancing pavilion, which was off in a far corner of the immense hall, was decorated with the modest invitation to "Come and dance with your film favorites." But before there was a sign of an orchestra there was a waiting list of two hundred people and a crowd...
that nearly knocked over a counter at which a distracted woman was trying to demonstrate a projector light. When Matty Ruppert, who plays the leads in the Universal Boy films, came out in his Ford Sterling costume and took his place at the piano there was a volume of applause that would have warmed the soul of Padеревский. It spurred Matty to violent effort and he pounded out ragtime that ruffled Europe and his band and which nearly put all the mechanical pianos on the floor out of business.

Matty's titillating tinkling at the keys brought out little Katherine Lee of the aurora cura. She tripped the tango demurely with a youth whose brow indicated visible cranial enlargement. He was at the bursting point when a fat woman who had wedged her way to the front row of the ranks of spectators gasped. "Why, she's the little girl who died in 'Neptune's Daughter':" The gape was too much for Katherine's gravity, and the crowd laughed with her. She had to retreat from the spotlight, however, and the youth registered disappointment.

Billy Welch was the next artist to make a floor appearance as a tango specialist. Billy chose from the waiting lines a copper-haired maiden who blushed over the delicate attention and who languished through the movements of the dance in spite of all that Billy and Matty did to keep the function lively. She seemed to feel the most intense regret when the music came to a sudden stop. Although Matty and Billy both looked gravely regretful for the instant, there flashed a gleam of eyes between them that resembled coalition and a plot against the Victorian maiden. Billy's next partner was vivid, anyway, and they danced together so long that murmurs of discontent floated down the waiting line.

When King Baggot came along there was a near-riot. Maidens began to primp expectantly, giving glances shy and otherwise to the hero. King took a glance at the length of the line, however, and discovered that he had a very weak ankle. He found it equal to carrying him back to the main aisle, however, where David Belasco, who was in the wake of Jesse L. Lasky, conferred on him.

Belasco had a crowd after him, not because he was Belasco, but because the crowd thought he was some famous personage of the motion pictures on account of the attention he was receiving from the potentiates of the business. One of the women who stared at him curiously voiced the belief of her companions. "Well, his face is certainly familiar to me," she announced. "But I can't place what I've seen him in. I guess it must have been a minor role, but a good character part." Belasco smiled sadly at the recognition.

The Labin brought an imitation of the Liberty Bell and a whole troupe of players from the Philadelphia plant. There was a rumor when the show started that Theobald Labin had died of nervous prostration when he had been told that his managers had contracted to bring the fourteen companies from the City of Brotherly Love to the exhibition, but the old man was quite revived before the end of the evening when he saw the mobs around the booth where pretty little Justina Huff, who has just been made a leading lady, was drawing admirers as molasses draws flies. Justina went into the background, however, on the night when Lille Leslie and Joseph Smiley came over from Labinville, Lila and Joseph, as the principals in one of the few real "movie" weddings, came downstage center the minute they appeared in the hall. The tale of how Joseph, as producer of the company, had planned a wedding scenario, given himself the role of bridegroom, engaged a real minister to serve as clergymen, and held a real license in his pocket while the camera recorded the event and no one but the minister and Lilie knew that the wedding was real, went through the hall while the crowds came to gaze on the honeymooners. Lilie couldn't stand the attention, and went visiting over on the other side of the hall.

Over there the Kalem crowd held forth, the Lawrencees, Adelaide and her husband, Robert Ellis and Irene Boyle and little Lygia Smara, who insisted on seeing how the wheels of the exposition went around. Somebody discovered that one of the upper floor theatres was running a picture in which she had acted and three youths led Lygia and her chaperon up to see the spectacle.

Clara Kimball Young of the Vitagraph, who had appeared at the Vitagraph theater up on Broadway on the first night of the exhibition, came to the Palace on the second, and, although she were no placard, seemed to be acquainted with everyone in New York, according to the recognition which she received. She had a triumphal progress around the hall. With the exception of a man who thought she was Kathlyn Williams, everyone knew her the very first time. The mistake of the onlooker was probably due to the fact that she was in the Selig booth when he passed.

The Edison people had a running fountain in their exhibit and a stately row of handsome heroes who looked haughty beyond words when seen from the floor level, but who melted into cordiality to the ascending crowds. At the Famous Players Elizabeth Sharpe revealed a gorgeous English accent to whomsoever she talked. Elizabeth, who is an English beauty of the Mrs. Langtry type, fair, fragile, violet-eyed, talked about Mary Pickford to anyone who would listen, voicing her admiration of Mary in a most unprofessional way. Irene Palmer was distributing the booklets that announced that the Famous Players had won to the movies nearly every great actor and actress in the regular work, all the way up to Bernhardt and Mrs. Fiske. Rida and Florida Belize, insisting that those were their real names, assisted her.

On the balcony six theaters were running simultaneously with pictures of which the principals were in the building. Mr. and Mrs. Alex Francis of the Eclair discovered themselves in one and Mrs. Francis gave a little shriek of amusement, then rushed her husband dancing-
The Seamy Side of Success

"I DO NOT believe that I will ever take part in a big serial such as 'Lucille Love' again!"

This is the emphatic statement made by Miss Grace Cunard, to whose already enviable reputation her successful work in "Lucille Love" has added not a little. And she goes on:

The Movie Pictorial

June 27, 1914

There were more celebrities at the show than any event other than a Lamb's Gambol could have brought together. Frances Starr, Thomas W. Ross, Henry B. Warner, Edmund Breese, Edwin Selig and David Belasco were at the Lasky booth on the same night that Rex Beach and Fred Stone came in the amity of brothers-in-law. The Selig booth was bright with pictures of Beach's story, "The Spotters." Ethel Barrymore came to the Star the next evening.

The Vitagraph people showed Broadway both methods and finished the picture. They also introduced a novelty at the Vitagraph theater by running in connection with the film dramas scenes of these plays with the actors of the films really taking part.

Thomas A. Edison, surrounded by a phalanx of adoring youths, went from booth to booth on the next to the last night of the show. The old man's friendly interest, his kindness, and a simplicity of manner that was wonderful to see. He was a friend to the crowd whom his fame had attracted, so that his progress was a friendly procession.

As John Bunny went down the aisle,decked in his large and his luminous smile, A youngster pursued him with sight-seeking intent.

"Why, he ain't as fat as I thought he was!"

Grace Cunard

"The experience is too nerve-racking!"

"Why, right at the outset, one faces, not the problem of getting out one successful photograph, with innumerable others too vague and shadowy to worry about in the background, but of getting out fifteen two-reel photoplays. It is not only much more tedious than any other form of photoplay acting, but it has such disadvantages.

"Since I started I found myself worrying, until I was nearly mad, for fear I might become ill, or something might happen to me, and then what would become of the series? Or perhaps something might happen to other important members of the company. Then, what would we do?"

"It must be remembered that 'Lucille Love,' like other serial stories adapted for the motion picture dramas, is a series of adventures strung together on a central plot, all more or less melodramatic, and all requiring a good deal of hazardous work with its attendant possible injuries to the actors. And, as a matter of fact, there were several accidents during the taking of the films.

"Erne Shields was severely injured falling down a rocky embankment and into the sea. We had a hard job saving him, and his recovery in the hospital was slow and painful. It was in one of these series that the tragic accident befell W. W. Kirky, the well known animal tamer, which resulted in his death. Francis Ford, myself, and several others suffered many minor accidents as well."

"I was obliged to go to the hospital for an operation during the taking of the pictures; as a result, as many as possible of the scenes in which I was to appear were crowded into the days preceding it, and I left the hospital to take up my work again against the odds and the odds against the odds and the odds against the odds and the odds against the odds... The lay person can have no conception, of the terrible monotony of a long series. While I had as many disguises, and as many different scenes, and as many changes of dress as in the same number of separate plays, still I was Lucille Love all the time, and Lucille Love again to get on my vacation time."

"There are compensations, however. One always gets a lot of recognition as a result of playing in a series; one becomes increasingly famous among the people who see the films. One can make more money than the postman can carry, too, though this last is not an unmixed blessing."

"I am deeply grateful to the people for all the nice things they say in the letters they send me, and I also wish to say to anyone reading this thing that it is not one bit as bad as it will be. As soon as the series is finished I am going to take a great, long rest, and any letters that are unanswered at that time, shall have part of my vacation time."

"And after that—well, I hope, no more series!"
WILLIAM J. BURNS, the world's greatest detective, has consented to help readers of the MOVIE PICTORIAL solve "The Million Dollar Mystery." Week by week he will put at their service the imagination, the resourcefulness and the ready intuition which earned him the reputation of being the greatest operative of the United States Secret Service ever had and which later won him the name of the "man who has never failed." As the successive episodes of "The Million Dollar Mystery" are released they appear in the theatres. Mr. Burns will study them and write an analysis in which he will point out the clues which he believes to be false and the clues which he believes to be significant. His analysis of the first episode will appear next week, his analysis of the second episode the week after, and so on. Mr. Burns will not, of course, be permitted to publish a final and complete solution of "The Million Dollar Mystery." His last published analysis will deal with the last episode released to the theatres. After that it will be up to some one who has seen the film, who has read Mr. Burns' analyses of them, and who has studied the mystery to write the 100 words which will win the $10,000 prize offered for its solution.

Mr. Burns will go to work on "The Million Dollar Mystery" exactly as he has gone to work on a hundred cases for private corporations and the United States Secret Service. The only difference is that in his hunts for real criminals he employs dozens of operatives to secure the facts for him. In the case of "The Million Dollar Mystery" all the facts are provided from week to week in the story written by Harold MacGrath and worked out for the screen by Lloyd Lonergan. Just as, in a criminal case, an operative secures a hundred facts that are insignificant for one that is significant and follow a dozen false leads for one that is true so in "The Million Dollar Mystery" there are hundreds of facts that don't count at all toward the final solution for one that does count and dozens of hints that are misleading for one that goes straight to the mark. It will require imagination—the power to throw a web of theory from the basis of facts as the steel frame of a skyscraper is thrown upward from its foundation in bed-rock—to put the facts of "The Million Dollar Mystery" together in a final solution. It will require analytic skill—the power to sift facts which is partly sheer intelligence and partly that wonderful inexplicable faculty of the mind which we call intuition—to tell which facts are important and which are not. Mr. Burns has imagination and analytic skill. He has exercised the highest sort of courage and persistence in his profession; he has never quit and he has never failed. But the quality above all others which has made him a great detective is precisely this quality of imagination. This shrewd, silent, reserved man has won by sheer power of thinking. He has beaten the cleverest criminals in the world for a generation simply because he had the capacity to put himself in their place. That power is imagination.

Harold MacGrath and Lloyd Lonergan also have imagination. Mr. MacGrath is one of the most successful novelists in America. Lloyd Lonergan is one of the most successful scenario writers in America. Together they have created "The Million Dollar Mystery" as difficult a mystery as they could. They have been compelled, of course, to put into the successive episodes of "The Million Dollar Mystery" clues that will lead to its solution. But they have concealed these genuine clues among false ones. They have endeavored to mislead the spectator at every turn, to distract his attention from the suggestion which leads to the true solution of the mystery, to a suggestion which leads only into a blind alley. They have done all they knew to prevent any one from guessing the answer to their puzzle. But do they know enough to keep William J. Burns from guessing the answer?

"Never Fail" Burns was the man who at the age of 24 solved the celebrated "tail-sheets" forgeries. He was the man who unearthed the most skillful counterfeiters known, the notorious Arthur Taylor and Baldwin Breidel. He was the man who landed Bill Brockway who could give no evidence than a bit of oilcloth that any less careful or imaginative detective would have passed by. He was the man who began with a few grains of sawdust and worked out the long chain of evidence which resulted in the famous Orville McNamara and the McNamara brothers after the explosion in the Los Angeles Times plant which killed twenty-one men and boys.

In this last instance of Burns' operatives had discovered a clockwork bomb which had failed to go off. The bomb contained a small nickel alarm clock with a dry battery and a can of nitroglycerine. It was so arranged that when the alarm clock went off the electric circuit through the dry battery would be made and the nitroglycerine would explode.

"The trouble with it," Burns said, "was that (Continued on page 22)"
A Star and Her Mother
Interviewing Anna Little
By RICHARD WILLIS

In the first place, this isn't an interview with Anna Little; it is an interview with Anna Little and her mother. They are such good "pairs" that it is difficult to imagine interviewing one without the other. Not that Anna's mother says much, but then—she doesn't need to. She is there, listening to her daughter's quiet remarks and putting the stamp of her approval on them. See, at first she gives the impression of being very young. She is young, of course, in actual years, but what I mean is that one's first impulse is to give advice and encouragement, as she sits opposite you with her serious brown eyes under the level brows looking frankly into yours. But you discover, shortly, that she listens attentively to anything you may have to say, judges it for exactly what it is worth, and then as carefully states her point of view.

You find that she has had a great deal of experience and has profited by it; that she has won her way by persistent effort, by taking her work seriously, as well as through her beauty and her talent. She was not at all arrogant, during our talk, but on the other hand, she was not self-conscious. Her attitude, all the way through, was that of a person with a genuine pride in herself and her work; a pride that has no taint of vanity in it.

Our talk was not especially serious, rather it was genial and most of my statements are the result of "impressions." I took immediate advantage of my privileges as interviewer; after Miss Little and her mother had welcomed me, and begun asking questions.

My first discovery was that "Anna Little" is a stage name, adopted for some obscure reason, and that Miss Little's real name is Mary Brooks. She was born in California, but her first memories are of Chicago, where the family moved while she was still a baby. Her father was a business man and she has no relative from whom she might have inherited her ability as an actress.

The nearest approach to art in the family is one of my uncles, Emerson Brooks, the poet. You knew of him?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered, and added, "Then how did you happen to go into acting?"

"At first it was simply a means of earning a living, after father died," she said. "Until then I was just a happy-go-lucky school girl, rather prosaically fond of my studies and quite enthusiastically fond of all sorts of outdoor games."

"We went back to Los Angeles, when I was twelve years old and I attended the public schools there. I always got along well with my teachers, because I did fairly good work. And I got along with my school mates because I went in for school athletics as soon as I got to high school. I played basketball and made the team, and had a lot of fun out of it. I played field hockey, too, and tennis, but I was..."
not as good at either of those games, possibly, because basketball absorbed so much of my interest and time.

"My first accomplishment was singing. We had a good singing teacher who took a special interest in me. But of course, it was from a private teacher that I got most of my training.

"When the time came for me to earn my own living, mother dis-
cussed the matter with my teacher and he advised me by all means to go into some work where this talent of mine would count. It was through him that I got my first engagement in the chorus of "The Tenderfoot," with the chance to understudy one of the principals. I was lucky enough to attract the favorable attention of the manager, and was soon taken out of the chorus and given a small part. After this engagement I was with the Pears Hartman Opera Company in Los Angeles, and I sang many of the principal roles. You may get some idea of the variety of my work from the fact that we put on a new musical play every week.

"What sort of plays? Oh, musical comedies, comic operas and light opera, 'The Chinese Honeymoon' and the 'Wizard of the Nile,' for instance. By the way Bob Leonard was a member of the company, as well as several other people who have succeeded on the motion picture stage.

"The training we got was excellent. I think that it was much better than any that could be got with a company that supported one of the big stars. Perhaps the biggest thing that I learned was that the only road to success is work. Usually I was studying one part while I was playing another, and this called for a degree of concentration that helps one to form splendid working habits.

"However, I never became what you might call infatuated with the stage, rather I found picture work more interesting, and I believe that it offers greater possibilities.

"Talking about the life in the open is an old story now, but it is a very true and sensible argument. In favor of the motion pictures as far as the actors are concerned. One does not have to work late at night and drag one's mother around at un-earthly hours. I used to hate to go to bed at night after all the excitement and the hard work and the late supper but now I can assure you I seldom go out. Mother says I am like the man of the house for after supper I read the paper, yawn a few times and announce the fact that I am quite ready for bed."

"How did you get into the picture game?" I asked her.

"Mr. G. M. Anderson got me into it. He came to the theater one day and asked me whether I would like a try at it, telling me he knew that I could succeed if I got interested. It was the idea of open air work that appealed to me most, I think. Anyhow I decided to make the change and joined the Emanny Company and played western leads for about six months at San Rafael.

"Then I went to the New York Motion Picture Company at Santa Monica and I stayed with that concern for more than two years, playing leads all of the time. I really got a wonderful variety of parts, but for a long time people did not even know who I was. More than once when I watched my own pictures on the screen and heard people say, 'I wonder who that dark girl taking the Indian (or some other part) is,' I always felt half inclined to turn round and say, 'Why that's me!' After a while I began to be known, and the letters started to come and I felt so pleased, for who does not love appreciation? I know I do.

"Much as Anna Little likes picture work she does NOT like housework. She does NOT own an automobile for the reason that she has a wise little head on her shoulders and is saving against a rainy day. She is fond of pretty clothes and says that her mother designs all her dresses both for the stage and for her personal wardrobe. This is only one of the many things her mother does for her.

"In fact, if you ask her mother who is responsible for Anna's success she will tell you that her daughter is; but if you ask Anna who is responsible for her success she will say that her mother is.
To the lay mind, the production of a moving picture is a very ordinary proceeding. The common belief is that the only requisites are a moving picture camera, enough film to record the necessary action, a company of players who can register a few varieties of emotion, a director who has a smattering of stage technique, and an automobile with which to transport players, director and camera from one spot to another—either to outside locations, or to private homes where the desired interior settings are to be had.

The misconception is quite common among those unfamiliar with the production of moving pictures that practically all interior settings are borrowed or rented from owners of private homes who are quite willing to allow their possessions to be utilized for the movies, they to be rewarded by the gratification of seeing their belongings flashed upon the screen.

A few evenings ago the writer sat in a crowded moving picture theatre. A society drama was being shown on the screen. Suddenly the interior of a beautifully furnished living room was flashed before the audience. The furniture was of antique design, costly oil paintings hung on the wall, a magnificent tiger skin was in the foreground, and upon a beautiful hand-carved mahogany table was a hammed brass vase of huge proportions. The room and its furnishings conveyed the impression of immense wealth coupled with artistic taste.

From out of the Stygian darkness which pervaded the theatre came a loud whisper:

"Oh! That scene was taken in some millionaire's house, all right." A more feminine whisper came back in response.

"It certainly is pretty. I wonder what they had to pay for a house like that—to get their scenes!"

"Must cost 'em a whole lot," declared the other. "I guess it's the home of the man that owns the company," the first woman continued. "The film manufacturer are all millionaires, and they pay big prices and then use them for scenes in pictures as well as for homes."

"I bet that is the way it's done," the companion assented.

As the plot of the story flashed up on the screen the man who owned the film company. The masculine whisperer declared authoritatively that few if any scenes produced in moving pictures were just stage settings, with canvas walls and cleverly painted doors and windows.

"They have a man who just goes around and finds places that can be used in pictures. When they want a certain kind he just looks over his list and tells 'em where to go," he said.

"Don't they get to see a lot of nice places though?"

"Uh-huh," agreed the other voice.

Had the writer turned to the whisperers and told them that the furniture of costly antique design, the oil paintings, the tiger and the polar bear skins, the hand-carved mahogany table, the buffalo head, and the other settings were studio properties, and that the walls of the magnificent room and the bachelor's den were painted canvas, the amazement would have been accepted with the proverbial grain of salt.

Nevertheless, it is true.

The cross-cut opium pipes of inlaid ivory, the hammeried brass vase of huge proportions, the couch with its silken Turkish draperies, and the many other settings which conveyed to the spectator the idea of wealth and refinement, were only an infinitesimal part of the great storeroom full of properties which are used daily in the production of moving pictures.

Piled high—even unto the ceiling—in the company's spacious property room are thousands of stage accessories—billiard tables, bookcases laden with real books, furniture of a dozen periods and designs, tapestries, a gold and silver inlaid throne, fragile and almost priceless chinaware, and countless other things which contribute to the realism and the naturalness of the motion picture play.

The modern motion picture studio is a huge affair, sufficiently large to house six ordinary legitimate theatres. There are several studios that employ more than a thousand people. This number includes players, mechanics, electricians, executive staff and traveling companies.

The Work of a Month Was Destroyed in Only a Few Seconds in Reproducing the San Francisco Earthquake.
If one is fortunate enough to gain admittance to the studio proper where the acting and picture making takes place, he will see things he will remember a lifetime. Perhaps an earthquake picture is being made, or it may be a wild animal thriller. The director stands beside the camera man and shouts his instructions to the players. After the scene has been rehearsed the work begins, and at a given signal from the director, the players go through their parts while the camera man turns the crank.

Simple, isn’t it?

And yet this one scene may have required a full year’s time in research work or probably a week’s time in scene building. In the early days of the motion picture any kind of a stage prop would do. Nowadays the producers build their scenes. Every studio has its own carpentering, cabinet, and upholstering departments, and every bit of furniture is built within the studio walls. Picture producers strive for realism, and if the play under production demands a temple of ancient Rome, a temple is built.

One company recently produced a picture that called for the destruction of a home by an earthquake. For a full month twenty men were kept busy constructing the settings for a single scene, which, when everything was ready, would be destroyed in two seconds. Human beings were to appear inside the room when the quake occurred. Owing to this fact it was necessary to construct the walls from some light material, and build them so as to prevent the death of the picture players who were to be buried beneath the debris.

At the pulling of a string the walls collapsed. The inmates of the room were seemingly crushed by falling plaster, brick and beams. Fire burst out. The picture was very realistic—natural.

To secure natural effects in motion pictures, money is no consideration. If a certain thing is decided upon, the result must be attained, no matter what the cost may be. To produce the earthquake scenes mentioned in the above paragraph required an outlay of several thousands of dollars. Not a week passes but what some mammoth subject is released for exhibition, which it has cost thousands of dollars to produce.

At one of the big California studios, "Damon and Pythias," the great classical Grecian drama is now under production.

To give the story realism it is necessary that its settings be in ancient Greece. In scenario form the production calls for an army of armor-clad soldiers, an amphitheatre in which the gladiators are to battle, a street in ancient Greece, an interior of a Grecian senate chamber, another interior of a tirureme or slave galley, and numerous other settings which serve to take the spectators back to the days of the Athenic wars.

In order to have the principals and other actors in the production properly garbed, hundreds of costumes must be made. Armor for the Grecian soldiers also must be numbered among the property assets. Three months of preparation, during which a hundred artisans and artists are kept constantly at work, were necessary before the first scene of the picture could be filmed.

The first and one of the most important rules of motion picture production is that epochal pictures must be true to type. To produce a Grecian classic amid twentieth-century settings would be the height of absurdity. To properly produce "Damon and Pythias," it was primarily necessary that every setting used in the hundred or more scenes be
Henry King
The Man From Virginia

The question that was put to Henry King more often than any other during the first ten months he worked for the Balboa Company was, "Will you stick?"

And being six feet tall and blonde and a fighter, King’s invariable answer was, "You bet!"

The Balboa Company, which is owned by the Horkheimers, during the first year after its formation, had, perhaps, the hardest fight in motion picture history. Everyone in the business to the contrary, it has made good; it has one of the best studios on the Coast and a market for its films. But it could never have won—hadn’t won—had it not for the Horkheimers themselves, and the results they have achieved on their own account, in every way.

"How some of the neighbors did shake their wise old heads," he laughs.

"That there performing will be the ruin of your boys and all," he was told by his father, the Rev. Mr. King, who attended first the public schools and later was a student at Roanoke College, with its vineclad buildings, and its time-honored traditions. He says that his school days are long gone, but he is proud of the fact that his sons are learning at least as much as he did by far, than those of his parts in college entertainments, and in amateur theatricals about town.

"How some of the neighbors did shake their wise old heads," he laughs.

But by now, they have adjusted themselves to the fact of his success, and they all generously admit that they’re proud of him.

"I got engaged with a road show at fifteen dollars a week," he says, "inside of the next three months was playing all of the juvenile leads. I stayed with them for a year, not that it was an important company at all, but because I was very green, and wanted to get as much training as possible before I tried for another job.

"When I left them, I was to go out with the Arnold Stock Company, which was going traveling all through the south. Here I had to learn to sing and dance, as we put on musical comedies as well as plays. But the next season, my luck was bad. I was with eleven different companies in less than nine months.

"I was only nineteen when I was engaged to play in Shakespearean repertoire with Anna Boyle Moore, and after this rather varied apprenticeship, we went to Chicago and went to New York, and secured the part of Jefferson Ryder, in "The Lion and the Mouse," under the management of Henry R. Harris.

"I would never thought of such a thing as changing pictures after many successful tests and several engagements with the Devil.

"Graustark," "The Common Law" and "The House of a Thousand Candles," if Wilbur Molliver hadn’t been able to get me to sign with Tim Murphy for a part in the "Top of the Morning." At first his words fell on deaf ears, but his eloquence and enthusiasm would have turned a brick to a gold nugget had he so decided to try the new game.

"I came out here to Los Angeles with him and now, after less than two years in pictures, you couldn’t get me to go back to the "initial" at any price.

"Perhaps I shouldn’t be quite so devoted to the work. If I hadn’t been with the Horkheimers, I wouldn’t be where I am. They’ve taught me a lot, on the business side of things. I am very grateful to them for what they’ve done for me."

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It really seemed uncanny. It was almost like an optical illusion. One really doubted one’s own eyesight.

I almost pinched myself to see if I was awake. And after all these years...

Yet there we stood, in the large Vitagraph studio yard, with the warm moonday sun sparkling eyes, her merry laugh, her wealth of golden hair—and, yes, her very wink; "Clasy's wink," as it was always called. I knew, for she winked at me five times! That saucy, mischievous wink, over which the town's gilded youth of yesterday used to go into raptures.

"Where on earth have you been all this time?" seemed to me to be a good opening conversational wedge.

"Oh, all over the world. I've been playin' in the London halls, the Tivoli, Oxford and Empire, and in France, Germany, South Africa, China, and Japan." Having met the lady only ten seconds before, it seemed ungalant to challenge this statement, yet I was quite sure that she could never have traversed the globe and come back absolutely unchanged.

"Do you find New York has greatly changed during your absence?"

She opened her eyes in genuine amazement. "My word, I should say it has changed, changed in every way. It hardly seems like the same place. And these extraordinary tall buildings you have. And the number of new theatres! Why, hardly any of the old places are left. 'D'you remember dear old Koster and Bial's?' Ah, what a place that was! I danced there durin' my last engagement here. Now where is it?"

"Speaking of dancing, tell me, what do you think of our modern dances?" This was a question put before an authority for, when she was here last, her dances...
Boats That Are Attracting World-Wide Attention

Harvard's Second Varsity Eight Which Will Compete in the Henley Races in England

The Aquitania, the Largest British Ship Afloat. Coming Up New York Harbor

Another View of the Aquitania Showing the Immense Size

Sailing in the International Cup Race in the Jehob. Any of the Boats Are Likely to Win in This Tournament at Any Time

The Venetia and the Resolute Starting in the First Lap of the Second Elimination Race. This Was Won by the Resolute
The World's News in Pictures

Bringing the First Barge through the Panama Canal

Boy Soldiers in the Mexican Rebel Army. Some of these Youngsters are Only Eleven Years Old

After Stormorous Work in the Harvard German Crew, Members of the Crew Have a Like to Play Checkers

The English Polo Team That Participated in the International Polo Meet in Muskegon Heights, L. L. From Left to Right: the Players Are: Lockett, Barrett, Hampson, Tomlinson

The London Police Hold a Merry Little Time. Twenty-odd Mounted Officers in Front of the King's Residence
Some Confessions
By Kathlyn Williams, Westerner

their stools, peacefully. I stood by the door, trembling. At the signal I entered, bobbed a rapid bow and made a record exit. I can assure you. And all the while those animals merely sat there and blinked. I guess they didn't know I was in the world.

This picture seemed to inspire someone with the idea of a little more animal stuff, and so it has gone, until Mr. Selig has purchased the

and a leap to safety. I walked up to "Sassy" and uttered a command. She didn't command worth a cent. Instead, I was forced to lash her all around the cage to keep away from her jaws and slashing claws. I started with the whip early,

remembering the time she had my head in her mouth. I have the scalp wound as a reminder.

It would occupy too much space to tell of all my escapes from the animals. A few will suffice. "Toddles," our "wise, old elephant," is one of my afflictions. It all began in Jacksonville, Florida. Toddlies was chained near my window and used to put his trunk in for a few goodies now and then. They had warned me never to go near him when alone, but one day I decided I would feed him some oranges. No one was about. I approached the old fellow and threw him one. It rolled out of his reach. I went in and picked it up, in a moment he

THE amateur writer having the privilege of rambling, I
will add that I am my own severest critic. In very few pictures can I say that I was absolutely satisfied with myself, although others might praise sincerely. I suppose some will want to know about those animal pictures which have expanded in such wonderful manner. They began oddly enough. The beginning was in a picture where I was supposed to enter a cage of trained animals. I did it, but the time in that cage was brief, very. The animals were sitting about on

largest collection of animals ever utilized for the pictures. Beginning with the simple scene noted, the directors made animal plays a little more thrilling, a little more dangerous, bit by bit, until "The Adventures of Kathlyna" came to cap the climax.

Compare my shaky bow just inside a cage to another cage scene taken a few days ago for the second series of "Adventures." I entered a cage with a bunch of leopards. Of course the director picked "Sassy," the largest and most dangerous, for the stunt. Instead of making a bow
animals with their hooks and clubs, but they might as well have tried to stop a tidal wave. "Cerley," I wish I knew his other name, saved us. He is a skilled animal man. He hooked, prodded and yelled at our elephant until he worked the animal to the rear of the flying herd. When we were swept off by branches of the trees, Mr. Santachi's ankle was sprained but I seemed to be all right, save that I was terribly jarred. I worked the same afternoon on Toddlie. They merely had him run away with

trunk was about me, and he began pulling me towards him. I was so frightened that I could not scream. I could only think of his crushing trunk and huge, trampling feet. Then Toddlie must have relaxed his trunk to get a better hold, for, as I writhed, I drew out of his grasp and rolled out of reach. I was so stunned and bewildered that I sat there and looked at him. I could not move for a long time, and did not recover from the shock for days.

Yet I work with Toddlie all the time. Whether he is sorry because of his attack on me I do not know, but, in scenes, if he grows restless, I speak to him and he grows quiet. The trainers watch him all the time, though. They declare that he will try it again some time.

Everything seems to have happened in "Adventures." First, there was the stampede. You know there is a great Durbar scene in the series. Tom Santachi and I were on one of the elephants during this event, when Anna May, a baby elephant, gave a call from the barn. Immediately all the elephants in the scene gathered, their heads together, making the funniest sounds imaginable. Then one of them started running, with the rest after him. Our beast was in the midst of the flying group. Between us and the barn were trees which surely would sweep us off under the feet of the panic-stricken herd. The trainers and all the other men present ran into the herd and belabored the frightened me, as demanded by the scene. I confess to being somewhat "shaken" throughout the remainder of the day, however.

So many picture spectators think that all dangerous looking scenes are faked. I wish to explain that this is not true. Few of the many accidents and injuries occurring in pictures become known to the public, and yet I believe that more harmful accidents occur in moving pictures than in football. In my arena scene with 20 lions, in "Adventures," I actually entered the place ten times and stood among the great beasts. One of them, attracted by my long veil, made a leap for it, but I saw him and evaded his leap. Once, as I left the arena, another fellow made a rush after me. I slipped through the gate just in time, and left the rushing lion to pop his nose against the hard wood as the gate closed swiftly. My experience in "Lost in the Jungle," where Fritz, the tiger, almost killed me, is too well known to tell about.

But I love all the animals. I spend all my spare time at the cages feeding them. I believe that my affection for these creatures has much to do with my safety while among them. They must realize my love for them. I believe it to such an extent that I take chances I would not accept otherwise. "Perfect love casteth out all fear," you know.

I love the leopards best of all. The trainers tell me they are the most treacherous of the beasts. They declare that the lions are the safer. But they haven't "shown me" thus far.

I almost forgot to state that I am not an animal trainer. So many seem to think that is the reason I am appearing with the lions, leopards, tigers, in fact the whole menagerie in pictures. I do not like such a reputation. I always have to key myself up to the situation before taking chances in the arena. After the scenes I always suffer reaction. I keep my nerve and do not spoil scenes while the camera is turning, and some times have to pretend fearlessness when the beasts are ugly and strike at me. But I am as wrought up as anyone else would be in the same circumstances. I go into the scenes "as cold as ice," and immediately after I emerge I am feverish. Your nerve doesn't save you that reaction.

I like the work. In many respects it is harder on one than the stage. If I didn't love the work I could not endure some of the strains put upon me. Some nights after work I arrive at home "dead." But the next day I am as enthusiastic to continue as ever.

The moving-picture life is normal, and W. N. Seelig is a prince of good fellows. 

(To Be Continued Next Week)
"The Flaw in the Alibi"

By Which An Innocent Man Is Saved

TWO-REEL KALEM FILM

CAST

Henry Fielding, of Fielding & Co., Bankers...
Ruth, his daughter...
G. A. Williams
Helen Holmes
Walter Randell, her sweetheart...
William Brunton
Howard Blair, Fielding's cashier...
Lee D. Maloney
Pierce, a detective...
Charles Wells

SYNOPSIS

HOWARD BLAIR, cashier for Fielding & Company, has two sources of unhappiness: he is heavily in debt and he loves the sweetheart of Walter Randell, his assistant in the bank. But he quickly discovers a way to rid himself of his debts and his rival at the same time.

By means of an anonymous letter to Randell, he gets him to leave his sweetheart, Ruth Fielding, early on the plea of an engagement. Randell goes to the place appointed in the letter and waits for some time, but finally decides it is practical joke and goes home. The next morning there is great excitement when it is discovered that the bank has been robbed. An overturned clock in the office, with hands pointing to ten o'clock, establishes the hour of the theft. Blair is able to establish an alibi, but Walter, of course, is not able to, and is arrested. However, Pierce, the detective on the case, finds the clock has been tampered with, and also finds the decoy letter sent to Randell. He confronts Blair in the office, and he breaks down and tells all: how he had sent the letter to Randell; how he had set the hands of the clock at ten and then gone to a friend's house and stayed until midnight. Of course, Walter is released and there is a happy reunion in the Fielding home.
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

"The Evil Men Do"
An Impressive Illustration of "The Wages of Sin and Death"

THREE-REEL VITAGRAPH FILM

CAST

David Horton
Captain Clifford
Beatrice Elton
Margaret Forsythe
Colonel
David Horton (12 Years)
Beatrice Elton (5 Years)

Maurice Costello
Thomas R. Mills
Marie Weisman
Mary Charleson
Dorothy
Dolores Costello
Helen Costello

SYNOPSIS

A childhood sweetheart, David Horton and Beatrice Elton are inseparable. Fifteen years later Beatrice goes abroad and David marries Margaret Forsythe, a social climber. Margaret stars in a concert on a lavish scale. David, in order to pay the bills, speculates, loses everything and his wife elopes with Captain Clifford, a dancing army officer. Beatrice returns from abroad, meets David, learns all and urges him to go West and start again. Horton does so and locates at Ranchville, where he buys a small ranch. Meanwhile, Clifford has tired of Margaret and deserted her. He later meets Beatrice, they marry and he takes her out West.

Beatrice meets David at his ranch and tells him she is married. Horton meets Clifford, but keeps silent about Clifford's former life. Beatrice plans to reunitite Margaret and her husband and invites the girl to Ranchville. On her arrival, Beatrice asks David to give Margaret another chance, pleading so hard he finally takes Margaret back. Foreseeing trouble should Margaret and Clifford meet, he urges her to leave that section until the Cliffords have gone. Unfortunately she does meet Clifford, and she is accidentally killed. Horton accuses Clifford, who confesses the whole truth, which Beatrice overhears. She tells Clifford it is all over between them and he kills himself. After the funeral, Horton and Beatrice leave for the East, together, determined to start life anew as man and wife.
"Dolly Plays Detective"

The Ninth Episode in the Active Life of "Dolly of the Dailies"

TWO-REEL EDISON FILM

CAST

Dolly Desmond: Mary Fuller
James Malone, managing editor of The Comet: Charles Ogle
Mr. Cambridge: Warren Cook
Mrs. Cambridge: Miriam Nesbitt
Count de Rochepierre: Duncan McRae

SYNOPSIS

In the short time that he has held his new position on The Comet staff, Malone, the managing editor, has grown very fond of the clever young reporter, Dolly Desmond. Dolly, however, ignores this except when it pleases her. One night, when they are dining at a café with the Cambridges, she flirts with Count de Rochepierre just to tease Malone. The count is obliged to leave early, after arranging to play bridge with the women at Dolly's apartment, the next afternoon. A little later Mrs. Cambridge discovers that her pearl necklace is gone, and they are unable to discover it or any trace of the thief. Next day the count arrives at Dolly's early and begs her to accept a beautiful ring as a keepsake, before he sails for Europe. When the ladies come he leaves, apparently. That afternoon, the incident of the preceding night is repeated, but this time two necklaces are gone. Dolly's guests, to whom she is almost a stranger, leave hurriedly and coldly. Dolly puts two and two together and goes to see the count. In his quarters to which her reporter's star gains her admission, she finds Mrs. Cambridge's necklace. And that night, at a dance, she pulls off a dramatic arrest of the count and another "scoop" for The Comet.
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

"Trinkets of Tragedy"

An Innocent Girl is Caught in the Web of Circumstantial Evidence

Two-Reel Essanay Film

CAST

Hyde, the detective.............. Francis X. Bushman
Fangbone, proprietor of a curio shop.............. Charles Hitchcock
Miriam, Fangbone's niece.............. Ruth Stonehouse
Frederick de Peyton-Reuter.............. Bryant Washburn
Major Alec Monroe.............. Hapley Holmes

SYNOPSIS

FREDERICK DE PEYTON-REUTER, a wealthy young man and an enthusiastic collector of curios, takes an ivory fan to the shop kept by a Russian, named Fangbone, to be repaired. Fangbone, when he discovers that the young man is fascinated by his beautiful niece, Miriam, delays mending the fan, so that Reuter will have to call more than once for it. Iriski, an enemy of Fangbone's, prints on the fan the death mark of his black hand gang. Reuter has come again to call for the fan, one afternoon, and is making love to Miriam when there is a shot, and Fangbone falls lifeless to the floor. Miriam, horrified, is forced to believe that her lover fired it, since he is the only person present besides herself. She forces him to leave, and the police break in to find her sobbing over her uncle's dead body, and arrest her. Major Monroe, Reuter's counsel, engages the famous detective Hyde, to solve the mystery. With the mark on the fan his only clue, Hyde unravels the plot, and captures Iriski. Miriam is exonerated, and Reuter claims her for his own.
ANGRY as I was at Armstrong, my one thought was that I was speaking to get Charlie Hemmingsway away, or, at least, to make him keep quiet. My face was burning. I was a prey to all sorts of different emotions; I felt anger, fear and disgust.

But, of course, the blow was too sudden, too terrible, for me to work out all the consequences then, and Charlie's tolerant contempt in Armstrong's face. It wasn't for what he thought had happened that he was condemning us. That was plain enough. We had broken the elephant commandment, the one law that he and his kind respect and keep religiously: "Thou shalt not be found out!"

But at that Fred Armstrong helped me out in the end. He didn't give either of us a chance to talk back. He rode away, and, because a curious little crowd had gathered, as crowds always gathered, while we were in Cuba, on the slightest of pretenses, Charlie couldn't leave me. Instead he pulled up alongside and we trotted away. His face was red, too, and it was working with anger. And I could see that he was covered with shame and confusion, and that he was miserable as well as angry. He was blaming himself, bitterly. I almost believed that. And still I wondered if I was really getting hysterical; if the repeated shocks that had been coming to me made me even more senseless with George Converse had destroyed, at last, the normal, healthy nerves that were about the only things I could really thank my early life for having given me.

"Mollie!" Charlie said, finally. "I'll kill that beast! I'll get you to some place, and then I'll find him and kill him, but first I'll make him eat every lying word he uttered.

"Yes—you mustn't!" I gasped. "Charlie, you mustn't! Oh, believe me, it's better to have you! You can't do a good fighting with him.

Even then, vaguely, you see, I was hoping I wouldn't have to tell Charlie the whole wretched story. It had never seemed so bald, so unconvincing, so utterly silly as when I had rehearsed it to myself as I would have some day to tell it to him. Never before had I seemed to myself such a hopeless little fool. And I couldn't see how Charlie or any other man could believe me. And how that hurt me you will have to guess. I can't begin, I see now, after trying very hard to do it, to express it. I can't see if I simply couldn't bear to tell him the story, and see the look of disbelief I so sure would come into his eyes.

Everything in the story was against me. He might believe some of it; the chances were he would not. But how could I expect him to understand the feeling that had prevented me from taking George Converse at his word when he had followed me to Los Angeles and offered to marry me? To a man, you see, that would be incredible. Or so I thought then. I had formed a sort of opinion of men. I felt I couldn't trust any of them, not even Charlie. I felt even he wouldn't understand that it would have seemed far worse to me to marry George, feeling as I did toward him, than to let people think what they liked of me.

I wondered, desperately, if any man could understand that feeling, and if any woman could fail to understand it! I know it seems absurd to talk of all the things that were running through my brain then, it takes so long to tell them here. But it took no time at all for the thoughts to fly across my mind. Everything seemed to flash into my brain and then flash out again, to make way for a new impression, usually one worse than the one it displaced. You have heard of the moment, when a person is drowning, when a whole lifetime is recalled in a flash. Well, I was drowning, in a way.

But, of course, I couldn't hold Charlie Hemmingsway back by just asking him not to go for Armstrong. The only thing I could do was to tell him the truth. I might have dodged that; I might have let him go. But, though I was weak enough, and cowardly enough to have done it, I was, luckily, too much afraid to give way. For I knew that it had come to a point where Charlie had to know, and it was better far for me to tell him that I had gone to Armstrong in ignorance. For Armstrong would have defended himself, of course, by telling the story; he had heard, and I was afraid even to guess what sort of a story that was. I knew some, not all, of the rumors that had flown about Los Angeles, connecting me with the love affair of the man who had his troubles with his wife, and it seemed likely to me that by the time they had reached Armstrong, they must have been magnified a good many times.

Well, all this that I have been trying to describe about my mental state, and my struggle between two fears, happened in a very few moments, so that Charlie was still staring at me, almost indignantly, and with his mouth open, when I had made my decision. He hadn't expected me to try to stop him, you see. He thought that I would want him to resent the insult, and that I would be glad to have him stand up for me. And oh, how glad I would have been, if...

"Mollie!" he said. "What do you mean? Why wouldn't it do any good? I'll make him understand. I'll make him crawl to you on his hands and knees, and apologise—or else I'll throw him until he can't stand.

I had to laugh. He was so boyish; so melodramatic, as people are likely to be, I've noticed, when they come to the real things of life. Perhaps the melodramas aren't as strained and exaggerated as we sophisticated people like to think. We all get pretty crude and primitive when our emotions get a chance to sway us.

"Why, if you did that," I said, choking, and trying to save my laugh down, because I knew how angry it would make poor Charlie have to be arrested! People don't settle things that way down here. They'd put you in a dirty jail, and they might keep you there, and then I'd be all alone, without a single friend.

That thought settled my laughter very quickly. Because I felt so sure that when I had told him the truth I was going to be friendless, anyhow.

"But I've got to risk that," Charlie said, doggedly. "If I let him get away with that he'll talk to others, and people will believe there's something in it.

That finished me. I couldn't hesitate after that. I would use all my nerve and courage and determination to get to look at him.

"Charlie!" I said. "There—is there some truth in it? Hasn't it all true. It isn't quite. But it's bad enough. I've got to tell you, I see.

And so, on the veranda of the hotel, where, for a
wonder, we were alone, I told him the whole story—what he knew, as much as I have told it here. I didn't try to resist. I just tried to put the blame on anyone who hadn't earned it. And, just as I had feared, even Charlie Hemmings might find out that would, I knew, stand out for any man. He—wanted to try to do the right thing—try to help, he said, dully. When he went to Los Angeles and asked you to marry him, I mean.”

“I—yes, I suppose he did,” I said, listlessly. If I hadn't done it, I'm afraid I couldn't try to make him understand. Of course, that would absolve George. But there's nothing wrong here—He's the eyes even of a decent, clean-living man. I had been sure of that.

“But—oh, of course you couldn't marry him!” Charlie went on. I almost jumped up. Had he really said that? I really didn't understand? “It was one of those cases where a man can't undo the wrong he's done. And—be must have started these stories about you. You're right, though. There's no use beating up Armstrong. He's just a boy. He's got justification for his own eyes, and according to the way he plays the game. Well...

Then we sat and looked at one another. And, at all once, I felt I had to say more than I had meant to.

"I was going to tell you, Charlie!" I burst out. "I meant to—" I knew—I thought—"I'd have to. I tried to keep you from—oh. I sound shameless—from making love to me, because I knew if you did that, I'd have to tell you—"

"Yes, you'd have told me, then," he said, in that dull, voice he had had since he had heard me tell my story.

"But—" I was so happy, and so afraid that that would mean the end of our friendship.—I said.

"Charlie, I've been punished pretty heavily for that one thing, I think. And here—I was beginning to be happy, and to forget—and to think that maybe, after all, I could find some of the good in the bad, if you will. I know. And, even here, it's hunted me down and cheated me out of my chance of happiness—"

Oh, I know just how small and petty that was. But it was the only thing I had to give him—and his sympathy—not consciously, perhaps, but instinctively, with all the instincts and impulses of my sex surging in me. He was back the man I loved, and who was skipping away from me.

"Yes, I know," he said. "It's a shame—oh, it's a rotten shame. A pretty thing.

But they didn't need to speak. I knew what was going on in his mind. Part of him wanted to take me in his arms and comfort me, and tell me he could understand. But it wasn't strong enough for the part that was bristling in outraged instinct. He was a man, after all, and I was the woman he loved, but I had been defiled. That instinct in him that his woman to come to him unmarried by contact, even, with the world. And if she doesn't, he can't reason according to the rest of her from the way she's been done, even if it wasn't her fault. The instinct of the savage survives in the men of today, an instinct as strong as the family, as marriage itself, an instinct that demands blood as any other beginnings of civilization. And it held Charlie Hemmings-way from me.

And it was through his reaction was for me to see, it was what saved me. It was the tonic I needed. For it recalled me to myself, and gave me strength to choose to answer themselves. I steeled at once.

"You've got to stay here," I said. "For my sake. I'm going away, back to New York. And you can't come with me. That would damn me forever. Even if it's hard, you've got to stay. You can fix it easily with Armstrong. They need you—and you. He'd be glad to fix it. It's never the man who's blamed! It's the woman. I'll—be the sacrifice. Once I'm out of the way—"

"Good Lord!" he said. "Do you think I'll stand for that? I was just thinking—that's all. Mollie, we'll have to be married. It's the only thing. Then I can trash Armstrong, if he won't take it back."

"You—you're as bad as George Converse!" I cried, furiously. "Do you think—as he did—that I can't stand on my own feet? Do you think I'm going to accept an offer of marriage that you throw at me just as you'd throw a crust to a starving man? Oh, you're like the—"

It Would Be So Easy I Said to Myself One Night—Just to Slip Over and Forget Everything

I had come to New York. AId a look at the man I loved, and who had married me, and who had come back to me. And, perhaps, a little noble, a little magnanimous, with some sort of an element of self-sacrifice in it. Men like to be able to admire themselves; to think that what they are doing is pretty fine, and that not every man they know could, or would, do it. That is, they feel that way when a woman is involved. More instinct, I suppose—and going back to the dawn of the race. I have my way, naturally. And so I went back to New York again. And this time I could real-

ize the sort of fight I was likely to have. If that story had followed me to Cuba, wasn't it more likely to stand up? Didn't it insult to New York? And what was that going to mean? On the steamer I tried to be cold and calculating about it. And people simply wouldn't care. That was certain. Because the personal character didn't affect my work. If I had been a notorious character, of course, it might have made a difference. But it, it was going to mean less of actual trouble than of discomfort. I would be talked about—and I thought I had almost sure to be subjected to a sort of ridicule that made me furious to think of. But all that I could stand, because of what I would. I wouldn't have any choice. And, to tell the truth, I didn't care. The disaster in Cuba, Charlie Hemmings-way's failure to get a sort of superman had hardened me, as had none of my previous experiences. Though some of them had been much worse. In love with him? Even after the way he had let me go? Yes, I was!

You see, it was the first time I had ever really been in love. My feeling for George Converse had never been strong enough to make me pay attention to the silly, superficial romanticism in me, but he had never struck the deeper note, had never made me respond as this boy in Cuba had done.

One womanly trait I haven't got. I have never been able to hide the truth from myself. I have always faced it, and admitted things to myself. And, perhaps, the worse that in this case—I had come as near to telling Charlie Hemmings-way that I was in love with him as I could without actually doing it. And, if I had done that, why shouldn't I admit the truth to myself?

But, though I knew that, I didn't cherish any illusions. I felt that he was fully out of my life. For just a minute, I had had been a chance that the part of him that loved me had been near to triumphing. But he hadn't been quite big enough for that. He would have had to be pretty big. I know that now; I had dreamed of the day when I would myself grow bitter toward him, although toward life, and the shabby way I felt it had treated me, I was bitter—as bitter as it was possible for me to be. I wanted to keep the image of Charlie Hemmings-way, and of my love for him, and of the little time in which he really had loved me, from all the propaganda that the sort of bitterness I might have felt for him seemed to me to be essentially small. I had no right to expect a miracle. I had no right to expect the man I loved to be able to conquer the instinct that had been born in him. So I came back to New York. I expected a hard time. But I couldn't help feeling that perhaps I had even begin to imagine the sort of time it was to be. I couldn't foresee the outside forces that were going to conspire to make things harder—the retreating life, the new creations that were coming. I couldn't go away, either. I had looked over the rail, sometimes, at the glowing streaks of phosphorescence that streaked the water. I had seen the stars shining over the other side, glowing with the panic that was, even then, looming up. If I had known what I was to endure in the next few years, I might have calmed a lot of the water. But I had no right to expect the man I loved to be able to conquer the instinct that had been born in him. That was the night before we landed.

"No!" I said to myself. "I won't run away! I'll fight it out! And, I'm going home, after all!"

That was what I had liked. I think I was very near to ending it that night. But the feeling that I was going home had gripped me. There was some sort of magic in the word!—And, the fates are kind, in some ways. They did not let us see the end of it, I think, for us.

(To Be Continued)
Wm. J. Burns to Help

(Continued from page 17)

service of Movie Pictorial readers who hope to solve "The Million Dollar Mystery" and win the $10,000 prize offered for a hundred-word solution. There is the very same imagination which served the United States Secret Service for twenty-two years, which solved the Los Angeles Times mystery and the Oregon land fraud cases, and the Ohio brilhry cases, to a consideration of this photograph mystery.

And somebody is going to win the $10,000 prize with the aid of that imagination.

(William J. Burns' first analysis of "The Million Dollar Mystery" will appear in next week's issue of the Movie Pictorial.)

Why, Look Who's Here

(Continued from page 17)

were the race of the town. Talk about your Irene Castle, or Joan Sawyer, or Mae Murray, or Louise Fazenda, or Eila Walker, or Florence Maxwell, or Rosziok Dolly, or Kitty Glaser, or Grace Field, or Bonnie Glass, or any other of our dancing divinities of to-day, not one of them can begin to compare with the poise and grace of this fascinating little English woman.

"Oh, wonderful," exclaimed Miss Fitz-Gerald, "naturally I enjoy the race of the town. Talk about the last wonderful things ever seen. Such poetry, such grace, such motion. 'T'know, just as soon as I landed here, I said to myself, 'Oh, I'm sure I'm going to meet a woman of the race of the town. Talk about Miss Fitz-Gerald, the English woman of the race of the town.'"

The Lady of the Wink

In this field.

And the good fortune, being so keen that the two of them, and the girl of the race of the town, had been packed as a stunt by Broxley, that had a howling putter, as called the counterfeit bill so good that it had fooled one government expert after another. There wasn't the slightest evidence anywhere. But that was what everybody but Burns said. Burns said nothing — loud. To himself he said: The fact that this counterfeit is such a good piece of work, it's because all of us who could ask, Who is the man who made the plates for it? He must be of a half dozen because there were several hundred in the country who can do that quality of work."

Before the process of elimination which followed was complete, they were able to prove that the real counterfeiter had been arrested. The engravers in Philadelphia had left the firms by whom they had been employed and set up a shop of their own, where they charged such high prices that they made a killing. They had bought and sold the plates for the rest was a simple matter of shadowing.

For the men were Arthur Taylor and Baldwin Bredell.

When, as a result of Burns' work, the United States Secret Service arrested Dr. Bradford, Jimmy Courtenay, and Bill Broxley it was planned to let Broxley go. It was believed that Broxley was one of this gang of counterfeiters, the most successful which ever operated in the United States. There was no evidence that directly connected him with Courtenay and Bradford's operations. Then it was that William J. Burns produced a strip of ophicole which he had purchased during his stay in Broxley's house and matched it to the ophicole apron worn by Dr. Bradford in the work of preparing banknote counterfeits for the plates Courtenay had engraved.

Men who have worked with Burns say that he "was right on all accounts with extraordinary accuracy. In comparing evidence, he never picks out the unimportant clues and rejects the distracting false leads without an apparent effort of thought. He possesses an incomparable faculty of patience and the imagination necessary to use it. The result is the solution of such mysteries as these and the Los Angeles Times explosion. Burns says it is just "common sense."

Burns says, "There are no mysteries; every criminal leaves his track." Burns says "There are no stone walls; you can always climb over or get around."

But call it common sense or call it genius, call it what you please, it is going to be at the
MAY IRWIN, who recently concluded her engagement in "Widow By Proxy" and who will probably continue to star under the Cibrian management, providing a suitable play is forthcoming.

RICHARD MASON, who was numbered among those fortunate group of actors who supported Laurette Taylor during the phenomenal run of six hundred and four performances of "Peg O' My Heart" at the Court Theatre.

CARROLL MCCOMB, lately seen as a leading woman with Donald Brian in "The Stireen" and "The Marriage Market," and who is soon to appear under John C. Fisher's management in a play called "The Eleventh Hour."

Suzanne Rocamora, who divides her time equally between the drama and musical comedy, appearing last season with Ceci Spooner in that ill-fated venture, "The House of Bonita."

ANTHONY PERRY, the charming young actress who did notably good work as leading woman with David Warfield but who is now married and living in Denver, Col.

HARRY TIGHE, equally popular in musical comedy and vaudeville, to which latter field he has recently returned.

BENJAMIN HAPGOOD BUR, formerly behind the footlights and now one of our best-known song writers.

MARY ANDERSON, the pretty, young ingenue of the Vitagraph company, who declares that she is going to make her name as famous on the screen as did our famous Mary Anderson behind the footlights, and whom you will recognize as the young girl, Marguerite Lenox, in "My Official Wife."

OTTIS SKINNER, who, after three years in "Kismet," is to appear next season in a new John Galsworthy play, "The Mob."

WILLIAM COURTLEIGH, who did most excellent work last season in the very short-lived production of "Dances In The Dark."

EDNA CONROY, who in private life is Mrs. William Courtleigh and who has not appeared behind the footlights since her marriage several years ago.

DAVID HOGGIN, the actor-dramatist, author of "At Finey Ridge," "Up York State" and "His Last Dollar," who has appeared with James K. Hackett in "A Grain of Dust."

BLANCHE SHIRLEY, who for a long time played Arena Moore in "Way Down East," and who is now leading woman of the Malley-Denson Stock, Newport, R. I.

DONALD MACNATIONAL, the clever young juvenile actor, late with "When Dream Come True," now on tour with "The Honeyoom Express."

WILLIE CARR COOK, the incomparable character actress, mother of Mrs. August Belmont (Eleanor Robson) and who, like her daughter, has now left the stage.

ERNEST BLACKWELL, one of London's most popular melodramatic actresses, who has enjoyed great favor in a series of Lyceum Theatre successes.

LOUISE ALEXANDER, the well-known dancer, recalled in various Ziegfeld productions, who is now in London where she is introducing all the latest variations of the modern dances with Jack Jaretz.

JOHN POLLOCK, the popular press representative and newspaper man, who writes entertainingly.

ROSSIE TAYLOR, the busy actor, seen in numerous Broadway productions.

ROSE ELIZABETH TAPLEY, whose popularity is constantly upon the increase with Vitagraph patrons, due to such notably fine work as she did in "The Memories That Haunt" and "My Official Wife."

Roy L. Steated, the humorist writer, who is rapidly making a name among scenario authors, being sponsor for numerous comedies, in any number of which John Bouvy and Dan Finch have especially distinguished themselves.

ALICE GENTLE, the grand opera prima donna, late of the Hammerstein forces, who has been notably successful this season.

WILLIAM WHITTELLY, long popular in the Pacific Coast theatres, but who left the stage about four years ago and is now engaged in the business of interior decorating in New York City.

PAUL McCALLISTER, well-known as a leading man in stock circles, late with the Poli company, Washington, D. C.

BELLA AITKEN, whose name and fame are thoroughly familiar to patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House, where she sang prima donna and soufflere roles for a number of years, concluding her engagement there at the close of last season.

GEO. WILSON WYLDE, who for some time past has been playing all the character and "grand dame" roles in Robert Mantell's repertoire.

JAMES MULLINS, who recently made something of an impression as a young negro in the playlet, "Grauny Maunsee," as produced by the Stage Society.

DANIEL O'LEARY, who appeared briefly on Broadway last season, supporting Grace George in "Half An Hour."


MABEL DAYTON, the popular English serio-comic, equally successful on both side of the Atlantic, having appeared here in vaudeville, and in the original productions of "The Belle of Bohemia" and "Madame Sherry."

PAUL WILSTACH, the successful dramatist: author, among other plays, of "A Capitol Comedy," "Polly Prunelle," "Koogan's Pal," and the stage version of "Thais."""

LORA LIEB, the musical comedy favorite, who recently concluded her season in the vaudeville sketch, "The Beauties," produced by Jesse Lasky.

CHARLES M. WALCOTT, the veteran actor, who this day celebrates his seventy-first birthday and who has not appeared behind the footlights for several years.

TOM MCNAUGHTON, who has become vastly popular with stock audiences for his most notable work of recent times being in "The Spring Maid" and "Sweetheart," in both of which he supported Christie MacDonald.

ARTHUR NORTON, who has for some time past devoted himself exclusively to stock companies.

MADGE TITHERAGE, whom we shall long remember for her work in "The Butterfly on the Wheel" and as leading woman with Lewis Waller, with whom she is now making an extended professional tour of Australia.

ARTHUR S. CLIFTON, of the Lubin company forces, being assistant director to Lloyd B. Carleton and figuring in many Lubin releases.

ROWNS AND HODGES, the Lubin company forces, one of his most successful pictures of late being as Professor Lamb in "The Kindlike Hero."

GILBERT ELY, and also of the Lubin company, playing a wide variety of character roles, due to his having played for many years in stock in Philadelphia, Forpough's and the Girard Avenue theatres.

LEON ERBOL, who has been distinctly successful in recent Ziegfeld productions, being second to none as an eccentric dancer, who is adding to his laurels every day as producer of "The Poliess of 1914."

DOROTHY ROSSMORE, who has played many adventures and wicked ladies in her time, last seen with Edmund Breese in "The Master Mind."

SARGENT ABNEY, who with his brother, Milton, carries much of the responsibility of the Century and Abner opera companies.

MARY MOORE, who has these many years appeared exclusively as co-star with Sir Charles Wyndham, and is agreeably recalled hereabouts in "The Mollusse."

GILBERT H. MILLER, the clever young son of Henry Miller, who has abandoned his father's profession of acting in order to embark upon the managerial side of theatrics, his most recent venture being the production of "Marrying Money."

Captors and Captured

A. JENNINGS, former bandit and train robber is still pursuing his nefarious trade. His desire to capture people is seemingly uncontrollable. One of his most recent escapades was the abduction of Lola Hunt and Muriel Ostrique to a picture studio. His ransom price was the picture shown. But, if Mr. Jennings continues to do this sort of kidnapping, and to exact this sort of a ransom, no one can possibly object. The results are too pleasant.

As a matter of fact, both Miss Ostrique and Miss Hunt seem to have submitted to the capture with equanimity. One might even deduce that they were pleased, too. Perhaps it is because they are by way of being in the capturing business themselves.
Dainty Isabel Daintry
A "ROYAL" FAVORITE

A PLUCKY little Englishwoman—just four feet eleven inches tall and a hundred pounds in weight—has won, with an amazing amount of personality, the star of the Royal comedies. In the few months that she has been with the Mutual, she has played every line of a heroine from the age of ten years to an old lady of seventy. Isabel Daintry— even the name fits her exquisitely—was born in Denver, Colorado, of English parents. Her father died when she was a month old, and at three months, she was taken by her mother "home" to England. A year later, Mrs. Daintry had an Irish governess and a home in the country, and she had a beautiful home on Hyde Park Terrace in London. He brought up the little Isabel as his own daughter, surrounding her with every advantage of culture and travel.

At eight years, she was sent to the Convent of the Faithful Companion at Skipton, Yorkshire. Four years later, the family went to France, and Isabel continued her education at the Convent of Assumption, near Cannes, on the Riviera. There she met a French musician from her soul to her fingertips. She played the organ, the piano and the violin; she also sang sweetly. In England she had been a pupil of Denis, the composer.

It was her music which brought about her meeting with Miss Hawkins Denstyer, the original of Skibo Castle, and led to her romantic intimacy with the three little Bourbon princesses. Miss Denstyer, who had recently sold her ancestral home to Andrew Carnegie, took a villa at Cannes. She was a frequent visitor at the convent, where she heard Isabel Daintry's voice. She asked her to sing at one of the marquise's music parties. At first, the convent, on that occasion, were the dethroned queen of Naples and her three young daughters, the princesses Josephina, Tía and Marie Immaculée.

The queen requested her concerts to present them to the little singer, then thirteen years old. So delighted was she with the piccolo concert that the following day she sent her carriage to the convent with an invitation to Miss Isabel to return to the royal villa for tea. With childlike naturalness and simplicity, the little musician sent back word that she was very sorry, but she was just going to take her violin lesson and must decline the invitation of the queen and the princesses.

Instead of being offended, the queen was charmed. Two days later, the royal carriage again drew up before the convent, to the great excitement of all the young pupils. A note was delivered by a servant in the Bourbon livery, for "Miss Daintry from Her Royal Highness the Princess Tía."

"Please name the day," it ran, almost triumphantly, "when you will come to see my sisters and me."

Miss Daintry wrote back, "I will come tomorrow."

That was the beginning of an intimate friendship which lasted five years—until at eighteen. Miss Daintry learned the-French language, which had been for her so full of romance and wonderful associations, to win her way among strangers in the land which had given her birth but which had never been her home.

From a very little girl, Miss Daintry wished to go on the stage. She captured an engagement, in the legitimate theatre, and the next successful seasons found herself in motion pictures.

An ART IN
Short Story Narration
By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Introduction by REX BEACH

This is not a book for beginners any more than it is one for advanced writers. It is written with all serious students of the Short Story in mind. It is designed to meet a practical and everyday need.

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By Richard Willis

A WEEK of incidents and changes—lots of interesting things happening! The new studios of Bosworth Inc. are going up rapidly and in the interim, the company is making a comedy with exterior views. Even Myrtle Stedman and other interesting people in the cast, will be a novel departure for the Bosworth people.

Sad but true! Pauline Bush has gained so much in weight on her holiday, that she has got big feet and six real classical features at or near Bayonne, New Jersey. Alexandra Phillips and Max Figman are busy at the Lasky studios filming "The Man on the Box" whilst Robert Russin is starring in "The Call of the North." Cecil de Mille is engineering the productions.

The Biograph Companies have just completed two big productions in Cecil de Mille's "The Stampede" and George D. Baker's "Bevery of Graustark" and the dramatic companies are making preparations to go East.

Milton H. Fahey is on his way East to produce his big and six real classical features at or near Bayonne, New Jersey. Alexandra Phillips Fahey goes along as special photoplay writer.

Howard Davies, long associated with the Boson and Universal companies, has joined P. [illegible], who is directing comedies for Pathe at the "Zodiac" studios. With Davies appears Peg Crandall and Mable Turner.

William Garwood of the American is getting quite noted for the little suppers he gives. Billy is a bully good cook and loves to entertain.

William D. Taylor is investing in a motor boat so that he may make daily trips to and from Long Beach and Santa Monica where he lives. He is a deep water fender.

Norman McDonald who was for a long time a director with the Essanay company has started a studio and is teaching young aspiring actors to stage for the Mutual pictures. He certainly understands the business from the ground up.

Wilfred Lucas is putting on a novelty in "The Adventures of Nimble Dollar" at the Universal. The photoplay recounts the troubles and final triumphs of the Nimble Dollar (George Larkin) and Cleo Madeline. They are rescued by Optimism and the Joy elfs from the machinations of Peninsulism and his golems.

David Kirkland goes to the Sterling Comedy Company to assist Ford Sterling in his productions this week. He is just back from a hunting trip.

Jack Richardson and Louise Lester of the American have gone to New York, and Fields to have it all to themselves so they went and got married, too. Two of the finest people in the business and good luck to them!

Frank Montgomery of the Kalem Company offers a new in screen for the 25c as a second prize to the writers of a song with Indians as the theme, Mona Darkeaster being the object in view. Of course by this week we don't mean to infer Mona is an object, she is not!

J. P. McGowan of the Kalem Company is all swelled up because he has received a nice fat check for one of his crops. He has quite a farm near Glendale.

Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber will leave the Universal about the middle of the month. They will take a rest of about three weeks and then make their debut as stars in the Lasky productions. Their work is always more than interesting.

The frequent visits of Wallace Kerrigan (Jack's twin brother) to Santa Barbara are now fully explained. Miss Richdale is the young lady's name and it goes without saying she is very charming and that Jack will be best man.

Jesse Robbins, late of the Essanay, is making features in his own studio in Los Angeles. He was here as early as 1907 with an Essanay company and another member of his present company, F. C. Daws was here at the same time. David Hartford is directing the company which is made up of Emory Johnson, formerly with Essanay, Eleanor Lorimer who worked with the Kinsman and Adela Bonti, recently with the American forces at Santa Barbara.

The U. S. Film Corporation of San Diego have completed their first feature, "The Flag of Destiny," under the direction of Hal Clement. Mr. Clements has now resigned and Leon D. Kent, late of the London forces, relays in his stead. Larry Peyton and Natalie de Loutan are playing the leads.

Tammany Young of the Mutual is appearing in a series of "Bill" photoplays with Fay Tacher, Tod Browning and others. Tammany is quite a character and was the prototype "Bill" in West's famous series in the New York World. Tammany Young was a copy boy there.

Pretty and impish Billie West is making quite a hit in the "Lazy" comedy series being put on by Arthur (Sheriff) Mackey at the Mutual. Billie West is already almost an old time "Majestic" favorite.

G. P. Hamilton is directing features for the Albuquerque company at the J. A. C. studios. A special man, he has two with some well known dancers are two special features in the production.

Janie Marckle, who was associated with the Universal and the Stavera for years as actress and scenario writer, has been having a long holiday during which time she has been added to the very roll by the sale of several fine photoplays. Janie is working on a big deal now and hopes to bring it off.

Joseph Harris of the Beauty Company at Santa Barbara, spends much of his private time yachting. He is dickyer for a new racer and is wrapped up in the sport. Fred Cogan of the same company is a baseball fan and has all the averages at his finger tips. When Fred starts to talk about baseball, his friends sit around and listen now that there's a Movie League started.

"The Madonna of the Rocks" the five reel film being produced by Arthur Mande for the Loew Feature Company with Constance Crawley in the lead, promises to be remarkably beautiful. One set took two weeks to build up. Miss Crawley's fine performance has much to do with this effect.
LEONA HUTTON, the leading emotional actress with the New York Motion Picture Company, made her stage debut in "Shenanigans," which has brought so many other prominent stage products into the limelight. After several seasons of stock and musical comedy work, she took to the film studios as she was a natural lover of the "big outdoors" and found it necessary to get away from the confinement of the theatre. Since 1911 she has appeared in many New York Motion Picture productions. Kansas City, Missouri, is her birthplace.

MILDRED HARRIS, the pretty, blonde little girl whose face you have seen on the screen so many times when watching Kay Bee, Broncho or Domino productions, for since early in 1912 Mildred has been a member of the New York Motion Picture Company. For a few years in 1911 she appeared in Western Vitagraphs but most of her work has been done for the brands of film mentioned above. She was given the especial advantage in such dramas as "The Pride of the South," "Divorce," "Grand Daddy" and "The Wheels of Destiny" and many others. Cheyenne, Wyoming, is her birthplace and November 29, 1901, the date.

CLARA WILLIAMS, leading woman of the New York Motion Picture Company, was born in Seattle, Washington, May 3rd, 1891, and made her first stage appearance in 1907 in "Don't Tell My Wife." Engagements and vaudeville occupied her time for the next few years and in 1912 she began picture work with the Emanu Company. In 1912 she drew her salary from Lubins and then, after a brief return to stock, the picture work began. Some of the better known pictures in which she has appeared are "Divorce," "Marlo," and "The Bulls of Austi." "Miss Williams in private life is Mrs. Franklya Hall and they enjoy long motor trips together when the day's work at the studio is finished.

MARRY FULLER has an opportunity to put her versatility to test in the new Edison film, "The Master Mummer," a scenarioized version of the E. Phillip Oppenheim story. In it, Mary plays three distinct roles; that of Princess Isabelle, an elderly spinster; that of the princess's daughter and also that of the princess' cousin. A recent letter which came to Mary from a youth in Scotland, asks her intercession for him with Thomas Edison by way of obtaining a position in the Edison stock company. She offers the information that he can easily pay his own passage over.

HELENE, the leading young girl of the New York Motion Picture Company, is the only film discovered for whom she had worked. Jacksonville, Illinois, was her birthplace, and driving his big racing car is his favorite amusement. Much of his success in pictures seems to lie in the fact that he is always unassuming and perfectly natural.

BARNABY SHERRY, or "the Irish Prince," as he is frequently called by those who know him best, has played leading parts in New York Motion Picture Company productions for the last six years, but even before that was with Vitagraph, Selig and Lubin, so that his film career has been both long and an eventful one. Philadelphia is his birthplace and he began his stage career as early as 1893 appearing in stock. After appearing for a season or two with William Farnum and later with Charles Richman, he starred himself in a vaudeville act over the Orpheum Circuit, which he called "A Night With the Posse." He was also cast for prominent roles in such dramas as "Ben Hur," "The Eternal City" and Jack and the Beanstalk." He is a member of all kinds of outdoor sports and is a general favorite. His big bungalow by the sea at Santa Monica, where he spends his off hours, is crowded nightly with his friends and fellow players and all vote the "Irish Prince" a royal good fellow.

WILBUR, the leading "heavy" of the New York Motion Picture Company, calls Grand Rapids, Michigan, home, for it was there that he was born, though he left that city at an early age and in 1906 was a member of a touring stock company. His work was so well worth while that he played a long engagement with the Belasco Stock of Los Angeles. His picture work was made when the Selig Poyntercope Company first began to turn out pictures in California, and from 1911 until the latter part of 1913 he was a member of the "Flying A" Company at Santa Barbara, California. Since beginning his engagement with the New York Motion Picture Company he has been featured in such films as "The Silent Witness," "Maria," "Pires of Ambition," and "The Geisha."
FLO LABADIE dislikes posing as a water nymph. She says she is too fat. But is she? Anyway, that fact never bothers Florence when the day is warm and the water near and the time propitious for a swim.

Ethe! Clayton, the tita-l-haired girl who plays at the labtin studio in Philadelphia, saw no such reasoning this sum-
mmer so she fortified herself against the heat by procuring the "coolest house in the city." It possessed a sleeping porch and, besides that, a veranda clear around the house and doors and windows on every side, so "it's bound to be cool there no matter how warm the day," explained Ethel as she slipped her leotc luncheon in her dressing room at the studio. "Besides, Atlantic City is only an hour away." And another "besides"—Ethel has a lovely car that promises coolness whenever given a chance.

John Bunny and Mrs. John Bunny—who is NOT one of the film ladies, either fat or thin, whom the public sees so often in the role of the roving John's wife—were among the first-
night audience at the "Cabin". They held reception of their own in the lobby following the screen bill, until somebody asked that the crowd "move on." So John stepped out of the way.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Marsden, formerly of Thanouser and now of the Biograph company, were "also-there."

Rose Gore is again back in pictures, but this time her affiliation is with the Vitagraph company. You remember her, doesn't she? Rose Gore of the vaudeville firm of "Crinnons and Gore," has also signed with the Vitagraph company. The two will contribute much toward the Vitagraph offerings. Crinnons is an ash short as his wife is tall and they say they enjoy making people laugh. So be prepared. "Officer Kate" is their first play.

Pearl Sindelar, who has been alternating Pathe leading roles with the lead in the Broadway show "Potash and Perlmutter," says she is also going to the Vitagraph studio and the variety of work it offers. She leaves for Chicago early in July, for a six months' engagement there but says that before she goes she intends playing in one more film at the Pathe studio. Miss Sindelar possesses a magnetic personality that has made her many friends. She hopes Chico will like her. But there is no doubt as to that.

Mignon Anderson, of the thanouser studio and the Irving Cummings' engagement, has had a new nephew since May 27. The boy's father is George H. Christoffers, special representative of the Syndicate Film Corporation which has the distribution of the Thanouser serial, "The Million Dollar Mystery." In charge. Mr. Christoffers is the second representa-tive of the Syndicate film company. When this boy was born during the last month. Both fathers are hoping that the mystery of a million dollars will solve itself for the respective new visitors.

Reilla Sturgeon was quite satisfied with her two weeks visit in New York and was ready to return to the western Vitagraph studio and the position of special producing director. She came east principally to witness the premier production of "Captain Alvera" at the Vitagraph theater.

Pearl White, surprises people when they meet her as herself and not in character make-
up at the studio, for she is a brunette who is generally believed to be a blonde. That is because she wears a blonde curly wig, when working before the camera.

Maude Fealy, who is so well liked for her work in those "Professor" pictures, has received a number of appeals from admrers in Denver, Colo., beseeching her to return there for the summer stock season. For Miss Fealy is Denver's favorite actress and is quite the matinee goddess of the theater-goers there. But New Rochelle and pictures have too strong a hold upon Miss Fealy's fancy to permit of her turn-
ing westward.

Edith Story is again reporting for duty at the Yank story desk in the scenario depart-
ment, after her weeks of work at the southern studio, was a warm one. Others who returned with Miss Story, and under the direction of Sydney Drew, are Charles Kees, Ada Griffith, Jane Morrow, George Stevens, Ethel Lloyd, Lilian Burns, Cortland Van Dusen, Allen Campbell and Frank O'Neill.

Fred Mace was an interested guest at the Knickerbocker theater's formal "first night" of "Cabin." The Italian film that is challenging the rest of the film world to "go and do like-
wise." "I sail for Europe Saturday," said the genial Fred. who, by the way, has added a couple of hundred more to his scenario company to New York. "I'm going to make a picture with Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw, in Paris and I have signed a new star, in which I will play opposite Eva Tansey." By which it will be noted that Mr. Mace is not tripping to art galleries or lazying along the canol of Venice, as a means of killing time.

James Cruse is the latest of the Thanouserites to become the owner of a car. He is making his baby the speed "aws of the adjoining states so he can be sure to have none unbroken."

Harry Benham had a not-to-be-keried experi-
ence the other day. He was playing in a comedy in one scene of which a ton of coal and Harry had the center of attention, but in such fun—house-keeping!" Miss Hawley has de-
cided. When she is not so engaged nor easy at the studio, she is touring the city and industry by car. Already, she has a noticeable

Mae Haver and Rosemary Theby of the Labtin company, who have the scenario depart-
ment and Miss Theby—but you all know Miss Theby plays the leading film roles!—are joint owners of a "multiplw passenger car, as they describe it. Miss Anna Luther, also lead in third of the "girl-trinity at the studio, which makes never-failing-week-end-trips to Atlantic City. Rosemary is the driver of the car, and the girls are not satisfied, when riding, unless the car is tall. Hence their invitations to their friends at the studio and other studios, are many. And they are always accepted.

Ormi Hawley has gone to house-keeping. At least, she has fitted up a "little" seven-room apartment in one of the newest sections of New York, and she has a perfectly competent maid who tends to the classy part of the house-keeping. "It's such fun—house-keeping!" Miss Hawley has decided. When she is not so engaged nor easy at the studio, she is touring the city and industry by car. Already, she has a noticeable

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Helen C. Butler, P.A. — The part of "Cyril" in Thanhouser's "The Eugenie Boy," was taken by Madeline Fairbanks, one of the famous "Thanhouser Twins." The "pretty little girl" in theBroncho film is rather indelicate, but you probably refer to Mildred Harris who can easily qualify under that description.

Pansy, Baltimore, Mo. — Eleanor Blanchard was "Gwendolyn" in Lubin's "The Trunk Mystery" and "Dana Brown" is played by John Heal, who also produced and directed the piece. Rosemary Theby is still with Lubin we understand, and King Baggot has not left Imp.

Gladys H., Lansing, Minn. — James Lacyke is the judge in Vitagraph's "Cutey's Wife" and Lillian Walker plays "Betty" in the same film. Yes, John Bunny is married.

Walter F., St. Louis, Mo. — Marshall Nielan who used to play in the same American company with Warren Kerrigan has been with Kalem a long time, he is now a director of films. Harry Mainhiller was with Universal and was still there the last we heard, although she has been away on a vacation. You're quite right, Worley, you're just tumbling to the fact that Nielan and Bush are "out" of American films. The leading man to whom you refer is either Sydney Ayres or William Garwood. You didn't tell us the name of the picture you saw him in, so we can't say positively which one you have seen, but both have played leads since Kerrigan departed.

X. Y. Z., New Orleans, La. — Lilo Leslie of Lubin's in Mrs. Joe Smiley in private life. Mary Alden is the prospective sweetheart in Majeste's "The Double Knot."

Lucille, Washington, D. C. — Tom Foreman was the president in Lubin's "His Excellency." Harry Mainhiller was the detective in Essanay's "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle." Clara Kimball Young's photo appeared in the May, 1914, issue of Photoplay Magazine. Beverly Bayne was interviewed in the same issue.

Harry T., New York City. — We never heard of E. H. Calvert's appearing in another company than Essanay. Gwendolyn Pate is no longer with Pathe. She is now with the Selig Company. John Stepping is now with the American Company at Santa Barbara, California.

Gerritvene, Boston, Mass. — Howard Davies was "O'Hara" in Majeste's "His Punishment." Nan Barnard was "Mrs. Van" in Thanhouser's "Rosalie." There is now a Miss Kohn, a character written by Maude Fealy who played the role of "May."

Kathie, Cleveland, Ohio. — Hazel Buckham was the fur trader's daughter in Rex's "Aurora of the North." the nurse was Camille Astor. The method by which Erican makes its beautifully colored films is too long to describe in detail in this department. Motion Pictorial may someday have an article on film stencils and how colored films are made. Walter Miller was with Reliance and Biograph before he joined the Universal forces. We never heard of his being related to Ward Miller, the baseball player.

Mrs. W. T. R., Lincoln, Neb. — Warren Kerrigan won Photoplay Magazine's first popularity contest as well as its second. He has also been second in a popularity contest conducted by another magazine and has won several newspaper popularity contests.

Mary Fuller has a splendid opportunity to test her versatility to test in the first photoplay film, "The Master Mummer," a scenariosized version of the E. H. Oppenheim story. She used to appear at the Little Theatre in Scotland, and the part was given to her by her employer, Miss Edie, who is touring a new play in the same city at the present time. She is the "Death Spy at High Noon." The Lubin company, with her so handsome and well photographied, has the rights of the play with the Lubin Company, not at the Philadelphia plant, so we fear you'd have a hard time visiting her if you called at the Philadelphia offices of the "clear as a bell" film concern.

Marguerite, Chicago, Ill. — Sorry to hear that you missed seeing Miss Snow of the Thanhouser Company when she was in your city at the Majestic, No. 2. She is a great favorite with every one there. We don't think it will be a long time before you see her again. You may also see her in "The Death Spy at High Noon." She's hard at work in New Rochelle, N. Y., on the big series which is to be called "The Million-Dollar Mystery," so it isn't very likely that she will come this way again soon. You are mistaken in thinking that a Harvard student, named W. T. R., of the Chicago, Keystone has no Chicago studio.

Cunoch, Aurburn, Ill. — Harry Carey left the Biograph to head a company for the Famous Vitaphone Motion Picture Corporation. He played the lead in "The Master Cracksmans," a five-episode feature just released. We don't know whether the Hearst-Selig people will get out a daily news film as Pathe has done or not. However, it seems unlikely.

Angella, Denver, Colo. — May Cruse was "May" in Frontier's "Whistling Hiram." No, we don't believe she is related to James Cruse of Thanhouser though, of course, it is possible. Photoplay Magazine is published monthly, not semi-monthly, as you seem to imagine.

Herbert D., Minneapolis, Minn. — The actor in Powers' "Stolen Glory" was William Worthington and the playwright was Frank Lloyd. Bess Meredith was the actress. We haven't seen any cast sheet for the Crystal comedy you mention but if you add a letter to the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Mecca Building, New York City, you may get the information. Be sure to enclose a stamp for reply.

Mary K., San Jose, Calif. — We are glad to know you enjoy Movie Pictorial and hope to make it so good that you will like it better and better as time goes on. The Photoplayer's Club of Los Angeles is similar to, but not a branch of the Screen Club of New York City. No, Chicago has no branch of the Screen Club, although there is an organization here known as the Reel Fellows Club which is made up of film stars, directors, publicity men, exchange men, etc.

Bettsina, 1. Warra, Minn. — George H. Melford was the "young surgeon" in Kalem's "The Barrier of Ignorance." The players featured in "The Death Spy at High Noon" produced by the same company, included William West, Jane Wolfe, Martin Sain and Paul Harre.

Gladys B., Washington, D. C. — Yes, Velma Whitman, Lubin star, was on the road one season at least with "The Servant in the House." Though we don't know that she ever played Washington. The Lubin pictures in which she is appearing now made at the Go from now on is a studio of the Lubin Company, not at the Philadelphia plant, so we fear you'd have a hard time visiting her if you called at the Philadelphia offices of the "clear as a bell" film concern.
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