

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

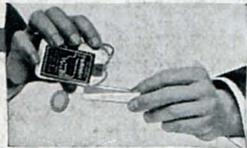
November

15
Cents

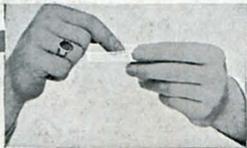


Mary Pickford *Herself and
Her Career*
BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE

*"Beauty and Brains" Contest
Fashions and the Screen*



1 In the fingers of the left hand, hold paper, curved, to receive the tobacco, poured with the right hand



2 Spread the tobacco the length of the paper, making it slightly hollow in the centre.



3 Then place your two thumbs next to each other in the middle of the paper in this position.



4 Roll Cigarette on lower fingers, index fingers moving up. With thumbs gently force edge of paper over the tobacco.



5 Shape the Cigarette by rolling it with the thumbs as you draw them apart.



6 Hold the Cigarette in your right hand, with edge of paper slightly projecting, and—



7 With the tip of your tongue moisten the projecting edge of the paper.



8 Close ends of Cigarette by twisting the paper. The Cigarette is now ready to smoke.

How To "Roll Your Own"

It's a simple, easy process. You can do it with your eyes shut after a little practice. And what a joy is the fresh, fragrant cigarette of "Bull" Durham rolled by your own hand to your own liking! You "roll your own" with "Bull" and note the difference.

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SMOKING TOBACCO

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Compl. with

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| 1/4 c. dia. | 21.25 |
| 3/8 c. dia. | 35.00 |
| 1/2 c. dia. | 48.75 |
| 3/4 c. dia. | 71.25 |
| 1 c. dia. | 101.25 |



B2
1 ct. dia.
Compl. \$104.50



B3
1/2 ct. dia.
Compl. \$50.50



B4
1/3 ct. dia.
Compl. \$27.50



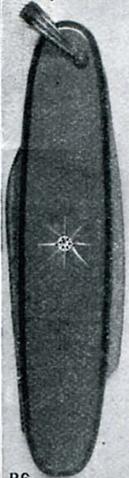
B5
1/8 ct. dia.
Compl. \$12.25



B13
1/8 ct. dia.
Compl. \$12.50



B14
7 dias.
Compl. \$17.50



B6
Solid gold filled
dia. set knife
Compl. \$1.75



B7
Coral Cameo
2 dias.
Compl. \$17.50



B8
3/8 ct. dia.
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B9
Onyx, 1 dia.
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Slate birth-stone desired.

B11
Birth-stone
Lavalliere.

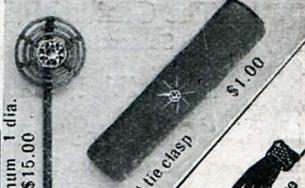
B12
3 dias.

Compl. \$2.45

Compl. \$8.75



B15
Dia. set
\$1.75 per pair



B16 Platinum 1 dia.
Compl. \$15.00

B17 Dia set tie clasp
\$1.00

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CHICAGO
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. VIII

No. 6

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1915

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Pictures of Popular Photoplayers

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IT MAY BE

DECEMBER

on the calendar, but it's always glowing summer in *Photoplay Magazine*. So here are a few sample sprinklings of next month's

PEP

The Real Farrar

Queen Geraldine of the Movies and the Metropolitan; a story about the girl, not her art. By one who knows.

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A Day in Triangle

A Waterman snap-shot of one of the world's most interesting picture-mines.

Channing Pollock Begins—

you'll find the detail of this remarkable announcement on page 118.

MORE

of the remarkable

Photoplay Reviews

beginning this issue.

∞

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∞

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with a punch like a crash at the finish.

∞

Advice to Movie Investors

∞

News

∞

Virile Short Stories

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Editorials

∞

Advice to Photoplaywrights

∞

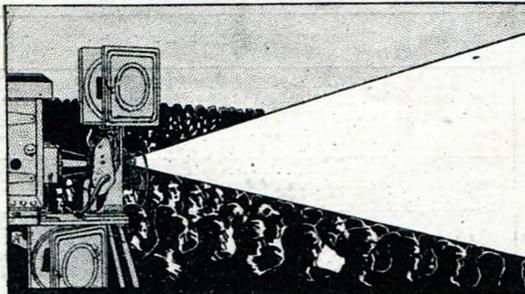
Features

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Photographs

∞

“Short Stuff”



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POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



MARY ANDERSON

of the Vitagraph, is one of the youngest stars on the screen. She was born in Brooklyn 18 years ago. While in high school she played extras for Vitagraph and there got her first real chance, in support of John Bunny. She came to stardom rapidly. Miss Anderson is an excellent fancy dancer, and was much in demand socially before her screen advent.



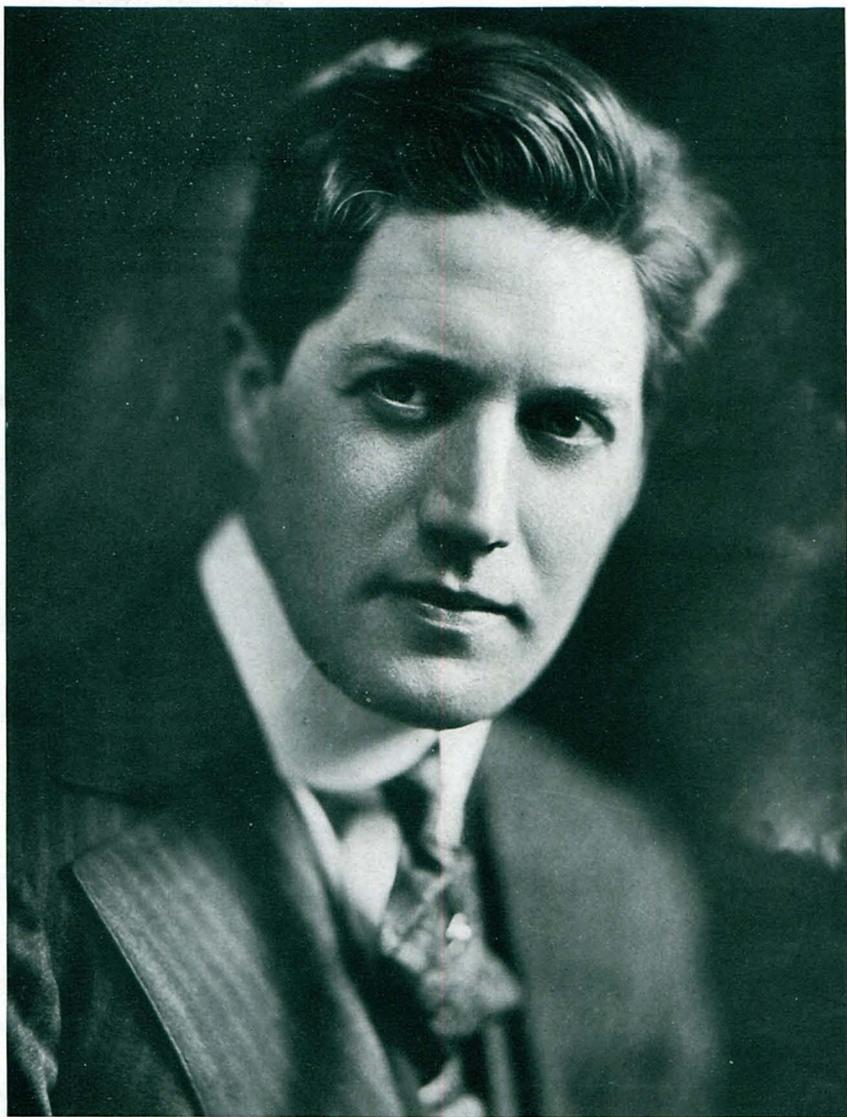
FRANCIS XAVIER BUSHMAN,

leading man of the Metro company, and one of the most popular screen idols is a native of Richmond, Virginia, and is about 30 years old. He played in stock before going into photoplays. His screen debut was with the Essanay company, where he won a wide following. He is a champion wrestler, and probably possesses more general athletic prowess than any man on the screen.



WINIFRED GREENWOOD

is Mrs. George Field in private life. She was a child when she first appeared on the stage. First in musical comedy and later in serious drama she won a large following among theater-goers. She has made more than 800 appearances in pictures and is one of the best-liked of the Mutual players. Music and the study of French are her hobbies.



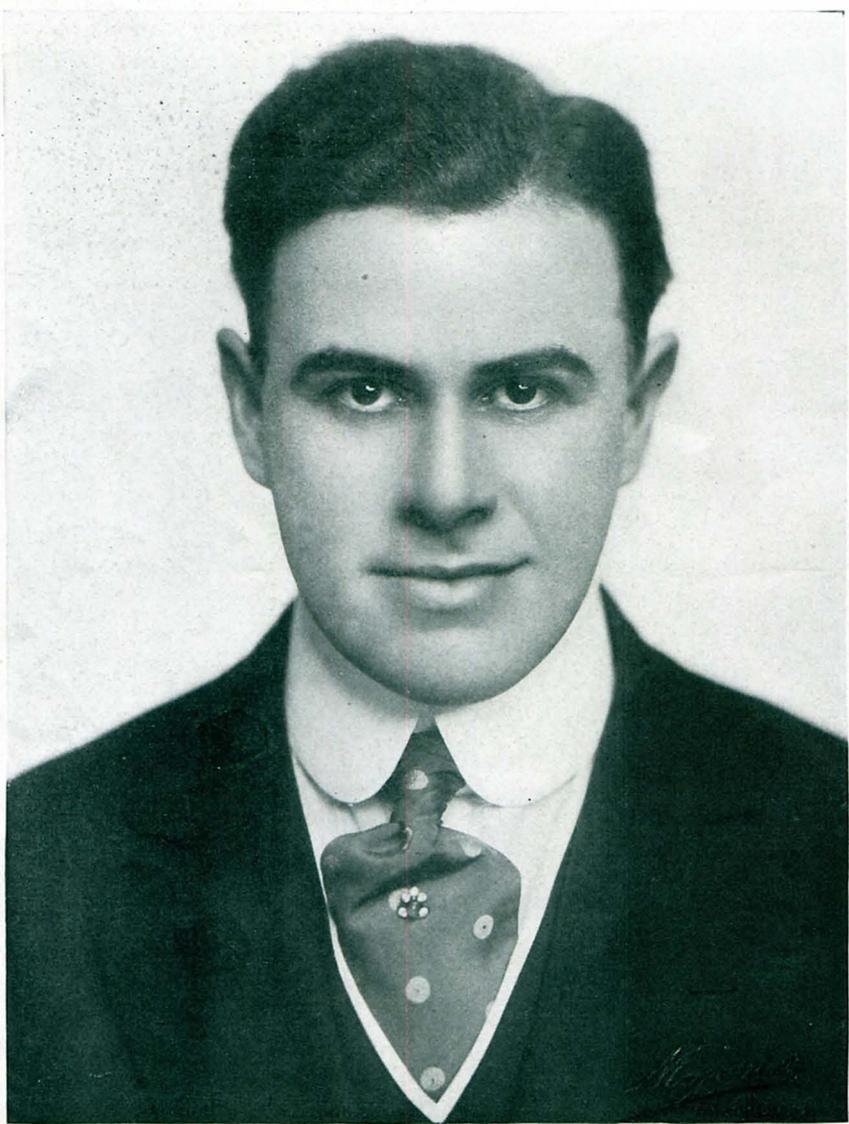
CARLYLE BLACKWELL

is a native of New York City and a graduate of Cornell University. In "Brown of Harvard" and "The Right of Way," his stage work attracted attention and he was secured by Vitagraph. With Kalem and The Famous Players he scored in many offerings. One of his best efforts is seen in "The Puppet Crown," a recent Lasky release.



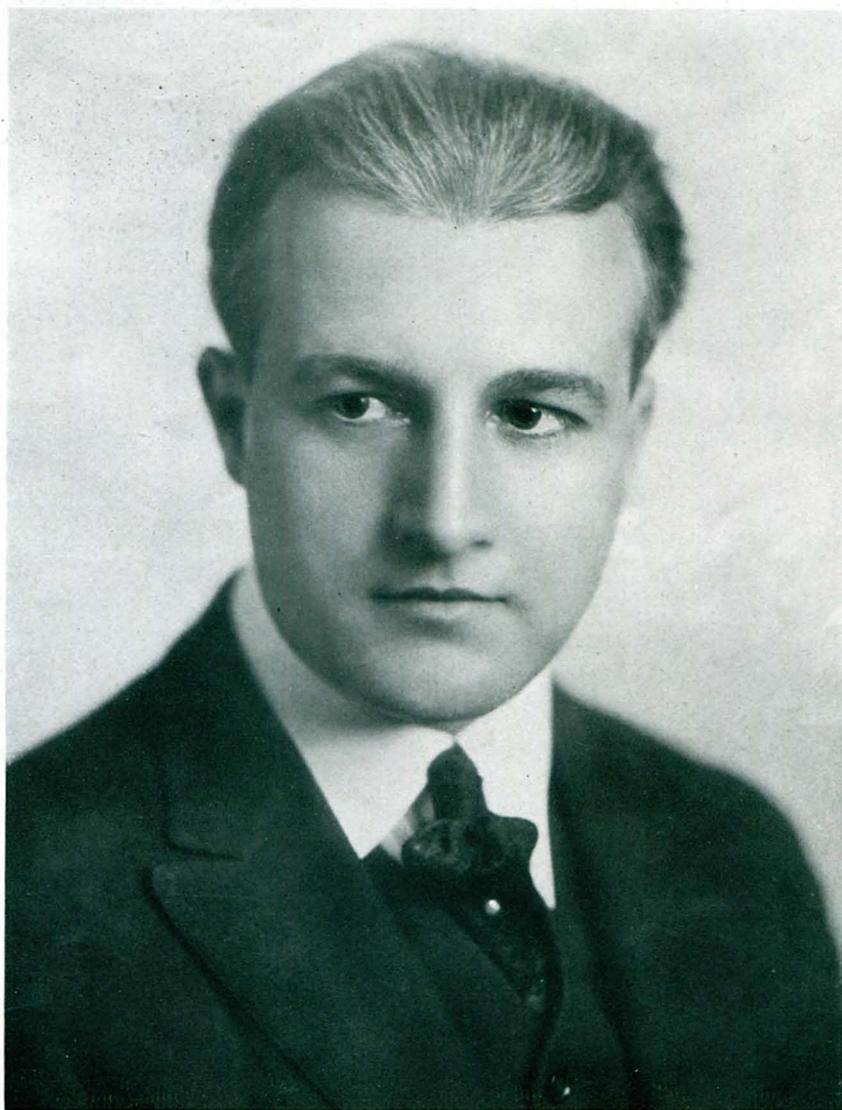
VIOLET MAC MILLAN

is one of the tiniest morsels of filmed femininity. She is three inches shy of five feet and weighs but a hundred pounds. She was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and the public first saw her as Dorothy, in "The Wizard of Oz." Her screen advent was as the Oz fairy. "Our Baby" and "Out of the Dark," Universal photodramas, are among her most recent pictures.



FORD STERLING

is a graduate of circuses and dramatic stock companies. His first stock engagement was at the Columbus Theatre in Chicago. Following that he was in several musical comedies, and also in vaudeville. He broke into the movies in the Biograph comedy company when Sennett was manager. He followed Sennett to the Keystone. He is about thirty years old and was born in Wisconsin.



WILLIAM GARWOOD

was born in 1886, in Springfield, Mo., and made his first dramatic appearance with the Elitch's Gardens stock company, Denver, in the summer of 1903. Mr. Garwood made his screen debut in November, 1910, with the Thanouser company. He came to the Majestic, Los Angeles, two and one-half years later. Mr. Garwood is tall, dark, is fond of swimming, and when asked if married replies emphatically, "Never!"



TSURU AOKI,

an Oriental jewel on the Ince side of Triangle, is 22 years old, and was born in Tokyo. She came to America with her aunt and uncle, Sada Yacco and Otto Kawakami, noted Japanese players, and attended school at Pasadena. She is married to Sessue Hayakawa, who recently made a great success with Lasky, in "The Clue."

Fashions and the Screen

Illustrations with article
by Lillian Howard
in this issue

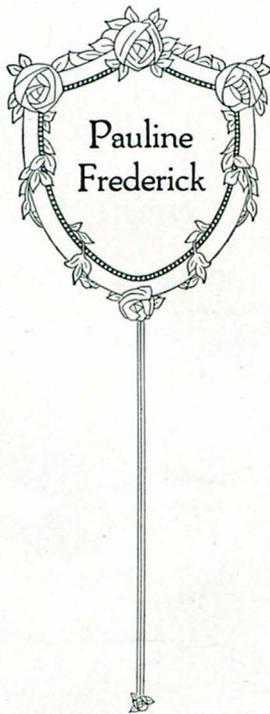
Miss Pickford's
simple all-white
street costume
is of broadcloth,
with a hat of
white felt.

It was made
after the actress'
own design,
by her tailor.



Photo by
McClure

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE



French evening gown of Kings Blue chiffon; embroidered in gold over flesh-colored satin. This is Miss Frederick's own importation, and has just arrived from Paris.

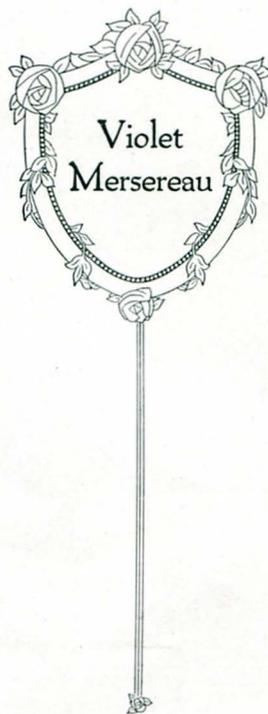


Dancing frock
in yellow
Pompadour silk,
closely reflecting
the 1860 period, with
black velvet piping
and cream lace fichu.
Designed
by Lorber.



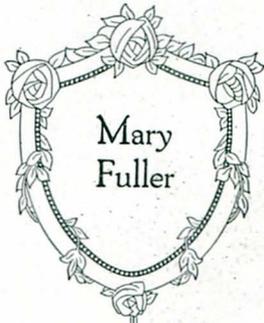


PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE



Here is a
Lanvin model
of cadet blue
broadcloth with
military braiding.
The war influence
shows strongest in
the Italian soldier's
("Bersaglieri")
helmet in
black velvet,
with coque feathers.
Designed
by Giddings.

Photo by
McClure



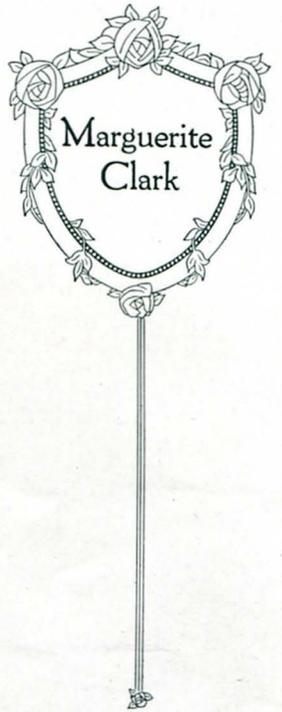
Mary
Fuller

This is another
Giddings model,
after Bernard,
in old red
camel's hair serge,
with skunk fur.



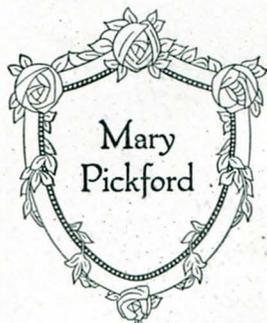


PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE



An all-white
dansant frock of
chiffon over net,
with scalloped
cordings and
bolero bodice.
Designed
by Lorber.

Photo by
McClure



An evening coat
of white velvet,
lined with
white satin and
bordered with
white fox.

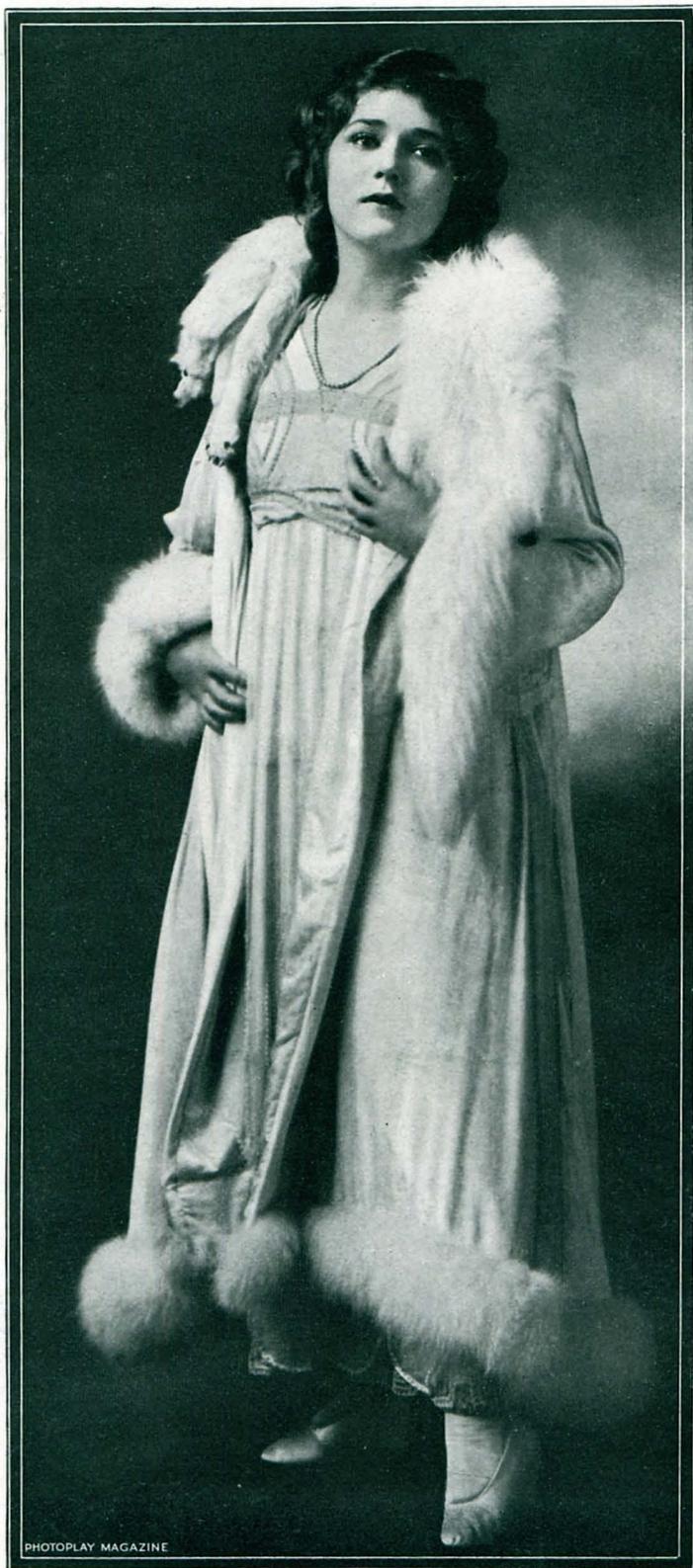


Photo by
McClure

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE



Jane Miller in a velvet flesh-colored evening gown, with high-waisted bodice and ostrich corsage. By Stern, after a design by Miss Miller.

Photo by
Ira Hill



PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Fashions and The Screen

ACTIVE PHOTOGRAPHY IS NOW A
CREATOR, NOT A REFLECTOR OF STYLES.

By Lillian Howard

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Thirteen million pairs of eyes are focused on the screens of this country every day, and it must be acknowledged that this powerfully affects modes as well as manners. Each illustration accompanying this article was especially posed for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

A GAIN the film stage scores. The world of fashion looks to the actress of the screen in her newest gowns to bring home the latest modes to women of all parts. An influence in manners and morals, the feminine world acknowledges the debt to the screen for modes and customs.

With color to aid the speaking stage, line alone must suffice the screen actress as she is shown getting in her limousine, entering the restaurant and receiving in the drawing room. What follows but that the picture actress on and off the stage guides the fashionable world.

When Paris dressmakers introduced the new fall and winter all white street costume, what stronger proof that it will have a vogue than that one of the loveliest and best known actresses of the film world appeared on Fifth avenue the other day in a chic tailored model of white broadcloth with white felt chapeau and white suede boots, all white from top to toe?

Color, however, and vivid color at that, promises to play her part in street suits this season. Along with suits in the staple midnight blue, tête de nègre and black, comes an occasional enlivening costume of forest green or vieux red, the latter a lovely soft shade becoming to most every type of coloring.

Ideas from Italian military uniform details we have with us. As a compliment to the latest newcomer to cast her lot with the allies, the French designers have introduced the velvet helmet with its chin strap and crested plumage flaunting backward in the breeze.

With France and Russia fighting in the same cause, Russian modes will be even more than usually emphasized, but Paris has sounded the Russian note so often in recent years that there seems little that can be found new and striking in tunic lines and fur bandings.

Fur is in evidence in all the new winter suits. But the rolling or wide flat collar

of last season has given way before the close fitting standing one, another concession to military influence.

Of course the war brought belts into prominence as it did pockets. The designers were quick to grasp the garnishing possibilities of both of them. The newest belts for street suits are of black patent leather piped narrowly with white or color.

Every little while France launches white cloth and white fur. Both are in vogue this season. White fox stoles wrapped the shoulders of young and old alike through the past summer, regardless, oftentimes, of any sense of fitness, or even discretion.

Possibly the rumor that we were short of dyes may have influenced the Paris couturier in launching the white suit which he has done in broadcloth rather than the woolens, the mills for the latter being out of commission.

As to the materials for the fall tailor costumes, the new duvetyne, of promise for better wearing qualities than that of last season, is more popular than ever. Wool velour, too, is well liked. A new and lovely suiting is camel's hair serge, which, as its name indicates, is a pliant serge with a soft, downy haired surface.

The all velvet evening gown promises to be par excellence. The newest modes from the big houses here and abroad show little trimming used on this type of gown, which relies for distinction on its lovely material and excellent line.

On the other hand, the French are making great use of embroidery on street costumes of serge and velvet. It is easy to understand this, when one considers the enormous number of needlewomen in desperate need of funds. With the men folk

at the front so few avenues of resource are open to the women from whom many industries are now closed.

Dancing frocks show the 1860 period in their designing of fitted bodice and voluminous skirts. The embroidered flouncings of the past season are carried out in taffeta gowns with scalloped flouncings often bound in a narrow edging of black velvet. The tight bodice with its V-shaped opening lends itself to the quaint fichu of deep creamy lace caught with a brooch of old-time design.

The new 1860 style of gown seems to have lengthened by several inches. Other costumes the Parisienne wears in two lengths. The costumes continue daringly short oftentimes, especially when worn with the very high boots of colored kid. However, with filmy frocks of net and light silk, slippers or low shoes are worn and the dress stops but an inch or two above the ankle.

Without doubt, the Russian boot is to have a decided place in the ultra smart wardrobe. One actress noted for her smart gowning has ordered no less than eight pairs of these Russian boots. Soft black patent leather, and patent leather combined with mouse colored suede form some of the models, but for winter wear she has included several with wide fur banded tops.

The teagown, or glorified negligee, is an important adjunct to the well ordered wardrobe. Often it is more costly and rich in material than the evening gown itself. One model just designed by a specialist in negligees is in rich metal brocaded silk with soft chiffon draperies which set off the bewitching beauty of a petite golden-haired, violet-eyed star.

The Comedian

HE enters, with his childish look
That shows no single trace of guile;
With curly head and comic walk
That force each one who sees to smile.

He waves a greeting to a friend,
And brings the dishes crashing down;
He tries to pick them up and falls,
And sits there with a funny frown.

And sitting there, he takes a book
And for a minute thinks to read,
Then casts it through a window-pane:
A stranger's hit—he does not heed.

He rolls about upon his head;
In wondrous knots he tries to fold—
No, this is not a Chaplin film.
But just my son, who's twelve months old.

“Once the worshipped heroine...”

“Now a synonym for sin.”



The Crimes of Cleo

PSYCHIC IMPRESSIONS OF AND
HOPES FOR AN ARCH-VILLAINESS
WHO IS ALSO SOME PEACH

By William M. Henry

I HAVE the word of no less an authority than the Irrev. Billy Sunday, that a life of crime is usually not the result of a gradually growing tendency towards wickedness but rather a sudden plunge into iniquity.

And for an example my authority might point an accusing finger at lovely Cleo Ridgely, once the worshipped heroine of thousands and now, within six months, become a synonym for sin.

For several years Miss Ridgely had been building up an estimable reputation for justice and righteousness.

As the “Girl Detective” in a Kalem serial she had triumphed again and again over the forces of evil. In dozens of western pictures she had saved her father’s cattle from the marauders, protected her innocent lover from the machinations of the villain, and performed other equally heroic deeds.

Certainly she had everything in her past life to urge her onward and upward—yet . . . suddenly as the nausea of a tropic volcano, she has sunk into a quagmire of transgression calculated to make William

J. Burns shiver and call for smelling-salts.

She has become a kleptomaniac, who, when caught red-handed, drops her stolen goods into the pocketbook of an innocent girl, sending her to jail and condemning her forever to the curse of felony.

She has returned and haunted people whom she has wronged.

Her fingers have pointed out the hiding place of her lover to the police, and, with a strawberry sundae smile, she has seen him shot dead, killed and croaked before her very eyes.

She has deserted her home and her family to go on midnight carousals with unquestionably questionable friends.

She has entered the bungalows of her personal intimates, and has been received by them as such, only to break up said happy homes by her seductive lamps and laugh.

It all looks so impossible when you see her.

At first glance she doesn’t resemble either Mrs. Guinness or Zaza.

She is blonde as a clear dawn, with baby grey-blue eyes and a dimple so deep that



"In a flash, the blue eyes become wicked emerald."

you'd think some one had shot her with a kiss. Her teeth are perfect and her nose, a little retroussé, gives her a look of agreeable mirth.

You see she has charms. But you would never suspect her of using those rose-and-cerulean advantages a la co-respondent.

You haven't heard her voice! It is low and very melodious.

Something in it reminded me of the contented purr of a cat. Low and sweet and very pleased, but the claws are liable to leap out of the velvet on the slightest provocation.

Ladies and senors, let us return to those eyes.

A second look shows that the frank blue-greyness of them can, swiftly as the stroke of a submarine's God-bless-you, change into a tinge that is Niagara green.



"—a dimple so deep that you'd think someone had shot her with a kiss."

As Bishop Sunday has it, "those who have within them the greatest power for good have at the same time the greatest power for evil." Selah.

In a flash the blue-grey eyes become wicked emerald. A furrow like a trench appears between them. The smiling lips and the smiling teeth change to a red gate barred by an ivory portcullis. The mirth in her expression corrodes.

Then you notice that her jaw is heavy; that her shoulders are square and powerful; that all the lines of her are steely hard.

Her hands are wonderfully expressive. They reflect her feelings in the same way as her face.

They are small and well moulded. Like her shoulders and her jaw, you do not notice them when she is smiling



"Only to break up said happy home by her seductive lamps and laugh"

happy and beautiful.

But when the iron creeps into her face, it harveyizes her hands, too. Then you notice that they are wonderfully muscled. They are strong and vise-like.

If Cleo Ridgely were to wear a mask over her whole body with the exception of her hands, I believe that she could act a part and express herself with them alone.

On the whole, this she-tigress is as she should be: Beautiful and dappled and velvet limbed, yet with dynamic muscles rippling under her smooth skin and expressing her sudden changes of temper to the minutest degree.

This is not the story of a wanton. Rather, it is the slow-music melo, "No Mother to Guide Her." Krime Kleo was misled; she still hopes for the day



"She could act a part with her hands and express herself with them alone."

when she may resume her pilgrimage upon the straight and narrow Erie of Righteousness.

Cleo's aspirations are far and away from these sinister parts. Even now she shudders at her black trade before the sarcastic director and the ennuied cameraman.

"It's awful," she confided to me "to go to see yourself on the screen and to come to hate yourself. It's terrible to hear the comments around you. I remember a scene in my first heavy part in 'Stolen Goods,' where a bomb exploded near me and the smoke obscured me from view momentarily. I was sitting in a dark corner looking at the picture and a woman leaned over to me and hissed, 'I hope it killed her.' I just know she was sincere."

It cannot be that



"She rushed to the relief of the tired business man; that is, she enlisted in a chorus."

Cleo's environment did the fell work and condemned her to these "hellbird" parts, for Cleo was brought up under the innocuous and refining influence of a Wisconsin farm, whither she had been sent following the death of her father and mother while she was very young.

On the farm she led the placid existence of the (real, not dramatic) country girl, but at length her high spirits got the better of her and she began shocking the community with circusy feats on horseback. When the pious neighborhood began to express its disapproval, the high strung young lady bid the cows and the hay and the farm a moonlight farewell and rushed to the relief of the tired business man; that is, she enlisted for the stage in a chorus.

What she did, she did well, and as a result she was soon touring the country with shows of more or less noteworthy character. Later she jumped straight into leads with the Kalem Company, at that time located in Florida.

Her whole existence was one of Christmas bliss, for she was a pampered heroine throughout her Kalem career. Ingenue

parts and straight leads were her life.

Then, as Lucifer fell out of the classic heaven which bored him, so she took it into her head to do something really devilish, and, as the result of a wager, started across the continent on horseback. It took her eighteen months to make it, stopping and playing at theaters along the way, but she finally reached Los Angeles.

Here she resumed her work with Kalem, doing Out West parts of the most wild and woolly character until she fell under the eyes of the Lasky talent sleuths.

Here began her fall. Who shoved her off the cliff is not known, but he saw in the dashing Kalem heroine a real arch-villainess.

Like a shot she was signed to a long contract. She was put on the job at once, taking the part of Helen North in "Stolen Goods," where she played opposite Blanche Sweet with great credit to herself.

Later she shared honors with Laura Hope Crewes in "The Fighting Hope" and played fiendish parts in "The Puppet Crown," "The Secret Orchard," and "The Marriage of Kitty."



They Burn Up Roads Around Los Angeles

When Blanche Sweet isn't pouting, crying, or otherwise emoting in the Lasky studios she's probably out whirling her big Italian car through the incense of orange blossoms on the beautiful California highways.



Geraldine Farrar as Carmen; Pedro de Cordoba as Escamillo.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—"Carmen" is one of the great love-tragedies of the literary ages. Written by Prosper Merimee, it achieved much popularity as a novel, but its world fame waited upon the opera of the same name, by Georges Bizet. In point of performances, and demands for performances in all countries, "Carmen" is probably the most popular music-drama in the world. The most-discussed impersonator of the title-role since Emma Calve's practical retirement from the operatic stage is Geraldine Farrar, and it was Geraldine Farrar whom Jesse Lasky, aided by Morris Gest, induced to perpetuate her character on the screen. There are slight variations, only, from the operatic version in the Lasky film. Mr. Sheridan, in his careful retelling of this story, has followed Merimee's salient points, but has bent his plot and incidents to the pictorial version. The illustrations are from the Lasky film, which will be publicly shown next month.

C A R M E N

A TROPIC TRAGEDY
OF OLD SEVILLE

By John Sheridan

“YOU say that Don Jose will guard the breach in the city wall tomorrow night, Carmen?”

“You heard me, Pastia.” The untamed-looking girl puffed her cigarette and glanced half contemptuously at her questioner. He was a bent old man with a matted beard and a crafty eye. The two others at the table were straight, slim men with the swarthy skins of gypsies.

“But can you bend this Jose to your will?” Dancaire, his silver coin earrings glittering dully in the dim light, bent forward. He talked freely, for as yet there were but few patrons in Pastia’s tap-room. “The English goods have been landed on the coast and Remendado is only waiting for the word to smuggle them here into Seville. So far as money goes this Jose of yours is incorruptible. Three months ago we tried to bribe him and—” he shrugged—“our band is poorer by Juan.”

“That was before I came!” Carmen threw back her lace mantilla, exposing smooth dusky shoulders. Her dancing dress was of satin and lace and glittered with sequins. There were acacias in her low corsage and gold jingled on her wrists.

Dancaire laughed silently, his teeth showing even and white.

“True for you, Spitfire. If it weren’t for you I don’t know how we would ever make an honest living. But do you think your amorous Spanish dragoon will let us through tomorrow night?”

The girl tossed away her cigarette and clicked her castanets irritably.

“Who knows? He’s been in quod twice for me already, and he looks at me like a hungry cat before a locked larder. Suppose I should open it! *Quien sabe?*”

Dancaire laughed again his silent laugh.

“Good! You’ve done well, Carmen. Garcia,”—to the fourth man—“go through to the coast tonight and tell them to start the goods up. We’ll take the risk.”

Garcia drained his glass of Amontillado

and rose with a wide leisurely yawn.

It was a mean room, low, with cobwebbed rafters and stained, cracked walls ornamented here and there with cheap chromos. At one end a rickety staircase led upwards, and the rush-covered earthen floor was set out with sloppy tables and three-legged stools. The air was blue with tobacco smoke and rancid with the smell of grease, for Pastia’s fritters and fried fish were famous.

Of late the tavern on the outskirts of Seville had enjoyed much evening patronage. The fame of Carmen’s dancing had spread, and the place had become the mecca for young army officers and dare-devil blades from all walks of life.

Two tables had filled while the smugglers talked. As Garcia pushed his way out he passed a newcomer, a man as slim and lithe as a Toledo blade. Of pale, pure olive complexion, he wore a cape of embroidered silk over one shoulder, a suit of costliest velvet, white silk hose and shoes with silver buckles. Proud of bearing, he strode through the evil-smelling murk straight towards Carmen.

“Escamillo! The great toreador who is going to fight in the bull-ring here,” ran the whisper. “He comes every night to see the gypsy. He has loved her for a year.”

“Has she given herself to him?”

“Ha! Not she! She has only given herself to the devil. How else could she have bewitched *him?*”

The bull fighter bowed low before the girl, and she, jumping up, mockingly imitated him. Then they sat down laughing. But another whim seized her. From a dish on the table she took a confection, a shell of meringue filled with sweets, and smashed it against the wall.

“Curse the flies,” she said, “let them go there and leave us in peace.”

He laughed.

“Why stay here devoured by flies? Come



Warningly he drew his knife — "I've paid my price and you're going to pay yours!"

with me and you shall live like a queen. Instead of one dress of silk and lace you will have a dozen. And your own horse trapped with silver, and a *volanta* lined with brocade. And a servant to wait on you like any grand lady. Ah!" he laughed again and covered her small brown hand with his as he saw her eyes glow, "you like the prospect, eh?" And turning to the innkeeper who still sat at the table, "Pastia, your gypsy vixen will be a princess in Seville yet!"

The old man looked keenly at the girl from beneath his thatch of eyebrows and caught her eye.

"Not yet," he said. "Her beauty is in service now. Ah, *senor*, don't misunderstand," he added hastily at Escamillo's swift frown. "For no man, but in our affairs, our gypsy doings. Perhaps later, but not now."

"Always your gypsy doings!" the Spaniard growled, and paused. "But I will wait this once. . . . This once only."

The tavern door swung open and two young men in the blue tunics and plumed helmets of dragoon officers strode in, their spurs clinking. One was small and dapper, with a waxed mustache and bright, darting eyes; the other of commanding appearance,

and almost boyishly handsome.

"Let's sit here, Jose," cried the former, selecting a table near the middle of the room. "It's the best place to see her dance."

At their entrance Carmen had whispered to Escamillo, and now she rose and drifted languidly towards their table. One hand on her hip, a flower between her teeth, she seemed scarcely to walk, but moved rather as if by some serpentine agency of her supple body. At the table she stopped and, leaning upon it, looked down steadily into the rapt face of Don Jose. Morales twirled his pointed mustaches fiercely and addressed her, but she ignored him.

Jose gazed up scarcely breathing, his handsome face pale. Tonight, as always since that noon at the cigarette factory by the city wall when he had met her first, he felt the completeness of her fascination. And not only that, but the dread of it. In her provocative-

ness was something sinister, just as in her beauty there was a hint of wildness and savagery; a gleam at once vulpine and voluptuous in her eyes; a suggestion of the serpent in the sinuous grace of her body.

Conscious of the completeness of her triumph, Carmen sat down beside Jose, shutting off Morales with a bare brown shoulder.

"For all your goggling like a fish, my officer, I believe I love you a little," she whispered, her face close to his. "And a little can grow! Some night—who knows?"

Morales squirmed in his chair and cursed with fury. For a week he had been trying vainly to make his presence felt.

But Don Jose, drunk with the elixir of her nearness, caught her hand and kissed it passionately, his eyes crying out what his dumb lips could not speak. But with a "La la! Have you no respect for a girl's virtue?" she snatched her hand away and sprang up, and ran to the middle of the room, where Dancaire and another gypsy were already plucking at guitars.

"Ah, she's going to dance!" The word went round the room and silence fell.

"The fiend take her!" snarled Morales under his breath. "With your luck, Jose,

I could marry a princess of the blood! Oh, well, she's only a cigar girl."

II

DON JOSE NAVARRO had military ambitions. A native of the Basque country, he had fled to Seville following a quarrel, and had enlisted as a trooper in the Andalusian dragoons. Of good blood, he had soon won promotion and he looked forward not without reason to a commission.

But tonight as he stood on guard at the crumbled breach in the outer wall of Seville, the past and future were alike forgotten. Only the present mattered, and each moment of it throbbed with his consuming passion for Carmen.

The cathedral bells chimed distantly. Eleven o'clock! Now she must be dancing at Pastia's. Morales was there, and Escamillo, watching her, feasting their eyes upon her beauty. Jose's hands tightened on his gun. And he was here anchored to these crumbling stones!

It was a perfect night with a full moon, and a soft warm breath of wind which brought the scent of flowers, and rustled the palms in the nearby gardens. Dimly then he saw a figure approaching. The breach, a gaping hole made by time in the old defences of the city, was guarded constantly against smugglers, and Jose challenged the advancing unknown.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Ah!" said a soft voice. "Is that you, my officer?" and Carmen let fall her mantilla and faced him, her beauty ravishing under the clear moonlight.

"Carmen!" he breathed, and went towards her. To find her

Carmen leaped to a bench, an olla poised above her head to strike the doomed man if Jose's attack failed.

here near him even as he had dreamed of her! She did love him then!

"Did I not say that perhaps some night —?" She looked up at him, arch, alluring, seductive. With a little cry he stretched out his arms to her, but she held him off.

"No, not here. We can be seen here. Come!" and she pointed the way along the wall towards a shadow cast by a great bastion.

Aware that he was failing in his duty, still he followed, swept on a tide stronger than himself. In the shadow she yielded to his arms with a glory and abandon of passion that dazed him. Then, even as he held her, through his swimming senses he became aware of shadows slipping silently through the breach—men and animals heavily laden.

With an oath he flung her aside and started back. But in an instant she was beside him, her soft brown arms stealing about his neck, her ripe, moist mouth seeking his.

"Oh, Jose, love me, love me," she pleaded, and the great wave of ecstasy flooded over him again, engulfing him.



Oblivious of honor and duty, of everything except that moment's delirium, he yielded.

The smugglers went unmolested into the city that night.

For hours after she had gone the glory of his dazed rapture clung about him. It was with him still when, next morning, sleepless he paced up and down before his regimental barracks across the street from the great tobacco factory where Carmen worked. He was waiting here as he waited daily, for the instant's glimpse he would have of her at noon.

It was nothing to him now that he had let the smugglers pass. Possible court-martial, a ruined future, both seemed the puerile terrors of some bygone existence. He could think only of bliss past and greater bliss to come.

Then suddenly, as he dreamed, a woman's terrified shriek rang out from the humming factory across the way, followed instantly by another and another. A moment later the frightened tumult had swelled to a howling pandemonium, and women commenced to pour into the street. The first of these, catching sight of Jose, ran to him.

"Jesu Maria, senor officer, quick! The gypsy will kill her!" she screamed, and Navarro became galvanized into action.

Ordering a couple of troopers to follow him, he ran to the factory. Forcing his way through the crowds of half undressed women that surged

and milled among the cigarette tables, he finally reached the centre of the trouble. Carmen, tobacco cutter's knife in hand, was slashing savagely at the face of a girl whom she had thrown backward across a table, and who in turn was clawing and biting like a tigress.

Jose and his men separated the pair and he investigated the quarrel. He found a clear case against the gypsy. She had first threatened and then attacked the other, the chattering girls declared. There was but one thing for him to do. He arrested her.

With a swift glance of recognition, she let herself be disarmed and went between the soldiers. At the barracks the Commandant would not dismiss the complaint and remanded her to await trial, assigning Jose and his two dragoons to take her to prison.

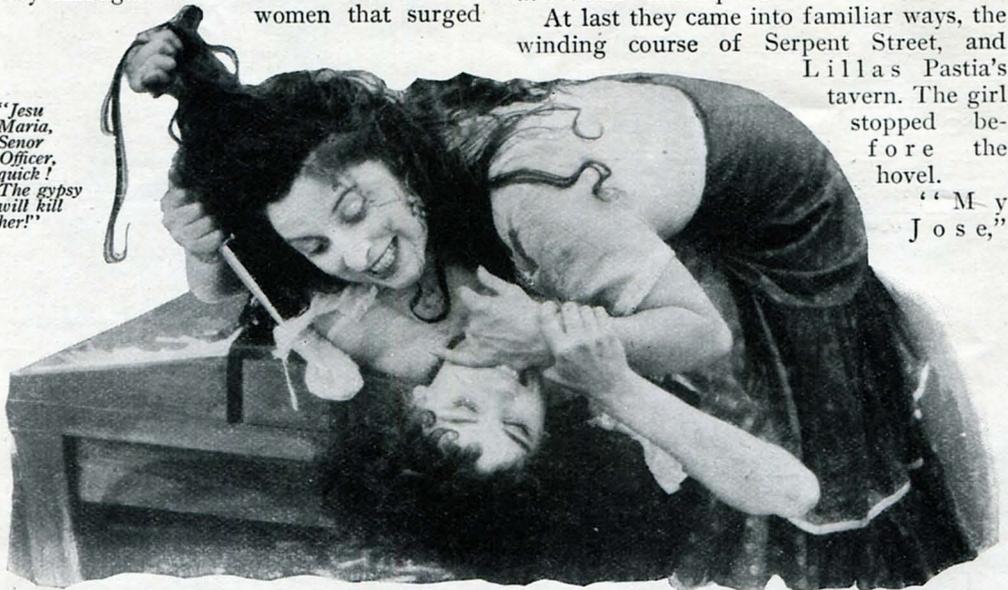
As they marched through the dirty, tortuous streets, the blinding sun of the Spanish noon beat down upon them. On either hand were open shops, above which were grated and balconied houses of multi-colored plaster. Laden mules and rattling *volantas* crowded them, and hucksters against the walls sang their wares in a dozen keys. Men stopped on the street to see the gypsy pass, and ragged gamins hurled epithets after her. But with her mantilla drawn up to her eyes and queenly head held high, she walked proudly and disdainfully through it all, as if the dirt and shame and squalor did not exist.

At last they came into familiar ways, the winding course of Serpent Street, and

Lillas Pastia's tavern. The girl stopped before the hovel.

"My Jose,"

"Jesu Maria, Senor Officer, quick! The gypsy will kill her!"





With a swift glance of recognition, she let herself be disarmed. . . . She begged softly: "Grant me this favor. Let me speak with Pastia."

she begged, softly, "grant me this one last favor. Let me speak with Pastia. If I must go to jail, there is much for him to do."

Jose hesitated. His orders did not permit this. Then he looked at her with the eyes of his love, and saw her tragic, frail, a pitiful thing in the merciless clutch of the law. He yielded to the pleading in her eyes.

"I will go with you," he said, and ordered his men to stay outside.

Pastia was about the place and one officer, flushed and dishevelled, who tottered to his feet as Carmen entered. Jose saw that this was Morales, little and more venomous-looking than ever after a night's debauch.

"Ho, what's this?" he demanded with a leer.

Jose told him, and Morales scowled evilly, swaying on his feet. He had not forgotten Carmen's rebuffs and preference for Jose.

"Taking her to jail, eh!" he demanded. "Then what are you bringing her in here for?" A sly sneer spread across his face. "Ah! for favors promised—eh?—perhaps an open window—an escape—"

With an ugly oath Jose swung his gloved

hand and struck the other across the cheek. "You damned scoundrel!" he grated.

Morales' face grew convulsed, and with a scream of rage he drew his sword. Carmen leaped to a bench, an olla poised above her head, to strike the doomed man if the attack of Jose failed. Morales stumbled, and the loss of a precious moment was fatal. He recovered his footing, but Jose met him as he came in, caught the upraised arm with one hand and closed the fingers of the other about his throat. With a swift turn he bent him back across one of the greasy tables and tightened the pressure of his fingers until the bloodshot staring eyes commenced to glaze. Carmen, with arms folded, and cruel, sneering lips, watched Morales' dying struggles triumphantly.

But when at last the red blindness of Jose's fury had passed, and releasing his grip he looked down with dazed terror on the thing he had done, Carmen was gone. An open rear window offered mute proof of her escape. Then as he began to comprehend this fresh disaster, Jose heard Pastia shuffling beside him, and the old man's breathy voice.

"Well, you killed him. Neat, too; not a sound. Now you're blooded. We need men like you. Eh? courage! Courage!



The Fiesta came at last, and all Seville arose early. . . . The bright sashes and striped ponchos, and the multitude of flowers gave kaleidoscopic effects in the dazzling sunlight

They all feel that way after the first one. I'll dispose of this. You're done for here. Lay low till the storm blows over. I'll take care of you. Then for the mountains and the free life, eh? eh?"

Jose scarcely comprehended what he said. "Yes, yes— For God's sake, Pastia! Hide me, don't let them get me! Ah, what have I done—for her! Everything is gone now. She is all I have—all."

III

THE camp was in a little green valley lost among the tumbling mountains of the coast. There was a stretch of emerald grass and stunted pines; a clear, ice-cold stream chattering over the stones; air keen and sparkling in the sun; and high on every hand snow-capped peaks soaring high into the blue. Tents and smoking fires, and mules grazing among the piles of goods were the signs of human presence.

Carmen in her favorite costume of chemise, ragged red skirt, and torn white

stockings, lolled back indolently upon a bale of smuggled goods.

"I'm tired of it here," she told Dancaire, "and I'm not going to stay. I have a fancy now to be a great lady."

"Ah," he guessed, "Escamillo?"

Dancaire's tone was without protest. The girl obeyed no one. She went and came as freely as the air.

"Yes. I have sent Manuel, the one-eyed, to tell him to come here after me. I think I should like to be the senorita of the greatest toreador in Seville, to wear silk and laces and live in a fine house. It will amuse me. And Escamillo is not a bad fellow."

Dancaire puffed at his cigar and spat.

"What of this soldier, this Don Jose?"

The girl yawned luxuriously, stretching her arms above her head and revealing the soft curves of her fine bust.

"By the saints I hope I've seen the last of him! He's too stupid. Instead of managing a clever escape for me, he must needs kill a man and almost put our necks in the garotte. He's too serious, that fellow."

Dancaire laughed delightedly and rose. "Beware of that sort. They bring trouble. And now for business. We're off for Gibraltar tonight if Pastia and Remendado arrive from Seville."

It was late afternoon when the tinkling of mule bells gave warning of the expected arrival. By this time the camp was full of mysteriously summoned men, swarthy, earringed brutes with cruel faces, who even among themselves never went unarmed.

When Carmen saw Jose with the newcomers she muttered an oath.

"The newest member of our band," chuckled Pastia rubbing his hands. "On the road he helped me lighten two Englishmen as neat as you please. He's worth his salt."

But Carmen did not like the look on Jose's face, nor his fierce glance as he strode towards her after dismounting.

He held out his arms but she evaded the embrace. She turned her back upon him. Then he seized her roughly.

"Here, what's this?" he demanded. "Not even a kiss for me after all this time?"

She shrugged. "I don't feel like kissing."

"Well I do!" he retorted. "And let me tell you something else. From now on you're mine. Good God, haven't I earned you! I forgot honor and duty for you, I became a murderer and a robber for you, and now you refuse me a kiss. Well, you shan't play with me any longer"—warningly, he drew his knife, and his smile was icy cold—"I've paid my price and you're going to pay yours." With sudden passion he swept her to him and kissed her again and again.

Panting, her eyes ablaze, shrieking vituperation and abuse, she tore herself from his grasp.

"When I don't wish

it you shan't touch me," she shrilled. "You shan't! You shan't!"

He laughed.

"You're magnificent! I'll let you go now. But when we get back from Gibraltar there'll be no more of this. You're mine! Understand?"

The expedition started that evening leaving the women in camp, and the next day Escamillo arrived in response to Carmen's message. Handsome, daring, gay, with a chest full of costly gifts, he fulfilled the romantic ideal of the girl's momentary reigning whim.

The following morning they started for Seville. On two blooded horses whose silver trappings tinkled musically, they took the winding white road together, she laughing and singing, gay as a child, and he proud in the glorious beauty of her and in his own final triumph.

"If I win at the great bull fight on St. John's day," he said eagerly, "then everything in the world will be ours, and you shall have it all—all!"



As the knife went home, she would have sunk to the pave, had he not upheld her.

Her eyes sparkled, and her dark face glowed with quick color. But a sudden anxious thought sobered her.

"If you win, yes," she replied slowly. "But Escamillo, don't risk too much. Our bravest toreros have been killed in the bull ring. The danger is very great. I—"

He leaned towards her and took her hand where it lay on the pommel of her carved and embossed saddle.

"With you there to watch me, how can I fail!" he cried. "Before your eyes I could conquer the world, and I will conquer that day."

The fortnight before the great event was crowded with excitement. Escamillo trained hard for the combat, and Seville buzzed with anticipation. And Carmen, moving in a dazzling new world of adulation and luxury, gradually forgot the camp among the mountains, Don Jose's place in her life, and the sinister threat of his mad passion.

The fiesta came at last, and all Seville arose early and went to mass. From sunup the city was gay. Rugs and banners hung from the iron grilled balconies, and the streets were lined with fruit and sweetmeat sellers. Through the Moorish arches at the city gates streamed hundreds of vehicles which merging into the tide of the streets, swept on to the Plaza de Toros, or the Square before the bull ring. The bright sashes and striped ponchos of the men, and the multitudes of flowers gave kaleidoscopic effects in the dazzling sunlight.

Carmen, too, rose early that day. She dressed with the care of a queen going to her coronation, for she knew in truth that, should Escamillo triumph that day, mere royalty would indeed be forgotten. Her dress was of the sheerest silk and gauziest lace; her hair was done low at the nape of her neck, and flowers nestled in its blue-black depths. Her fingers, wrists, and ears glittered with jewels.

They rode to the bull ring through blocked streets that acclaimed them and forced a passage of honor for their splendid *volanta*. Escamillo young, fearless, proud, pleased the people. They thronged about the carriage to touch his hand or throw flowers at the beautiful woman at his side.

At the Ring they were conducted to raised seats in the centre box beside the arena whence they were to watch the lesser

sports which preceded the bull fight. The arena was oval in shape and the earth covered with sawdust. A high board wall hung with embroidered silk and satin banners enclosed it, and above this the seats rose tier on tier, a mass now of waving, glinting, restless color.

At last when the stands would hold no more, a trumpet blew, and the minor sports began.

Two hours later a herald warned Escamillo that the time for his appearance approached, and accompanied by Carmen he left the box for his dressing-room. She waited for him at the timbered gates through which he would make his entrance into the arena, and as she stood there she suddenly saw Dancaire coming towards her.

"Jose is outside waiting for you," the gypsy said rapidly. "He's in an ugly mood. When we returned from Gibraltar he found out that you had come to Seville with Escamillo, and he followed you here. Take my warning and avoid him."

Carmen's lip curled.

"Avoid him? Why? I fear nobody."

"He means trouble, I tell you. He's dangerous."

"The more reason why I shall see him," she said.

A few minutes later Escamillo came out to her. The tumult of the crowd was increasing.

"They're ready," he cried. "I must go. Don't fear for me, Carmen. Pity *el toro*!" And he swept her in a close, parting embrace. The next instant the gates had swung open with a great swelling of the tumult within, and he had gone.

Carmen heard the crashing applause that greeted his entrance, and then, turning went out the main gate to the Plaza. Almost at once she found herself facing Don Jose, his face dark with passion, his black eyes narrowed.

"I heard you were here and came out to you," she said coolly. "What do you want?"

"Listen!" he said, with deadly intensity. "You know that you are mine. Then why run off with this Castilian butcher? I have loved you always; I love you now. I have condemned my soul to hell because of you, but I do it all gladly. I will forget everything if you will come with me."

She looked at him with hard, unwavering eyes.

"No. I will not go with you," she said. "I shall stay here with Escamillo. I don't love you, Don Jose, and I never have."

Almost instinctively his hand moved to the curved hilt of a broad-bladed knife in his sash. She saw the movement but did not waver.

"You have made me a deserter, a murderer," he said, hoarsely. He drew a long, rattling breath. "Well, I will forgive that, too, if you will come with me. You *must* come with me, Carmen!"

"*Must!*" she blazed, and laughed scornfully. "I, Carmen, *must* do anything? Are you a fool? I do as I please. I come and go as I choose. I am no man's slave. I shall not be yours. I do not love you. Do you understand me? *And I never will!*"

His hand gripped the knife hilt until the knuckles showed white.

"For the last time," he choked, "will you come?"

She seemed to lose her temper at his persistence.

"No, no, no!" she cried, stamping her foot. . . . "Ah!"

The broad, keen blade flickered in the sun and descended swiftly twice. She made no sound, but smiled contemptuously at

him as the knife went home. Then, had he not held her upright, she would have sunk to the cobbled pavement. And on the instant from the arena burst a thunderous roar of applause.

"Escamillo! Escamillo! He wins! He wins!"

Jose, in the hands of two soldiers who had witnessed his deed, listened with bowed head. As always Escamillo was the conqueror; he the conquered. The next moment above the confusion he heard another great cry: "Carmen! Carmen!" and knew that the word of his crime had spread like wildfire. The gates swung open and he saw Escamillo break from the crowd which was bearing him out on their shoulders, and rush to where Carmen lay. He saw him take her in his arms frenzied, distracted, calling her name vainly again and again. And Jose smiled. It was the smile of the vanquished, unvanquished.

Facing the death that awaited him, he knew that he would join his soul's beloved first. Surely, when he had given so much for love, death could only bring reward! This at last was his triumph. Serenely, at the command of his captors, he left Escamillo with the destroyed beautiful thing that had once been Carmen.

Moving Pictures Aid to Temperance

SALOONKEEPERS do not fear the prohibition evangelist, the white-ribboner, nor the grape-juice advocate, half so wholesomely as they do the moving picture actor, who quite innocently perhaps, has become the deadliest enemy of the liquor man.

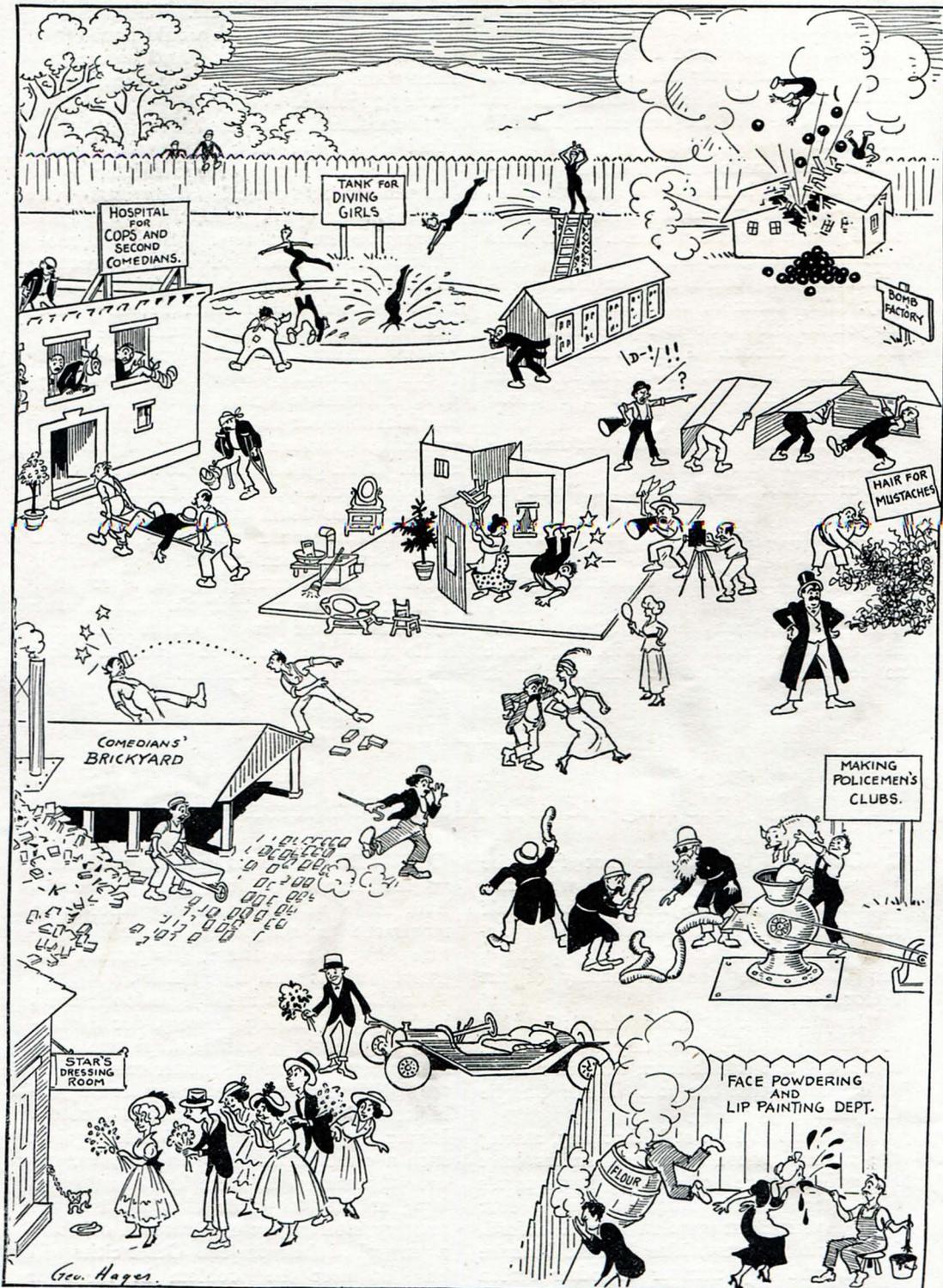
"If you want to know who is hurting the saloons worse than any other man," said a Chicago saloon man, without rancor, "I can name him for you. He is Charlie Chaplin."

And come to look at it that way, among the women whose tears and smiles have congealed more of John Barleycorn's blood than Carrie Nation's hatchet ever spilled, you might mention Mary Pickford, Marguerite Courtot, Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, and any number of other screen idols.

BREWERY interests have long admitted the inroads which moving pictures have made on their receipts. Recently a movement was inaugurated to establish picture shows in saloons and give patrons free entertainments with their drinks.

Application was made by saloonkeepers backed by a leading brewery, for permission to conduct a combined picture show and saloon. When the matter came before the police commissioners, many leading exhibitors lodged a determined protest. Mayor Rolph expressed himself against such a combination. The exhibitors moreover threatened to make the question an issue at the state-wide election, and the brewery interests were frightened off from a renewal of their project. Other cities will have to meet the problem in the near future.

A Day in the Humor Works



Artist's Idea of Business as usual in a Funny Film Factory.

The Genius Mill

BEING THE TRUTHFUL ILLIAD OF WILMUTH PEAVEY'S EFFORTS TO PICK THE LOCK OF FAME'S DOOR, AND MULTIGRAPH HIS MUG ON THE FILMS OF FATE

By Jan Meunchener



AFTER he had won the orator's medal at the Middletown high school, and the village paper had mentioned his work in Hamlet, given by the Amateur Thespian Society, Wilmuth Vandivere Peavey discovered that he had an afflatus and an artistic temperament, which destroyed his usefulness at the general store, and he came home one day and told his doting mother that he was fired.

Having a lot of time on his hands, Wilmuth began to read the literature which the Film-flam College for Moving Picture Actors was spreading through the rutabaga districts and bucolic fastnesses, for the consumption of the gullible. This literature was opulent and very blue sky. Wilmuth's ambition was fired. He took to posing in front of the mirror and decided he would make a great screen actor. If Wilmuth had had a sense of humor he would have laughed himself to death; or a sense of shame he would have accomplished the same end with a revolver.

Wilmuth was tall and bilious looking. Nature had tied a knot at one end to keep him from unraveling and he mistook that for a brainy head-piece. He had a poll of fluffy hair that was the envy of the village wop barber and his teeth were set on a bias like the fingers of a baseball catcher in the days before they used gloves.

So Wilmuth struck his father for some coin and came to Chicago, where he met Mr. Washington Hepburn, president, dean and director of the Film-flam College for Moving Picture Actors.

Mr. Hepburn had given up a lucrative business selling submarine Florida real estate for orange groves, in order to sell artistic education to the part of the human population which is born at the rate of one a minute, regardless of sex.

Although Mr. Hepburn at first mistook Wilmuth for Francis Xavier Bushman, it

did not take them long to get acquainted, and when the president began to call him by his first name five minutes after they met, Wilmuth decided that he had arrived.

Wilmuth peeled off \$60 worth of cuticle from the bank roll and passed it to Mr. Hepburn as first payment on his tuition.

"Now let's get to work," he said, "because I want to begin earning that \$10,000 a year as an actor in about a week."

Just then the office door opened and Miss Gertie

Fehsenfeld of Keokuk, Iowa, stepped in and set down her suit case. Miss Gertie hadn't had enough personality to get a wink from the brakies that ate at the railroad hash-house where she slung the mulligan, but she was confident that her fortune was in her face, although she only had three gold teeth. Gertie had already picked out



"My, this Wilmuth!" Mr. Hepburn exclaimed. "Isn't he an artist. Such verve, such spontaneity!"

her screen name, and had decided to build her bungalow right near Mary Pickford's. She gave up her money to Mr. Hepburn and signed the contract for the course.

The office door pushed open again and Mr. Herman Plymer entered. Herman was so ugly he was afraid of himself. "I want t'git into de movies and play de religious roles—see?" said Herman. "I got a piece of gas-pipe and went down in a dark alley last night and earned me tooition—see? Now you turned me brudder Vincent into a movy actor and I wants to git some of dat meself."

"Ah, dee-lighted!" beamed Mr. Hepburn. "Yes, well do I remember Vincent, your brother. Ah, an artist. Come Herman and Wilmuth and Gertie, come my children and we will go to the studio, and begin at once." Mr. Hepburn led away with airy steps. The studio was up a dark street, in an abysmal back room of a gloomy building. "Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Hepburn. "Art seeks attics and garrets, does it not. Bohemia loves the table d'hote in the dingy cafe with the dirty napery. We are Bohemians, my children—be glad."

"Come out o' dat, and slip me me education—quick!" said Herman. "I want to git after that \$10,000 a year dat de cirklarls promised."

In the studio were four other members of the college whom Mr. Hepburn greeted effusively. Wilmuth thought they must be studying for grandmother parts, but all of them proved to be leading ladies. They were introduced and said "How charming!" which Wilmuth thought was pretty cute. Mr. Hepburn set up a city directory and put his coat over it to represent the camera, and accustom his pupils to working into the eye.

They rehearsed two romances and a historical novel in the next half an hour. Wilmuth rescued one of the old movie-struck ladies from 14 horrible deaths, and she insisted on making the kisses real. Wilmuth didn't like to kiss old ladies with warts. Herman as the villain had been too violently realistic with a solar plexus also, and Wilmuth was glad when Mr. Hepburn started his lecture. Mr. Hepburn told them things without which no person could be a movie actor. He told them that the way to register on the screen as a gentleman is not to pull up your trousers when you sit down. A lady infallibly shows she is such

by never noticing any of the hired help except when giving orders. A doctor has no use in a picture except to listen to the heart and then shake his head, indicating the patient has gone. A detective never takes off his hat, even in church. A preacher or priest rolls his eyes to heaven every 150 feet of film. A reporter is always furtive, enthusiastic, keen. A disappointed lover never fails to press his lady's handkerchief to his lips with passionately bitter hopelessness. In accepting a proposal a girl always puts her arms around the boob's neck as the yoke of bondage.

The janitor of the building stood in the doorway and applauded the pupils' antics. Mr. Hepburn would give him 10 cents for a growler of beer at the close of the lesson.

"Aint they great?" Mr. Hepburn would demand. "My, this Wilmuth! Isn't he an artist. Such verve, such spontaneity!"

"Werve is right, guv'nor," the janitor responded. "Wot, wit' the critical eye wot I 'ave got, and I carn't find no flors!"

"Ah!" Mr. Hepburn closed his eyes in a sort of ecstasy, clasped his hands and smiled dreamily. "I look into the future. What do I see. I see dark moving picture houses all over this land. Then the screens light up and characters begin to live and breathe and move upon them. The women in the audiences lean forward. They laugh, they weep, they draw their breath through their teeth, they sigh, they moan and collapse before the power of the acting. Strong men quiver and groan. Who are those actors that I see? Who I ask you? Why Wilmuth and Herman and Gertie and Lola, Mazie, Ermytrude and Jessamine—you, my dearly beloved pupils! Do you wonder that I am happy? Do you wonder that I scarce can restrain from weeping?"

The janitor made a hissing sound from the doorway. Mr. Hepburn turned. The janitor whispered something and Mr. Hepburn paled. Then he brightened. "Now Wilmuth," he said, heartily, "I am going to give you an immediate opportunity to display your powers of impersonation. Come! There is a delegation downstairs to see the president. You go down and represent yourself to be the president of the Film-flam College for Moving Picture Actors. If they ask for good old Washington Hepburn, just tell them he has resigned and gone. Now be off and remember this is part of your education, and I shall mark

you on how well and faithfully you do it."

With a smile of pride Wilmuth started down the stairs. Mr. Hepburn in the meantime went down the back way, took through an alley, got his grips at the hotel and made for the trains.

"Ah, gentlemen, ladies, dee-lighted," said Wilmuth to the delegation, consciously copying the manner of Mr. Hepburn. "What can we do for you?"

"Where's Hepburn?" demanded a burly gentleman, who vaguely reminded Wilmuth of Herman.

"Oh, he has left the institution. But I have been associated with him for years and am now president of the college." Wilmuth felt that from some vantage the kindly eye of Hepburn was watching him, and this knowledge added a dash and spirit to his work.

"Oh, well you'll do then, if you helped trim us poor suckers. Do you remember little Vincent Plymer that you folks said was going to make the world's greatest fillum star. Well I'm him. These other ladies and gents is other grad-boits of Fillum-Flam College. All old college mates. We met often and often around the studios. Seems like I never went into a studio or got kicked out of one but I met a old class-mate of

dear old Fillum-flam Coll either comin' in or bein' kicked out. They showed me signs sayin' "No actor school gradooits need apply!" and ast me ef I couldn't read. And them others there have been up against it just as hard."

Wilmuth looked and now he saw there was nothing carefree or jovial about the faces before him. The ladies looked very grim; the men very determined.

"Wait until I call Mr. Hepburn," said Wilmuth, with a sickly green smile.

"No you don't," said Vincent, "you said he was gone."

Wilmuth smiled and tried from memory to gauge the location of the door behind him for a quick, backward leap, and a sprint to the police station. He made the leap, landing in the arms of one of Vincent's delegation—a tragedy queen who was as big as a grand opera singer and husky as a Mississippi roustabout. Wilmuth gave out a feeble yelp as the others closed in on him. And altogether they mugged Wilmuth up considerably, and his own mother would not have known him had she seen him in the moving pictures. During the warmth of the pummeling, Mr. Herman Plymer came down to see what

the trouble was. He and Vincent embraced. Wilmuth explained to Herman, who translated to Vincent.

"Oh, you was just kiddin' us for actin' practice whiles Hepburn made his getaway was you?" said Vincent, and they did further things to Wilmuth, which Herman and Gertie and Lola and Ermytrude and Jessamine from upstairs, joined in this time, because they had sunk their good money and they were sore enough to take it out on anybody.

The following day Wilmuth crawled from the

rods under a freight train at Middletown. When the villagers asked him what was the matter with his face, he told them a bee had stung him, and when they laughed he had an excuse to get mad and go away and get some beefsteak to put on his eyes. He is considered one of the finest clerks ever employed at the general store, and he never pulls up his trousers when he sits down, showing that he is a gentleman, and didn't spend his \$60 for nothing. Moral: What's the use?



"Ah, gentlemen, ladies, dee-lighted!" said Wilmuth to the delegation.

Invincible!



The Progress of the Photoplay.

"CLOSE - UPS"

The Serial

STATISTICS show that the serial picture is no longer in favor.

Several things account for this. Two leading reasons are the American public's impatience when made to wait for anything—witness more and more full-length novels in the periodicals—and the poor quality of plots and characterizations. Photoplay has advanced to a plane where a dramatized emergency hospital or police court no longer suffices. Absurd accidents, continual coincidence, hair-raising escapes and mock fights are palling upon a public which demands at least a little logic and some genuine human interest.

The higher a tower the harder its fall. The biggest disappointment in serial pictures was "The Goddess" doubtless because so much was expected from it, because it was produced under such distinguished auspices, was given so great a fanfare of advertising, was crowned with a splendid cast, and came into being, chapter by chapter, from the hands of a good director. The failure of "The Goddess" is chargeable directly to its far-fetched, obscure, unhuman and at length absurd story. It had every advantage of opulent equipment. Ralph Ince's direction was splendid at the start, but strangely careless at the finish. The producing company made a cardinal error when they selected this plot; otherwise they did the thing with their usual thoroughness.

Probably the serial picture will sink even farther into disfavor, but one cannot reasonably predict its utter disappearance. One long story, vibrantly human and holding the thrill of genuine suspense, might work a resurrection.



The Case of Chaplin

WHAT is to become of Charlie Chaplin?

Will the little genius of laughter slowly relegate himself to comic history, or will he, changing his mediums of expression, pass to higher and more legitimate comedy? He must do one or the other. No one stands still on the highroad of artistic creation. Progress or retrogression is the universal lot, and Chaplin's cycle of dirt and acrobatics is about run.

The richest and most lasting humor in the world is that which is close kin to pathos. In life tears and smiles are only a nose length apart. In two pictures, "The Tramp," and "The Bank," Chaplin has demonstrated, with almost startling clearness, that he can dim the eye as well as expand the mouth. You must know "The Bank." Remember that moment when, peering through the

door to see stenographer Purviance consign his pitiful roses to the waste-basket, his face suddenly goes sober, and his eyes look weary and old? There was a flash of David Warfield there. I dare to say that no screen comedian anywhere could have equalled that ludicrous-forlorn instant.

Chaplin may or may not need a director—he's a pretty good film general himself—but one thing is unquestionable: if he is to survive, he must have real stories.



*The
Exhibitor,
a Problem
in Culture*

A YEAR ago it was proper to speak of improving photoplays: their substance, their acting, their direction. Now, the acting and the direction have undergone remarkable uplift, and the stories are getting better. How about cultivating the exhibitor, as a next-step in motion picture elevation?

This statement is no insult to the great body of American exhibitors.

It doesn't hit the progressive, alert, keenly intelligent picture displayers of New York, Chicago, Kansas City or Guthrie. It is aimed at the sloth and the sluggard among his kind; at the ignoramus—and he may be addressed on Broadway, New York, as well as on Main street, Virginia City—who fell into a picture house as a last resort against work; at the half-baked man, who is incomplete in everything; at the lazy man, who takes what his exchange sends him and no questions asked; at the undramatic, illiterate, inartistic, no-showman who is cumbering the trade of photoplay purveying just as he would cumber a blacksmith shop or the pickle business.

When there were just "moving pitchers," and no photoplays, a man who had been a failure at everything else was thought eligible for "moving pitcher" managership. When real showmen, real business men, became exhibitors, they crowded this fellow to the edge of the map. They put theaters where sheds of trivial amusement for the narrowheads had been. But, though pushed hard by the bright boys, the dunderhead not only remained, but added to his cattleish kind. The traffic in photoplays was so great, the demand so overwhelming, that the first real fellows on the presentation end could by no means meet all demands; inefficiency thrived beside efficiency in the sudden deluge of nationwide prosperity.

And though it doesn't flourish so luxuriantly today, it still exists, and the exhibitor is responsible for more poor pictures, wretched direction and illogical stories than greedy manufacturers.

Fine photoplay houses presenting good plays are scattered everywhere in the United States. You will find intelligent, discriminating exhibitors from Detroit to New Orleans, just as you will find the shiftless manager, with the front of his house looking like a lithograph plant after a cyclone, from New Orleans to Detroit.

Photoplay audiences, all over this country, may be compared only to the most fertile soil—to actual hotbeds of possibility. They respond fervently to good pictures—real plays and real acting. They know art, and they applaud it, and they follow it, but alas! they are too often inarticulate. The exhibitor

must lead, and where he leads with efficient intelligence how they do reward him! The other exhibitor—the man who thinks Griffith just a big name, Manon Lescaut some sort of tooth-paste, and who perhaps never heard of Geraldine Farrar until a month ago—is a growing disgrace to an art constantly expanding in dignity and potency. Advanced burlesque, even, wouldn't have him for a house manager; why should the very real business of photodrama tolerate his turtleish inefficiency?



*In
Presentation*

THE man in the projection-loft faces many problems besides heat and a literal continual grind.

The matter of uniform speed has received previous comment in this column. It is still a very live issue; in instance, witness the enthusiastic racers to be found here and there in every city, jerking their characters along like galvanic Frankensteins, and straining the eyes of the audience to the tear-point.

Another matter in sequence of pictures, though lapses in this regard are chargeable not to the operator, but to the exhibitor. Distinguished artist though he be, Charlie Chaplin should not jump, without a moment's delay, on the measured finale of an Ince tragedy, or the close of a Fox thriller of blood and love. The bigger and finer the picture, the more “surrounding” it should have. And the principal part of the “surrounding” is time, in which the auditor may realize, appreciate, and if necessary, recover from, the emotions the play has stirred within him.



*War
Movies*

THE action camera's only impressions of the great war have been indistinct and fleeting.

That is, as far as we have seen. Perhaps Britain, France, Germany and even Russia may have master movies of march and battle locked away to await leisurely censorship at the end of the conflict.

Certain great American newspapers have provided the most interesting pictures yet at hand, and even these have long lapses.

Of course the operators, of all nationalities, are against almost impossible situations. To catch the business end of a bombardment they must needs face almost certain death; to crank in a magnificent attack they would have to crown strategic situations with their tripods, which, from a general's standpoint, would be absurd. If they garner the real grimness and horror of war—as, doubtless, most of them have—the censorial scissors leap forth to snip.

Apparently Germany has lent at least a modicum of actual co-operation to the cameramen. They are under strict regulation among the Teutons, but they are not unwelcome. A dispatch says that the Kaiser himself posed, for a few moments, amid the incarnadined triumph of Novo Georgievsk.

Russia's altitudinous generalissimo, the Grand Duke Nicholas, stretches a few feet of American film to the creaking point.

Great Britain is said to be making a full set of war movies under government supervision.

Futurist Fotoplays—A Scenario

(In One Reel and Three Staggers)

(No Rights Reserved)

WHAT THE PHOTOPLAYS OF 2000 A. D. MAY BE LIKE
IF THE FILM DRAMA FOLLOWS THE PAINTERS' IDEAS

By Randolph Bartlett

FIRST STAGGER

SCENE 1—Blackness hides beautifully betokening.

Scene 2—Cadenzas dawn without grotesques temporarily notwithstanding sudden light.

Scene 3—Words meaningless cover metaphysics plus but still there is more than yet; because if there had not been.

Scene 4—D flat major with red plush trimmings but not on the beetling cliff for that could before.

Scene 5—People and then a woman and then a woman and then a woman and then a woman and then a man but all black as since and not by the eyes.

Scene 6—Words are seen but not read and should be spoken nearly aloud in light brown. Registers great wealth.

Scene 7—Where never moved a tree handy for the morning.

Scene 8—Invisible climax.

SECOND STAGGER

Scene 1—Blinding bars of conversation flicker into close-up but not without.

Scene 2—Register oblique ancestors with royal food.

Scene 3—Takes five but leaves eight where there were only seventy-nine with lavender and a touch of harp.

Scene 4—Dizziness escapes finding dull blue dagger which explodes without violence leaving sheep in perpendicular pasture.

Scene 5—Chaos calmly retreats frantically needing tall humming bird without horseshoes.

Scene 6—Fadeaway makes torture clatter underneath and afterward.

Scene 7—Register need of fire when blue of cheerfulness in subway with aeroplane.

Scene 8—Many people have.

Scene 9—Heroic hound asks could seven disappear.

Scene 10—Nothing.

Scene 11—Ten seconds white. Forty-nine minus and get the papers from yellow pillow-slip in cat garage.

Scene 12—Registers love with cloud in pinkish climax.

THIRD STAGGER

Scene 1—Half a dozen might, but six never.

Scene 2—Gorgeous colored hope with sextette in seven-two time by the pulmotor.

Scene 3—Oranges fade with storm on trolley. Nine men.

Scene 4—One man.

Scene 5—Heat-waves grope across villain because close-up.

Scene 6—Seven armies with battleship in close formation to avoid cut by censors.

Scene 7—Subsequently but previously and during.

Scene 8—Two chairs, a table and five ferry-boats nearly.

Scene 9—Something.

Scene 10—But not much if any.

Scene 11—Baseball could with dome of capitol if golf had not already in iron cage.

Scene 12—Censored because comprehensibly cute but perhaps fewer because none was until the red brick kennel came.

Scene 13—Hurrying to purple doom.

Scene 14—Votes for women.

Scene 15—Trial by marriage.

Scene 16—Guilty.

(Bored by the Passage of Nonsensors)

Mary Pickford:

Herself and Her Career

Part I

By Julian Johnson

Illustrated by Henry A. Thiede

THE GARDEN OF EYES

Mary Pickford blooms today,
Blooms a thousand times an hour.
Mary Pickford, I should say,
Is the Nation's favorite flower.

Mary comes and Mary goes—
On the screen in countless parts;
But the little Pickford knows
She is planted in our hearts.

R. H. Davis.



OCCASIONALLY a science, a trade, a craft or an art produces some single exponent who stands above all other exponents; who becomes not so much a famous individual as a symbol; whose very name, in any land, is a personification of the thing itself.

What the name of Maxim is to quick little guns, what Edison symbolizes in electricity, what Stephenson stands for in mechanical invention or Spencer in synthetic philosophy, *Mary Pickford* represents in the great new art world of *living shadows*.

No more illustrious actress ever lived—probably never will live—than Sarah Bernhardt, yet Mme. Bernhardt in the most vigorous of her stupendous years was unable to play to one-hundredth the number of people before whom the silent black-and-white Pickford performs. It might not be exaggeration to say that for one Bernhardt auditor Mary Pickford has a thousand.

So Mary Pickford has come to be the intimate possession of all the people, whereas the *great actress*, whether she be

Bernhardt or a celebrity from Albion or The States, remains more or less a tradition, more or less a mere soulless name. Mary Pickford is to be found every night in every city of consequence in the United States, and in most of the towns of large dimensions. All of the towns, little and big, see her several times in the course of a year, yet Mary Pickford's intimacy with the millions has not grown solely by this persistent and tremendous multiplication of herself. She is more nearly a universal favorite than any actor or actress who ever stepped before the camera. Why? Lots of people have tried to explain, and most of them have failed, for one explanation of the Pickford personality doesn't at all agree with some other explanation, and both are decidedly different from a third. That is neither here nor there. This story is to deal with facts; it is not a discussion of theories on the charm of an actress. And the pre-eminent fact is this: a theater in New York, Chicago, Savannah, Des Moines, Butte, St. Paul or San Diego doing fair business, will, any day, at any time of the year, draw a tremendous crowd merely

by depending that magic legend: *Mary Pickford Here Today* from the outer battlement.

More questions are asked magazine and newspaper editorial departments about Mary Pickford than about any other half dozen stage celebrities in the world. Scores of times the editorial department of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has been asked to publish "the life of Mary Pickford." Every month the Answer Man finds in his mail concerning her a congestion of interrogative intimacies, some curious, some quite impertinent, some funny, some a bit sad, others wholly legitimate and respectful.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE does not believe that the time has come to write "the life of Mary Pickford." Though married, she is just a grown-up child. However, there is much information that can be given, and the following chronicle, of which this month's section is only the first part, has been written to tell something of her ancestry, her life, her family, and above all, of her professional career, and of the successive steps she has taken on the high-road of art.

Moreover, *this is the first time that an attempt of serious nature has been made upon the Pickford annals.*

There have been countless "stories," some of human interest and others of no interest at all, and many brief-biographical sketches; but all of these have had a dearth of incident. Few, in their dull statistics, have given any true revelation of this shy, quiet, sweet girl whose glory is greater than any queen's, and whose kind and gentle eyes are twin scepters over an empire wider than Napoleon's. To convey in type some impressions of the real Mary Pickford throughout her short life is the only purpose of the series of account and reminiscence—pen, pictorial and photographic—here beginning.

THERE are a very few publications which seem to take vicious delight in informing their readers that Mary Pickford's name is not Pickford at all, but Smith. Their inference is, of course, that "Pickford" is wholly a matter of fancy.

They are both right and wrong.

Mary Pickford's maiden name was Smith, but Pickford is hers not only by right of early assumption, but by ancestry.

The Pickford family is of pure Irish

strain, though for several generations in America. Originally they were North Ireland aristocrats, and several members of the house attained wealth and great distinction in the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth centuries.

In those days Scotland, England and Ireland did not constitute the single United Kingdom which, as a matter of fact, needed even the present war to solidly cement its constituent parts. Then Scotland had just come sullenly under the London scepter, and Ireland still waited its foment of rebellion and patriotic outbreak, and many more turbulent disturbances.

The Pickfords were splendid Nationalists, although they were not traitors to the Anglo-Saxon hopes and traditions, by any means. One can easily imagine the direct progenitor of "Little Mary," in a strong, rough house on the Emerald Isle overlooking the Atlantic, biding the time when his homeland might be free.

About the middle of the last century the first Pickford to cross the Atlantic came to Canada. This was Elizabeth Pickford, who settled in Toronto.

From the Canadian marriage of Elizabeth Pickford was born John Pickford Hennessy, father of that Elizabeth Hennessy who became Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith's three children, in order, were Mary (christened Gladys), Lottie and Jack.

It is commonly supposed that Lottie is the oldest of the Pickford children. Of dark coloring, taller than Mary, and of more athletic figure, she has always seemed an elder sister. Since the public assumed that she was an elder sister, it has always been one of the humorous conceits of the family to let her remain so.

Mary is twenty-two years of age.

Lottie is a year and a half younger.

Jack is nearing his nineteenth birthday.

This family is as proud of the ancestral *Pickford* name—and deservedly so—as are the Calverts of Baltimore of theirs, or to name other distinguished families, the Vanderbilts of New York or the Sutros of San Francisco. The Baltimoreans represent the pride of aristocracy, the San Franciscans herald pioneer ancestry, and Pickford is a name which spells pride of blood.

Very recently Mary Pickford and her mother have placed a splendid monument over the Canadian grave of John Pickford



When "Little Mary" went out as an actress "on her own" she appeared in pieces of blood, thunder and the triumph of right over might.

Hennessy. The story of John Hennessy and his mother, the original migrator, Elizabeth Pickford, is the world-old story of honest, hard-working, God-fearing pioneers who were building their bodies for a future generation, and a certain personified greatness of which they, probably never dreamed.

The family in America was never rich, and generally it was poor, but they were always very happy, and never suffered from the rigors of real poverty.

For another thing, the artistic impulse was present from generation to generation.

IF you have seen all of the young Pickfords on the screen you know, of course, that each one of them has intuitive, well-developed histrionic ability. Mary, despite the public's preference for her in a line of pure "personality" roles, is a splendid actress; Lottie has shown herself a more than ordinary good actress; Jack is a very promising young actor.

Without doubt they inherited this talent from their mother. Yet—again contrary to popular impression—Mrs. Smith was not an actress until household necessity forced them all on the stage at one time, or nearly at one time.

Mrs. Smith, as a girl, often appeared in amateur theatricals, and as a reciter. Even after her marriage she indulged in occasional ventures in "elocutionary entertainments," a pasteurized form of dramatic art which swept all America coincidentally with the Lyceum and the Chautauqua.

People usually work only because they have to, and become great because they have to struggle or die, just as nations fight and expand and build themselves into empires when some other nations step on their corns of boundary or commerce.

A financial hiatus came to the Smith family about the beginning of Mary's fifth year. Mrs. Smith, a widow left alone to support the family, had to think seriously about the means of livelihood.

While the mother and her babies were by no means in a state of destitution, it became immediately necessary to procure not merely financial assistance, but the actual means of livelihood. In this crisis Mrs. Smith thought of her recitatory facility at evening parties; of the parts she had played, before her marriage, in amateur theatrical productions.

The Valentine Stock Company was playing in the Princess Theater, Toronto, and to the stage of the Princess, in search of any position which would yield her a salary big enough to put bread in the mouths of her babies, and clothes upon their wrigglesome little backs, went Mrs. Smith.

The mother says that Mary was her chief cause for living in those dark days, and her chief buoyancy and relief from care. A frail, tiny child of unutterable sweetness, with her halo of golden hair, her mystic hazel eyes and her quizzical smile—sometimes mirthful, sometimes melancholy—she had a habit of talking as if she were an old woman and her mother an infant. She was always promising her mother that she would care for and look after her.

Although Mrs. Smith was to demonstrate in a short time that she had real dramatic talent, it was hard for her to make managers believe that she could do anything worth while. She was a mature woman, she had never been on the stage in her life, and she had three children! Where, as far as ordinary theatrical conditions are concerned, could one find greater handicaps than confronted this dauntless granddaughter of Elizabeth Pickford, the emigrant?

But she was determined that she would not depend on the scornful charity of distant relatives for the sustenance of her babies; and, presently, she found a small-part opening.

ONE day the stage manager of the Valentine Stock Company took up the script of "Bootle's Baby," and remarked to Mrs. Smith, in little Mary's hearing: "Before this piece goes into rehearsal, I've got to find the proper youngster."

And he added that he would like to find a child as wistfully pretty as Mrs. Smith's baby—plus a bit of experience, which, in his judgment, was absolutely necessary.

"I'd like to play that little baby's part—and I can!" ventured little Mary, simply, but with startling suddenness.

"Why, my little girl," said the stage manager, smiling down benevolently at the tiny thing with its folded hands and wide, trustful eyes—eyes that were gazing fearlessly into his—"you've never been on the stage, and you can't read, even. You'd have no way to learn your part!"

"Mamma can teach it to me," continued



"The tiny child used to tiptoe to the side of the stage and place the feline juveniles on the keyboard of our old 'prop' piano."

the child, in her steadfast confidence. "Won't you please let me try?" she added, pleadingly.

He did.

And thus the future Queen of the Movies came to her first mimic role.

She was a great success in the wee assignment, and appeared to "live" her character with such unctious joy that the local critics trotted forth once more the oldest phrase ever pinned to budding talent. They proclaimed her "a born actress."

She remained at home more than a year, playing such child parts as came up in the company.

HERE is an impression of little Mary at this time, from the pen of one of the foremost male stars in picturedom. He will be nameless here.

"I have never been Mary Pickford's leading man—but I am still hoping.

"In 1899 I had a near engagement with the Valentine Stock Company in Toronto, and made the acquaintance of a little miss also gaining her first experience on the stage.

"Her favorite amusement was playing with some excessively new kittens. Our rehearsals were solemn and arduous affairs, but this tiny child used to tiptoe to one side of the stage and place the feline juveniles on the keyboard of our old "prop" piano—which did duty in any sort of scene where a tinkle-box was required. Up and down would go these wee cats, one thundering out a monstrous bass while the other, in terror, pattered along on the treble. It was a literal concatenation of sounds. She usually broke up the rehearsal, but she 'got away with it' because the stage manager possessed a sense of humor and hadn't the heart to scold her.

"My recollection of her is as a very delicate child, with a well-worn shawl drawn tightly about her tiny shoulders. Her stockings were well darned, and her little shoes were not new, either, but she had a wonderful wealth of curls, and a wistful smile that instantly and universally appealed.

"I never see a picture of Mary Pickford, or read a story about her, that my mind does not go back to a photograph which I had until recently.

"It was exactly this elfish little being I have just described. The picture was

signed, in a careful, childish hand: 'Yours Truly, Gladys Smith, in The Silver King.'"

MRS. SMITH says that she was highly unwilling to play the role of the regulation stage mother, sitting idly by while her small prodigy supported her. Anyone familiar with Mrs. Smith's energetic nature; anyone who has brushed up against her large fund of common-sense, will take that statement at its full value.

At the end of Mary's year—and her mother's—in the Valentine Stock Company, a road show came along which took the family.

This piece bore the rurally attractive title, "The Little Red Schoolhouse."

In this Lottie made her professional bow, supporting her sister. Even then bigger and stronger physically, she played a little boy, while Mary played a little girl.

The melodrama period followed for Mary, and for her mother as well.

Mrs. Smith secured the Irish comedy role in a big road production of the spectacular and then popular melodrama, "The Fatal Wedding." This was the first melodrama in which little Mary acted. She played "Jessie, the Little Mother." As it happened, this was the first time that Mary and her mother had actually played a scene together on the stage.

Mrs. Smith says that the most interesting work of her professional career, and, on the whole, Mary's most interesting period of stage activity, was their engagement with Chauncey Olcott, which, for Mrs. Smith, lasted no less than three years.

The first Olcott play in which they appeared contained parts for all. It was "Edmund Burke," and brought the entire family together, in actual actorial participation, for the first time. Mrs. Smith had a really fine character role. She gave this assignment careful study, brought to it mature thought and discretion and labor—as well as native dramatic ability—and in it she won some remarkable notices from critics all over the country.

As far as the family Smith was concerned the cast ran in this wise:

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| <i>Mrs. Smith</i> | <i>Moira</i> |
| <i>Mary</i> | <i>Lord Bertie</i> |
| <i>Lottie</i> | <i>Lord Archie</i> |
| <i>Jack</i> | <i>Lady Phyllis</i> |



Chauncey Olcott and three little Pickfords in "Edmund Burke."



"The Fatal Wedding" in which Mary Pickford played "Jessie, the Little Mother."

Thus, strangely enough, Jack, a tiny boy of good figure and soft, regular features, was cast for a little girl; while his to-be-illustrious sisters played noble little boys.

As has been stated, Mrs. Smith was doing really splendid dramatic work with Olcott, and as she was receiving a good salary and fine critical comment, she remained with him.

At this time, as most of older readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will probably remember, melodramas were sweeping the country. With their unimpeachable virtues, their unrelieved villainies, their characters for pathos and their characters for comedy, they were the standard meat and drink of the "popular price" theaters from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And, as a matter of hard fact, only the photoplay sufficed to finally displace them in popular favor.

After the first part of the Olcott engagement, the melodramas claimed Mary for their favorite child.

The matter of family name was now internally adjudicated and settled. Surely no one had a better right than they, the first professionally artistic descendants of the

blooded and redoubtable Pickfords, to make public use of the name. They had first proved that, like a splendid brand, it could be wielded with honor. "Pickford," as a stage name, was carefully attached to four genuine successes; three of them very, very young; one in early maturity. "Gladys" had been used irregularly, and was dropped, too; so, enter, for all time and occasions: *Mary Pickford*.

As Mrs. Smith is now known by the name privately as well as publicly, she will, in the course of this story henceforth, be called "Mrs. Pickford."

When little Mary went out into the world as an actress "on her own," she appeared with triumph in such pieces of blood, thunder and the triumph of right over might as "Wedded, but No Wife;" "For a Human Life," and "The Gypsy Girl."

And here it is interesting to recall that as "The Little Red Schoolhouse" brought Lottie into the fold, so "The Fatal Wedding," which already contained Mary and her mother in its cast, swung little Jack, then three years of age, into line.

He was carried on hanging to a man's neck, and he had one line to speak. Sud-



Jack Pickford's Debut—being carried across the chasm on a man's back, in "The Fatal Wedding."

denly, one evening, he told his mother that as she and Mary were paid for their services, he would go on no more unless he received a salary. Nothing could persuade him, but his strike lasted for just two performances. He was confounded, not to say enraged, when he found that the play went on without him, and that another little lad—of course infinitely inferior—was, in the emergency, substituted. This lesson in the small value of self-importance was never forgotten by Jack. He went back to work, still minus his salary; glad to be again a figure of note in the realm of the play, but secretly convinced that the world was all wrong.

Lottie Pickford says, concerning this period of their lives:

"Childhood? We had none; that is, not as other children have it. Ever since I can remember, we were traveling, or playing in a resident theater, but as we were always under the care and surveillance of mother—at least during our first years—we were well off, and were happy.

"But our real mother wasn't the only one we had. Mary has always been 'Little Mother' to the whole family. She was

constantly looking after our needs, though she was only one year older than I, or a bit more, and not so big! I always used to think that she imagined Jack and I were just her big dolls.

"Our real mother instilled into us one of the most wonderful lessons that any mother can teach her children: to avoid petty quarrels; to be kind; never to be inflated with any success whatever, but always to remember that we were just hard-working human beings, and that the more we achieved, the harder we would have to work in order to achieve again.

"Mother was playing character leads with the Valentine Stock Company when Mary and I first entered it. It was then, and immediately thereafter, that mother looked after us so carefully.

"I can truthfully say that I believe Mary deserves even more than she has gained. I suppose there are lots of people who believe that I envy Mary—that I am jealous. I am prouder of her than I could possibly tell you. I hold her 'way up somewhere in another sphere!

"I remember clearly that when my mother bought us candy she would divide

it equally in four parts, for baby Jack, for Mary, and for me; and though she never ate candy herself, she would hold the fourth part just to teach us to be kind and generous. As for temper—I shudder to think of our penances if any of us 'got mad' and slammed a door!

"My father I remember very vaguely. You see, he died more than seventeen years ago, and his death made my mother immediately responsible for the whole care of her three babies. I possess the only heirloom he left us: a silver ring. I do remember his soft, white hands; that is all.

"When we played with Mr. Olcott my hair was blonde. I remember that the proudest moment of all our lives was a criticism by Alan Dale. I can almost quote it word for word. He said that the Smith family, as we had been known up to that time, while unknown, were a decided asset to the production; and that Lottie and Baby Mary, in their work, were good.

AN interesting feature of the young Pickfords' careers were their educations. Among many other wholesome beliefs,

their remarkable mother held staunchly for at least the solid fundamentals of learning, and for as much else, in the way of studious accomplishment, as could be put into their busy lives.

The equivalent of the primary studies—reading, penmanship, arithmetic and geography—was taught the three children by their mother.

Insisting on advanced education, Mrs. Pickford succeeded in removing Jack and Lottie from the stage for a period of years to secure it.

Lottie is a graduate of the Toronto College of Notre Dame; Jack of the Collegiate Institution of St. Francis Xavier.

You may have imagined that little Mary, in spite of her sweetness, had a will and a way of her own. She had. She refused to leave the stage for school. But, knowing that her mother's advice was sound, she has had numerous private tutors—no less than half a dozen, in fact—and today she is a remarkably cultured young woman. She has pursued the study of French and the classics, and, of late, has written a good deal herself.

Next Month

Will come the remarkable story of Mary's first appearance as a veritable little star in New York, under the patronage of David Belasco. This chapter in the life of the first lady of the photoplays will contain unpublished facts and will be of extraordinary interest.

Theatrical Advertisement of 1925

AMUSEMENTS

JAMESTIC Photoplay THEATRE

EVENINGS 8:30

MATINEES 2:30

"The Crimes of Clarice"

120 Reels! 1500 Characters!
Admission \$2.00 and \$1.00

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*A Motion Picture Theatre
on each of its 50 floors!*

Presenting only first-run Feature
Films of the most gigantic character.

40 Elevators Always Running

Admission to any of the
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THE REAL THING THEATRE (NOT A MOTION PLAY THEATRE)

A company of real actors and actresses will present twice a week in this theatre

The Plays of Shakespeare

Monday—
"HAMLET"
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"MACBETH"

ADMISSION
Lower Floor 10c
Balcony - - 5c

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SEATS CAN BE HAD 6 WEEKS AHEAD

Most Magnificent Photoplay Ever Produced!

"Fate and the Flapper"

SIX HOURS ENTERTAINMENT

The entire army and navy of the
United States used in one scene!

Admission to all
parts of the house **\$2.00**

The Scream Motion Picture Theatre

Evenings \$2. Bargain Matinees \$1.50
Every Day

"Boils and Bunions"

FEATURING

TOMMY TICKLER

(ONLY SUCCESSOR TO CHARLIE CHAPLIN)

Highest Salaried Screen Star in the World!

*One Thousand Laughs! Five Thousand Chuckles!
One Million Pangs of Joy!*

NITROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

After a year's effort, a small company of singers who are not
engaged in motion picture work, has been assembled for the pur-
pose of giving Grand Opera once a week throughout the winter.

OPERA FOR "Carmen" | OPERA FOR "Faust"
MONDAY | NEXT MONDAY

Admission
5c
10c
25c

AS Richard Duvall, the young American detective, left the French embassy in London that evening he glimpsed even through his bitterness the urgency of the need that had brought him from Paris. "The snuff box must be recovered at any cost," Monsieur de Grissac, the ambassador, had just said, white and shaking with fear. "The honor of my country, perhaps even the safety of Europe depends upon it."

"The safety of Europe!" Duvall thought savagely. "What of Grace? What of our interrupted honeymoon?"

The fact of his duty as a member of the French secret police did not console him in the least. At ten o'clock that morning Duvall had been married to Grace Ellicott. Fifteen minutes later, leaving Grace to wait at the pension, he had been closeted with Lefevre, his chief, and within the hour was aboard the train for Boulogne. With him had gone Dufrenne, the bent, white-haired curio dealer who trotted along Piccadilly beside him now. Lefevre had agreed to explain everything to Grace, but the utter wreck of their plans remained.

Duvall's arrival at the London embassy



THE IVORY

By Elwell

Produced by the
World Film Corporation

had revealed much of a startling nature. De Grissac's snuff box, an ivory toy with a pearl studded cover, had disappeared—and nations trembled in the balance. The ambassador had first missed the box while being dressed that morning. Certain of



SNUFF BOX

Lawrence

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN A
SLEUTH SHADOWED A NATION

his valet's guilt, he had locked the man in his room and wired to Lefevre.

When Duvall, having learned this, went to talk with the valet, Noel, he had found the man dead on the floor of his room, an open window and a long ladder explain-

ing the route of his murderer. The box was gone.

Questioning de Grissac, Duvall learned that during the day Noel had sent a fellow servant with a letter to a man named Seltz working in a nearby barber shop. Evidently Seltz's reply had been a secret visit and a death blow.

This was the case the detective had built up, and now he and his strange companion were on the way to the barber shop armed with a description of Seltz furnished by the servant who had delivered Noel's letter.

For a little they walked in silence. Then Duvall asked:

"You are certain you can identify this box, Dufrenne?"

"Beyond a doubt, m'sieur. Did I not repair it only last year for his Excellency? It is of thin ivory, yellow and very old, circular in shape and small. Its cover is studded with pearls, and there is an ivory cross in the middle. Yes, certainly I would know it. Else why should M'sieur Lefevre

send me with you?"

Fifteen minutes walk brought the two to their destination. There were four chairs in the shop, the first two being occupied. The second barber who tallied with the description of Seltz, was shaving a cus-



He stretched out his foot and drew the bag towards him. The other slept on.

together. Leaving Dufrenne outside, Duvall entered the place. While his hair was being trimmed he watched and listened, with every sense alert, but nothing occurred to arouse his suspicions until the man next him left the chair.

"An excellent shave, my good fellow," he said to Seltz, rubbing his chin. "What powder is that you use, may I ask?"

Duvall saw Seltz' eyes light up with sudden interest and a slight flush overspread his face. The fact that so simple a question should disturb the other impressed Duvall at once.

"It is our own brand," Seltz returned. "Would you like a box, sir?"

Duvall stiffened. Was the man under the guise of this purchase attempting to transfer the snuff box to a confederate? The customer who wore a brown overcoat and bowler hat of distinctive color replied carelessly:

"Yes; you might wrap it up for me."

Duvall tried to see what passed between them but could not. The man took the package, thrust it into the travelling bag he carried and left the shop. Duvall followed him out as quickly as he could and found Dufrenne. The latter said the stranger had taken a cab to the Liverpool station and the two at once started in pursuit.

There they saw their man board the Harwich to Antwerp boat train, and en-

tered the same carriage with him. He was wearing a false beard now, and Duvall distinguished him only by his clothes.

Duvall's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. His theory had been correct, then. The man had the snuff box and was taking it abroad. His bag lay carelessly at his feet, and Duvall wondered whether the package Seltz had given him was still in it. He decided to find out.

Seating himself idly near the other, he stretched out his foot and commenced drawing the bag towards him. The man slept on,

deeply, stertorously. Duvall got the bag to his side and then up under the overcoat he had thrown across his knees. To open it was but the work of a moment, and he commenced to explore its contents with quick, sensitive fingers. Finally he felt the thing he sought, and with a swift movement transferred it to his coat pocket. A minute later he had closed the bag, pushed it back into its place and left.

Dufrenne was waiting for him on the platform, and together, under a feeble light, they eagerly opened the package. It contained a round, cardboard box of rice powder. Nothing else. They had been duped, led away on a false clue. Utter failure stared them in the face.

That night was the blackest in Duvall's life. Not only had his own cherished plans been frustrated but the sacrifice of them had proved futile. Oftenest he thought of Grace. What was she doing? Could she understand? With her traditions of wealth and social position could she forgive him for the almost unforgivable events of that day?

Duvall determined to take the next train back to London and begin all over again. But suddenly as he stood watching the passengers disembark, he uttered an exclamation of amazement. Among the last came a man who, though muffled closely, was plainly Seltz. Unseen he had been on the

train with them from the journey's start.

Keen and hopeful now, Duvall and Dufrenne followed him aboard the boat for Antwerp, and thence by train to Brussels. At the capital, ordering the old Frenchman to follow Seltz and telephone his movements, Duvall started to the Hotel Metropole. On the way someone touched him on the shoulder, and he whirled to see a young man of Lefevre's Paris force, Lablanche by name.

"The Chief sent me here last night," the latter said in answer to Duvall's inquiring look, "and I have news. We believe that the snuff box is being brought here to a Doctor Hartmann."

"What!" exclaimed Duvall. "Not the Doctor Hartmann who stole the war plans two years ago?"

"The same. As you know, he is one of the most celebrated physicians in Europe, and above suspicion except to us. Nevertheless, he is the head of the German spy system here. This Hartmann has a sanatorium outside the city, and one of Lefevre's agents from Paris succeeded in being admitted there yesterday, and in learning that the doctor is expecting the box. This is the point. It must be prevented from reaching him at all costs."

Duvall saw reflected on Lablanche's face the same terror that had so agitated de Grissac and Lefevre. The two walked on to the hotel, and the latter engaged rooms. They had scarcely entered them when the telephone rang, and Dufrenne said over the wire that Seltz was eating breakfast at a third class hotel across the city.

The need for immediate action was obvious. Beyond question Seltz, as soon as he had finished, would drive out to the sanatorium, deliver the box, and receive the money which would reward his success. But one thing could defeat Seltz: to reach the sanatorium first and somehow forestall him.

Without an idea how he was to accomplish this, Duvall acted. Calling a taxi he drove to Hartmann's establishment. The building sat in a large green park and was a stone structure consisting of a main body and two wings. To the rear and connected with it by a covered passageway stood a round stone tower which Duvall rightly judged to be the doctor's laboratory.

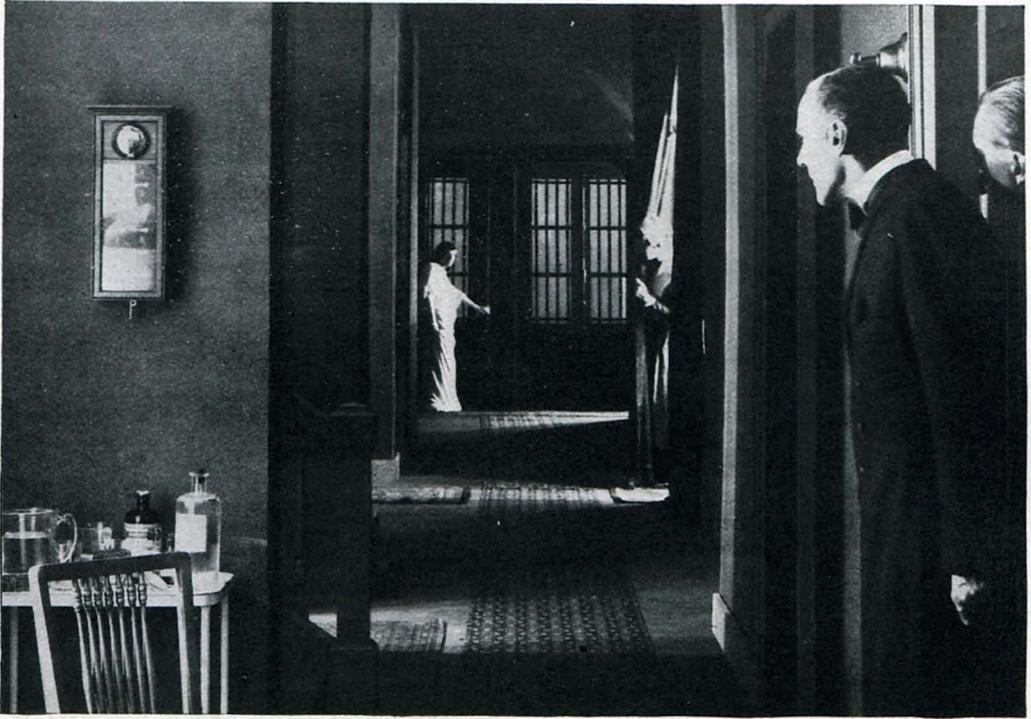
At the door a servant admitted him and showed him into the doctor's main office on the left, saying Hartmann was making his rounds of the patients. Duvall took in his surroundings with a quick, intent gaze, and then stepped into the hall. As he did so, he stood rooted with amazement. In a reception room across the hall staring at him, her face pale, her lips parted, stood Grace Ellicott, his wife.

In an instant he was at her side, amazement, fear and incredulity written on his face.

"I am Lefevre's agent here," she whispered hurriedly. "When I knew you had left Paris I decided to help you. Lefevre suspected Hartmann, and I was able to get in here as a patient through references from Mr. Phelps, the American minister in Brussels whom I have known for years. I am supposed to be afflicted with sleep-walking, and last night I walked and over-



"His wife, eh? Now we'll get what we want. Bring her along!"



The test was plain. If she were indeed a somnambulist she would walk unhesitatingly into the space and fall to the room below.

heard Hartmann in his laboratory say he was expecting the snuff box."

"Great!" he applauded, softly. "I might have known you'd do it! And now I must go back."

He had just returned to the office when Dr. Hartmann came down the stairs. He was a man of heavy, shrewd face and a very powerful build, much above the average in size. Now with a keen glance, he asked his visitor's business.

On the way to the sanatorium Duvall had formulated a daring and hazardous plan which, if carried out with courage and determination, promised success. Now, having introduced himself under the name of Brooks, he proceeded to unfold it.

He said that his valet was suffering delusions in which the poor fellow believed he had been robbed. As a result he was constantly demanding money in payment for the stolen articles.

The doctor nodded. It was not an unusual case, he said.

"I told him to meet me here at noon," continued Duvall, looking at his watch, "and it is almost that now."

Hartmann, stating that he had work to do, said he would wait in his inner office, and retired to a small room opening off the consultation room closing the door after him. A few minutes later came the sound of a vehicle being driven up the gravelled road, and looking out Duvall saw a cab in which sat Seltz. Going softly to the hall door of the consultation room he beckoned Grace who all this time had not left her place in the reception room.

"Pretend to be a maid," he whispered, "and let this man in before he can ring. Then show him into this office. Quick!"

Two minutes later as Seltz entered the office, the detective rose from behind the doctor's desk and went forward.

"You are Oscar Seltz from London?" he asked, in a low anxious tone.

"Yes," Seltz was taken aback and instantly suspicious. "Who are you?"

"I am Dr. Hartmann's assistant. You have the snuff box with you, of course?" Duvall smiled reassuringly.

"Yes. The price was to be 2,500 francs." He felt in his pocket and brought forth a small object wrapped in paper.

"But I must see the doctor himself."

"Quite so. Dr. Hartmann is in the next room and has the money ready for you. I will call him. But first let me see whether you have brought what we want." He held out his hand: "Don't be afraid," he said, as the other drew back, "I shan't leave the room. The box will not be out of your sight."

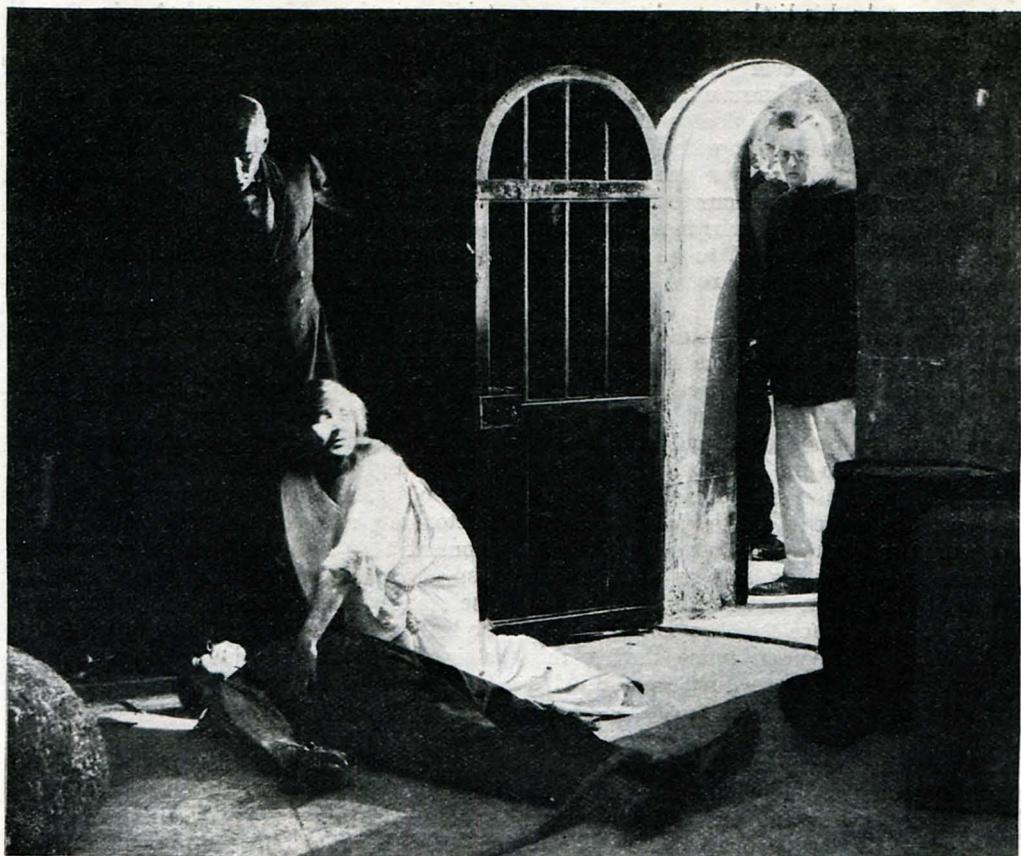
After a moment's wavering Seltz succumbed to the American's genuineness, and held out the package.

Quite calmly Duvall took it and stripped it of its wrappings. In every detail it answered Dufrenne's description of de Grisac's snuff box. With another reassuring smile Duvall stepped to the inner door and tapped lightly. In that moment his back was toward Seltz and the latter did not see the swift motion by which he transferred the box to his waistcoat pocket.

In another moment the doctor had appeared, and the comedy so well prepared

had begun. Seltz, of course, was the deluded valet who had lost something, and was demanding money for it. He demanded money now, loudly, consistently, and Hartmann helped Duvall to soothe him. As Duvall had anticipated, Seltz did not dare mention the box by name. He was positive that, in the murder of Noel, the man had far exceeded his instructions, and that he dreaded being questioned regarding the means he had used in obtaining it.

Swiftly the little drama worked to its climax, Seltz demanding his money with ever increasing heat, and the doctor trying to soothe him as he studied the case. At last Seltz whipped out a revolver and pointed it at Hartmann's head. Duvall throttled the fellow from behind, and the specialist, capturing the weapon, treated this violent case of delusion as he treated others—with a hypodermic injection that put the patient to sleep in ten minutes.



"Oh, Dr. Hartmann," she almost screamed. "I'll tell everything—if you will only let my husband go!"

Profoundly apologetic, Duvall had the man carried to the waiting cab, and drove off to the Hotel Metropole with him, the snuff box in his pocket. Dufrenne with glistening eyes identified the article positively and Duvall, opening it, found—a few pinches of Monsieur de Grissac's snuff.

What was the secret of the box, he asked himself. Upon what mysterious property did the safety of Europe depend?

II

A prisoner through his own recklessness, the safety of Grace and the snuff box imperilled, and his mission once more endangered, Richard Duvall sat dazedly in that barred room in the sanatorium and listened to his baffled and furious captors. But partially dressed after the rigorous search and rough treatment downstairs, the detective was still unshakable.

"Where is that box?" demanded Hartmann savagely, his little eyes glittering.

"Box?" replied Duvall in the surprised tone he had used ever since his capture, "what box? I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do!" The doctor was quivering. "Either you have it with you, though we couldn't find it, or you know where it is. I will give you one hour to tell me. If you still refuse, I shall take means to make you talk." He motioned to his assistants, and together they left the room locking the door after them.

For a long time Richard Duvall sat motionless while the events that had led to this situation coursed through his mind.

That noon with the snuff box in his possession, his one desire had been to release Grace from the sanatorium and take her back with him to Paris. To accomplish this he had enlisted the aid of Phelps, the American minister, his wife's lifelong friend. Representing that as Mr. Brooks he had come from America upon matters of great importance to Miss Ellicott (she was using her maiden name during this adventure), he had prevailed upon Phelps to invite her to meet him at dinner at the embassy.

Everything had gone well until to Duvall's horror Hartmann had dropped in at the embassy after dinner. By this time the doctor was suspicious. He knew the box had left London and that it should

have reached him. The possibility of the ruse Brooks had played upon him that morning occurred to him, and now to find Brooks here, and talking to his new patient confirmed his wild surmises.

At ten o'clock when Brooks and Miss Ellicott rose, ostensibly to return to the sanatorium, but in reality to catch the midnight express for Paris, Hartmann had gone with them. At the curb he had suavely asked for a lift back home in their cab, and unable to refuse before their host Duvall had invited him in. Once under way there had been a swift struggle in which Duvall found himself helpless against the other's great strength, and he had been driven to the sanatorium a prisoner.

At the building, after Grace had gone to her room, her identity still unguessed, the detective had been taken to a stone-walled store room in the cellar and there stripped of his evening clothes and searched.

One article only had escaped double or triple scrutiny—his opera hat. As Duvall fought furiously in the hands of his captors the hat had fallen from his head and rolled into the shadow behind a packing box. The others in their haste and excitement had forgotten it. The fact afforded the only glimmer of light in the gloom that enveloped Duvall, for sewn inside the heavy silk lining of the crown was the ivory snuff box, a fact which only Grace besides himself knew.

At the expiration of the hour Hartmann returned to Duvall's luxurious prison.

"Now I know who you are," he snarled, quivering with rage. "You are Richard Duvall of the French secret police, so your bluff is called. You have that snuff box. Will you give it to me?"

"No," said Duvall stubbornly, and the doctor motioned to his attendants. In a moment they had seized him and carried him down through the quiet building to the stone walled room in the cellar where he had been searched. By the dim light of a single electric globe they strapped him to the floor so that he could move neither head nor limbs, and Hartmann stepped to the wall.

"We will see now whether you will tell or not," he growled, and snapped on a switch. Instantly from an aperture in the ceiling a beam of blinding bluish light shot down full on Duvall's face.

"When you've had enough of that, and agree to give me the snuff box, you will be released," said the doctor from the doorway. "Otherwise you will lie there until those violet rays have softened your brain and driven you mad." The next moment Duvall heard the clanging of the iron door and knew that he was alone.

Upstairs another trap was being laid.

"We'll see whether or not this Miss Elliott is a sleep-walker," growled Hartmann as, with his assistant Meyer, he took his place in a doorway opening on a corridor. "Now let her come."

It was long past midnight when the door of Grace's room slowly opened and, dressed in a light wrapper over her nightrobe, she stepped out. Her arms hung by her sides, her face was expressionless, and her eyes wide open. Down the corridor towards them she came.

As she did so, she saw those who watched, and almost at the same instant the trap they had set. Just ahead of her a section of the flooring had been taken up. The test was plain. If she were indeed a somnambulist she would walk unhesitatingly into the space and fall to the room below; if not she must certainly reveal her recognition of the danger.

On she went slowly, battling with the fear that assailed her. But at the brink the reaction came. The two sleepless days and nights so full of anxiety and fear claimed their toll. Sobbing hysterically, she sank down beside the yawning hole.

With a cry of triumph Hartmann and Meyer sprang forward and dragged her roughly to her feet.

"Ah, what's this?" exclaimed the assistant suddenly, and snatched from Grace's hand the handkerchief she held. Lifting it to the light he saw the initials G. E. D. worked in one corner. It was one of the things Grace had embroidered before her marriage. The light of understanding flashed into his face. "Duvall's wife!" he cried showing the bit of linen to his chief.

For a moment there was silence. Then Hartmann's face assumed an expression of cruel cunning. "His wife, eh?" he snarled. "Now we'll get what we want. The wife shall witness the torture of the husband. Bring her along."

Each seizing an arm the two men half carried the distraught girl along the corridor, down a winding staircase, to the

room where Duvall lay. For a moment Grace stood dazzled by the brightness of the single ray of light. Then beneath it, his face ghastly, his features twisted with agony as he struggled vainly to avoid its biting, maddening glare, she saw her husband. With a cry of pity and misery she ran forward, threw herself on her knees beside him, and shielded his tortured face with her shoulder.

"Oh, Dr. Hartmann," she almost screamed. "I'll tell everything—everything—if you will only let my husband go!"

"I thought so," growled the German. "Yes, he shall go, and you too. Now what have you to say?"

"First let my husband up."

Hartmann switched off the ray and helped unbind Duvall. The detective staggered to his feet weak, stiff and half blind.

"I forbid you!" he cried, turning to his wife. "If you do this thing I will never see you again. You are destroying my honor! I forbid you to speak!"

Hartmann swore a great oath.

"Take her out of here and up into the laboratory, Meyer," he ordered. "She'll never talk while her husband is with her."

Easily defeating Duvall's half-blind efforts to prevent them, they pushed Grace through the iron door, locked it and dragged her upstairs. There, between them, the Inquisition began.

In the torture chamber Duvall thought quickly. He knew that Grace could stand no more, and the hiding place of the snuff box would be revealed. He did not censure her, for he knew that she had succumbed to craft that played on her love for him.

But the snuff box! Was it still in his opera hat behind the packing case where it had fallen the night he had been searched? Groping about in the dim light he found the hat at last, and in a moment had the box.

As yet he was ignorant of the mystery that surrounded it. Could he discover it now in this brief moment of respite? Groping to a place beneath the light he examined the box with burning eyes before which whirled streaks of fire and Catherine wheels.

The cover was set with seed pearls in the form of a rosary which terminated in an ivory cross raised above the surface.

Feverishly he studied the cover, manipulating it with deft, delicate fingers. Then, suddenly he thought he felt the cross move. He pressed it again; it slid aside and revealed a tiny recess in which lay a slip of tissue paper folded many times. Drawing this out with trembling fingers he saw written upon it six numbers: 12-16-2-8-20-4. He knew now that he held in his hand the solution to the mystery. What that was he only surmised, but he felt that it bore upon the secret diplomatic correspondence of that fateful July, 1914. These numbers, then, were the key by which it might be read. No wonder Hartmann's government wanted the snuff box!

What should he do? Duvall thought quickly, intently, for a moment. Then he acted.

Five minutes later Hartmann, Meyer and Grace re-entered the room, the latter very pale, almost on the point of collapse. Without questioning Duvall knew that she had told the secret of the opera hat, but he forestalled the search for it. Taking a step forward he addressed Hartmann:

"You have forced this girl through her love for me to betray a great trust," he said bitterly. "But I prefer that if anyone here is to become a traitor it shall be myself." He thrust his hand into the pocket of his coat and extended the snuff box toward the doctor.

With a cry of delight Hartmann seized it, pressed the spring, and drew forth the slip of paper. He glanced at the numbers written upon it.

"It is all right, Meyer," he exulted. "We have won!" Then to Grace and Duvall: "Now you two go!"

It was not until Duvall and his bride had settled themselves in the early express for Paris that morning that she voiced the grief and fear that had never left her for a moment.

"Oh, Richard," she pleaded, "can you ever forgive me for failing you as I did? I was desperate. I didn't care what happened if I could only stop your suffering." Weary, dishevelled and sleepless though he was, Duvall laughed.

"Don't think another thing about it, dearest," he said. "I beat them any way. I tore off the lower half of the strip of paper that was in the box, wrote a set of haphazard numbers on it with my fountain pen and substituted it for the real set. That I have with me and shall deliver to Monsieur Lefevre today."

A swift light of pride and gladness overspread her face.

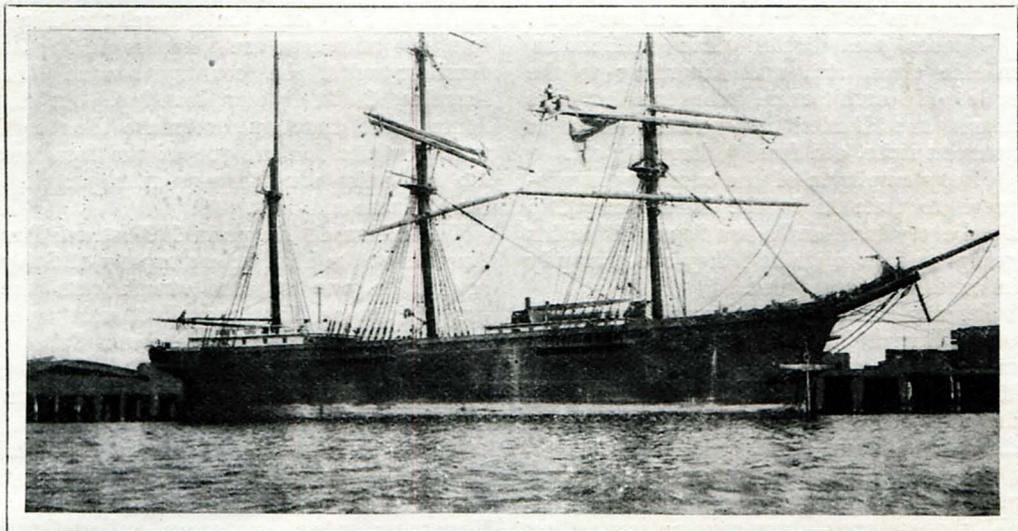
"And then?" she questioned softly.

"And then our interrupted honeymoon!" he said, and took her in his arms.

Kukluxklansmenskall



This is the thrilling "Call of the Clans," in the elaborate musical score written for "The Birth of a Nation" by Joseph Carl Briel. It has individuality, and, heard in its proper setting, an eerie dramatic power which is as unforgettable as it is stirring. You may not be able to whistle this weird strain, but you'll not forget it, once having heard it. This score, notwithstanding its many adaptations of well-known airs, must be known as the first significant accompaniment written for a photodrama.



The old "Alden Bessie," sailing vessel of unsavory repute is the veteran "location" of them all.

“Locations”

THEY DON'T BUILD MUCH OUTDOOR SCENERY FOR THE CAMERA; THEY HUNT FOR IT

By William M. Henry

THE overworked genie person who was kept busy doing impossible stunts for Aladdin had a cinch compared with the jobs held down by "location directors" for moving picture companies.

Did you ever stop to think that every outdoor scene, every house, every street, every mountain, in fact every exterior thrown on the screen has been chosen from a dozen similar scenes with the same painstaking care with which the expert angler selects his trout fly?

When a director decides to take a view of a colonial residence, the one which he finally chooses is selected only after every colonial residence within reach has been subjected to the closest scrutiny.

The methods of reaching and securing these locations, as they are called, are many and varied.

In the old days when system was something unheard of in the movies, the director himself climbed into the backseat of a big touring car, ordered the driver to "just

drive around a little bit" and spent sometimes several days looking for a single location.

As time became more and more precious and as accuracy became more to be desired and more essential, the director sent an assistant to hunt up whatever location he desired.

The next step towards efficiency has come lately in the creation of a new position known as "location director." Several of the companies have adopted this latter system.

But the system which apparently has them all beaten is one used in the Lasky studios in Los Angeles and originated by Captain Ford, who holds the title of "Efficiency Director."

Ford has a copyrighted card index system in which he has listed every location of any nature within a day's run of Los Angeles.

Houses are indexed and cross-indexed and corresponding to each card, with its description of the location, is a photograph

which gives the different views of the place.

Houses are divided into millionaire, middle class, etc., and according to the style of architecture the millionaire's homes are divided into classes such as nouveau riche, old family, English, etc.

Every employee of the company is supposed to turn in to the industrious Cap Ford every location he has "spotted" in his goings and comings and they are promptly indexed for future use.

In this manner, the director, when he wants a scene, instead of spending a day running around looking for it, simply asks Ford and that obliging young man produces half a dozen cards and stills for the director to choose from.

At the Universal and several other companies they have a "location director." When there are sixteen companies wanting different kinds of locations and wanting them quickly it is no small job to keep them satisfied.

Where there is a location director, he not only spots the location but he goes out ahead and makes arrangements for the use of it.

At the Selig and the Mutual the directors, all of whom are veterans and quite familiar with the country around Los Angeles, do their own locating. At the Mutual the directors also make their own arrangements for the use of the location. At the Selig the company manager does the business end of it.

When Francis Boggs in 1909 struck Los Angeles at the head of a company of Selig actors, he was at once struck with the possibilities of Southern California as a moving picture center. He wired Colonel Selig at Chicago and squatted down, and now there are 12,000 people engaged in making motion pictures in Los Angeles.

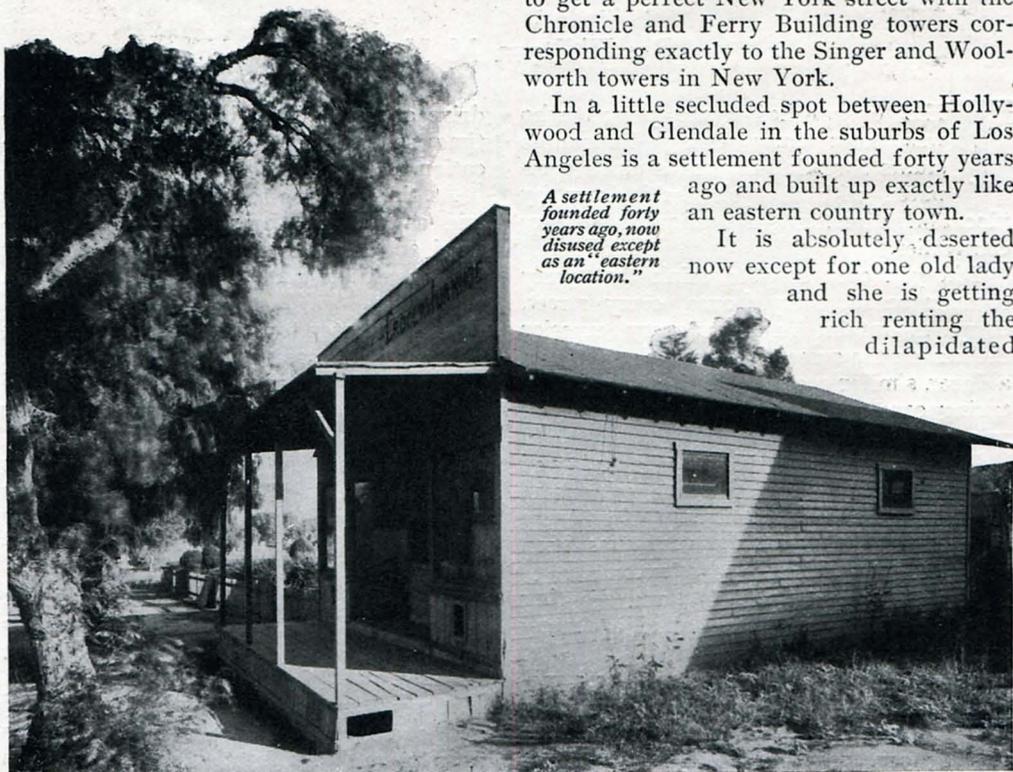
Talking with an experienced director he said, "The only location I know of that I can't find in Southern California is a Vermont maple sugar grove. Everything else I think I can find."

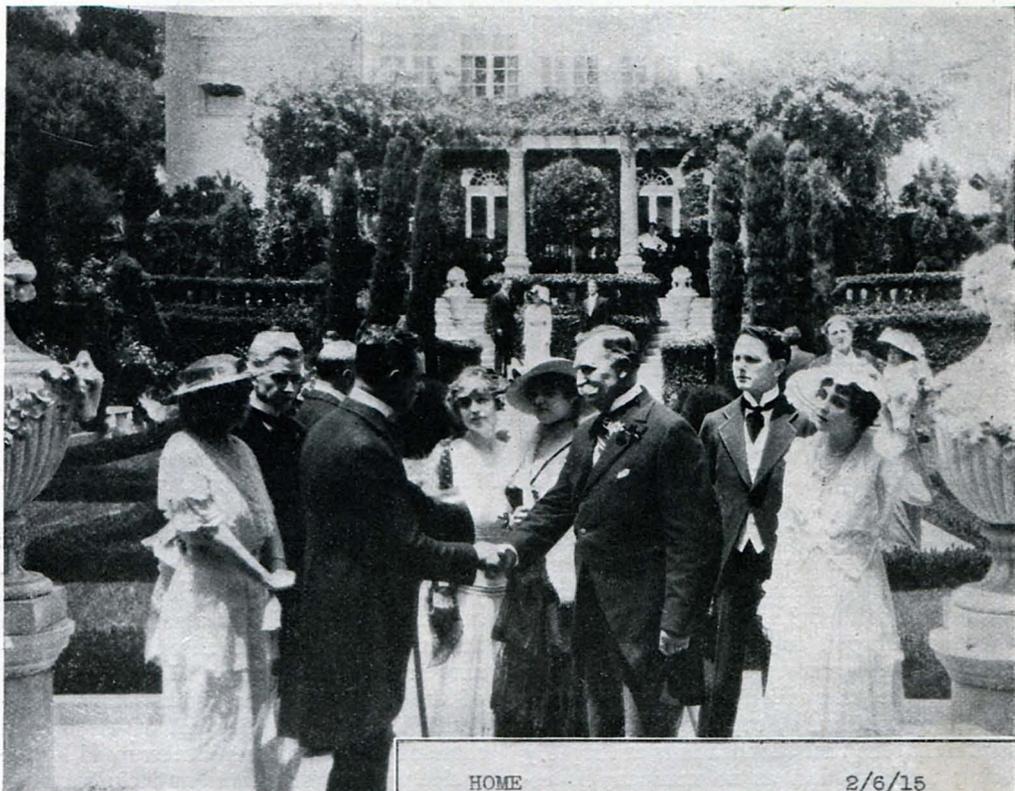
For a long time no director was able to take a big New York scene without going clear to New York to get it. It remained for a young man named McGaffey to discover that by standing on a certain spot in Market Street in San Francisco and shooting down towards the bay it was possible to get a perfect New York street with the Chronicle and Ferry Building towers corresponding exactly to the Singer and Woolworth towers in New York.

In a little secluded spot between Hollywood and Glendale in the suburbs of Los Angeles is a settlement founded forty years ago and built up exactly like an eastern country town.

It is absolutely deserted now except for one old lady and she is getting rich renting the dilapidated

A settlement founded forty years ago, now disused except as an "eastern location."





Houses are divided into millionaire, middle class, etc., while the millionaire homes are classified as nouveau riche, old family, etc.

store and houses to moving picture companies. She keeps books and you have to speak for the place a week ahead of time to get it.

The old Alden Besse, a sailing vessel of unsavoury reputation is the veteran location of them all. Condemned and sold by the government, she was bought for a song by a San Pedro company and has been used by every moving picture company known.

A few months ago she became tired of life and during the night sank resignedly to the bottom but was ruthlessly dragged from her resting place and put to work again supporting her owners.

“The people with whom you have the most trouble” said a director, “are the rich.” I was once told when I tried to get the use of a mansion that bookagents, solicitors and “movies” were not wanted and the butler, with an icy glance, slammed

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| HOME | 2/6/15 |
| Italian | 824 Berando |
| Formal garden | |
| Front and Rear | |
| Exteriors and Interiors | |
| Used-- | |

the door. It seemed that once a company had used the place and torn it up dreadfully and no other companies were allowed.

Rolling mills and such places are the hardest to get for locations for two reasons. One is that the photographs might by chance show an unprotected piece of machinery and the company would be prosecuted by the government. The other is that the intense heat ruins the film and makes good photographs very difficult to get.

Many people are delighted to allow the use of their homes or places of business if the company is well known. The mention of the magic names of certain directors secures the use of places which would be



THE ONLY LOCATION IN THE WORLD
THAT HAS A BOOK-KEEPER!

One old lady is getting rich renting the dilapidated buildings of a deserted town for movie locations.

closed tight to less illustrious personages.

Other persons have a mania to appear in the pictures themselves and allow the companies to use their homes on condition that they be allowed to appear in the background, playing some small part.

With the tremendous number of companies operating in Southern California it is plainly seen that the locations are rapidly being used up and as no company is especially anxious to use a location which has become "hackneyed" the unused locations are at a premium.

Companies are now prepared to pay fabulous prices to secure the use of premises which will lend the correct atmosphere to their productions.

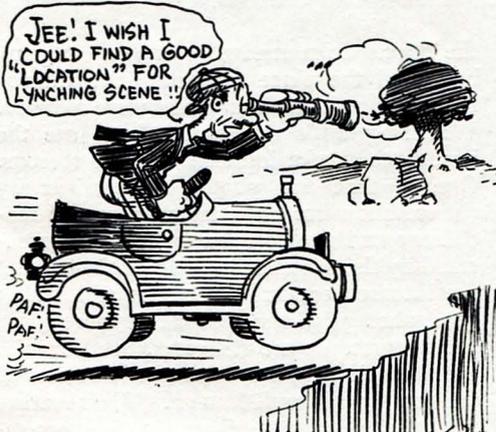
The most costly search for a location ever made by a single company was that made by the Selig for the Ne'er-do-Well when a

company of twelve was sent clear from Los Angeles to Central America for the scenes.

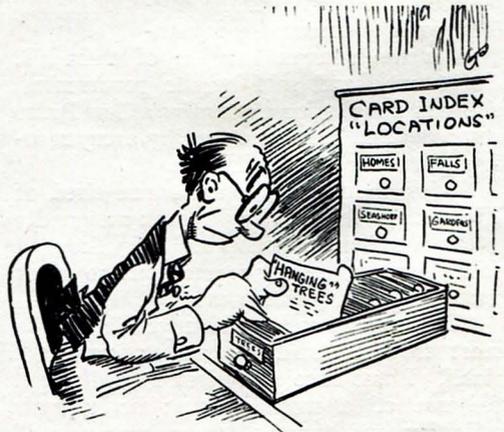
Lanier Bartlett, who put the story in scenario form and was also familiar with Panama, was sent on ahead to make arrangements for the trip. He had to see all of the officials of the country to get credentials and even after all of his efforts, some of the scenes were interrupted by the native police who scented an incipient revolution and thought the cameras were machine guns.

That trip which lasted six weeks cost the Selig company in the neighborhood of \$15,000 and the company never whimpered.

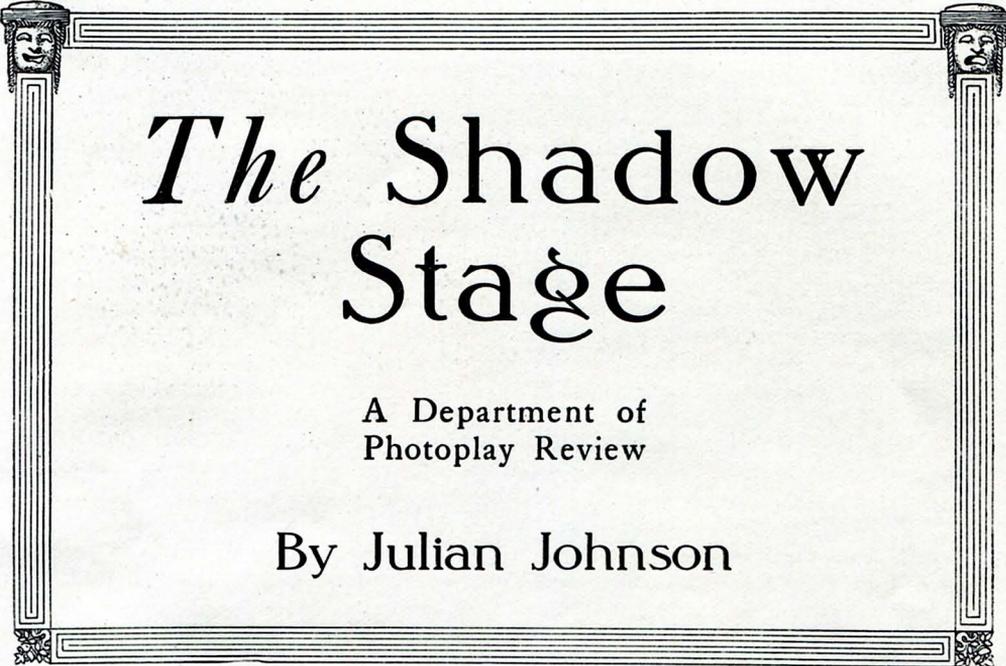
Locations are an absolute necessity to moving pictures and if the directors can't find them close at hand, they make them or like Mahomet, take their company to them.



The old way—



—and the new.



The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review

By Julian Johnson

FOREWORD: *No monthly magazine whose dramatic reviews are devoted either to the theatre or the theatre's silent sister, the screen, can make its columns serve as indices of current attractions. The monthly magazine is forever barred from being a handbill. It is rather the purpose of the periodical to discern tendencies, to discuss the large attempts, to point out trends of popular favor, to comment upon general dramatic movements, to herald new authors, actors or producers—to give the reader news, and to tell, or at least to attempt to tell, what the tidings portend.*

NO living woman has had greater stage triumphs than Geraldine Farrar; but whatever these triumphs have been her conquest in the pictured "Carmen" will be infinitely greater. Miss Farrar has caused the New York Fire Commissioners to look anxiously at the Metropolitan Operahouse when she played the cigarette girl within its walls. But at most, only three or four thousand people heard and saw her. When the new and immortalized "Carmen" is released, tens, scores, even hundreds of thousands may see and acclaim her at one time. And in the immemorial springtimes of the future, when her lithe and passionate beauty is as much history as the wars of yesterday, all the glory and splendor and fire of her impersonation may be rekindled, studied, analyzed, thrilled over. In perpetuating the furnace-heat of this tropic, exotic characterization the "Carmen" film will, in its

own way, stand alongside "The Birth of a Nation" as an epochmaker.

The history of this picture has been often told: how Miss Farrar, induced to perpetuate several of her roles, went to California early in the summer, and played the parts before the Lasky cameras at Hollywood. Of the releases this is the first; and whatever artistic importance the others may develop, this is unquestionably the photoplay of supreme public interest, as far as Miss Farrar is concerned.

In making the scenario William DeMille followed the large outlines of Prosper Merimee's story, though, unfortunately, he deviated from it in some particulars of Carmen's character as will be noted later.

Carmen, a Seville cigarette maker, is the able coadjutor of Pastia, innkeeper and smuggler. Carmen exercises her fascination upon Don Jose, a corporal of dragoons, and takes him away from his nightly



John Barrymore and Helen Weir, in "The Incurrible Dukane."

post at a breach in the ruined city wall. While Don Jose is enjoying his Delilah's society Pastia's cohort evades the customs with a vast lot of plunder. Later on, Carmen gets into a terrific fight with another cigarette girl, and Don Jose is sent to arrest her. She pleads with him to be permitted to speak to Pastia a moment on her way to prison. Although such permission is a breach of discipline, Don Jose indulges her. Scarcely have they entered Pastia's tavern when Morales, a sneering officer of dragoons whom Don Jose particularly dislikes, makes, out loud, the obvious comment of an enemy upon such a situation. Don Jose and Morales close, there is a terrific struggle in which Carmen takes no small part, and at length, in a breathing spell, Don Jose discovers that his final grip upon Morales' scrawny neck

has strangled him. Carmen bars the doors to other dragoons, indicates a way of escape, and says, coolly, that the debt is cancelled between them: he helped her, she has helped him—they are quits. Dazed, Don Jose exits safely, but more at the instance of Pastia than at her bidding. Now an outlaw, the corporal who gave all for the wanton's love endeavors desperately to keep her for himself. She, with her mountain band of brigands, has formed a violent fancy, more ambition than passion, for Escamillo, toreador of Granada who is the talk of all Spain. Escamillo desires her much as Don Jose did and still does, though more composedly, and she accompanies him to Seville, where the greatest of his fights is to take place. Don Jose summons her from the box at the side of the bull ring, and, upon her refusal to go with him into the outland, stabs her. She dies with her satiric smile on her lips; he does a Japanese finish with the same knife over her body.

Cecil DeMille must have enthusiastic mention for his direction of this photoplay, and Alvin Wycoff for his photography. The artistry of both is beyond criticism.

IT is of course with Farrar's assumption of the gypsy that people are mainly concerned. All else—plot, players and production—are of secondary importance when judged by public curiosity.

And be it said that Farrar has never so played Carmen, perhaps never will again enact her with such brilliance of movement, such drama of facial expression and gesture, such sheer physical power, such sunlit splendor of primitive ferocity, such selfish and intoxicating joy of living. The horror of the tragedy is not the disaster of Jose the Basque—as it should be; it is the appalling and dreadful anticipation of the end of this embodied orgy of flesh which seems so swift and vital and potent that it cannot die.

Thais and the rest of the Alexandriennes had nothing on this Carmen as a maker of writheful love. There is nothing in this picture which does not belong to the lusty Spanish wench, but the local Simon Pures and their censorial shears may have busy days.

The DeMilles, as well as Miss Farrar, evidently left no rocks of research unturned in seeking accuracy of attire and constructive investiture. Only at Seville's bull-ring does the gypsy wear the fine mantilla and fan-comb and other habiliments known conventionally as the "Carmen costume." Otherwise she is either in or out—mostly out of the chemisy bodice of an Andalusian female of the people; her muscular but lovely arms playing like swords, naked to their shoulder-hilts.

No women of the screen have ever indulged in so ferocious and unrelenting an encounter as that battle between Carmen and the other Bull Durham maiden in the cigarette factory. Farrar begins the fight by pulling the unfortunate across a table with one hand, a neat bit

of derricking which divests her of most of her apparel above the waist. The encounter thus begun ends in a cat-session of biting and nail tearing which for reality can only be compared to that immortal mill in "The Spoilers," in which Bill Farnum and Tom Santschi actually demolished each other to make a celluloid holiday.

YOUNG Wally Reid rose to the big occasion of Don Jose to a great prima-donna's Carmen. He is ideal in the role. If he had a tenor voice, down and out would go imperturbable Giovanni Martinnelli at the Metropolitan!

Pedro de Cordoba is a matador by name and nature as well as job. He brings to the assignment the hauteur, the silent fervor and that subtle, inordinate conceit without which no bull-fighter graduates.

Horace Carpenter as Pastia, William Elmer as Morales, Jeanie MacPherson as

*Nat Goodwin and
Gretchen Lederer
in "Business
is Business."*



Frasquita and Milton Brown as Garcia complete a flawless cast.

HERE is the fault of DeMille's scenario: he has made Carmen sincere *at no point*. Carmen's affection for Don Jose, though brief, was very real.

"I believe I love you a little bit," says Carmen (of the novel) to Jose, even after they are quits on their service to each other. "I should like to be your *romi*" (wife in Romany). And later: "It must be that I love you . . . since you left me I don't know what's the matter with me."

Yet at no moment in the DeMille play does she love anybody. Hence her tigerish and exhausting passion as she gasps and droops upon the corporal in the first scenes seems, at length, a bit theatrical. With Farrar's tremendous impersonation and Cecil DeMille's fine directing it needed only reality of motive to make the character herself real as daylight. Did not the operatic Carmen slap Dan Jose with a cassia-blossom long before there was any necessity for him to connive at her escape?

Some of the captions are needlessly stupid. A moment's thought should have told the caption-maker that smuggled goods should not be "goods"—uninterestingly impersonal—but as the things they were.

Dramatically, the piece is strongest—in point of speed and suspense at least—in its first part.

THE Battle Cry of Peace," the new Vitagraph feature, is to the usual motion picture as the American football game to lawn tennis. There is tremendous mass play, occasional brilliant sprinting of action, spectacular displays of gigantic forces at death grips; but there is no romance, no constant presentation of leading players in a consecutive story. In other words, it is cohesion of idea and not of plot. With all the insistence of the measured beating of tympani, it repeats with every turn of the crank: "These terrible things may happen to you, to your home, to your loved ones, if America does not arouse herself from her lethargy and arm *against* (not for) war."

In the first part, Hudson Maxim is seen delivering a lecture, the alternating scenes amplifying his statement of the defenselessness of America, showing modern types

of fighting machines with which this country is so inadequately supplied. John Harrison, a vigorous American type, impressed with the argument, presents it to Mr. Vandergriff, a multimillionaire railway owner and peace, or rather disarmament advocate, but he has come under the influence of a foreign spy, Mr. Emanon. Incidentally Harrison loves Vandergriff's daughter. The spies are shown working secretly, preparing for an invasion within the month. This invasion comes in the second part, bombardment of New York without warning causing tremendous destruction. This is the spectacular division of the film, explosions, flight of terrified thousands, conflagrations, and all manner of disaster being pictured with graphic intensity. In part three the enemy has landed. Emanon betrays Harrison and Vandergriff into the hands of the invaders, and they are placed in a squad which is mowed down by a machine gun. Miss Vandergriff kills Emanon, when he tries to make forcible love to her, and with her mother, sister and brother, flies in an automobile. They visit the place of execution and discover that Harrison is not dead, but in trying to escape with him they are captured, and Harrison is bayoneted when he strikes an officer of the invading forces who insults his sweetheart. In the power of the brutal officer, Mrs. Vandergriff kills her two daughters to save them from the fate suggested, and herself goes insane. Parts four and five suggest general educational methods to be employed to make such events impossible, and introduce real and allegorical scenes calculated to inspire patriotism, and promote a revival of the spirit of the G. A. R. and of '76.

At the opening projection at the Vitagraph Theater, New York, a mistaken idea of producing realism by hammering the bass drum for every cannon shot and bomb explosion, accompanied by a weird assortment of other noises, even to the cries of the scurrying populace and groans of the wounded by a mob behind the screen, made the general effect so confusing that it was impossible to concentrate the mind upon the serious matter presented. Still, two points stand out.

First: The photography is magnificent throughout, and at times transcendently beautiful. The night scenes of Coney Island and Times Square, showing the well



Herbert Brenon and Jean Sothorn in "The Two Orphans."

known electric signs in full operation, are astonishing, even to those who know something of the speed of the cinema's eye.

Second: The horrors attending the descent of a hostile force upon a defenseless land are shown with a ruthlessness that makes the message "register." This was the sole aim of the author, J. Stuart Blackton. But the question now remains, whether or not argument can be regarded as entertainment. Granted the subject is vital and timely, it seems, upon reflection, that fully one-third of the film is reading matter, and necessarily so. Will the public pay for propaganda, even if the propaganda is popular? That is the question that "The Battle Cry of Peace" presents. If the answer is "Yes," motion photography has reached another stage in its evolution.

CREDIT must be given the Metro company, in its production of "The Silent Voice," for a serious and ambitious attempt to secure a worth-while drama for Francis X. Bushman, who, next to Mary Pickford, undoubtedly has the largest individual following among picture patrons.

That this ambition was not wholly realized seems to be the fault of

- (1) The author.
- (2) The director.
- (3) Mr. Bushman.
- (4) The caption writer.

In a sentence, this is the tale of a young master-musician, deaf and in a feud against the world; won to the gospel of service and tolerant at last of his tonal darkness; restored to hearing and happy in an ideal love.

It is evident that the producers here endeavored to get Mr. Bushman away from the strong-man stuff, and to harness his virility and tremendous force in spiritual trappings, rather than in the traces of biceps and shoulder muscles. If, using this unconvincing picture as a stepping-stone to better things, they proceed undisturbed, they will arrive. Bushman has the making of a realist in him, but to arrive he needs not one play but a succession of plays; not respectful suggestions, but a director to whose will he bows without dispute.

"The Silent Voice," originally written for Otis Skinner, is a wobbly bit of unreal sentiment in Jules Eckert Goodman's most

tearful vein. Goodman has an unfortunate faculty of taking a good basic idea and spoiling it with mock heroics, mushy romance and domestic sentimentality reiterated until it becomes utterly unconvincing.

Here is the servant mania in its tertiary stage. New maids and lieutenant butlers bob up under every portiere in the house of this musician of infinite resource.

Frank Bacon, playing the confidential valet, is indeed a sweet and lovable character, but why must he unvaryingly refer to his employer as "Master"? This is no Uncle Tom show. Demerit 1 for the captionist—or did the author insist on this? Demerit 2 for the captionist, alone: the embroidery and fustian accompanying even the simplest statements of fact.

The same lack of simplicity pervades all the play's undertakings. Mr. Bushman is surrounded by a cloud of ponderous dignity, out of which that lightning of force which is himself flashes only occasionally. Whether the director or Bushman is most to blame for the general unreality of the action is a matter upon their own consciences; the observer can't decide.

Marguerite Snow is more than sufficient as the sweetheart. She is better than her part. Lester Cuneo is a villain of the unregenerate type.

Why seven reels, when there is less than three of genuine dramatic material?

The scenic equipment of this play is opulent.

In the use of the "moving lens" the cameraman has outdone all his fellow travelers. Here the one-eyed recorder not only follows the actors from spot to spot, but from room to room.

ASSUREDLY John Barrymore may be acclaimed premier of the screen's legitimate comedians. He bids fair to become to speechless plays what his uncle, John Drew, is to the limited stage: the unquestioned arbiter of genteel laughter.

Of course John Jr. is rougher. He's younger, and his medium is different. He has all outdoors and wild country, while his uncle has been for many years limited to one room in an upper class house, and situations excessively polite.

It is a faculty of the true comedian that he is funny anywhere; that he can turn a ray of laughter upon any moment of opaque seriousness, and shoot it through with giv-

gles. That's Barrymore, the incomparable.

"The Incurable Dukane," his latest Famous Players vehicle to fall within the scope of this department, is merely a thin strand from which depends the inimitable jewel of Barrymore personality. To describe his fun in detail would be as hard a task as painting a word picture of a new perfume.

YOU know that an absorbing story, when one is traveling, compresses time and annihilates distance. A good book makes New York only a nap from Chicago. It is a yawn and a wink, then, between La Salle street and Grand Central. You are probably not thrilled or overwhelmed; but you are distinctly entertained.

Which is exactly the impression left by the Selig feature, "The Circular Staircase." Here is a concise, well-told detective story.

The atmosphere, and even the narrative style of the original author, Mary Roberts Rinehart, have been well preserved.

To Eugenie Besserer falls the part of the invincible Aunt Ray, who can't be driven by dead men or living from the manor she leased under apparently benign auspices. Frankly, I did not believe that Miss Besserer had such powers of characterization. She plays Aunt Ray quietly, smoothly, determinedly; with force, but without melodrama; always with distinction, dignity, a rather grim touch of humor, and, at one or two moments, a tear-drop of sincere pathos.

This Selig picture is pre-eminently a triumph for the director.

TWO Universal features claim attention—one for its fairly general merits; the other for the power of its story and the pre-eminence of its star. The first is "A Little Brother of the Rich;" the second, "Business Is Business," with Nat Goodwin.

"A Little Brother of the Rich" is taken with accuracy from Joseph Medill Patterson's novel. The central figure of the photoplay is Henry Leamington, actor who fights his way above the curse of drink. Leamington is played by Hobart Bosworth, who makes him at all times a being of power, tenderness, passion, a good deal of sorrow and not a little mirth. In all of Mr. Bosworth's screened parts he has shown no simpler or truer vision than that of the once-great actor's fight against liquor, his struggle for a new place in the

sun of public favor, and his ultimate conquest through a woman's faith. Why he wears such unpardonably long hair after prosperity returns is inexplicable; it is an anachronism that doesn't belong at all, considering the general fineness and finish of the portrait. Jane Novak gives sweetly sympathetic support as Sylvia Castle. Maud George, as Muriel Evers, extends an exhibition of passion running right up to the censorial line. It always seemed to me that Patterson's demonstration of society, per se, was absurd, but, such as it is, a lot of efficient Universalites give it faithful repetition. The thrill-hunter will get his in an automobile smash.

"**B**USINESS Is Business" is from the notable play of Octave Mirabeau. The celebrated Frenchman endeavored to limn a Frankenstein of office and desk whom nothing, not even the direst personal disaster, could swerve from that process which America has given best description in its colloquialism, "making money." Mr. Goodwin, in many ways the supreme artist of the American stage, brings to the role that power which seems never to leave him, and the resource and finish which are only a master-veteran's. Coincidence spoils the finale. Whatever may happen in real life, here are too many simultaneous tragedies for art. The pity of it lay in clouding Goodwin's carefully built, tragic character with a final sense of burlesque. His support is acceptable, and Gretchen Lederer does really good work as the woman Celeste. Scenic accessories, though sometimes suspiciously overlaid, are pretty fairly in keeping. Was Lechat's mansion used also as a "location" in "Tillie's Punctured Romance"?

WILLIAM FOX'S entry into the programme-field was signaled by a striking production of "The Two Orphans," in which the title-parts were played by Theda Bara and Jean Sothern. While Miss Bara achieved, here, her coveted hope of playing a "good" girl, it cannot be said that her conversion was altogether a success. As the heroine, Henriette, she was perfectly proper and pasteurizingly nice, but there will be many as likes her better bad. Jean Sothern's Louise was a pretty and gentle child. The

starry moments, however, were almost all snapped up by that volcano of play-makers, Herbert Brenon, who played Pierre, the crippled and heroic scissors-grinder, as he has seldom been enacted even in notable revivals on the stage. Mr. Brenon also directed this picture, but it is not believed that he was his own cameraman, or that he booked the film or sent out the press notices—so, you see, he did hardly anything, after all.

I BELIEVE I am one of many who are very, very anxious to see the long-promised "Madame Butterfly," by Mary Pickford. Miss Pickford is enshrined in the hearts of all the people, not because she is the sweetest of limpid non-entities, but because she is a young woman of powerful personality and extraordinary dramatic talent. Hers is the art which conceals itself.

Such hen-yard drama as "Esmeralda" is as unworthy of criticism as it is unworthy Mary Pickford and her dignified and energetic managerial corporation.

SEEING Marguerite Clark in "Helene of the North" was getting a flash of heavenly cool air in a room long overheated. Miss Clark, like Miss Pickford, has been confined to personality parts. Here was a story of adventure, adroitly devised as to scenario, ably directed, swift with the suspense of true drama, exhibiting cameo Marguerite in a fine new light.

KALEM'S "Mysteries of the Grand Hotel" end this month, as a series. Each of these stories was complete in itself, thus doing away with the serial stigma. They were plausible, human, logical detective tales; full of action, a little love, seasoned with a bit of the piquant spice of sex, and finished at times with moments of pathos. There should be more screen adventures of this type. Congratulations to the man who directed them: James Horne, of Glendale, California.

ON THE BOARDS" has really not lost its sonorous old worth. I saw a palace scene in "The Broken Coin" in which the noble floor was of nice, roughly-sawn two-by-twelves—fairly well planed.

Beauty and Brains Contest

JUDGES SELECTED — TREMENDOUS
INTEREST IN THIS GREAT OPPORTU-
NITY MANIFESTED IN ALL SECTIONS

HERE are the judges in the PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE-World Film "Beauty and
Brains" contest:

Lillian Russell
William A. Brady
Kitty Kelly
Lewis J. Selznick
Julian Johnson

Miss Russell, the most famous beauty of modern times, has been illustrious throughout her career for her kindness and generosity, and for her oft-repeated assistance, on occasions similar to this, to young girls essaying the first rung in the ladder of celebrity and fortune. She is not only a perennial beauty herself; perhaps more than any living woman, she has analyzed the secrets of beauty, and knows how much mentality contributes to loveliness. Miss Russell was one of the first beautiful women to point out that complexion and contour, alone, cannot constitute charm. She herself has symbolized, and has long argued among women for that *sesame* of attractiveness which is the very name of this competition: "Beauty and Brains."

William A. Brady is one of the most experienced, best known and shrewdest of New York's theatrical managers. As the father of Alice Brady, one of the most beautiful young girls on the American stage, and as the husband of Grace George, one of the theatre's loveliest women, Mr. Brady dwells in an atmosphere of pulchritude.

Kitty Kelly is photoplay editor of *The Chicago Tribune*. A great many people who ought to know have called Miss Kelly's morning department of picture news the most authoritative and interesting movie sections published in a daily newspaper anywhere in the world.

Lewis J. Selznick is vice-president, general manager and all-around genius of

World Film and its allied corporations. Mr. Selznick is a dynamo of tremendous energy; and not only is he energetic, but he has built World Film and its productions up to better and better things. He has inculcated a desire for artistry in all of his people. His leading women today are prize specimens of "Beauty and Brains."

Mr. Johnson is the editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

MUSICAL comedy, even, has been robbed of its leading lights in an extraordinary endeavor to fill the extraordinary camera demand for beautiful young women. There never was, in the history of this or any other country's interpretative art, so great an opportunity for fair ambition.

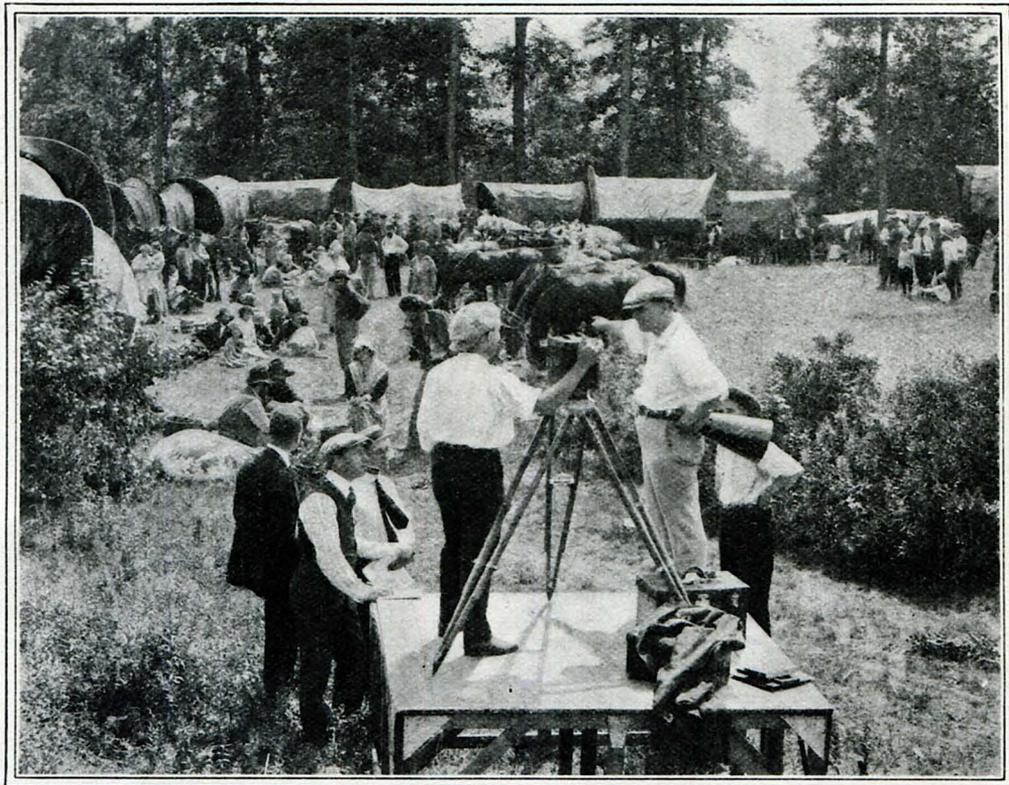
Surprising interest has already been manifested in this contest. Surprising, in that far-away young persons have responded with more avidity than the eligibles of New York, Chicago or Southern California.

* * *

THEIR answers, like their photographs, are indicative of character. Some are humorous—either intentionally or unintentionally; some are strikingly forceful; others reveal varied artistic abilities; still others the advantages of education and travel—or the lack of them.

Here is a wonderful insight into a woman's heart:

"I live in a small town in New Jersey," writes the contestant, "and as it is very quiet here, I think it would be wonderful to live, even for a little while, other people's lives." *Other people's lives!* Therein lies the glory of the drama, and all that pertains to it; the escape from the monotony of one's own existence, into the existence of another. Who would not be a



Taking a big scene on a "location" near the World Film Corporation Studio.

queen for an hour, or who would not, for the sheer excitement of it, be desperate and hunted for half a day?

Here is a pathetic paragraph from a little Polish girl of unutterably sweet face—her face is like the Madonna's: "I am making the family living as best I can, and I have gotten an education as best I can, yet you know it is hard for a girl in a strange country. I have seen so much of life in the eighteen years I have lived that I think I could portray almost any character."

And this girl, a dusky Italian from Baltimore, was inspired by grand opera: "I have been thrilled," she says, "by the Metropolitan Opera Company's wonderful performances. I want so much to be an actress, yet I have not much voice. As I do not need a voice for the screen, I am therefore hopefully entering PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S contest."

THE "Beauty and Brains" Contest, conducted jointly by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and The World Film Corporation has

begun—the biggest open tourney, with the widest appeal ever offered by any publication.

Briefly, the purposes of the contest are to provide the American screen with ten beautiful women players, hitherto unknown, in a public sense, and conversely to give ten young Americans a chance for careers in the foremost artistic field of today.

The rules governing the contest are simple.

Here they are:

The contestants shall have had no professional stage or screen experience. Each entrant shall send two photographs to The Judges, "Beauty and Brains" Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. The full names and address should be written plainly on the back of each picture. A letter of not more than 150 words on "Why I would like to be a photoplay actress," must accompany the pictures of the entrant.

From the photographs and letters so received the judges will select two from each



Miss Vivian Martin's dressing room at the Fort Lee Studio of World Film Corporation.

of five National Grand Divisions. The ten winners will be taken to New York in first class manner, will be housed at one of the most celebrated hotels of the metropolis under unimpeachable chaperonage, and within two weeks at utmost, after their arrival, will be given photographic and dramatic trials at the World Film Corporation's studios, Fort Lee, New Jersey.

The contestants who pass the final photographic and acting requirements, will be given contracts as World Film actresses for a period of not less than one year, at regular salaries. Those who fail will be returned to their homes, with all expenses paid.

If talent is latent, and will respond to the tutelage of the most eminent directors of the World Film staff, there will be no failures. For as keen as may be the desire of the aspirant for success, hardly less anxious are the World Film directors to see her "make good."

The Five National Grand Divisions from each of which will come two bidders for fame, are as follows:

The Eastern Division is composed of the states of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina.

The East Central Division is composed of Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Indiana and Michigan.

The West Central Division is composed of Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Nebraska.

The Western Division is composed of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Nevada, and California.

The Southern Division is composed of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas.

*For more than two years
Big Bob and Little Ella
have been co-stars.*



“Bob and Ella”

TWO YOUTHFUL ARTISTIC PALS
AMONG PHOTOPLAY TEAM-MATES

By K. Owen

“**B**OB 'n' Ella.”

That's the way they say it out in Universal City.

They mean “Bob and Ella.”

Amplified still further: “Robert Leonard and Miss Ella Hall,” which is the way they appear on the billboards, or flashed on the screen.

But on the edge of Los Angeles, where the sole industry is the making of moving pictures, they are “Bob 'n' Ella” to all—managers, directors, actors and stage hands.

Bob is the biggest, huskiest author-director-actor in the business; Ella, the littlest, tiniest, blondest star that twinkles in the film firmament.

For more than two years Big Bob and Little Ella have been co-stars, and having played together longer than any others at the Universal they now rank as the senior co-stars of the company. This however, is only a temporal honor, the chief distinction of the pair having been gained from their work before the camera.

Miss Hall, although still on the sunny side of twenty, is one of the pioneer “movie queens”—incidentally a phrase which is being barred in our best journalistic circles. For seven years she has acted before the camera, following three years on the legitimate stage.

Seven and three makes ten. Which being conceded without argument, the conclusion can only be that the fair Ella began her stage career at an early age, inasmuch as she made her debut on the greater stage of life eighteen years ago in the village of New York.

“Being born on the 17th of March, some of my friends have insisted that logically, I should be playing character parts,” contributed the little blonde lady as her portion of the interview. “Well, I can play them (heavy accent on ‘can’), and have done so, but it’s a whole lot nicer just being yourself. Next to being just me, I like best to play kiddie parts. Every actor likes to appeal to the best impulses and

emotions of the people and what is more appealing than the child? Of course, the screen 'lovers' have their place in the affections of the theatergoers, but I much prefer the role of a lovable child to that of the sweetheart of a stalwart, dashing lover. Getting 'crushed in the arms' of a fellow about twice your weight doesn't exactly fit in with my views of agreeable indoor or outdoor sports, though I am told the deadly clinch is exceedingly popular with a lot of folks as a photoplay finale."

Then we walked down "Grease-paint Alley" to call on "Bob" in his two-compartment dressing room, that size being required so that the big star can take off his riding boots without extending his nether limbs through the doorway.

"Bob" had just come in from a location, an all-day job directing, for in the big feature productions he is only an author and director and doesn't have to act. After getting rid of a coat of dust and giving his assistant instructions to tell the company to report at 3 A. M.—imagine—three in the morning!—for a trip to the mountains in time to catch the sun in its regular rising stunt, he declared that he was ready for anything. As an afterthought he benignly told his assistant that he could also tell the members of the company that they could rest until noon after the return from the sun-rising stunt—they would get back about 10—and then be ready to shoot a half dozen or so scenes which would take until sundown.

"Yes, it's a great life, if you keep your temper

and your strength," he opined as he unlimbered his six-foot-two of frame and brawn. "Sometimes my temper gets abbreviated, but it seems that the harder I work, the bigger and fatter I get, and you know what professional people think about adipose tissue.

"My form wasn't exactly sylphlike when I quit the old Burbank stock company in Los Angeles, and character parts to be a screen lover four years ago, but just look at me now. If I get much bigger, the only part I will be good for when I go back to acting will be the Giant in 'Jack the Giant Killer.'"

Yet "Bob" isn't just fat in front. He is big all over, and having some frame to cover, the upholstering is well distributed and not disagreeable to the eye.

Mr. Leonard will be 26 years old October 7th, so he is not exactly an old 'un and he is apparently proud of the fact that he was born in Chicago. He was educated in Denver, where he was taken at an early age, and was a football and baseball star in school, sports in which he is still deeply interested. He "broke onto" the stage in Los Angeles before he was twenty, singing in light opera and later played character parts in Morosco's Burbank company, which he deserted for the films.

He is considered the hardest and most effective worker at the big Universal plant. In "The Master Key," one of the early serials in which he and Miss Hall starred, "Bob" wrote the scenarios, directed them and played the leading male role.



"Yes, it's a great life—if you keep your temper and your strength!"

*The North and South
poles of love, a la Bob
n' Ella.*



*Hearts beat the same,
here, under lace and
gingham.*



Senior co-stars of the Universal Company and photoplay veterans—yet she is not twenty, and he is not twenty-six.

"It was some job," recounted the author-actor-producer. "I spent my nights writing the scenarios for the entire thirty reels and the entire day all that time was taken up in directing and acting. Many times I worked all night, quitting in time to get ready for the trip to the studio before eight, acting and directing all day and returning to put in another night at preparing the scenario. But I much prefer to write my own scenarios, as it puts me more in harmony with the characters and action of the production.

"Out of 70,000 feet of film which I have produced, I have written, acted and directed 45,000 feet. In the remainder I have only had to act and direct. Seventy-eight hours at a stretch without a wink of sleep has become easy for me, but it seems

that the harder I work the fatter I get.

"That, however, is the only discouraging factor. The associations of the past year have been particularly pleasant, as I have retained the same little company, including Ella, Harry Carter, Daddy Manley and Marc Robbins, and we understand each other so well that the directing of a play has been relatively easy and exceedingly congenial.

"Since the Broadway stars came among us, however, directing has not been such a cinch. The picture business and tricks of the camera must be explained all over again.

"The public is also coming to pay more attention to the director. Heretofore, it has been the actor who has reaped most of the glory and no attention was paid—

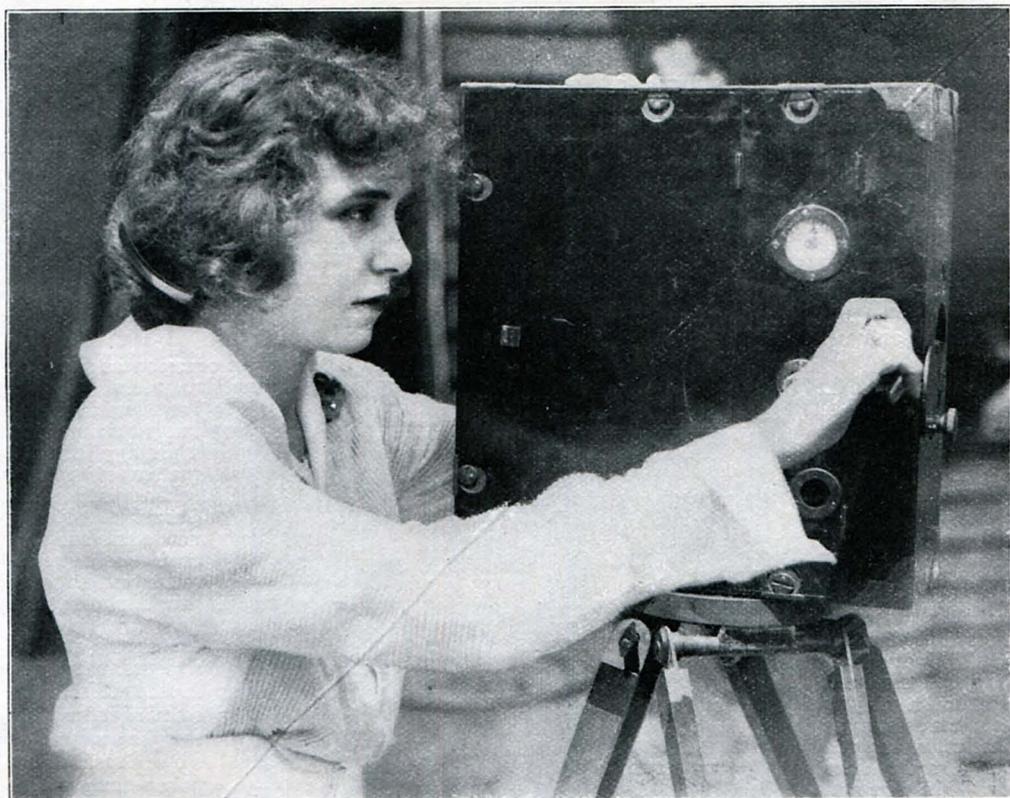
by audiences in general—to the brains behind the production. It will continue that way in a great measure, but the public is beginning to realize that it is the director as much as the actor who contributes to their pleasure and entertainment. In spite of this apparent neglect on the part of the public, and the hard work it involves, I much prefer directing to acting. It seems more worth while, especially when one can sit back after a picture is finished and see what has been accomplished by thought, ingenuity and stagecraft. Of my little star, Miss Hall—in my opinion she is without doubt the cleverest of all the younger stars. Her only interest in life seems to be to please the public, and her success is due as much to her hard work as to her

attractiveness and ability on the screen."

It may be mentioned incidentally that Miss Hall as a child actress played in companies headed by David Warfield, Isabel Irving, Charlotte Walker, William Elliott, Frank Keenan and other noted stars.

Her most recent successes were in "Heritage," "Jewel," "The Little Blonde in Black" and others, all directed by Mr. Leonard. She also starred with Leonard in "The Silent Command" and "Shattered Memories," a war drama in which she showed that she could play an old lady as well as a cute kiddie. She also appeared with Julia Dean in "Renunciation," a Broadway feature, and "That Lass o' Lowrie's" with Helen Ware, all under the direction of "Big Bob."

All Ready! Now the Villain Enters! Camera!



Francelia Billington, dramatic lead with the Reliance—Majestic companies in California, ever since she was a little girl was a "camera fiend." Her interest in photography led her to her initial position with the Thanhouser studio, where, being seen as a "super" by a critic, she was pronounced "too pretty to be lost" and was promptly advanced to an opportunity which, through her own cleverness she has improved into that of leading lady.

The Players from Ocean to Ocean

ENRICO CARUSO is to become a film actor. This news is bona fide, as Andrea Pirello de Segurrola, Spanish bass of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is heading a company of quarter-million capital to exploit Caruso on the screen. It is argued that there are countless thousands all over the world so eager for a sight of Caruso that his pantomime will be welcome, even though the *voix d'or* is silent. Receipt for an orgy: attend a Caruso picture, with your phonograph in your lap.

THIS brings to mind the oft-recurring rumor that Mary Garden is to act in pictures in California, under Tom Ince's direction. Official announcement is lacking, but the story has been told many times and in many ways.

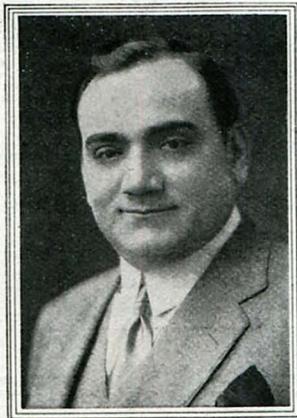
CLARA Kimball Young's pet is a bear, who shambles contentedly around after her when she is working in any outdoor picture. Bears are especially afraid of human beings, and have an aversion to women generally found only in bachelors who have been stung. The press agent says that Miss Young's lovable nature and sweet disposition have conquered these natural hatreds on bruin's part. In our opinion, however, the bear has just shown good judgment as a picker of his follow-you-around.

HARRY McRAE WEBSTER, for a number of years with Essanay, has joined Universal, and will direct King Baggott's pictures.

DE WOLF HOPPER will spend one year in Los Angeles, at the Triangle studio, appearing always under the direction or supervision of D. W. Griffith. He will probably do features based upon *Don Quixote*, *Gulliver* and *Falstaff*. He hopes to do for the literary classics what he has already done for Gilbert and Sullivan on the lyric stage.

DUSTIN FARNUM has gone back to the Coast

for an engagement—probably—of many months. His first picture, from the Pallas studios, will be Booth Tarkington's "The Gentleman from Indiana."



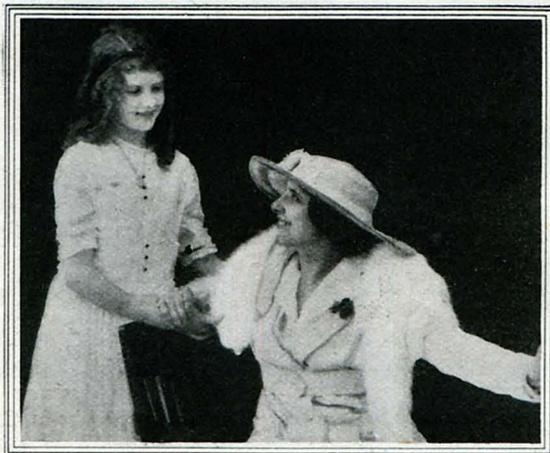
Enrico Caruso, famous tenor who is to become a film actor.

ARTHUR JOHNSON'S nation-wide following will be glad to hear that he is slowly recovering his health at Atlantic City, and hopes to be again active before the camera in a month or two.

FRED MACE is now known as "the silver king" by his co-workers at the Keystone studio in Los Angeles. Like the well known and popular *Prisoner of Chillon*, his "hair is gray, but not with years." Yet, unlike the locks of the suffering poetic hero, it *did* turn white in a single night. Mr. Mace went home one evening with his hair in its usual youthful darkness; the next morning, when he returned, the snows of eternal winter crowned his peak. The new silver king refuses to dye.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN recently took his entire company to sea. The picture necessitating this more or less piratical voyage was "Shanghaied," and the desert island of San Clemente, once a fair sheep range, but now sticking out of the western blue like a painted rock upon a painted ocean, was chosen as the spot of his illustrative endeavors. On the trip over seasickness was general, and a good time was had by all.

THOUGH on many an occasion and oft the visiting prima-donna has picked up the local warbler and has proclaimed her a prodigy just as a matter of shrewd self-advertisement, Geraldine Farrar needed no such acceleration of sentiment when she proclaimed little Margery Daw, of the Lasky studios, a soprano marvel. Hence Miss Farrar's enthusiasm may be accepted as sincere. The prima-donna will supervise the little California girl's vocal training, and predicts great things for her.



Geraldine Farrar and her protegee, Margery Daw, of the Lasky Studios.

And What They Are Doing Today

FRANK MONTGOMERY has been engaged by David Horsley to direct the two-reel animal pictures featuring Horsley's performing collection of beasts. The noted trainer, Capt. Jack Bonavita, will work in these pictures under Mr. Montgomery's direction.

AT 225th street, New York City—one block west of Broadway, and overlooking the Harlem and Hudson rivers—will rise the great metropolitan studio of The Famous Players. In conjunction with this studio there will be an experimental laboratory in charge of General Manager Edwin S. Porter, who has already invented and brought close to perfection a "third dimension" camera. This locality is known to upper New York as "Marble Hill," and in the nearby mountain of primeval granite will be hollowed a film-vault in which will be permanently stored the invaluable negatives of the dramas. The Famous Players assert that this studio, when completed, will be the largest and most elaborately equipped manufactory of motion pictures in the world. A recent municipal enactment in New York has barred all film manufacturers from what is known as the "metropolitan district."

ANNA LITTLE is now a member of the American company at Santa Barbara. She drove her own car over Cahuenga and the other passes which cut the coast ranges between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, and is now ensconced, with her mother, in a bungalow in the city of the mission by the sea.

IS Max Linder alive or dead? The great European "cinema" comedian is, according to one report, wounded in a field hospital in France; according to another report, he was killed August 30th. For the comfort of his admirers it may be said that the American Pathe office gravely doubts the last statement. Though one of the highest-salaried men of the stage, and unquestionably the first screen comedian of Europe,

Linder volunteered at the first French call for troops a year ago, and was commended for valor at the battle of the Aisne. He was from the Comedie Francaise, and in the year preceding the war received, in special dramatic engagements all over Europe, and from Pathe Freres, more than \$100,000.



Crane Wilbur, who has just changed his affiliation.

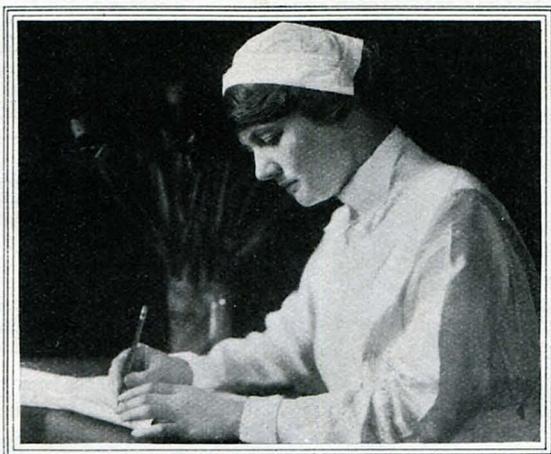
EDGAR LEWIS, director who produced "The Plunderer," "The New Governor," and other feature films for Fox, has joined Lubin.

SADIE LINDBLOM, daughter of a millionaire, is the novelty in recent photoplay enterprise. Miss Lindblom has a studio and a company of her own; she understands the camera; she acts; she directs. All because she wants to. Her first release is not announced.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, upon the conclusion of his recent Sennett pictures, took a family party, including his wife and several friends, on a fishing trip to Catalina Island, twenty-two miles off the Southern California Coast. A freight steamer coming too close to their launch, it capsized, and the Hitchcock celebrities were ignominiously rescued by the crew of a Japanese fishing boat.

HELEN WARE is now at Universal City, where she will appear in a film dramatization of Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's."

J. P. MACGOWAN has joined the Universal company as director. Mr. MacGowan is the husband of Helen Holmes, and produced "The Hazards of Helen" for Kalem. Miss Holmes' recent serious illness, pneumonia, from which she is now recovering, necessitated a new Helen if the series was to continue uninterrupted. Miss Helen Gibson was engaged by the Kalem management, and will continue indefinitely, as Mrs. Holmes-McGowan will not return to work just at present, and has not announced her future plans. Scores of admirers await her return.



Edna Goodrich, back from nursing in the war zone.

JULIA DEAN, recently recalled to Broadway from Universal City, for rehearsals, was compelled to work for more than thirty-six hours without sleep to finish a picture. On the way to the transcontinental train she fell asleep in Mr. Leonard's motor-car, and so soundly was she sleeping that the big director carried her to her compartment and then called the maid from the ladies' department in the station waiting room, and had her make Miss Dean comfortable for the night.

The next day he received, from Miss Dean, this pertinent telegram:

"I'm all right, but who undressed me?"

JUNE KEITH cannot wink! Recently an Essanay director, filming "Mind Over Motor," struggled for half an hour to get Miss Keith to close one eye without closing the other. But she couldn't.

THE chorus girl market, curb and Claridge, is in the throes of panic. Too many chicks of Paradise have gone into the gliding pastels, say the managers. One New York producer, wanting sixty girls for a new show, could only find ten who had had experience. The rest? Picturing, with good chances of permanency.

"NOTRE JOFFRE," French commander-in-chief is so firm a believer in the efficacy of the motion picture as a thing of record that his official cameraman, and usually several reels, illustrating positions, or phases of action, may be found at his headquarters. These are taken not for field projection, but as indisputable evidence upon points which may be debated.

CYRIL MAUDE, celebrated English actor, has signed a contract for several features with the Oliver Morosco company. The first play in which Mr. Maude appears is a picturization of "Peer Gynt"—also the subject of a fiction story, illustrated by Mr. Maude and the other players, in this issue. Cyril Maude in "Grumpy" was the biggest New York dramatic success of 1913-14. Blanche Ring and Charlotte Greenwood are also picture-performers for Morosco, according to their new agreements.



Helen Holmes and her husband,
J. P. McGowan.

in the genus *Goodwinus Matrimonious*, has returned from Europe, where for some time she has been acting as a war nurse in the allied lines. She has gone to Los Angeles to appear in photoplays.

THE disasters of Keystone merriment! Minta Durfee, not long ago wound into an especially agile washing-machine with which she was professionally cutting up, is now out of the hospital—and ready to meet another washing-machine.

AFTER two years unbroken work with *A Komic*, in Los Angeles, Fay Tincher has chosen the wilds of Broadway as her vacation ground.



Max Linder, reported dead in
battle.

MELVILLE ELLIS, music and costume expert, man-about-town, late artistic adviser to the Shubert theatrical corporation, and present adviser in the same capacity to Follies-maker Ziegfeld, has been engaged by Tom Ince to supervise the costumes in future Ince productions. Mr. Ellis suffered a nervous break-down from overwork last spring, and, going to California to recuperate, paid a visit to Geraldine Farrar at the Lasky studios. Miss Farrar immediately placed him at the piano while she played *Carmen* before the camera, and in their joint enthusiasm he forgot his illness. Ellis also arranged the incidental music of "Carmen."

Cecil B. De Mille, Lasky director-general, is in New York conferring with the executive offices of his company on future productions.

EDNA GOODRICH, one of an illustrious series in the genus *Goodwinus Matrimonious*, has returned from Europe, where for some time she has been acting as a war nurse in the allied lines. She has gone to Los Angeles to appear in photoplays.

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J. H. HAZLETON, who claims to be the only living person who actually saw John Wilkes Booth shoot President Lincoln—he was at that time programme boy in Ford's theater, Washington—has entered the movies. He plays a part in the new Norma Talmadge vehicle, "Captivating Mary Carstairs."

HELEN BADGLEY, the illustrious Thanouser diminutive, has had her noted "doll nursery" increased by a Mexican play-baby. The doll *Senorita* came from an admirer in Southern California.

FROM Sydney, Australia, comes "The Charlie Chaplin March and Two-Step." It's written by Mrs. Pauline Deane, a song-shop proprietor. So much for syncopated one-foot corners in the Antipodes.

FRANK BACON, one of the best-known Western character actors, has joined F. X. Bushman's company, and makes his debut in "The Silent Voice."

YOU'RE going to see Mack Sennett in two pictures, soon. He plays in Raymond Hitchcock's forthcoming Triangle features: "Stolen Magic," and "My Valet." Many months had passed, previous to the taking of these comedies, since Sennett had had a make-up on.

MARTHA HEDMAN, David Belasco's Swedish star, says that "if every actor and actress would take a summer in the movies it would be found an ideal vacation." Such is her vacation. She says that the outdoors, the vigorous action in sun and wind, combined with the assumption of dramatic characters, has brought strength to her limbs, color to her cheeks, and at the same time has kept her directly in touch with the drama, so that when she returns to the theatre in the autumn she has the sense of never having left it a day—plus the physical invigoration of months in the primitive.

BENJAMIN CHAPIN, renowned "Lincoln actor" of vaudeville, is to perpetuate America's great rugged character in an ambitious series now being scenariorized by the Charter Features. While a series, this long and continued picture will in no sense be a serial. Every picture will be complete in itself; but, put together, the entire group of photoplays will, if carried out according to design, present a historic record of Lincoln from prenatal days to the time of his death.

WILLIAM H. WEST, formerly a well known star in light opera, but more



Anna Little

recently a Glendale actor before the camera, died Aug. 28th at his home near Los Angeles. He had been with the Kalem company.

VITAGRAPH is to have scientific and first aid departments — chiefly in order to render, in a technically correct manner, the medical and surgical work so essential to many pictures at the present time. In addition, the scientific department will render first aid to any Vitagraph actor or actress who may have been unlucky enough to have been demolished in the process of photoplay making.

SPEAKING of personal disaster — William S. Hart was recently incapacitated for several days by a blow from a property vase.

THE recent announcement of Crane Wilbur's engagement to David Horsbur by the almost simultaneous announcement of his engagement with Thomas H. Ince. While it is happily within the power of screen actors to play in many cities at the same time, no way has yet been devised whereby they can act in far-separated studios at one time. Presumably, therefore, there is a mistake in one of the announcements, and either Ince or Horsley doesn't get him.



*Benjamin Chapin
as
Abraham Lincoln*

MARY PICKFORD was the guest of honor at the recent Asbury Park children's parade, an honor never before conferred upon an actress. Many of the children were dressed in Pickford parts. There were scores of Mistresses Nell and Tesses of the Storm Country. Presidents, governors, jurists and legislators have been guests of honor at this great feature, but never before has the honor fallen to one of the theatrical profession.

JACK PICKFORD, brother of Mary has left the Famous Players Company and is now with the Universal.

Queen Mary

MONARCH OF CIRCUS-POSTER-
LAND, BETWEEN BIRTH-
DAYS TWELVE AND FOURTEEN

By Carl M. Thrall



THERE is a country, where barns were built to put circus-posters on, and the clown and equestrienne hold the scepter thereof.

It lies between the twelfth and fourteenth birthdays.

In that land each minute is as long as an hour to a kept-in school boy; each day as full as any decade, after the third. The small boy steals Farmer Plimpton's watermelons, and while immersed in his spoils, dreams of high emprise and righteous endeavor. The small girl, while flirting with Joe Mason to make Lefty Hinkel jealous, idealizes herself as someone's true love in the years beyond. And so, unsuspectingly, they come trooping across the border to the land of disillusionment, from which there is no extradition.

In this cavalcade is Mary Miles Minter.

She is playing, and in a manner, living those

*Mary Miles
Minter plays,
and in a meas-
ure lives those
adventures
most little
girls meet
only in
fantasy.*

adventures that most little girls meet only in fantasy. And how she plays them! The immature wisdom of her enchanting interpretations! The elvish audacity that cozens the heart! We grown-ups steal a little of her youth from her, and she a little of age from us; and so we love her! And if that were not enough, there are those ringlets of goldenrod, springing around as pretty a face as there is in pictures, and the plump, graceful figure, already more than suggesting the glory of the woman to come.

She is the youngest star of magnitude on the screen. At 13 her name and face are known in more American homes than those of the cabinet members. Mistress Minter's first screen productions were "The Fairy and the Waif" and "Always in the Way," both highly successful. She had been on the stage since she was seven, and in the title part of "The Littlest Rebel" with William and Dustin Farnum took the theatre-public by storm. In fact the play



was developed from a vaudeville sketch because of the favor which her work brought it.

Despite her success, the little girl remains a little girl,—and unspoiled. The miniature boudoir which she occupies in a New York apartment is filled with dolls. But she spends more time with a big mastiff playfellow, or Shakespeare's works.

"I like pictures better than the stage" she said. "Better than anything—except mother and grandmother, of course. Some

day I'm going to play Portia and Rosalind and Juliet. Also, I want to play in something with danger thrills, with swimming, and rides for life, and all.

"I'm not ashamed to say I want to make lots of money too. I want millions of it—millions and millions. Then when I have a big country place, I will build a lot of cottages for homeless waifs, and bring them up well and happy. And above all I want the public to keep on liking me, because if they stop I shall just lie down and die!"

Kinemadventure

By WALTER S. CHAPMAN

"COME, sit by my side, and listen well,"
Said the old, old man to the little
lad;

"There's many a tale that I can tell
Of thrilling adventures that I have had.
I mind now, I paddled many a mile
Where the tide of the mighty Congo
flows—"

"I know," said the lad with a beaming
smile,
"I've seen that stream at the movie
shows."

"I paddled long and I paddled far,
And far tramped I o'er the jungle sod,
Where wildest spots of Africa are
And white man's foot has but seldom
trod.

I saw the buffalo plunge and snort
In the miry fords of the upper Nile—"
"Yes," cried the boy, "I know that sport;
It's been in the movies quite a while."

"And once where the big Zambezi roars,
As all of its water, downward hurled,
Into mighty chasm pours,
A fall so vast that it shakes the world,

I stood amazed as I watched the sight;
No greater moment I hope to know—"
"Yes," said the boy, "'Twas just last night
I saw those falls at the movie show."

"Ahem!" said the old, old man. "No doubt
It would seem impressive to you to learn
That I have followed the North Star out
To lands where the red auroras burn;
Where the world stands wan in the icy air,
I have stricken the kingly white bear
low—"

"Yes," said the lad, "it's great up there;
I've seen such hunts at the picture show."

"Now woe is me!" said the gaffer old,
"The world of adventure, with all its
scenes,
Today on a reel of film is rolled
And flashed to life on the movie screens.
My day is past and it seems no place
Save Heaven remains, where they do not
go—"

"I saw," cried the lad, with shining face,
"A Heaven film at the movie show!"



"I am come to tell you that I believe in you," said Sollweg, simply. Her eyes were sweet with faith.

PEER GYNT

Narrated by
Jane Osborne

THE TALE OF A WORLD ADVENTURER
WHO WENT FORTH FOR CONQUEST
AND RETURNED FOR PEACE.

Produced by the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company

THE great scandal of Ingrid, the beautiful, and Peer, the wastrel, is still told to visitors who go to the beautiful Gudbrandsdal in Norway, although it happened almost a hundred years ago. They are also told that the peaceful villagers' ancestors were fierce Vikings, who swept like a destructive tempest from Norway's fjords to ravage and conquer along the coasts of Europe. But the visitor notices that this last is related with pride, while mention of Peer is always accompanied by a rueful shaking of heads. Thus does time and civilization reverse the lens that magnifies remote brutalities into deeds of valor.

Peer Gynt was as handsome a vagabond as ever lived, and as merry. With his coarse trousers held up by a belt of rope, his shirt thrown open from a sunbrowned neck and an old peaked hat set well back on his bold, up-tilted head, he was a familiar enough figure to the villagers. But they could not make him out. It was told that he had studied at the university and traveled much. He laughed at everything, bragged loudly and drank much. And in the whole village there was only one, Sollweg, a daughter of the aristocracy, who believed he could do the wonderful things of which he boasted.

Then came the scandal which he brought on Ingrid, that stirred the town as it hadn't been stirred since the days of Olaf.

"Ingrid, poor lamb," became the very greeting of matrons to each other as they wiped tears away with their voluminous aprons at that awful time. And among the men there were black looks and mutterings as they too talked of the disgrace Peer had brought to their village.

The affair was of so much moment that a town meeting was called to decide what

should be done with this young despoiler of women.

"Tell us the truth of it, how it all came to pass," begged one of a group of poor fishermen's wives gathered outside the meeting, of a well-to-do village matron, who was passing. The woman stopped. "Oh, that I should live to know of such a shame to our village," she cried, as a flush of importance reddened down to her ample bosom at the chance to again tell the wondrous tale. "It happened at Ingrid's wedding, a fine and costly wedding, you understand, for the upper classes."

"But we heard there was no wedding," interrupted one of the fisherwomen.

"Certainly a wedding, but no marriage," answered the matron, scornfully. "How could there be a marriage when the sweet bride was stolen right before the eyes of the bridegroom!"

At this there was a great outburst of sighs. "Before his very eyes," the women murmured in awe.

"Yes, before his very eyes and the eyes of all of us," went on the narrator. "We were all waiting, you know, solemn like as befits the joining of two souls. But although everything was ready, Ingrid did not come."

"Not come," echoed the women with consternation in their voices.

"Think you that a maid of Norway may not make up her own mind, even if it's to change it at the altar?" The matron's eyes blazed at such peasant stupidity. No one had the courage to answer, so she went on. "Ingrid was not sure that she loved her man. She refused to go to the altar, and afraid lest she would be forced, she ran into her father's tool shed and locked herself in. Then came that Peer with his laugh and his strut and everyone was plead-



And when he saw what the child had done with herself he threw out his big

ing so hard with Ingrid to come out that none thought to drive the scamp away. And when he saw what the child had done with herself, he threw out his big chest and roared with laughter till they could hear him out on the fjord."

"Aye, we heard the bold rascal," nodded the fisherwomen.

"Bold rascal's what he is. And between his shouting he yelled commanding like. 'Stop your sniveling, idiots. I'll get her out all right!'

"Well, we stood there like we'd taken root with the excitement and suddenness of it all. And before we knew what was happening, what d'you think? That devil had ripped off the door with his big hands and was standing with Ingrid in his arms. And there, in the face of us all, St. Swithin forgive us, he raises the poor child above his head, guffaws once more, and runs off to the mountains before a soul can stop him."

A hush fell over the little group. Finally



chest and roared with laughter till they could hear him clear out on the fjord.

one ventured, "And the poor, sweet maid?"
- "Two days he kept her, sweet lamb, two days," answered the narrator.

In the meeting the unhappy bridegroom was being heard. "I could kill the vulture with my bare hands," he was telling sympathetic listeners. But he made no move to find Peer and his listeners knew he would not. For the strength of the vagabond was a marvel. At that same moment he was entertaining himself playing toss with a sturdy timber cutter in the village tavern.

At every thud of the fellow's awkward bulk against the rafters of the low ceiling the tavern loungers bellowed with roisterous delight. So with one voice the meeting voted Peer a menace to the town and sentenced him to exile.

And yet Sollweg believed. She would not listen to the maledictions of the villagers. To her the speech of Peer was golden. He had something to tell. He had seen things. He was no village clod to mumble tremblingly at her. He told her

of adventures that took her breath and left her eager for more.

Sollweg did not know that up to his stealing of Ingrid, Peer's adventures had been the myths of a dreamer. Nor could she guess that those dreams had been inspired from his earliest boyhood by two old hulks of Viking ships preserved among other interesting relics of the life of his country in the capital city, Christiania.

These two ships were the last of their kind. In them had been laid to rest their old chiefs with their arms and treasures as the early Germanic kings had been buried in their war chariots. When other people looked at these ships they saw only the squat hulks of rotting timbers with their distinguishing mastheads where their one square sail had been raised with a pulley, and wondered how even Norsemen dared the open seas in such craft. But that wasn't what Peer saw at all. To him shining dragon's or bird's heads still gleamed at the prow, and strong men with fiery blue eyes and flowing hair stood with glistening spears and shields as they sailed for conquest out of the fjords. With an inner ear he heard the prayer of those terrible times going up from the coast villages of England, Scotland and France, and each prayer translated into the same words, "From the rage of the Norsemen, deliver us, O Lord." And these conquests in the past fired a fever in the blood of this stripling's stalwart body and resourceful brain to go conquer and pillage and grow rich as the fierce men of the fjords had. The queer situation at Ingrid's wedding had given him his first opportunity to show his prowess, and his success was the taste of blood that proved to him he was a Viking too.

The first day of his banishment to his hut in the mountain wilderness, Peer gave over to plans for further outbreaks. In the midst of a reverie, he looked up at the sound of a gentle voice and his amazed eyes saw Sollweg. The girl had braved everything, the contempt of her equals and the hatred of the lowlier villagers, to follow Peer and offer him her sympathy. It was well for her that she did not understand the glazed light in his bold eyes and the rush of red to his temples as he started toward her.

"I am come to tell you that I believe in you," said Sollweg simply. There was a shining light on the girl's face. Her eyes

were sweet with faith and childlike purity.

Peer heard and saw at first as if from a distance. Then the film of his hot gaze cleared and the timid words took meaning. The despoiler in him was stilled for the instant, as no doubt it was at times in his earlier prototypes when some almost victim looked steadfastly with modest yet fearless eyes into the fierce glare of a marauding Norseman. He advanced with a swagger and took both of Sollweg's hands.

"Dear lady, you are kind," he said.

Sollweg was radiant at the praise. "I know you would not harm Ingrid," she went on triumphantly. "You are too strong to injure the weak. You are more than a match for the strong."

Peer heard with delight this sop to his vanity. Little did he care that Sollweg's estimate of him regarding Ingrid was not true. He was strong, strong. That was the thing. He could dare and he could do, and his blood sang and surged within him. He was again the braggart already looking for bigger fields to conquer. He threw out his chest and burst into one of his resounding guffaws of laughter.

"Right oh, little Sollweg," he cried, "my thighs would wither and my arms decay into mere bread handles if I stayed here in this loutish valley. There lies the world full of wine and gold, and Peer's going to have his share." And with a tightening of the rope around his waist and a toss of his peaked hat, he strode down the mountain.

Sollweg neither cried out nor ran after her only protector in this lonely wilderness. Her heart was heavy but her mood was high. She stood watching her hero off to danger and glory without a word. For through that mysterious working of throwbacks, by virtue of which a child sometimes resembles a great-grandparent more than the nearer progenitor, in Sollweg as in Peer lived again the spirit of some Viking ancestor hundreds of years dead.

Now Peer had neither money nor credit. But ships always need crews and was there not wealth just over the sea in the new world? So with the first fall of next winter's snows the jaunty scarecrow figure that had marched so confidently out of the mountains of Norway, marched quite as confidently into the mountains of western America richer only by a dog and a gun. And with unerring wit Peer built his log hut where the deer ran thickest to a nearby

saltlick, and there began his life anew.

"I must take a good look at this country from a high place," laughed the vagabond to himself as he contentedly bit huge, juicy chunks from a piece of venison while he sprawled on the hearth of his rude fireplace. "Plenty of time, hey, old growler?" to the dog standing alert and grumbling deeply. The next instant Peer's door was pushed open and two Indians slipped in

and stood watching him with folded arms.

Peer first swallowed a piece of meat, then burst into shouts of laughter. "Take a chair, you stone images, take a chair," he called and pointed to the floor.

"Meat for sell?" inquired the younger quietly, without unfolding his arms.

Peer's hail-fellow-well-met soul expanded at once. He pointed to a quarter of venison hanging from a log rafter and waved the Indians to help themselves. Nor would he take any money for it.

That was the beginning of Peer's career as a fur dealer. The Indians led him to their camp and showed him their trapline.

The brutality of his nature and the strength of his arms and legs made of Peer a capital trapper. He could look on the agony of a wild thing trying to chew its crushed paw loose from a trap with a laugh. He played with the tortured animals as a cat would with a mouse. And his cache in a cave, unknown to the Indians, grew steadily against the time when he should set out over the mountains for fortunes new with pelts he stole. His insatiable lust to outdo his

It was only a short time till . . . they knew each other much better.



kind friends of the forests set that time.

In the tribe was a straight, glossy-haired maiden named Notanah. As she grew to the time when she could weave her own blankets the young brave of Peer's first meeting with the Indians selected her for his own. Immediately Peer was asurege with the desire to take

Notanah from her lover. He entered her tent one day just as the young brave came into camp. A few minutes later, Peer was making for a canoe he had hidden in a clump of trees much as he had made for the mountains when the good people of Gudbrandsdal had chased him from their village. He started downstream like an arrow. A paddle was shot from his hand. But the vagabond in him had foreseen such a contingency and had made him provide two paddles.

And where away? Out of danger first; then back to his cache as the night came on, for Peer was athirst for riches and he would have braved a rain of bullets rather than lose his capital of silky pelts he had hoarded for his start.

As the years went by Peer became known along the Mississippi, around the Gulf and in the slave markets. Everywhere he roistered his way along with never a friend to his name. His all-night game was well known on the river packets and many a planter's profits eased his way. He was the kind of auctioneer who could talk up the charms of a slave girl till her price went to double what had been expected. And he could outdrink and neatly strip the pockets of any traveler, who had drifted to the levees. But where was the wealth

he had promised Sollweg and himself he would wring from others in the great world? This was only a living.

One day while prowling on a southern coast hunting for a runaway negro, he came out on a point overlooking a lonely stretch of sea. Two boats were out there, one a Government cutter and the other an inoffensive looking tramp. The Government boat seemed to be chasing the nearer ship and Peer stopped in his own hunt to watch the race.

"By the gods, will you look at that!" he cried suddenly to the vacant air. And there was surprise even in his bold, hard eyes.

The little ship had been losing in the race. She was then passing Peer's point. Her course kept her land side completely screened from the pursuing boat, and all at once scuttle holes in the hulk opened and negro after negro, some fifty or more, were hurled out into the water. A stone was tied to each one's leg and they sank like gigantic bullets.

This avalanche of death was over in the run of a few boat lengths. The openings were neatly fastened and the little ship slowed down as if tired of her speed spurt.

"God, but that was neat," commented Peer. "And if they search her now what'll they find?"

"Oh, man of holiness, thou lovest me not!" sighed Anitra.



"Why, they won't even blunder on that belly hold. And if they do, what's there? Nothing." And his great guffaw rang over the waters. He began at once to figure how many ships he could muster to smuggle native Africans into southern slave markets.

The next ten years were golden to the new slave trader, who evaded the law in and out of Charleston harbor. On shore he was the picturesque ship merchant, ready with a blow or an oath or worse, his coarse laugh. But it was on those long, perilous trips back and forth to the African coast that his hated mirth rang long and loudest.

"Come up out of that, you beaut," he yelled one day as he kicked a negro girl of fine physique, who was shackled to an iron bar in the lower hold of his vessel, as were scores of other negro women and men. He had picked on this girl since the beginning of the trip because a splendid young African had escorted her on board the ship, where he and the best of his tribe had been enticed. With his huge hands lashed to an iron bar, the African now panted in anger.

"Come along," shouted Peer again. This time he dragged the girl to her feet and slapped her face with the flat of his hand. The girl tottered and Peer caught her in a nauseating embrace.

There was a growl behind him but he paid no heed. The enraged African was crawling nearer, pushing his iron weight before him. He strained and heaved. At



He saw her silvered where he had left her golden . . . the smile of love on her lips had never changed.

last he had done the superhuman thing of lifting the bar a few inches. Then he let it fall on Peer's broad feet.

In an instant the slaver was a madman. He kicked and mauled the African till he was broken and bleeding. Then, in the blindness of his wrath, he opened a scuttle hole and, without a precautionary look around, he threw the mangled mass of flesh overboard.

That was the beginning of the end of Peer's amassing gold by killing the souls and bodies of men. For a revenue cutter had hove in sight and that dark object, hurled from the innocent looking ocean trader, was

seen. The chase was hot, but with full sail set, Peer got away.

That started the authorities snooping. And soon after, Miss Annabelle Lee, a secret agent, was set to trap him.

"How I do love the sea," bubbled Miss Annabelle on her first visit to Peer's dock office, ostensibly to get the prices on freight-carrying for a cotton firm.

Peer gloated as he took in the snap of the girl's brown eyes and the whiteness of her neck against the dusk of her hair. "I have many ships—quite at your service," he said.

"Truly, at my service?" murmured Miss Annabelle, with an impulsive little clapping of her hands.

"Never lose time is my motto," answered Peer with bland exuberance. "My very best ship is in." And he rose.

"Oh, not today," parried the girl. "Not till we know each other much better."

The sugar in that refusal was sweet to Peer's egotism, as Miss Annabelle knew quite well it would be. For she was one of the pioneers of a certain class of present-day business women, who depend on their personalities for their success but are said to know when to stop. So it was only a short time till the girl and the slave merchant knew each other much better and Peer was again infatuated.

"Do you know," and Miss Annabelle paused on the "know" as if she had found out something very secret, "do you know that in this very harbor there are slave ships?" This opened a chat two weeks later with her braggart admirer.

Peer answered with an amused roar.

"You do know and you've never told me," pouted the girl. "Well, there's only one way to make up for it, and that is, show me one."

"I'll do better than that," with a cocky pose. "I'll give you a nice little dinner on one if you'll come."

"To-night," cried Miss Annabelle with glee.

He took her to one of his own.

The federal officers who raided the ship during that meal were sick with defeat and horror for days after. Some signal went wrong and the slave trader heard them in time to lead their pursuit of him down into those under-depths where the reek of the foulness of chained humans overpowered them, and Peer disappeared from their view through one of the scuttle holes through which so much agony had gone before him.

But his hands were not tied nor his feet weighted, and a ship and hoarded wealth were ready. So he slid down the channel under cover of the dark to sail wherever adventure called him.

His last great fiasco was in the land of the Arabs. While ashore his ship blew up and left him stranded. But Peer, the wanderer, was not dismayed. He set out less fleet of foot than when a youth, but still a man of unbelievable vigor. He came upon two slaves about to steal the white horse and accoutrements of a sheik. So he killed the slaves and did the stealing himself. Then he set forth into the desert.

The Arabs' superstition that their Messiah would sometime come to them on a

white horse turned Peer's thief flight into a triumph. When the stalwart, white-bearded stranger came riding on the milky animal into their midst, they received him reverently.

This time Peer muffled his laugh in his beard. He was flattered with the worship of himself and acted his part. But his love of conquest could not be stifled when he beheld Anitra, an Arabian beauty. Straightway he was at her feet and she was quick to recognize him as an impostor.

"Oh, man of holiness, thou lovest me not!" sighed Anitra one day as she leaned her supple body against Peer while they reclined on a velvety carpet in her courtyard.

Peer ran a hand down her naked arm, trembling to grasp the soft flesh. "Not love thee," he cried. "I would drink thy tears as I do thy smiles if they should gleam from thy heavenly eyes."

The beauty scoffed. "How can'st thou say thou lovest me when never hast thou invited me to sit on the back of thy wonderful horse?"

Peer clapped his hands and a servant appeared. "Have my horse saddled with a cushion of white velvet," he ordered, "and make haste."

After Anitra was seated in her saddle of velvet, she asked coquettishly for as much gold as she could carry. Peer was in the seventh heaven at her mood. He ordered the gold brought and himself piled her lap with the precious coins. And when it was filled with his whole store, Anitra set spurs to the horse and left Peer to explain his Messiahship without his horse as best he could.

And now the betrayed and ruined vagabond began to think once again of Sollweg, the peaceful Gudbrandsdal and his hut in the snow-capped mountains. He was an old man and adventure had lost its savor. He wandered in loneliness and want till finally again he entered his native valley.

Here he found all much the same as when he left. But he passed all landmarks without recognition. For though he was a straight, sturdy old man, the swagger and strut of the youthful Peer were gone. He stopped an old woman on the village street and asked if she knew of Sollweg.

"Sollweg?" she cried, at once aroused. "Sollweg is not here. Who does not know that Sollweg broke the hearts of her people when she went up to the hut of a scalawag,

Peer Gynt, and would never come back to comfort them?"

"Sollweg still at Peer Gynt's hut," shouted Peer, with a trace of his former cockiness. There was a tidbit for his vanity, a tribute to his magnetism!

The old woman wiped her bleared eyes on her apron and peered sharply into the stranger's face. Then she turned abruptly and tramped on. A little farther up the street she stopped to point out Peer's disappearing figure to a group of villagers. "Aye," she mumbled in her native idiom, "men, like chickens, come home to roost. There goes that devil, Peer Gynt."

What the old woman had said put some

of his former springiness into Peer's step. He crossed the valley and climbed the mountain with eagerness. And as he approached, there, in front of the hut, sat Sollweg with the smile of love still on her lips. Only he saw her silvered where he had left her golden. And after he had dropped down weary and told her all his wanderings and adventures and brutalities, the smile of love on her lips had never changed. For had not a Viking, strong and fierce, gone out from her? And now her biased gaze beheld him returned, a deity fit to climb the bright rainbow bridge of the sky and dwell with the gods in their home in Asgard.

L'Envoy

By FREDERICK PALMER

(Generously accepting Kipling's apologies
for tempting me to do it.)

WHEN Earth's last movie is taken,
And the film is developed and dried,
When the oldest camp is forsaken,
And the youngest "extra" has died,
We shall rest, and faith we shall need it,
Lie down for an eon or two,
Till the Master Director shall call us,
And command that we "make up" anew.

And those that could act shall be happy,
They shall never arise before noon,
Their locations shall all be in Eden,
They shall work by the light of the moon,
And only Archangels shall help them,
The Saints shall respond to their call,
They shall make but one scene in a century,
And never be weary at all.

There nothing but praise shall be printed
In reviews of the films they have made;
And nothing but diamonds be given
Each hour, when the actors are paid;
Each one, in joy and contentment,
To his home in some separate star,
Shall motor, a cherub to drive him,
A "million-horse" comet his car.

The New Curriculum



① HAROLD DECIDED HE HAD WONDERFUL DRAMATIC ABILITIES -

② SO HE TOOK A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTION PICTURE ACTING.

③ TAKING HIS DIPLOMA TO A FILM COMPANY

④ HE RECEIVED A STAR PART WHICH PROVED SUCH A SUCCESS

⑤ THAT HE WAS ASSIGNED TO LEADING BUSINESS

⑥ AND HAS BEEN WITH THE STOCK COMPANY EVER SINCE.

Some peeps into the higher erudition.

Investing in the Movies

THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY A RECOGNIZED
AUTHORITY ON THE FINANCIAL END OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

By Paul H. Davis

HUNDREDS of requests have been received by the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE from persons who contemplate investment in moving picture companies and who seek advice on the subject. In many cases investigation showed that these people were being solicited to invest money in concerns that, in the face of existing conditions, did not have one chance in a hundred to succeed. In his first article (in the August number) Mr. Davis gave a clear statement of the fundamentals of picture manufacture and sale, and sounded a warning against the wildcatter. The second article explained the sensitive, mercurial character of moving picture stocks, and indicated the safest manner in which to make selections from the market.

IN my recent articles on "Investing in the Movies," I have emphasized the caution that you as an investor must exercise in selecting the movies as a place for your hard-earned money, but I don't want you to get the idea that the motion picture business is not a real industry. It is, without a doubt, not only one of the most romantic industries of the day, but is, commercially speaking, one of the great industries of the nation.

A few years ago we all classed motion picture ventures along with circuses and side-shows. Few of us would have for a moment dreamed that in 1915 there would be over 20,000 motion picture theaters in our country alone, amusing millions of fans every day. This phenomenal development has come about, not so much because of the judgment of the men in the game and their careful planning, but because the business is basic.

Many of the so-called big business men of the country are gradually becoming interested in this industry. They naturally move cautiously, but they realize that motion pictures are here to stay. They appreciate that the business is rapidly changing each day and know that the changes are hard to anticipate. They are sure, however, that the industry has those elements that make it not only great for the time being, but that insure its permanence.

It was recently said by a motion picture millionaire, who is a keen observer of people: "Everybody has to be amused in some way and most of us will sacrifice anything except food to be amused. We all want to get the most for our money. There is

no place where one can get more amusement for his dime or quarter than at a motion picture theater."

That is the keynote of one of the great factors of stability of the motion picture business. Movies supply a natural demand and give value at a low price.

THE automobile business, which is often compared to the motion picture business, is a great industry that has had an unusual growth in about the same period that the Movies have developed. But automobiles come within reach of a comparatively small group of people. The Movies are in reach of all. Any business that is founded on dimes and nickles and a natural demand for play is bound to succeed.

Convenience is another item that makes for permanence. After dinner is over about the first thing you think is "Where shall I go this evening?" You can't wander very far from your home, wherever it may happen to be, without bumping into a moving picture theater. If you had to get on the car and ride downtown to see a Movie show you would not be the fan that you are. The facts are that you have neighborhood theaters—that you patronize them—and that you grow more enthusiastic every day.

If you felt obliged to spend your whole evening at the Movies, as you do when you spent two dollars at a legitimate theater, you might not go so often. But you don't. You are sure to see a variety of reels, several complete stories. You feel that you can break away whenever you wish without losing what you paid for.

You get real value for your money at the

Movies—an entertainment worth a great deal more than you pay. As I have indicated in other articles, the business is so constructed that one production made in a most expensive way can be reproduced and distributed all over the country. This wide distribution scatters the cost of each particular reel so that you are able to see a mighty fine article at a ridiculously small cost. This is a characteristic of a basic business.

I DOUBT if there is any one public institution, unless it be the newspaper, that has the wide scope that the movie has. Its influence is a factor in every village in the country that is on the map. This influence is almost without exception a good one. Photoplays that are not clean are rare. Some of the first films were occasionally risqué, but you and the rest of the public won't stand for pictures that the children in your family should not see. No manufacturer will risk losing your good will by trying to show you pictures that are not right. The motive back of the Movies is for clean amusement—a factor in success.

If someone tried to pass a law prohibiting motion pictures you would be up in arms immediately. You want them to stay. And as long as you demand movies you will have them. Can you conceive of anything that would change your liking for films?

Millions have been invested in all branches of the motion picture industry—from factories to theaters. Literally thousands of able men have analyzed the situation and have wagered their money on the permanance of the industry—appreciating, of course, the element of risk that comes through the changes from day to day. The concensus of opinion is that the business is still only in the beginning of its development. It is growing each day and extending its scope. Probably some day your children will be educated by films. Thomas Edison believes this.

THE big business specialists—men who know in the industrial world—have made note of all these facts about the business that you, too, have observed. These are the elements of success that may have made you impatient to get your savings into the business. These business experts, however, have looked still further and you,

too, should thoroughly know your chances.

The whole industry has developed so rapidly that it has never had time to catch up with itself. There has been little time to systematize it. Its methods have been exceedingly wasteful,—disastrous in many cases.

I know of one company that a few years ago made enormous profits out of single reel pictures. Along came the public demand for feature films. This concern was not organized for producing features and the attempt to get its factory in shape to meet the new demand put such a crimp in its bank account it is still convalescing.

MANY of the new concerns that are organized, by men with good intentions, are trying without experience and sufficient capital to break into this game that puzzles the old timers. In most instances the old adage about fools and angels won't apply.

In one of our greatest cities last year over twenty new banks were opened. These under State supervision with good men back of them. Few are meeting with any degree of success. The banking business in this city is, of course, a basic business, no business more staple. The trouble is that there are more banks than are needed,—so it is in the motion picture business. There is nothing wrong with the industry as such,—it is great and absolutely fundamental. But there is danger of over-expansion and over-production,—too many theatres and too many films. If you live in a large city, it may interest you to consult the records in the office of the clerk who issues licenses for motion picture theatres. You will be surprised to see the number of theatres that have been forced by competition to go out of business. There is some danger that the concern you plan to invest in may be one that can't face the competition that is getting keener.

Many conservative business men like the "watchful waiting attitude." They want to see the business get settled and systematized before breaking in. By such waiting they may lose the opportunity of making big money, but they doubtless will not lose the money they already have. If you think you can pick the winners in this great industry,—go ahead, but first appreciate that you are becoming a partner in a business that moves at a breathless pace.

The Face That Drives

ITS POSSESSOR, BRENON: THE EMOTIONAL GENIUS OF FOX MELODRAMA

By Johnstone Craig

ON a very warm afternoon late in July, I stood in the glass studio which tops the Pathe-Fox building on the west bank of the Hudson river, watching the taking of a feature, tersely named "Sin."

Only the entrails of a battleship, running toward or away from a foe, might be hotter than a glass studio on a summer day. Every pane seems placed especially to focus the rays. There is no ameliorating breath of air. There is just light, light, unrelieved light and its sister, heat; and when these are



"I was compelled, fascinated, carried completely out of myself by the emotional tornado of 'The Face that Drives.'"

accompanied by an aural incense of tropic music, the personal temperature of a hundred supernumeraries, and the emotional fire of heavy drama, the melting total has some claim to comparison with a Bessemer converter.

It was hot, but I did not feel the heat, just then. Other people had capillary brooks coursing their cheeks, too, but they didn't stop to mop them. I saw only one thing; I felt the force of a single vision; I was compelled, fascinated, carried completely out of myself by the emotional tornado of

The Face That Drives.

Herbert Brenon, the personality owning the face, is a slender, physically light young man of middle stature. His force is a spiritual force, but more than any director I have ever seen, does he live, embody and detailingly exemplify each character in the play, male or female, young or old, grave or gay. He burns himself up with everybody's passion. If the leading lady climaxes in a paroxysm of rage, grief or hysteria, Brenon is swept by half a dozen or eight emotional tornadoes as he shows her how. Does anyone die terribly, he dies terribly anywhere from one to ten times. Is there a cry wild as the clanging of swords, he shouts until his voice leaves him in the silence of throat collapse.

"Sin" is a photodrama extraction from Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna." In it a Sicilian lover, choosing between heaven and a promiscuous but fascinating smile, steals the gauds of the Blessed Virgin from the statue's throat in the still sanctity of the village church. The tragedy would not be true to type did not the vengeance of God and man follow swiftly.

Brenon, this day, was doing the scene of the wanton's discovery with the holy jewels upon her throat; a discovery made by a horrified populace in the midst of a riotous *fiesta*. The dramatic contrasts of these episodes were sharp as white against black.

Theda Bara as the unholy woman struggled almost to the fainting point to please her exacting general.

No group of Yankee Neapolitans surrounded her. Every man and woman was of Italy; Brenon's imprecations and adjurations, shouted in English to the principals, were repeated over his head by a boy translator with a football megaphone. It re-

minded one of the prompter's box at the opera.

Do I give the impression that Mr. Brenon is a scene-chewer, a vocal high-explosive gun, a genius of pandemonium?

If so, I apologize. Brenon is the quietest of men, and in his scenes with individuals—not with crowds, such as this—his directions scarcely carry a yard. He implores in whispers, commands with the briefest gesture.

Here, in a broil that would wilt a marble statue, he had to convey tremendous and violently contrasting emotions, not to one but to a hundred individuals; not to his countrymen, or even to his company, but to strangers who could not understand a word he said; not once, nor twice, but again, and again, and again—and in the melting heat, more and more, and harder and harder, until it seemed pitiful and useless, enraging and hysterically funny.

What with the music, and the noise of many feet, and general confusion, I think they heard few of the translator's phrases. But they could not mistake a mobile countenance that spoke a universal language; they could not misunderstand a man who laughed, and cried, and towered, and cringed, and appealed, and commanded, as though he were a Latin instead of an Irishman. They too went forward at the behest of *The Face That Drives*.

He was as unsparing in compliments as in genteel curses.

"You are wonderful! Wonderful!" he cried to the Latins before him, not waiting for the interpreter. And to a principal: "Why, Mr. Blank—why, I ask, can't you be a human being instead of a block of wood? You, a Catholic, have discovered the infamous sacrilege of this woman even as she comes to your arms. You repel her with a gesture as horrified as if you were declining a plate of soup. Are you asleep or are you sick? *For Heaven's sake!*"

And a moment later to one of the mob he had just petted and praised: "You—out! Yes, you! You understand what I mean! And if there is any other here who came to show a white flannel suit or a stylish skirt—get out now! Interpreter! I beg you to tell that dunce that if he doesn't get off that balcony, and stay off, and get out of the scene, I'll throw him off this roof myself!"

And the proud possessor of the white

flannel "pants" passed trembling into private life. His was a high tragedy of gala clothes and nobody home.

Brenon is the *x* in *Fox*.

He has been the unknown dynamo behind melodrama after melodrama.

Under his direction, in "The Kreutzer Sonata," Nance O'Neill made her debut as a screen star. The piece was epoch-making in its simple and terrible power.

His, also, was "The Clemenceau Case," in which Mr. Shay and Miss Bara were co-stars. His, too, is "The Soul of Broadway," a feature in which Valeska Surratt is prominent.

Most often the details of a man's life are innocuous and wearisome. Sometimes a career is varied enough to be so romantic that it beats fiction. Such is Herbert Brenon's.

He was born in Dublin in 1880. His parents still live. His mother is with him constantly: a woman who bears her sixty-six years with the grace of a true grande dame, and whose knowledge of the world, of books, of society, of languages, is colossal. His father, Edward St. John-Brenon, is a poet of some note, and is editor of two London literary papers. His brother, Algernon St. John-Brenon, is music critic of the



A recent photograph of Mr. Brenon; below, the infant director in his mother's arms.



New York Morning Telegraph, and is by many regarded as the best operatic reviewer in this country at the present time.

Herbert, the future director, was educated at Eton, and at King's College, London.

At 14, he organized a school dramatic society, wrote his own penny-dreadfuls, and acted in them.

At 16, he came to America and tried a new sort of life in a real-estate office in Pittsburgh. In this office he became a fairly proficient typewriter engineer—a decided asset in later years.

He expected promotion, and got fired.

He next determined to join the United States Army.

where he would at least have three squares, and \$13 a month. He was not a citizen, but, hastening to swear out his first papers, he discovered that he lacked the necessary dollar, and couldn't borrow it.

Thus, perhaps the lack of a hundred cents deprived the world of a second Napoleon. Had Brenon gotten into the army, we might be in this war.

Later on, his military ambition having waned, Brenon got money enough to return to New York, and he became a booking agent's office boy. Being an office boy, in one enterprise or

another, seemed in those days his high mark of efficiency.

Finding \$4 a week a rather slender wage on which to maintain his social position in the metropolis, young Mr. Brenon joined Litt's "Sporting Life" as a supernumerary, and thus introduced himself to the truly stage.

He found little trouble in making the Saturday matinee, as his employer always closed his office Saturday noon. The Wednesday matinee was his black beast.

The first Wednesday he was ill, the second Wednesday his mother was ill, and the third Wednesday an uncle departed this vale of tears.

While attending his uncle's obsequies he glanced toward a stage box, and was horror stricken to meet the cool eyes of his employer.

He did not bother to return to the office on Monday. At that moment he embraced the stage as a profession.

His next experience was with the late Augustin Daly. He became Daly's call boy, and a year later joined Walker Whiteside, playing forty weeks of one-night stands in "Hamlet."

"If I have executive ability," says the director, "I owe much of its development to Mr. Whiteside."

Following this, he became assistant director in Dick Ferris' stock company in Minneapolis. There Mr. Ferris and his wife taught young Brenon to do everything about the theatre quickly, quietly, efficiently.

There, too, he met Miss Helen Downing, at that time a non-professional. She became his wife. They have one son, Cyril, 9 years old; he has recently appeared in two of his father's photoplays.

Brenon was determined to make an actress of his wife, but she did not believe she could act until the time came when a financial exigency demanded her services. Then, with her husband in a Southern stock company, she made some brief but successful appearances.

Mr. and Mrs. Brenon went into vaudeville, stayed three years, and, with their savings, bought a picture theatre in Johnstown, Pa.

He became a very successful exhibitor, recovered his original investment, added to it, and sold out, two years later, at a good rise.

He had determined to reenter the artistic side of the drama, and to reenter it, this time, through a screen door.

Bringing his wife to New York he secured a position as scenario editor with Universal.

Six months later he produced his first picture. It was "Leah, the Forsaken." Its quality may be noted when it is known that, after many demands, the Universal company has just reissued it.

From this time he has directed exclusively. Following "Leah," Universal sent him to England, where he made a four-reeler, "Ivanhoe."

Then came "Absinthe," with King Baggott, and following that, the biggest American-made success previous to "The Birth of a Nation"—"Neptune's Daughter," written by Leslie T. Peacocke, produced by Brenon, with Annette Kellerman as heroine, and Brenon as heavy.



In his scenes with individuals Brenon is the quietest of men. He implores in whispers.

President Laemmle of Universal then stated, to Mr. Brenon's great astonishment, that he had no further faith in features.

The Brenon answer was retirement to produce, with his own money, the Leslie Carter feature, "The Heart of Maryland."

Then he met Mr. Fox.

Mr. Brenon is now in Bermuda, producing a gigantic marine-dramatic spectacle, with Miss Kellerman.

Here are a few terse Brenonisms:

"We must have short sub-titles in pictures; colloquial sub-titles possessing virility."

"I enjoy producing anything but comedy—screen comedy is to me only the extremest farce."

"The future of the photoplay business depends upon the cooperation of the literary genius and the artistic director. No

photoplay can endure which hasn't a masterful story as its basis."

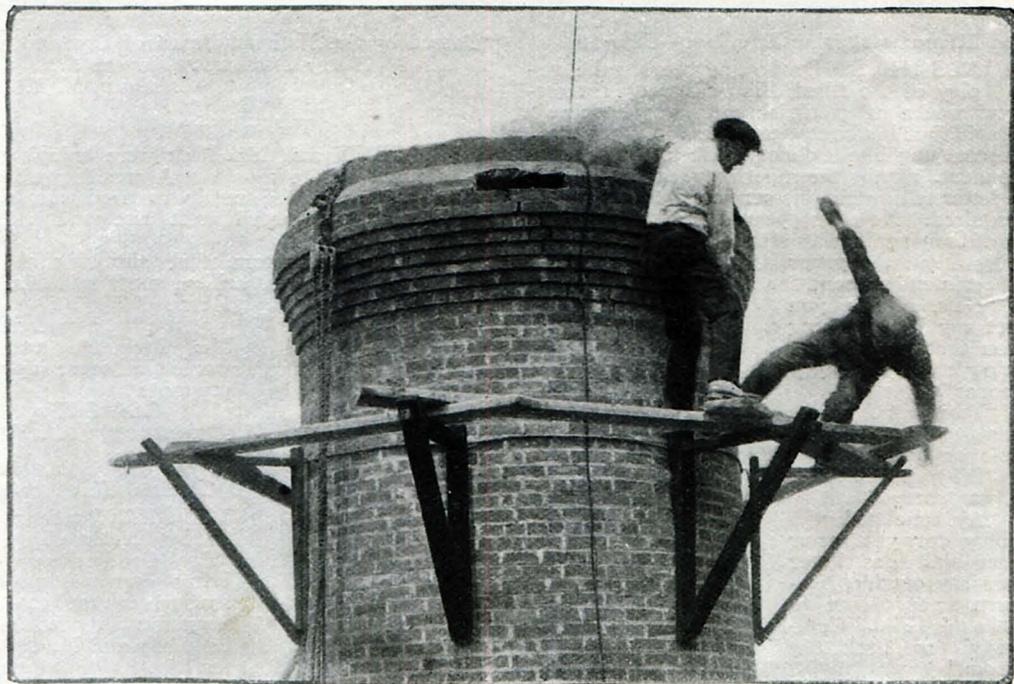
"The director must be an executive, a dramatist, an author, a leader of men—and a painter."

"He must be a painter, or possess an artist's qualities because a photoplay is never action alone; it is always, in part, a picture."

"I believe in dialogue, but I work it out on my feet. I can't write it out methodically in the script."

Brenon writes the scenario of every photoplay he produces.

He never takes any scene, no matter how small, without orchestral accompaniment. He says that music supplies to his actors that stimulus which an audience always brings to players—and without which they are "left cold."



A wrestling match that had a near-fatal ending. Place: top of the chimney at the Standard Oil refinery at New Rochelle, N. Y., 200 feet above the ground. Participants: John Lehnberg (falling) and Harris Gordon, both of the Thanhouser company. Why and wherefore: Lehnberg and Gordon were "doing" a Thanhouser play called "The Revenge of the Steeple-Jack," the camera-man catching it all as a close-up with what is known in the parlance as a "telefoto" lens. In the carefully staged scuffle Lehnberg inadvertently stepped through a hole in the scaffolding, and was thrown forward. Gordon grabbed the rim of the great chimney, and the projecting ends of two planks—as the picture plainly shows—prevented Lehnberg from plunging headfirst to New York state and eternity.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people—men, women and children—gather daily, many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Because of the rapid increase in contributions to this department, the editors find it no longer compatible with the speedy handling of a bulky mail, to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore in future, it would oblige us if no postage or stamped envelopes be enclosed, as contributions will not be returned.

Remorseful Blue Envelope—Gets \$5

NELS NELSON, who had been in the employ of the Blank Film Company for several weeks as groundskeeper, was hopelessly stupid, but his honest eagerness to work made discharging him a difficult task to the superintendent. Finally the superintendent wrote Nels a letter telling him his services were no longer required. Nels disappeared for several days, and then again was seen blundering contentedly about the grounds at his old job. The superintendent sent for him.

"Nels, didn't you get my letter telling you that you needn't work here any more?"

"Yaw, but Ay bane tank you sorry you tolt me das."

"Why do you think I was sorry?"

"Ay bane tank you sorry for yust after you shut das letter you say outside, 'Return after 5 days to Blank Film Company,' so back Ay coom."

Joseph Warren
Lyman, Jr.,
Eunice, La.

The Higher Criticism

AT the movies the other day a picture was flashed on the screen entitled, "As God Made It." And immediately followed the reassuring announcement,

"Passed by the National Board of Censors."

Harry Thomas, 23 Francis St.,
Auburn, N. Y.

He's a Spug

MR. HENN and Mr. Peck were enjoying Ma night at the movies. A wedding was in progress and the newly married couple were being bombarded with rice and old shoes.

"A barbarous custom, that, throwing old shoes at a bride and bridegroom," said Mr. Henn.

"Yes," answered Mr. Peck, "spats would be more appropriate."

K. A. Bisbee,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Celestial Slumber

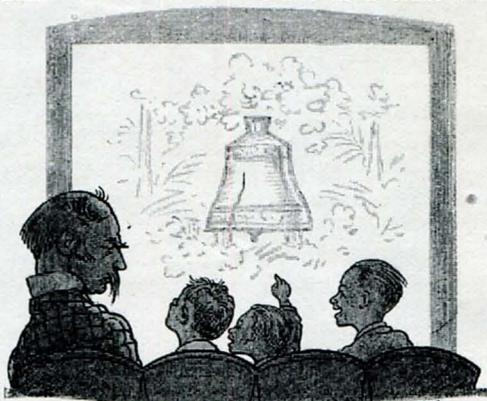
VISITING a nearby theater where "The Goddess" was being shown I was amused at the conversation between a little boy and his sister.

"Who is the Goddess?" asked the sister.

"Why God's wife, of course," said the lad.

"How'd she get to a tough place like this world?" said the little girl sympathetically.

Mrs. A. Riessner,
82 Hamilton Ave.,
Yonkers, N. Y.



Spirit of '76

Views of the liberty bell were being shown and the enthusiasm of some of the boys annoyed an Englishman seated near.

"You are very patriotic, my lads," he finally offered, "but I'll wager you can't give me one date in English history."

"Sir," said small Jim stiffly, pointing to the bell, "there is one date in English history, which, as Americans we shall always remember—July Fourth, 1776!"

M. C. Lawler,
3414 Elaine Place, Chicago.

Esprit de Corps

Another Henry-ette

LITTLE Dave went to see Bible pictures Saturday afternoon with his Sunday School teacher and class. The next morning, the teacher asked:

"Can any one tell me why Daniel was not harmed by the lions when cast amongst them?"

"I can, please," said Dave.

"Well?"

"Cause he b'longed to the show."

Miss Ruth E. Howell,

22 South Holmes Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Legal First Aid

THE train-wreck in "The Juggernaut" was startlingly realistic and thrilling.

"Oh," exclaimed a girl in the audience, her voice vibrant with admiration, "who is that handsome fellow running towards the smash-up?"

"Some lawyer's ambulance chaser," replied her male companion, low and bitterly.

Roqua E. Sturgis,
228 West Eighth St.,
Oklahoma City,
Okla.

Lyric

AT the end of the show the world famous advertisement of "His Master's Voice" was shown, and a phonograph accompaniment was given.

Mother suggested it was time to go but Margaret, aged five, stamped emphatic refusal.

"I won't budge," she announced flatly, "until I hear that dog sing again."

Helen Grieve,
54 Foster St., Lawrence, Mass.

The Coroner's Verdict

PICTURE Fiend:—Where can I see a good moving picture, today?

Her Friend:—See the "Last Days of Pompeii."

P. F.:—How did he die?

H. F.:—I'm not certain, but I understand it was from an eruption.

W. W. Bean, Knoxville, Tenn.

DURING the photoplay a large, handsome automobile had been wrecked. Little Johnny turned to his mother at the close of the reel and said:

"Ma, it looks like they would use Fords for such coarse work."

C. Horn, Alton, Ill.

And Clear the Track!

WHILE a freight train was shown passing on the screen little Timmy asked his nurse what was the hump-back car at the end. He accepted the information that it was a caboose and always came last, with great solemnity.

At dinner that night, having cleared his plate, he indicated the dessert, and calmly commanded: "Slip Timmy his caboose."

B. Thomas,
Port Stanley, Ont.



Squashing Him

MOVING pictures," said the young man, "spoofingly, to impress the ticket girl, "were invented the year I was born."

"Do tell," she sighed wearily, shoving him his change. "I thought the important invention the year you were born was a nut cracker."

Miss Alice Geerlings,
59 Dewey Ave., Crafton, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The \$100,000 Doll

MARY PICK-FORD was being shown in *Tess of the Storm Country*. A child was weeping at the top of a strong voice. The manager went forward to aid the mother in consoling the unhappy one.

"What does the nice girl want, to stop crying and go home with mother?" asked the manager.

"I want that big rag dolly, with the curly hair," whooped the infant.

Margaret Esslinger,
48 W. State St.,
Trenton, N. J.

Why Our Fathers Fought

HANS SCHNEIDER, proprietor of a picture house in a rural community, doubled the price of admission on the Fourth of July.

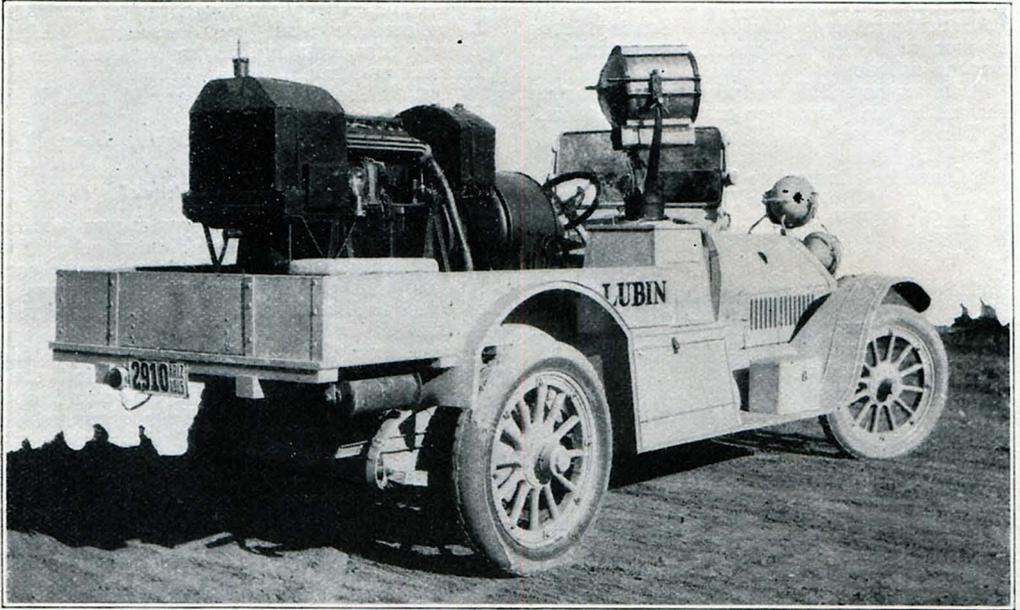
"Ten cents today," he said firmly, shoving back the jitney of an old patron. "It's a holiday yet, you know."

"What's a holiday?" demanded the o. p. belligerently.

"A holiday," roared Hans, out of patience with such ignorance, "is any day on which you pay ten cents, aber it was a nickel before."

M. F. Sammons,
28 Catherine St., Utica, N. Y.

Light Travels Fast!



In the twilight bed of the Grand Canyon, in caves that man's eye has never explored, the new portable electric plant devised by Romaine Fielding will give the necessary light for scenes, which otherwise would be denied the world. The above picture shows the full equipment mounted on an automobile and ready for speedy transportation wherever needed. Mr. Fielding is using this machine in a number of pictures he is staging this fall in the Grand Canyon.

Channing Pollock

Author of sixteen well-known plays which have recently been made permanent by the screen; famous critic; magazine wit who is an entertainer to all America, and co-author of the present Ziegfeld "Follies," New York's most brilliant entertainment, has begun to write for Photoplay Magazine. You will see his first story, superbly illustrated by a celebrated artist, in the December issue, on sale Nov. 1st. The engagement of Mr. Pollock is in line with the publishers' determination to make Photoplay Magazine the peer of any publication in the world. Mr. Pollock's first essay is a vividly humorous word-picture of that across-the-Hudson hive of peaceful villagers and celluloid emotionalists, dwelling together in strange harmony,

"Fort Lee: The Jekyll-Hyde Town."

HINTS on PHOToplay WRITING

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

Photoplay Magazine's authority in this department is one of the most successful scenario



editors and writers in the world. Many of the most interesting film features are his creations.

VII

AS announced in my last article, I will try and give some hints to show how a free-lance writer may set about securing a position on the scenario staff of a reputable film producing company.

As I stated before, it is not such a difficult matter as many seem to imagine—if you are qualified to fill such a position, and able to hold it when obtained. If you are not, then by no means should you make the effort. You cannot hold a position for any length of time in a scenario department if you are not able to deliver the goods. You are up against the scenario editor, who knows his business, or he would not be in the editorial chair; and you come in open and keen competition with the other staff-writers, who will quickly note your shortcomings and will not be slow in commenting freely on your work.

If you feel in your own mind that you are fully qualified to fill such a position and have perfect confidence that you will be able to hold it and compete with the trained writers already on the scenario staff, then you may safely set about trying to secure it; but not until then. If you should manage to secure the position and were found to be absolutely incompetent you would lose it in short order and you would have gained nothing but disappointment and regret for having placed yourself in a false position. You would be listed also as a failure and would find it difficult to again break into the editorial fold, because evil news travels fast and the scenario departments of the various companies are in closer touch with each

You cannot hold a position for any length of time in a scenario department if you are not able to deliver the goods.

other than many people suppose.

Well, we will take it for granted that you are qualified and full of confidence. The next question is, what have you successfully accomplished in the literary field? Have you had a goodly number of photoplays accepted and produced? Have you any published magazine stories or published books to your credit? Have you had a play or vaudeville sketches successfully produced? Have you had good newspaper training, either as an editorial writer or as a reporter? These are all questions which will be put to you by the scenario editor and the general manager of the company to whom you are intending to make application.

The more experience and the more success you may have achieved in any of these lines of literary endeavor the more chance you will, naturally, have of being accepted as the member of a scenario staff. People of tried and trained ability will always be given the preference over the novices who have nothing to their credit. This holds good in every line of human work. Personality, of course, counts for a great deal, and the woman or man with a grouch, or obvious lines of bad temper (which always show on the surface, if bad temper is encouraged) cannot hope to create the good impression that is accorded to the happy smile which is the hallmark of good nature. In applying for a position in a scenario department carry all your credentials with you—samples of your work done; criticisms on your successes, if you have any; a smiling face and a jovial manner. Let the first impression that you hope to create be a pleasing one.

And it will do no harm if you don the neatest gown or suit in your wardrobe for the interview. Really fine candy will often be sadly neglected if encased in a cheap box.

A great number of staff-writers have secured positions through personal influence, but unless they have been able to do the work that is expected of them, few have ever lasted very long. Even relatives or friends do not pay real money for any length of time to those who are wholly incompetent. So you may rest assured that all the scenario editors and staff-writers who are steadily employed by the various film producing companies are all writers of proved ability, and most of them are able to turn out a sure-fire photoplay at short notice.

A personal application for a position of this sort is always far preferable to a written one, although I have known several writers who have secured their positions through written applications. The film companies are always on the lookout for good writers to add to their staffs, but they, naturally, insist that they be competent. You must show them some proof. They all think very highly of a good newspaper training, because many of our most brilliant photoplay writers have served their apprenticeship in that trying school. C. B. (Pop) Hoadley, Calder Johnstone, William Lord Wright, Frank Woods (who wrote the scenario for "The Birth of a Nation"), Ben Schulberg and a host of others are living proofs of this.

To be qualified to fulfill the position of a staff-writer you must possess a good general knowledge of topical and past events, an intimate acquaintance with American and European history, and a fair smattering of geography, besides knowing how to evolve a practical photoplay. If you have traveled extensively, all the better. You will have gained invaluable experience at first hand.

You must remember that the staff-writer is often called upon to write a scenario at short notice, maybe dealing with some difficult subject, and the scenes may be laid in some foreign land of which many people know but little. But the staff-writer should be *au fait* with as many subjects as

possible. They should be, and usually are, people of good education, and with a quick and ready wit.

Some of the scenario departments employ "readers," who read all the photoplays submitted by the free-lance writers, and these are staff positions for which application should be made, because they are often stepping-stones to the desk of the staff-writer and a good number have achieved their ambition in this way. Every scenario department should employ a staff of readers, because I do not think it is just or fair that the staff-writers should be asked, or even allowed, to read the photoplays submitted by outsiders. It is placing too great a temptation in the staff-writer's way, because,

Personality counts for a great deal and the woman, or man, with a grouch cannot hope to create the favorable impression that is accorded to good nature.

no matter how honest the staff-writer may be, it is a sheer impossibility for her or him not to (unconsciously perhaps) absorb ideas or original plots when reading scores of 'scripts which many staff-writers are called upon to do daily. I believe that every fair-minded staff-writer in the world will agree with me in this. I am not insinuating, for a moment, that original plots are deliberately stolen in scenario departments, but I do not think it is right or just that any writer should have absolutely free access to the submitted works of other writers. I have always strongly opposed this method. It is both unfair to the staff-writer and to the free-lance. I think this matter should be taken up seriously. It is an urgent one. The fear of having their plots unwittingly absorbed has kept, and is keeping, many sterling writers from entering the scenario field. Every obstacle that engenders distrust between scenario departments and the free-lance writers should be removed.

If you are living at a considerable distance from the main centers of film activities it is probably impossible to get in personal touch with any scenario department, and in that case I advise any writer, who feels assured that she or he is fully qualified to fill the position of a staff-writer, to make a written application to the general managers of the various companies, setting forth an account of work successfully accomplished and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the reply. All the companies are on the lookout for good

writers, and scenario departments are frequently being enlarged. And then new companies are continually coming into the field, and it is well to consult the "trade journals" which deal with the moving picture industry and find out what is happening in that line. You must help yourself all you can, and leave no stone unturned if you are in earnest about obtaining your ambition. But be certain that you are fully qualified to fulfill the position should you succeed in securing it.

There, now, that is all the advice I can give you on how to become a staff-writer, because, of course, there is no fixed or stereotyped rule that can be laid down. So much must depend upon yourself and upon opportunity. Qualify yourself thoroughly, and the rest will come easy.

Every writer should learn to work a typewriter. I cannot too strongly advocate this. You can teach yourself. It requires practice; that is all. I know that for several years I labored assiduously with a pencil and gave out my efforts to be typed. It cost me considerably more money than I made in my first year of writing, and considerable time in correcting the mistakes of incompetent stenographers. I naturally tried to get the work done as cheaply as I could, and I *got* it. Cheap, but expensive in the end. I ultimately learned that one must do one's own type-writing, and you will soon learn that, too. Experience teaches. There is no other practical school.

If you are in earnest about the work and mean to keep it up, you should keep a small note-book handy in your pocket to make a note of plots, which often come to your mind when you least expect them, and which may be readily lost in the stress

of daily business. Some little happening to your neighbors or friends may suggest something unusual that may be woven into an original plot, and it is for those very little things that the scenario editor is extending his tentacles. It is those that are worth money, both to you and to him—to you for having discovered the original plot, and to him for having discovered you.

I advised writers in a previous article to evolve their original plots into fiction stories and to submit them to magazines.

Many will claim that they cannot do this; that they have it not in them to construct a fiction story. Nevertheless, they should make the effort. We never know what we can do until we try. It is really foolish for a writer who intends to take up writing seriously to rely entirely on scenario writing to keep the pot boiling. That fuel alone will barely bring it to a simmer. You must go into the game for all it is worth if you really intend to make it your life's work. I earnestly advise you again to throw your energies in other directions as well. You may achieve good success as a magazine writer, and there is wonderful pleasure in working out a fiction story—far more than in evolving a photoplay scenario, which is dry work at best. One will help the other wonderfully, and the magazine market is a far bigger one than is the photoplay market.

The various methods of the various companies and their various producing directors should be closely studied, and the only way for the free-lance writer to get a line on their work is by a close study of their efforts on the screen. Go and see all the short reel pictures that you can.

The study of long so-called "feature" productions will not help you very much, because they are beyond your market. Features are written by the staff-writers or the directors themselves, and are always planned in the studios beforehand. Except a free-lance writer is especially requested

to write one, she or he is only wasting time and good paper. No matter how good your long five or six reeler may be, if you are not well known you will find it almost impossible to find a market for it. If a day laborer tried to sell a genuine \$20 gold piece in Wall

Street for \$15 you can imagine the slim chance he would have of disposing of it! It would be dubbed a "gold-brick," no matter how good or new it might be. Well, your long, laboriously worked out feature would be in similar case. The Wall Street wiseacres often get stung by what they consider sure-fire propositions, but, more often than not, they will blame the state of the market, and not the real cause of the flivver. The real heads of the film companies rarely take the trouble to go

The fear of having their plots unwittingly absorbed has kept and is keeping many sterling writers from the scenario field.

into the matter of the scenario—they are too busy! The man who intends to build should look carefully into the foundation for the house. On it his house is going to rest. The scenario is the foundation of the photoplay production.

When you study pictures on the screen you should make note of the name of the producing companies and also of the directors, and try and gauge the class of stories which seem to mostly appeal to them. You should also count the number of scenes in each picture, and jot it all down in a notebook, which you should carry for that purpose. Become for a time a picture "fan." You will learn more from watching pictures on the screen than is possible to be obtained from any book or treatise on scenario writing.

No earthly human being can teach you that. A sample scenario will help you considerably, and the one that was published in the March issue of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has proved of benefit to many. If you did not read it, then take my advice and get it. It is a practical guide.

Some scenario writers go to the trouble of working out a "scene plot" after they have finished their photoplay—and a great trouble it is to do so, because it involves a deal of thought and time—but it is merely time wasted in ninety-nine times out of a hundred, because so many changes are in-

variably made by the producing director in the working out of the photoplay that the sequence and numbers of the scene must necessarily be changed considerably. The assistant director usually makes out the scene plot for the director after the working scenario has been arranged to his satisfaction, so the scenario writer had better not attempt to make a scene plot at all.

If it is your intention to write magazine stories and to evolve your stories from your scenario plots, then it is advisable to reserve the fiction rights, and to state the fact on the front cover of your photoplay. Scenario editors will not object to your doing this, and will reserve to you the option of writing your own

Safeguard your own interests as well as you can, because no one is going to help you in the same way as you can help yourself. Be wise!

plot into a fiction story and reaping the financial reward. Otherwise your photoplay may be worked into a fiction story by some hack writer, and—from your point of view—hopelessly mishandled.

I also strongly advise magazine writers to reserve the moving picture rights to their stories when submitting them to editors of publications; otherwise they will debar themselves from reaping the benefits which should rightfully belong to them. I have always done so, and I have never regretted doing so. Safeguard your own interests as well as you can, because no one is going to help you in the same way as you can help yourself. Be wise!

Standing's Sinecure

JACK STANDING, Lubin's English star, has flirted with the bony man, Death, many times in the interests of that realism which the directors demand these days. In a recent picture it was necessary that an auto run over the star. It was agreed that Standing drop between the wheels and thus escape injury while giving all the appearance of being actually run over. The car scooted over him, leaving him in the road, cut and bruised and looking like he had gone through a sausage mangle. While he was trying to think how to express his opinion adequately, Standing heard a spectator say:

"Pretty soft for that guy—huh? He gets three dollars every time he does that."

Brains vs. Beauty

THE homely woman with character and brains has a better chance to become a star in motion pictures than the pretty, expressionless vacuums with neither, according to Thomas H. Ince, the famous Mutual director.

Said Mr. Ince: "Photography is a mechanical hypocrite that makes 'a rag, a bone, a hank of hair' of the most beautiful sometimes."

Make way you beauty parlors with your rouge and talcum, switches, wrinkle-plasters and bella donna! Avast you lovely dames who doff your shape and hang your crowning glory on the gas-jet at bedtime! The queen, the homely woman, comes to her apotheosis in the pictures!

Mollie of the Movies

Her Correspondence: Compiled by
Kenneth McGaffey

Illustrated by Maud Martin Evers

SIXTH REEL

Hollywood, Aug 18th

DEAR CLARA BELLE:
None of these other moving picture actoreens has got anything on me now. I got a personal press agent.

It happened in the strangest way! I had been noticing a tall, handsome gent that dines in my favorite cafeteria about the same time I do and the way he looked at me with langwishing eyes and the other day we met quite informally. I had my tray laden down with 49c worth of food and was using both hands to restrain it and it was while I was trying to get some lump sugar out of the bowl with my tette for my java that he sprung to my assistance. One word led to another—you know how it is in society—and before long we was sitting at the same table.

I told him how the jealousy of the other moving picture Stars was a keeping me down and he said well you oughta have a press agent thats all.

I told him I belong to a pressing club in Grundy Cen but I couldn't use one now as I am wearing Wash Dresses and doing them myself in the bathroom that is when the land lady dont catch me. He laughed I dont know why because wash dresses is certainly seonble this time of year and then

he said that is not the kind I mean. I mean a man to put pieces and pickers in the papers and make you notoreous like all these other Stars. He then told me he was a generalist and had taken such an interest in my Art that he would do it for nothing.

He said to me girlie he says I am going to give you a big rightup in the next issue of my magazine—a whole paragraph! I was that overjoyed. He is editor of the bee keepers annual and the next issue is out next Fourth of July and I cant hardly wait. Just think of seeing my name in print—wont Grundy Cen. be proud of my noturiety?

And right on top of that good fortune I nearly lost my life! Never did I face death so close before since the time I moved in a still for George Melford out to laskies. On my way out to Inch Ville I stepped into

a rut and sunk out of sight in the dust. If some cow puncher had not of thrown me a rope you would of wep when you got my letter because I wouldent of wrote it.

Inch Ville is a nice place for any explorer to go after. You take a trane to Santa Monaka, a street car to the end of the line down by the jap fishing burg and there wait for a Bus.



"I mean a man to put pieces and pickers in the papers, and make you notoreous like all these other stars."

There are those that has made it all the same day. Inch Ville is named after Mister thomas inch the big boss there. I was told that Mister inches press agent mr. Ohara named it that to get a raise but one canot believe all the idol gosip they hear. Anyway it has the ocean on one side and is pasted against cliff on the other. You can fall of the top of the highest stage right into the raging serf. Some do. Now I know how those poor people in the alps must sufer. You are either climeing up-stares or down all the time. The six stages seeme right one on top of the other. They tell me that the man who lade it out was jelos of Se Attle.

When I first arived I thought from sounds they took animal pictures for some one was trieing to tese a lion but one of the girls said no it is only Scott Sidney takeing a deth scene so I went in with out fear. I gues I told you how they wanted me to double for Dan-vel in the lions den at seligs dident I? Since that moment I have fought shy of beasts.

They were all so busy getting redy for Bill Burke some Irish actress they tell me. She has some piece she is going to do when she gets there about the liquer trafic. Its a scotch piece and I cant drink the Vile Stuff.

Wile I was standing there Mister w. s. Hart drove up on top of a horse. My he does look handsome in his cow boy uniform well no I would say more dashing than handsome.

My but women are deceetful. I saw Bessie Baris Kale one of the stars coming out of her dressing room to start a clime to work and she was a blond. You remember in the rose of the ranhouse she was a perfect brunet? I saw Rea Michell she is hired to play onjewnnew leads but to my mind she wasent a bit girlish. She dident slap anybody with her fan or chew the end

of her handkerchief like I would of done if had of ben her. I went right out and hunted up Mister inch. He was on one of the top most stages looking at a sene with one eye shut. I heard a girl say that he had his camera eye on a sene. It wasent so at all. I guess I should know because I have looked into enough of them. Of corse it may have been just a glas eye, but what would he of shut the good one for? I am not like other girls. They cant put those sily things over on me. Well I busted right in and said Mister inch I will accept a position as your onjewnew. He looked at me a moment and said you are not constructed right. Onjewnews have to have skinny laigs and long eyelashes to be onjewnews and wile goodness knows you



"Something must have et your eyelashes off wile you slep," says Mr. Inch.

are skinny enough something must have et your eye-lashes off wile you slep. The first thing you want to do is grow a new crop of eye-lashes. Wats the next thing I asked. See some other director he says. I thanked the poor simp and left. What can he know of the emulsions that

lurk in a woman's soul by looking at her eyelashes?

I got a chance of a fine engagement week after next that I may accep if some one don't get there ahead of me, so must close now and get dinner. I am dining in my room now that the land lady has a cold and cant smell nothing. Love MOLLIE.

Aug. 25ft.

Dear Clara Belle:—

Wat do you know about this Aniter King getting selected for an auto ride all by herself from here to New York I seen her in a picer out to laskies and she dont look to me like she could drive old Henny's depot hack, much less an automobile. I asked one of the boys down to Inch Ville about it. I said wy did they

select miss King to go across when I have so much spare time? He says because she has so much nerve and person allity. I says well I got them and he says kid you sure have if you was a french girl your nerve would take you right to berlin but your person allity wouldnt give you a jitney ride to Ocn. Pk. and Ocn. Pk. is 1 mile away. I says I dont want to go to Ocn. Pk. I want to go to New York. He says wats the matter with Los? meaning los

angles and I answers nothing but I want to go in an open automobile to n. y. and get my feutures in print and be come notorious and everything. He says they have let you stay here this long without being a rested so dont take no chances by moving.

Oh! The landlady just sent word I am wanted on the fone. Maybe at last the managers have come to there senses.

Will close, love,

MOLLIE.

Logical Conclusions

By RANDOLPH BARTLETT

RECENTLY a board of moving picture censors barred "The Devil's Daughter" as the title of a film, on the ground that the devil had no daughter. This is an important precedent. Titles which suggest impossible or immoral things should be eliminated. Carrying the idea to its logical conclusion, there are numerous well-known books and plays, the names of which must be changed before further sale or performance is permitted:

"*The Devil's Garden*": How, in hades, could the devil have a garden?

"*Perch of the Devil*": In the realms of Satan there is no water, and, perch being a fish, there can be no such thing as "Perch of the Devil."

"*Quo Vadis*": This is in some foreign language, probably French, and, therefore, probably immoral.

"*A Tale of Two Cities*": Cities do not have tails. Dogs, cats, lions, and such, have tails. Besides, if cities did have tails, it would have to be "The Tails of Two Cities."

"*What the Public Wants*": Nobody but the censors know what the public wants.

"*The Doctor's Dilemma*": The idea that doctors experience dilemmas is pernicious, as it undermines the confidence the public should have in this great profession.

"*The Day's Work*": This is misleading, as the book obviously could not have been written in one day.

"*The City of Dreadful Night*": There are too many cheap flings at Chicago already.

"*Red Fleece*": There's no such thing. There are red pigs, but no red sheep.

"*Ghosts*": There are no ghosts. This is mere superstition.

"*Hands Up*": Encourages robbery.

"*A Pair of Sixes*" and "*A Full House*": Gambling terms, and should be suppressed.

"*When the Sleeper Wakes*": An unwarranted intrusion upon privacy.

"*The Christian*": Improper suggestion that there is only one. There are several on the board of censors alone.

"*Mysteries of Paris*": Obviously unfit for general circulation.

"*A Tramp Abroad*": Silly; how can a tramp go abroad?

"*St. Elmo*": There is no such saint

"*The Great Divide*": Untrue; the great never divide anything, and that is why they are great.

"*A Fool There Was*": Probably an unscrupulous attack on the censorship, and must be suppressed.

Business Men's Lunch

CHAPLIN SUPREME

| | | |
|----------------------|------------------|----------------|
| CAVIAR CONKLIN | STUFFED ARBUCKLE | STERLING WURST |
| AMBROSE DELIGHT | HAMANBUD FRAZZLE | |
| CHARLEMURRY SURPRISE | | |

ADVENTURE, A LA HELENHOLMES

| | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|--|
| NORMAND, SCRAMBLED | FORDE CAPERS | |
| FILET DE DURFEE | TINCHER, GARNISHED | |
| FLORAFINCH PRESERVE | | |

Entrees

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| HART, AU NATUREL | BARRISCALE, TEAR SAUCE |
| WALTHALL, GARNITURE POETIQUE | ETHELCLAYTON, DOMESTIQUE |
| BARRYMORE HUMORESQUE | KIMBALL OF YOUNG, AU CLARA |
| MOORE (THREE STYLES) | DEVILLED BARA |

To Order

| | | |
|----------|----------|-----------|
| BUSHMAN | WILLIAMS | FARNUM |
| KAUFFMAN | WARWICK | KATHLYN |
| GORDON | WHITE | TRUNNELLE |
| | | LA BADIE |

Entremets

| | | |
|--------------------|------------------|---------------|
| DANA DIMINUTIVE | | |
| CREME HAWLEY | GLACE GISH | POUT PURVIANC |
| BOMBE MARSH | VIVMARTIN ECLAIR | |
| GLANCE DE PICKFORD | | |

STAR OF THE NORTH

By Frank Williams

(SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS)

Paul Temple, leading man of a New York photoplay producing company, meets June Magregor, a girl of the untamed sub-arctic wastes, when the film players invade the North for atmosphere. Temple's love kindled, he is forced to subdue it because of an estranged wife he left behind in New York, and from whom he is seeking divorce. His own love sealed, he is forced to watch Jack Baillie, a worthless young member of the troupe, making successful advances to June. He knows moreover that his wife, jealous of the leading woman, is preparing to follow him to the camp. In this dilemma he plans to extricate June from Baillie's influence, which the other rapidly is making more secure. Temple feels his own disadvantage, but faces it. In the meantime, June, given a chance in an extra part, oversteps the director's orders before the camera—and scores triumphantly, revealing an exceptional talent for acting. Open enmity has sprung up between Baillie and Temple, and the latter, knowing the odds, waits the coming of his wife with misgivings.

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

CHAPTER VII

PAUL TEMPLE, standing on the bank of the river at the Graphic camp, watched dumbly as the boat bearing his wife drew steadily nearer. Now he could make out the helmsman by the big steering sweep in the stern, and two other men running back and forth along the gunwales, long poles balanced in their hands. Then, at two hundred yards distance, a fourth figure rose and detached itself from the high-piled cargo, and Paul saw that it was a woman.

Then whatever last faint hope had flickered in him died. Plans and dreams went out with it, and a grim resignation took their place. He shrugged. Since she had come, he would play the game. He had always played it, and he would play it now. But she should play it too, he told himself; from now on there should be better understanding.

The boat was drawing close, and Temple turned slowly to go down and meet it. To do this it was necessary for him to circle back through a little tongue of woods before he could reach the path leading down the bank. When he emerged the scow was just warped alongside the pier, and as he watched he saw the woman leap ashore. Even at this distance her Broadway clothes were unmistakable—a traveling dress and hat of the latest cut and material, both of which seemed strangely out of place here

where dress had been modified to the primitive requirement of usefulness.

The woman turned back to talk to the boatman for a moment, and was lost to sight. Then when Paul had stepped on the pier and was quite close, she reappeared and they were face to face.

He stopped short in amazement. The woman was not Gertrude.

"My Gawd!" shouted the lady, joyfully, and ran towards him. "If it ain't Paul Temple! Kid, I'm that far away from home an' mother I could bawl!"

"Goldie Burke!" He could hardly speak. To find this old friend, a member of the New York Graphic Company, when he had expected Gertrude, struck him aghast. "What are you doing here?" he managed to say amid the whirl of his emotions.

"Tryin' to keep from kissin' you, old dear!" She seized his out-stretched hands effusively. "Briscoe wired for me to come an' do mother parts in some small stuff he's goin' to take, and I'm here. But Lord, I'm homesick!"

As they turned up the hill she rattled on, shaking her hat straight on her tousled yellow hair with a flirt of her head, and vigorously chewing gum.

"And were you the only passenger—the only woman to come down on the boat?" Paul asked incredulously, when he had somewhat recovered himself.

"Was I! You said it. Wasn't it just like Briscoe to make me travel out here

alone with three men? What does he care for a woman's reppitation? But I've got a gun an' I sleep with it every night."

With growing joy, and a sense of exultant freedom from a horrible oppression, Temple guided the voluble Goldie up the new and dismal Broadway. Gertrude had not come. He was just commencing to realize it now. The reason he did not know or care. But it was typical, he thought, of her treatment of him, and it gave him hope that perhaps she was not coming at all.

Granting her time for preparation, today's boat was the logical one for her to have caught. The arrival of the next was problematical, as this cargo comprised the last shipment of camp supplies expected for some time.

And now the battle for June!

At the moment when Paul recognized Goldie Burke, Gertrude Temple, or Gertrude Mackay as she was called, was as far away from him in thought as she was in body. Seated at a table next the brass railing of a Broadway "tango palace," she was laughing gaily at the rather heavy jest of the man opposite her.

She was a pretty woman of the "stagey" type which has made heavy inroads on the younger English nobility. Beautifully dressed in the filmiest of summer gowns, and with every feminine art to aid, she looked young and blooming—almost girlish. But the close observer would have noted a look of hardness about the corners of her turquoise blue eyes, and the faintest suggestion of weariness in their mirth. Her painted lips were scarlet, but her teeth were small, even and white.

"Honest, Al," she confided, "it's a treat to come here with you. Every girl on the floor is trying to catch your eye. It ain't every day they get a chance to show before the president of the Stellar Films."

Al Bergman grinned amiably and puffed at his fat black cigar. He himself was fat and black. He was conscious of the attention paid him and liked it.

"Well, it ain't I'm so rotten at pickin' 'em, is it?" he asked. "I picked you, an' you're comin' along good."

The woman twirled her highball glass between her fingers until the ice clinked against the sides.

"Do you mean that, Al?"

"Sure I mean it. I saw the second reel

of 'Which Path?' in the projection room this morning, and you done great. If that thing goes like I think it will, you'll be made."

"Ah!" She dropped her eyes and the smile left her face. In its place came a look of triumph that was not joy, but almost bitterness.

"That's what I want, Al," she said. "He always was jealous of me; that's why he wanted to keep me in a glass case all my life. But I'll show him there's somebody in the movies besides *him!*"

Suddenly a uniformed band in a balcony at the other end of the hall crashed into a throbbing, thumping strain, and couples rose from about the tables and commenced to crowd towards the dance floor.

It was a golden September day, but the heat was that of midsummer. The whirring electric fans merely puddled the sickly, close atmosphere without refreshing it, and the people, mostly *habitués* with a sprinkling of sight-seers, looked pale and wilted. There was an air of forced gayety and false enjoyment about the whole thing that was tragic.

Gertrude and Bergman did not dance; the former watched her companion, and the latter was content to sit and feast with sleepy, half-shut eyes upon the feminine procession that swirled by him.

After the encore, when the dancers were returning to their places, he leaned forward and picked up the thread of their conversation where she had dropped it.

"I guess making good with the Stellar is better than chasing Mr. Ex.Hubby all over Canada, ain't it, Gertie?" he asked.

"You spilled a chinful then, Al. But I've told you before I never meant to go up there. That letter of his about a divorce kind of peeved me, so I shot the hottest one I could think of back at him. That's all. There's nothing he hates worse than to have me around where he's working, so I wrote him I was coming. I hope it gave him a fit."

"Well, keep it down to threats, dearie." He ogled her and grinned.

"Don't you worry. I'd never go. If I was to show up there he'd probably stop my allowance before I got within shooting distance, and that would make a fine, enjoyable outing, wouldn't it?"

Bergman grunted comfortably and shifted his cigar.

"Well, dearie," he said modestly, "you know you need'nt ever let a little thing like that worry you."

She lowered her eyes to conceal a little flicker of satisfaction. Then she flashed him a grateful look.

"Sometimes, I think you're too generous, Al."

Suddenly he leaned forward, planting his elbows on the table and looking at her squarely with his black, bright little eyes.

"So do I, Gertie. Look here, how long are you going to keep this up? Ain't you got any heart? Ain't I anything to you?"

She drew back cool, smiling, self-possessed.

"I'm not a star with my own company yet, am I?" she asked sweetly.

Bergman groaned and sank back in his chair.

"I'm making you a star as quick as I can, ain't I?" he complained. "My God, it seems to take forever."

And then, because he was scowling, she leaned forward and smiled and played upon him until his look of pleased proprietorship returned. In the midst of it, the music blared out again, and the jaded couples rose mechanically from their tables to dance.

CHAPTER VIII

JUNE MAGREGOR found life bewildering. The multitudinous impressions and sensations of the last weeks overwhelmed her, and sometimes at night when undressing in her raftered bedroom, she asked herself wonderingly like the girl in the fairy-tale, "Can this be I?"

Sophistication had begun, though she would not have called it that. She was different; there was gone a certain first evanescent glory of innocence, even as Temple had prophesied. But there was, too, an awakening, a perception of things deeper and finer than she had ever dreamed.

No longer at the mention of love would she have asked what the poet meant. She had learned of it by observing her lovers. Whether she herself loved she could not have said, but she knew poignant gladnesses and longings and pain interspersed like sun and rain on an April day.

Jack Baillie saw to that. He made love tumultuously, his eyes flashing and his voice thrilling. By turns he was stormy

and serene, humble and exalted, intense or cold as his moods dictated. He even dressed the part, his Byronic shirts with wide soft collars setting off splendidly his shapely dark head with its thick, curly hair.

He made June romantically unhappy and she liked it. He kept her in a continual ferment of uncertainty, sweeping her to the stars one night by a flight of passion, frightening her the next with a threat of suicide. Her heart changed its beat strangely when she heard his voice.

And he swayed her in still another way; he awakened her sex consciousness. Like the healthy, vital young animal she was, sleeping instincts awoke at their destined call and whispered of undreamed things.

This was Baillie's love, a love of hours alone, of "secrets," of sentimentality, and tremulousness.

Set against it was the clean, fresh wholesomeness of Temple's, an inspired companionship that spoke love as plainly in its way as did Baillie's passion. Quietly, unobtrusively, since that day of the picture of the fort, he had assumed a larger and larger part in her life.

They talked books, read together, delved deep into the mysteries of worlds here and hereafter; the How of the stars, which we knowing something of, and the Why of which we know nothing.

And with him, too, though they were happy together like children, June felt that underneath his quietness lay a fierce intensity held in strong leash. It seemed to run like a mighty current beneath the dancing waves of their intercourse, sweeping her with it.

And yet it was Baillie who oftenest filled her mind and imagination; the fire, the *élan* of his love ignited a tinder of the senses that burned very bright. But Temple to whom passion was the crown rather than the body of love, shielded the flame from her even as she shielded her own awakening from both her lovers.

At the beginning Paul had met and settled a problem seriously involving his conscience. This was whether he could with honor pay attention to June without telling her of his marriage. Every natural instinct resented this, and yet he knew that by no other course could he hope to win in what he had set out to do. To tell her the truth would be to remove himself from the field and leave Baillie unopposed.

But he intended of course when the time came, if come it did, to make a clean breast of the whole affair. * * *

One still cold evening as he and June paced up and down the fert clearing in the twilight that was growing shorter and shorter as the fall advanced, he told her of his love. The air was still and crystal clear, and the hard blue light of the sky, still tinged with a lemon-colored sunset, brought out with the distinctness of an etching the straight banded trunks of the birches at the edge of the forest. His words were deep with conviction, and passion.

She moved beside him, anxious, finding her burden heavy. The transition from the passionless, almost sexless girl supremely careless of love, that she had been, to the woman plunged into the crucible of life by two men of a new and magic world, frightened her.

"Oh, Paul, what can I say!" she cried, "except that I—I don't love you!" She looked up at him a little fearfully, dreading a mercurial outburst of despair. But his face only went white with pain, and he looked unseeing off above the enclosing pines. Then in a moment his jaw set and he turned to her eyes as steady and hard as flint.

"June, you're going to love me," he told her quietly. "I'm going to *make* you."

Again she felt the pull of that strong current that underran their relations, and after a moment he asked:

"Is there anyone else?"

She hesitated long for her bewilderment and perplexity were very great, and she was alone and inexperienced.

"Oh, I don't know!" she said. He was strong, masterful, and yet there was the echo of another delicious music that he did not sound. "I don't know!"

He felt a little recompensing satisfaction. At least he had accomplished something. He had checked before she realized it, the conflagration whose first flame he had detected that day of the picture. She did not know! Then he and Baillie were on even ground.

"I don't want a final answer now," he said. "I'll wait." (How different, she thought, from Baillie's passionate claiming of her!) "I want you to *know* as I know, and you will. And when you do, time or distance, or anything that may happen, can never make any difference. But you're

going to love me, June, sometime, and when that time comes, you'll find love wonderfully different from anything you have ever known."

She looked up at him again. The pain had gone from his face and now it seemed strong and rugged, glowing with an intense inner light. She had studied it often, trying to read what life had written there, but tonight it was revelatory. Sensitiveness and feeling were plain; and perhaps mystery and tragedy. Tragedy most of all?

They talked little after that except for cheerful generalities. Silences fell, silences characteristic of their intimacy, and June felt a deep and abiding peace. Temple always brought her that.

Then through the dusk there sounded a clear, cadenced whistle and the girl stopped, her face quickening.

"Shall we go back now?" she asked, and he turned without a word. But the pain had come back. Temple knew that whistle. Baillie had come.

By the loom of the dwelling with its yellow, lamp-lit windows, they met him. He seized the girl's hand eagerly and then nodded curtly to Paul. The three sat down on the edge of the low veranda and exchanged perfunctory commonplaces.

Then when Paul was about to go, the door opened and Fleming Magregor came out.

"Is Mr. Temple there?" he inquired, peering at the dim figures.

Paul rose.

"Will ye have a pipe?" the factor invited, after responding shortly to Baillie's greeting, and waved towards the heavy chairs in a corner of the veranda.

Paul accepted gratefully. They seated themselves, the factor methodically shaving his hard plug of tobacco in silence. His contempt for Paul's fine-cut weed was monumental.

"Wad ye like to go huntin' say Thursday?" he began abruptly, when the fire was bright in the briar bowl. "The deer should be driftin' back towards Skull Lake for the lily-pads the noo."

Would he like to try it? Would Bryan like to make a speech or Carnegie be interviewed? Paul could have stood on his head for the solemn gray man. But he had no proper gun, he mourned.

"I've plenty. I'm a bit of a sportsman, as we all have to be up here."



"I'm making you a star as quick as I can, aint I?" he complained. "My God, it seems to take forever!"

They talked on, planning the details. In the midst of it Baillie and June, who had been murmuring together at the edge of the veranda, rose and strolled away in the darkness.

A mad jealousy burned all of life to ashes for Paul. But worse than that, as he watched them go, was the fear. How little she knew! How determined Baillie was!

Paul shivered, though not with the cold. How much longer, he asked himself, must he wait for the opportunity he sought? A fierce impulse to rise and follow them, to triumph with the strength of his hands over that subtle villainy, surged through him. But he fought it down. The time was not yet, and he must bide the time. A false move and he would throw June irrevocably into Baillie's arms.

He apprehended little that he heard of deer hunting that night.

CHAPTER IX

WHEN Paul awoke that dawn under the vigorous shaking of the cook, it had narrowed to a swift, foam-flecked stream. The bank where the half dozen of the Graphic party sat was low and rocky; the green forest was in the background. Two canoes loaded with camping paraphernalia were beached upstream, and two others strained and knocked in the current before them.

Over everything hung a mantle of noise, a loud monotonous roar, the senseless brawl of fast water. Downstream the river banks closed in to form the high black walls of a gorge amid which the tossing waves of a rapid showed like white teeth. And in a patch of sunlight against one of those walls swung a thread, and at the end of it a man with a tiny machine—Gene Perkins getting ready for the shot.

The group on the bank, which included Paul, June, Elsie Tanner, Baillie and others, watched a colloquy between a man and a woman at the water's edge. The latter, garbed in Indian dress, was speaking fast and passionately and the other, with battered hat pushed back on his square head and arms akimbo, replied sharply at intervals.

Then suddenly the girl buried her face in her hands and sank down on the stones

weeping. Briscoe looked at her a moment, shrugged, and turned up towards the waiting group. He came slowly and dejectedly. For the first time in his life he looked beaten.

"French has funk'd it cold," he announced. "She says I've no right to ask her to go through that gorge in a canoe." He made a motion with one hand. "Even a thousand-dollar bonus didn't get her. Guess we'll have to fake it at some nice little mill-race in New Jersey." His scorn equalled his disappointment.

Silence fell on the little group. Paul, Elsie Tanner and Baillie had also been destined to make that whirlwind trip between black walls, and French's vacillation and delay had been trying. For a week rain and cloudy weather had held them up, and now after an all-day trip to this location, the leading lady had finally knifed the "take."

Baillie moistened his lips and a little color came back into his face. Elsie Tanner, who in her cheerful, unobtrusive way had faced every peril known to man without a qualm, smiled, and Paul frowned. He looked up at Briscoe and spoke soberly:

"I'm not dying to go through there—" he nodded towards the rapids—"but if we don't get that thrill, the film's a failure. We *must* get it somehow, Tom."

"Perhaps we could find a less dangerous rapid that French would go through," suggested Baillie.

"There ain't one within a hundred miles," growled Briscoe. "And what do I care for a less dangerous rapid? I want punch in this picture!"

A perplexed and hopeless pause fell. Then suddenly June, who had been listening, spoke:

"Perhaps I could go through, Mr. Briscoe. I'd like to try."

Everyone turned to her, staring, unbelieving. Baillie started to speak but checked himself.

"You *would*?" A look, combined with dazzling joy, admiration and amazement, lighted Briscoe's face.

"Yes, if Miss French would let me have her costume. I think it would fit me." She spoke a little eagerly now. The color of excitement was in her cheeks.

Briscoe bounced to his feet as if he had been made of rubber.

"Great!" he cried. "Miss Magregor,

you've saved us. That bonus is yours, and anything else the Graphic Company's got. By thunder, you're my 'star of the north'."

The girl flushed with pleasure. She was in awe of this live-wire genius, but she knew the value of his praise. She turned from him to Baillie, who was mumbling in her ear.

"Dont do it, dear," he was pleading thickly, "don't take that risk. If anything happened to you—"

"It would happen to you, too, Jack. We're going through together." Her eyes rested on him a little surprised.

"I know, dear, but—are you sure you can do it?"

"No, I'm not, but I want to try. It will be wonderful sport!"

She quivered with the nervous courage of the thoroughbred at the barrier. He said no more.

It was characteristic of French that, though she refused to chance the white water herself, she resented June taking her place. Her eyes snapped with jealousy as they changed clothes in the shelter of the thicket. She had heard, as Briscoe intended her to, that phrase "star of the north."

The director was now arranging the final mechanical details, casting a glance now and then up the canyon where the sun was gradually lighting it as noon approached. At its height it would flood the gorge for half an hour, and it was then the hazardous trip must be made.

Three cameras were to be used, one at the entrance to the rapid, a second suspended in midair half way through, and a third at the lower end to catch the final leap of the canoes into still water. Two assistants were helping with the artillery.

The "stunt" itself was a canoe race through the rapid, this being a climactic scene in the "Wilderness Idyl," and the most difficult of the troubles Briscoe's fiendish ingenuity had devised for the long-suffering Princess Na-shi-go.

Temple and Elsie Tanner, as man and wife, were supposed to be fleeing from the mysterious vengeance that had pursued them ever since they had married and come into the northland, and hot on their heels followed the Princess and the trapper (Baillie) who was in love with her.

At the water's edge the men were examining the canoes. They were stout, tried

craft ballasted evenly with what for the sake of the picture represented duffe, but was really stone. They would ride steadily and yet present plenty of freeboard.

"Elsie," said Paul, as his companion calmly took her place in front of him, "I like to work with you. You're a brick. There isn't a speck of yellow in you."

The quiet young woman who was neither beautiful nor brilliant, and who probably would never be great, colored swiftly and laughed with a sudden catch in her voice.

"I'd be all yellow if I didn't know *you* were behind me," she said, and almost revealed her long secret romance.

For a moment Paul pondered her unusual emotion. With manlike obtuseness he hoped after all she wasn't going to funk it!

June had finished dressing now and came down to the water's edge. She and Baillie took their places. Then several revolver shots from far up the gorge attracted their attention, and they turned to see Perkins's tiny white handkerchief waving.

"He's all ready up there," said Briscoe, "and the sun's right." The canyon stood revealed in the yellow glow, a forbidding place at best with its black, wet walls. "Now, children," he added, his eye on Baillie, "if any of you don't want to go through with this, say so now. Once you go in there's no stopping till you come out. If you turn over in the middle good-bye. I've got men waiting at the other end to take care of you, but they'll be no good in the rapid."

"Let's get it over," growled Temple, and switched his canoe around. The rest remained silent.

"All right. Go ahead. But Baillie, you let Temple get through before you start." The preliminary stages of the race leading up to the plunge into the white water, would be filmed later if the big "stunt" was successful.

The two craft struggled a short distance upstream and turned. Paul glanced anxiously at Baillie. Was June facing two dangers in this daring trip?

"Ready, Elsie?" They were kneeling, firm-set.

"Yes."

"Then, go!"

The two paddles dug the water and the canoe leaped forward.

Swiftly they passed the camera that was

taking the "approach," and as swiftly the spot where Briscoe stood, his face drawn and tense. Then the rocky banks commenced to rise and close in, there was an icy breath of dank air, and the clamor of the many-tongued water rose louder and louder. Then before them a wave, the grandfather of all waves, rose up, and shook its hoary head and shouted. The next instant it had mysteriously disappeared beneath them, and chaos had begun.

The bow slewed sidewise as a wave slapped it and the crest shot into the boat. Paul recovered and swung her back. Already he was drenched and half blinded with spray. Then, the first shock past, the exhilaration of the struggle thrilled him. His brain cleared and he felt himself possessed by an exultant, savage joy of power—the power of man conquering blind, destructive nature.

Now the clamor was deafening and the water one mass of leaping white interspersed with smooth black patches. Then suddenly something suspended in the air rushed towards the canoe, loomed large, seemed about to strike it, and flashed by. It was Perkins filming the wild flight.

At last when Paul had commenced to feel that the world was all noise and motion and drenching icy water, there was a final toss and leap, and they shot out upon a wide, green pool that was strangely still. The third camera, stationed on a jutting rock, caught them as they did so, and the waiting men from the camp cheered.

The impetus of their flight sent them across to the rocky edge of the pool and, as Paul steadied the canoe with his hand, he looked back. The others were not in sight, apparently had not yet started.

Elsie Tanner climbed out and then sat down suddenly, trembling with the weakness of reaction. Paul, when he landed, also found himself affected, and to recover walked slowly around the pool to the point where the camera man stood.

"Here they come."

Far up the wild perspective, now glimpsed, now smothered from sight, tossing like a chip, came the canoe. Sherman at Temple's side was grinding steadily.

Paul's heart beat fast. What of Baillie? Would he come through? Would he crack?

On they rushed, swerving and leaping in

a boil of foam. They swept past Perkins; they shaved a jagged tooth of rock, and were in the last descent. Then, in the final rattle, at the lip of the pool, the canoe slewed dangerously. Temple shouted an important warning, Baillie tried to recover, failed, and the next instant they had struck a submerged boulder. There was a sharp crack as the canoe broke in two, and the paddlers were flung bodily down into the pool, the *débris* rushing after them. Both disappeared.

It had all happened so swiftly, just on the verge of success, that Temple stood for a moment stunned and paralyzed. Sherman, cursing in a monotone, methodically turned his camera and continued to grind.

Then as Paul jerked himself to life, Baillie appeared above the surface. He gasped for breath and flung the water from his eyes. Then recollection seemed to come to him, and he looked about as if searching for June. Not seeing her, he hesitated, and then with a strange moaning cry of terror, struck out madly for shore.

As Temple leaped he saw June reappear, and as he swam for her, he suddenly realized the danger of that still pool. All the force of the tumbling water expended itself in swirling, powerful currents that sucked down everything that floated.

Five yards from the struggling girl she disappeared again, and gulping a mouthful of fresh air Paul dove after her. Already he ached in every limb from the icy water, and his soaked clothing seemed leaden.

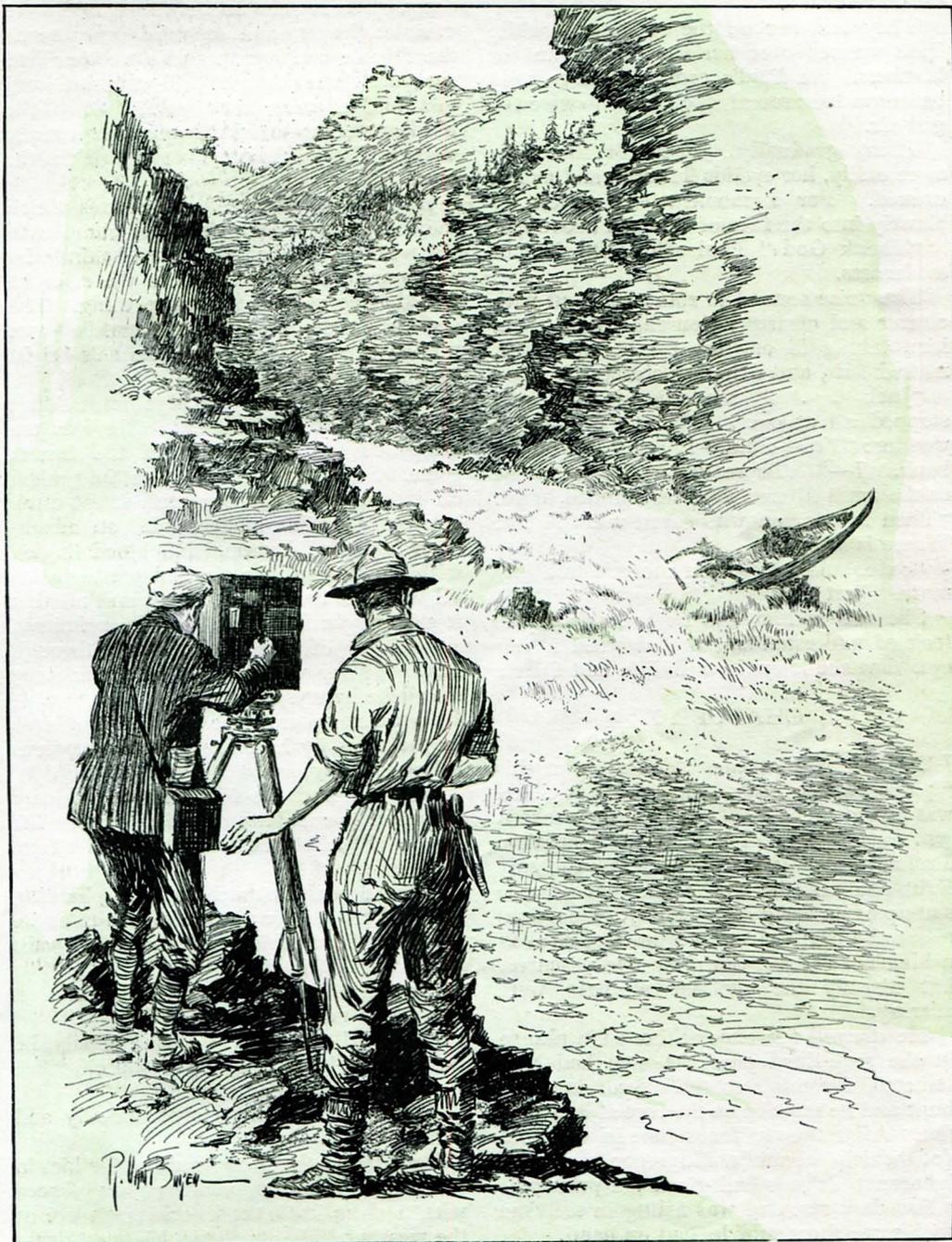
Then opening his eyes in that sinister green light, he saw her dimly and clutched her as she went by. Luckily he caught her by the collar of her deerskin dress, and had a little advantage in the desperate fight up to the blessed air.

The struggle became a nightmare horror, a confused chaos of roaring noises and of vast weights that sought to crush him. Then at last he felt someone clutch him from above, and heard a man's voice say indistinctly:

"Good for him, he's got her. Now haul 'em aboard."

He felt the warm sun on his face, and, releasing his bursting lungs drank deep of the sweet, life-giving air.

Five minutes later, somewhat recovered, he helped the two men who had put out in the canoe, lift June ashore. She had been unconscious when rescued, but already was



Baillie tried to recover, failed, and the next instant they had struck a submerged boulder. There was a sharp crack as the canoe broke in two.

commencing to gasp and moan as her senses returned.

They laid her on the rocks, and while Paul worked over her the others ran for blankets. At Paul's command those who had crowded around stood back to give the girl air.

Then, gradually, June's breath came more easily, her eyelids fluttered and at last opened. For a moment she stared up blankly into the face of the man above her.

"Thank God!" Paul said, with fervent tenderness.

The voice seemed to rouse her, and with clearer and clearer vision she stared up at him, taking in one by one his wet face, matted hair, and dripping clothes.

"Jack . . ." she said faintly, and stopped all at once. Then in a voice of wonder: "*You—Paul—!* I saw you on the bank. I—" There was a longer pause as the truth filtered into her stunned brain. "Then it was you who saved me. . . . Where is *he*?"

"Safe. And now you mustn't talk any more. Just rest."

She obeyed him, but he knew from the look of understanding that dawned in her eyes that she knew how Baillie had failed.

CHAPTER X

IT was a wild scene. The river at this place twenty miles below Fort McLeod was a mad torrent. When Temple awoke it was to a feeling of delicious anticipation. Pushing back the tent-flap, he saw the gray light and felt the chill wind that precede sun-up of an early Autumn day. The pines about the camp clearing were wreathed in a bluish mist, and the river was obscured, but already the curtains of haze were stirring.

He dressed for once without his plunge in the rock-lined pool the men had constructed, for this was the day of the deer hunt and he must be at the fort at half past five. After the strenuous time in the rapid (of which Fleming Magregor was still ignorant) Briscoe had given the principals a few days rest and was filling in the time with some short stuff he had on hand.

At the cook tent Paul shocked himself into consciousness with two cups of scalding coffee, and a light collation consisting of ham and eggs, bread and butter, and pie. Then he went down to the pier. On

the way he passed through the sleeping camp. The log shacks, ten altogether, were completed now, and occupied by some of the female contingent. The weather had sharpened warningly as fall advanced, and the nights were very cold. Only the harder women braved them under canvas, though all of the men were still in the open.

At Baillie's tent he heard sounds which indicated the other's complete oblivion to the world. But had he looked behind him as he went down the hill to the river he would have noticed a strange thing. The snoring suddenly ceased, the tent-flap was pushed back furtively, and Baillie's bright eyes watched his departure.

But a suspicion of such significant things never crossed Paul's mind. He was too happy in the anticipation of the day to come. Stepping into his canoe, he pushed off into the swift current and swept away between the blue misty banks, an adventurer in the wilderness. His blood tingled with the elixir of the air, and putting aside all that life had been to him, and all that it still might bring, he felt the primitive, animal joy of mere being surge through him. To-day was his and he should take it and be happy.

In token whereof he startled the birds in the trees by bursting into a melodious bellow of song.

As he neared the fort he was suddenly surprised to see June awaiting him on the beach. She listened to his musical efforts judicially.

"There won't be much use going hunting if you keep that up," she told him as he landed. "Everything old enough to walk will be in Alberta."

He waved her aspersion lightly aside.

"You're not going with us!"

"Oh, no,"—she spoke a little hastily, he thought—"I'm just up to see you off."

"I feel properly honored."

She laughed a little constrainedly and turned up the bluff.

Paul found the factor waiting for him in front of the fort, granulating plug tobacco with a clasp knife, and cocking an eye at the weather. He welcomed his guest dryly and handed him his rifle. In Magregor's handling of the weapon, and his abstracted manner and speech Paul recognized the characteristics of the devotee, the zealot of the chase, a direct descendant of Nimrod.

"We'll strike eastward in the direction of Skull Lake," said the factor, presently, and swinging up the light pack he started at once. From the edge of the clearing Paul waved June good-bye. She replied, but his half presentiment of other things afoot that he knew nothing of increased.

Once the hunters had gone, June turned quickly back to the fort and went inside. An hour later she reappeared laden with a variety of utensils and packages, and went down to the beach at the river. By this time the brisk northwest wind had licked up the mists and the sun shone brightly.

Shortly after seven a red spot appeared on the river up-stream and grew rapidly larger. It developed into a canoe paddled by a man, and presently Jack Baillie grounded the craft at her feet, and leaped out on the sand.

He impulsively seized both her hands.

"Have they gone?" he asked.

"Yes, an hour ago."

"Great! And now for our wonderful day together!" He laughed gaily throwing back his head, his eyes sparkling.

She wished to release her hands which he still held, and employed some of her newly acquired tact.

"Jack, do help with the duffle. I was going to wait for you to carry it down the bluff, but—"

"Well, you poor little snow-bird!"—he sprang towards the offending provisions—"You shan't do another thing to-day. You shall sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam—"

"And help Mr. Baillie to paddle the stream," she finished for him archly, and he gave a whoop of appreciation.

At the canoe she noticed that there was already considerable stuff aboard.

"Did you bring things, too?" she asked, puzzled. "We can't begin to use all this in one day. Don't you remember I said you needn't bring anything?"

He laughed easily, and swept his mane of dark hair back with one hand.

"Yes, June, dear, but you know how it is. I thought perhaps there mightn't be enough, and then—perhaps I've got a surprise—you don't know!"

"Oh, um! A surprise? What is it?"

They talked surprises until the canoe was ready. Then, taking their places in bow and stern, they pushed off down-stream.

And all at once the similarity of their positions to those of the disastrous day at the rapid, struck them both, and the sudden chill of unexplained things crept between them.

Baillie felt it at once, and talked on with almost desperate gaiety. In their single meeting since the catastrophe he had continually sensed June's unanswered question; realized that he had lost ground with her. His excuse for his failure (loudly proclaimed from the moment the Graphics had started back to camp after the accident), was that the wrecked canoe had struck him on the head and dazed him in the final plunge.

But this received little credit at camp. For one thing he never offered to show the mark of the injury. He faced a courteous and careful, but none the less absolute, Doubt.

He and June had spoken of the affair but once, and then Baillie had pleaded his case with a sincerity born of strenuous self-conviction. He had convinced himself that he was helpless at the time, and he did his best to convince her. But he had felt when he finished, just as he felt now, that her attitude towards him had lost some of its responsiveness. It was detached, withdrawn; as if she were sitting in judgment.

Appreciating this, Baillie's eyes flashed with sudden anger and his cruel mouth set into a line of determination. To-day he would counteract this failure; he would sweep her off her feet. He had planned this expedition the night he had heard Fleming Magrager invite Temple to go deer-hunting, and he was going to make the most of it.

They left the fort behind them and rounded a magnificent curve of the steel-blue river. The breeze was cool, but the warmth of the sun tempered it and made the sparkling air like wine. June loved the feel of the wind in her face, and presently took off her jaunty little knockabout hat with its red feather, and thrust it into the narrow bow of the canoe before her.

And as the green and yellow banks glided by, she tried occasionally to reply in kind to Baillie's banter. But without spontaneity. Her thoughts and feelings upon this crisis in their relationship were too earnest; her remembrance of the occurrence too vivid.

Her point of view was characteristic.

It was incomprehensible to her that he could have funked that rescue, for with his impetuous, passionate love-making, he had come to embody her girlish dream of a romantic lover. According to the world-old formula his virtues must be noble; his vices splendidly melancholy and mysterious. He may even have been wicked (how eagerly she would forgive the penitent!). Dashing, debonair, reckless, temperamental, tender! All these. But a coward! Never!

And most damning of all was the fact that he excused himself. In her ideal of him there was no place for excuse. He accomplished, or if he failed, his own death was his one and unanswerable defense. . . . During these days she had pondered long and deeply, and try as she might to excuse him to herself, she somehow could not.

They paddled easily down-stream, sweeping along almost without effort. Occasionally a banded and crested king-fisher would drop like a plummet into the shallows, or a fish-hawk flap heavily along before them. Crows scolded invisibly in the forest, and once there was a great crashing of underbrush that June said was the frightened progress of deer or moose.

Five miles below the fort they came at last to two islands. One was of good size, some quarter of a mile long: the other, lower down, was smaller, circular in shape, and thickly wooded. With its outcroppings of gray rock it looked like an impregnable fortress.

June turned the prow of the canoe toward the larger, but Baillie veered it away.

"I thought we were going to Mink Island," the girl said, turning in surprise. He laughed.

"Oh, I like the little one so much better. You told me the other day it hadn't any name" (they had passed these islands on their way to the "take" at the canyon), "so I thought we'd go there and seize it for ourselves, and name it."

"Oh, that *will* be fun!" She fell into his mood. "What shall we call it?"

"Our Island. Do you like that?"

"Oh, yes. How do you think of such nice things to say?"

They approached the tufted rock cautiously for it showed no beach. The white birches, their feet embedded in moss, grew to the very water's edge, and it was by

catching hold of one of these that they finally landed.

Then they worked together unloading the canoe, laughing with the zest of adventure.

"We're explorers," she said, "and we've come down this river for the first time. No one but the Indians have ever been here before. Oh, I wish it were true. I've always so wanted to be an explorer."

"So do I wish it were true," he replied, with a different intonation, "just we alone, and no one else—forever!"

When the duffle was unloaded Baillie tied the painter of the canoe to a tree trunk, and they "portaged their supplies inland," as June's fancy described it. "Inland" on their six acre domain proved to be a little natural clearing which both greeted with shouts of delight.

Then as the hours flew they fished from the rocks in sublime disregard of risk, the tackle for this being Baillie's surprise. And after that came the divine hour of razor-keen appetite, the incense of cooking things, and the merry meal. . . .

When they had finished a more subdued mood came upon them. June sat leaning against a tree, and Baillie reclined beside her resting on one elbow.

"If it were only true," he said, softly, "that we were here together, just you and I, to stay away from the world as long as we wanted. What a place for a honeymoon!"

She could not meet his ardent gaze, and her eyes dropped. His hand went out and took hers, and this time she did not draw it away. And while he held it he talked on, telling her of his love, and all the while watching her closely for signs of returning subjection to him.

And she—because that day together had been so perfect, their companionship fraught with such delightful untrammelled joy—she felt again his strongest appeal, an appeal that at once lulled her feelings and stimulated her emotions. So perfectly did he fulfill in every regard what her imagination demanded of him, that she forgot the one stigma he still bore.

Wearied like children who have played long, they sat there while the hours of the sun-lit afternoon drifted away. And stronger and stronger in the man grew the conviction that he had triumphed at last.

(Continued on page 158)



THE IRON STRAIN

By Mrs. Ray Long

AS THE LAW OF LOVE RUNS
NORTH OF FIFTY-THREE

Produced by Thos. H. Ince

IT is a commonly accepted theory that the best and worst in man is brought out only by woman. Ezra Whitney believed it. But although he thought himself as good a judge of human nature as he was of the means to amass wealth, it had never occurred to him that the theory was quite as true the other way round till a short time after the coming out party of his spoiled, orphaned granddaughter, Octavia Van Ness.

"Octavia, dear, shake that young dandy, Lockwood, and his friend, Lord Twiddle-dee," he said one afternoon as he entered the drawing-room of his New York town house. He had met the two young men on his steps, leaving. It was the third time that week that he had met them in the same place.

"Grampy, do be more elegant," was the girl's only answer.

A half twinkle lighted up the old man's eyes but his words were still a command. "Well, let them down easy then," he said.

"Why?" There was cold opposition in the clear young voice.

"Because they are not the kind of men I want my little girl to see so often," he answered gently.

"But Harry Lockwood and Lord Twiddle-bee belong to the best families here and in England," argued Octavia. "They have beautiful manners and they are my friends. What is there against them?"

"They've each got a sweetbread for a brain," answered her grandfather tartly.

Octavia's eyes flashed with anger till the tears of self pity came to put the fire out. "You are horrid," she cried. "If you don't want me to have nice men friends, what do you want? I suppose you'd ra'ther have me with the di-irly men who work in your

sho-ops." And sobbing passionately she ran from the room.

Octavia was the last of the Whitney family. Since babyhood she had been her grandfather's pet. At first he had picked for her the most indulgent nurses and the biggest dolls. Later he had hunted till he found the easiest select boarding-school to finish his darling off. And when she was grown to lovely, young womanhood with a face like a rose gleaming from a cloud of dusky hair, he had brought over the interior of a French palace to make his home worthy of her. He had not thought indulgences would hurt her. "The little girl has the stuff in her," he always argued when his methods were questioned. Now for the first time he was in doubt.

He knew he was not wrong in the attitude he had just taken toward Octavia's callers. Her manner told him that she had more than a passing interest in one, he didn't know which. And he also knew he couldn't think of entrusting her happiness or her wealth to either. Why, oh why did she, a Whitney, take to such worthless fops?

The virile old man was hurt in his pride; but he was honest with himself. He went into this problem with an open mind. And he passed for review before his keen eyes the short life of the last Whitney, who had been brought up and molded by himself, and who should stand in his place of power and fortune when he was gone. And he saw not a strong, sweet woman, but a pet, a little someone, who had never known anything finer than the life of a pampered kitten, whose comforts had all been furnished and whose fur had always been stroked the right way. Naturally this kitten girl wanted those around her who were experts at doing nothing but stroking fur the right way.

"Never known a man in all her sweet life, not even me," he said pityingly. "I've been a soft, old fool." He got up; his heavy gray eye-brows relaxed. He gave a few orders and before the next night, he and his disgusted granddaughter were on their way to visit their mines in Alaska.

A week later the Whitney train was panting like some fiery-eyed, undaunted dragon around steep Alaskan mountain sides, braving airy trestles over deep gorges or crawling cautiously over tumbling rivers. Octavia sat at the window of her

grandfather's private car and looked out into the gloom of the fast coming night with a shudder. Yet she was too fascinated to turn away. They were nearing the mining town built near her grandfather's holdings and something of the lure of the gold hunter had come over her. Her face flushed and her manner of bored endurance slipped from her as the lights of the town twinkled around her. Whitney was delighted at this first sign of interest. From the train they were taken to a comfortable house kept in readiness for the Whitney visits. At dinner Octavia asked the questions of an interested girl and her grandfather had the glow of feeling that comes when a carefully calculated plan has begun to work. But the morning changed all that.

Octavia had never seen a mining town. The word "gold" had always brought up to her visions of richness and beauty. In the strong, all revealing morning light she looked for those visions come true, for the promise of the twinkling lights the night before. And what she saw was what anyone sees in a mining town east, west, north or south, rows and rows of straggling, poorly built houses or rows of straggling, unlovely stores and saloons. Not a single thing of beauty, not a sign of richness. The disillusioned girl did not try to hide her hatred of it at all.

On their way back from a visit to the stampmills, they met Chuck Hemmingway, a son of the well known Judge Hemmingway of Boston, and whom Whitney had summoned to call on his granddaughter. Young Hemmingway owned a mine farther inland, which he looked after himself.

"My granddaughter isn't impressed with our country," said Whitney after he had introduced the young people.

Hemmingway was making the most of his opportunity to look into the face of the first girl of culture he had seen for a year. He saw the something in the short disdainful glance he got from Octavia's brown eyes that determined him to see more of it. "Oh, she'll love every peak in these mountains before she leaves," he answered.

"I prefer my mountains in Switzerland," said Octavia icily, and struck her horse with her whip. As she tore away her grandfather apologized quickly, and followed.

Hemingway stood where he had alighted to greet Octavia. He was a big man and strong. He watched the slight, girlish figure galloping away and his muscles swelled as a big man's muscles do when he's thinking of obstacles to be overcome. He was making up his mind to fight, if necessary, to get more and kindlier glances from this small antagonist, and he was unconsciously convinced that he was going to have need of all of his strength.

Octavia lost no time in vetoing her grandfather's plan to visit Hemmingway's and other outlying mines. She liked her gold minted and exchanged for the things that pleased her and she told her grandfather so. She hated Alaska. She hated Hemmingway's assurance in talking to her when she showed plainly that she didn't want to be talked to, and his daring to visit her and her grandfather in flannel shirt and boots.

"How would I look out here in the mountains in drawing-room clothes?" he asked after he had heard what she thought of his garb.

"I am sure I do not know; I should not look to see," answered Octavia.

Hemmingway set his jaws—and staid on. The girl was like a magnet to him.

As the days went by, Whitney despaired more and more of weaning Octavia from her frivolous life by interesting her in primitive people and country. He gave himself up as beaten. He told himself he had tried too late, had spoiled his granddaughter's life in bringing her up such a butterfly, and must take the consequences in disappointment. Finally, one afternoon when Hemmingway was

with them he announced that he and Octavia would start for New York the next day.

"Tomorrow?" repeated the young man.

"Yes, tomorrow," answered Whitney. "Come back with us in my car."

The announcement that Octavia would leave the next day made Hemmingway pale. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. But at the invitation to spend a week in close companionship with Octavia, his blood came pounding back. He hesitated, then shook his head.

"I can't tell you how much I thank you, but I'm needed here," he finally answered.

For the first time since their acquaintance, Octavia allowed herself to show a gleam of interest in Hemmingway and his affairs. She was surprised that the man who had bothered her with his attentions when she had so plainly shown him they were unwelcome, could resist this invitation to be near her. She was also piqued.

"You prefer to stay in this beastly hole to coming East with us?" she asked disdainfully.

"I shall always stay here the larger part of my time," he answered soberly. "The mountains are real."

Octavia gave him one annihilating glance, excused herself and left the two men together. But Hemmingway didn't look in the least annihilated as he turned



When Hemmingway tried to tempt her to eat, she dashed the plate to the floor.

to the older mining king. He argued something respectfully but vehemently. At first Whitney looked horrified. But as the younger man continued, the older grew thoughtful, then enthusiastic. They parted with a handclasp of unusual length. Hemmingway rode straight out to the shack of Joe Foxskin, an Indian whom he could trust. Whitney prolonged dinner with his granddaughter and kissed her with wistful fervor as they bade each other good night.

It was near midnight when Octavia felt rather than heard a movement in her room. She sat up trembling with fear trying to make it out. But, before she could detect what made it or cry out, a bandage was slipped over her lips and tightened with one twist. Then she felt herself lifted gently and carried toward the window. She tried to struggle and was conscious only of the queer feeling it gave her when her fists beat on arms that seemed made of hard, unimpressible bunches. Then dully some words said over again and again in her ear, took shape and meaning. "It is I, dear, Chuck Hemmingway. Do not be afraid."

Peculiarly, she realized, the words did dissipate all her fear. But a wild fury took its place. And her rage became so all absorbing that she remembered nothing of the swift ride that followed or that an Indian was with them. Her whole being resolved itself into one prayer, one determination, that she become strong enough, as this man was, to control circumstances. She had met a man, different from the puppets she had known, and that was the first effect of their contact.

It did not surprise her when she was set down in the poor little parlor of a Justice of the Peace or when she was told that she and Hemmingway would be man and wife before another quarter of an hour had ticked away. Still that fury possessed her, that fierce impulse to become strong too.

The questions of the Justice began. Mechanically she answered her share in the affirmative. She did not sulk or refuse. She acknowledged her defeat but with the hot feeling that she would be a conqueror in the end.

Hemmingway's cabin was up the canyon of a wild mountain near his mine. Its furnishings were made from the limbs of

the trees that had been felled for the logs to build it. The effect was rough and artistic. Octavia had seen such in the verandas of Adirondack Mountain houses. But she never had seen the kind of dishes that held the food set before her by Joe Foxskin's squaw. They were of granite ware. She loathed them. When Hemmingway tried to tempt her to eat, she dashed the plate to the floor. But it did not break. Like everything else in this rock-ribbed country, it was made for strength.

Octavia was allowed to do exactly as she wished and left almost entirely to herself. She was both mistress and guest of the cabin. The old squaw was the only servant.

One day about a week after bringing her there, Hemmingway came back for a heavier coat in the middle of the morning. His visit was unusual at that hour. Octavia never saw him till he came for lunch, as he breakfasted and went to work with his men. As he entered, Octavia, broom in hand, was teaching the squaw how to get the dust out of a corner. Hemmingway stood amazed.

"Any fool could push a broom around the room," snapped the girl, her face burning with anger at Hemmingway's evident surprise that she could do anything.

"I beg your pardon," began Hemmingway, confused, "but I didn't think you would—"

"Of course, you didn't," cut in Octavia with a haughty toss of her head, "but I've never had dirt around me and I don't intend to have it now," and she went on with her instructions as if Hemmingway were not there.

The young man forgot his hurry. He stood gazing at Octavia's energetic little figure with his heart in his eyes. And all the way back to the mine he saw only an imperious little face in a glorious frame of hair turned angrily toward him.

"Little queen!" he murmured. "If she only knew it, she could twist me round her slender little fingers. I'd give the mine for a bit of her love."

But while Hemmingway admired and his love grew, even he did not see all the change taking place in Octavia. Neither did she. In all her gilded school days, no one had ever told her that ability and power grow by using just as muscles do.

Perhaps no one had told her about her muscles either.

But in this outdoor world, the use of mind and muscle came naturally.

"You saucy squirrel, stop chattering, and tell me what you see up there," called Octavia one afternoon as she sat on the ground and looked up into a tree where a gray squirrel was making a great fuss. At the sound of her voice, the squirrel swung out gracefully from one branch to another and was gone. Octavia was jealous. Perhaps the instinct of some millions-of-years-off arboreal ancestor was working in her. Anyway she decided to go up the tree and find out for herself what the squirrel saw.

The trunk wasn't very difficult, as the branches grew low, but she slipped back again and again. Each time she went back made her more determined to go up. Finally she got a knee-hold in the first crotch and dragged herself up.

It was now a tug to get her skirt out of her way for the rest of the climb. Besides, her hands were scratched and her dress torn.

"Oh, what does it matter out here with

no one but Mr. Hemmingway to see me?" she told herself. "Up in these leaves will be a great place to hide when I want to get away," and on she went, stretching her young arms, pulling herself up as soon as she got a good hold, and using her knees as wedges to pry herself forward till at last she was high in the free breeze like a wild thing looking down on the affairs of earth.

"Oh-ho," she called just to hear the echo ring against the mountains.

"Oh-ho," came back her cry, short and sharp. She revelled in the sights and sounds from her eerie perch.

The sense of freedom got into her consciousness. "Oh, pretty birds," she cried to two magpies gleaming black and white in the tip top of a tall pine tree. "I wish I could live in the trees like you and the squirrels." Just then she heard a horrible squawking. She turned to see one of those swift tragedies of the forest. A hawk had swooped down on a blue jay's young just as the parents were returning with food. Both birds were trying to beat off the kidnapper.

"Fight, fight!" screamed Octavia as the three darted about and pecked each other in the air. "Kill the old hawk," and the excited girl almost fell out of the tree as she involuntarily started to help the parent birds. After the fighters were

The angry woman turned and rushed at her. But Hemmingway's big body was thrust between."



lost to view in the leafiness, she climbed down and started slowly toward the cabin, lost in reverie.

"Just a minute, little Missy."

The words came out of the thicket. Octavia started. Beside her in the leafy growths sat a leering, unkempt man. A bottle lay near. The man jumped up and stepped to her. "Nice little Missy, I won't hurt you," he drawled insinuatingly.

Octavia felt frozen. Something in the look and words frightened her as she had never been frightened before. As she started tardily to run, the man grabbed her by the arm. That grab warmed her chilled powers with wrath at the outrage. Her high voice rang out as if she were making echoes, only now the tone was agonized and the word was "Help!"

Hemingway was not far up the trail coming from work. With a few bounds of his horse he was there.

"Carrion," he snarled as his hard fists beat the face of the half drunken man till the blood spurted. Octavia turned away and hid her face in her hands.

"Was I too much of a brute?" he asked contritely as he dropped the now unconscious man.

Octavia took her hands from her white face. "No," she said, "only the blood makes me a little sick. You did just what I wanted to do to a horrid hawk that was stealing little blue jays today, and just what I'd like to have done to him," pointing to her assailant. "Will you teach me how to use a gun?"

Hemingway could have cheered. From his first look into Octavia's eyes, he had known that the spark of the woman with fire was there. All he had wanted was the chance to bring it out. He had brought it out, and he exulted. Yet in an instant his mood changed. He felt himself a weakling. Here was the mate of his ideals, sweet, dainty, cultured, and yet alive as he demanded his woman companion must be alive to her power of joint inheritor of the earth with man. And what had he gained? Not a look even that she would not have bestowed on an ordinary acquaintance.

As the days of the short summer went by, Octavia showed no sign that she grieved over her captivity. She had sent out letters at first to her grandfather by Hemmingway's carriers asking that he come for her. But she got no answer. Yet she was not troubled. Her days were full of new interesting things and a strange joyousness possessed her. After the incident when he had protected her with his fists, she spent more time with Hemmingway.

"Fine morning," he would often greet her. "Anybody want to help get grouse enough for supper?" Then Octavia would take the light rifle assigned her and away they would go down the rocky canyon to the pleasant little natural meadow widenings where the wood fowls came to eat grasshoppers. Often they would digress from the lower trail and strike up the mountain side to gather bright wild flowers or just to climb. Octavia's muscles grew springy as a doe's. She loved the very feeling of her lightness. But she also loved the exhilaration of the high places where she could look off



"You—you thoroughbred!" was all Hemmingway could manage in his emotion.

over the rolling mountains. She never refused the invitation to climb.

"Will you forgive me?" asked Hemmingway one day as he scaled a difficult rock and looked around startled to find Octavia beside him. "I forgot to help you."

"I will not forgive you," panted the breathless girl. "It was a compliment to forget me. I can climb wherever you can."

Strangely, Hemmingway wasn't as pleased at this and other like developments of the girl's strength as he had been. He began to think that if Octavia was a little less able she might accept some tenderness from him. He craved her entire companionship more and more. He was becoming desperate as to how he should awaken her love.

One evening as they sat in the white light of a pitch pine fire in the big fireplace that Octavia loved, Joe Foxskin brought Hemmingway a note. Octavia puzzled over the queer half smile that passed over his face as he read it. He got up, excused himself and followed the Indian out. Octavia was tired with the day's ramble so she went to her room and dropped drowsily onto her bed, telling herself she'd only nap a few minutes. In an instant she was asleep.

Suddenly she sat up. She was cold with a sense of disaster. There had been no noise, nothing to startle her, yet she felt a nameless danger. She jumped up and moved cautiously to the door of the one living-room. Before the fire in a large chair sat a woman who looked like the pictures of burlesque actresses Octavia had seen. There was too much of her in every way, too much rouge and powder, too much hair, too much ornamentation and by far too much flesh showing above the low bodice of her flashy gown. She had grasped Hemmingway with one naked arm and was trying to cajole him to sit on the arm of her chair. Octavia darted in.

"Who is this woman?" she asked coldly

of Hemmingway as he shook off the hold on his arm.

"So you are Chuck's little piece of rococo?" broke in the woman before Hemmingway had a chance to answer. "Now I'll tell you who I am. I'm Kitty Molloy. Chuck was sweet on me till you happened along while I was down Dawson way. Now I'm back and I'm going to have him." As the woman finished she again stretched out her arm to take hold of Hemmingway.

Instantly Octavia was like a tigress. She grabbed a chair, raised it above her head and whirled on the dance-hall actress. "Mr. Hemmingway's *my* husband!" she cried. "Touch him and I'll crush you as I would a worm! Get out of here!"

Hemmingway stood staring with almost unbelieving eyes at Octavia. The actress screamed for protection. But he did not hear. So she ran for the door and Octavia lowered her chair. As she did so the angry woman turned and rushed at her. But Hemmingway's big body was thrust between and with one push he had put the intruder outside. Then he turned to Octavia. The girl was trembling now, but her eyes blazed.

"Octavia," began Hemmingway hoarsely, "you called me your husband just now—*your* husband?" His whole manner was one eager question.

"Yes," snapped Octavia, "and I want you to know that if anybody tries to meddle with you, I'll smash her all up just as you did the man who grabbed me."

Hemmingway had to exult a second before he could move. Then tenderly, yearningly, he reached out his two hands to Octavia's face and held the precious countenance to him.

The hot fire of anger died out of the brown eyes and a shining light took its place.

"You — you thoroughbred!" was all Hemmingway could manage in his emotion. And it seemed to satisfy Octavia even if it was inelegant.

CHARLES CHAPLIN announces that he has taken unto himself a new pair of old shoes. He has trudged about in the famous old pair until there is hardly anything left of them. Mr. Chaplin will spend

all of his spare time cultivating a characteristic shape to the shoes. He won't tell where he bought the shoes but it is darkly hinted that he found them in one of the second-hand stores in San Francisco.



Sea-Going Movies

Swung between heaven and earth, with all supports eerily invisible at night, this motion picture screen was one of the biggest novelties and greatest attractions of the year on the sands of Brighton Beach, which lies a trolleyed forty-five minutes south of New York City. The chairs were filled each evening for many hours.

Honolulu's Garish Night

THE EXILED WORLD AND ITS
WIFE, AT THE PICTURE PLAY

By Nathaniel Pfeffer

If you can call Honolulu, as they do, the melting pot of the races, then surely it is the moving picture that stirs it. In all this intermingling of races, nationalities, civilizations and centuries the one plane where they all meet, the one thing that crosses all lines, is the moving picture. It is the only thing they all share, the only thing they all enjoy. You can see better films in better theaters in New York or Chicago or San Francisco or in any small village in the prairie states, but nowhere will you find them in a more picturesque setting.

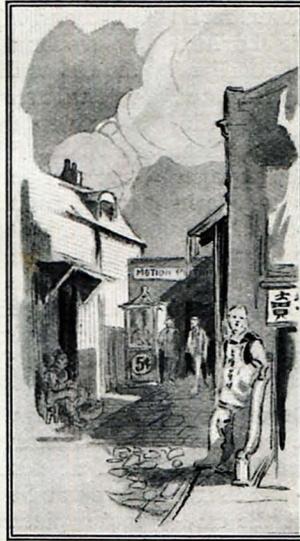
Picture to yourself at the end of a crooked, narrow alley a strange, shabby structure with tin walls, say twelve feet high, and open to the skies. Imagine the inside of that enclosure a row of wide planks set on cross-pieces on the uncovered ground, with a structure at one end that supports a large screen. Imagine that interior filled with an audience in which are seated side by side Japanese in their flowered kimonos and shambling "getas" or wooden shoes; Chinese, the women in their richly hued and dainty coats and trousers; Hawaiian women in their shapeless "holokus," a sort of Mother Hubbard; Filipinos, Koreans, Portuguese and a few whites and perhaps a man in United States army uniform. Picture that audience, so composed, dropping tears over the sorrows of Mae Marsh, quivering with excitement over the thrilling adventures of Kathlyn Williams, or rocking with laughter at the antics of John Bunny. Picture that and you have the

ordinary moving picture theater in Honolulu.

For here in this outpost of the United States, in the middle of the Pacific half way between America and Asia, there are intermingled, and in almost equal proportions, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Koreans, Americans, English, Germans, Portuguese, Russians, Spanish and scattered groups of other nationalities. While it is an American city and it takes its color from the Americans, to all intents and purposes every element of the population has preserved its own life and its own civilization. Each clings to its own customs, its own

manners, its own costume, its own churches and temples, its own language, its own magazines and newspapers, its own food, its own shops, its own theaters and music, its own amusements—and its own vices. Walk three blocks down Fort Street—the main thoroughfare—and you will pass people of seven or eight different nationalities and shades of color, wearing clothes of as many different kinds and colors, reading newspapers in as many different languages, conversing in as many different tongues. Follow each to his home and it will be as if you had with dream-like swiftness visited as many different parts of the world.

Honolulu is, in other words, a rough cross-section of the human race and the life of all its elements. All this, remember, in a city of 60,000 people and small enough to be comfortably placed in one corner of New York or Chicago; and, more than that, iso-



From their shops in quaint, crooked lanes they come to the arc-lighted kraal, where the light on the screen begins to flicker at sun-down.

lated in an island in the middle of the Pacific.

That the moving picture more than any other one thing should so completely have won its way in such a place, should so completely have conquered this world-population, means something. It is only a few years since the moving picture has found its way out here. Yet I am told there are no less than 35 motion picture theaters scattered in all parts of the city, and they are all prospering. And they are everywhere—in the business district, in the residence sections, in the Oriental quarter, on the slopes of Punch-bowl, an old extinct crater on the heights on which the Portuguese settlement sits, out in the plantation camps, at the army posts—everywhere. Wherever there is a group of houses there is also the tin-walled, roofless structure with its little stand in front that indicates the movies.

Nor do I know any place on the mainland—as continental United States is called out here—where the “movie craze” has any stronger hold than here. Under the soft tropical Hawaiian moon the cry of “Ma, let’s go to the movies,” is as insistent as it is in any flat-dwellers’ section of any city of the United States, even though it be voiced in a dozen different tongues. And under the tropical moon Ma and Pa and a quartet of eager youngsters, in kimonos and mandarin coats, bare feet and legs, troop eagerly to the movies.

So as soon as night has fallen they come as if by secret summons. From their quaint little shops in the quaint, crooked lanes; from the little barrack-like cottages of the plantation workers; from the homes of the more prosperous business men, the comfortable burghers, they come to the arc-lighted kraal where the light on the screen begins to flicker with the waning sun. There is the care-free Hawaiian, with his rich brown coloring, his happy-go-lucky manner, and his woman in her holoku. There is the wrinkled Japanese in his kimono with bare legs showing, and his wife with her gaudy “obi” and perhaps a baby hung on her back, papoose fashion; there is the dainty, piquant young Chinese girl in her lavender coat and trousers, her black shiny hair drawn tightly back from the forehead and caught in a knot by a

dull gold band, and jade earrings hanging from her ears; there is the aged Chinese sage, with his Oriental look of fathomless wisdom and the sparse chin whiskers for corroboration; and with him his wife, a bulky grandam, garbed soberly according to her years in black satin coat and wide bulging trousers, for her girth adequately measures her years. And there are the same giggling, unruly children who ask questions out loud and run up and down the aisles. It is a study in sociology, psychology, ethnology—what not?—to sit in such an audience and watch the play of emotion across those faces as one of the old-time hair-raising, blood-and-fire melodramas or a Keystone comedy is flashed on the screen. For the assortment of films is as odd as the audience; there are the old cast-off films of the pioneer days that have made their way down from the large cities across the Pacific, and there are some of the latest releases.

I spoke in a sense literally when I referred to their coming as if called by summons. The method of summons is unique enough to deserve mention. In the Oriental quarter on certain afternoons you will see little carts slowly threading their way through narrow streets and in and out of lanes. On each side of the cart will be white canvas spread with the sprawling scrambled Oriental characters, in which one line may be a chapter or a punctuation mark. On the wagon will be a Chinese or Japanese monotonously and phlegmatically pounding an ancient gong. Every few blocks he will stop, step down from his cart, and addressing the heavens, proclaim in high whining nasals what I know only from hearsay to be an announcement of a special attraction at some theater that evening. It may not be so effective, but it surely is more picturesque advertising than the newspaper columns.

I wonder if Mary Pickford and Mary Fuller and Francis Bushman or any of the others in the galaxy of stars in the big studios ever dream that their most ardent admirer may be some brown-skinned slip of a girl whose grandfather, garbed only in a loin cloth, combed the beach on a tropical isle in the Pacific; or a slender almond-eyed maiden whose ancestors centuries before the Christian

era delved in the mystic lore of the Land of the Dragon. I have no doubt you would find in the bare-walled room of many such a girl here, clipped photographs of her favorite moving picture actor worshipfully pasted on the wall over her bed. If in their moments of depression and doubt some of the actors and actresses of the camera could only realize into what undreamed-of places their work has brought happiness!

Speaking of clipped photographs, I should say in passing that when on my arrival here three months ago I walked up Fort Street from the dock, I passed a news-stand with out-of-town newspapers and magazines, and displayed thereon were copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. And later I was told by the newsdealer that it has a big sale. Perhaps that is as good proof as anything else of the moving picture's popularity.

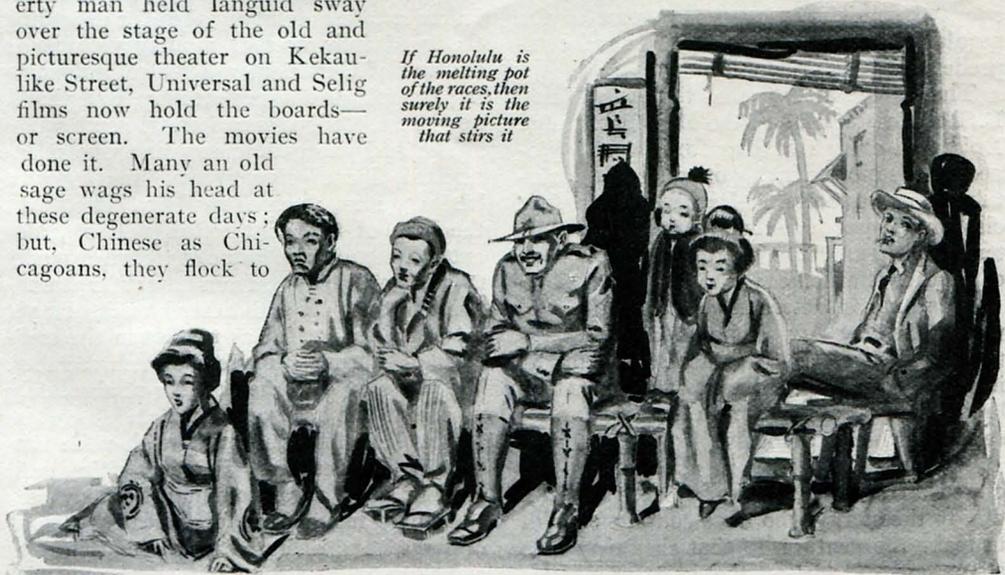
I found another familiar theatrical sign here. I discovered that not only in the big city is the moving picture "encroaching on the legitimate theater." It is encroaching here, too. There was a time when all the Oriental peoples had their own theaters with their own companies, playing native plays. But that time is gone. What was once the Aashi theater, where the gorgeous costumes of Japanese actors were paraded in age-long dramas, is now showing moving pictures. Where once the Chinese property man held languid sway over the stage of the old and picturesque theater on Kekaulike Street, Universal and Selig films now hold the boards—or screen. The movies have done it. Many an old sage wags his head at these degenerate days; but, Chinese as Chicagoans, they flock to

the movies, and dignity may go hang.

In stressing as I have the theaters of the Orientals and other foreign elements I may have given rise to some misunderstanding. I do not mean to give the impression that there are no theaters here but those of the tin walls. There are. The white population of course demands better theaters and films and gets them. There are in the center of the city four large theaters, where you can see the best feature films from the best studios, just as you can in any large city on the mainland. Annette Kellermann, for instance, packed houses for some time. So did "The Escape," "The Typhoon," or any of the other recent successes. You can see as good films here as you can anywhere else.

I laid such great emphasis on the humbler and unique places because I wanted to bring out what cannot be shown anywhere else so well as here—the universality of the moving picture. It requires for its understanding and enjoyment no common blood, no common environment, no common speech. It speaks with a universal tongue. Without the pompous pretense of many other arts and institutions, it is doing more, perhaps, to level race barriers, to bind the ties of humanity, than any other agency now at work. And that makes it more than a profession, more than an art. It lends those engaged in it a dignity that need look in envy toward none.

*If Honolulu is
the melting pot
of the races, then
surely it is the
moving picture
that stirs it*





The Hartford (Conn.) picture theatre which Rev. H. E. Robbins operated as a church adjunct.

Moving Pictures in the Church

HOW A MINISTER AIMS TO TEACH CHRIST IN PICTURES

"TO be as wise as 'the children of this world,' as Christ enjoined his emissaries, the duty of the churches is clear to adopt the moving picture as a part of the regular service for the instruction and comprehension of Christianity."

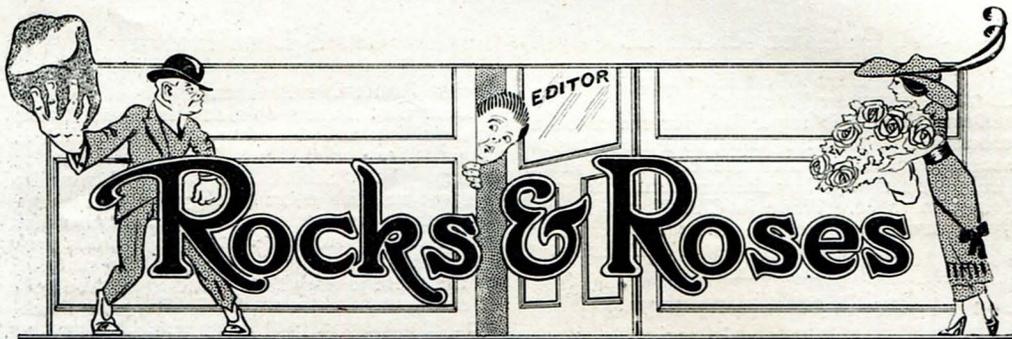
That is the assertion of the Rev. Harry E. Robbins, who as rector of a fashionable Episcopal church of Hartford, Conn., pioneered the movement by opening and maintaining as an ecclesiastical adjunct a first class moving picture theatre, despite the bitterest criticism from the tongues and pens of brother churchmen.

"Walking in where angels had feared to tread," is how Mr. Robbins characterized this experience. But his success was almost instantaneous. The press, and men of broad thought and vision in the community, supported him vigorously.

"I think I am now in a position," declared Mr. Robbins, "to point a definite way to the clergy who have courage enough to make the venture, so that they may take advantage of one of the greatest powers

for education that the race has yet seen, and that they may not come to wreck on the rocks of ignorant, bigoted prejudice. In order to carry out my plan for extending the good influences of moving pictures to the uses of Christianity, a centralized working organization was necessary, and that I now have. Wherever there is some wide-awake and energetic clergyman who is interested, I am going to send him a young business man from New York who, with the help of those interested, will organize enough responsible persons to run a model movie, good enough from an artistic standpoint to compete with other houses, and yet so clean and useful as to disarm the criticism of the most narrow church member. We will attend to the booking at absolutely no cost to the local organization."

Mr. Robbins is meeting with wide success in this venture. In many cities, and even in small rural communities, may now be found moving picture theatres owned or leased and operated by the churches, as a direct result of his vigorous propaganda.



JUST A FEW LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

A Body Blow!

London, Canada.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: It is not flattery when I tell you that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is the best all-round moving picture magazine. The photo-players' gallery is beautifully printed, and other departments are excellent. The only poor feature is the Rocks and Roses department, which, in my estimation is a waste of space. If these pages were used for "Letters to the Editor," where readers might express their views on different photoplays, they would be much better employed. Very truly,

GEORGE H. GALBRAITH.

Calls Fiction Lurid

Los Altos, Calif.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: Your magazine holds interest so well that I don't even like to abandon it for my meals. Hints on Photoplay Writing is of exceptional interest, especially when you have just answered an ad. (in ambitious despair) of a "scenario school." Now a rock! Some of your fiction stories remind me of a dime novel. Wouldn't it be better if you published the cleanest and most helpful stories. "The Fox Woman" in the September issue was decidedly bad. Sincerely,

A. WEILMAN.

He Says They're Great

Alameda, Calif.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: While waiting at the San Francisco ferry to commute across the bay, I usually glance over the magazines at the news stand. The other day I spied the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. I ran over the pages in haste, and seeing the picture of Theda Bara, purchased the magazine immediately. The stories are great, and I am sure from now on I will be one of the many constant readers. Very truly yours,

DANTE PATTARGA.

Forty-Nine Fever Again

Minneapolis, Minn.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: You have some magazine! I stumbled on it at a news stand four months

ago and it has opened my eyes to many things about the movies that make them ever so much more interesting than before. The beautiful pictures of California have given me the fever to move out there. Enclosed find money order for one year's subscription, for I do not want to be without it for a single issue. Yours truly,

U. ARTHUR FRASER.

He's Satisfied

Houston, Texas.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: The world-wide popularity of the motion picture has created a demand for an up-to-date periodical, dealing in an unprejudiced manner with the ever-changing conditions and happenings of filmdom. In PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE my longing has been satisfied, and in my opinion your magazine is as far ahead of your competitors as the East is from the West. Such a thorough understanding of the wants of the public as you display is an embodiment of the word "Service." Yours, satisfied,

CHARLES WINDHAM.

Why She Subscribed

Detroit, Mich.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Have only recently subscribed to your wonderful magazine, although I have been reading it for some time. I became so out of patience with missing a few numbers, just because the news dealer had sold out, that I decided to insure myself against future worry on that score. Sincerely,

MRS. H. J. H. HOSSBEIN.

Stories Improve Pictures

Utica, N. Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I attended the movies rather indifferently, until I became a reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Last week I saw "Seven Sisters," which was all the more enjoyable owing to my having read it in story form in your magazine. Sincerely,

PHYLLIS GRAY.

A Gulliver Reads Us

Port Allen, Hawaiian Islands.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: It is impossible for me to be a subscriber to your magazine, as I am going to sea and travelling over the country a great deal; but I always buy the magazine wherever I happen to be. While in Chile I missed the June number and wish it forwarded to me.

F. E. BEHRE.

In Good Company

Phoenixville, Pa.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

A good many years ago I read that one could always find something new in the Bible, the Constitution of the United States and Stephen Girard's will. I think Questions and Answers in PHOTOPLAY should be added to the list.

MRS. LEWIS J. EISEL.

Hall Room Art Gallery

Kirkwood, Mo.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Sir: My little hot room after my day's work used to look dreary and blue, but not any more since I've begun to read PHOTOPLAY, for all the lovely pictures are carefully cut out and pasted on the walls—*except* the one of sweet Mary Pickford with the tears. I love her so much I hate to see her sad. Sincerely,

ROSARY GOSTLY.

Confessed Truant

Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Sir: I have only one objection to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and that is my inability to concentrate on my studies as long as one of them is around. Of course no one is to blame for that but myself. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is undoubtedly the best magazine I ever put my hands on. Sincerely,

W. D. SEE.

Thanks!

St. Paul, Minn.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Sir: Your September issue has just arrived and I must congratulate you on the cover design. It's a masterpiece. Keep up the good work. The whole magazine is getting better with every issue. Sincerely,

D. T. STETSON.

Summer Flirtation

St. Paul, Minn.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

I think your magazine is one of the most entertaining companions for the hot summer months. The impressions by Julian Johnson are superb. Please give us more of them, and keep up the interviews, for they are fine. I would like to see interviews with Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, who are my favorites.

Sincerely, ALICE MAAS.

Wants Less Fiction

Oakland, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: In my opinion the fewer stories you publish, and the more articles, the better. Your "Seen and Heard" Editor must be asleep. The "Scott's Emulsion" joke in the August number is fully 10 years old, and I note that several of the contributions are merely copied from the leading humorous publications. You must be hard up for material to use these jokes. Your stand against schools is excellent. On the whole, I think your magazine is without a peer in its field, and getting better every issue. Very truly,

H. F. RUSSELL.

The American Mail

Rushcutters Bay, Paddington, Australia.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I beg to congratulate you on your splendid publication. I look forward with keen zest to the arrival of the American mail, principally because it brings my PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Sincerely,

WALTER H. SULLY.

Cover Admired

Jersey City, N. J.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

I am an admirer of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and have a bookcase for that publication alone. I was much pleased with my favorite, "The Goddess," on the September cover.

ANNA MCCLELLAN.

Blow the Blue Nose!

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: It seems to me that a publication of the character of PHOTOPLAY should exert its influence, through a wide circulation, more strenuously on the question of censorship. I am not in any way interested financially in pictures, but as an American citizen it galls me to have a group of men appoint themselves the guardian of my susceptibilities. If you took a more vigorous stand I believe you could drive these "blue-noses" out of business. Will you help the fans, as they deserve? Very truly,

William H. Caulke.

A Literary Reveille

New Orleans, La.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: In one respect your magazine has proved a real blessing in our home. My son is just twelve years old, and a harum-scarum sort of boy, with no interest in books. When PHOTOPLAY comes, however, he joins the general struggle to be first to read it. I never was able to interest him in reading, try as I might, but your publication seems to have solved my problem. Although I am glad to see him take interest in the magazine, I sometimes wish he wouldn't make it so intense, as I get impatient to read the latest in your delightful magazine myself. Sincerely,

Mrs. Raoul V. De Belleville.

"The New Twist"

By Phil Lang

(Vice-President of the Kalem Company)

NOTE:—Mr. Lang has been for some years editor of Kalem, and is now in a higher office. His concise, forceful statements on new angles in the craft of photoplaymaking, given below, should find countrywide appreciation. Mr. Lang's authoritative comments were written exclusively for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

WHERE do the ideas for all these pictures come from?

When an old idea is revamped, one can see from a careful analysis that some novel element has been incorporated in the story. The fan aspiring to photoplaywriting, however, frequently loses sight of this new twist and forms the impression that he can sell old ideas to the film companies. Perhaps he does not wittingly attempt to market ancient themes, but at least he does not analyze his work to determine how much it offers that is new.

The producers of photoplays naturally feel that if an old idea is to be revived and offered to the public in a new form, they can do the writing themselves; in fact, they can reconstruct the old theme to meet their particular requirements to better advantage than can the outsider, and, consequently, when buying subjects from contributing writers, they demand plays which are striking in their originality of theme and development. Thus, newcomers to the photoplaywriting field meet with repeated rejections until they familiarize themselves with the hundreds of plots which have been picturized. And today, the writers who have met with success in the past discover that the essential which results in sales, "something new," is extremely difficult to find.

While searching for plot material, scores of authors have turned over the pages of histories of all ages. Some have found inspiration in the Bible, while others keep a carefully classified scrap-book of newspaper headlines. Many have taken the situations found in old books, plays, poems and songs out of copyright. The ingenious frequently are able to reverse the premises in current plays and stories.

Again we find an old situation given a new twist by change of environment, and after doing service in that guise it is given an additional twist, thereby prolonging its usefulness.

Therefore, while photoplaywriting always has been a very serious proposition, it becomes more exacting each day because of the enormous utilization of screen material.

Many writers have discovered that worthy plays of their authorship, given careful, artistic production, have failed to present the novelty which brought about the acceptance. And photoplay editors find to their dismay that plays which they accept at times present an undesirable similarity, despite the fact that the stories contained little in common. An explanation is found in the fact that photoplay narration itself has been following a certain fixed groove.

A person possessing a trained, plotting mind, can, upon noting certain premises established in the opening scenes, forecast the denouement in the majority of photoplays. Ninety-nine screen stories in a hundred are told in the same manner because writers and producers follow what they believe to be the only style of construction. In other words, the new twist given the story fails to make the play distinctive because it is set forth in a proverbial sequence. Naturally, no matter how the play is plotted we have the sequence of (1) introduction of characters and the establishing of their relationship, (2) premises and interest, (3) incident, (4) denouement, (5) climax. But through the conventional introduction of characters and establishing of premises we frequently foresee the ultimate action.

Suppose, however, that the situation which is commonly the denouement of the

average photoplay is made the introduction. Then, of course, it is no longer the denouement. The real denouement will occur in its proper place. But we will have started with a unique premise which necessitates original treatment.

While the analogy between the mechanics of the fiction writer and those of the photoplaywright is difficult to draw, because of the varying methods, let us consider for a moment what the result would have been had all of the great authors of literature followed a common formula. All plots, apart from individual styles of expression, would be built along the same lines. De Maupassant would be criticized because he reminded us of Poe, and Poe would be glaringly apparent in Balzac. True, the art of literature has come down through the ages, broadening, developing and presenting new styles. The photoplay is still a new art. Producers, having many stories to tell, have been satisfied with a definite style of exposition, but this, apparently, is beginning to present a certain monotony.

Obviously, then, the new twist in the photoplay is wider in its scope than the mere treatment of theme. No method of dramatic or literary expression has ever presented such varied resources. The photoplaywright is not limited by the single viewpoint of the short story writer. If the latter is artistic and convincing, he narrates everything as seen through the eyes of his central character. John Brown states that he will go to the station and see if the five o'clock train has arrived with his crate of strawberries. He finds them damaged and writes a letter of complaint. In the photoplay, the audience doubtless would have seen the strawberries placed in the express car, and later observe the expressman roll a heavy trunk against the crate. John Brown would be shown, waiting in happy anticipation, and by actual visualization of the expressman's carelessness, the audience would be prepared for Brown's righteous complaint. The photoplay shows in action what the fiction writer and stage dramatist must necessarily convey by description and dialogue, and as many viewpoints are taken as are necessary.

The stage in its efforts to present novelty has taken a lesson from the photoplay, as attested by a recent dramatic success, which

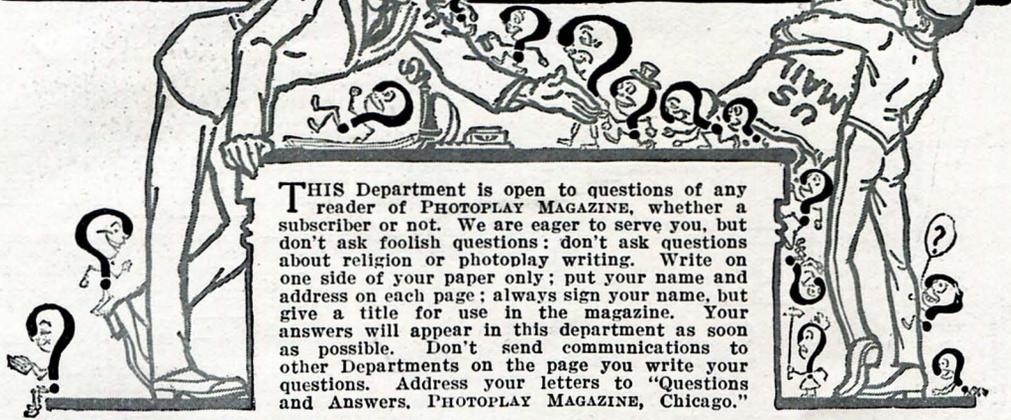
is a time-honored story offered in moving picture fashion. The second act deals with a period previous to that found in the first act, and the third takes up events which transpired before the action of both the first and the second acts. The result is a gripping dramatic story which has thrilled audiences for several hundred nights. The failure of the play, were the events presented in chronological order, is apparent.

The photoplaywright no longer hesitates to mystify the audience, if he can hold interest in the incidents which lead to the solving of the mystery. He can begin his stories in the middle—say at the discovery of the crime, whereas he once thought it necessary to apprise the public of the identity of the criminal. The scope of the silent drama is so wide that it is the duty of the scenario writer to tell a new, or old, story in such a novel manner that the commonplace methods of narration frequently are discarded. It must be borne in mind that the patrons of the photoplay theatres are a highly intelligent body today, and many have forsaken the houses of the spoken drama because of the superior appeal of the artistic pictures. Those who have been devotees of photoplays since the origin of the new art are decidedly blasé—and severe critics.

When a photoplaywright determines to embody novelty in construction, as well as in theme, he, perhaps, is inclined to take sides with the critics who have claimed that technique is unnecessary. Here lies a pitfall which must be avoided carefully. For years critics of the stage have written reams of reasons why technique is unnecessary; why the commonly accepted standards of dramatic construction should be ignored, and dramatists have replied with equal verbosity, until we have become wearied of the argument. Each side has presented but half of the truth. The biggest dramatic plot ever conceived is utterly worthless if it is not handled with technical skill; and technique is an idle instrument until it is employed in the presentation of a good dramatic idea.

The photoplaywright must consider consistencies and make his innovations logical. Let him disregard the common understanding of technique and the so-called principles of dramatic construction if he will, but his motive must not be a wilful ignoring of well-founded precepts.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions: don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. Write on one side of your paper only; put your name and address on each page; always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Your answers will appear in this department as soon as possible. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

M. B. J., GRANDVIEW, ALA.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S "Beauty and Brains Contest" affords the best chance for your friend to enter the moving pictures that has appeared so far. Have her fulfill the requirements and perhaps she will be fortunate enough to gain recognition. The contest is entirely a matter of merit: the combination of a pleasing personality with intelligence which will guarantee forceful dramatic work. Ruth Stonehouse is the wife of Joseph Roach, one of Essanay's Chicago scenario department. Bryant Washburn's wife is Mabel Forrest, who has appeared in quite a number of Essanay films, though not a regular member of the stock company.

W. I. S., BRENHAM, TEX.—An old question is doomed to the storehouse: the Fuller-Panzer question is about to take the place of our old friend the Fuller-Moore inquiry, now that Matt Moore is with another Universal Company and Paul Panzer is to play opposite Mary Fuller. However, we are always willing to answer. Lillian Drew is with Essanay's Chicago studio.

J. CAMILLUS, N. Y.—Albert, Frank and Murdock of the patronymic "MacQuarrie" are brothers, and the name MacQuarrie looks distinctly Scotch to us, in black and white.

L. L., CEDARHURST, N. Y.—Blanche Sweet is in Hollywood, California, and not New York; she says that California has claimed her and her big Fiat car permanently. Neither Mary Pickford nor Alice Joyce has any children. There are fifteen chapters in "The Goddess," Vitagraph's Governour Morris serial.

P. D., NEW ORLEANS.—Elsie McLeod and not Helen Holmes, is *Rita*, the telegraph operator in "A Fiend at the Throttle," one of Kalem's railroad pictures. Helen Holmes has recently left Kalem Company, but the "Hazards of Helen" are to be continued featuring Helen Gibson in the title role. Refer to the article by Karl K. Kitchen on page 138 of the October PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE regarding players' salaries; this is exceptionally authoritative and probably the only correct compilation ever made.

G. G. F., MAYWOOD, ILL.—Robert Walker plays the role of *Richard Singleton*, the plantation overseer; Wilmoth Merlyl the role of plantation owner; Regina Richards is the girl, and Susie, the slave girl, is *Mary Kennedy*, in Kalem's "Wife for Wife." Very melodramatic and very picturesque in its old southern settings; taken in Florida.

F. MCN., PHILADELPHIA, and I. D. H., SO. NORWALK, CONN.—Old Bull Presby, Joan's big-hearted father, the rough and ready mining king in "The Plunderer" (Fox), is William Riley Hatch. Bill Farnum's partner is Harry Spingler, who, by the way, has recently joined the Universal forces. Joan, the pretty equestrienne, is Claire Whitney. In Vitagraph's "Chalice of Courage," *Nevebold* is William Duncan, and *Enid* is Myrtle Gonzales; *Armstrong* is George Holt. In Famous Players' "Little Pal," a vehicle very lacking in Mary Pickford opportunity, Miss Pickford is cast as the stolid little Indian girl; *Grandon* and his wife are George Anderson and Constance Johnson, while *Black Brand* is Joseph Manning. The Morosco Photoplays Company is the organization controlled by Oliver Morosco, an interview with whom appeared in the May PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. For many years a truly big figure in theatrical affairs, his entrance into screen drama was of vast portent. Regarding Mr. Bushman, did you read the Editor's opinion of his ability in October "Close-Ups?"

G. of EAST LYNNE must own one of the country constable's sources of income herself. She suggests that we print a series of pictures of the players in their automobiles, and we believe it is a mighty good idea. The photograph of Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance in his car aroused wonderful enthusiasm among our readers. (The Garage Man says, "it can be put on without much trouble.") By the way, did you notice the reflection of the California roadway in the tail-light of Marguerite Snow's car, page 33, October issue?

B. L., DENVER.—We certainly trust that you receive a reply from Mary Pickford and feel sure you will not have to wait long for it. Marguerite Clayton is with Essanay at Niles, California. She is a Salt Lake girl.

B. McD., PECOS, TEX.—Either the Mexican situation isn't as bad as it is painted or it is so bad that B. McD. wants an excuse to get away. "Now remember that picture of Grace Cunard, or I'll put on my gat and come look you up." But remember this, Texan, when you see that picture it's because we like you and not because of that bad-man remark.

L. R. D., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—No announcement has ever been made regarding the production of "My Strange Life," but the plans will undoubtedly be made public later. This was the play in which Mary Pickford won the title role in a contest held by the Ladies' World.



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E. K., ORTONVILLE, MINN.—The Famous Players began the production of film plays with "Queen Elizabeth," in which Sarah Bernhardt was the star. This was followed by "The Prisoner of Zenda," with James K. Hackett. "Esmeralda," a Mary Pickford play, and "The White Pearl," a Marie Doro, are their two latest.

N. M., SANDUSKY, O.—The role of Wealth in "The Heart of a Painted Woman," was taken by James O'Neil; his daughter was Betty Riggs. In "Nearly a Lady," by Bosworth, Frederica is Elsie Janis; Lord Cecil, Frank Elliot; Jack Rawlins, Owen Moore; Mrs. Brooks, Myrtle Stedman; Jim Brooks, Harry Ham and Elaine is Roberta Hickman. Elsie Janis has recently purchased Philipse Manor, near Tarrytown, N. J., and says she shall call this home from now on. Pedro de Cordoba has returned to the stage and is appearing in Los Angeles at present. Yes, Billie Burke has joined the Thos. H. Ince side of the Triangle corporation.

H. K., DETROIT.—In case you wish to write to the "Beauty and Brains Contest Judges," address them in those terms in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago. Certainly, if you think you are "a double" send us your picture at once.

P. F., CORVALLIS, ORE.—Yes, those are genuine Mae Marsh pictures you saw. The Biograph made them when Miss Marsh was with that company and is now re-issuing them; that is, they were shown quite awhile ago, and this is a second presentation. It is interesting to note that the fact they were directed by D. W. Griffith is being prominently announced in the notices. Certain theatres are making the name Griffith the important part of their advertising instead of the players' names.

F. E. H., NILES, MICH.—Hank Mann and Peggy Pearce are playing with L-Ko in Los Angeles. That apparently daredevil stunt on the roof of a building twenty stories above the street was really clever double-photography. Lillian Peacock plays opposite Max Asher in the Joker Company of Universal.

V. D., HEAVENER, OKLA.—Mary Anderson, Mignon Anderson and G. M. Anderson, are no relation to each other.

E. D. L., BRIDGEWATER, MASS.—Violet Merse-
reau's address is Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City. She is playing with one of the Universal's eastern companies, Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are with the 101 Bison brand of Universal films.

L. R. M., JONESBORO, ARK.—Alma, the Lorelei, in Vitagraph's "Lorelei Madonna," is Alma Reuben. She is the girl who furnishes the inspiration for the painting of the final picture that was to adorn the walls of the mission, after the painter had searched the world over for a subject worthy of his brush.

M. W., PALMERSTON NO., N. Z.—*Mavis*, in Universal's "Mavis of the Glen," was Ella Hall, and *Graham*, Robert Leonard. Murdock MacQuarrie is with Universal.

M. S., TOM'S RIVER, N. J.—"In 'Carmen,' as produced by Lasky, who will play *Don Jose* and the *Torcedor*? I am waiting anxiously to see the screen production as 'Carmen' is my favorite opera." On account of this opera we shall give you the complete cast: *Carmen* is portrayed by Geraldine Farrar; other actors and their characters: *Don Jose*, Wallace Reid; *Pastia*, the tavern keeper and smuggler, Horace B. Carpenter; *Escamillo*, the toreador, Pedro de Cordoba; *Morales*, an officer, William Elmer; *Frasquita*, Jeanie Macpherson; *Garcia*, Milton Brown. The scenario of "Carmen" was adapted by William C. De Mille from the story by Prosper Merimee, and the production was under the supervision of Cecil B. De Mille. Wilfred Buckland was Art Director, and the photographic excellence may be attributed to the skillful work of Alvin Wycoff. This is entirely a Los Angeles and Hollywood production by the Lasky company.

H. S. B., WATERTOWN, N. Y.—We wish that readers would specify the players in whom they are interested, instead of asking for complete casts. *Evelyn*, in "The Accomplice," is Marin Sais, *Strong* is Arthur Shirley, and the cabaret singer is Ollie Kirkby. The husband, the wife, the Doctor and the millionaire in "The Longer Voyage" are John Lorenze, Warda Howard, Thos. Commerford and Sydney Ainsworth.

C. S., TRENTON, N. J., certainly has a horrible mental picture of the Answer Man. He says, "I imagine he is a wiry little man, with shining bald head, bristling mustache, neatly trimmed, thin and closely knit eyebrows of about the color of his mustache, large tortoise-shell goggles, framing small light gray eyes. He's a cold blooded man, I know." You may have the right number, but you've got the wrong exchange.

M. E. M., REGINA, SASK.—The North American Film Corporation is the distributor of "The Diamond From the Sky," which was produced by the American Film Corporation. They are distinct companies, but the stock of each is largely owned by the same persons.

E. D. F., CLINTON HILL, N. J.—The St. John brothers, the *Rev. John* and *Frank*, in "As Ye Sow" (World), are Douglas MacLean and Walter Fisher. John Hines takes the part of *Luther Ludlam*.

F. N. O., JR., VALPARAISO, IND.—Mary Fuller is not only in "The Phantom Cracksmen," but she is the Phantom Cracksmen herself, and the gentleman whose house she twice robbed is Charles Ogle.

E. R. D., WASHINGTON, D. C., wrote us a day or two ago that "I don't see any changes that should be made in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, but I would like to have more pictures of Beverly Bayne and Marguerite Clark, though, of course, I don't mean for you to stop Mary Pickford or Anita Stewart." Which, E. R. D., we call the fair-play spirit.

N. W., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—*Robert Sterling* in "The Vampire" (Metro) is played by Vernon Steele. Do not confuse this play with Fox's Theda Bara picture, "A Fool There Was," as Olga Petrova leads in the Metro. *Little David* in Famous Players' "Eternal City," Pauline Frederick leading, is Arthur Oppenheim.

F. J. S., CARLETON PLACE, ONT.—Your Kerrigan questions have been answered elsewhere and we ask you to refer to them. Thanks for the "still."

L. C., DENVER—Orfin Johnson was born in Louisville, Ky., and went on the boards in 1887. His legitimate experience has been exceedingly broad, among his successes being the leading roles in "Ben Hur," "The Heart of Maryland," "The Shepherd King," "The Man of the Hour," and, with Marie Doro, in "The Richest Girl." His first photoplay work was in "Satan Sanderson," a Rolfe.

A. E. D., OVERBROOK, PA.—Peggy Pierce is the girl in "A Doomed Hero," Universal; Neva Gerber, the girl in American's "Applied Romance," and in Lasky's "Puppet Crown," the *Duchess Sylvia* is Cleo Ridgely, and the *Countess Elsa*, Marjorie Daw.

JACKSON, MISS., AND H. O., MINNEAPOLIS—In Kalem's "Maker of Dreams," *Lorna*, both as a girl and an aged woman is portrayed by Alice Hollister. Did you read the "Hero Brothers" story on page 98 of the August issue? It answers all your questions. The girl detective in Kalem's "Secret Well" is Marin Sais.

M. I., JAMAICA, N. Y.—Lionel Barrymore, playing one of the principal roles in the "Exploits of Elaine," is a brother of both John and Ethel Barrymore, and a nephew of John Drew. *Prince Karl*, in Edison's "Peasant Princess," was Thomas MacEvoy.

G. W. N., BROOKLYN—Tom Moore and Alice Joyce are the only players cast in Kalem's "Business Buccaneer," in Lubin's "Day of Havoc," Ethel Clayton and Thurston Hall have the leading roles. Roy L. McCardell is the author of Vitagraph's series of Jarr Family plays, and Alice Bradley wrote "The Governor's Lady" (Lasky).



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(Continued from page 138)

She seemed wholly beneath his spell. And this was what he had waited for.

At last with a little shock, she noted the lengthening shadows and obliqueness of the sun's rays as they slanted through the pine branches, and roused herself.

"Goodness, I had no idea it was so late!" she said, astonished. "I suppose we must start back now. It's a long paddle upstream."

The man glanced at her swiftly and a look of cunning resolution hardened his face. Then with a sudden laugh he sprang to his feet.

"Then you must sit here," he commanded, "and let me carry the things down to the canoe. The paddle up will be enough, without your doing any of this."

Ordinarily she would have laughed him to scorn, but now she relaxed, finding a sweet thrill in obedience.

"You see," she said, lazily, "we had too much. You shouldn't have brought anything."

"You're right," he admitted. He gathered an armful of supplies and started briskly towards the landing place leaving her sitting against the tree. Halfway to the river he glanced swiftly around and suddenly dropped his burden in a nearby thicket. "We'll need you yet," he muttered as he hurried on.

He found the red canoe tied to the tree as he had left it, and with another furtive look behind him, commenced to work swiftly at the knot. But the rope had been dragging in the water that morning and now the constant tugging of the current had drawn it hard and tight.

Desperately he worked, cursing under his breath, but before he could loosen it he heard a stirring in the brush in the direction of the camp, and the next moment, June's clear, happy voice:

"I've disobeyed you, Jack! I just couldn't sit there and do nothing, so I'm bringing things too."

With an oath he stopped, and for the fraction of a second stood stock still. This was the critical instant. Then with a swift movement he whipped out his knife, cut the straining painter, and giving the

canoe a strong shove, saw it veer into the current. The trees, he knew, would screen its passage from her.

Then he cut the painter that still remained about the tree and threw it into a thicket. The next instant he had sprung back along the trail to intercept her. And as he did so he thought with grim satisfaction of the deep, flowing water that hemmed the island in.

Night would come soon and there was no way of escape.

(To be continued)

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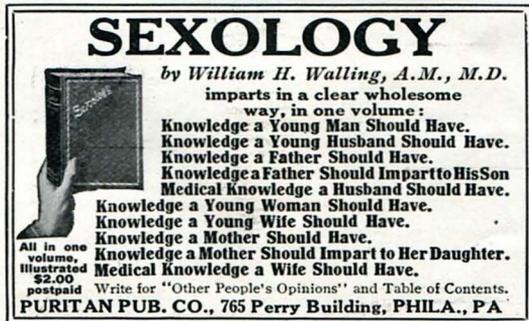
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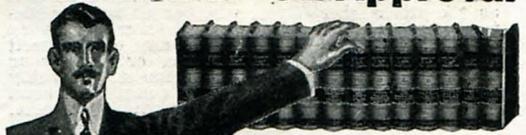
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G. A. N., FRESNO, CAL. In "The Island of Regeneration" Edith Storey's astonishing hair is merely part of the story, a scenic effect; in other words, a wig. You might address Forrest Stanley at the Los Angeles offices of the Morosco company; he has permanently abandoned the stage for the screen.

F. J. N., BROOKLYN. Full information regarding stocks of every character and description, as well as the stocks themselves, whether of moving picture companies, theatres or whatever sort they may be, may be procured from any of the well known stocks and bonds brokers, or from your own bank, through its bond department. Probably the most satisfactory course is to consult the bond department of the bank with which you do business.

H. F., BEAUMONT, TEX. George Larkin is with the Selig company at Los Angeles, having joined their forces several months ago. In Eclair's "Lure of the West" Mrs. Morgan was Sabra DeShon; Janie, Edna Maisson; Jim, Stanley Walpole; and Budd, Norbert A. Myles. A two-reeler of last February.

H. MCM., BUFFALO. Pearl White, during her long sojourn with the photoplays has played in a great many pictures, but in the last year or so her efforts have been confined to the various serials. She and Arnold Daly are no longer in the same company, as Mr. Daly heads the Arnold Daly Players at the Pathe Jersey City studio. The plays they are appearing in, however, are released by Pathe.

A. M. R., DAVENPORT, IA., E. Y., OAK PARK, ILL., and B. B., COLUMBUS, O. Marguerita Fischer may be addressed in care of the American Film Manufacturing Co., Santa Barbara, Cal., and Dorothy Gish and Lillian Gish at the Triangle studio, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Sherman Bainbridge may be addressed at Universal City, Cal.

F. H., ANN ARBOR, MICH. Tom Forman, of the Lasky company, is not married. "Out of Darkness" is the most recent Lasky release in which Tom Forman plays. In this film he is Tom Jameson, with Charlotte Walker as Helen Scott, and Thomas Meighan as Harvey Brooks. We shall bear the interview in mind. Harold Lockwood is at the present time with the American Film Manufacturing Co. in Santa Barbara, and May Allison is playing opposite him.

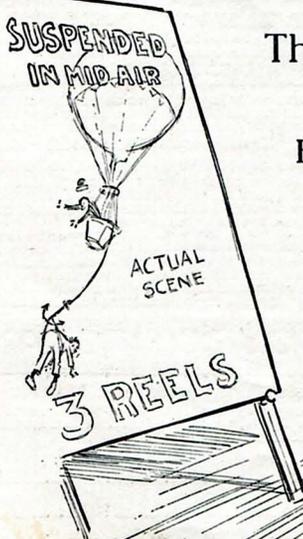
B. H. A., GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y. "The Morals of Marcus," by the Famous Players, featured Marie Doro as Carlotta, the girl who caused all the disturbance, and Eugene Ormonde as Marcus. Ida Darling was the mother of Marcus, Julian L'Estrange was Pasquale, Russell Bassett was Hamdi, Frank Andrew was Mustapha, and Wellington Playter was the Vice-Consul. You will undoubtedly see Miss Doro very soon in "The White Pearl."

R. J., BEAUMONT, TEX. His full name is Jack Warren Kerrigan, though he is often mentioned as J. Warren Kerrigan and as Jack Kerrigan. Mr. Kerrigan returned recently from Lake Tahoe, Nevada, where he and his company had been making pictures which required mountain scenery.

W. T. S., WELLINGTON, N. J. Cleo Madison, whose picture appeared in the October Art Section, was Judith Trine in "The Trey o' Hearts."

G. S., FRESNO, CAL. You might write the Famous Players in regard to that picture of Mary Pickford. Even though it is from the film, they might be able to supply it to you.

A. C., PALO ALTO, CAL. Muriel Worth in World's "When It Strikes Home" is Muriel Ostriche; Cherry Malotte in Selig's "Spoilers" was Kathlyn Williams.



The Problem

How Many?



Geo. Hagen

L. G., HAGERSTOWN, MD., AND B. F., NEW YORK—Anita Stewart and Earle Williams were the principal players in "The Wood Violet," which was one of Miss Stewart's first leads. Edith Storey has a brother Richard. In "My Official Wife," a Vitagraph directed by James Young, *Helen Marie*, the title role, is Clara Kimball Young; *Sacha* is Earle Williams; *Lennox* is Harry T. Morey; *Lennox's* wife is Rose Tapley; is the *Chief of Russian Police* is L. Rogers Lytton; *Marguerite*, Lennox's daughter, is Mary Anderson; her husband is Arthur Cozine; *Eugenie*, the spy, is Eulalie Jensen; *Constantine* is Charles Wellesley; *Olya*, his wife, Louise Beaudet, and their child is Helen Connelly.

C. H. A., WEST HOBOKEN, N. J., AND L. H., N. Y. C.—The Elaine pictures, aside from the studio scenes, were taken on the Browning estate at Temple, N. Y., at Jersey City, N. J., and on Lake Cayuga, at Ithaca, N. Y. The purchasing policy of Pathe is being continued as heretofore, the studios releasing through the Pathe Exchange being: Balboa, Long Beach, Calif.; Wharton, Inc., Ithaca, N. Y.; Rolin Film Co., Los Angeles, Calif.; Mittenhall Film Co., Yonkers, N. Y. The Pathe Brothers, however, have their own studios at Jersey City, the Arnold Daly players, the company under the direction of Donald Mackenzie, and the company under George Fitzmaurice, while in New York City is the Edward Jose Company.

P. D., ST. CLOUD, MINN.—Grace Cunard was born in France, but she is an American. She is of French descent, however, and her parents were visiting in France at the time of her birth. Wallace Kerrigan, the brother of Jack Kerrigan, is the superintendent at Universal City still—where they get the reels, perhaps.

E. D. N., PHELPS, N. Y., AND M. E. P., KNIGHTSTOWN, IND.—"The Trey o' Hearts" and "Lucille Love" were both California pictures, the former having a Universal City, the latter a Hollywood setting.

MAREZ AND B. L., COBALT, ONT.—The Biograph version of "Enoch Arden" was produced by a company which included Wilfred Lucas as *Enoch Arden*, Linda Arvidson, the wife; Florence Labadie and Robert Harron, the children; Alfred Paget, the other man, and W. Chrystie Miller as the old gentleman. It was released several years ago, and will probably be included among the Biograph reissues. There are three players cast in "The Heart of a Bandit," also Biograph; Harry Carey, Charles H. West and Violet Reid take the roles of the bandit, the Indian and the rancher's wife.

E. C., ST. JOHN, N. B.—Little Adele de Garde, of the Vitagraph company, is about thirteen years of age. The interviews will appear shortly.

K. F. R., MILWAUKEE—Unless a writer is experienced in scenario work it is very difficult to determine the division of a play into reels. It is not amiss to give your estimate of the number; but, after all, so much depends upon the director's ideas and methods that it is practically useless to do so. Lillian Brown Leighton is with Selig at Edendale.

J. E. H., DALTON, GA.—The principal Universal producing plant is Universal City, but they have other studios and companies in the East, and we give you their addresses accordingly. Universal is in reality a distributing company, and the various brand names are the studio companies which produce the pictures.

H. B., SALEM, O., AND F. D. CIMARRON, KAN.—The cast of "The Perils of Pauline" (Pathe) is as follows: Pauline Marvin—Pearl White; Harry Marvin—Crane Wilbur; Owens—Paul Panzer; Hicks—Francis Carlsyle; Gypsy leader—Clifford Bruce Carlsyle; and Pauline's friend Lucille, is Eleanor Woodruff. Innocent Inez, in the "Exploits of Elaine," is Miss Gazelle Marche.

A. S., PORTLAND, ORE.—The leads in "The Dollar Mark" (World) are taken by Robert Warwick and Barbara Tennant, as James Gresham and Alice Chandler, the sister of Valance Chandler (Stanley Walpole).

L. K., CHICAGO.—There is no special significance in the name "Henry Killick" in "The Builder of Bridges" (World).

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R. M. T., BUFFALO.—Tyron Power is playing with Selig under a contract which is very far from concluded, and there is no reason to suppose he will join another company. Blanche Sweet is one of the most unemotional actresses on the sult stage, but the public holds her in great favor in spite of that fact, or perhaps, in her case, because of it.

J., MINNEAPOLIS.—The "Confessions of a Star," as stated in the story, were made in strict confidence, and it would never do to disclose the identity of the actress in question. Either the story or the player's name must be kept secret, and the story is already in your possession.

G. C. H., DAVENPORT, IA.—The cast of "The Governor's Lady" (Lasky) included James Neill in the role of Daniel Slade, Edith Wynne Mathison as Mary Slade, Tom Forman as Robert Hayes, Theodore Roberts as Senator Strickland, and May Allison as Katherine Strickland. The Famous Players used "Greystone," as the Untermyer estate, at Yonkers, N. Y., as the setting for "Jim, the Penman." The willing co-operation of the owners of several noted mansions and country estates has added greatly to the artistic side of many recent films, and they are certainly to be commended in opening their homes to the public through the photoplays.

W. A. F., WEST CARROLLTON, O.—James Neill takes the leading role of Richard Jenison, in "The Circus Man" (Lasky); his son is Hubert Whitehead; his grandson is Jode Mullally; Billy Elmer is the negro lawyer; Thos. Bradock is Theodore Roberts; Mary Bradock is Mabel Van Buren, and Christine is Florence Dagmar. Ernie and Dick Cronk and Col. Grand are impersonated by Raymond Hatton, Howard Hickman and Fred Montague.

M. R., DALLAS, TEX.—While Mary Pickford is a brunette, she is not dark and might easily be mistaken for a blonde on the screen. Her coloring is medium. Yale Boss may be addressed at the Edison studio.

P. B., HOPKINS, MINN.—The Greens, the family who live in the flat below the Wrights, in "Scandal," are Grace Johnson and Jim Mason. They are the ones who started all the trouble that entangle the Wrights. One may be accused of far worse things than being an Irishman, so you have our permission to think the Answer Man comes from Tipperary if you wish.

A. B. C., HUTCHINSON, KAN.—"An accurate description of Jack Warren Kerrigan." An unmarried young man, twenty-six years of age—the first item of interest. Six feet one, a brunette, with brown eyes and black hair. Said to be of a dashing, fearless nature, but kind and gentle—his sweetheart is his mother, but—!

H. L. B., DANVILLE, N. Y.—Pronounce the i's short in Mimi, and Yvonne as though spelled Ee-vahn, the accent being in the last syllable.

M. C., NEW YORK CITY.—"The Disaster," "The Hour of Disaster," "The Brute in the Jug," and "The Valley of Lost Hope" have all been completed by the Lubin Company, but no release dates have been announced so far. They were directed by Romaine Fielding. "Neal of the Navy" is to follow the Elaine series, and, of course, in many places where first-run films are not always used, the Elaine pictures will still be booked after "Neal of the Navy" has been released. The player, sitting at the right in the picture on page 129 of August PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, is Bernard Sigel.

J. G., NEW BEDFORD, MASS., AND J. D., MONOX, IND.—The complete cast of Pathe's "Quality of Forgiveness" is as follows: John and Paul West, played by Jack Tutt and Roy Watson; Ethel, Margaret Nichols; Camille, Joyce Moore; David Bradley, Gordon Jackville; Elias Grant, Henry Stanley.

A. E. P., CARROL, IA., AND R. L. T., FLORENCE, COLO.—Ethel Fleming is Naida in "Tricks of Fate," a play released through Pathe. In the "Exploits of Elaine" the canine roles are played most impressively by the dog belonging to H. S. Gatchell—and some have greatness forced upon them.

G. L. M., LINCOLN, NEB.—Read the answer to "Atlantic City Friends," just above, for we know it will interest you, too. Sorry you misunderstood us, as it is not necessary that letters be type-written; we referred merely to manuscripts and scenarios, and want you to feel free to write to us any way you wish. Yes, Harold Lockwood was born in 1880. He has recently appeared in "The Lure of the Mask," released in May, and "The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs," released in July, and "The Great Question," mentioned above. Elsie Jane Wilson plays opposite him in the first and May Allison in the second. You will have to address Owen Moore and find out for yourself—he has been signed by the D. W. Griffith company of the Triangle organization. Address Lois Meredith, in care of Lasky's New York office.

N. S., LAURENS, IA.—Crane Wilbur and Pearl White have not been playing opposite for a considerable time; Miss White is at the Wharton studio, at Ithaca, N. Y., and Crane Wilbur has recently joined the David Horsley forces in California. "The Perils of Pauline" films were practically all studio pictures made by the Eclectic company and released through Pathe.

M. S., NEW YORK.—"The Assayer of Lone Gap," a one-reel American film, released August 18th, tells the story of a tenderfoot who was terribly gun-shy until a crisis called for action on his part; a fight makes a man of him. Belle is Vivian Rich and Mrs. Dugan is Louise Lester.

B. G. S., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Tyrone Power is the Mr. Stockton of "Aristocracy," and the two girls, Diana and Virginia, are Marguerite Skirvin and Edna Mayo. "Aristocracy" is the Famous Players' production of the Bronson Howard play and was presented to the public in November of last year.

B. O. S., COLUMBUS, O.—Winifred Kingston was the girl on the cover of the January PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and an interview with her accompanied the cover picture, of course. A copy will be forwarded you on receipt of 15 cents.

M. G., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—William Hart, Bessie Barriscale, Kathryn Kaerled, H. B. Warner, Dustin Farnum, Henry Woodruff, House Peters, Billie Burke, and William Desmond are some of the players who are playing with the Thomas H. Ince company, of Triangle. "The Coward" is the first of the Ince productions on the Triangle program.

A. E. W., MELBOURNE.—The Frederick Graves, in whom you are so interested, of "Tess of the Storm Country," a Famous Players film, is Harold Lockwood. He is now with the American Film Manufacturing Company, in Santa Barbara, and you might write to him there. Yes, indeed, Wally Reid is married, his wife being Dorothy Davenport. Elsewhere we have mentioned his part in "Carmen."

C. H., PIQUA, O.—"Her Triumph" (Famous Players) was filmed in France and in it Gaby Deslys and Harry Pilcer took the leading roles.

S. D. G., HAVRE, MONT.—Arnold Daly and Marguerite Skirvin, as John Armitage and Shirley Claiborne, were the principal players in "The Port of Missing Men," produced by the Famous Players. The Emperor was Frederick Bock and the Archduke, Augustus Balfour; Frederick Augustus is Edward Mackay. Miss Skirvin is now playing Ann Anderson in Edgar Selwyn's melodramatic comedy, "Rolling Stones," at the Harris theatre in New York.

E. L. H., KENWOOD PARK, MD.—We are unable to give you any further information in regard to the Masko Film Company.

M. K. MCK., FENTON, MICH.—The Artone Film Company has a studio in Detroit, Mich., and is probably the nearest one to your city.

W. H. M., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—At Medford, Mass., is located the studio of the Humanology Film Company, and at Providence, R. I., is the Eastern Film Corporation.



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J. C., NEW LONDON, CONN.—You probably refer to *Hortense*, the maid, in "Chimmie Fadden," and the player is Camille Astor; Victor Moore is *Chimmie*, of course. In "Kindling," also a Lasky play, *Schultz* is Thomas Meighan, the crook is Raymond Hatton and the detective is Billy Elmer. Charlotte Walker is *Mrs. Schultz* and Lillian Langdon and Florence Dagmar are, respectively, the owner of the tenements and her daughter. The young Doctor is Tom Forman. In "The Clue," *Christine* is Blanche Sweet and her lover is Edward Mackay. *Nogi*, the Jap Secret Service man, who dies after the explosion in the laboratory, is Sessue Hayakawa. *Governor Beckman*, in "The Running Fight," is Thurlow Bergen. *Evie*, in Bosworth's "Wild Olive," is Mary Reubens. "The Running Fight" is released on the Paramount programme, but is not a production of Paramount itself, but a purchase by them from some other company. Paramount is strictly a distributing company.

D. B., PATCHOGUE, N. Y., and E. R. N. BOSTON.—One peculiarity of the moving pictures is the theatregoer's inability to determine whether a player is a blonde or a brunette. Makeup plays a part, of course, but this does not wholly account for it. Edith Storey is a brunette.

V. H., DAYTONA, FLA.—To make up a list of the plays in which Florence La Badie has appeared would be rather out of the question, as she has played many parts in many productions. What special ones do you refer to?

E. M. B., GREEN BAY, WIS.—Tom Mix and Goldie Colwell take the leading parts in "Why the Sheriff Is a Bachelor," a Selig play released last fall. Louise Vale, Edward Cecil and Kenneth Davenport take the important roles in "The Maid of the Mountains," a Biograph.

B. S. L., SHERMAN, TEX.—Pat O'Malley takes the part of *Roger Sterrett* in Edison's four part drama, "On Dangerous Paths." We have no idea as to whether he would answer letters, but you might address him at the Edison studio, in New York.

A. C. F., FRANKFORT, KY.—Harry Benham has joined the Universal and it is said he is to play opposite Violet Mersereau. The first play in which he will appear will be "The Man Inside," though Miss Mersereau does not have a part in this picture.

J. W. P., JOPLIN, MO.—We appreciate your kind words and trust that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will continue as interesting to you as heretofore. With Clara Kimball Young in "Hearts in Exile" (World), Claude Flemming is the wealthy aristocrat, *Serge Palma*, and Vernon Steele portrays the poor student, *Peter Patloff*. The exteriors were taken in the Adirondack mountains.

P. M., SOUTH BEND, IND.—In "The Governor's Lady," *Daniel Slade* is James Neill; in "The Clemenceau Case," *Pierre Clemenceau* is William E. Shay; in "The Morals of Marcus," *Marcus* is Eugene Ormonde; in "The Goose Girl," the King is Monroe Salisbury; in "The Reward," *Dan Conley* is Arthur Maude; in "The Warrens of Virginia," the General is James Neill; in "The County Chairman," the *Hon. Jim Hacker* is Maclyn Arbuckle and *Lucy Rigby* is Daisy Robinson. Emmett Corrigan is the star of "Greater Love Hath No Man." Charlotte Walker of "Kindling," Bessie Barriscale of "The Mating," and Myrtle Stedman of "The Wild Olive." You were loaded with questions, but come again any time; this department is as much *e pluribus unum* as a certain neutral nation we might mention.

G. O. Z., HARTFORD, CONN.—Olga Petrova who was the star of "The Vampire" and "The Heart of a Painted Woman," may be addressed in care of Metro at their New York office. We cannot tell you regarding royal personages in motion pictures; that's a great question for an American to ask.

E. K. R., OAKLAND, CALIF.—We suggest that you write to Anita Stewart, in care of Vitagraph's Brooklyn office, and have that momentous question determined once and for all—she might, you know. Emily Stevens was the star of "Cora," and the title role of "Cabiria" was taken by Marcellina Bianco. We refuse to be dragged into any discussion regarding the method Mary Pickford uses on her curls—it would be sacrilege for us to trifle with such a subject!

C. F. B., NEWARK, N. J.—Charles Chaplin was on the road in vaudeville for a long time before engaging in film work with Keystone, but we do not have his routings. However, he played extensively in the North and West.

M. E. M., OIL CITY, and I. A. S., LEXINGTON, KY.—Bessie Barriscale's photograph graced the Art Section of the June issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and there is a surprise in store for her friends in one of the next two or three issues. She is Mrs. Howard Hickman, as we have remarked before, and she pronounces the last syllable of "Barriscale" as though it were spelled "kale." She is a featured personage on the Ince side of Triangle.

E. B., PASADENA, CALIF.—Komic's "Bill" Series, which, on account of the individual play titles, might well be called the "Ethel series," features Fay Tincher as *Ethel*. In about the first fifteen of the series *Bill* is Tammany Young, while in the later ones Bobby Feuhrer takes that part.

J. W. H., KANSAS CITY.—You refer to Tom Forman, who played the part of *Lieut. Von Mitter* in "The Puppet Crown," with Ina Claire and Carlyle Blackwell. (A Lasky play.) Write whenever you wish; there is no charge of any sort.

H. M., NEW STRAITSVILLE, O.—Address Antonio Moreno in care of Vitagraph's Brooklyn office.

B. A., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Kindly refer to the cast of "The Link That Binds," on page 163 of the September issue.

A. C. G., GALLIPOLIS, O.—You refer to Antonio Novelli, who took leading roles in "Julius Caesar" and "Quo Vadis." Both these plays were produced in Italy by the Itala Company. Robert Warwick's work in the World Films is well worthy of your appreciation and there will be much of interest concerning him in the next few issues. You saw his portrait in October PHOTOPLAY?

C. G. D., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Viola Dana plays the part of *Ruth Fenton* in "The Stoning" (Edison), and Helen Strickland and Robert Conness are her mother and the minister. This is a very strong play, dealing with one of life's most delicately difficult problems.

L. T. D. H., BILLINGS, MONT.—*Bud Blossom*, in the play of the same title, is Helen Badgely, but it is Marie Eline and not Helen who is in vaudeville.

J. W., HAMILTON, ONT.—Alfred Vosburgh is with the western Vitagraph company, in Los Angeles. He is directing many of their plays at the present time.

M. E., HERINGTON, KAN.—There is no truth in the report that Charles Chaplin has been the victim of an accident, nor has he injured anyone else. Richard Traver's wife is not a professional, and we are unable to give you her name.

M. S., ELLWOOD, PENNA.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has published the Art Gallery of players ever since the magazine first appeared, but we can supply back numbers in regular sequence from April of this year only. Marguerite Clayton is a blonde and was born in Salt Lake in 1892; she plays opposite Broncho Billy in those western films.

L. E. F., MINNEAPOLIS—*Eben, Vivian* and *Bruce Graham*, in "The Floating Death," are Richard Stanton, Enid Markey and Lewis J. Cody, and *Lathrop* is J. P. Lockney. *Mercy*, in "Mercy on a Crutch" (Thanouser), is Helen Fulton; the Sheriff and his wife are John Lehnberg and Carey L. Hastings, and their daughter is Helen Badgely. "And Beatriz Michelena on the cover!" will see what we can do.

H. H., SYDNEY, N. S. W.—We suggest that you write to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's advertisers regarding photographs of players, but if you are unable to secure them in this way, you might write the players personally or to their companies.

ATLANTIC CITY FRIENDS.—We shall give you an interview with Harold Lockwood very soon. One of his latest plays is "The Great Question," a three-reel American which was released about the middle of September on the Mutual program.

I. N. MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Anita's Stewart's name is in fact Stewart. You misunderstood the remark in "Anita: Star-in-law," for it says of her sister, "the lens lured Lucy, and shortly after becoming Mrs. Ince she became Lucile Lee, movie heroine-in-waiting to husband Ralph." Lee was merely her sister's screen name. "Playing opposite" is a very indefinite term and we suggest that in the future you mention some characteristic of the role played in asking about a player. Chester Barnett is probably the player you refer to, in "Marrying Money" (World), as he was the penniless young man, with whom Clara Kimball Young fell in love in that play.

H. S., CINCINNATI, AND H. T., MINNEAPOLIS—"In the Valley" is a Thanhouser one-reeler. *Pauline* and her mother are Lorraine Huling and Inda Palmer; *Mrs. Grosvenor*, the society lady, and *Westerman*, the factory owner, are Mary Elizabeth Forbes and Morgan Jones. Morris Foster is the son of the gunmaker in Thanhouser's "Maker of Guns."

G. T. G., MONTREAL, AND E. B., CORTLAND, N. Y.—*Jerome*, in Sells's "Ebb Tide," is Wheeler Oakman. Violet Mersereau is eighteen. Henry Walthall is the son of mature years, in "Temper," but the boy is Sidney Carlyle.

M. Z., LOS ANGELES—*Mr. Shye*, the young fellow who falls for the chorine in "Midnight at Maxim's" (Kalem), is Rollo Lloyd. He certainly did fall, when he met her husband at the stage door after the show.

F. B., NEW YORK—Yes, Naomi Childers played in "The Island of Regeneration" (Vitagraph) as *Virginia Charnock*, the wife of the owner of the yacht "Nasomond."

M. V. B., NEW YORK—You have chosen very worthy favorites in Henry Walthall, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish and Blanche Sweet, but in admiring them do not forget the unseen Griffith and De Mille, who have directed their successes. The October PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE contained the information you wished regarding "The Birth of a Nation." After nearly two hundred performances in Chicago, it moved to a larger theater, one of the largest in Chicago, where it is running even more successfully at the same scale of prices. Mae Marsh was interviewed in July; Blanche Sweet in April; and Walthall in August. No definite announcement has been made regarding Griffith's "Mother and the Law," but it should be ready about the first of the year—at least no earlier, and perhaps later. It is now in the leisurely process of Griffith production.

S. L., BOSTON, AND P. M. E., KANSAS CITY—Sidney Drew and Rankin Drew are father and son. The "Island of Regeneration," featuring Edith Storey, was filmed on Long Island and at the Vitagraph Brooklyn studios.

GUINTEUS, LOS ANGELES—In "A Million Bid," that epoch-marking five-reel Vitagraph, the first of the features, the husband was Charles Kent; his wife and daughter were Julia Swayne Gordon and Anita Stewart; the young doctor was E. K. Lincoln; the Australian was Harry T. Morey and *Furniss* was Gladden James. The author of this play was George Cameron (the late Mrs. Sidney Drew) and the picture was produced under the direction of Ralph, of the famous Ince name.

L. B., BELLINGHAM, WASH., M. B., BOULDER, COLO., AND J. L. M., NEW YORK—"Love's Sunset" was a Vitagraph release featuring Clara Kimball Young and Earle Williams. Neither Helen Garçon nor Flora Finch is married. Norma Talmadge and Leo Delaney took the leading roles in "Good-bye Summer," another Vitagraph.

F. W. J., UTICA, N. Y.—Blanche Schweg played the part of *Rosa*, Pietro's daughter, with George Beban in "The Alien," a Thos. H. Ince production. She is undoubtedly the girl referred to.

A. L. McC., CRESTON, IA., AND L. M. W.—*Beryl*, the daughter, in "God's Witness," is Florence La Badie; *Winnie*, in "A Woman Scorned," Nan Christy. The La Badie information you ask for is under another reply herein.

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F. T. W., VICKSBURG, MISS.—Miss Ina Claire has appeared in numerous pictures, but at the present time she is on the New York stage, as "Marie-Odile" in the Ziegfeld Follies. There is no fixed charge on feature pictures; the price varies according to the age, the popularity and the condition of the film. First run pictures, of course, are a great deal more expensive than old films, and many houses can not handle them at the popular prices they usually charge.

E. G. P., URBANA, OHIO.—Metro has numerous studios, as it is a releasing rather than a producing company. Mr. Bushman is with the Quality Pictures Corporation in Los Angeles, though, as this company releases through Metro, he is ordinarily said to be with Metro.

R. M. R., CHICAGO.—In the third paragraph, on page 28, of the July PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE you will find both the date and place of Charles Chaplin's birth, and we ask you to refer to it.

C. W., N. Y. C.—Mrs. Dolly Larkin is with the Horsley Company, which has been producing Mina pictures. This company has entered into a contract with Mutual to release through it after August 12th. They own the Bostock Jungle Zoo in Los Angeles.

A. H., LOS ANGELES.—Paul Panzer is now with the Universal, playing opposite Mary Fuller at the New York studio. Matt Moore has been transferred to another Universal company.

J. H. Y., QUEEN CITY, MO.—The cameraman takes the negative film and from this the positives are printed, the latter being used in theatres. If one of the positives is destroyed, of course, others may be made from the original negative. This is done whenever plays are re-issued—new positives are made from the negative which is stored for this purpose.

S. M., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—In "A Deal in Diamonds," Flossy is Neva Gerber and Sophie is Katherine Wilson. The maid, Freda, in "Fine Feathers," is Geraldine McCann.

I. D., PIERMONT, N. Y.—You probably refer to Miss Rose Tapley in "Happy Go Lucky."

G. L., TOLEDO, O.—David Powell plays the part of Dandy in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" (Famous Players, featuring Mary Pickford). "Little Pal" (also Famous Players) was filmed in California. William Russell is not married.

MISS W., COLUMBUS, O.—You probably refer to one of the Vitagraph's issues of John Bunny pictures.

K. E. B., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Tsuru Aoki is a Japanese. There are in motion pictures no negro actors or actresses of any note; the roles are generally assumed by white people.

G. G. G., SALEM, VA.—Henry King is with Balboa. Pictures of players are advertised in the columns of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, but if you are unable to obtain the one desired from advertisers you might write the film companies or the players personally.

J. E. B., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—"The Goddess" is still running in the newspapers and undoubtedly will not appear in book form until the serial is ended. The girl in "Samson" and "A Gilded Fool," opposite William Farnum, is Miss Maud Gilbert.

E. S., ST. LOUIS.—Forrest Stanley is with the Moroco Film Corporation, and will appear in their pictures. We are unacquainted with the terms of his contract.

S. D., ELIZABETH, N. J.—Earle Williams' story, "Sweethearts," appears in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, a copy of which we will gladly forward you upon receipt of 15 cents. He tells of his picture sweethearts, a very interesting story of the actresses who have played opposite him.

E. B., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—"Who Pays?" was produced by Balboa in California.

A. S. and D. B. ROSWELL, N. MEX.—Mary Pickford was born in 1893 and Marguerite Clark in 1887, so you can answer your question yourself. Lillian Gish and Dorothy Gish are both with the D. W. Griffith company of the Triangle organization at the old Majestic studio in Hollywood.

P. and B., LONDON, ONT., and J. L. D., KANSAS CITY.—Mary Pickford is five feet one and Marguerite Clark five feet two, but in their case a little goes a long way. Read the answer to J. C., New London, regarding "The Clue."

E. S. H., NEWPORT, R. I.—"Lucille Love" was a very interesting story throughout, but for some reason or other has never been published in book form. Very briefly the story is this: *Lucille* is the daughter of an army officer in the Philippines in whose charge are papers of great value. His treacherous butler conspires with a spy and the papers are stolen in such a manner as to cast suspicion on *Lucille's* lover. In an aeroplane *Lucille* follows the spy's ship and boards it. The spy is injured and she is assigned to nurse him; the ship is wrecked and *Lucille* and the spy, *Loubeque*, are the only ones saved. On a desert island they have many adventures and finally *Lucille* secures the papers; *Loubeque* goes to other scenes of activity and *Lucille* returns home, where she marries her lover, whom she has cleared of all suspicion of treason.

B. H. S., RESTWOOD-ON-SUPERIOR, and E. A. D., ST. LOUIS.—We shall be pleased to send you "The Trey of Hearts" upon receipt of 50 cents, but we are unable to supply "The Exploits of Elaine."

M. P., BROOKLYN.—E. K. Lincoln, playing with the Photo Play Productions Company, as their leading man, comes from Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and is thirty years old. He may be addressed in care of the company at 220 West 42d Street, New York City.

R. M. H., CHICAGO.—Briefly and to the point: Pearl White, Wharton studio; Barbara Tennant, World Film Corp.; Kathryn Williams, Selig, at Edendale; Tom Mix, Selig, Las Vegas, N. Mex.

A. L. A., KAHULUI, MAUI, H. T.—Paramount sells the 8x10 photographs, which you have seen in front of the theatres, for 25 cents apiece, and is the only company which has ever announced its willingness to do so. They may be addressed at 110 West 40th St., New York City, and in writing them one should specify, as far as possible, the sort of picture desired; should state the part of the play from which a still is wanted.

WILLIAM S. HART says, regarding matrimony, that he never had the chance! I. D. H., writing from South Norwalk, Conn., remarks: "Mr. Wm. S. Hart has a farm near Westport, about three miles from here, and we catch occasional glimpses of him, generally in old fishing togs, when he's not working. His friends have a lot of sport at his expense, when he makes screen-love, as he is a bachelor of the most hopeless type."

C. W., BROOKLYN.—There is no Mr. Harris at the Peerless studios, who was formerly the owner of the Harris Theatre in Boston. Perhaps you refer to Mr. William Harris of the Hudson Theatre.

E. M., N. Y.—Warda Howard (Essanay) is the wife of Mr. John Lorenz.

W. D. M., ATLANTA, GA.—Mary Pickford took the part of Nance Olden in the Famous Players film, "In the Bishop's Carriage." Tom Dorgan is David Wall; Fred Obermuller is House Peters; Mr. Ramsey—John Steppeling; the Bishop—Geo. Moss; Mrs. Ramsay—Grace Henderson; the detective—Howard Missimer, and the actress is Mme. Dalburg.

R. L. G., N. Y. C.—Harold Lockwood was with Famous Players for about a year; we do not have the exact dates of his coming and going.

R. M. B., BATH, ME.—In "The Moth and the Flame" (Famous Players) the part of Edward Fletcher is taken by Stewart Baird; Charles Dawson—Edward Mordant; Marion Walton—Adele Rey; Mrs. James Walton—Dora M. Adams, and Jeannette Graham is Irene Howley.

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C. B. PUTNAM, CONN.—Maurice Costello is the son of Thomas and Helen Fitzgerald Costello, both of whom were born and raised in Ireland. Maurice attended the public schools of Pittsburgh and started life as a printer's devil, but, before many years, had entered the theatrical profession and played in stock and with road companies. He joined Vitagraph in 1909 and has been with them ever since. Mrs. Costello was Miss Mae Tresham, a non-professional, and is the mother of Dolores and Helen Costello, both well known screen youngsters. It is said Mr. Costello derives his greatest pleasure from his trusty tractor, as black grease and "tire trouble" are the most effective excuses on a late morning.

J. Y., WASHINGTON.—Lenore Ulrich, of the Morosco screen plays, had never appeared in photoplays until recently. She has been with the Morosco stage productions for a considerable time and has not deserted the stage even now, merely transferring her talents temporarily to Mr. Morosco's photoplay company.

E. K. M., PLAINFIELD, N. J.—You will find the complete cast of "The Black Box" (Universal) on page 166 of the September issue. Miss Anna Little has joined the American company at Santa Barbara, but it is too early to give the names of any plays in which she will be cast. *Rose Fay*, in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," with Robert Warwick, is Ruth Shepley. Teddy Sampson is a member of the Majestic Company, whose plays were formerly released through the Mutual program.

K. A. and M. M., LANSING, MICH.—The serious Chaplin, minus his disguise of fun, occupies a full page in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—page 26. On page 28 you will find the date and place of his birth. Several other readers have requested an off-screen picture, and the one referred to is pronounced by Charles Chaplin's intimate friends as the most characteristic photograph in existence.

A. W. K., BROCKTON, MASS.—Maurice and Al Stewart are the children in "It's an Ill Wind" (Thanouser), a play dealing with the career of a clothes-line, and the ill-wind that blew it away.

V. S., BELMAR, N. J.—Mary Pickford, Lottie Pickford and Jack Pickford are sisters and brother, and before their entrance into dramatic work they were known by the family name, Smith. However, the three players and their mother use the name Pickford exclusively at the present time.

C. H., PORTSMOUTH, VA.—Florence La Badie has blue eyes and brown hair, and, as one might expect of a girl of French descent, her middle name is Marie. After legitimate experience she joined Biograph and then went to Thanouser, with which company she has been ever since. One of her early Thanouser successes was the gentle role of *Mary* in "The Star of Bethlehem." Her part in "The Million Dollar Mystery" is familiar to all.

W. A. F., WEST CARROLLTON, O.—Elizabeth Burbridge, of the New York Motion Picture studio, is a San Diego girl, a tall brunette. She was born December 8, 1894, appeared first on the stage in vaudeville in 1910 and joined Biograph for her initial picture work in 1912, later playing with Kinemacolor, Frontier and New York. Vivian Rich, one of Neptune's daughters, discovered America at Philadelphia and spent her early life in that city.

D. H., VANCOUVER, B. C.—The principal feminine role in each of the following was taken by: Bessie Barriscale in Lasky's "Rose of the Rancho;" Beatriz Michelena in California's "Lily of Poverty Flat;" Ina Claire in Lasky's "The Wild Goose Chase," and Mabel Trunnelle in Edison's "Shadows of the Past."

V. U., NEW YORK.—The role of *Ella Seaford* in "The Earl of Pawtucket" (Universal) is portrayed by Flora Mason, while Lawrence D'Orsay took the lead as the Earl. This is the Augustus Thomas play under the same name it bore on the stage.

F. H., NEW YORK.—The Seventeenth of February, 1895, was a day that made history for Brooklyn, for it gave Anita Stewart to the drama. Earle Williams was born February 28, 1880, in Sacramento.

H. C. E., PHILADELPHIA, AND N. L., SAN JOSE, CALIF.—We will gladly supply you with the "Black Box," in book form, upon receipt of 50 cents. Marguerite Marsh is her real name, though she is now known professionally as Lovey Marsh, which is a sort of compromise between Marguerite Marsh and her former professional name, Marguerite Loveridge. She is a sister of Mae Marsh. Earle Williams and Kathlyn Williams are no relation whatever.

R. L. D., WICHITA, KAN.—"Wildflower," a Famous Players' release, was taken up state in New York; "The Goose Girl" and "The Pretty Sister of Jose" were taken in Los Angeles and immediate vicinity; "Cabiria" reveals settings from ancient Rome itself—"Italy and the Lavinian shores"; "Nephtune's Daughter" is a Bermuda picture.

L. S. E., HAZLETON, PA.—In the Fox production of "Samson," Miss Maud Gilbert, who was Mr. Gillette's leading woman in the stage production, plays the role of *Mme. Branchard* opposite (or contrary, in this case) William Farnum. She portrays the scornful wife admirably; the millionaire husband was a dock-hand, you know.

J. W., TUSCUMBIA, ALA.—Herbert Standing, with Morosco, is an English player of many years' reputation, and Jack Standing, who has appeared in so many Lubin releases, is his son. The Fairbanks twins are named Marion and Madeline.

M. P., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—*Adam Bell*, in Essanay's "Eyes that See Not," is Sydney Ainsworth. Regarding "Cabiria" refer to page 155 of the September issue in the answer to D. G. D. Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall take the principal parts in Biograph's "Judith of Bethulia," which was reissued some time ago.

O. O. O., NORTHWOOD, N. D.—"I have written nine scenarios and sold only two." Doing very well, we think—usually the first nine go into a person's scrapbook of Valiant Attempts. Apply personally at any of the studios.

G. B., TORONTO—In "The Divided Locket," the Gypsy girl is Augusta Anderson and Edith is Madge Kirby. Helen Badgley is the child in "The Cycle of Hatred."

K. C., SILVER CITY, N. M.—In the New York Motion Pictures' Shorty series, *Shorty* is Jack Hamilton, and Elizabeth Burbridge is usually "the girl." If you are interested in racing, you should see Universal's "All for Peggy," a Pauline Bush release of last spring.

R. D., SPRINGHILL, W. VA.—In Selig's "Rosary," young *Brian Kelly* is Roland Sharp, but Charles Clary plays the older *Brian Kelly* role; *Father Ryan* is Frank Clark. *Jack Glenarm* is Harry Mestayer, and *Miriam* and *Olivia* are Grace Darnold and Gladys Samms, in "The House of a Thousand Candles." In Lasky's "The Fighting Hope," *Burton Temple* is Thomas Meighan.

E. E. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—The cast of Kalem's "Legacy of Folly," featuring Lois Meredith as *Constance*, is as follows: *Corrine*, Constance's mother, Gertrude Barnes; *Danforth*, a man-about-town (evidently some sort of rascal person in a dress suit), Robert Ellis; *Scott*, a writer, Tom Moore; his aunt, Clara Blandick, and the *Mother Superior*, Helen Daly.

R. B., URBANA, ILL.—Violet Mersereau is the little mother in Universal's "Broken Toy." Harry Von Meter and Vivian Rich have the leading roles in "A Heart of Gold." *Bella*, in Vitagraph's "Mortmain," is Muriel Ostriche.

B. Y., COLUMBUS, O., AND L. E. H., MIAMI, OKLA.—Barney Sherry and Anna Little take the leading roles of *Jim Howe* and *Nell Howe* in New York's "Past Redemption." *Rev. Drummond* is Richard Stanton; *Anne Drew*, Miss West; *Little Tom*, Thelma Salter, and the *Sheriff* is Wm. Ephe. Elizabeth Burbridge and Webster Campbell take the parts of *Mary* and the *Prince* in "Mother Hulda," also a New York picture; the *Widow* is Gertrude Claire; *Mother Hulda* is Aggie Herring; *Martha* is Virginia Philly; the fairy is Margaret Thompson, and the bandit is George Fisher.



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F. M., BALTIMORE.—The principal characters in "The Broken Coin" (Universal) are: Grace Cunard as Kitty Gray, Francis Ford as Count Frederick, Harry Schumm as King Michael II, Ernest Shields as Count Sachio, W. C. Canfield as the outlaw, and Reese Gardiner as the Apache.

P. H., KANSAS CITY.—The roles of Frank Perry, Helen Perry and the father and mother in "Are You A Mason" are taken by John Barrymore, Helen Freeman, Charles Dickson and Ida Waterman.

G. R., BAY SHORE, N. Y.—In the wreck scene of "The Juggernaut," several of the players were in great danger when thrown into the water, and Earle Williams was among the number who were saved from drowning. He had a very narrow escape, the water was icy and he was taken with cramps, but someone fortunately was able to throw him a rope and finally pull him ashore.

C. L., PORTLAND, ORE.—John Barton, the blacksmith, in "A Phyllis of the Sierras" (Cal. M. P. C.), the father of Minty (Beatriz Michelena), is Andrew Robson.

RAMBLE, MINNEAPOLIS.—Betty Wright's father, in the "Wild Goose Chase" (Lasky), is Raymond Hatton. Regina, in "Ghosts" (Majestic), is Loretta Blake. The role of the Mysterious Messenger in "The Arab" (Lasky) is also taken by Mr. Hatton. The scenes in "Stolen Goods" are all taken around Los Angeles and vicinity. Boyd Marshall is the Country Boy in Thanhouser's "Angel in the Mask."

D. L., N. Y.—The first instalment of the story of Chaplin's life, in July PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, answers all your questions.

A. H., PASADENA.—The storm scenes in "Tess of the Storm Country" are studio effects. While there are many negroes in "The Birth of a Nation," the leading negro roles are taken by white actors: Lydia Brown is Mary Alden; Silas Lynch, the Lieut.-Governor, is George Seigmann; Nelse and Jake are John McGlynn and Ernest Campbell, and Gus, the renegade Captain, is Walter Long.

E. M. V., ANTIPOCH, ILL.—Address Mary Pickford in care of the Famous Players Film Company in New York City, and Kathryn Williams in care of Selig Edendale Studio, Los Angeles, Calif.

V. H., HAXTUN, COLO.—O. A. C. Lund is directing for one of the Universal studios at present. Bessie Barriscale and J. W. Johnstone, as Juanita and Kearny, the government agent, take the principal parts in "The Rose of the Rancho" (Lasky). Dorothy Phillips takes the leading feminine role in "Three Men Who Knew." Alan Forrest is with the National Film Corporation, Los Angeles.

L. G., JACKSBORO, TEX.—There were twenty-three episodes (including the solution) in the "Million Dollar Mystery."

G. C. H., DAVENPORT, IA.—James Neil, Theodore Roberts and Tom Forman have the principal male roles in "The Governor's Lady."

W. L., OMAHA.—Leo White is with the Los Angeles studio of the Essanay Company.

W. B., NASHUA, N. H.—You probably refer to "The Sight of the Blind," which is an Eclair production.

G. M., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Ethel Grandin is with the Grandin Films, which is now releasing through the General Film Company.

H. A. W., TOLEDO, O.—House Peters is with the New York Motion Picture Corporation, but the first picture in which he will appear has not been announced as yet.

R. T. H., BALTIMORE.—Hobart Henley is at Universal City. Yale Boss is fourteen years old.

N. B., GLEN RIDGE, N. J.—Molly, in Kalem's "The Money Leeches," is Marin Sais; Gordon Stanley is W. H. West. "The Millionaire Cabby," on page 160, July PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

RANDOLPH CLUB.—William Farnum, Dustin Farnum and Marshall Farnum are brothers, and are New Englanders, of English-Irish descent. William Farnum played in Selig's "Spoilers," and for Fox in "Samson," "A Gilded Fool," "The Plunderer," "The Nigger," and "The Bondman." William and Dustin are both married.

N. E., MERCED, CALIF.—The cast of "Snobs" is given on page 154 of August PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and we ask you to refer to it there.

W. W. W., PITTSBURGH.—In Metro's "Always in the Way," Dorothy North as a youngster, four years old, is Ethernary Oakland, but the later role as Dorothy North is played by Mary Miles Minter.

M. R., DORCHESTER, MASS., and B. D., ROSLINDALE, MASS.—Lillian Walker is "June Lane" in "The Little Doll's Dressmaker" (Vitagraph).

S. B. and J. C., BOSTON.—Billie Billings is the girl you refer to in "Mr. Jarr and Love's Young Dream."

REQUESTS FOR INTERVIEWS are always duly noted and the lists turned over to the editors. Readers should not expect references to such requests in this department, as they merely cover space better used for photoplay information.

N. H., MONTREAL, asks: "How are people here in Canada going to write players for photographs, inasmuch as it is impossible to obtain American stamps and it is not right to expect pictures gratis?" Make use of the International coupons, which may be obtained at the postoffice, and which are exchangeable for stamps in any country. We receive them on every mail boat from Australia and New Zealand and from your own country.

V. P., CUMBERLAND, MD.—"The Blessed Miracle" has not been published in book form and we do not believe that it is obtainable as a story.

D. H. C., ARIZONA.—We will not recommend the school of photoplay acting referred to in your letter. We do not believe in any of them and refuse to accept their advertising.

M. J., LOS ANGELES.—The last information we have regarding Dot Farley is that she is with the Albuquerque Film Company in your city. They released on the United Program and we have not heard what new arrangement they have made.

B. H., MAGRATH, ALTA.—Charlotte Burton, who plays one of the leads in the "Diamond from the Sky," is with the American at Santa Barbara. James Kirkwood was the Eagle in "The Eagle's Mate," opposite Mary Pickford.

J. A. P., CHARLOTTE, N. C.—In "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" (Metro) Dan McGrew is Wm. A. Morse; Jim Maxwell—Edmund Breece; Lou—Katheryn Adams; Nell—Betty Riggs.

G. L. G., NORWALK, CONN.—One of Theda Bara's latest pictures is "Lady Audley's Secret," following "The Clemenceau Case," "A Fool There Was," and "The Devil's Daughter," and then, too, you probably read the story of her life in September PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

E. S., SYDNEY, N. S. W.—Gerda Holmes is the wife of Raley Holmes. Your other questions are answered under other replies in this and several recent issues.

K. M. J., PITTSBURGH.—You are correct and so are we: Edith Storey first appeared with Vitagraph and was immediately sent to Texas to take part in some western plays that Vitagraph was producing at that time.

W. E. D., OTTAWA, ONT.—Beatriz Michelena and House Peters have the stellar roles in "Mignon" (California), playing Mignon and Wilhelm Meister. Lothario is Andrew Robson; Filina, Clara Beyers; Giorno, Emil Krusike; Frederick, William Pike, and Giorno's daughter is Belle Bennett. Miss Michelena has completed her work in the production of "Salvation Nell," starring in the title role, and we shall have the opportunity of seeing her in another lovable portrayal.

S. G. CHICAGO—The cast of "The Goddess," of Vitagraph production, is long, but we feel the interest warrants giving it in detail. *Celestia* and *Tommy Barclay* are Anita Stewart and Earl Williams; *Barclay*, *Blackstone* and *Semmes*, the three millionaires, are Frank Currier, Thomas Brooke and Charles Wellesley; *Professor Stilletter* is Paul Scardon; *Blackstone's* daughter is Lillian Burns; *Freddie*, the Ferret, and *Nellie*, his sister, are William Dangman and Mary Anderson; *Silas Kehr*, the mine owner, is Edward Elkes; *Gunsdorf*, the strike leader, and his wife are Ned Finley and Eulalie Jensen; *Carson*, a prominent striker, is Robert Galliard; the woman who snares *Celestia* in New York, with *Sweetzer's* aid, is Louise Beaudet, and *Sweetzer* is Anders Randolf. The dear old lady whom *Celestia* saved from eviction is Mrs. Mary Maurice. Other well-known players taking lesser roles are Katherine Franck, Mae Halpin, Ethel Corcoran, James Dent, Harold Foshay, and Billie Billings. *Celestia*, as a child, when kidnaped, is baby Wiley.

L. P. Y., MANCHESTER, N. H.—Nell Craig, of the Chicago Essanay studio, is a Philadelphia girl, and she received her first stage experience in that city with the Orpheum Stock Company.

E. H. F., LOUISVILLE, KY.—James Cruze has not, as yet, announced his plans for the future, but we shall undoubtedly be able to give them to you before long. "The Second in Command" is a Hollywood production.

A. B. G., COMMERCE, TEX.—*Jane Ferris'* brother *John* in "Jane of the Soil" is Richard Travers. *Vera Wallace*, in "The Rosary," is Kathlyn Williams; *Alice Wallace* is Gertrude Ryan, and *Bruce Wilton* is Wheeler Oakman.

F. T., CANTON, O., AND F. G. B., MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Harry Carter is *Wilkinson* in "The Master Key," and Joseph Henaberry is *Joe*, in "Children of the Sea." Vernon Steele plays the part of *Paul* in "Hearts in Exile," with Clara Kimball Young, and also the part of *Sterling* in "The Vampire." In "Cinderella," *Prince Charming* is Owen Moore, opposite Mary Pickford.

M. E. S., PLEASANT HILL, ILL., AND H. A. R., RIO VISTA, CALIF.—John Bunny was married to a non-professional. Jane Novak, playing opposite Hobart Bosworth in "A Little Brother of the Rich," joined Universal in the early summer. Your Gish questions are answered on page 154 of September PHOTOPLAY.

G. E. M., BERKELEY, CALIF., AND N. K. S., VANCOUVER—The cast of "Such a Little Queen" is given in the October issue on page 158, and we ask you to refer to it there. In Lasky's "Warrens of Virginia," the *General* is James Neill, *Mrs. Warren* is Mabel Van Buren and *Agatha* is Blanche Sweet. None of the American film companies maintain permanent studios in Canada, though a great many special pictures or parts of pictures are made by companies who go there for that purpose.

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J. G. B., TORONTO.—Undoubtedly when conditions become settled again after the war Canada will have several film companies of her own. The cast in "The Estabrook Case" (Vitagraph) is as follows: Howard Estabrook—L. Rogers Lytton; District Attorney—Robert Gaillard; Paul Sturgess—Garry McGarry; Grace Van Austin—Zene Keefe; Mrs. Van Austin—Cissy Fitz-Gerald; Mr. Van Austin—Charles Kent, and Ann is Julia Swayne Gordon. In Selig's "Red Wins," Mattie Connolly is Elsie Greeson and the chorus girl is Irene Wallace. House Peters is now with the New York Motion Picture Corp.

L. McN., NEWTON, IA.—The cast of "The Bargain" (Thos. H. Ince) is: Jim Stokes—Wm. S. Hart; the Sheriff—J. Frank Burke; Phil Brent—Barney Sherry; the Minister—James Dowling; Nell—Clara Williams. The cast of "The Victim" (Majestic): James Darrell—Eugene Pallette; Frank Hastings—Robert Harron; Mary Hastings—Mae Marsh; Jason Ferguson—W. H. Brown.

I. G., EL PASO, TEX.—The Princess Parlova in "The Million Dollar Mystery" was Miss Claire Krall; she has since left Thanhouser. There were twenty-two episodes in "Zudora" or the "Twenty Million Dollar Mystery," as it was called later.

E. C. P., CLARINDA, IA.—The cast of "The Lass o' Killcrankie" (Universal) is as follows: Laurie, Hugh and Dame Killcrankie are Elsie Albert, P. W. Nares and Isabel Vernon; the grandfather is Daddy Manley; Laird MacNutt is Rexford Kendrick, and Laird MacNabb is Charles Hutchinson; Tommy is C. Reislund.

I. P. C., MARIETTA, GA.—The leading roles in "The Girl of the Golden West" (Lasky) were taken by Mabel Van Buren as the girl; Theo. Roberts as Jack Rance; and House Peters as Ramerrez, the good natured desperado.

H. H., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Grace Darling is no longer with the Hearst-Selig news pictures, or the Selig Company.

E. B. S., JOSEPH, MO.—"The Mysterious Black Box" (Selig) was released November 20, 1914. John Lancaster, Lillian Leighton, Elsie Greeson and Sid Smith take the parts of Mr. Fogg, Mrs. Fogg, Betty Fogg and Bill Dodge.

N. T., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—In "The Sea Wolf" (Bosworth, Inc.) Hobart Bosworth is Wolf Larsen, "the sea wolf," "Hump" is Herbert Rawlinson; the girl is Viola Barry; and cookie is J. Charles Hayden.

D. H., LONGMEADOW, MASS.—Miriam Strange, in Bosworth's "Wild Olive," is Myrtle Stedman. In "The Arab" (Lasky) the sheik's son is Edgar Selwyn.

G. B., PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Louise Vale is married to her director, Travers Vale. Alan Hale is married to Gretchen Hartman.

E. M., TOPEKA, KAN.—James Kirkwood directed Biograph's "Strongheart," and the roles of Strongheart and Dorothy Nelson were taken by Henry Walthall and Blanche Sweet.

A. E. W.—Arthur Albertson, of the Florida Kalem studio, was born in Waycross, Georgia, Jan. 6, 1892. He was educated at the University of Florida and also at Washington and Lee. Yes, unmarried.

E. G. D., WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Miss Dorothy Farnum, of the World films, was born in New York City, June 10, 1899. Her ancestors were French, but they came to America so long ago that she is strictly an American herself. Before joining the World studio she was in stock at Detroit.

R. R., DALLAS, TEX.—Selma, in "The Heart of a Painted Woman," is Mme. Petrova; the artist—Fraunie Fraunholz; the spendthrift—Mahlon Hamilton; wealth—James O'Neil. Yes, Mahlon Hamilton took the part of Paul in "Three Weeks." William Farnum of the Fox films is married.

O. C., ST. THOMAS, ONT.—"The Sign of the Cross" (Famous Players) was filmed at Yonkers and Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

R. M. G., FARGO, N. DAK. "The Price of Her Silence" and "A Disciple of Nietzsche," both Thanhousers, released September 30th and 25th, respectively, are the two latest Florence La Badie plays to be presented to her admirers. "The House of a Thousand Scandals" is the latest Harold Lockwood-May Allison play.

A. J. W., UNIONTOWN, PA. The prize that the North American Film Corporation is offering in connection with the presentation of "The Diamond From the Sky" is to be given to the person suggesting the best sequel to the story. It is not a prize offered for the solution of a mystery, or anything of the sort, but is offered for the best story to follow "The Diamond From the Sky" as a sequel or continuation. The address of the North American Film Corporation is 222 South State Street, Chicago.

E. J. W., ST. LOUIS. Patrick O'Malley, of the Edison company, was born in Pennsylvania at Forest City, in September of 1890. After considerable experience in vaudeville and with the Ringling Brothers, and Barnum & Bailey, he joined the Kalem company in 1912, the Gene Gautier Features in 1913, the Sid Olcott Players in 1914, and spent much time taking pictures with the last company in Ireland. He is a tall, blonde Irishman.

K. H., SANTA BARBARA, CAL. When you see a news item in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE you may know that it is not a mere rumor. Nolan Gane died last spring. We are always glad to receive requests and suggestions from our readers and make every effort to find ample space for them. Write us at any time.

M. F., NEW YORK CITY. The Arnold Daly series of pictures, of Pathe's, are under process of production at the present time. Just when the first of these will appear cannot be stated at present. Pearl White is no longer with the Whartons, though she may be addressed in their care, and at the present time is taking a rest and a vacation. Her future plans have not been announced.

P. B., KIRKSVILLE, MO. Falstaff, Princess and Thanhouser films are all the productions of the Thanhouser Film Corporation of New Rochelle, N. Y., to whom Falstaff mail should be addressed.

A. C. L., CHICAGO. Helen Holmes is the wife of Mr. J. P. McGowan, one of the directors of the Universal company. In many of the "Hazards of Helen" Miss Holmes and Mr. McGowan played opposite each other, but they have both left Kalem.

V. B., TORONTO, ONT.—Doesn't it ever strike you as amusing that you write us to know whether your favorite actor or actress will answer you, when the same stamp and war-tax would ask your friend personally? We can only say, that as a rule some of them do and some of them don't! It probably makes quite a difference as to what you write: try them out and see for yourself. J. Warren Kerrigan and Harold Lockwood are both unmarried and Kerrigan may be addressed at Universal City and Lockwood at the American studio at Santa Barbara, Calif.; Marguerite Clark at the Famous Players' New York office. Did you see Miss Clark in "Helene of the North"? It was a very interesting picture with a very interesting story running throughout.

D. W., CANTON, O.—Fay Tincher has moved to the Griffith forces of the Triangle, and the famous stripes of that famous dress are to go into the discard. It is said she will play opposite De Wolf Hopper in the screen version of the "Pickwick Papers": it should prove a great team.

V. O., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Your friend Robert Walker is no longer with the Kalem company, having recently joined Edison. Hazel Dawn, Russell Bassett and James Kirkwood have the more important parts in "The Heart of Jennifer," a Famous Players' production. Kirkwood, by the way, is also the director of this film.

D. B., MINNEAPOLIS.—Donald Crisp is no longer with D. W. Griffith, as he has recently been engaged by the Clune forces as director. Yes, Mr. Crisp was one of the assistant directors in the production of "The Birth of a Nation."



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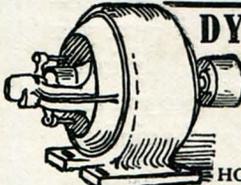
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B. M. GOSHEN, IND. In Thanhouser's "Movie Fans" the stenographer and the shipping clerk are Lorraine Huling and Billy Sullivan. In "The Come Back," a Majestic, Borden, Dennison and the girl are Elmer Clifton, Ralph Lewis and Billie West. In "Snobs," a Lasky film, Ethel Hamilton is Anita King, who, by the way, is crossing the continent at the present time in an automobile. Jane, in "The Flight of a Night Bird," another Universal, is Agnes Vernon.

E. W. NEW ORLEANS. Essanay's "Little Straw Wife" and "The Slim Princess" were released quite a while ago. "A Man Afraid" was released July 31, and features Richard Travers as the hero and Renee Noel as the girl. Francis X. Bushman plays the part of Alexander Pike, the American, in "The Slim Princess," and Ruth Stonehouse appears in the title role.

L. W. H., HARTFORD, CONN. Kindly read the coming series of articles on Mary Pickford and her career, regarding the matters to which you refer. It is going to be the most interesting and widely read story of this lovable little player that has ever been written.

M. B., DENVER, COLO., and L. N., LOS ANGELES. You may address William S. Hart at Inceville, Santa Monica, California; and Edna Mayo and Bryant Washburn at the Chicago Essanay office. Miss Mayo is unmarried. Blanche Sweet is twenty years old.

J. S. J., BAY SHORE, N. Y. Tom Moore is the young minister in Kalem's "Prejudice," and Marguerite Courtot is the deacon's daughter. Kalem is about to inaugurate a series of pictures on the order of the "Hazards of Helen," in which they will feature Marguerite Courtot.

G. B., BALTIMORE. Alice Hollister is with the Florida Kalem. "May Blossoms," a Famous Player release, with Gertrude Robinson as the girl, is a California picture. In "The Soul of the Vase" Robyn Adair and Beatrice Van are the potter and his wife. Both Norma and Constance Talmadge are with the National Film Corporation in Los Angeles.

J. A. W., FORNEY, TEX. You should address Ormi Hawley at the Lubin studio, in Philadelphia. Marguerite Clayton is at Niles, Cal.; Lillian Walker at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn, and Velma Whitman at Lubin's Los Angeles studio.

C. B. II., EL PASO, TEX. We have no idea whether your city will be included in the routings of any of the "Birth of a Nation" films, or not. There are several films touring the country now, making stops of a week or more, but at these exhibitions the big orchestras, which add so much to the performance in New York and Chicago, are missing. This accounts in some cases for the slightly lower scale of prices. Harold Lockwood has light hair and blue eyes.

W. D., DURHAM, N. C. Jack Hamilton is still with the New York Motion Picture Corporation, and appeared on September 22d in a one reeler entitled "Never Again."

A. B. B., CHARLESTON, W. VA. Mary Pickford would assuredly answer your letter if it is possible for her to spare the few necessary moments. Don't ask for a picture, however, without sending a quarter at least.

L. C., INDEPENDENCE, ORE. You refer to Roberta Hickman, with Elsie Janis, in Bosworth's "Betty in Search of a Thrill." Owen Moore was the man in the affair.

M. C., PHILADELPHIA. We shall be glad to send you a copy of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for October, 1914, containing the Pearl White interview, upon receipt of 15c. In this issue Miss White was the Girl on the Cover and the usual interview accompanied the cover picture.

L. M. J. William A. Morse is Dan McGraw in the shooting of Dan by Metro. In "Four Feathers," the General is Edgar L. Davenport; Lieut. Sutch, Fuller Mellish; Harry Feversham, as a boy, Ogden Child, Jr., and as an army officer, Howard Estabrook; Capt. Durrance, Arthur Evers; Mr. Eustace and his daughter, George Moss and Irene Warfield.

G. G. F., MAYWOOD, ILL. Webster Campbell is no longer with the American films, as Vitagraph has engaged him to play opposite Mary Anderson, now that Miss Anderson has gone to the western studios.

J. J. F., CLEVELAND. Yes, Beatriz Michelena has a sister Vera Michelena, but she is not in the moving pictures. At the present time Vera is in New York at the Century, with "Town Topics," which opened there on September 16th. This company is headed by Trixie Friganza of mirthful fame.

L. C. H., LOWELL, MASS., and E. C., BROOKLYN. Mary Miles Minter may be addressed at the Metro offices in New York City. The name of the mysterious lady on page 83 of the September issue is given on page 158 of the October number, under the caption, "The Woman Question." She is Gertrude McCoy of Edison.

E. B., CHICAGO. The Eddie Foy who is now making funny films for Keystone is in fact the same Eddie who was playing in "Mr. Bluebeard" at the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago at the time it flamed forth in one of the greatest theatre disasters of history. His name in private life is Edwin—imagine it, "Edwin"—Fitzgerald, and he calls Chicago home.

H. K., NEW YORK CITY. You are not the only one who has been immensely amused over the name "V-L-S-E" and the nickname "Vaseline." It is said that the elevator boys in the Mecca Building in New York have now gotten hold of the name and call out "Vaseline" when the V-L-S-E floor is reached. Oh, well!

F. R., DAYTON, O. Universal City is a suburb of Los Angeles, and is easily reached by trolley or jitney bus. Until Universal City was fully organized, mail for people there was handled through the Los Angeles postoffice, and even now all mail goes via Los Angeles. It is a complete city in every respect—just like Dayton, only not so crowded!

B. M., BUFFALO. In Edison's "At the Stroke of Twelve" Colby is Richard Tucker; Stella Razeto is Mrs. Edward J. Le Saint, her husband being one of the directors of the Universal company. Mrs. Mary Maurice has been with the Vitagraph for three years or more, but prior to entering screen work she played for many years on the stage, having appeared in support of Booth, Jefferson, and more recently Mantell.

R. M., FULTON, Mo. Pronounce Theda with a long "e," accenting the first syllable; Bara, the "a" as in care, accent on first syllable. The "i" in Ince is short. Laemmle as though spelled Lemley, accenting the first part.

F. A. P., BOSTON. A Moreno interview will appear before very long, and we ask you to await it. Under another answer we have given his nationality and age. "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Clansman" are one and the same play, one name being used in certain cities and the other name elsewhere, as best pleases the censorial powers that be.

P. F., PORTSMOUTH, O. Address your contributions "Seen and Heard at the Movies," Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

L. L., CUMBERLAND, MD. Just the moment there is any Alice Joyce news our readers will have it immediately. As yet there is none, but we feel sure that she does not intend to remain in private life permanently. The telephone girl in "Little Miss Brown" (World Films) is Jewel Hilburn.

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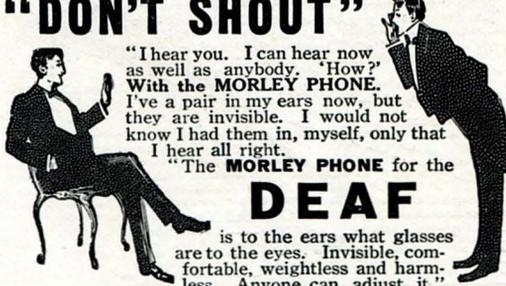
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| Don Jose | Wallace Reid |
| Pastia, the innkeeper | Horace B. Carpenter |
| Escamillo, the toreador | Pedro de Cordoba |
| Morales | William Elmer |
| Frasquita | Jeanie Macpherson |
| Garcia | Milton Brown |

THE IRON STRAIN

(C. Gardner Sullivan and Thomas H. Ince)
Ince-Triangle

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| Chuck Hemmingway | Dustin Farnum |
| Octavia Van Ness | Enid Markey |
| Ezra Whitney | Charles K. French |
| Mrs. Courtney Van Ness | Truly Shattuck |
| Kitty Molloy | Louise Glauum |

PEER GYNT (From the Ibsen Play)

Moroso

| | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Peer Gynt | Cyril Maude |
| Solveig | Myrtle Stedman |
| Ase | Fanny Y. Stockbridge |
| Anitra | Mary Reubens |
| Ingrid | Mary Ruby |
| Annabel Lee | Winnifred Bryson |
| Virginia Thorne | Evelyn Duncan |
| Notanah | Kitty Stevans |
| St. Peter | Herbert Standing |
| The Button Moulder | Charles Ruggles |
| The Parson | William Desmond |
| Robert | Juan de la Cruz |

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World

| | |
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| Grace Ellicot | Alma Belwin |
| Dr. Hartman | Norman Trevor |
| Prefect of Police | Robert Cummings |

REGENERATION

(From the Play by Owen Kildare)
Fox

| | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Owen Conway | Rockcliffe Fellowes |
| Marie Deering | Anna Q. Nilsson |
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