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MOTION PICTURE

Classic



ROY-MORAN

Power of Will

Why is this man master? He is unarmed. The lion has the physical strength to tear him to shreds—his mouth is watering, yet he dares not. He is cowed—cowed by the man's POWER OF WILL



Partial Contents.
 The Law of Great Thinking.
 The Four Factors on which it depends.
 How to develop analytical power.
 How to think "all-around" any subject.
 How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
 Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
 How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
 How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
 How to guard against errors in Thought.
 How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
 How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.
 How to develop Reasoning Power.
 How to Handle the Mind in Creative Thinking.
 The secret of Building Mind Power.
 How the will is made to act.
 How to test your Will.
 How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
 What creates Human Power.
 The Six Principles of Will Training.
 Definite Methods for developing Will.
 The NINETY-NINE METHODS for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life.
 Seven principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.
 FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for applied power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
 How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
 How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.
 How to become aware of Nerve Action.
 How to keep the body well-poised.
 How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.
 How to exercise the nerves.
 How to throw off Worry.
 How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous system.
 How to secure steady nerves.
 How to train the Hand.
 How to maintain the Central Factors of Body Health.
 Difficulties in Mastering Harmful Habits.
 The Law of Will-Power in Habits.
 The Mental Law of Habit Cure.
 Fifteen Methods of mastering Anger and Irritability.
 The Psycho-Physical cause of the Drink Habit, etc., etc., etc.

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IT HAS long been known that the will can be trained into wonderful power—like memory, or like any one of the senses—*by intelligent exercise and use.* The trouble with almost every one is that they do not use their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstance. If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens, in most people, to the faculty we call "will-power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become *unable* to use it. We degenerate into beings little more than slaves—unhappy, discontented, envious, hoping blindly that "some day"—without any effort—we will attain what we most want in life.

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CONTENTS

GALLERY OF POPULAR PLAYERS

	Page
Gail Kane	5
Douglas Fairbanks	6
Edna May	7
Ruth Blair	7
Crane Wilbur	8
Marie Doro	9
Ruth Roland	10
Lillian Hamilton	11
Naomi Childers	12

COVER DESIGN

Scene from "The Wraith of Haddon Towers" (see page 43), painted by Percy Moran, who comes from a family of painters, all of whom became famous, and Percy Moran is recognized as one of America's foremost figure painters. We are proud to be able to present our readers with this beautiful work of art, which we have reproduced in seven colors by the "offset process."

PHOTOPLAY STORIES

Phantom Island	Dorothy Donnell	13
A man, his valet, and the former's sweetheart are wrecked on an island and become rivals for her hand. A "phantom" adds to the complications, but all comes out right in the end.		
Colton, U. S. A.	Cyrus Townsend Brady	28
A story by Dr. Brady—enough said.		

PHOTOPLAY STORIES—Continued

	Page	
The Wraith of Haddon Towers	Gladys Hall	43
This is a real "ghost story," and it is told charmingly and fascinatingly by one of our best writers.		
Dimples	Norman Bruce	53
A beautiful story with a beautiful heroine.		

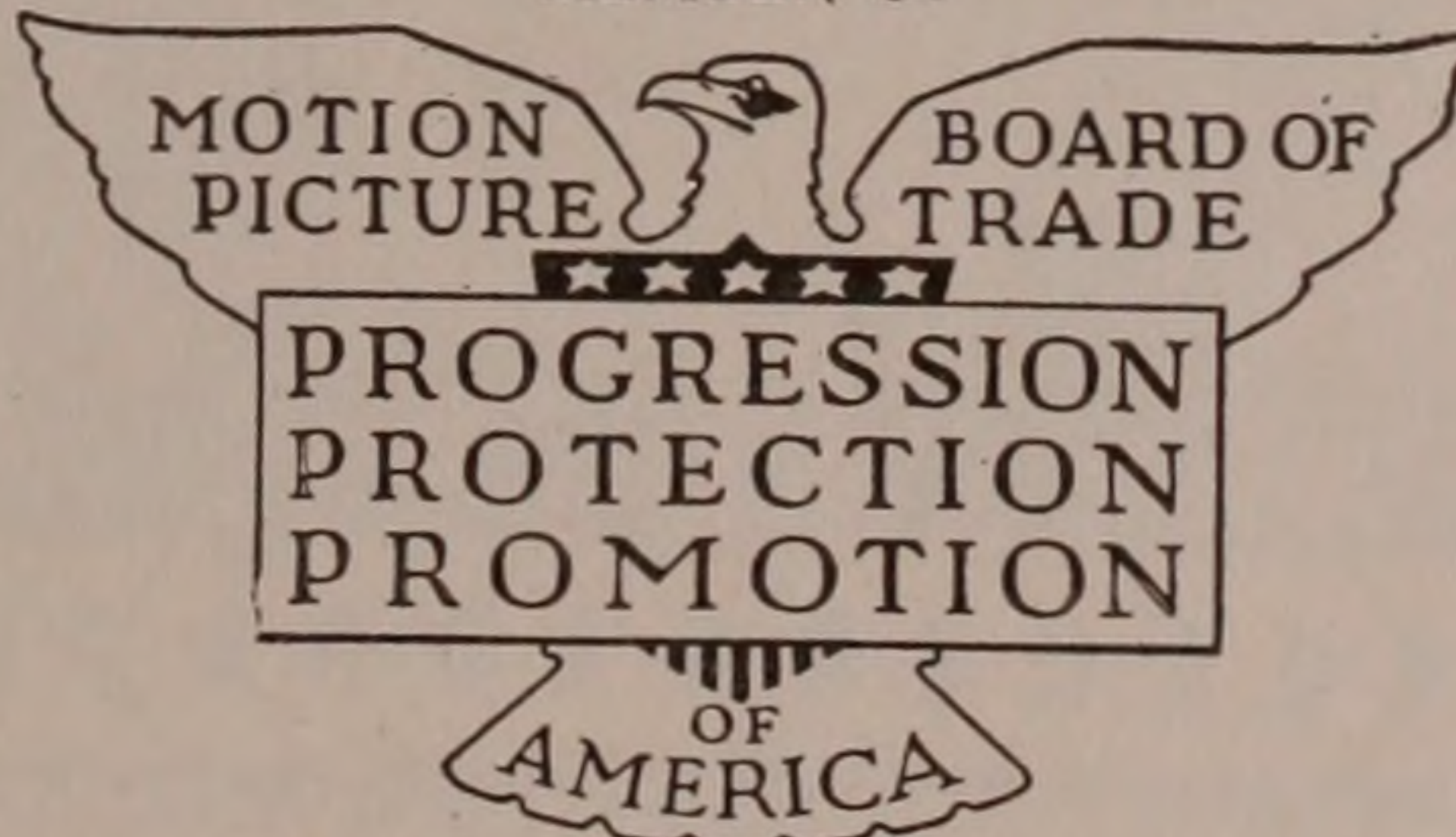
SPECIAL ARTICLES AND DEPARTMENTS

Evolution (poem)	Charles Elkin, Jr.	4
To the Photoplay (poem)	Bertha M. Coombs	4
Children of the Screen	Peter Wade	18
Big Moments from Great Plays		22
Every Town With Its Own Zoo	Ernest A. Dench	23
Pen Impressions (drawings)	Carolyn Townsend	27
Brief Biographies—G. M. Anderson, Kathlyn Williams, Lillian Drew		33
What It Means to Be an Extra ..	Loretto Coffield Clarke	35
Picturesque Settings of the West		40
Ham and Bud	Hector Ames	41
The Man Who Knows His West	William Hart	48
Once Upon a Time	Johnson Briscoe	49
An Artist Who Can Force Tears	Mary Fuller	52
Answers to Inquiries	The Answer Man	59
Greenroom Jottings		67
"I Hear You Calling Me"	Ruth Roland	71

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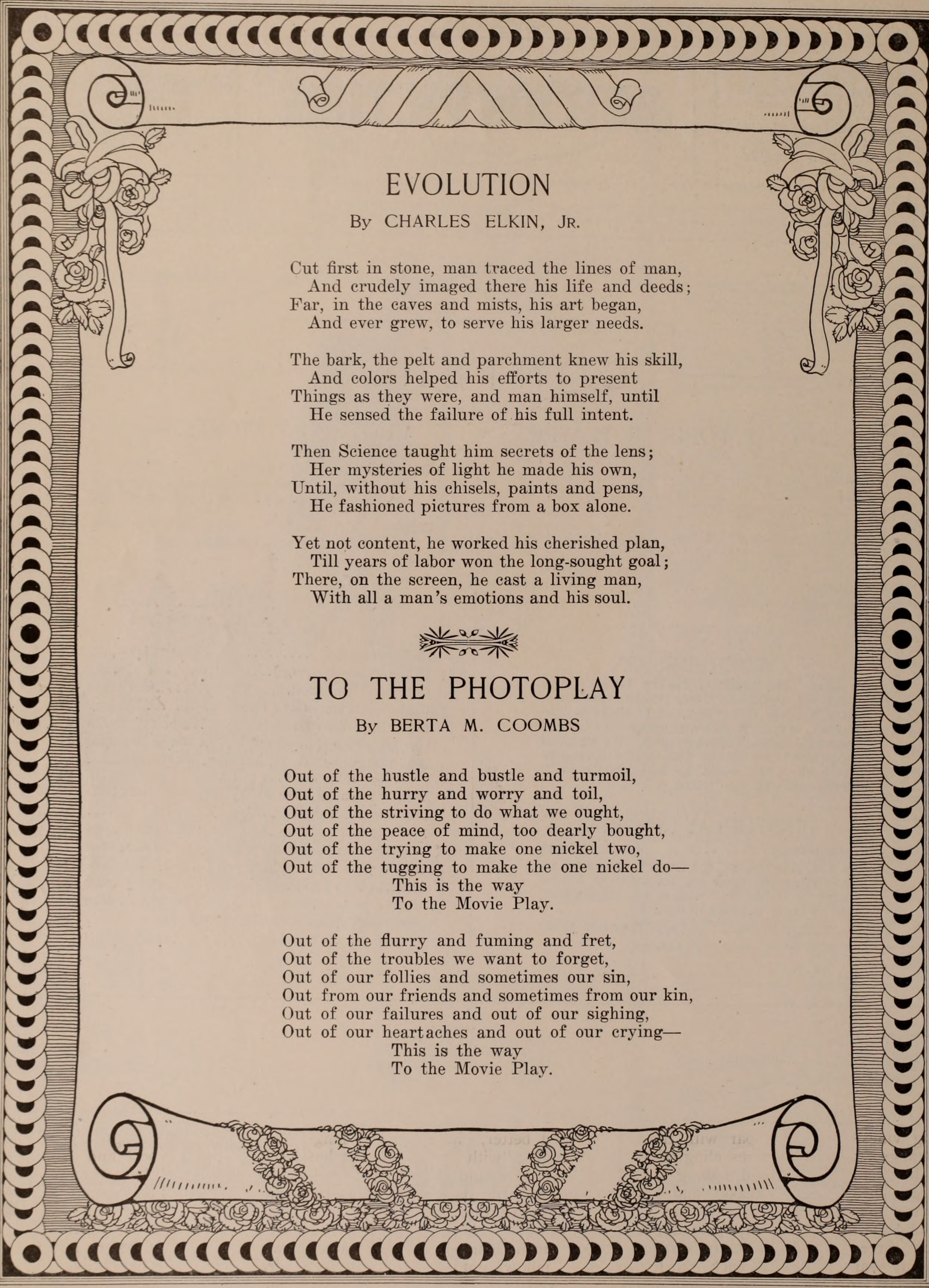
J. STUART BLACKTON, President; E. V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. Subscription, \$1.75 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico, and Philippines; in Canada, \$2; in foreign countries, \$2.50. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. One-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

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EVOLUTION

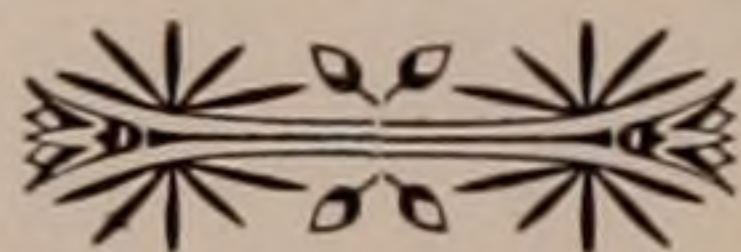
By CHARLES ELKIN, JR.

Cut first in stone, man traced the lines of man,
And crudely imaged there his life and deeds;
Far, in the caves and mists, his art began,
And ever grew, to serve his larger needs.

The bark, the pelt and parchment knew his skill,
And colors helped his efforts to present
Things as they were, and man himself, until
He sensed the failure of his full intent.

Then Science taught him secrets of the lens;
Her mysteries of light he made his own,
Until, without his chisels, paints and pens,
He fashioned pictures from a box alone.

Yet not content, he worked his cherished plan,
Till years of labor won the long-sought goal;
There, on the screen, he cast a living man,
With all a man's emotions and his soul.



TO THE PHOTOPLAY

By BERTA M. COOMBS

Out of the hustle and bustle and turmoil,
Out of the hurry and worry and toil,
Out of the striving to do what we ought,
Out of the peace of mind, too dearly bought,
Out of the trying to make one nickel two,
Out of the tugging to make the one nickel do—
This is the way
To the Movie Play.

Out of the flurry and fuming and fret,
Out of the troubles we want to forget,
Out of our follies and sometimes our sin,
Out from our friends and sometimes from our kin,
Out of our failures and out of our sighing,
Out of our heartaches and out of our crying—
This is the way
To the Movie Play.

GALLERY of PHOTOPLAYERS



GAIL KANE
(Equitable)



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
(Triangle)



EDNA MAY
(Vitagaph)



RUTH BLAIR
(Fox)





CRANE WILBUR

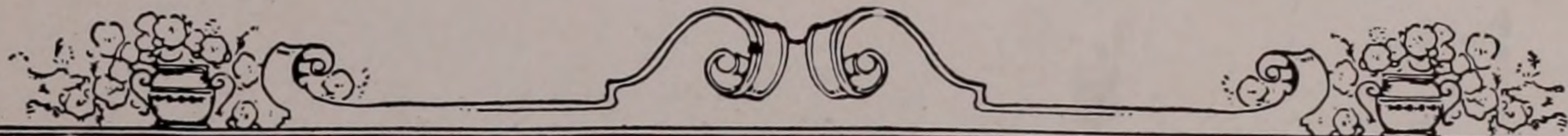
(Horsley)



MARIE DORO
(Lasky)



RUTH ROLAND
(Balboa)



LILLIAN HAMILTON
(Premier)





NAOMI CHILDERS
(Vitagraph)

PHANTOM ISLAND

by Dorothy

Donnell



This story was written from the

Photoplay of GRACE CUNARD



BYOND the slim-fingered palms, the sky took on hues of rose and opal, and the gray of dawning parted and rolled back swiftly like a curtain. One moment it was night with a phosphorescent sea lisp on the level shore, the next and day was born. With a stir the forest awoke; flocks of tiny, jeweled birds fluttered from the leaves and flew chattering to the ground; white sea-gulls flashed and dipped above the water, and a beautiful shy creature with a creamy striped skin came out of the shadows with her fat cubs and rolled joyously on the sand.

Then, suddenly, panic! The gulls saw it first and sent hoarse screams of warning back to shore. The mother creature gathered her cubs and slunk into the underbrush and the parakeets scolded shrilly from the swaying vines. A great spar with three strange, sodden creatures clinging to it like scraps of seaweed, sprang high upon an intruding breaker and lay, when the wave rolled back, far up along the beach. Minutes passed, and the three figures lay laxly on the sunny sand, panting back to life. At last, one sat upright and put up weak hands to its long, wringing

hair with a gesture that was purely feminine.

"I suppose," said Pearl Jeffries, mournfully, "that I look like a perfect fright, and I dare say not a decent hotel in miles!"

At her voice, the two other figures rolled to a sitting posture and surveyed the young lady with the humbleness of the civilized male who realizes that he needs a shave. Then one, the slighter of the two, gave a hollow groan as he regarded their landing place.

"What in the name of common sense did you bring us here for, John?" he queried peevishly. "Do I pay you sixty a month to be shipwrecked and landed in a beastly hole like this, without a dressing-case or even a clean collar to my name?"

"I do think, John, you might have managed better," added Pearl, long-sufferingly; "with all Mr. Robert has done for you and the recommendations you had, dont you think it rather ungrateful of you to bring us to this?"

The second man, a tall, great-framed young fellow, got stiffly to his feet and bowed.

"Yes, Miss; yes, sir," he said softly.

"Very sorry, I'm sure, sir. But now that we *are* here—if I might venture, sir, what would you wish me to do first?"

Robert Law gazed up at his valet helplessly; jaw slightly sagging as the intricacies of their situation began to dawn upon him.

"Get us dry things—Great Scott, there *aren't* any dry things!" he complained. "Pearl, that dress you have on is ridiculously unsuited to this sort of thing. Why women cannot learn to dress properly I dont understand."

"You ad-m-mired it only last evening," shivered the girl resentfully. "Of c-course, if I'd known dad's wretched old y-yacht was going to strike a r-reef, I'd have p-put on a m-mackintosh and rubbers. Dont talk so foolishly, Robert, but *do* something, cant you?"

"If I might suggest," said John respectfully, "the sun is getting very hot and I think, Miss, if you will sit where you are for an hour or so, you will feel quite warm and dry. In the meantime," he coughed behind his hand, "Mr. Robert and I will walk about a bit and see whether we can find fresh water and something we can eat."

Robert Law's pale cheeks flushed with anger. He got to his feet and drew himself up haughtily, facing the imperturbable valet.

"Really, John," he began sternly;

"do I understand you are giving *me* orders? Kindly remember, my man, who you are and who I am, and let me have no more of your impertinence."

A grim look tightened John's lips, but his voice was respectful as ever.

"Yes, sir," he purred, "and if I dont, sir——"

"I discharge you!" roared Robert, "without references. Get out! Do you hear me—you're discharged!"

"Very good, sir." John's voice shed its servility, becoming loud and furious. He took a step forward and seized the amazed Robert by his collar, shaking him violently. "And now I'm no longer in your service, you will kindly remember that I'm as good as you are, Robert Law," he snarled. "Better than you are—you whining little runt, you! We're in the South Sea Islands now—not on Broadway—and here a man's fists and biceps and brains count for more than his rotten money. Remember that, and keep a civil tongue in your head when you speak to me—do you understand?"

Robert cast a dazed look about him, seeking a prop for his dignity—but yesterday and civilization seemed suddenly very far away. He felt that his collar was awry and his hair straggling untidily over his brow and his suit grotesquely wrinkled and bunchy. Worst of all, from the tail of one eye he saw his fiancée listening breathlessly to the conversation with a queer little smile on her lips. And over him loomed his erstwhile valet, his hands, Robert noted—unbusied with military brushes or shirt-studs—knotted into two very businesslike fists. There was no help for it and he bowed to necessity.

"Yes, John," he said meekly, "yes—er—Mr. Hastings."

"All right," said John, shortly. "Now come along with me and hunt for a spring."

As the two tramped away, a silver sound rippled out on the sunny air—mocking, heartless, cruel. To the victor belonged the spoils of Pearl's laughter.

Left alone, the girl braided her hair and shook out her delicate, ruined draperies on the sand. Hungry as she was and fatigued after the last six terrible hours in the water, the situation had a piquancy that appealed to her sense of the dramatic. Her father's ingenious plan of sending his daughter on a suitably chaperoned cruise with her fiancé, in order that the young people might become better acquainted, had taken an odd twist under fate's mischievous fingers. The sea that swept over the *Belle Isle* last night had swept away with it the card parties and moonlit strolls and charming tête-à-

têtes in which Robert had shone so resplendently; had swept away chaperons and comforts and even the necessities of life; had swept away, too—she was beginning to think—the ordinary conventions of society, the barriers of class distinction.

There was no doubt about it. John Hastings, the valet, had played a man's part in the drama of the last few hours. Whether it was the hero's part, she was not quite willing to decide, but it had been his courage and cheery common-sense that had kept the three of them clinging hour after hour to the drifting spar, and now—she smiled again, rather unwillingly—there was no doubt who had taken charge of their destiny on the island. How big and strong the man was, and why had she never noticed before that Robert wore padding in the shoulders of his coat and was hardly taller than she?

The sun and the low, monotonous sound of the waves were making her sleepy. It was still two hours before her maid was accustomed to rouse her with chocolate and rolls on a dainty tray, and they had danced late last night before the accident. Robert *did* dance divinely, Pearl reflected drowsily, heavy-lidded eyes on the thicket of swinging vines—and he looked very well in a dress suit, better no doubt than John Hastings would. It took a gentleman to carry off those things; but on a desert island there seemed to be no gentlemen or ladies—only men and women—*why!* what was that face peering thru the vines——

Pearl sat up, staring; then her screams tore the sunny air into ragged tatters of sound. A shout up the beach answered. The two men crashed thru the underbrush and ran to her side. Ignoring her fiancé's frantic questioning, Pearl grasped the arm of the ex-valet, pointing hysterically to the curtain of vines.

"The face!" she gasped. "I saw it looking at me—a white, dreadful face there among the leaves."

"There, there, Miss Pearl," John soothed her, and even in her terror she felt with a thrill the new assertiveness in his tone. "You must have been dreaming. There isn't a soul but ourselves on the island. But we've found water and coconuts and fruit, and there are plenty of fish, so we shant starve, and no doubt there will be some boat by before long. And now——" he turned briskly upon Robert, standing helplessly near-by, "you hustle around, old man, and pick up some wood and I'll knock over a turtle or too, and we'll have breakfast in a jiffy, Miss Pearl."

So began their strange life on the island that was separated from the rest

of the world by more than the sea. From the first, John Hastings took command. It was he who found new articles of food to vary their unaccustomed diet, birds' eggs and breadfruit and a kind of coarse wild grain. It was he who, with the young clubman's clumsy help, put up two rude shelters of branches, thatching them with leaves and grass, and made a couch of boughs in one of them for Pearl, and it was John who, of the three of them, talked cheerily, told funny stories and kept up their hope of rescue as the eventless days slid by. The whole field of the conversation they had been accustomed to was closed now to the young millionaire and his fiancée; theaters, dances, dress and tea-table gossip were meaningless in this new world, and life had taught them no other vocabulary.

Gradually Robert became morose and silent, sitting sulkily apart, while John fished and told his stories to Pearl. And the girl met the growing admiration in the valet's eyes without disapproval, for with each day her old world and its old standards seemed remoter and less real. If it had not been for the Phantom, there would have been nothing to disturb the monotony of their life.

But the strange face that Pearl had seen on the first day returned again and again, peering elfishly at them over the top of some rock, looking out of the shadows of the holly grove, gleaming with uncanny whiteness among the hanging moss and scarlet trumpet-vines.

"The island is haunted," declared Pearl, one evening, as she and John strolled along the beach under a great golden tropic moon. "But such a sad ghost—and so old! I didn't suppose ghosts grew old, did you?"

"I'm not thinking about ghosts tonight," said John, and there was a note in his voice that set the girl to trembling. "I'm thinking about us—you and me."

He paused and stood before her, arms folded. "I cant go on like this any longer," he said somberly. "You're good to me now; you're willing to talk to me like an equal, and walk with me because there's no one to see us. Your willing even to *like* me as long as we're on this island. But any day a ship may come—and what then? It'll be a different story then."

He laughed harshly. "After all, what's the reason it cant go on after we get back? I'm as good as any man in your set, aren't I? I'm as brave as your pretty tennis players and tango dancers. I'm not bad-looking. I can soon learn the tricks of a gentleman. After all, we valets know



THE TWO MEN CRASHED THRU THE UNDERBRUSH AND RAN TO HER SIDE

what makes a man a gentleman!" Scorn rang in his tones. "And as for birth, what is it even in your world? Let a man make a fortune breeding cattle or brewing beer and people are glad enough to forget who his grandfather was! It's the money that makes the difference between me and that Robert of yours, that's all. If I had a lot of dirty money you'd dare to love me instead of him, wouldn't you?" He leaned closer to her, eyes blazing. "Answer me, Pearl—wouldn't you dare to love me then?"

The girl drew back nervously, breath coming fast between parted lips. When she spoke it was so low he could hardly catch the words.

"Perhaps," she said, "perhaps," and then turned swiftly and fled along the beach to her hut of leaves. Three hours later the men, smoking in silence in their own shelter, heard her terrified screams. They found her half-sitting on her couch, staring at the moonlit square of the doorway with distended eyes.

"The Phantom," she gasped; "he came in here—I woke to find him standing over me—and his hands—

ugh! They were *real*, like bony claws!"

"Real!" snarled John; "*real!*" Fury twisted his face. "I'll see what d—d creature it is that goes prowling around this place. If he isn't a ghost yet, I'll make him one!"

The streaming silver light gave the world the illusion of a faded day. Plunging into the palm-grove, John caught a glimpse of something white and moving in the shadows ahead. With the growl of a beast whose mate has been attacked, he plunged forward, crashing along the tracks of the Phantom. The chase was a short one—over a stream, up a hillside slippery with fallen palm fronds, and along a steep rocky ledge that seemed suddenly to leap off into space above the sea. Just in time, John checked his steps and, clutching at the horny wall for support, lost his balance and plunged headlong into a shallow cave. At the further end, where the long fingers of the moon could not pry, a something in the dimness squealed and chattered. It had been no idle boast when John spoke of himself as brave. Now, unhesitatingly, he sprang for-

ward and with surging relief felt his fingers close on flesh and bones.

Back and forth on the granite floor they wrestled, with soughing gurgles of breath and grunting cries. And then in a patch of moonlight John saw his opponent for the first time—an old, old man with reverend white hair and beard and frightened, childlike eyes. Frail as he was, he fought desperately as an animal fights, biting, clawing, uttering all the while shrill squeaks of rage.

Unnoticed, the struggle had brought them out of the cave onto the narrow ledge, and John saw with a thrill of awe that another step would send them both into the chasm, from which, far below, muttered the sea. Suddenly his opponent turned to putty in his hands. His strength was spent and his breath rattled noisily in his lungs. "Dont," the ghostly creature pleaded—"I mean well—I wouldn't harm——" It was too late. Driven to demoniac fury by the resistance of the uncanny visitant, John stiffened his muscles, bent his whole strength to the task, picked the old man bodily off the ground and flung him over the edge of the cliff.



"SEE!" HE SHRILLED; "SEE! A SHIP AT LAST, THANK GOD!"

John's head rang as he stumbled back into the cave and leaned, arms outstretched, against the side to win back breath for his panting lungs. Then, under his very hands he saw it—the mouldy oaken sea-chest, filled to the bursting of its crazy hinges with gold coin. With a sharp cry he sank on his knees before it, plunging his hands frantically into the hard metal, and the feel of it went to his head like the fumes of raw liquor.

"Mine—mine!" he gasped hoarsely; "and the girl—money makes the man—I'll have her too!"

Shadows fell across the chest from the opening of the cave. John sprang to his feet and whirled about, crouching to shield his find. His face was distorted into new lines—hateful, vulgar, mean. The girl in the doorway saw the look and her hand went out involuntarily to Robert's sleeve. For a moment's silence the three read each other's faces, then John sprang to the girl and swept her roughly to his breast.

"Look, Pearl," he cried, "money! Money enough to make a valet respectable—money enough to make you

love me! Come on, give us a kiss, my girl, I'm a rich man now!"

Pearl felt his hot breath on her face, saw his greedy eyes glaring into hers, and a shudder shook her. She strained desperately away, not knowing why she did so, or the difference between this moment and that other on the beach a few hours ago, only realizing the loathsomeness of his touch and calling out in her need for the protection of one of her kind.

"Robert! Robert!—dont let him kiss me!"

A contemptuous laugh grated in her ear.

"Robert! Robert!" sneered John; "pretty Robert, gentle Robert—brave as a lion at an afternoon tea-party! There's no use struggling or screaming, girl. I want you and I've got you and I'm going to keep you. Get out of my way, you poor, puling fool, you!"

For Robert Law, white as a corpse, was facing him, barring the entrance to the cave. Pearl felt herself set down roughly and staggered to one side, watching the two men, fascinated. She heard John's contemptuous laugh,

saw him advance, great fists raised, and then in the drawing of a breath saw Robert's arm flash out and send the giant crashing to the floor of the cave. Something in the girl's breast leaped. In an instant's clear vision she knew her heart and cast herself, weeping and laughing together, into Robert's arms.

"He was only a great bully!" she cried; "but you, Robert—Robert, you are a gentleman!"

A soft footfall hesitated behind them and a slow, cracked voice came brokenly to their ears. Looking up wonderingly, the lovers saw the Phantom standing in the moonlight, gazing at them with eyes that were faded and timid, but sane.

"Who are you?" he asked, in a high, cracked voice. "Oh, God! tell me that you are real—not the ghosts of long ago!"

John, who had gotten to his feet, uttered a growling oath and sprang at the tatterdemalion figure. His hands twisted into the old man's beard and he shook him to and fro in a frenzy of rage.

"Oh, dont, dont!" cried Pearl; "I



"BRING HIS CHEST DOWN TO THE BEACH, JOHN, AND HANDLE IT CAREFULLY"

am sure he is harmless and in need of help."

The flash of the hoarded gold drove John on. The creature's feet again clung to the edge of the cliff, his shoulders forced back over its sheer edge.

Then the grip of Robert's fingers circled John's neck and worked in and in, a narrowing vise that centered upon his windpipe. His arms released their hold and he sank back.

Pearl took the old man's hand and patted his quivering shoulder. Presently, when his breath came easier, the tears sprang into his eyes and he spoke so that his words stumbled over each other in their eagerness.

"Don't be frightened," the old man begged—one hand went up, touching his head vaguely. "I had a—a fall and struck my—head. It was like—awakening. I think—I must have been asleep—a long time." His dazed

glance swept the cave, passing over John, who had gotten painfully to his knees, until it came to rest at last upon the oaken chest. With a cry he pointed to it.

"I—remember now," he said. "The wreck—I was washed ashore alone—I and the chest yonder. But I was—a young man then."

Slow tears filmed his eyes and he turned abruptly from them to look over the sea. Suddenly he gave a great cry and lifted a shaking hand.

"See!" he shrilled; see! A ship at last, thank God!"

"Father has come to hunt for us!" cried Pearl. She drew away from her lover primly and lifted anxious hands to her hair.

"Oh, dear! I suppose I look like a perfect fright!" she sighed.

The ill-assorted group stood like carven things, while the yacht lowered a boat and its crew pulled lustily for

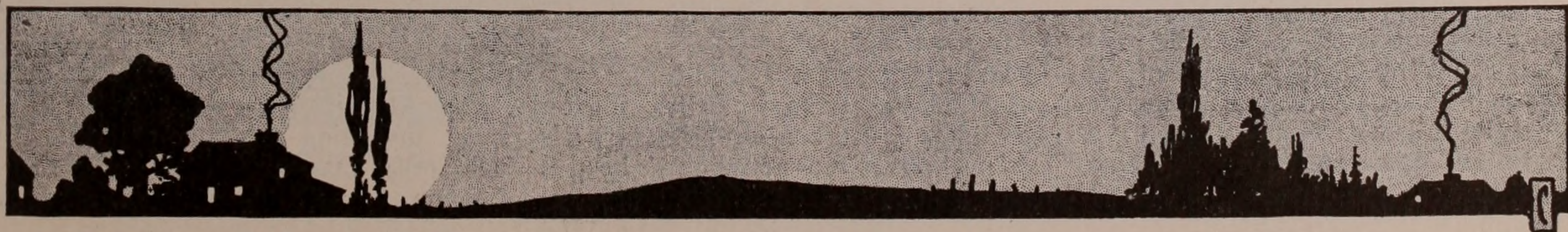
the beach. Then by one impulse they took to their heels and ran along the sands, shouting and hallooing like crazed things.

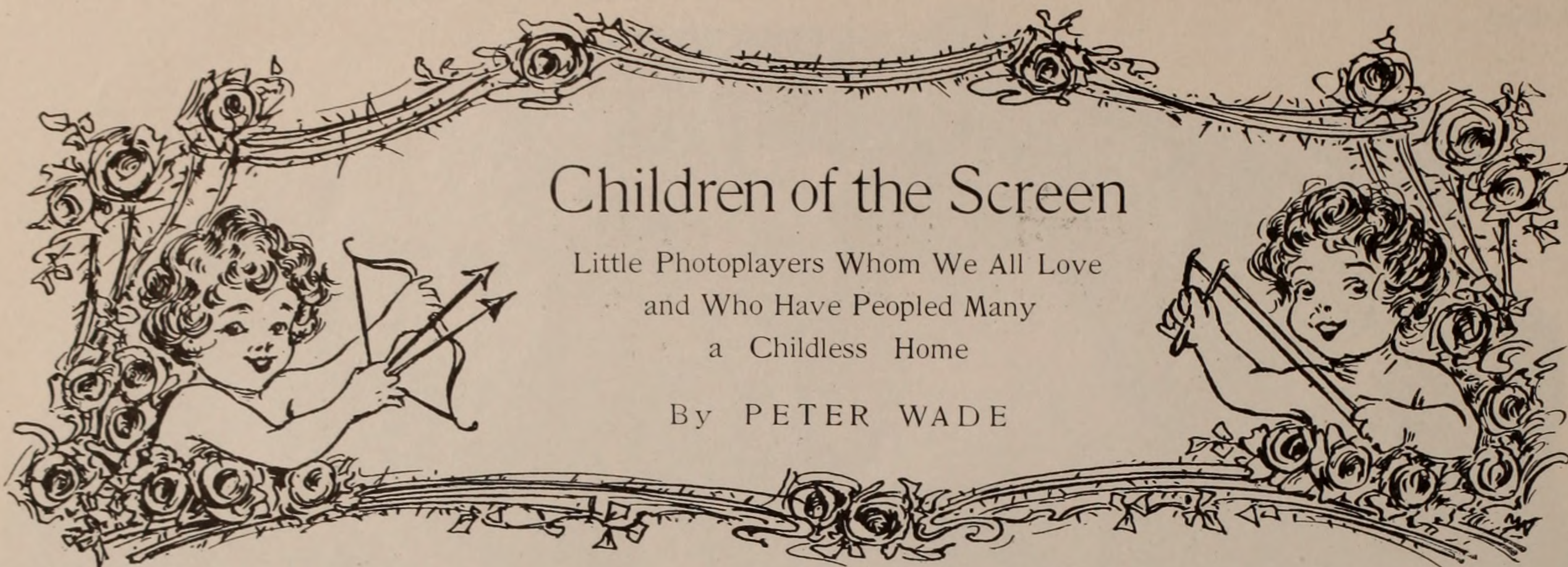
Pearl's father caught her to his expansive chest. The boat's crew gaped at the strange quartet; and the ancient castaway threw down the chest of gold from his shoulder and fell to moaning and crooning over it.

The ex-valet stepped toward him, a red look in his eyes. "It's mine!" he cried; "I found it, I tell you."

"John," said Robert Law, in a matter-of-fact voice, "this old gentleman will be going with us as our guest." His tone roughened a bit. "Bring his chest down to the beach, John, and handle it carefully or I'll know the reason why!"

The valet stooped, lifted the chest to his shoulder and bowed. "Very good, sir," he said in sad submission; "very good, indeed."





Children of the Screen

Little Photoplayers Whom We All Love
and Who Have Peopled Many
a Childless Home

By PETER WADE



NOT so many years ago, just before the birth of Motion Pictures, if you had not seen the adorable stage child, Elfe Essler, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," you

would have been considered an undomesticated, child-hating wretch. Stage children were rare finds, on account of the strict laws forbidding their appearances.

But with the coming of Motion Pictures and with the legal rights of a child to pose in a studio clearly defined, a race of "screen children" began to spring up. It seems only yesterday when the antics and baby passions of Kenneth Casey, Yale Boss and Adele de Garde delighted us, but today they have passed on to that neutral borderland 'twixt childhood and youth. The screen can claim the frisking of their little, round legs or the broad expanse of their artless smiles no more.

As the screen became less theatrical and more life-like the demand took shape for screen children. "Show me the heart of a home," said a far-sighted producer, "and I will treble my audiences." He was right; blood and thunder and impossible perils had to give way in part to the human heart and the human touch. What more elfin fingers than those of children to play upon the heart-strings and to show ever so artlessly the human touch?

Little by little there has grown up a big family of screen children, ranging from babes in arms, who are generally unknown and loaned by the hour, to children in their early teens, like the Fairbanks Twins. There is hardly a picture of consequence into which their little feet do not toddle, and it is

the ambition of uncountable young mothers "to see for just once their little Jessie or Billy doing their darling little pranks and didoes on the screen."



MARIE ELINE, "THE THANHOUSER KID"

The screen life of a child is of necessity short—they persist in keeping on growing up, you see—so nowadays it's the fashion of most studios to keep a succession of children in training.

Perhaps of the screen children who have not yet passed on, Dolores and Helen Costello have been known the longest, and they surely have appeared in many more photoplays than the "smaller fry." They live, of course, with their papa and mama, Maurice and Mrs. Costello, and, when not posing, scamper about the big Vitagraph yard, making doll's houses out of Zulu huts and playing games with all their grown-up friends in the company.

Helen resembles her mother; Dolores takes after her father, and their talent for clever acting is inherited from both.

The way that Billy Jacobs happened to get into picture-land was all a mistake, or just luck, at least. His family, who were not theatrical people at all, had moved next door to the Keystone studio, and Billy, then twenty-six months "young," used to play in the Keystone gutter. One day a director needed a child badly, and, after considerable coaxing, Billy was persuaded to give his services in exchange for an ice-cream cone. That cone was the making of Billy—he became famous for his smile. But strange to say, he was naturally not a smiling baby, and the directors had to go thru all sorts of "see-the-little-birdie" antics to make him unfold his slow but contagious smile.

Billy followed the fortunes of Ford Sterling, and when his "celluloid fun foundry" closed up last year, little Billy found himself out of a job, along with the famous comedian. But there aren't enough trained screen children to go round, and Billy was besieged with telegrams. His stern parents decided for him, of course, so Billy is now unfurling his happy smile in Universal City.

There is a romance connected with

Billy Jacobs—he's crazy about his former leading lady, Olive Johnson. In the beginning of their affair, Olive looked upon Billy as a tyro, inasmuch



BABE MARIE OSBORNE

as she had toddled thru a part on the real stage with her mother. But she and Billy were programed as co-stars as long as they acted for Ford Sterling.

One day, after the studio had closed down, some one found her playing un-

concernedly on the street and asked her why she wasn't at the studio.

"Oh, me and Billy just got fired," she said in all seriousness, and went on with her play.

It is to be fondly hoped that when Olive grows up she will not desert the screen for the stage, but if she does, she'll have no trouble in landing as a perfectly dandy show girl. At the tender age of three she had already won a gold medal for being the most perfectly formed baby in the world.

Another chum of Billy Jacobs is Violet Radcliffe. "Vi" might well be a rival to Olive in Billy's affections, save that she is usually cast as a boy, so that Billy finds her a better pal than sweetheart. Violet is just turning seven years and is a thoroly "hardened" actress. At the ripe age of two she toured the States in "Human Hearts," each night speaking eighteen lines of real "mellowdrama." After that Violet went into photoplay and took part in over fifty plays with the Western Pathé Company. This little child of the stage and screen hopes some day to be a great actress. Violet goes to school every day in a school-room provided by the Majestic studio,

and during recess she avows that she mothers her dolls or plays marbles and fights with the boys.

The twin Fairbanks sisters, Marion and Madeleine, started their dual life with rosy promises of beauty, talent and brains, and under the watchful eyes of their mother they are "sticking to their promise." Their studio hours are arranged so as not to interfere with their schooling, which is performed at home under the guidance of private tutors. They have a dear old lady French teacher, who has taught them how to sing "The Marseillaise" with the purity and fervor of Rouget de Lisle and his band of patriots, and they are hammering at Latin and the classics with a patience that belies their adorable beauty. Marion and Madeleine received their first dramatic tutelage under the management of Winthrop Ames, in the famous New Theater



"BABY GUERIN"

and Little Theater, New York City. None but the most precocious and talented children could hope to begin their career in these exclusive theaters, which were supported by private stockholders.

Everything possible is done for the perfect development of the Than-houser Twins. On rainy days they go thru a regular "building up" course in the gymnasium, and pleasant afternoons they are familiar little figures, mounted on their pet horses, Cody and Lady. They confess that it's fine to be twins, because neither one of



SCENE FROM "ON THE DESERT EDGE"

(Nineteen)



LOEL STEWART

them is ever alone, and in the fortress of their white twin beds they hold nightly pillow fights and wrestling matches that always end with a kiss and a loving hug.

There are all kinds of boys—good,

Andy is a perfectly natural actor, who feels and does only boy things. The way he happened to get into Motion Pictures is typical of Andy.

"I was over in th' lot playin' ball," he said—"we skun out about seven o'clock, so's we could have a long game—an' in th' ninth innin' Yale Boss comes over, and he's a fren' of mine, an' he says: 'They need another boy over at the studio; come over and you can get next.'

"The game was a corker, an' I hated to leave, so I pitches the next two fellers out, grabs my coat an' follers along after Yale. I got the job, an' I've been here ever since. Gee! that was some game, tho."

Andy was asked if he expected to be a matinee idol when he grew up.

"Naw," he said emphatically, "I'm goin' to be a pitcher."

"And in the winter time, when it's too cold for baseball?"

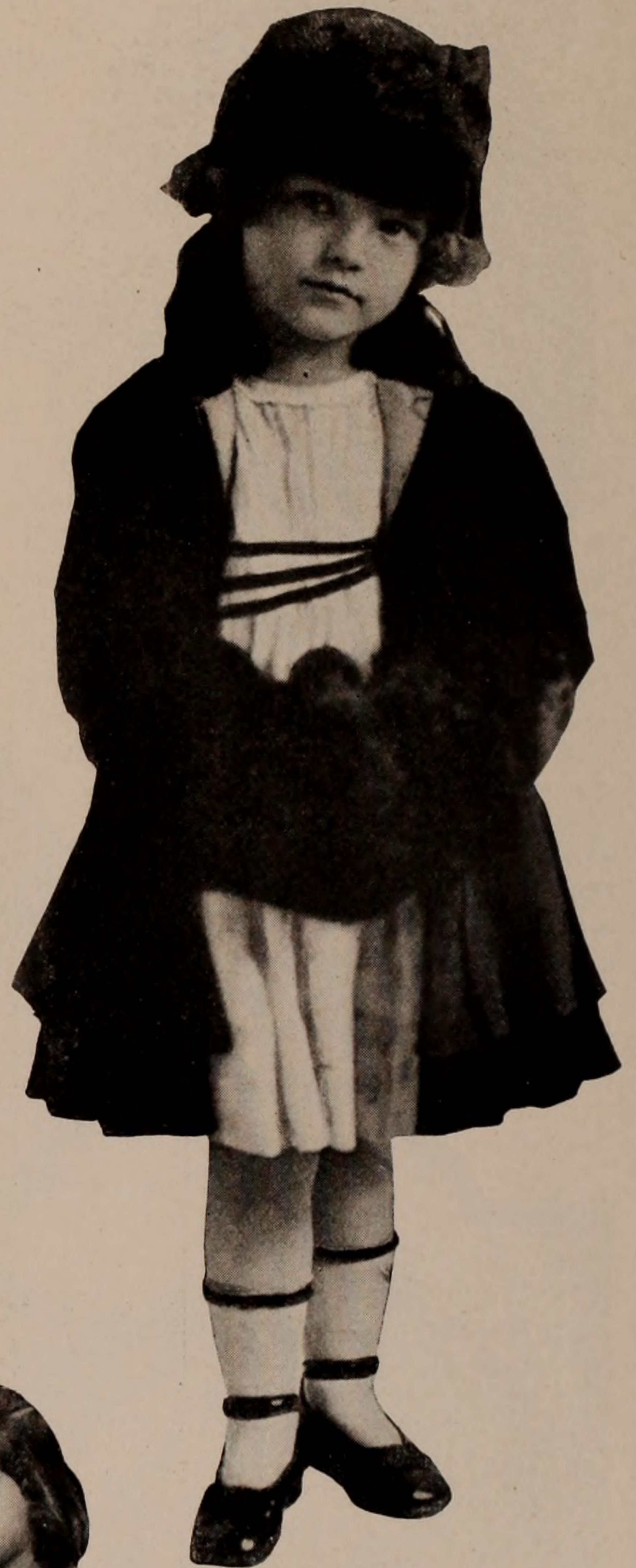
"I'll be a doctor, 'cause I get terrible toothaches—huh!"



OLIVE JOHNSON



FAIRBANKS TWINS



BABY ZOE BECH

bad, pretty and indifferent—but for just boy, Andy Clark, of the Edison Company, has earned a proud place among the children of the screen.

A critic aptly called him once "The Tom Sawyer of the Screen" and it's quite too bad that we cant see him as the immortal chum of Huckleberry Finn. Andy is a full-fledged star, usually playing the title rôles in such boy classics as "Andy Gets a Job," "Andy Goes on the Stage" and "Andy Plays Hero."

"Gee!" said a small, unwashed urchin once, in an Andy audience, "dat Andy is a reg'lar guy, aw right!" And no more valuable compliment could have been paid to Andy Clark than to have the plaudits of "one of de gang."



HELEN AND BOBBY CONNELLY

BETTY MARSH

The last time Andy posed for a "still picture" he was told to report at the studio all dressed up.

He did so, with a new white blouse that somehow showed signs of violent contact with soft and muddy soil.

"Oh, Andy," exclaimed the studio wardrobe mistress, "that blouse should have lasted you a couple of weeks."

"Aw, have a heart!" said Andy,



VIOLET RADCLIFFE

in disgust at her non-appreciation, "I slid home with th' winnin' run."

No wonder the boys think Andy Clark the uncrowned king of the screen.

Marie Eline is known the world over as the "Thanhouser Kid," so that three years ago, when two-year-old Helen Badgley became a regular stock member of the company, the studio happy family of actors were "put to it" for a new nickname. "The Thanhouser Kidlet" was the result at Helen Badgley's unofficial christening, and the "Kidlet" she's remained ever since. Helen's screen debut was in "Brother Bob's Baby"—she was eighteen months old at the time, and her part was more of a toddling than a walking one. But that was Helen's long ago, and in the past three years she has been featured in features and starred in stellar rôles uncountable.

Helen's hobby is her "nursery." There she can always be found after studio hours. Each doll has a full name, a pet name and several changes of clothing, and many of the gowns are the needlework of the dolls' little mother.

Out in Inceville, Cal., chubby little Thelma Salter is queen. Her slightest wish is a command to the subservient circle of Triangle actors, and Thelma divides her busy business hours between such great personages as D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett and Thomas H. Ince. Thelma is what might be termed a natural actress—she grew up outdoors in the vineyards and orchards of Southern California and stage ancestry or training were bugaboos to her until she came within the pale of the Inceville studios.

In the well-known picture, "An Alien," she was "given her head," so to speak, and acted just like most pleasure-loving children should when

(Twenty-one)



BABY JEAN FRASER

receiving a wonderful Christmas tree. The result was a charming domestic study of child life.

Little Thelma's mischievous spirit was perhaps best illustrated in "Matrimony," where she supported Julia Dean. Julia Dean, as Diana Rossmore, has taken up the life of a worldly-wise woman in order to regain the love of her husband. She is brought to her senses by observing the disastrous results of her course upon her daughter, who has become an all-too-realistic mimic of her mother's ways.

Thelma is a very bright child and

is far advanced in her studies, which are conducted by a tutor.

And now we come to the youngest child—a mere baby—regularly appearing in Motion Pictures. She is Baby Jean Fraser, of the Selig Company. Very recently this little tot of twenty-four months came near to taking the stellar rôle in "Sweet Alyssum," and from the innocent babyishness of her face and form there was no appeal. She's captured every mother and old-maid heart that's seen her.

Jean is getting to be "studio-wise," as picture artists say. One day recently Colin Campbell felt a tug at his trouser knee and, looking down, discovered Baby Jean. An aggrieved look mantled her little, full-moon face.

"On'y one thene (scene) today, Jim," she lisped.

The reproach bespeaks volumes in studio terms, where popularity is often measured by the number of feet of film.

It has been the rare pleasure of the writer of this article to have oftentimes straddled starry-eyed Bobby Connelly

(Continued on page 70)



CLARA HORTON



Big Moments from Great Plays



AGNES VERNON IN A SCENE FROM "HER THREE MOTHERS" (LAEMMLE)

CAROLINE'S FATHER DISCOVERS HER SLEEPING OFF AN ANGRY SPELL AFTER SHE HAD LEFT THE HOUSE AND STROLLED INTO THE WOODS

(Twenty-two)



Every Town With

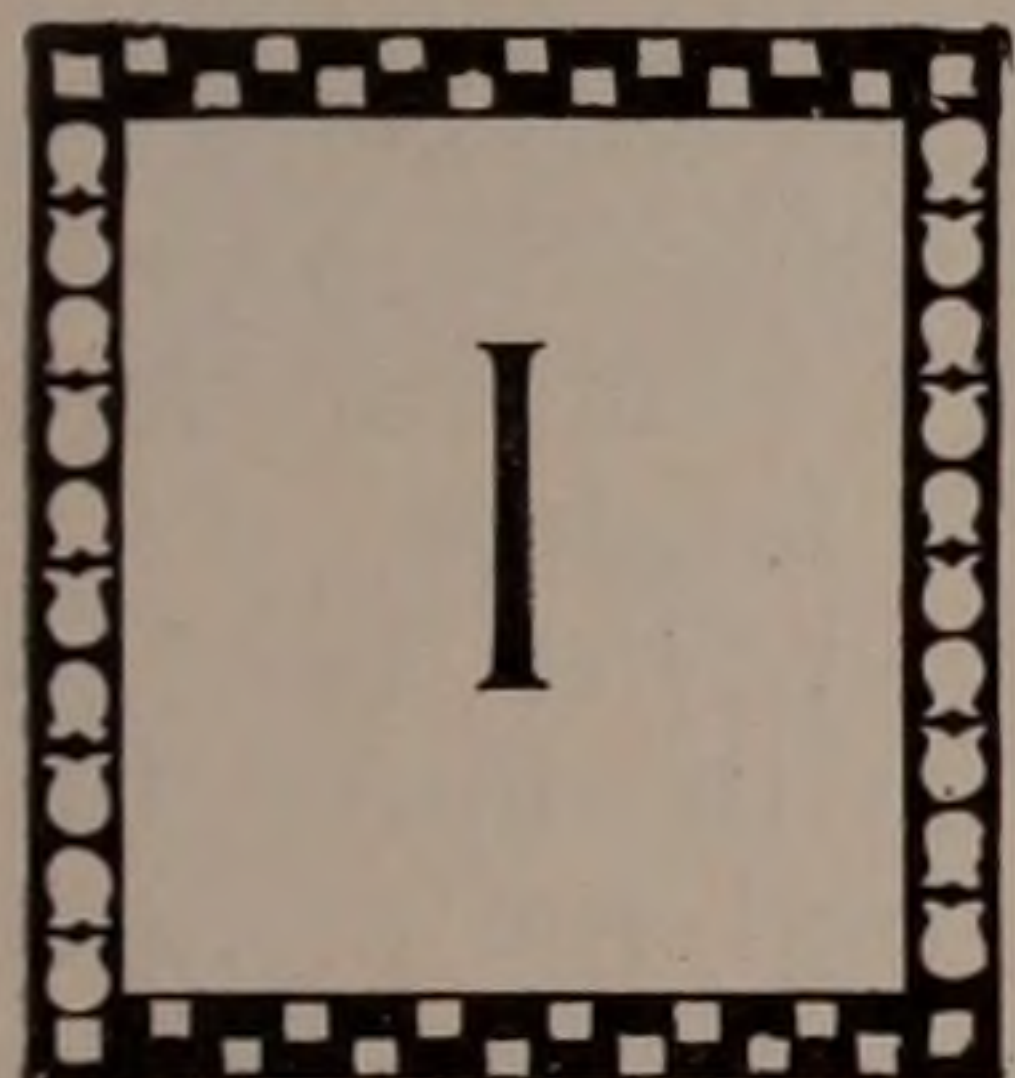
By ERNEST

Illustrations from the Aglesworth Animal Pictures,

Its Own Zoo

A. DENCH

released thru the Paramount Company



If you are interested in the welfare of animals, you must greatly regret that the beasts and creatures of the forest, stream, field and air are penned up in such artificial places as zoos. While the animals do not suffer physical cruelty thru their forced imprisonment, it is certain that it causes them mental pain. The vitality of the animals suffers, too, and the breed rapidly deteriorates. Several animals do not breed at all in captivity, and the supply has to be constantly replenished from those at large. Add to this the pot-hunter, and there is reason to see why buffalos are now almost worth their weight in gold, and that it is next to impossible to obtain specimens of certain species of lions and tigers. To keep nature's creatures prisoners is directly opposed to the law of mankind, no matter how good the intention may be.

No matter how humanitarian we may be, the zoo is only a pretense made to deceive the animals into the belief that they are living under natural conditions. The introduction of rocky ponds for polar bears, and caves for bears and wolves, are but mockeries compared with their natural homes.

They also suffer considerable discomfort at the hands of visitors, who overfeed them with unsuitable food, while children like to tease them. The sense of confinement is ever present, too, and the fear of their master enemy, man. It is all these unnatural things and more that contribute to the number of untimely deaths.

(Twenty-three)

After all, what are zoos really for? Mainly that we can study wild animals. But this purpose holds no ground whatever, since we could only be completely satisfied when we view them in their natural homes. Here they possess perfect freedom and are not conscious that any human being is in sight.

How, then, can the long-sought-for problem be solved? The ideal substitute is the versatile Motion Picture. Just think of the many times it has transported us to the heart of the African jungle, and even to the strange creatures in the vast wastes around the North and South Poles.

The men who film these natural history studies deserve to be praised for the courage and resourcefulness they so often display. In the case of an unsavage creature like the fox the Motion Picture operator places a dummy tree or cow near his den. As the contrivance is hollow and holes are provided for observation purposes, he can film without being seen by his "sitter." But before he commences the actual work, he generally installs a motor, in order to accustom his quarry to the clicking of the Motion Picture camera.

When, however, he is on the war-path of denizens of the jungle, he varies his plan and employs the most appropriate dummy animal. He also smothers himself with some vile-smelling liquid, which completely deceives the strong sense of smell possessed by the beasts.

Some of the most startling pictures of animals ever taken were furnished by the Paul Rainey expedition into East Africa. An entire reel is devoted to the actions and antics of wild animals on coming to a water-hole in the desert. Strange to say, the camera shows that it is rarely that animals of opposite species harm each other. At the water-hole, as the troop of elephants arrived they drank in company with lions, giraffes and even monkeys. Such realism and such an intimate study of the natural habits of animals could never be obtained in a zoo.

Now the big idea I am leading up to is this: abolish ordinary zoos and deport all their occupants to where they rightly belong; then replace them with Motion Picture zoos. From time immemorial the big cities have enjoyed the monopoly of the ordinary kind, whereas if the reformation came to pass, every small town would be in a position to boast of its own Motion Picture zoo, with films of all kinds of animals, birds, insects and fishes known to be in existence.

The present municipal zoos give us no time to study the distinctive habits of animals—a lifetime would be required for even a fair working knowledge.

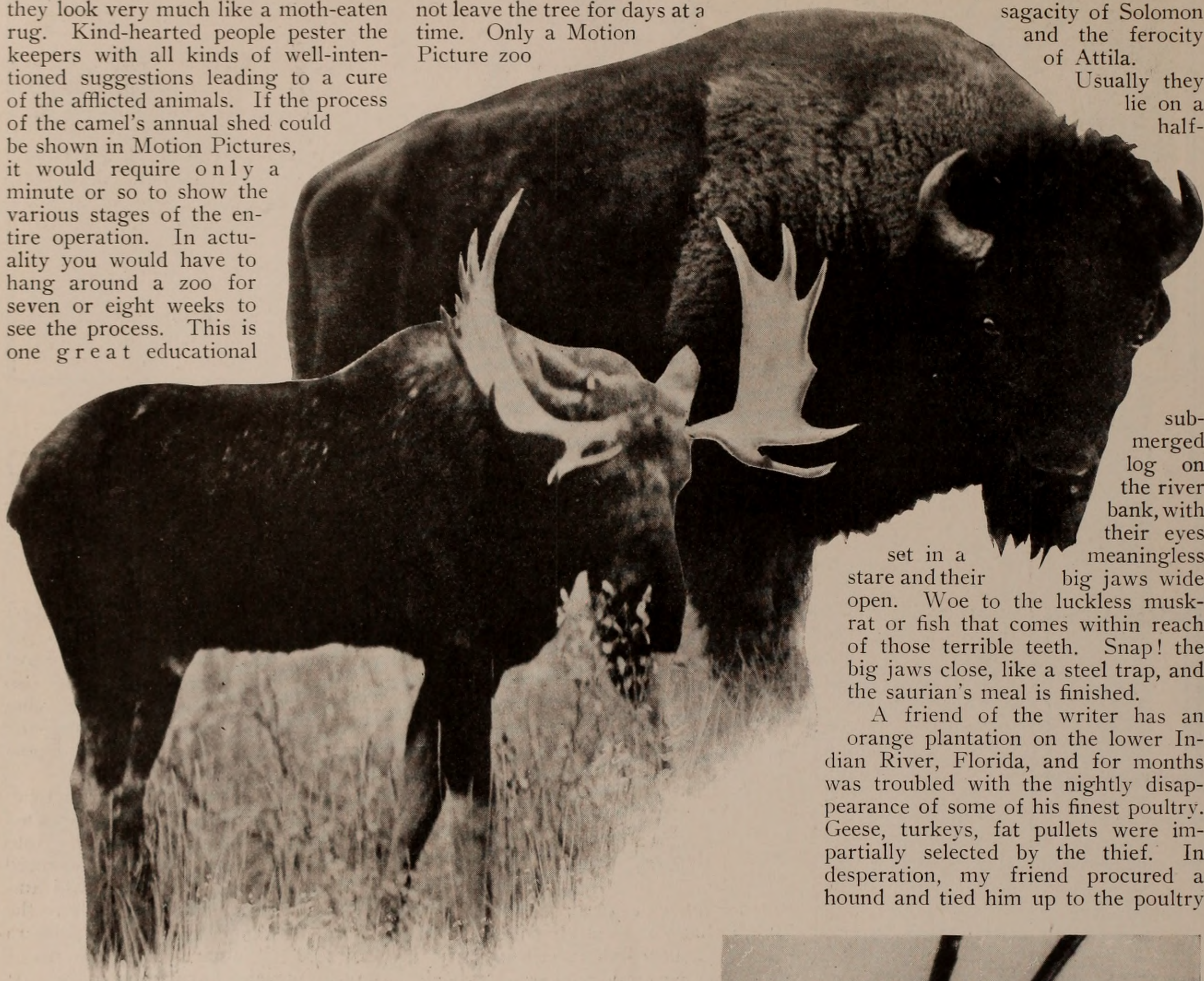
Take the camel, for instance. Each year the "ships of the desert" shed their coats, and during the process

they look very much like a moth-eaten rug. Kind-hearted people pester the keepers with all kinds of well-intentioned suggestions leading to a cure of the afflicted animals. If the process of the camel's annual shed could be shown in Motion Pictures, it would require only a minute or so to show the various stages of the entire operation. In actuality you would have to hang around a zoo for seven or eight weeks to see the process. This is one great educational

not leave the tree for days at a time. Only a Motion Picture zoo

sagacity of Solomon and the ferocity of Attila.

Usually they lie on a half-



submerged log on the river bank, with their eyes meaningless

set in a stare and their big jaws wide open. Woe to the luckless muskrat or fish that comes within reach of those terrible teeth. Snap! the big jaws close, like a steel trap, and the saurian's meal is finished.

A friend of the writer has an orange plantation on the lower Indian River, Florida, and for months was troubled with the nightly disappearance of some of his finest poultry. Geese, turkeys, fat pullets were impartially selected by the thief. In desperation, my friend procured a hound and tied him up to the poultry

WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR NATIVE LAIRS ARE QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THOSE IN CAPTIVITY. SEE THE PICTURE OF THE PENNED-UP ZEBRAS ON FOLLOWING PAGE

advantage of a Motion Picture zoo. Those who visit a zoo and are interested in the creatures of the air generally come away disappointed. Birds seldom show animation in captivity, except at feeding time. In their natural surroundings their wings grow longer and stronger, and they have to keep constantly on the go for the daily food supply. These sorties and migrations could be most realistically seen only in Motion Picture zoos.

Take the hornbill bird, for instance. To see him sleepily perched on an artificial branch in an aviary you could never know what a noble and self-sacrificing bird he is. When his mate enters her nest to lay and hatch her eggs, he builds a clay cell around her, leaving only a narrow slit for her bill. For the space of three months he constantly watches over her, feeding her thru the aperture. Sometimes he will

could do justice to such a fine bit of feathered domesticity.

Reptile life is perhaps the most unsatisfactory of all to exhibit in a zoo. Alligators, crocodiles, and the Gila monsters of the Arizona deserts are hibernating reptiles of the lizard family. Usually, in a zoo, visitors cannot tell whether the alligators are stuffed or alive. They are naturally sluggish, and in the cold months, like snakes, go into a torpid state, during which they do not move about nor eat. Yet the alligator in his native haunts, the bayous, rivers and lagoons of the South, is often a very frisky reptile given to the



(Twenty-four)



FIRST ZEBRA BORN IN CENTRAL PARK ZOO AND ITS MOTHER, KITTY (MUTUAL)

force of the buckshot, but kept on his way. A second and third shot, at close range, did not penetrate his armor-like hide. Just as his snout was wedging into the river, my friend aimed at his eyes. The full charge blinded the reptile, which turned about and lashed the water into a creaming froth with his powerful tail. Finally my friend and his darkies succeeded in slipping a noose over his head, and, by their united efforts, finally choked the predatory alligator, which measured nine feet six inches. His skin was stuffed with moss and sent on to me, and it now ornaments my den.

The wonders of sea life have not been half-revealed to us, for, in aquariums, many wonderful fish and

amphibious animals are overfed and will not perform many of their natural functions.

Mr. C. Francis Jenkins, of Washington, D. C., has just perfected a submarine camera which opens up to us a vast wonder-field beneath the ocean. The camera can be lowered to the ocean's bed and operated at will by the photographer, who is on the surface. By means of an inverted periscope-effect of mirrors he is aware at all times of the subjects he is photographing.

The results of this camera, when revealed in a Moving Picture aquarium, would, no doubt, hold most of us spellbound.

The quick, upward rush of a shark; the ripple of air-bubbles as he turns belly upward; the bare escape of a shoal of flying-fish from his jaws; the flight of the beautiful, little fish on the surface—this picture would mark an everyday, deep-sea occurrence from which we have not yet pulled the curtain of mystery.

The manatee is a warm-blooded sea-animal which inhabits the waters of tropical and sub-tropical America. In United States waters it is a prison offense to kill or capture one.

The manatee was held in strange reverence by the Indians, and is not unlike a cow. It has a large, benevolent-looking head, feeds on sea-grasses, and nurses its young. The New York Aquarium has gone to endless pains to install specimens, but they soon sicken and die in artificial surroundings. It remains for the Moving Picture aquariums to entertain us with the "biography" of this truly American mammal.

To the liberal-minded philanthropist who desires to help

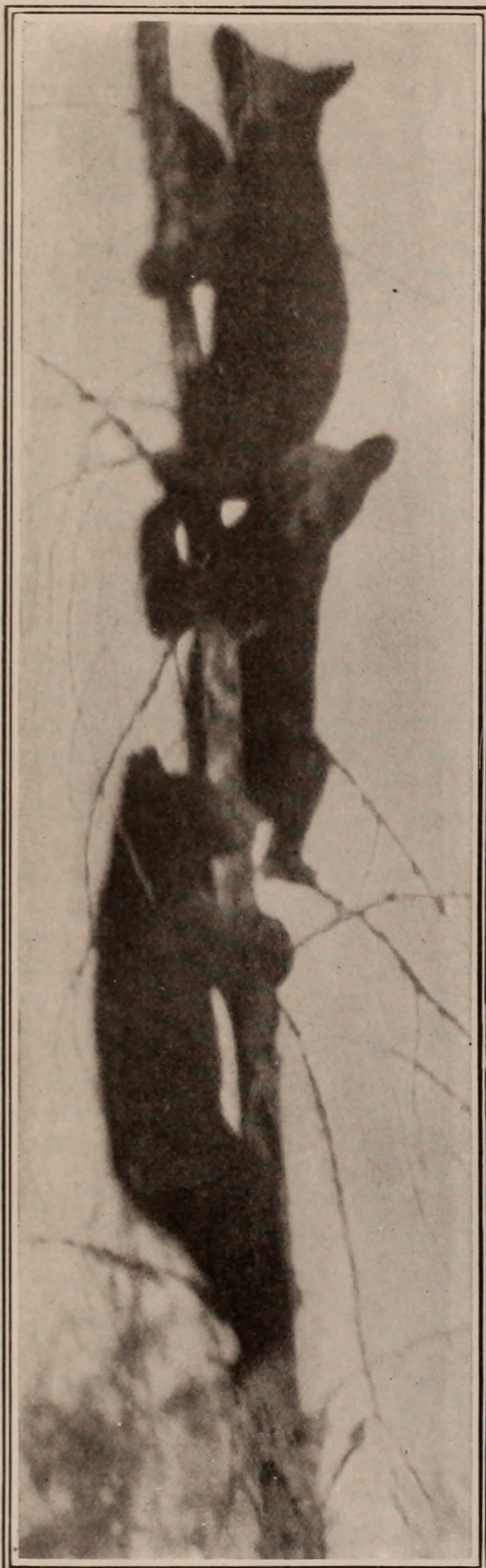
run. One night he was aroused by the furious barking of the hound, and, seizing his shotgun, rushed out to the run. Imagine his amazement to see the long, black, stealthy shape of an alligator making off toward the river with a chicken.

My friend raised his gun, took aim, and fired.

The alligator was half-raised from the ground with the



IT IS OFTEN NECESSARY TO CRIPPLE WILD ANIMALS BEFORE THEY CAN BE CAPTURED FOR THE ZOOS



procure priceless records of wild-animal life. No doubt, if properly approached, the services and some of the films of Paul J. Rainey, of "South African Hunt" fame, could be procured. Mr. Rainey's photographers took hundreds of thousands of feet of film, most of which has never been exhibited, and, properly assembled and titled, this would be a wonderful beginning for a Moving Picture zoo.

John C. Hemment's recent *safari*, or journey into the heart of Africa, has provided an added treasure-house of animal subjects for nature-lovers. The Safari Film Co. has just organized for exhibition purposes and will show six or eight reels of African game pictures. But, in their travels thru the jungle, Mr. Hemment and his companions collected over one hundred thousand feet of film, containing practically all the beasts of the African animal kingdom. Eland, water-bucks, giraffes, zebras and hipopotami are a few of their Moving Picture zoo captures.

One of their most thrilling adventures was a hippopotamus hunt, and on Lake Albert Nyanza the Safari party fished for crocodiles. Hooks as large as anchors are baited with deer meat and dropped to the lake's bot-

tom. When a crocodile starts to walk a heavy rope—and drag the monster ashore.

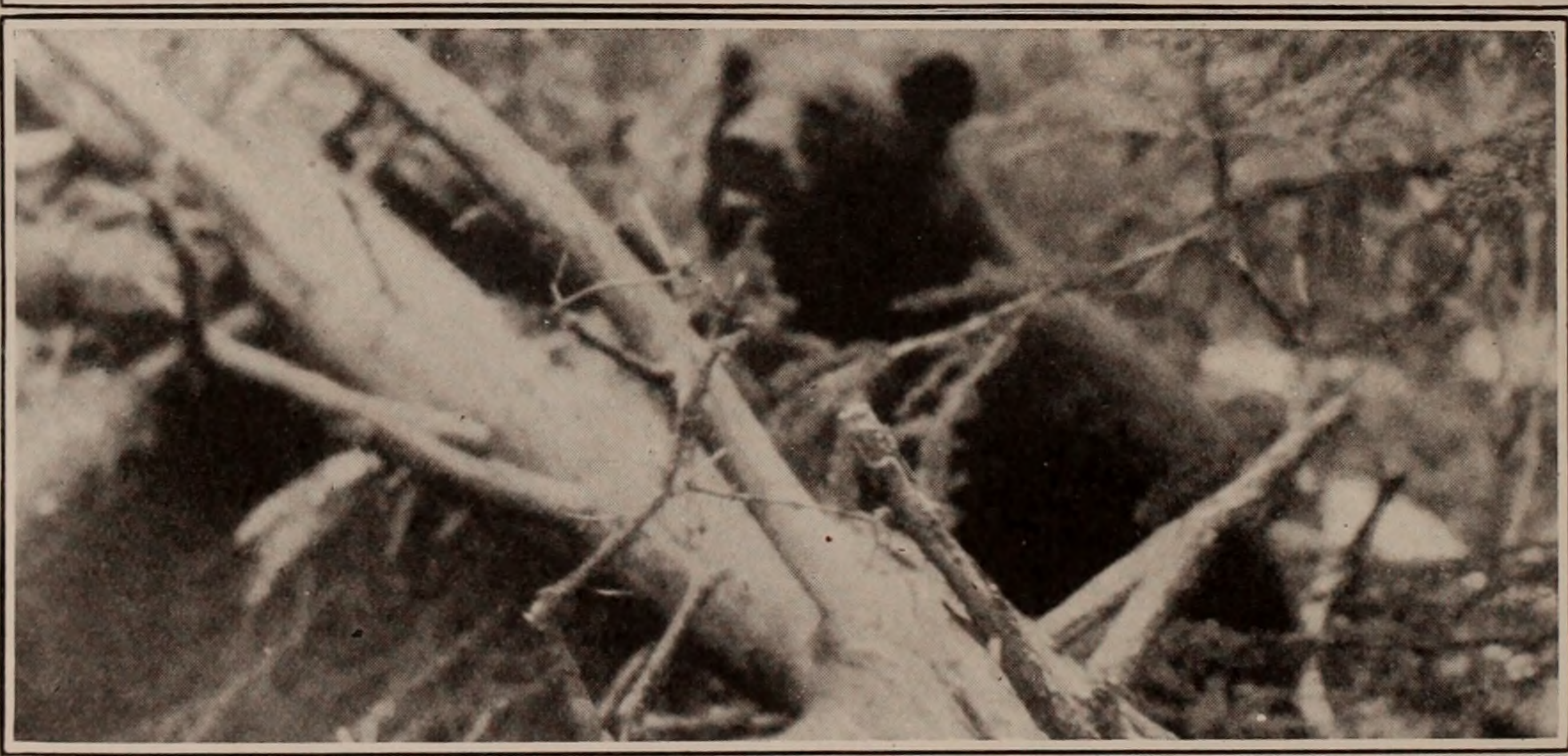
The most suitable place in which performances could be given would be the public library. The funds for same would be very nominal, and could easily be provided for out of the taxes.

The library could obtain its collection by buying a positive copy of every suitable natural history subject from the producers, and with such encouragement there is not the slightest doubt but that companies would be formed to produce pictures exclusively for the Motion Picture zoos.

At an appointed hour daily the whole collection of Motion Pictures could be run thru for the edification of visitors, who would learn more in a few hours than in a thousand visits to the ordinary zoo, and at the same time find the new method the more entertaining of the two.

A Motion Picture zoo is as essential as a well-stocked library, and as the film plays such an important part in American life today, there should be no opposition, but support rather, on the part of municipal bodies. One thing we would miss—the animal smells—but, of course, we can struggle along very well without them.

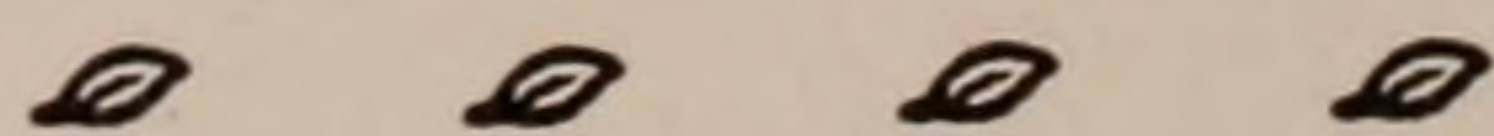
There are two forms of civilization:



install Moving Picture zoos in every American town there is a chance to

off with his meal a small army of natives grab hold of the "fish-line"—

the effete, which ignores nature; and the deep, which gets close to it.



ANTICIPATIONS AT THE MOVIES

By RHEINHART KLEINER

The trembling legend leaps upon the screen,
And lips unnumbered spell each flaming letter;
What marvel, now, or twist of plot or scene
Shall we behold, what fancy without fetter?

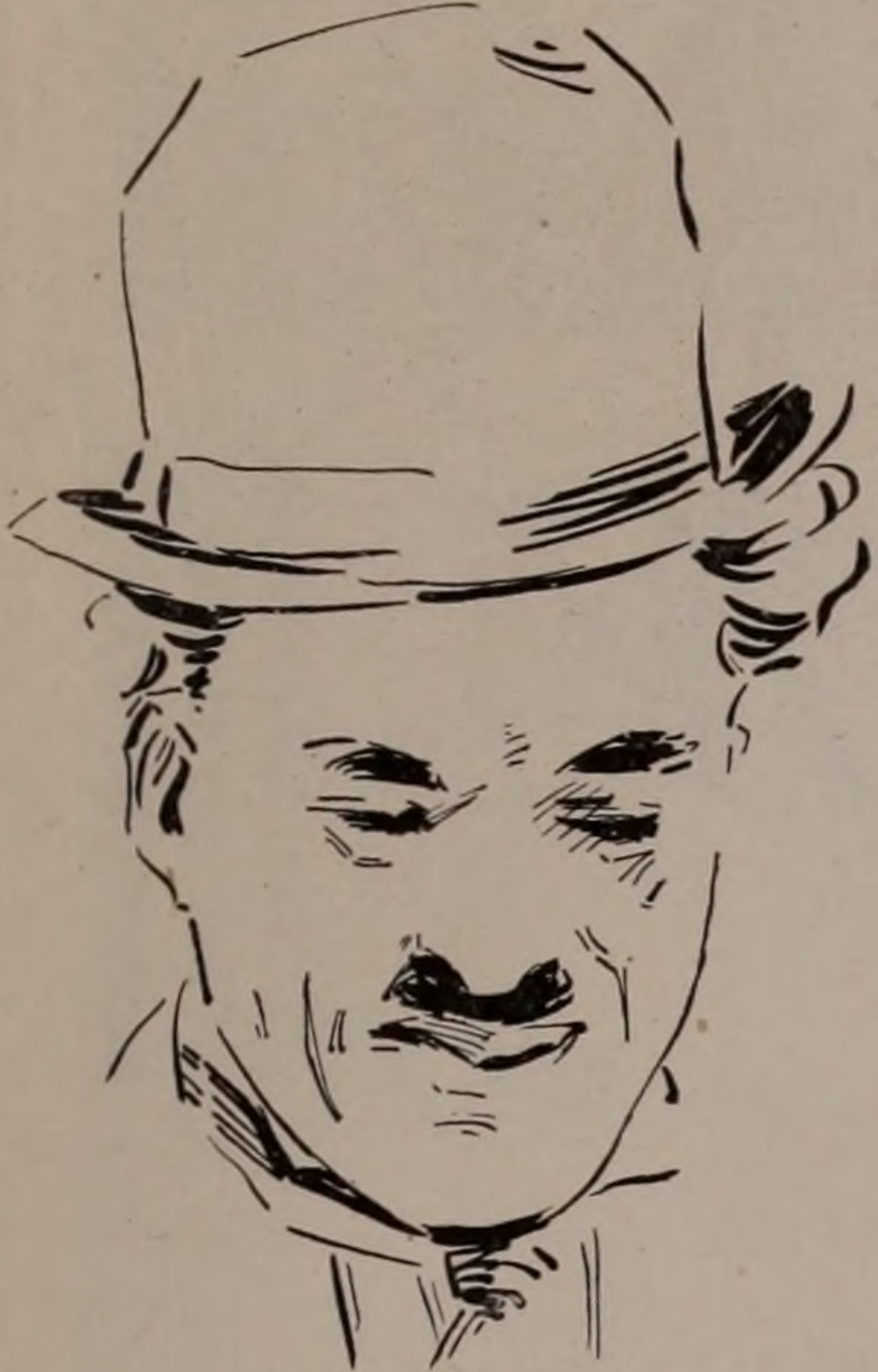
What gulfs of time and distance shall we span?
What woes of flame and flood and war and battle
Shall be revealed, since history began,
And the first baby learnt to scorn his rattle?

And, after all, the picture may display—
But there! the reel's begun, the leader's ended;
Now banish every care and cark away—
The movies with regret were never blended!

Shall we be told of splendor and of sin,
Of ruined nations and of exiled princes?
Or, where the morning sun comes pouring in,
Of some New England mother, paring quinces?

Perhaps 'twill be an idyll, tender, true,
Of love and longing, and a hero's daring,
With just a hint of heartache and of rue,
And beauty not too proud for tears and caring.

Pen Impressions by Carolyn Townsend



CHARLIE



EARLE II.



WEBSTER



CISSY



EARLE



RUTH



LITTLE MARY



ETHEL



GRACE

(Twenty-seven)



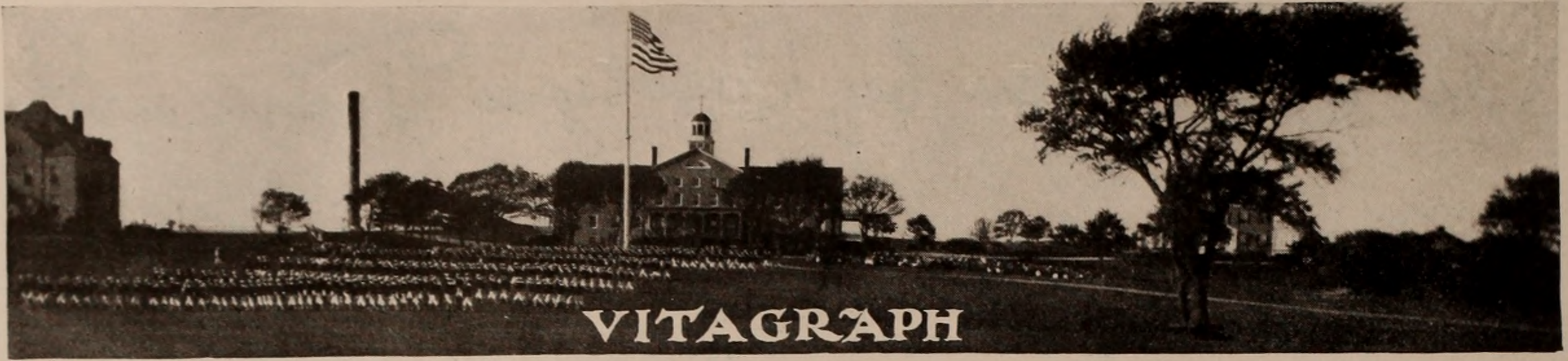
BILLIE



EDWARD



THEDA



Colton U.S.N.

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Being a Chapter from the Secret History of the United States Navy, Now Set Forth for the First Time
By CYRUS TOWNSEND

BRADY, Late U. S. N.*



THE disproportion between the acorn and the oak has often been noticed, the producing cause apparently being so inadequate to the resulting effect. The same discrepancy existed in this historic episode. It began with the "bilging" of Midshipman Austen; it ended with an attempt at the destruction of the best superdreadnought battleship division of the American Navy. And the dastardly attempt was so nearly successful that those privy to it can scarcely think of it for sheer pure horror.

Of course, everybody knows all there is to know about Rouania now. Its territorial extent, boundaries, chief cities, topographical features, trade, commerce, manufactures, also its form of government and history, are all set forth clearly in geographies and histories.

But few Americans know the real character of the Rouanian people, or perhaps better of its government. Should we ever be so unfortunate as to become involved in war with them, that will speedily appear. Meanwhile, something at least may be deduced from the foul attempts of the Rouanian

ambassador to blow up the fleet. How far he represented his countrymen we leave it to others to decide. Happily he failed, anyway, and the story of his failure, which was buried in the archives for diplomatic reasons, is here set forth for the first time—and for diplomatic reasons, also! More than that cannot be said.

To bilge or—stop! The word needs explanation. Any layman can find its normal meaning from the dictionary, but only the very latest define it as it is used at the Nursery of the Navy—the wardroom section that is—at the Academy at Annapolis. Normally, when a ship bilges, she is ruined. A wooden ship in that sad case is good only for firewood; a steel one, for the scrap-heap. A midshipman who fails while at the academy and who is accordingly dropped or dismissed, is described as a "bilger." He is wrecked and ruined, so far as the navy is concerned—useless! And the verb follows the noun.

To resume, to bilge or not to bilge was the question. It was a question not only in Midshipman Austen's mind, but in the minds of everybody connected with the episode, except the Rouanian ambassador and the late James F. Archer, the widely known newspaper correspondent and publicist. Poor Archer is dead now, and his perfidy may fitly be narrated as a warning. While we are condemning the Rouanian ambassador, we may as well admit that Archer, a native-born American, but with a decided Rouanian strain in his ancestry a few generations back, plays the Benedict Arnold part. Well he played it and well he paid for it.

Bluff old Captain McMasters, the superintendent of the Naval Academy, and that fine and splendid officer, Lieutenant Commander Henry Arthur Colton, the head of the Department of Mathematics at the Naval School at Annapolis, were the deciding factors in the bilging of Midshipman Austen. They did not wish to bilge him; they liked the bright, handsome, young man, who was so incorrigibly devoted to—well, girls, or rather a girl—that he neglected his studies to such an extent that he came up for examinations with the knowledge, sternly if sadly imparted to him by both the above-mentioned officers, that he would fail and be dismissed unless he passed a perfect examination—a thing obviously impossible to any middy, much more to Austen.

Opposed to these most unwilling and reluctant pro-bilgers was an array of power and influence, which would possibly have had its way with any men less sternly resolved to do their duty and maintain their honor at whatsoever cost. In reverse order, by the criterion of importance, the first was Ethel McMasters, the captain's fair and only daughter. She was the one girl in the world for the widowed old sailor. She was also the one girl in the world for the about-to-be-bilged midshipman. Yes, Ethel McMasters and Gilman Austen were engaged. That's all they could be until Austen's graduation. Stern regulations of the academy frowned wisely upon too early love affairs. Proof in point—Austen's failure, caused by greater devotion to Ethel than to the muse of pure mathematics. Miss McMasters, feeling herself in some degree the cause of the prospective failure of her

*Dr. Brady's remarkable revelations of an hitherto little known or understood episode in our history, are made with the full consent of the authorities and of all persons concerned. Of course, great care has been taken not to give the real names of the actors. Otherwise the readers of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC may rely upon the accuracy of the narrator.—EDITOR.



no; and like Ethel McMasters, in vain. It was not that Colton would not, but that he could not. The boy must pass or go. That was all there was about it. The relation between the lovers was suddenly strained to the breaking point.

Last and most powerful of the friends of Austen the younger, was Austen the elder,



lover, felt in honor bound to prevent it if possible. Hence her ardent appeal to her father—unavailing, be it said.

The next *Advocatus Austenensis* was his sister Caroline. This charming young lady, visiting her most intimate friend, Ethel McMasters, had captured out of hand the pride of the bachelors of the navy. Lieutenant Commander Colton was no misogynist, far from it, but he had been so devoted to his profession, in which he had already achieved a high reputation as a thinker and an inventor, that he had left himself no time for—philandering! Consequently, when a girl as beautiful and as clever as Caroline Austen, piqued by the fact that no girl had ever succeeded with Colton, found herself genuinely in love with him and decided to have him, he was instantly hers for the taking. Indeed, he had fallen in love with her at first sight, with all the precipitate enthusiasm of a boy in spite of his forty years.

Colton was not only a brilliant theorist, but his broad breast sported on occasion a Congressional medal of honor, granted him for an act of

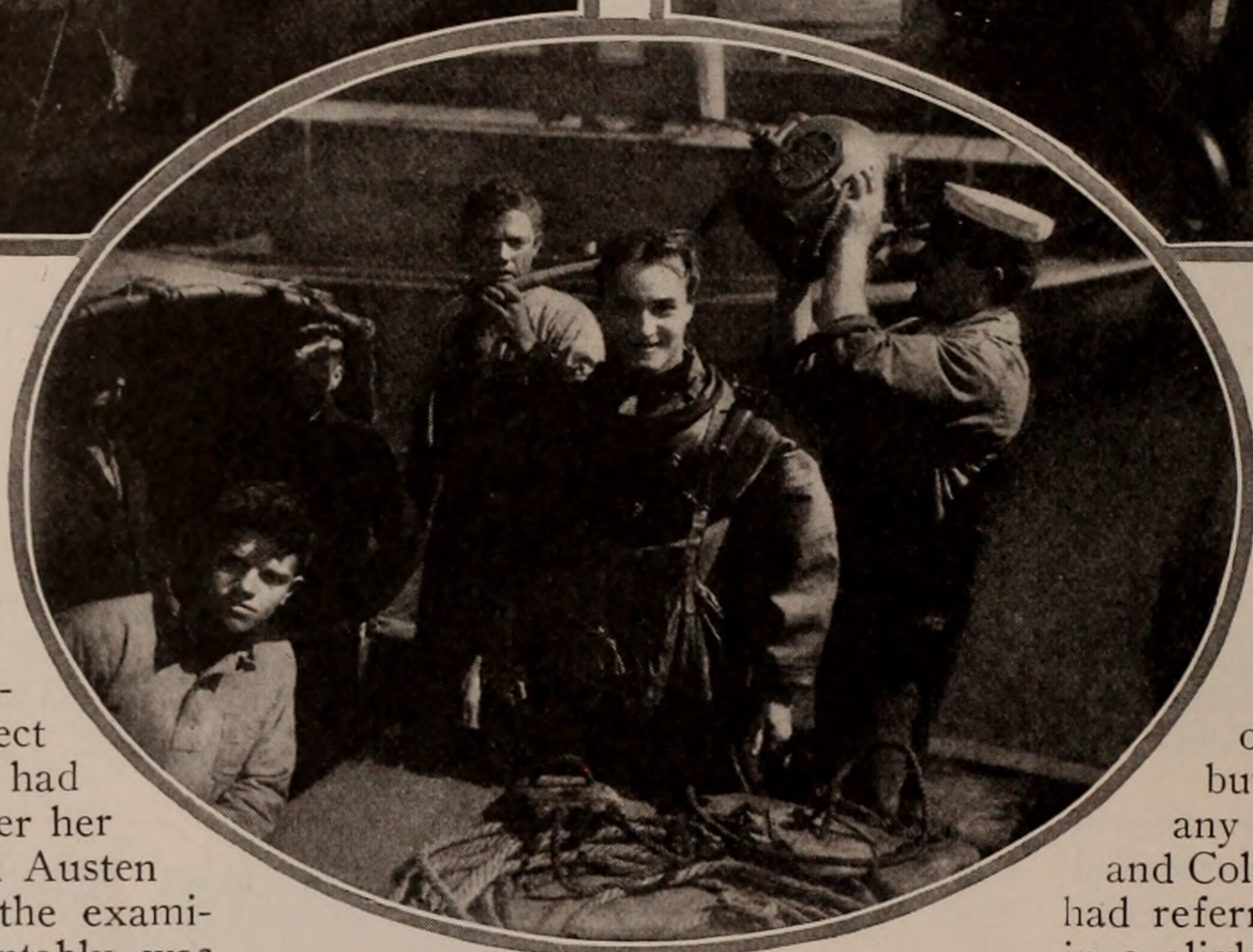
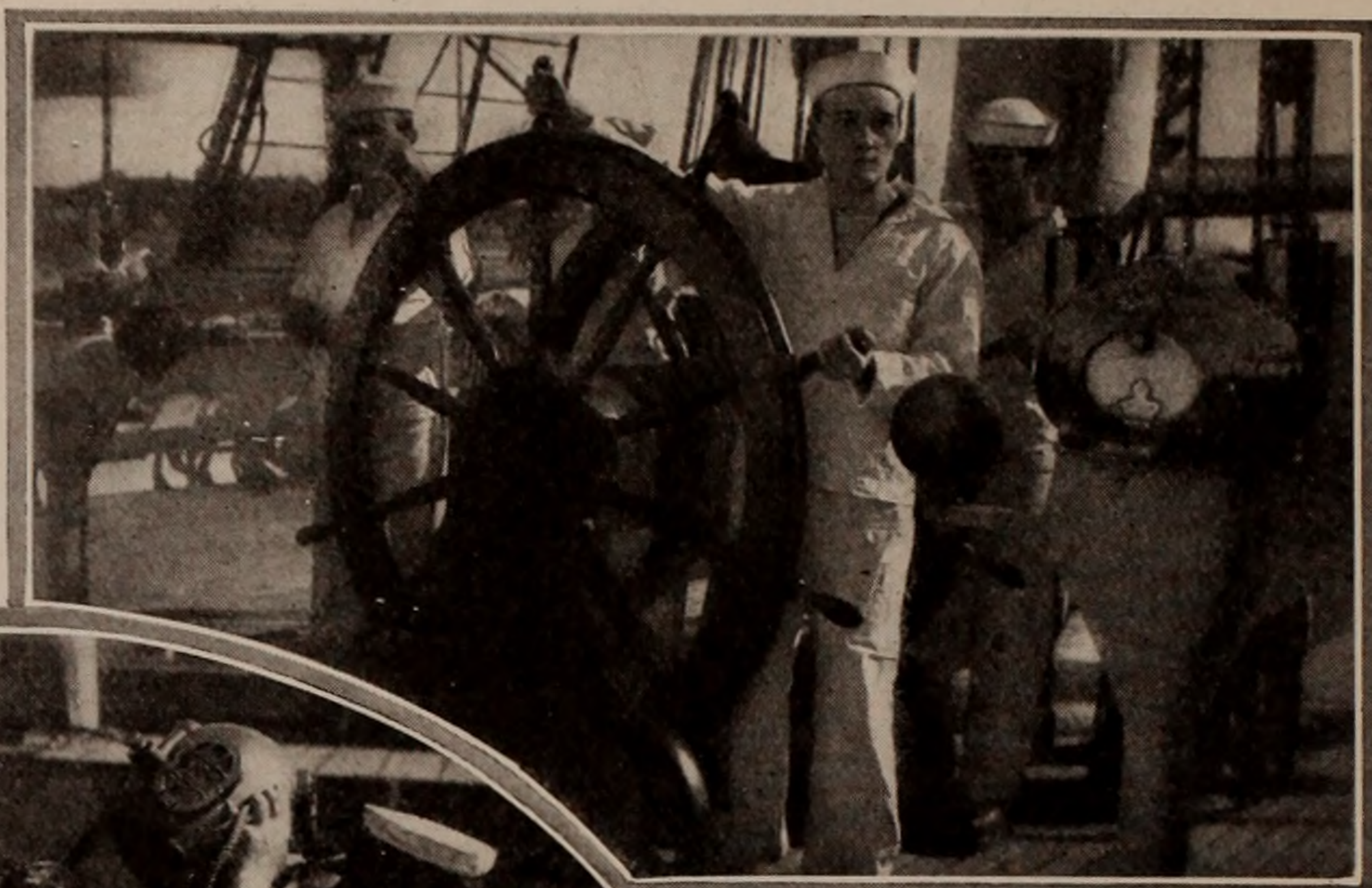
brilliant gallantry in the Philippines, a highly prized decoration in the service. Caroline appealed to Colton to pass her brother, whether or



GILMAN HAS NOT PASSED HIS EXAMINATIONS, BUT
ETHEL AND CAROLINE TRY TO SAVE HIM

GILMAN, DISMISSED, BIDS
ETHEL GOOD-BY

the boy's father. The Honorable James M. Austen held no office, national, state or city, but there was no shrewder nor more influential politician in the country than he. His influence was practically limitless. And he was the possessor and sometimes the unscrupulous wielder of a great fortune. He came down to Annapolis post haste. He interviewed McMasters and Colton. Delicate suggestions of preferment for the superintendent to be secured thru him, more open expression of willingness to receive the younger officer into his family, and finally undisguised threat even, were not able to move the two inflexible officers. If Gilman Austen failed he must go; if he passed he could stay. That was the law—that was final. They had no option. They were in



GILMAN SOON LEARNS THE ROPES ON BOARD THE BATTLESHIP

honor bound. The baffled politician left, vowing vengeance.

Poor Ethel McMasters dissolved in bitter but fruitless tears. Caroline Austen broke with her lover after a scornful and quite undeserved reproach from him to the effect that he now believed she had accepted him only to further her brother's interest! Gilman Austen desperately crammed for the examination, tried it, failed lamentably, was bilged and left the academy secretly for parts unknown, first securing from Ethel her promise to wait for him on the strength of his promise to show himself worthy of her.

Consequent on the recalcitrancy of McMasters and Colton, from the elder Austen's point of view, came orders to the captain detaching him from the academy and placing him in command of the smallest and poorest vessel in the service ever allotted to an officer of his rank. Colton, as his reward, was given charge of the most wretched and out-of-date collier in the service—the meanest and dirtiest job in the navy. All this was due to James Austen's spite-work. That gentleman had an interesting interview with his son before the latter's departure. Young Austen resented the attempt that had been made by virtual bribery to get him passed and incidentally left his father a parting message to the effect that he would never accept a commission tainted with dishonor.

Caroline Austen had been loved many times and often. Mr. James Archer was the latest and not the least ardent suitor for her heart and hand. Not the least of Miss Austen's attractions was her father's money. Archer's financial condition was desperate. Drink and dissipation, gambling and speculation, had brought him to the verge of ruin. That was bad enough, but when to financial disaster were

added certain dishonor and equally certain punishment, his situation was hopeless. All this made him an easy mark for the Rouanian ambassador.

That astute person, as bold as he was clever, had conceived a great idea. We were on the verge of one of those periodical outbreaks of animosity between ourselves and Rouania, which doubtless some day will culminate in actual warfare. Conditions were more threatening on this occasion than on any other that had gone before. The Rouanian army far surpassed ours. In the case of their navy, there was a difference greatly in our favor. Barefacedly bribing Archer, whose newspaper connections and general reputation, as well as rather engaging personality and manner, when he wished to assume it, had carried him everywhere, the ambassador found in him a fitting tool and accomplice.

The ambassador got Archer completely in his power by enormous gifts of money and set him to work to find the secrets of a brand new submarine battery—Colton's invention—which revolutionized the working of submarines. Now Archer was the more willing to undertake this because he hated Colton. One day, at the Naval Academy, he had taken Miss Austen canoeing. In getting into the canoe,

while Archer stood on the shore, the frail boat had upset with Caroline Austen. Archer had run for help, as he afterward declared, to get a life-preserver. Colton, who happened to be passing, had jumped in and brought her out, no great feat to be sure, but one that did not do Archer any good. And again, Archer and Colton being at the club, Archer had referred to Miss Austen publicly in a slighting way. In fact, he had sneered at Colton's proposal to her, which had taken place in a small sailboat under rather amusing circumstances. Colton, who was an accomplished sailor, had let go of the tiller to embrace the lady, with consequences that might have been disastrous but for his ready recovery. And as the result of this babbling, the newspaperman had been thrown out of the club after a personal encounter with Colton, who might have killed him if he had been let alone.

The scene shifts to the Naval Training Station. Captain McMaster's friends had rallied to his support, and despite Austen's and Archer's attempt to prevent it had got him appointed as flag captain of the *Wyoming*, the great superdreadnought carrying the flag of the Admiral, the commander-in-chief of the Atlantic Fleet. Colton still remained in command of the collier, however. The elder Austen saw to that.

Fate brought the actors in the tremendous drama together, for Gilman Austen, possessed by a love for the sea and things nautical, had determined to enlist as a seaman apprentice, in the hope that he might gain the quarter-deck through the hawse-pipe, as the saying ran. Colton's collier was ordered to coal the *Wyoming*.

Visiting on the *Wyoming* that day were Ethel McMasters and Caroline Austen. Busy about the ship, trying to see what he could find out, was Mr.



THE CONSPIRACY AND ITS DISCOVERY

James Archer. Sheltered by a gun-turret, anybody who peeped around it could have seen Ethel McMasters violently hugging a young and handsome blue-jacket in whom she had just recognized her lover. She promised to keep his secret without realizing the difficulty involved in that impulsive pledge.

Archer was recognized by young Austen and was expelled from the *Wyoming*. Colton saw Caroline from afar, but avoided her. She was eating her heart out with disappointment and shame. She realized too late how impossible it would have been for Colton to have passed

her brother—that his honor would permit him no other course than that he had chosen. Indeed, she knew she could not have loved him had he complied with her request. She realized, too, how grossly in the wrong she had been. That Colton had wrongly accused her and put a false construction upon the engagement did not afford much solace. She pined to be reconciled, but found it difficult to make the overture.

The fleet was ordered to sea for battle practice. Before it took its departure from Newport, Colton's friends, at the urgent representations of Captain McMasters, and in recognition of Colton's wonderful battery with which the new submarines were

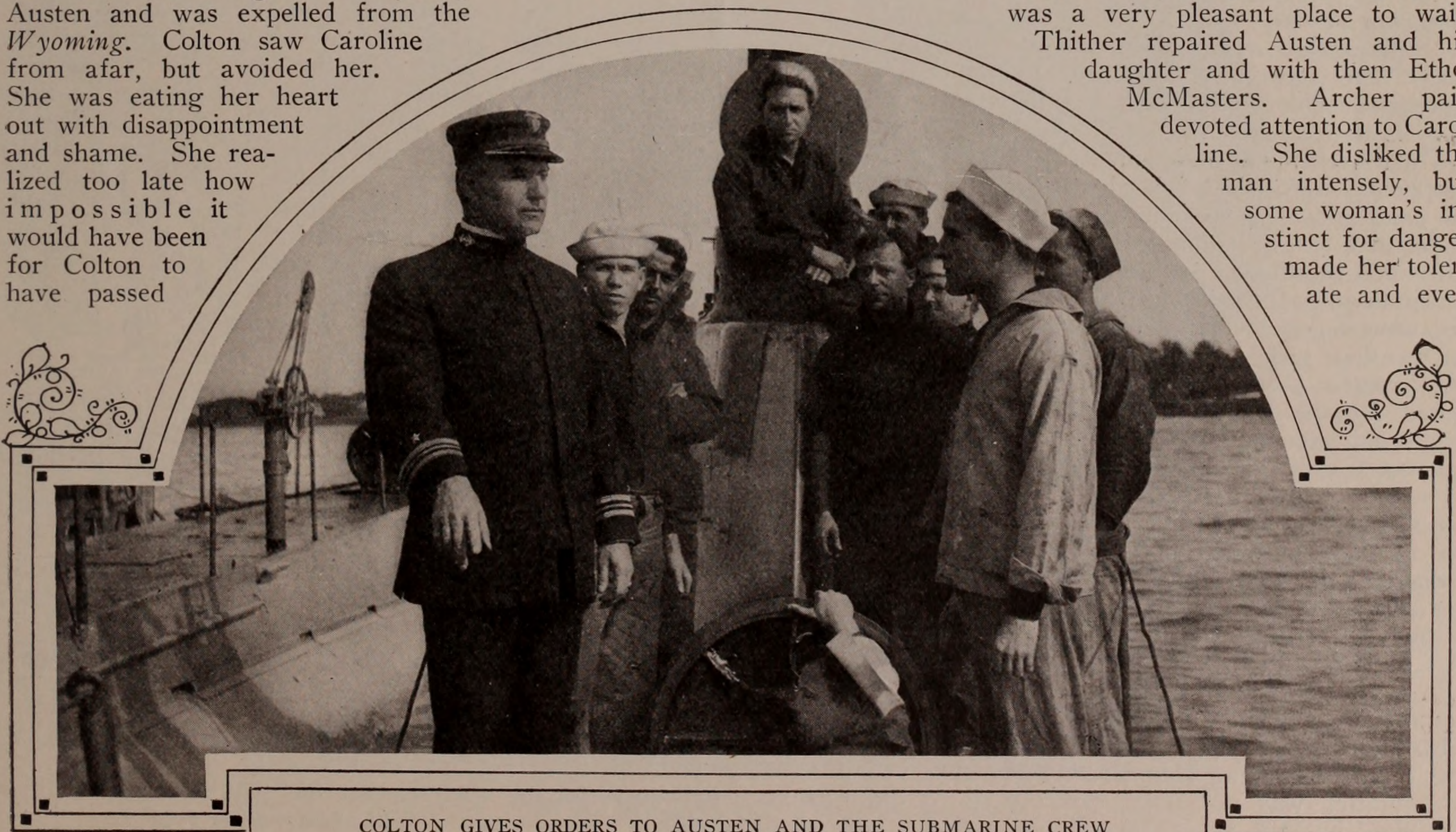
all equipped, got him assigned to command the submarine flotilla. The Rouanian ambassador was furious at Archer's failure to discover the secret of the battery, especially since Rouania and the United States now appeared to be on the very brink of war.

The ambassador and Archer determined upon a bold stroke. The fleet would return to Hampton Roads after the battle practice. The conspirators planned to mine the channel. A Rouanian merchant ship was secured, which was anchored off Fortress Monroe, with steam up, and the electrical wires from the mines ran to this ship. As the fleet steamed up the bay—when the battleships were over the mines—they were to be exploded by Archer.

The arrangements were made with great skill. The mines were planted. It was impossible for any ship to pass up the channel with impunity, if those who controlled the mines exploded them. In the confusion, caused by the explosion, the Rouanian ship expected to slip away to sea and make good her escape. No inkling of the dastardly plot was allowed to escape. Every avenue of information had been so safeguarded that the conspirators were sure that they could never be identified with the disaster. People might think what they pleased, but they could by no means connect them with the wholesale destruction of the pride of the American navy.

The pieces having thus been set, the players had nothing to do but wait for the opportune moment. The Hotel Chamberlain, at Old Point Comfort, was a very pleasant place to wait.

Thither repaired Austen and his daughter and with them Ethel McMasters. Archer paid devoted attention to Caroline. She disliked the man intensely, but some woman's instinct for danger made her tolerate and even



COLTON GIVES ORDERS TO AUSTEN AND THE SUBMARINE CREW

encourage his attentions. There was something mysterious about Archer. It was something connected with the navy. She set herself to discern it.

Caroline knew that Archer hated Colton. She matched her woman's wit against his to find out what it was. Dining with Archer, after a ball at the Country Club, her suspicions were confirmed when Archer, having taken just one drink too many, in his nervous

adventure that some great danger threatened the American navy, and very probably Colton personally, from these mines.

Her first thought was of Colton. She took the only automobile at the club and rode madly for the hotel. In



COLTON SAVES THE U. S. FLEET

excitement over the approaching catastrophe, for the fleet had wirelessly that it would enter the port in the morning, revealed to her that something terrible was about to happen. He went further than that. Presuming upon the encouragement he had received, he attempted to carry Caroline Austen's heart and person by storm. She repulsed him with indignant scorn.

"Still in love with Colton and the navy?" he sneered. "Wait till tomorrow morning and see what the navy is then and Colton, too."

Then Archer was summoned to the telephone. Before he left her he thrust his hand into his pocket and took out his cigaret case. In his drunken and befuddled condition he did not realize that in taking out the silver case he had also unwittingly displaced and dropped on the floor a folded paper. It was the happiest accident that ever happened for the United States, but it would not have amounted to anything had not Caroline Austen been on the scene and ready. As Archer left her, she seized the paper. She was horrified to discover a map of the channel, a diagram of the mine-field, a plan of the formation of the incoming warships. Underneath it was written in Archer's handwriting these words: "First squadron and battleship fleet coming in morning, October 21st." Also there were shown the wires leading to the Rouanian ship, *Mercedes*. The matter was not quite clear to Caroline, but she knew beyond per-

a little while Archer came out and, in default of any automobile, took horse for the *Mercedes*, utterly ignorant that the paper had been lost and that any suspicion had been aroused.

"I must see Mr. Colton at once," cried Caroline, leaping from the automobile to the hotel porch.

Colton was not there. She learnt that he was on the torpedo boat destroyer *Benham*, the flagship of the submarine flotilla. Attended by an officer, after a brief word or two with her father and Ethel, who had come upon the scene, Caroline boarded the *Benham*. The issues to be decided were too great even for love-making. Without a word, Caroline handed Colton the paper. Colton glanced at it—realized its importance instantly.

"Great God!" he cried, "they are going to attempt to blow up the first battleship squadron tomorrow morning. How came you by this paper?"

Rapidly Caroline put him in possession of the facts.

"Archer, the infernal traitor!" he cried. "Miss Austen, if we save the fleet it will be due to you."

"I did it as much for you as for the fleet," said the girl boldly.



There was a reconciliation then and there, but Colton could not wait. He sent a messenger in a motor-boat to the *D2*, the biggest and best of the submarines, directing her commander to report to him at once. The captain and other officers had gone ashore, intending to be away all night, the messenger promptly reported.

"I will take command of her myself," said Colton.

He went aboard and got under way. His right-hand man in the undertaking on the submarine was young Gilman Austen, who had been stationed aboard her.

Meanwhile, Caroline went ashore. Day had broken. Everybody was now aware that something was up. Just what, nobody knew. In front of the hotel Caroline met her astonished father. She had just strength enough to gasp out: "The fleet, the fleet!" Then she collapsed. Events moved swiftly thereafter. The *D2* got under way, submerged, and found it could not pass under, thru or over the mines. The fleet, in column of divisions, was close at hand; the *Wyoming*, flying the Admiral's flag, was on the right of the first division.

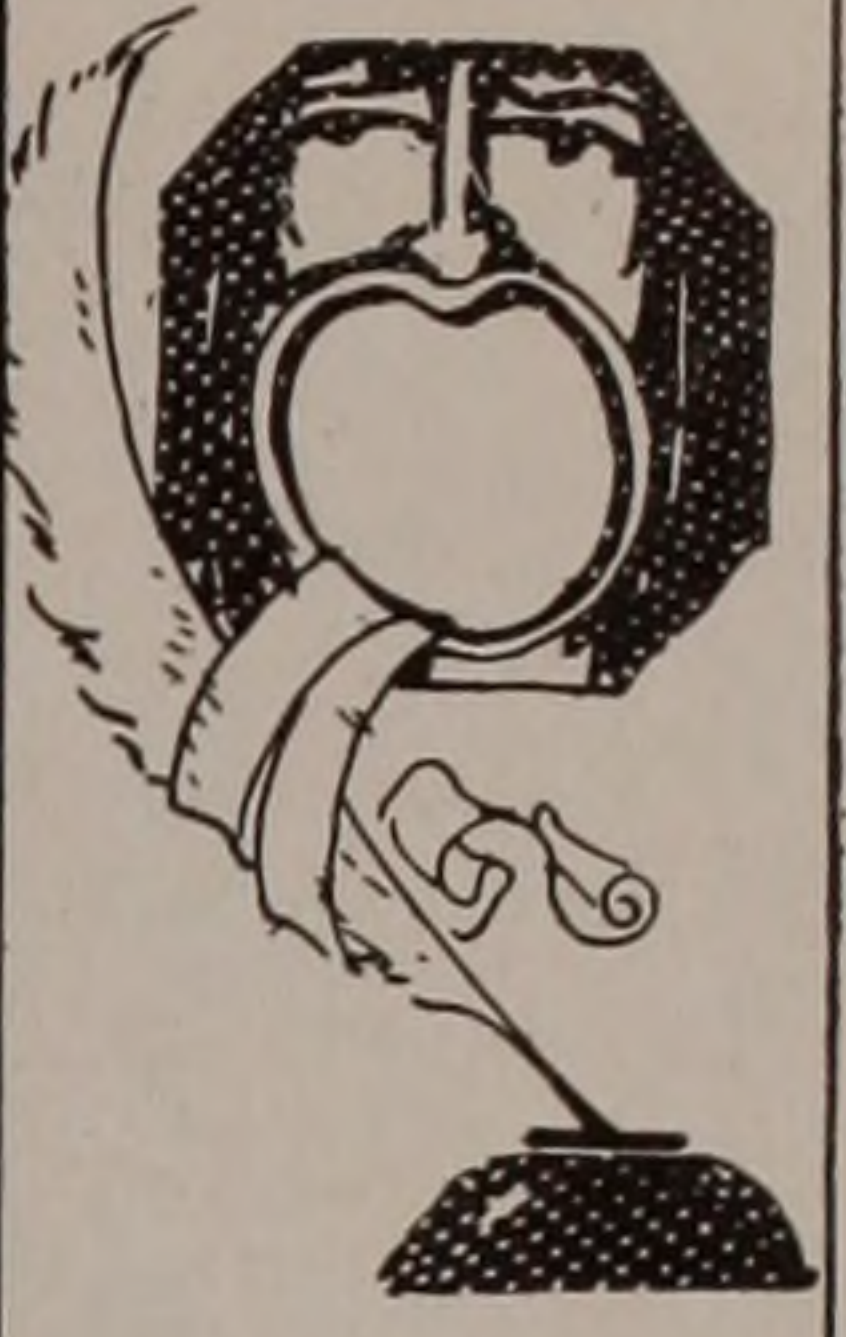
There were but two ways of saving the ships. The *D2* could dash into the mine-field and explode them, or, without losing the submarine, perhaps the mines could be exploded from the merchant ship. The submarine, still submerged, was moved over near the *Mercedes*. Thru the periscope they saw the men on that ship staring seaward at the approaching squadron.

Colton got into the torpedo tube. He had explained his purpose to his men. Every one of them had volunteered for the dangerous duty. Young Austen had begged and pleaded for it, but Colton felt that it was his duty.

(Continued on page 72)



BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES POPULAR PLAYERS



YOU can likely count on the fingers of one hand the Motion Picture "pioneer" players who are as popular as they were eight or ten years ago.

Chief among these few is Gilbert M. Anderson, of "Broncho Billy" fame.

Mr. Anderson is a native of Arkansas. He spent his early childhood there and matured into the robust man of the present in the West. Here it was that he learnt the actual hardships of the earlier West and where he became fitted to assume the rôle of "Broncho Billy," the character who is as famous, as heroic and as well liked as Buffalo Bill and Kit Carson.

His parents were natives of Arkansas—Pine Bluff. His father was engaged in the cotton business at the time of "Broncho Billy's" birth. As a boy he left his home and went to St. Louis, satisfying a desire to "see the world." He was a newsboy for a time, but at the age of eighteen went on the stage. This was in stock. It was as a minstrel that he made his début. In speaking of this Mr. Anderson says: "I was told that I was to be seen and not heard. But I had a good voice and liked to use it. My musical taste ached for a chance to sing,

(Thirty-three)

and so I broke in with the chorus and sang thru the rest of the

show. I was fired because of that breach of order."

Mr. Anderson wandered thruout the country, playing here and there in good shows and now and then cheap ones. Between times he haunted the West. Years passed, and then the Motion Pictures became a practical amusement. Mr. Anderson left the speaking stage by choice and joined a film company. He worked with four different companies at first, and then realized that he could make more by entering the business himself. Just about that time he met George K. Spoor. They decided to join forces. He put up most of the money and Mr. Anderson the experience. Thus "Essanay" was born.

Ben Turpin, the Essanay comedian of the present Western company, went with Mr. Anderson at the start and took the part of everything, from actor to wardrobe mistress. They borrowed some furniture and staged a comedy which took.

Mr. Anderson was the first man to take a cinema to the Coast and stage films there. He was the first to grasp Western picture possibilities. He is a strong, red-blooded "Jack London" type of man.



G. M. ANDERSON AS "BRONCHO BILLY"



KATHLYN WILLIAMS

THERE are many actresses who achieve popularity because they are shy and guileless on the screen; and there are others who are worshiped because they are the very opposite. This sounds like a paradox, but it isn't; it is merely the strange meanderings of public taste. There are very few stars who possess a happy combination of the two traits mentioned and are capable of expressing either at will. Kathlyn Williams is one of these. She can be emotional to a wonderful degree and also play a strenuous, full-blooded rôle wherein sentiment may be only a suggestion and play it so well that she simply carries her audi-

ence with her. That is the test of a true dramatic artist—the human touch that gets right down to you.

Successful as Miss Williams has been among the proprieties—or improprieties—of the fashionable drawing-room drama, it is as the braver of a thousand-and-one dangers that she is best known and doubtless most beloved. Billie of "Unafraid" is said to have run the gamut of Motion Picture sensations, all the way from soaring in aeroplanes to acting a hair-raising rôle in a cage of untamed denizens of the jungle. Her strenuous work of the past few years has taken her to many regions on this mundane sphere, but, now that these

big Selig features are concluded, she is looking forward to spending the greater part of her time on the Coast and is building a residence there quite in keeping with her varied tastes and intimate hobbies.

Kathlyn Williams has an ambition which, if it is not absolutely unique, is at least rather out of the ordinary run of girlish ambitions. It is to be the first successful *hydroaeroplaniste* (she coined the word). Any one who has looked into that fair Anglo-Saxon face and those fearless blue eyes can well believe that her novel ambition may yet be fulfilled. That is another phase of her versatility, and still another is the fact that she can calm the troubled spirit of a lioness with one hand and at the same time caress and smooth back the hair of a little child with the other. She is a most capable artiste and a most lovable woman. Colin Campbell, the well-known Selig director, says the latter, and he ought to know.



LILLIAN DREW, of the Essanay Company

MISS LILLIAN DREW, who left musical comedy a year ago to join the Essanay Company, was born in Chicago some years past. She prefers the photoplay to the stage, and her favorite line of work is playing heavy rôles, and those who have seen her in "Olga," her favorite character, know how successful she has been in this line.

Miss Drew is a great admirer of all things done well, particularly of clever writing, but only to the extent of reading it—all her efforts in that line have been limited to the writing



of checks to the grocer and butcher. Hobbies she has none, but enjoys doing everything, and thinks that life is worth living, especially when sleeping.



A NEAPOLITAN STREET SCENE IN "THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI," DIRECTED BY LOIS WEBER, FEATURING PAVLOWA

What It Means to Be an "Extra"

By One Who Was—For a Day. By LORETTO COFFIELD CLARKE

I TRIED to appear very "experienced" when I entered the grounds of the studio, but on being confronted with the curious glances of some hundred or more men, I lost nerve and immediately took a vacancy on a long bench. It must have been the "experienced" thing to do, for the curious eyes were turned elsewhere. I soon learnt that all these people were like myself, looking for extra work, and, from what I heard, I gathered that they were "regular extras." The majority were men, and looking very hard-up, too, and I wondered how they had the time to spend standing around in little, "watchful-waiting" groups, hoping to be called for a mob scene.

When I could breathe naturally again, I noticed the sign "Employment Office" over the doorway of a tiny building, so I made my way to it and entered. I found a very English gentleman at a desk taking down the names of the men as they entered, one by one, and I judged, from their happy expressions, it meant work. Just when my turn came he was called to the telephone, and I heard this: "No, madam, I couldn't tell you—(pause)—I have nothing to do with

employing the lidies; Mrs. Brown engages the women—(pause)—no, madam, she's nawt here now—(pause)—no, madam, I couldn't si' that she needs any girls—(pause)—I only engage the men, madam; you'd better come to the studio, madam, for we cawnt tell what you look like over the telyphone, madam." This saved me a lot of questions, and so, assuming my most "experienced" air, I inquired when Mrs. Brown would be in. He replied, "It's at two o'clock she's supposed to be here, madam, but she's nawt always exactly on the jot, madam."

I rejoined the crowd of "watchful waiters," and presently Mrs. Brown came down the walk, and, with a smile for many of the "regulars," she entered the little house and took the desk next to the English gentleman. There was no time lost by several of the young "lidies" to secure first place in the line. I came in about fifth, which I thought good for an "extra-extra." The first two were friends, and presented a newspaper article to Mrs. Brown which, no doubt, spoke highly of their work in some amateur performance. After reading it Mrs. Brown returned it, with a smile, and said, "Of course, you know your work in this line does not mean that you would do well before a camera." To this the girl replied, "Oh, I've

seen so many of the movies where the stars acted so stiff, and I know I wouldn't be that way." She was told to come on Thursday morning at *six-thirty!* In order, the others ahead of me were engaged, and when I asked if I could get in the scene on Thursday, Mrs. Brown said, "Certainly—what's the name?" I told her and that was all.

Finally, Thursday morning came. I had asked the hotel clerk to call me at five A. M., which he did. It proved quite a shock to me, as it seemed and looked like midnight. Being half-awake, I returned to bed, thinking to delay getting ready until I felt a little more awake. The next thing I knew it was—*six-thirty!* That very minute I should be at the studio, and I was miles from it! I was very angry with myself and terribly disappointed. Here was I in the wild-and-woolly metropolis of the film world and letting slip the chance to tell the folks back in Kokomo, "Oh my, yes; I worked for the movies when I was out West!" Were all my preparation and hope for nothing—just for the sake of a few more winks of sleep? No; for I decided to take a chance, omit breakfast, and get there as soon as possible. Passing a fruit-stand on the way to the car, I stopped to get some apples, and, when I arrived at the corner, my car was just leaving. Oh, if I had

only not stopped for the apples! This seemed to be a morning of regrets. Soon another car came, which was market "Sunset," so I got on, and, after a mile or two, I discovered that it turned off Sunset before the studio was reached. I was given a transfer and told to wait for a real Hollywood car.

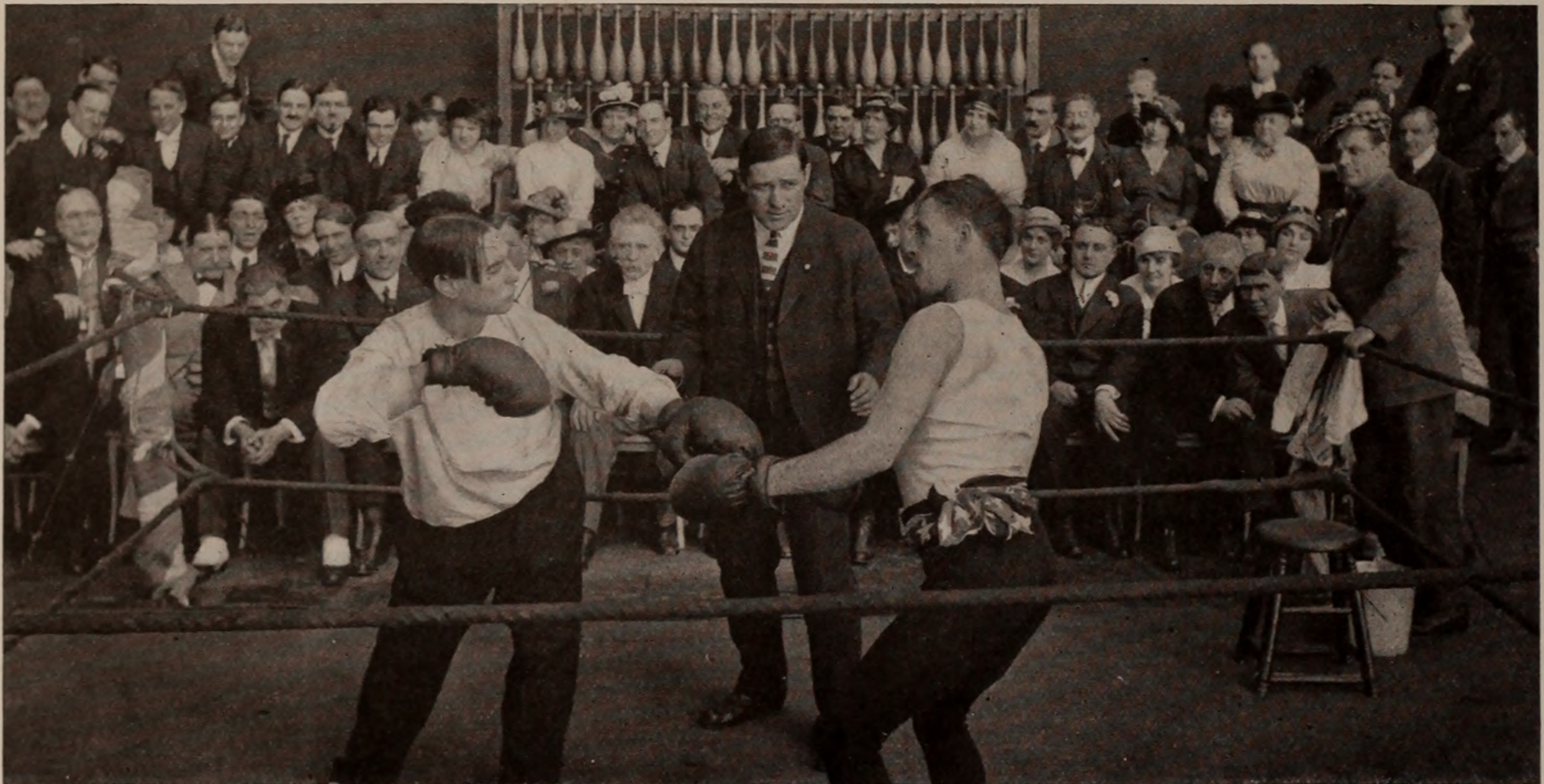
I arrived at the studio at 7.15 and was alarmed to see an auto-bus, nearly filled, with the girls all in costume. I thought it was no use, but made my way to the dressing-room, and there beheld a mob scene such as never has been produced on the screen. Mrs. Brown emerged from the midst of the

same, wonderful system, had selected for me the costume that would fit me and look well, too. The costume was a green satin skirt with an overdress cut with a long train of blue pompadour silk, the waist being made of the same, all trimmed very prettily with lace. Now guess—what color are my eyes? No, you're wrong. Nobody told me what I represented, and I did not ask.

Mrs. Brown was begging the ladies to hurry—hurry!—the buses were going to leave *at once!*—not to mind making up—it wouldn't show, etc., etc. Mary Pickford could not be more particular about her make-up than

prepared for it. The sun did not pierce the heavy fog until nearly eleven o'clock. Luckily, I had a warm coat.

We passed thru some very beautiful country on the way, and my right-hand neighbor was kind enough to explain to me many things I did not understand about this wonderful country. She was more concerned, however, about an eyebrow pencil she had loaned to some sweet thing who forgot to return it. After a delightful ride we arrived at our destination, and were told to "walk up to the canyon." I followed the others, who seemed to be familiar with the way. The



SINCE ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE ATTEND PRIZE-FIGHTS, BILLIE REEVES HAD NO TROUBLE IN SELECTING "EXTRAS" FOR THIS SCENE FROM "THE SUBSTITUTE" (LUBIN)

crowd in some miraculous manner, caught me by the arm and yelled, "What's your name?" I screamed back, "Naomi Higgins." She thrust a card into my hand, and I was told to go to another building to get my costume. I presented my card, and, by some wonderful system, I found myself hugging a bundle with my name and number pinned on. One glance and I knew the costume was pretty, and I rushed back to the dressing-room and was soon out of my street-clothes and into the gown. It fitted me perfectly, which might have been an accident, but was not, for since then I have learnt that Mrs. Brown is a real detective in selecting types, and when she "engaged" me she was making a note of my height, coloring and weight, and, by that

these extras. Every eyelash must be properly beaded, every curl just so. Every "extra" feels as important as any star could possibly feel.

I had plenty of time to enjoy the apples while waiting for the others to be ready to get into the buses. The men were the last ones out of the dressing-rooms. Perhaps their make-up is also important. There must have been more than a dozen buses and auto-trucks crowded with men and women. The word was given, and we started. From fragments of conversation I overheard, I surmised we were going to a mountain-pass some two hours' or more ride. That sounded jolly, and I was agreeable, which mattered not. It was very cold, and as none of the women had been told of the ride they were not

"canyon" looked for all the world like the space left in a nice, high chocolate-layer cake after a middle slice had been cut out. I was told that this "pass" was not natural, but had been cut thru the mountain for a movie "location."

The camera men were already there, with a high platform built up for their operations. We were all herded down the pass to the far side of a knoll which was remarkable for its ruggedness, and the director's assistant sorted the crowd as best he could by costume. The "cannibals" came first, followed by "early Christians." To the layman it might appear that reversing the order would prove more realistic. Strange to say, most of the "early Christians" were being played by Jews. I did not envy the assistant



THIS SCENE, FROM "PEER GYNT" (MOROSCO), WAS ONLY A "FLASH," BUT IT TOOK A DAY TO TRAIN THE "EXTRAS" TO DO IT PROPERLY

director, for there was every kind of a character represented, from "cannibals" to "monks." Mary Magdalene was there, as well as Nero, Brunhilde, Marie Antoinette, Launcelot, and other less prominent armored knights, kings and queens galore, court ladies and gentlemen of many

periods, peasants from all European nations (except Ireland—I wonder why?), Colonial dames, Dutch lassies and lads, Johnny Redcoats wearing the Revolutionary War uniforms, cow-punchers, silk-hatted gentlemen, and many, many more types. I was grouped with the French court ladies.

After the crowd was arranged with some semblance of order, we rehearsed coming up over the knoll with our arms raised high, backs of hands to camera, and our eyes also raised, "appealing to Heaven." It is not considered essential that the extras know the reasons for the "business," so we



NEGROES ARE FREQUENTLY USED AS "EXTRAS." THEY CAN BE ATTIRED SO AS TO REPRESENT A VARIETY OF STRANGE PEOPLES. THIS SCENE IS TAKEN FROM "STANLEY AMONG THE VOODOO WORSHIPPERS" (MUTUAL)

(Thirty-seven)

just "appealed" silently, without knowing for what. We were also cautioned to keep three feet apart, for which I was very thankful because of my train, and the director's assistant expressed the opinion that if we would do it right it would "look like a million people on the screen." Well, we came over the knoll some hundred or more times, only to be sent back to come up again.

It must have been in a fit of abstraction that I took my hair down to be like other girls in the same kind of costume. This mountain-pass is carpeted with rocks and stones of every conceivable size and shape, and deep, dusty sand. Every time we came over the knoll our trains and stumbling

tomed Western glory, was adding to the discomfort of the hundreds who were trying to sit or stand in the little patches of shade while waiting for further orders.

In the course of an hour or more I found myself near the camera. At least I was not obliged to come over the knoll again, and, with "both arms raised, backs of hands to camera, eyes appealing to Heaven," I was ready for the shout: "Action!" I looked back, and there was a burly soldier on my train, both feet firmly planted. I shooed him off, and again took position a few steps ahead. A "dairy-maid" in the rear saw the empty space made, so jumped in front of the soldier, and, looking back, I found

train! Get off my train! Get off! Get off my train!!!" Nearly always the appeal was answered; but, just when I was close to the camera, a little old man of about seventy years, who seemed to have been given all the left-overs in the costume-room, topped off with a silk hat—he didn't know what he represented, and no one else could tell him—began to do the "Castle-canter" up my train. His ears could have been no more use to him than his eyes, for he refused to "get off" at my earnest appeal. Gradually I felt a tugging, then a ripping sound, and lo! I stood before the camera in the green satin skirt minus the overdress of pompadour silk. Oh, woe is me! to have such a thing happen just when



COWBOY "EXTRAS" ARE NOT HARD TO FIND IN THE WEST, WHERE THIS SCENE FROM BOSWORTH'S "FATHERHOOD" (UNIVERSAL) WAS TAKEN

feet raised a lovely cloud of dust, which we breathed and choked on. It settled on our hair, got in our eyes, and very soon the velvet robes of the Elizabethan court ladies were covered with dust. The make-up suffered sadly. But none were in so pitiable a condition as the monks, who had loose sandals, without stockings, on their feet, and the gravel and dirt was a constant worry to them.

At last the rehearsal was pronounced good enough to start the "shooting." After the first groups had passed out of the scene on either side of the camera, the "shooting" ceased until they could be sent down to the other end of the line to make it look more "like a million people." Then a few more feet of film would be "shot." Many times these little snatches were taken twice, which necessitated our returning to the starting-places and raising more dust. The sun, having come out in its accus-

her on my nice pompadour train. I asked her to kindly step off, at which she replied, with some heat, that I should carry my train on my arm. Well, hardly that, when both arms were aiding my eyes in an "appeal" for rain, or—something. As there was no train on her costume, I suppose she could not see the sense of having any in the scene at all. I reasoned that the director or costumer or designer wanted those trains on the gowns, and, having them there, wanted them used, and we would not have both arms raised if one were to be used in carrying our trains. I reminded the "dairy-maid" of the order to keep three feet apart, and she grudgingly stepped off the train.

Position again, and then the cry, "Action!" Once more we started toward the camera, and most of the time I was "appealing," most earnestly, "to Heaven": "You're on my

my ambition was about to be realized, for the pet vanity of every "extra" is to be seen, and I supposed I would be in the "cut-out." The "shooting" ceased just at this moment, and we were told we had done very well and, if we would be nice little "extras" and go down to where the buses were, we would be given lunch. Wonderful word—lunch!

There was no polite hanging back, or "You first, my dear Gaston." That mob of hungry, tired and dirty humanity rushed, scrambled and collided with each other in their mad haste to get there first. However, even there the wonderful system was in evidence, and no lunch was given out to those who did not stand in line—women on one side and men on the other side of the wagon. A box-lunch was given to each person and a pint bottle of milk. That milk was like nectar of the gods to those parched and dusty throats, and a "Flemish peasant"

drank all the milk before opening her lunch-box. In the boxes was a goodly lunch—three sandwiches (one of cheese, which later I regretted), a piece of pie, cake, a little paper-case of potato salad with a sliver of a wooden picnic-plate for a fork, and the three p's—a peach, a plum, and a pickle.

Everybody sat under the trees, in groups of queens and cannibals, monks and peasants, soldiers and prophets, and ate and drank and *rested!* There was not much conversation until the last crumb was gone. We were soon told the work was fin-

over and I could get out of the green satin skirt and get some rest and peace. And then was the time when I regretted the cheese sandwich, pickle and milk combination. Oh, how sorry I was for all the sins of my past life! How earnestly I "appealed to Heaven" that the studio would soon appear on the horizon! And a court lady had the inspiration to sing and suggested that all join her! This suggestion was not met with much enthusiasm, and I was grateful, for the first song selected was one of those "weepy" ones that make one think of home, and, as mine was several thou-

me, very useless and of no account in their spic-and-span orderliness, and my curious stare was returned by haughty glances from them in their superior dignity and restful cleanliness. I was made to feel very suddenly every grain of dust that was on my costume, in my hair, every discomforting hot wind I had breathed, and the pickle and the pie and the *cheese sandwich!*

I hesitated no longer, but quickly went back to the dressing-room, and, as our bus was the first in, we had the room to ourselves. I was in my street-clothes in ten minutes, had re-



ALL OF THE REGULAR "EXTRAS" HAVE TO ACT AS SOLDIERS, SOONER OR LATER, BECAUSE WAR-DRAMAS ARE ALWAYS IN DEMAND. THIS SCENE IS FROM A KALEM PLAY.

ished and to prepare for returning at once. The beautiful ride, I thought, would make up in a measure for the hardships of the "Hard Road to Jordan," for that was the name of the photoplay. I can vouch for the hardness of the road, and was glad to know it was only a day's journey to Jordan.

Our driver went like the wind, slowing down for neither bumps, railroad crossings, sharp turns, nor other reasons. I had developed a wonderfully thumpy headache while traveling over the "hard road," which was unrelieved by the lunch, and this ride, with the hot wind rushing by my head, I thought would burst my ear-drums. I could not talk with the "early Christian" sitting next to me. I could only sit and hope the ride would soon be

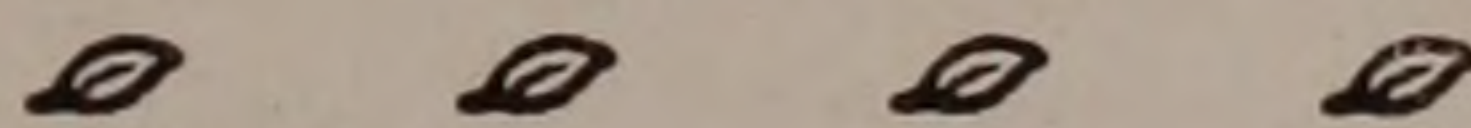
sands of miles from me, it was the last thing I wanted to think about.

All in good time a shout from those in front, and I opened my eyes to see in the distance the large sham structure that is to be a castle, or a fort, or something, on the grounds of the studio, and which to me has become a landmark of Los Angeles. I never was so thankful to put my feet on solid ground before in my life.

Passing by the stage, on my way to the dressing-room, I saw several hundred men and women, in formal evening dress, being placed in an Embassy Ball scene, with all the foreign diplomats and their wives. Our own good President Wilson was there, with Mr. Bryan on his right side (O shades of the past!). All these lovely ladies and gentlemen looked very strange to

turned my costume, and was on my way out of the grounds when I overheard a "cannibal," who arrived in a later bus, inquire, in a very "eat-em-alive" voice, if he were going to be paid *then!* "Paid"? To be sure, we had been doing this all for pay. This was an item I had lost sight of in the many experiences of the day. And then I heard the English gentleman, who "had nothing to do with the lidies," explaining that the "extras would nawt be paid until tomorrow, as the books with reports would nawt be turned in until then, you know." I wondered whether I would be alive by "tomorrow."

As such things happen, I discovered myself conscious, on Friday noon, "in my bed, my—bed, my beautiful be-d!"



THE "ONE AND ONLY"

By BETH MULLANE

Charlie need not worry
About the arguments and talk
As to whom belongs the glory
Of the famous "Chaplin walk,"
Or the "turning of the corners,"
Or the awful, "vacant stare,"
Or any of his drollery,
That is all beyond compare.

(Thirty-nine)

I say he need not worry,
For, since he first began,
You cant even fool the "kiddies"
On their little "movie man."
Just to give you one example:
At the show, the other night,
Sat two dirty little urchins—
They were critics, too, all right!

When the screen showed up a picture—
A rattling, slapstick stunt—
From behind I heard a whisper,
Then a most disgusted grunt;
Then, "I t'ought you said 'twas Charlie
Dat we're a-goin' to see.
Dont ye t'ink I pipe de diff'runce?
Charlie Chaplin—hully chee!"



PICTURESQUE SETTINGS AND CAREFULLY DONE LOCAL COLOR MARK THE UP-TO-DATE PHOTOPLAY SCENE FROM "THE END OF THE ROAD" (MUTUAL)

"Ham" and "Bud"

By HECTOR AMES



TWENTY-TWO years ago an impudent-faced, undersized youngster made his appearance in the field, over in Brooklyn, which served as a ball-ground for the

boys who lived in the neighborhood. A ball-game was about to start. All that was lacking was umpire, and, since umpire-baiting was a popular form of amusement at the time, none of the youngsters present evinced the slightest desire to act in that capacity.

The leader of one of the teams—a sturdy, well-built boy of twelve—spied the newcomer. Because of the latter's size, he looked easy to lick, and so he was appointed arbiter.

It was apparent from the start that the stranger was to have hard sledding. Sure enough, trouble raised its grinning head with the very first decision he was called upon to make. A youngster sliding for home was called out. With one accord, his teammates headed for the luckless umpire.

The latter, however, put up a surprisingly good fight—so good, in fact, that he aroused the admiration of the

leader of the band. The latter, wiping his shirt-sleeve across a bleeding nose, halted the attack, and declared the little lad duly elected to his gang.

Now, all this is of particular interest to photoplay patrons, because the principals were none other than Lloyd V. Hamilton and Bud Duncan. And the friendship formed at that time was destined to eventually prove a powerful factor in dispelling some of the worries and woes with which this old world is afflicted.

As "Ham" and "Bud," Hamilton and Duncan are known wherever Kalem's famous "Ham" comedies are shown. It was Hamilton who told of the manner in which he and his little chum chanced to take up Motion Picture work. Here is the story, just as he told it.

"You see," Ham began, "I suppose the law of opposites had as much to do in cementing the friendship between Bud and me as anything else—altho the bloody nose he gave me, when the gang attacked him because of a poor decision he rendered, helped considerably.

"Bud is about knee-high to a grasshopper, while I am well over the six-foot mark," Ham continued, laughingly. "He hates what I like, and I despise what he is strong for, and so we agree perfectly.

"But, to get back to our first meeting, the boys put Bud thru the usual initiation. Have you ever witnessed the sizing-up process which takes place when a new boy makes his appearance in the neighborhood? The most merciless cross-examination ever conducted by a district attorney is mild in comparison with that of a bunch of youngsters who want to get a line on the newcomer.

"Well, Bud was compelled to undergo the usual third degree. Everybody in the gang felt of his muscle and put a thousand and one questions to him. Finally, one of the boys, who proudly boasted of the fact that his father was a prize-fighter, asked Bud what *his* father did for a living.

"My father's a ventril'quist!" Bud replied.

"Right then and there he became the envy and admiration of the crowd. Why, every one of us had ardently longed to be a ventriloquist ever since one of our number had seen one at a variety show. And now, right before



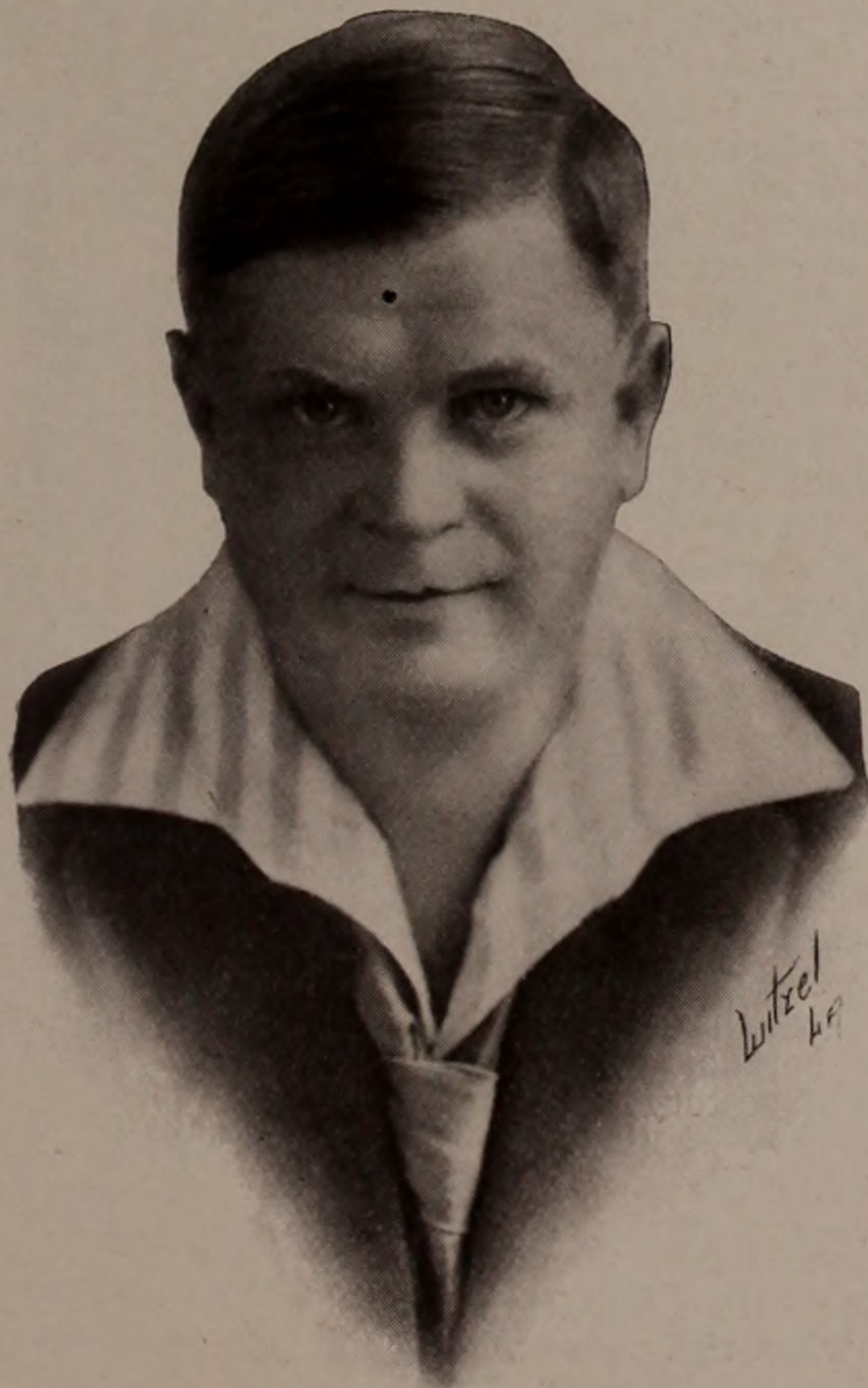
us, was the son of so wonderful a person!

"Bud and I became warm friends from the start. We took bites out of the same apple, played 'hookey' from school together, and fought each other's battles. Of course, with the coming of Bud the thoughts of every boy in the neighborhood turned towards matters theatrical.

"Then, one day, Bud's father gave us a couple of passes to a 'Jekyll and Hyde' show. The performance impressed us both so deeply that we decided to stage it ourselves. We let the other boys know, and, before long, all arrangements had been completed to produce 'Jekyll and Hyde' in a cellar under the cottage in which one of our crowd lived. This chap consented to grant the use of the cellar upon condition that he be given a part. So I told him that he could be the victim who is choked by Hyde.

"We charged one gunnysack or two bottles for reserved soap-box seats, and one bottle for general admission. The performance commenced when the house was filled. Now, the show would have been a grand and glorious success but for one thing. The mother of the boy I was choking came down into the cellar while this scene was taking place. She broke up the performance, to save her son's life!

"Altho our first histrionic attempt was more or less of a failure, Bud and I weren't at all discouraged. The



BUD DUNCAN

(Forty-one)

desire to tread the boards obsessed us. And then, one day, about two or three years later, Bud excitedly told me that people were wanted for the mob-scenes in a Shakespearean production about to be given at a theater not far from our homes."

Hamilton grinned.

"This time it was *my* mother who broke up the show," he chuckled.

"You see," Kalem's famous comedian continued, "she was a member of the church and wasn't very strong for theaters. Of course I didn't dare to tell her that I had been taken on as a super and that I was to carry a spear in one of the early scenes. Consequently, it was with a feeling of terror that I heard my father urging her to take in the performance with him. My heart went clear down to my shoes when she finally consented.

"Nevertheless, I made up my mind that I wasn't going to pass up my chance of going on the stage, even tho all I had to do was carry a spear.

"The night of the performance came. I stole out of the house and hastened down to the theater. The show started, and I could see my mother seated out in the third row of the orchestra. For a time she failed to recognize me, but finally I felt her eyes riveted upon my face.

"I can imagine the horror which filled her. I can picture all that passed thru her mind. The next instant she rose in her seat, pointed her finger straight at me, and declared: 'Lloyd Hamilton, you get into your clothes and go right home!'

"But even this failed to quench the desire to be actors that burned within Bud and me. At that time the 'brother' act craze was at its height, and so we teamed up and played at entertainments and other private affairs.

"Even as is the case in the 'Ham' comedies today, people laughed the moment we appeared. The difference in our sizes was responsible for this. Bud hadn't grown an inch, while I had shot up like a weed. And, because we took to the business like ducks to water, we couldn't help but make good.

"Later came a chance to join a burlesque troupe. This experience proved of immense value to us. You see, the people who patronize burlesque performances like rough stuff. The harder I knocked poor Bud about, the better they liked it. If you will take notice, this is exactly the case in the Motion Picture comedy field today.

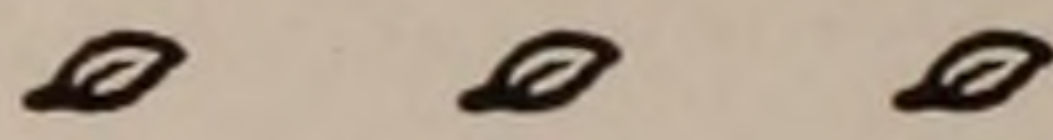
"We eventually graduated into

vaudeville, playing theaters from coast to coast. About a year ago we played Los Angeles. One of Kalem's comedy directors saw our act, and shortly afterwards we joined the Kalem forces.

"One of the reasons which, in my opinion, has helped us make good in the 'Ham' comedies, is the fact that Bud and I have played together so many years that we can safely introduce funny business not contained in the original script, knowing the other will play up to it.

"What generally happens is this: Our director, giving us a general idea of the business which takes place in the scene, orders us to go ahead and make him laugh. If we succeed in doing this, we know that our work is funny. And it's a pretty safe bet that the photoplay patrons will be of the same opinion.

"To what do I attribute the wonderful popularity of the 'Ham' comedies?" Hamilton concluded. "Simply this: Bud and I have originated a style of our own. We do our best to keep our work free from anything which might be deemed offensive. To our minds, these are the two things which every person who desires to succeed in the photoplay comedy field should never forget."



AM I ALONE?

By A. JERROLD TIEJE




Where are the pictures I held most dear?
The glad grotesques of the haunted vale;
Dragon and griffin and Thing of Fear,
Throated with fire and of triple scale?
Where, too, the knights whose cheeks, ash-pale,
Told not a whit of their courage sheer,
Spoke not of swords oversharpe to fail?—
Where are the movies of yesteryear?

Where are the pictures I held most dear?
The men who slid up the ninety-foot wall;
Clown and barmaid, peasant and peer,
Thrown not just one, but ready to fall
Scores of times should the scene not pall?
Here's ho for the comics at which "they" sneer
(They who "uplift" and smile not at all)—
Where are the movies of yesteryear?

Where are the pictures I held most dear?
Avaunt, ye novels that Frohman arrays!
Sorry, indeed, is this "dramatized" cheer
(For novels are novels and plays are plays).
Let me not yawn thru a five-part maze;
Give me the pictures that show me the mere
Folly and farce that my boredom allays—
Where are the movies of yesteryear?

L'ENVOI.

As well might I ask, like Villon the frail,
Where are the snows when the roses appear!
Yet still be my quest, as was Lancelot's Grail—
Where are the movies of yesteryear?



The Wraith of Haddon Towers

(American)

By GLADYS HALL



THE Finite and the Infinite! The curious warring Duality of Man! God and the Flesh! Christ and the Devil! Heaven and Hell!—The answer?

Philip Drummond lay back in his steamer-chair, limply. His tired, disillusioned eyes seemed to probe the fathomless seas—his mouth was the mouth of a man who has smiled and been struck. He might have been one of us who seek an Ideal—find it—and know it to be brass. Or one who, laboring tirelessly, achieves, at last, a tower of mud. His was the face of a man who has striven mightily and gained—futility. The game had not been worth the candle. He had bitten

into the toothsome sweatmeat of life and had spat forth—sawdust.

As a matter of fact, Philip Drummond had grown from a sensitive, unhappy boyhood into a sensitive, keenly intelligent man—a man of flesh, with his spirit aching within him. For what, he did not know.

He had followed the call of his blood and married an airy, lovely confection of flowery skin, gold hair, and tantalizing eyes—and within a year she had trampled upon his sensibilities, wounded him variously, quenched forever the fire in his blood, and sent him hurtling into the deepest regions of himself.

He continued to live with her because—well, just because it never occurred to him to do otherwise; just as it had never occurred to him to rebel during his abused childhood. And she was his wife. And he had loved her.

She continued to revile him and bedevil him, and be jealous of him because—well, because she was a woman, and his wife, and it never occurred to her to do otherwise. He was certainly a defenseless victim and she harried him mercilessly and carried on outrageous flirtations behind his guileless back. One of them, in fact, had passed the treacherous limits of flirtation.

Then came the telegram from his uncle, Lord Drummond, in England, and he had taken the first outgoing steamer, leaving his serenely untroubled wife to her own devices—and the perfervid embraces of her paramour.

On the steamer, for the first time he felt alone with himself—alone with the soul that ached and persisted within him—that seemed to clamor for recognition, for concrete *token* of

recognition—that seemed to urge him to admit all others of the shadow company.

So potent had been this astral self during the past year that Drummond had taken up the serious study of psychic phenomena and had become one of its most rabid disciples. He believed also in the reincarnation of man and the eventual merging of the many lives.

Dreaming there on his voyage, he thought much of his pet theory—to the effect that if a soul in the astral world is in love with a reincarnated being, the astral soul can be summoned and will appear only before the vision of the one reincarnated. He believed, further, that this love must transcend the earthly, that the faint walls of flesh must be abolished, before the spirit's clean blue flame might merge.

Somehow, it was a comfort to Philip Drummond—this ghostly belief. The flesh had ever deluded him—left him with a gall taste in his mouth. Something within him cried incessantly for something forever beyond him—he hungered for the unknown.

Haddon Towers was a fine old baronial estate. Gray, and ivied, and ancient with a royal antiquity, it loomed darkly among its trees. Its dim corridors and turreted rooms had echoed with the travails of England's finest blood, and sheltered their deaths at last. Love had moved serenely down its halls—and Passion, too—hate and murder, and deeds too dim for speech; and thru it all the blood-strain had persisted—proud, overbearing, essentially English.

Drummond felt the thrill of ancestral pride as he was motored along its winding, elm-sheltered drive. Here, *here* was where he belonged; where he had *always* belonged. This was his home; the home of his people. His heart was here, and his British spirit. He wondered vaguely why he had ever affiliated himself with America—its newness—its lack of dreams—its glitter of *nouveau riche*. He wondered more than all how he had ever come to marry Clara. He thought suddenly how out of place she would seem here. Why, she would be like some cheap and flashy gem in an exquisite, antique setting. His life, he felt, was a hocus-pocus of painful inconsistencies—if not incongruities. He wanted the things of the spirit—the soul, the flowers of the mind, the essence of man that is a separate thing from the body. And he was living with a woman to whom the body was religion—a kiss, life's consummation—and flirtation her code and creed. He shuddered.

Lord Drummond was on his death-

bed. Philip saw plainly that his hours were numbered. And he felt swiftly, poignantly regretful. He had not given the aged noble a thought in years, yet it came over him now that here, in this feeble body, was housed the one kindred spirit on earth. They had drawn their being from the same elemental strain—the blood of the kingly Drummonds ran thru their veins. They acknowledged a common ancestry. Their spirits would go, at last, to the same forebears.

The Baron was almost beyond the powers of speech. Life was even then giving his hand into the ready hold of death. But he made a superhuman effort when Philip came to his bedside.

"You are—the last of the Drummonds," he gasped jerkily; "my title and all that I—die—possessed of—go to you. But, Philip—Philip—there is another bequest—the wraith—of Haddon Towers. In the east wing, Philip. She—the wraith—was a direct ancestor—Dorothy Drummond—she—loved her cousin Philip. Her father favored Sir Berton Gregory—she—she and her cousin Philip were—murdered. I give her into your charge—poor, restless shade—the wraith—of Haddon—Towers—I—ah!"

The room in the east wing was kept tightly closed. None of the servants would enter it, and it was in complete disuse. Here, the day after Lord Drummond was interred among his forefathers, Philip went to await the problematical appearance of the wraith of Haddon Towers. Now that he had this opportunity to really sound his theories, he was doubtful. It seemed too vastly incredible a thing—too potent with unguessable realms—too mystery-fraught. Yet he knew, somehow, that if this restless one from out the spirit lands should come to him, a great want within him would be filled. Always he had hungered for a substanceless, nameless something. Lately, he had come to believe that his answer did not lie in this world, but the next.

The room in the east wing was paneled in misty gray, and touched by the dim fingers of dust. Faded tapestries, all but patternless, half shrouded stained windows. A harp, palpably rusted and pathetically voiceless, stood in one corner. Near-by was a tall, closed escritoire. There were a few chairs in the room, and a table—that was all.

Yet Philip felt, as he entered, that this room was inhabited. There was about it the indefinable, inexplicable sense of a *presence*. It seemed to him as if, centuries ago, a woman had

dwelt in here, wearing a vague perfume, and touching the harp to golden melody—and it seemed as if, the centuries thru, the perfume clung to the wistful air—and the last note of the harp trembled and moaned.

Philip dropped into a chair, facing the harp. His eyes stared straight ahead of him. Then, suddenly, he gasped and leaned forward convulsively.

A *woman* had taken her place by the harp—a woman garbed in whitest white, with dusky, unbound hair and a face that seemed to lay itself against Philip's naked heart.

She touched the rusted strings and a melody throbbed into the air—a melody that Philip, listening, knew was not of earth. A melody that passed profoundly the sensory ear and smote upon the soul—a melody that pleaded for the annihilation of the cumbering flesh.

Philip's dry lips moved, and, curiously enough, the warm blood ran thru his veins again. A sob racked him. This—this was his answer—the solving of his endless riddle—the touch divine on the raw wound of his life—this melody from the courts of Christ—this woman—a woman, still beyond the confines of the flesh.

"Who—" he breathed; "tell me—"

The music stopped and the woman came near to him.

"Dont you know me, my beloved?" she breathed; "can it be that you do not know me?"

"Ah, tell me——" breathed Philip again; "forgive me my blindness—*help* me to know."

"I have waited so long, Philip, my beloved. I have hoped you might know me, even with your eyes."

"Yes, even with my eyes. Remember that, whoever you may be, they are earthly eyes—they—they see not!"

Something ineffably sad touched the wraithly lips. "They see not——," she asserted mournfully. "Ah, Philip—Philip—my spirit's love—my earth's mate—I have watched you thru cycles of endless time—sobbing over you even in Heaven—sobbing—and groveling at the feet of God—for you—for your unseeing eyes—your heedless ears—your tongue of man—for all the crass, blind errors of your stumbling flesh.

"And now, after all your incarnations—all your brief deaths—now, at last, you have come to a want of me. You have not known it for want of me, but it has been that—urging you—calling you——"

Philip nodded, tensely. "Tell me why," he said eagerly, "why I have been born again; why I have lived these other lives and you have stayed among the dead. Is this not strange?"



A WOMAN HAD TAKEN HER PLACE BY THE HARP—GARBED IN WHITEST WHITE

The dim lips smiled with a mothering, tender sweetness. "Beloved by me," she answered him, "when mortal men err upon earth; when they come to die, still bearing the earth-taint upon them—still victimized by the body-greeds—slaves to the lesser vices—they cannot enter straightway into the sight of God. Instead, they are sent again to earth and given a new life to live—a fresh page to write upon—an opportunity to become more of the spirit—ready for eternity. You, oh, my love, were of these."

"And you——?"

"I was permitted to remain, but, because my weak body was forged in chains of desire—desire of *you*—because my blood clamored for you and my spirit was not content, I was forced to watch you thru your several incarnations—forced to see you live, and grow, and learn, and love. Forced to see you suffer, so needlessly—to see you glad, with a gladness in which I held no memoried part—until, at last, my body's dross was purged away and I can come to you in the spirit with

(Forty-five)

only the love of God within my heart." Philip's fascinated eyes were riveted on the ethereal, delicate face. Then he shook his head stupidly.

"I believe you, whoever you may be," he whispered, "but *who* are you? I—forgive me—I do not remember."

The ghostly visitant drew nearer and an ephemeral perfume touched him. He looked up at her eagerly—at her lovely face, seen as behind a veil—the humid, glorious eyes; the soft, dusky hair; the curved, soft mouth; the divine nobility of the long-lined, slender form—and a fierce desire shook him. Desire that mocked all previous material longings as the sun-heat mocks the earth-fires—desire that ran in subtle blue-points of flame, thru every vein—desire that was the zenith, the exquisite consummation of all the desires of man for woman. It swept over him deathly-sweet, dizzying, swooning—and the mad thrill of it leaped to his eyes. As if in instant understanding the vague mouth curved mournfully and Philip found himself gazing into blankness.

Three days later he saw her again.

"I have been waiting for you," he said simply. "I am sorry."

"Try to know," the shade said softly, "that there is love of keener ecstasy than you have ever known beyond your arms' embrace—your lips' caress—your eyes' desire—a love that is beyond all power of finite minds to guess."

"I believe," he whispered; "now *tell* me—about us—who you are—I beg?"

"Over a century ago," the wraith began simply, "I was your cousin Dorothy. You were my cousin Philip—Philip Drummond. We loved, Philip—a love that was born in an English spring and nurtured in English lanes. We loved as you have not loved since—not during all your lives on earth. I loved so strongly that the bad in me was purified by very reason of it.

"They were golden days, oh, my beloved—days when we clung, lip to lip, breast to breast, instinct to instinct. We were to be married, Philip—but my father forbade it. He favored Sir



"I BEGGED MY FATHER ON MY BENDED KNEE FOR LENIENCE, BUT HE WAS IMMOVABLE"

Berton Gregory—a man whose attentions seemed as so many insults to me. And that very Sir Berton Gregory lives today, Philip, and is near to your life. Beloved, he is Claude Hope."

"Claude Hope! My wife's lov——!"

"Yes, Philip; the very same—and our—murderer!"

"Murderer! The——"

"Oh, hush, my beloved; remember to whom you speak——"

"Dorothy—mystical, wonderful——"

The white hand was raised and the distant voice continued: "We were forced to meet clandestinely—it was winter then, and we skated together on Lake Sweetbriar, that tiny gem set in wooded banks a mile away. It seemed that our loves' rhythm matched the rhythm of our bodies as we swung over the ice on our curl-tipped, gleaming skates—the stinging wind from the downs and woods in our faces—mid-summer love in our hearts——"

Philip gripped his chair-arm. "I am—remembering," he choked. "Oh, Dorothy—I—remember——"

"I was forced to become betrothed to Sir Gregory," she continued; "I begged my father on my bended knee for lenience, but he was immovable—and the betrothal was consummated."

"From that time on, Sir Gregory constituted himself my guardian and keeper—jealous, vengeful, vicious."

"We stole our meetings—you and I—grasping our fleet, surcharged moments to our bleeding hearts—loving with the terrific abandon of a love repressed."

"One day—it was springtide again—we met in these very woods. You were importunate that day—my poor beloved—and I was weak with longing. Forgetful of all but our mighty need—heedless of everything but our hunger for each other—we clung together—and behind a tree was Gregory."

"When we parted he stole upon you—and killed you. I heard the scuffle—your moan. I ran back to our trysting place, and you were there—dead—the life-blood leaving my heart—my heart—in your breast. I think I died in that instant, tho I lived two months or more. But I loved you, Philip, beloved, with a love that had become my very life—such a love as even eternity cannot quell nor abate."

"After your death, Gregory made my life horrible. With the torturing memory of your dead lips before me, his kisses repulsed me to the breaking point. His amorous advances sent me into revulsions unspeakable. I felt that I was harrowed beyond endurance and I longed for the sweet peace to which you had gone."

"It became my habit to wander about our old haunts—our trysting tree—the stone bridge over the river—the orchard where primroses grew and



"GREGORY WAS WATCHING AND——"

very bridge. We struggled here, violently, abusively. I fell, and drowned, and my spirit soared to those worlds where I have awaited you since—still triumphant in my ageless love, my beloved—still waiting for your soul's last gaining."

They returned to the room in the east wing, in silence—so silently that Philip felt almost incorporeal himself.

His heart was aching with a vast yearning, and as he looked at her he knew suddenly that he craved no fleshly touch of her—nor any other worldly thing. His wife, gold and rose and pearl, was a pitiful, sawdust toy, to be prayed for and forgiven. He wanted neither food nor drink nor human touch, nor anything save the nameless thing that had haunted him all this last life thru and had become known to him at last—his soul's love.

"Dorothy," he whispered, "I feel—if you cannot come to me—I must soon come to you. Ah—God—be merciful—my love—my—love——"

"I am Lady Drummond!" shrieked an unmistakably New Yorkian voice, "and I wish to see his Lordship—at once. My—phew!—this is *musty!* We'll have to do the fox-trot with some of *these* relics!"

The new Lady Drummond peered about the sacred, baronial hall disdain—
(Continued on page 69)

mingled their breath with the apple-blossoms.

"On one of these walks, Gregory followed me. He professed love, yet he seemed possessed to torment me—to taunt me—to make of me a light thing. This day he followed me to the bridge over the river. How many, many times we had stood there together—hands tightly clasped—gazing down at our reflections in the still waters! How many times we had wished we might be one with the tidal waters—one with the winds, and the stars, and the flowers—the vast elementals from which we felt our love was derived! Come with me now; I want you to be there while I finish the tale."

Philip followed her with the rapt stare of a sleep-walker. Her substanceless form passed door and stone and tree as tho they were not, and yet, when she turned to smile at Philip, it warmed his blood to the pulsing point.

Over the bridge they leaned together—as they had leaned a century ago—with all a century's differences between them, and the unthinkable barrier of separate worlds.

"My body lies in those waters," the wraith was saying; "my troubled flesh at peace. He pursued me to this

(Forty-seven)



"WHEN WE PARTED HE STOLE UPON YOU—AND KILLED YOU"

THE MAN WHO KNOWS HIS WEST

RAISED among the Sioux Indians on the plains of North Dakota, William Hart drank deep of the spirit of the West. In that land of sagebrush and mesquite, riding across the desert and down thru canyon, he grew strong and tall like the red men among whom he lived.

He knows the West as it actually was in the frontier days, when "a Colt was the court of last appeal." Only the men who have lived those days can feel the spirit of them. By William Hart's portrayal of this real Western character he has won a secure place in the affections of the Motion Picture public.

His appearance on the screen marked a new epoch in Western pictures and one welcomed, for the followers of the screen were weary of the overdrawn and false representations of the West, and to William Hart is due the credit for bringing the attention of the public back to the Western drama and away from the problem story to which they had turned from the lurid sort of pictures into which the Western plays were deteriorating. His characters are studied from real life—the life of the rugged men beyond the Rockies.

In the opinion of this true Westerner, the Western

drama will never die. He says, "The eighties and early nineties, when the frontier was making its last stand, was an era of action and romance, and then the West gave to America its greatest

drama and that which will live because of its red blood, for the red corpuscle appeals to as it does to the normal son."

first into when

William Hart's venture the East was a lad of fifteen, he went to New York to perfect himself

lege graduate, saw that his son made the most of his opportunities. At his examination he passed a perfect physical test and his average in his grades was high enough to allow his entrance, but the proper influence, that was then so necessary, was not his, so his ambition to be an army officer could not be realized.

It was then that William Hart's stage aspirations commenced. New York offering no opening, he sold the trophies he had won in athletic contests in the West, and with that money bought passage to London. There he secured a job carrying a spear, but that not being to his liking and having a longing for America, it was not long before he returned to New York.

More fortunate was he this time and managed to get an engagement with a

German tragedian who played repertoire.

This experience proved valuable to the young actor, and he

quickly advanced. His advancement, tho, was all in experience the first year, for tho the old German would each month tell him that his salary was increased, at the end of the year he was drawing no more than he had received the first month.

When but twenty-four years old. William Hart was playing big parts with well-known people of the stage, and

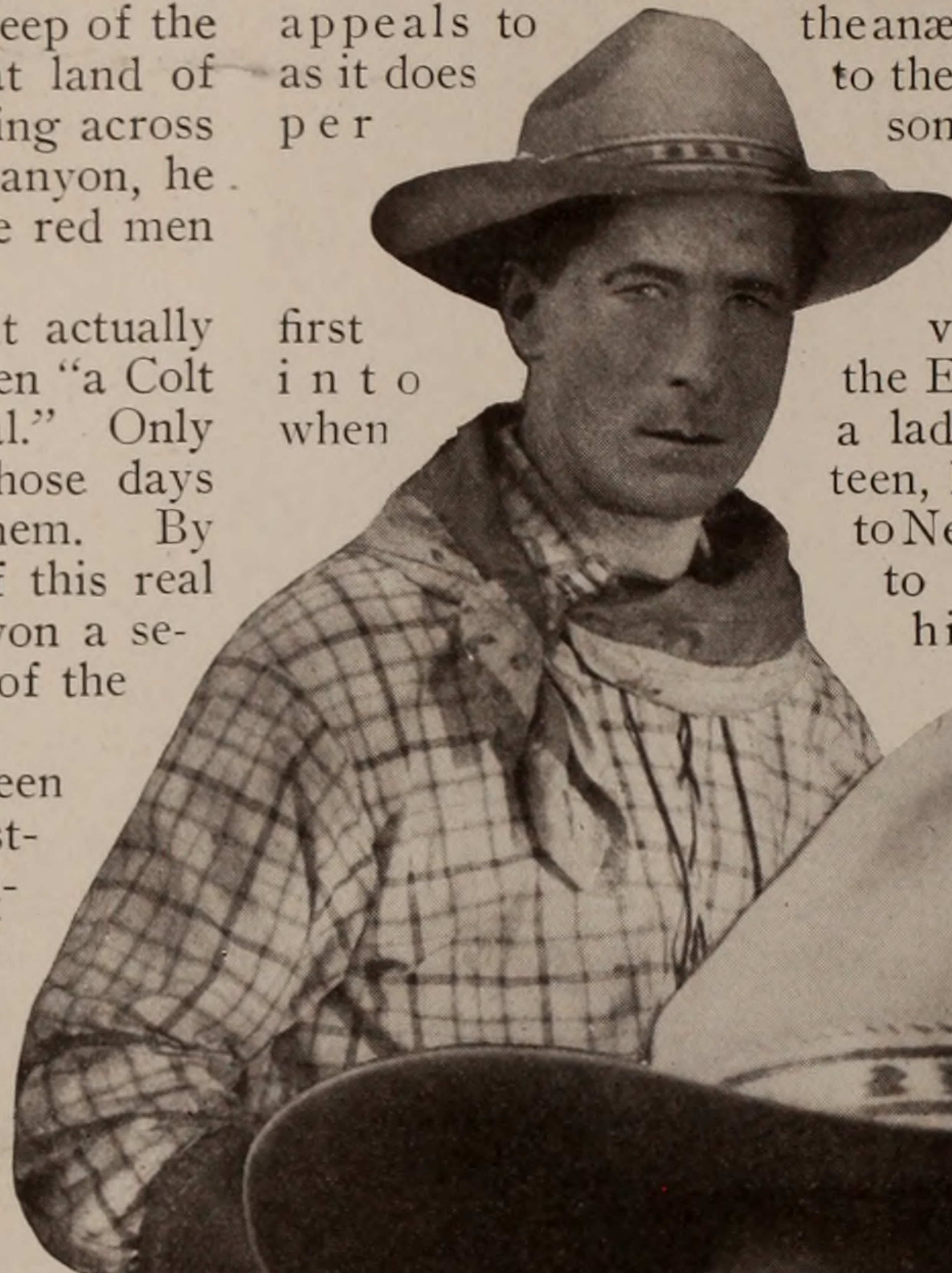
soon

he was starred. It

was for his portrayal of his original "Cash" Hawkins in "The Squaw Man" and his strong, convincing acting in "The Barrier" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" that he was asked to play Western character rôles for the screen.

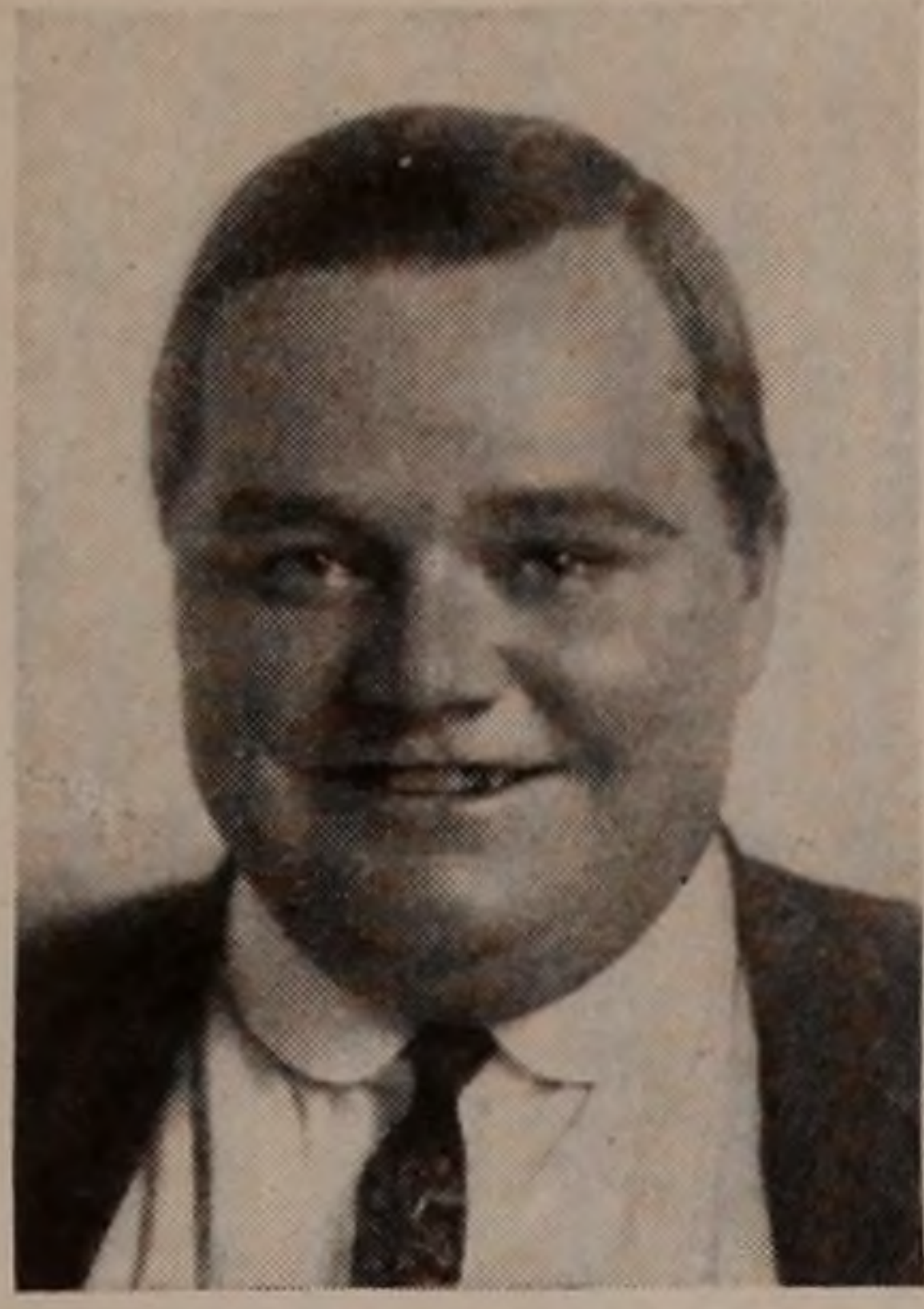
It was the call of the West, and he answered; the mysterious charm of that wonderful country "where a man makes friends without half-trying." The West that has left its mark upon him: in his face of rare force, in the ruggedness of his character and in the gentleness of his manner—real force.

(Forty-eight)





LOUISE GLAUM



ROSCOE ARBUCKLE



LOTTIE BRISCOE



H. M. MITCHELL



MARY PICKFORD



EDWIN AUGUST



VIOLA DANA



IRVING CUMMINGS



EDITH STOREY

(Forty-nine)

ONCE UPON A TIME

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

December 26, 1900.—Lottie Briscoe (late Lubin) was having a jolly good time of it as an interpreter of a boy's rôle, being wholly in sympathy with that hapless youth, Claude, the consumptive one of "The Two Little Vagrants," wringing tears from more than one tender-hearted person assembled at the Opera House, Titusville, Pa., and little she cared that the day before she was in Warren, Pa., with the day following this booked for Franklin, in the same State.

January 13, 1906.—Viola Dana (Edison) was at this moment one of the numerous stage children who ultimately became screen stars, at this time playing the part of the boy, Little Heindrich, in "Rip Van Winkle" (billed, of course, under her real name of Viola Flugrath), in which Thomas Jefferson was starring, this day being the lure at Staub's Theater, Knoxville, Tenn.

January 14, 1910.—Howard M. Mitchell (Thanouser) was acquiring a goodly knowledge of unadulterated melodrama, playing the juvenile rôle in one of Theodore Kremer's brain children, this one bearing the illuminative title of "The King of Bigamists," which had settled down for a half-week's visit to the Gilmore Theater, Springfield, Mass.

January 15, 1911.—Louise Glaum (Triangle) was acquiring nothing if not experience, playing a round of ingénue rôles with the stock company at the Imperial Theater, Chicago, and she was specially elated today at the opportunities afforded her in the sympathetic rôle of the Indian girl, Nat-U-Rich, in "The Squaw Man."

January 16, 1912.—Roscoe Arbuckle (Keystone) was playing comedy parts of every kind and description with the Ferris Hartman Opera Company, which was in the midst of an indefinite engagement, at the

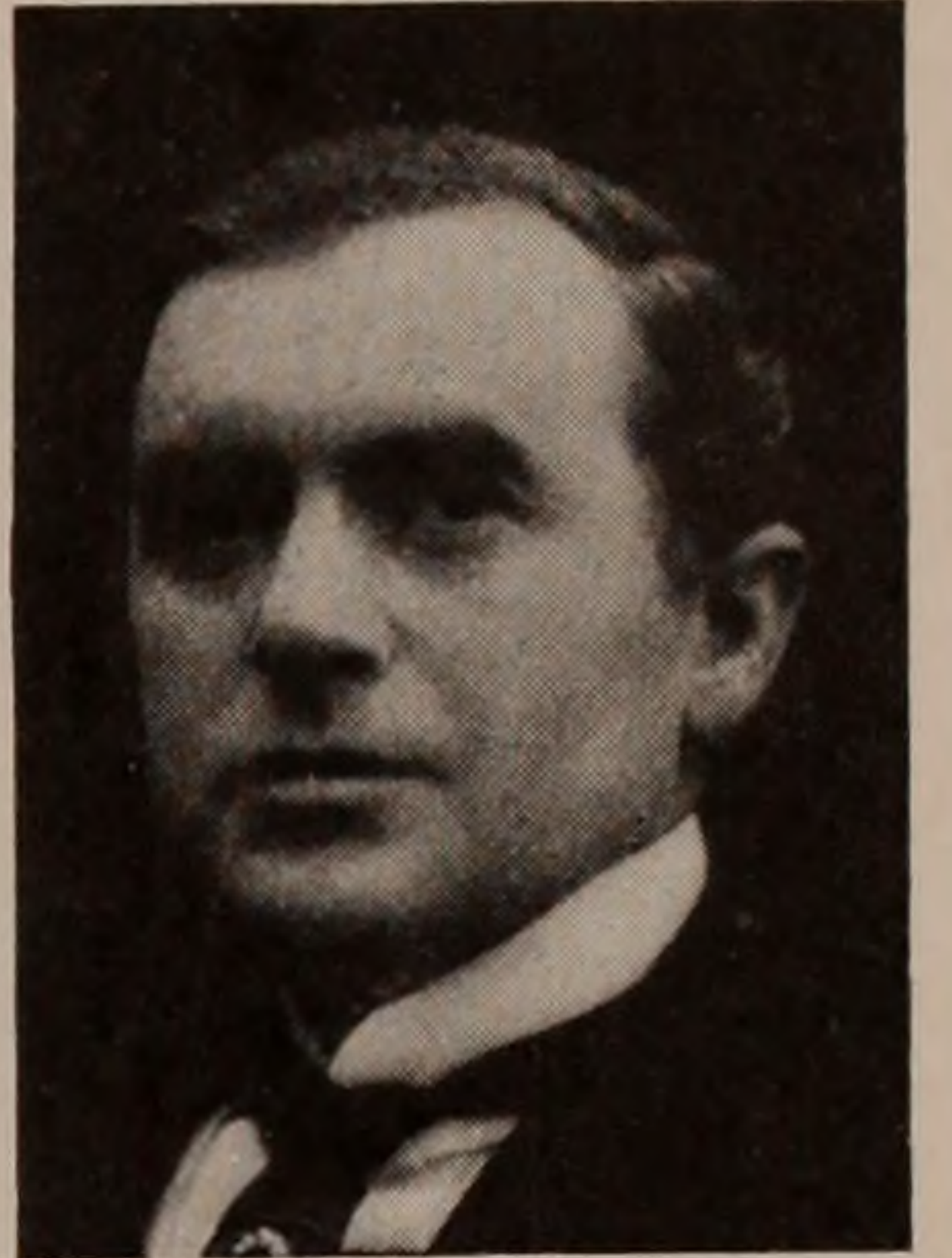
Grand Opera House, Los Angeles, Cal., the bill at this particular moment being "The Campus."

January 17, 1908.—Harry B. Eyttinge (Edison) was the personification of serious dignity as John Harmon, cashier of the Commercial Bank, in "The Burglar and the Lady," in which James J. Corbett was starring, a delectable dramatic dish, served to the patrons of the Bijou Theater, Pittsburg, Pa.

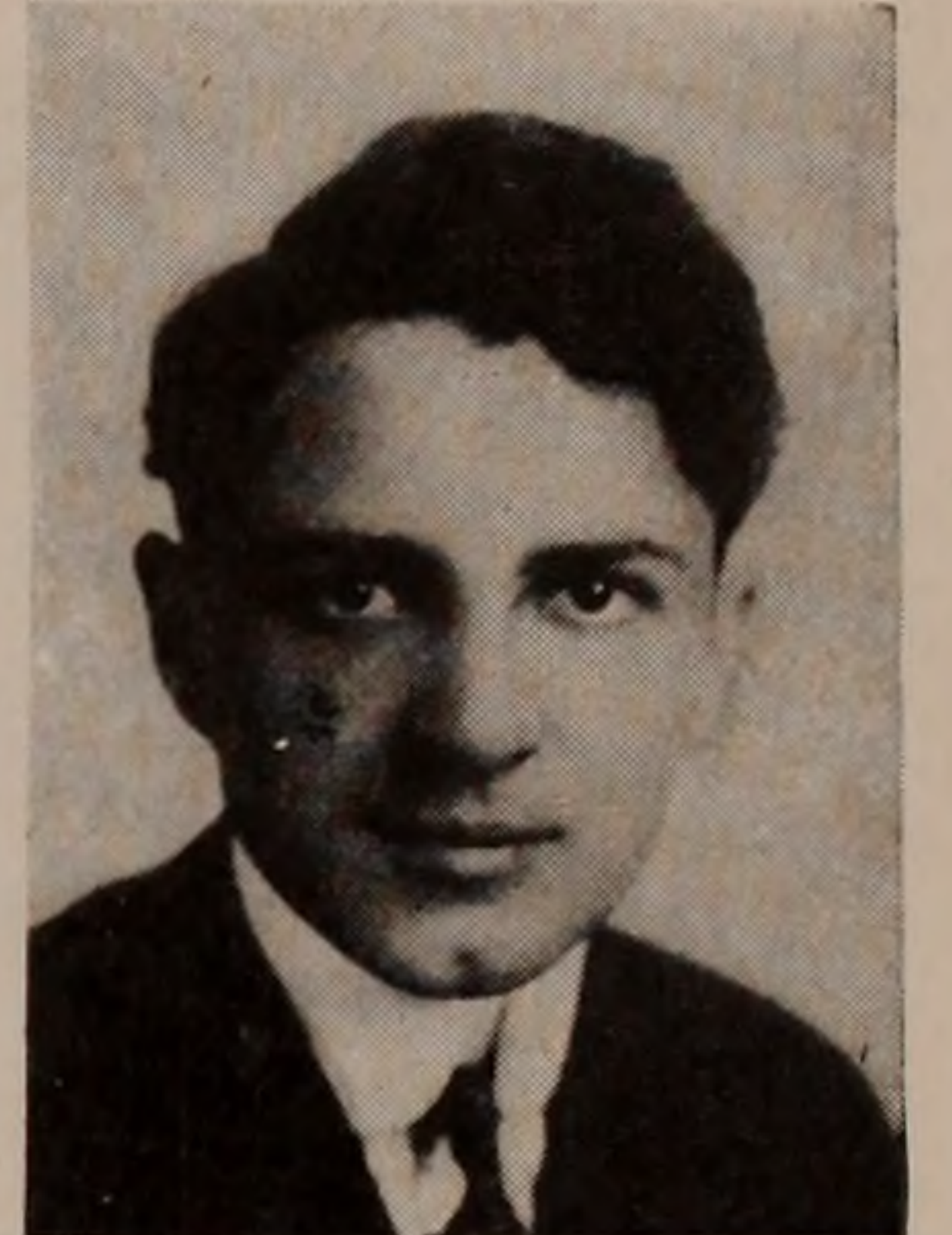
January 20, 1908.—Edwin August (World) was enjoying an unusually agreeable engagement in the support of Digby Bell, who was starring in "Shore Acres," in which Mr. August played the young physician, Sam Warren, this day beginning a week's stay at the Lyric Theater, Buffalo, N. Y.

January 21, 1901.—Mary Pickford (Famous Players) appeared for the first time on any stage upon this very date, the momentous occasion being with the Valentine Stock Company, at the Princess Theater, in her home town, Toronto, Canada, when she played the leading rôle of Mignon in "Bootles' Baby." One unfeeling reviewer had this to say of her performance: "Little Gladys Smith, who played the child's part, had not been thoroly drilled, and in consequence the play was uneven, something unusual with this company." Tut, tut! and well, well! What's that? Why, didn't all of you know that Mary Pickford of today was Gladys Smith of yesterday?

January 23, 1911.—Irving Cummings (Centaur) was floating upon the top wave of popular success, as leading man of the Benton Players, at the Majestic Theater, Indianapolis, Ind., and upon this particular date he must have been a sight for the gods, masquerading in skirts, as Lord Fancourt Babberly, the bogus aunt, in "Charley's Aunt."



AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS



BRYANT WASHBURN



VIVIAN PRESCOTT



AUGUSTA ANDERSON



EDGAR JONES



OWEN MOORE



MARY MAURICE



MAUDE FEALY



ROMAINE FIELDING

January 24, 1898.—Augustus Phillips (Edison) was at this time playing important parts in the support of Edna May and Cecil Spooner, who were at the head of their own repertoire company, offering bargain rate drama, ten, twenty and thirty cents, this day opening a week's engagement at the Academy of Music, Cumberland, Md., the bill being "The Judge's Wife."

January 25, 1904.—Vivian Prescott (Universal) was having a perfectly gorgeous time of it, whooping things up generally in the soubrette rôle of Mag, a Bowery waif, in "In Convict's Stripes," which, we are told, was "a smart story of Southern romance," and it is to be devoutly hoped that the play entertained the audience upon this occasion, at the Yosemite Theater, Stockton, Cal.

January 27, 1913.—Augusta Anderson (Biograph) was plodding hopefully away, somewhat submerged but most ambitious, for was she not acting under no less a personage than David Belasco, being that haughty creature, Lady Molineux, in "A Good Little Devil," at the Republic Theatre, New York?

January 31, 1902.—Edgar Jones (Metro) was a sure-to-goodness Broadway actor, appearing upon the stage of no less a famous edifice than Wallack's Theater, but it is to be presumed that you would have had to have been fairly familiar with his features in order to discover him in either part which he played this day, Victor Papin, a lackey, in "A Gentleman of France," and as one of the guests at Lady Sneerwell's in "The School for Scandal," of which just a special matinée was given, Kyrle Bellew being the star of both plays.

February 1, 1903.—Edith Storey (Vitagraph) was probably quite firm in her determination to be the legitimate successor to Sarah Bernhardt, tho the day must have seemed remote at this time, when she wore pigtailed and short skirts, this as little Australia Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," a play then only a few months old, being the attraction this night at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia.

February 3, 1909.—Bryant Washburn (Essanay) was probably taking life rather seriously at this time, being one of the faithful souls who supported the artistic undertakings of Donald Robertson, in Chicago, upon this date appearing there in Fullerton Hall, at the Art Institute, as Lieut. Wilson in "The Miller of Boscobel," a drama, written by no less a person than Hamlin Garland.

February 4, 1908.—Owen Moore (Triangle) was ambling comfortably, so to speak, about the map, playing upon an average of six towns a week, this in the support of Mildred Holland, with whom he played Fabio in "A Paradise of Lies," this night affording pleasure to the patrons of the Andes Opera House, Fostoria, Ohio.

February 6, 1905.—Mary Maurice (Vitagraph) was a most impressive dowager, Mrs. Matthew Van Austin, an aristocrat, in "A Midnight Marriage," which Hal Reid classic this date began a three days' engagement, at the Academy of Music, Scranton, Pa.

February 9, 1901.—Maude Fealy (Kleine) certainly gave every indication that hers was to have been an especially brilliant career on the stage, at this time being leading woman with William Gillette, with whom she was Alice Faulkner in "Sherlock Holmes," appearing at the Broad Street Theater, Philadelphia.

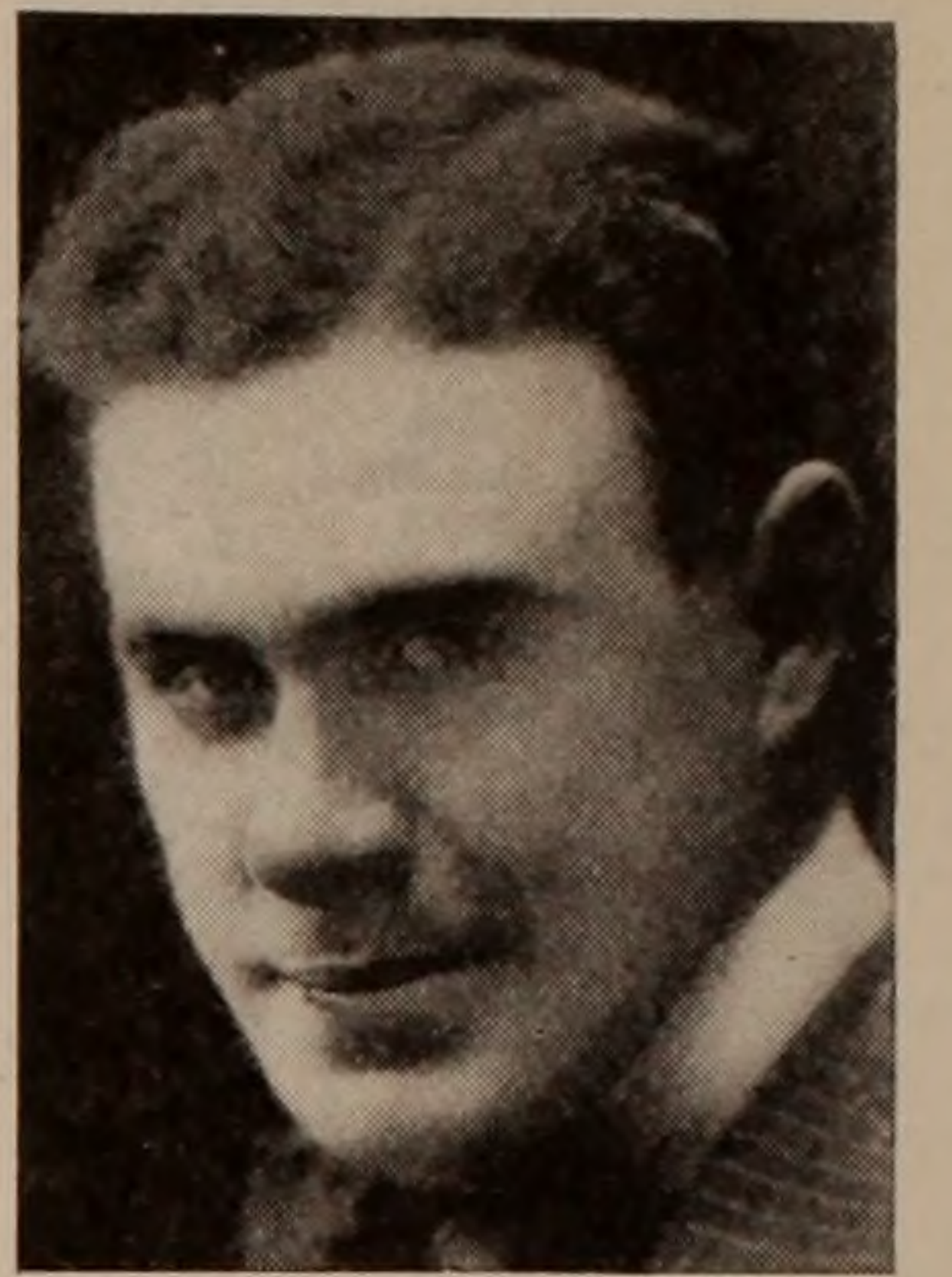
February 10, 1909.—Romaine Fielding (Universal) was enjoying a brief hour's triumph in a Paul Armstrong failure, "The Renegade," in which he played the rôle of an Indian chief, Thunder Hawk, and tho William Farnum (Fox) was featured in the leading rôle, Chicago theatergoers would have none of it, where it was on view at the Studebaker Theater.

February 11, 1905.—Ford Sterling (Keystone) was ably portraying the heroic virtues of Burleigh Mavor in "Under Southern Skies," a rôle far removed from those with which he has won screen fame, appearing upon this date at the Collingwood Opera House, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

February 18, 1906.—True Boardman (Kalem) was playing a wide variety of juvenile rôles as a member of the stock organization at the Alhambra Theatre, San Francisco, this Sabbath day rounding out a week with two performances of "The Black Crook" (in which he played Karl), which, to say the least, is an odd sort of bill to include in a stock repertoire.

February 20, 1905.—Victoria Forde (Nestor) completely captivated the audience by her childish ingenuousness as the little girl, Marie Madison, in "A Wife's Secret," which gave many a thrill to the patrons of Blaney's Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, at which time in her career Miss Forde, as against the dignity of Victoria, was known as Dolly Forde.

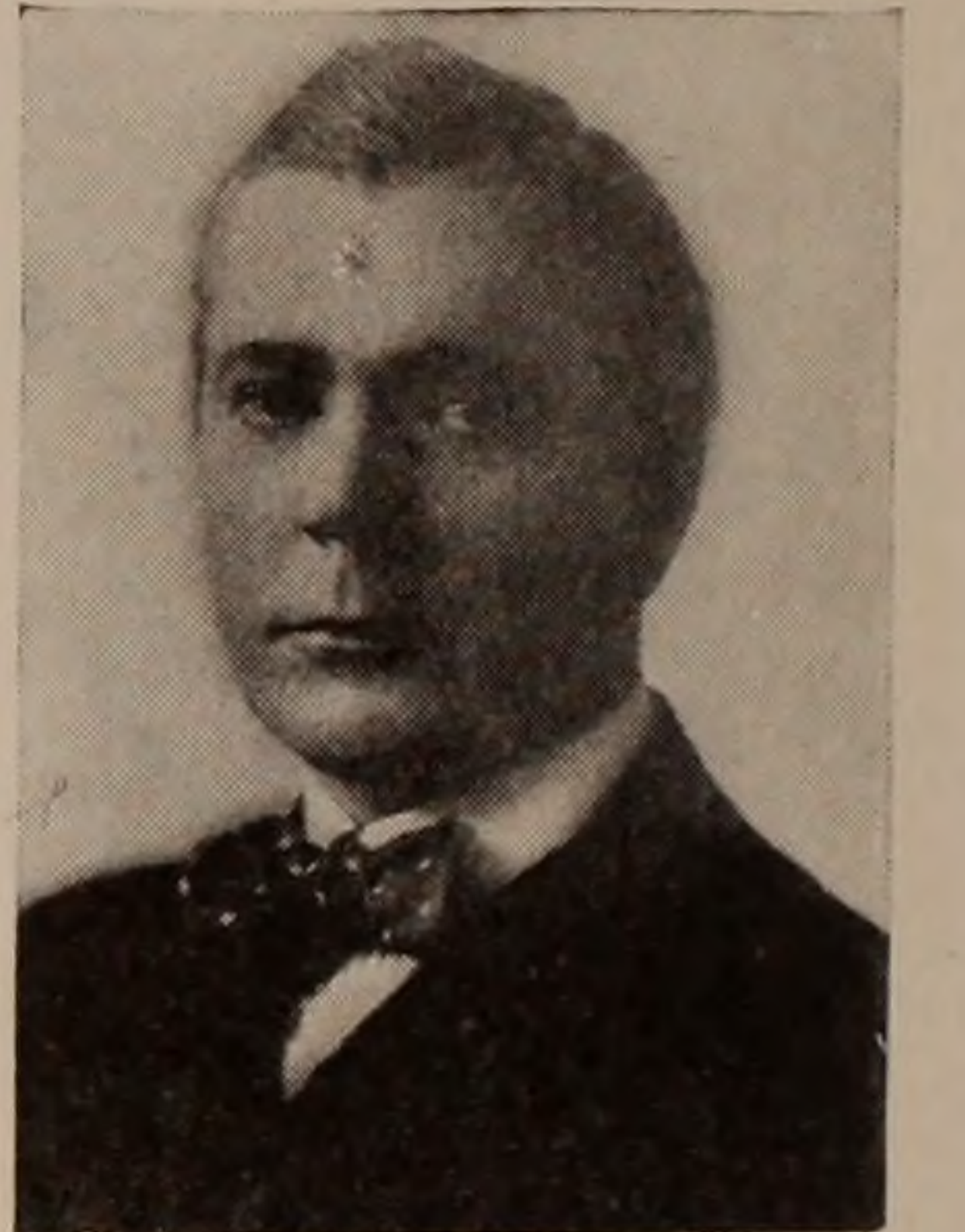
February 21, 1908.—Charles Clary (Lasky) even to this day loves to talk about the picturesque, showy opportunities which were his as Will Leveson in "The Road to Yesterday,"



FORD STERLING



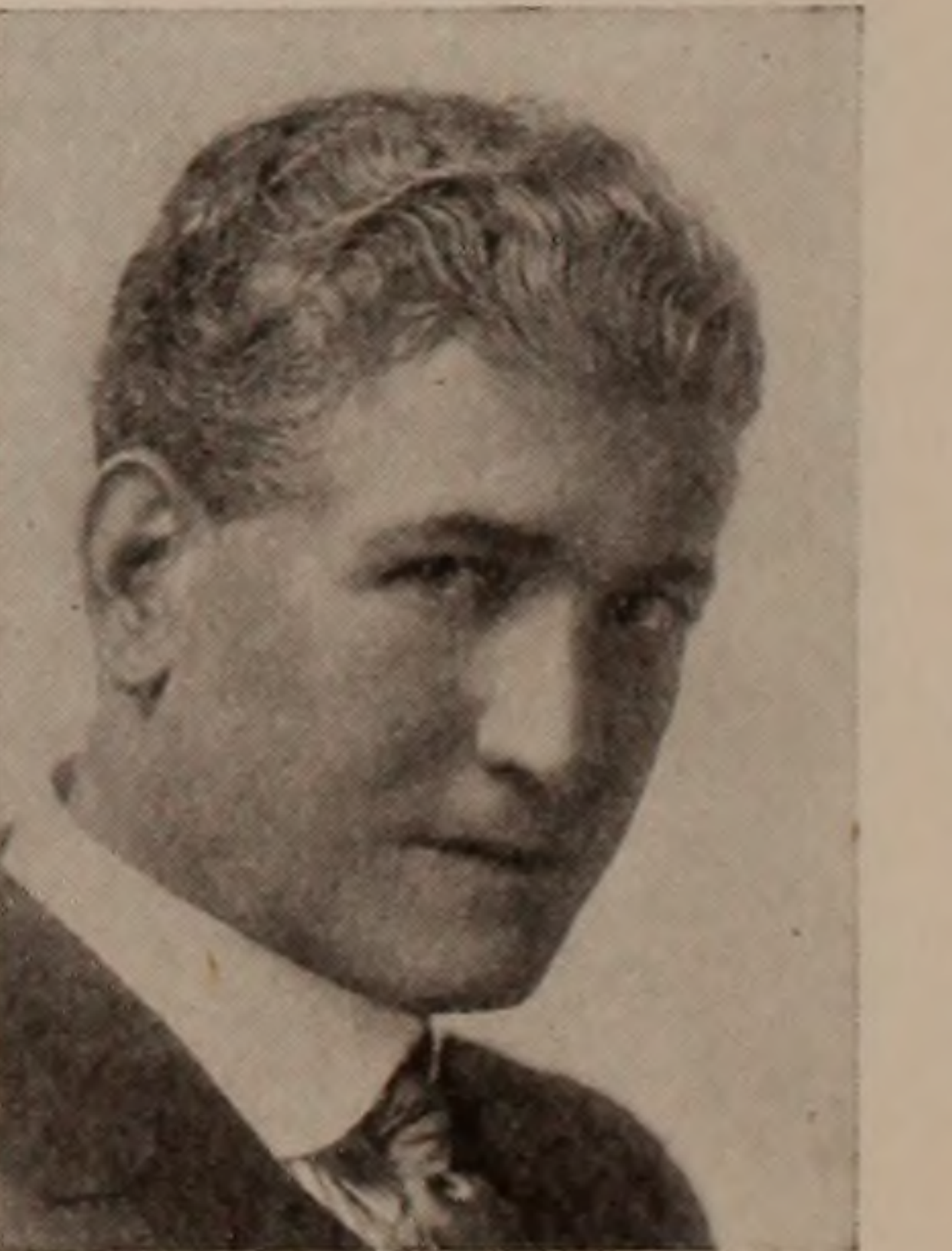
VICTORIA FORDE



CHARLES CLARY



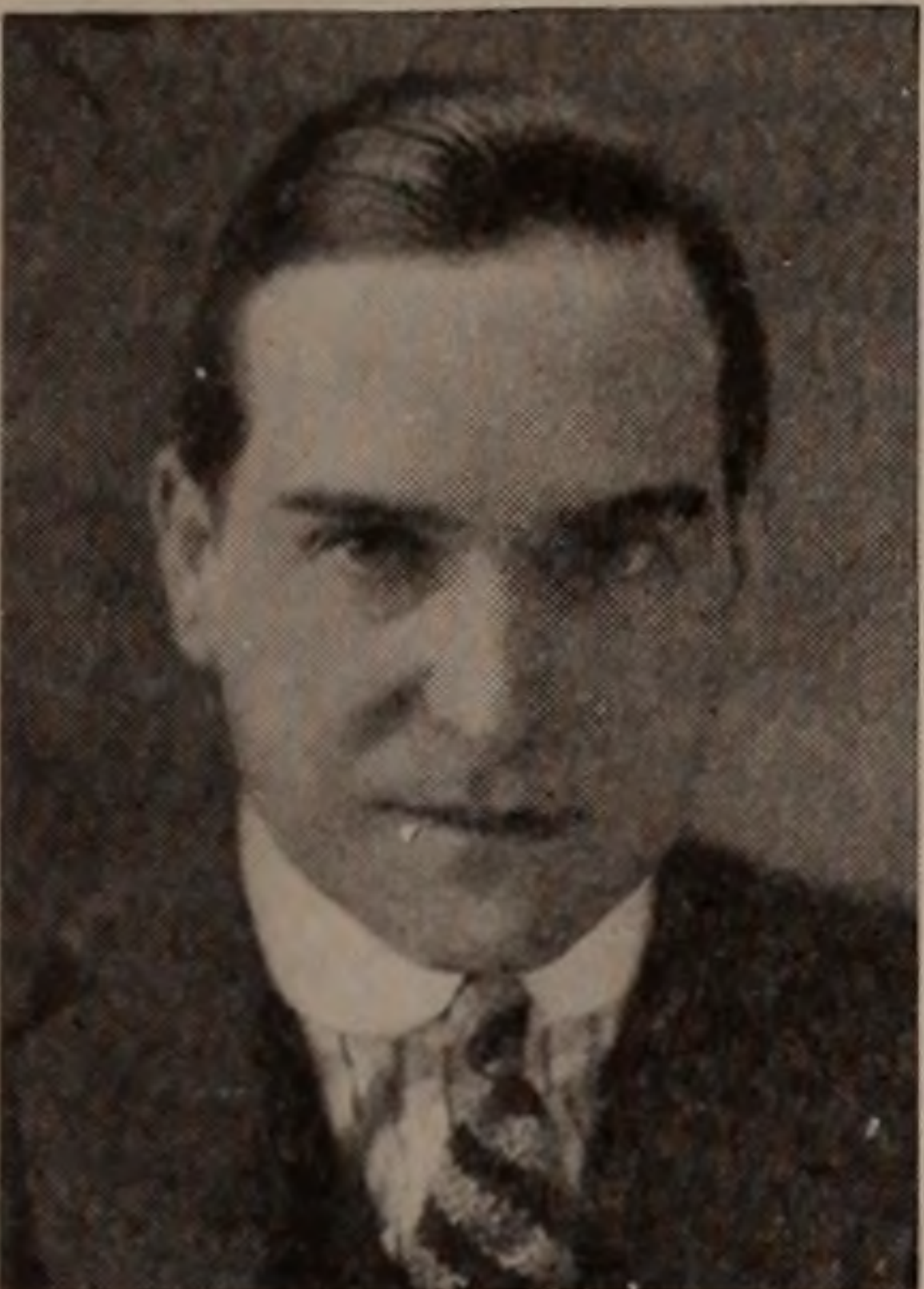
TRUE BOARDMAN



DONALD HALL



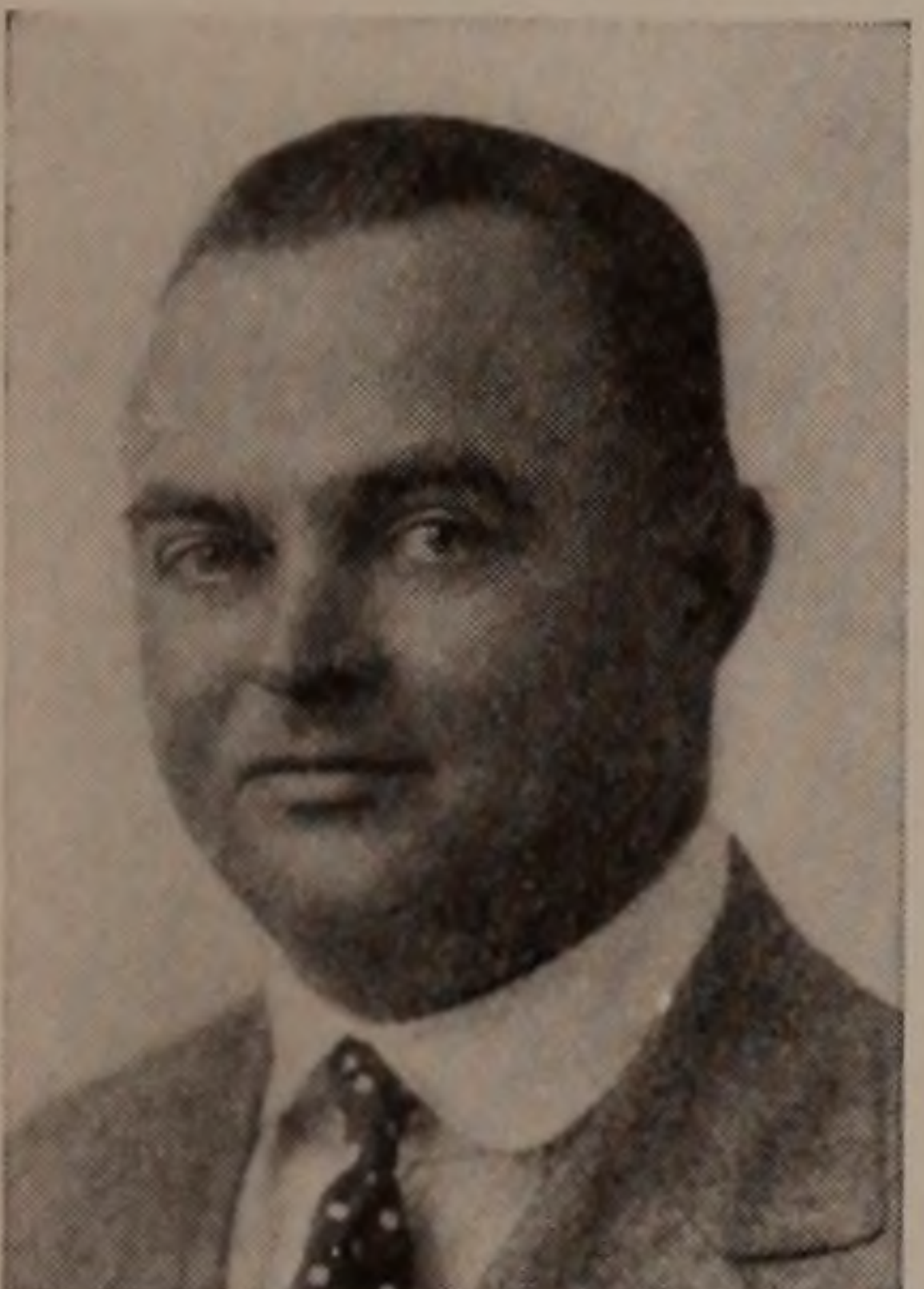
JANE GAIL



EARLE WILLIAMS



MARY FULLER



FRED MACE



ALAN HALE

(Fifty-one)

with Minnie Dupree, and he put forth his very best efforts this night, at the New Grand Theater, Sioux City, Ia.

February 26, 1906.—Edward Coxen (American) was putting up an especially brave fight to win recognition behind the footlights, fulfilling various "jobbing" stock engagements in and about San Francisco, and great was his pride this day when, with the Bishop Players, at the Majestic Theater, he found himself cast for the minor rôle of Zal, a Moorish slave, in "The Proud Prince."

February 27, 1911.—Donald Hall (Vitagraph), whose busy stage career embraced musical plays almost wholly, was a vastly handsome figure in the part of De Liege in "The Girl in the Train," in which Frank Daniels was starring, this night being the attraction at the Valentine Theater, Toledo, Ohio.

February 28, 1910.—Jane Gail (Cosmofotofilm) was the proud possessor of a Broadway engagement, appearing at the Lyric Theater, in the rôle of the maid, Susan, in "The City," and as she was the general understudy for the other women in the cast she spent much of her time sitting about hoping that something would happen to one of them so that she might be called upon to save the performance.

February 29, 1908.—Earle Williams (Vitagraph) was endeavoring to do his best in portraying the villainies of that wicked fellow, Lennox Sanderson, in "Way Down East," and at the Mishler Theater, Altoona, Pa., where this date the company completed a three days' stay, fair women trembled and brave men turned pale when he hurled at the heroine, when she besought him to make an honest woman of her, that soul-destroying line, "Oh, those were my wild oats."

March 1, 1909.—Mary Fuller (Universal) was a most attractive figure as the young heroine, Texas West, in "Texas," with which she was making quite an extensive tour, this day opening for a week's stay at Wells' Granby Theater, Norfolk, Va., tho maybe some of you may not have recognized her under the more romantic name of "Claire Fuller."

March 2, 1911.—Fred Mace (Keystone) was thoroly in his element in the rôle of the blustering old Colonel Popoff in "The Chocolate Soldier," singing with great gusto that happy lyric, "Thank the Lord, the War is Over," much to the joy of those gathered together this night at the Auditorium Theater, Denver, Col.

March 7, 1905.—Gladys Hulette

(Thanouser) was gamboling away in the land of comic opera, playing the rôle of the child, Nannette, the youngest of the ten daughters of the Widow Frimousse, in "Wang," in which De Wolf Hopper was starring, appearing upon this occasion at the Lynn Theater, Lynn, Mass.

March 8, 1913.—Alan Hale (Lasky) was flourishing successfully as a member of the cast of a leading Broadway success, being the dancing master in "A Poor Little Rich Girl," in which, of course, Viola Dana (Edison) had the leading rôle at the Hudson Theater, New York.

March 9, 1910.—Courtenay Foote (Fine Arts) was bending all his energies towards making a success of a new rôle, John Deering, in "The Detective," a play produced by William A. Brady, which, however, had only a short career, being seen this night at Rand's Opera House, Troy, N. Y.

March 10, 1910.—Marion and Madeline Fairbanks (Thanouser), whom we all know and love upon the screen as those inimitable youngsters, the Fairbanks Twins, were happy, care-free members of the organization at the New Theater, New York, this night gamboling about in the large group of children used in "The Piper," and ready to appear the following matinée in "The Blue Bird."

March 11, 1895.—W. S. Hart (Triangle), who was nothing if not a devotee of the classic drama in his early stage days, was playing rôles in the support of Madame Rhea, who was starring in repertoire, consisting of "The Parisians," "The New Magdalen," and "The Lady of Lyons," this day opening a week's engagement at the Coates Opera House, Kansas City, Mo.

March 13, 1905.—Billy Quirk (Harvard) was devoting his happy comedy energies to the drama's uplift thru the medium of a play called "Pals," in which the eminent satellite, James J. Corbett, was starring, this date beginning a week's stay at the Girard Avenue Theatre, Philadelphia, and tho our young hero was playing the part of George Wall, a college chappie, he was billed then under the dignified cognomen of William A. Quirk.

March 14, 1910.—Clara Kimball Young (World) was displaying a distinctly new side to her talents at this moment, gamboling brightly in the realm of musical comedy, creating the soubrette rôle of Rosalie in "The Skylark," which received its first production upon any stage this night at the Columbia Theater, Washington, D. C.



EDWARD COXEN



COURTENAY FOOTE



W. S. HART



BILLY QUIRK



CLARA YOUNG



MARY FULLER, ONE OF THOSE ARTISTS WHO CAN FORCE REAL TEARS FROM HER EYES



DIMPLES

Metro
by
NORMAN
BRUCE

"I DON'T know," sighed Mrs. Riley, swaying amply back and forth in the porch rocker, "what I ever did sinful enough to deserve Dimples. She's ornery in more separate ways than any girl o' her age in Calhoun County. I've scolded my tongue off, pretty nearly, trying to make a lady of her, but I doubt if the Angel Gabriel could do it, Parson."

"She is a dispensation," sympathized the minister's wife, "but it must be a comfort to you to realize you're doing your duty by her, Mrs. Riley. In the midst of my earthly trials"—she cast a glance at her husband that plainly showed she included the good man in her category—"Washington, my dear, what *are* you looking at, pray?"

Parson Ford hurriedly withdrew his admiring glance from the small, blithesome figure dancing under the dappled shadows of the apple-trees.

"A dispensation undoubtedly," he agreed, "and yet a remarkably pretty—er—child."

"Child! Humph!" sniffed the aunt, "she isn't as young as that scand'lous rag doll of hers. Parson—Dimples is sixteen. At her age I was quilting my fourth quilt and making as good bread 'n' pies as my own mother, and look at her! Hair down, skirts up, dancing *with a doll!* She lugs that critter round with her, morning to night—sleeps with it in her arms. I'm just waiting my chance to pitch it into the fire some o' these days!"

Unconscious of the fate hanging over her playmate, Dimples danced on, under the apple-trees, with the grace of a pink gingham nymph or a hoydenish dryad. Her snarl of curls caught the sun in its flying meshes, her cheeks reflected the pink of the apple-blooms. In an innocent bacchanal, she flung her slim young arms above her

head and bent her rounding body to the rhythm of unseen Pan-pipes on the spring breeze, intoxicated with the heady wine of living.

Fifteen springs lay behind her, squalid, dingy springs, crawling with sodden skirts from the débris of a slum winter; springs in which the only signs of the season had been the flash of blue city pigeons by the attic window and the jingling music of the hand-organ man far below. But now—now the grass was fragrant and vibrant under foot, and the world, in spite of Aunt Emma's shrewish tongue, a vivid green and golden place to live in. Therefore, Dimples danced, and fung herself, breathless at last, at the foot of the old vine-covered wall.

"Oh, Hortense!" she gasped, snatching up the doll and laying a warm cheek against the staring rag face; "maybe it's wicked—but aren't you glad my father died? If he hadn't, we'd never have come here; we'd still be in that awful old attic with the cabbage smells and the squabby sounds and the dreadful men and women——"

Memory drooped at her lip-corners. "Of course, if we'd loved him," she sighed, "but he didn't want to be loved, and I guess maybe I didn't know how——"

She lifted her head swiftly at the

sound of heavy footsteps across the grass, and the reasons for her nickname flashed into her cheeks in bewildering array. Her aunt and the minister's wife, whose cheeks could boast no such frivolous adornments, regarded her with the virtuous disapproval of plain women looking at a pretty one, but the parson's gaze was distinctly charitable.

"Dimples," said Mrs. Riley sharply, "where are your manners? What do you suppose people will think of a great girl like you sprawling in the grass with a doll? Haven't you a particle of proper pride?"

The girl sighed; then, with feminine intention, held the doll out to the minister. A spark of mischief made twin imps of her eyes.

"This is Hortense," she introduced her gravely; "I've loved her so much that sometimes I don't believe she is a doll any longer. I'm almost sure I've loved a soul into her sawdust."

The parson made haste to evade the theological issue. "Hortense?" he repeated kindly. "I thought dolls were always named Betty or Mabel or Rose."

"She is Hortense after Horton, the man who gave her to me," explained Dimples, and again memory tugged at her lips, saddening them. "My father didn't believe in dolls or flowers or anything that cost money.



"DIMPLES, WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS? WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE PEOPLE WILL THINK OF A GREAT GIRL LIKE YOU SPRAWLING IN THE GRASS WITH A DOLL?"

so Horton pawned his watch and bought her for me. And after father died and I was going away, he told me never, never to lose sight of Hortense, for she would prove a friend some day——"

"There! there!—that will do," interrupted Mrs. Riley testily. Her dead brother was a sore point with her, having considered him all her life a wealthy man, only to be left at last with his penniless girl and her disreputable rag doll as legacy. "A good daughter wouldn't speak so of her poor dead father." She turned helplessly to her visitors. "You see how she acts," she complained; "I declare I'm half afraid to have boarders this year for fear of what she'll say!"

"Have you got anybody engaged to come?" The minister's wife was obviously relieved to change the conversation. She attached a bony and determined arm to her husband's elbow and drew him away along the orchard path. Suddenly interested, Dimples held her breath for the reply.

"One, a Mr. Robert Stanley, from Atlanta," her aunt said; "he's coming next week. Well—I guess—he never haggled a bit over the price o' the room——"

Their voices trailed out of hearing

beyond the low-hanging boughs. Left alone, Dimples clasped her hands around her knees and rocked meditatively to and fro.

"Mr. Robert Stanley!" she repeated the name over several times, liking the dignified swing of it on her tongue. "I wonder whether he's young and whether he'll play with me? Somehow—lately—Hortense has seemed a little—a very little *like a doll!*" Sudden terror sprang into the wide, blue eyes, and she snatched the rag creature to her round young breast, covering the flat, inanely smiling face with frantic, frightened kisses. "No! no!" she gasped. "No—I didn't mean that, dear—I *mustn't* mean that! If I did, it would mean that I was *growing up!*" She sprang to her feet and flung out eager arms, as tho to clasp the whole sunny world. "Grown-up people are so solemn," she cried passionately; "I don't want to be like them—I want to be happy and sing and dance and play."

At the first glance it seemed evident that Mr. Robert Stanley came under the obnoxious classification "grown-up." He was a tall, dark man, of the type that women find fascinating when combined with a reckless manner and the reputation of being "a devil of a fellow." But Robert Stanley's strong,

stern features wore a look of settled gloom and there were deep-cut lines about his jaw and chin that are only chiseled by the master sculptor—Sorrow. He ate and drank, silently, whatever Mrs. Riley set before him, without a glance at her or at the small, golden and blue figure across the table, and spent the intervals between meal-times in his room with the door inhospitably closed, or wandering about the country lanes and meadows—"as tho," Dimples confided to her doll, "he had lost something and couldn't find it."

Meeting him one morning in the woods, she could not resist the naughty impulse to put the idea into words. The man was roused suddenly from his bitter musings by a clear, childish voice singing at his elbow.

"Leave them alone," trilled Dimples mischievously, "and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them."

Robert Stanley stared curiously down at the vivid little figure swinging flower-wise on the top rail of the rustic fence. He had the odd sensation of a sleep-walker suddenly awakened in an unfamiliar place. For two months the world of his thoughts had occupied his entire mind, leaving his body to go about its business mechanically, and he could hardly have ex-

DIMPLES INTRODUCES HORTENSE
TO ROBERT STANLEY AND
FORCES FROM HIM HIS
FIRST SMILE



plained for the moment how he came to be in this woodland glade at all.

"I beg your pardon," he said, slowly; "did you speak to me? And *what* will come home wagging their—er—tails behind them?"

"Your sheep, of course," laughed Dimples, "or whatever it is you've lost. You *have* lost something, haven't you?"

"I have lost," said Robert Stanley with a mirthless laugh, "precisely everything." He leaned one elbow on the fence rail, fixing the lovely up-raised face with somber eyes. The impulse to talk, which is a symptom of the crisis of grief, was upon him. "I have lost a flock of silly things called ideals, and a few fantastic hopes, and a witless ambition, and I have lost my courage and my faith in goodness and my peace of mind."

"Gracious!" Dimples was staring at him in wide-eyed perplexity, swinging Hortense by one shapeless arm. "Where did you lose all that? I think you must be pretty careless with your things!"

"I trusted them all to a woman," said Stanley grimly, "and she tossed them to the winds, that she might fill her hands with another fool's love."

Dimples revolved the answer in her mind for a moment of silence and her face took on the piteous look of a child afraid to open her eyes in the dark lest she see something terrible. She reached out a small hand and patted the rigid arm at her side.

(Fifty-five)

"Leave them alone and they'll come home," she quoted. "Do you know what I've been wondering ever since you came? I've been wondering how you'd look if you smiled!"

Robert Stanley felt a strange lifting of the spirit—a moment's parting of the fog of bitterness that let the girl's smile like a friendly sun-ray into the darkened house of his heart. Such a bright, winsome face she had—so young and candid. It would be a sin to shadow this joy in life with Louise's faithlessness.

"You queer little, dear little thing!" he cried suddenly. And Dimples saw what he looked like when he smiled.

The days after this were sweet with their growing companionship, tho at first the man thought only that he was amused as at the pretty antics of a kitten. He followed Dimples' joyous lead with a sense of one holidaying from a grief to which he must return sooner or later, thrusting the thought of the miserable home-coming from him resolutely, but conscious always that it must be.

Robert Stanley was not a man of light loves and purposes. From childhood he had expected to marry Louise Abbot and the expectation had grown into his being and become a part of him. Indeed, so certain was he of her that the shock of her faithlessness had been almost that of a man confronted with a wife's dishonor. The curly-haired, smooth-tongued rival, who had sprung up from the Im-

possible on that terrible day at the club, had openly declared that Louise was marrying Robert for his money alone. Stanley had knocked the fellow down and gone from the club straight to his home, where he had penned a test letter to his sweetheart, telling her of the loss of his fortune and offering her release.

And she had accepted her freedom with indecent haste.

When a limb has been amputated they say the empty place where it was once, aches as sorely as the lost member itself. It was this way with Robert Stanley. With merciless cruelty Louise had cut out of his heart forever all love he had ever had for her, but the lack of it remained an unhealed wound; so he had placed his fortune in his lawyer's care and come out into the country to find forgetfulness, if possible. And he had found Dimples.

She opened freely to him the treasures of her ardent young soul; prattled of her dreams and told him the cramped, piteous story of her past, with the miser father in the attic above the slums.

"He didn't love me," she told him wistfully. "He didn't love anything but his money. Nobody ever *did* love me, except Hortense."

"Money?" Robert asked curiously. "So you are an heiress, are you? Well, a woman evidently has to have money to be happy. It is lucky your father left you some, so you wont have to marry to get it."

"Oh, I haven't any money," Dimples laughed cheerily. "After father died it—went. I don't know where, but we didn't find any at all. Old Horton helped me hunt, and so did Craig, but I didn't like Craig. He was a prize-fighter and his eyes wouldn't look at you 'cept when he fought."

She tossed the subject from her and flitted elfishly ahead of him, poised for flight.

"Beat you to the stone wall," she cried and sped Atalanta-like away.

"She is only a child," thought Robert Stanley half sadly, "but if she ever grows to be a woman"—his breath caught in his throat; was it possible he was beginning to fall in love with this child of dolls and laughter and fairy dreams?—"what a woman she will be!"

That night, for the first time in three months, he drifted off to sleep, taking with him a round, sweet-colored girl-face, pricked with tiny dimples, smiling gallantly with full, warm child lips below wonder-filled, azure eyes. And in his dream he learnt what she would be like when she was a woman. Toward morning he woke to a new-created world, and lay trembling thru all his great length at the revelation of his dream. A great longing was upon him to tell Dimples of his love—to take her in his arms, gently, that he might not frighten her, yet strongly as a man must, and kiss the dreamy eyes awake and teach the red, full girl-lips to whisper woman words.

"I could make her love me," he thought, exultantly; "I can make her——"

Across his musing sprang suddenly from outside the window a high, clear song. He leaped from bed and ran to the casement, looking out into the wet, clean spring dawn. There, under the apple-trees, in the faint rosy light, Dimples was dancing with her doll and singing a wild, glad little song, without tune or words, as in the young days of the world the spirits of the streams and forests must have sung to greet the sunrise.

Passion filled the man's heart—and

pity. "She is so young," whispered the diviner voice; "would it not be a sin to cage that free, happy spirit in the bars of a human love? Leave her—let her be a child a little longer, for she is happier so."

"Innocence is not happiness," passion reasoned. "True



"SUCH A PRETTY DAY," SHE CRIED. "I THINK SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL MIGHT HAPPEN ON A DAY LIKE THIS."

joy knows tears and sighs before it is complete. That is the way of the world."

But he did not leave the window that framed for him the child-woman of his dream.

Dimples looked up a few moments later and ran to meet him, cheeks aglow with gladness.

"Such a pretty day," she cried. "I think something beautiful might happen on a day like this."

The man's soul leaped, but he held his arms stiffly at his sides and did not trust himself to look at her. "What would be the most beautiful thing that could happen, Dimples?" he asked, abruptly.

"The most beautiful thing?"—she flung back her bright hair eagerly—"why, that would be to have some one love me, of course!"

"And whom—" his voice fumbled strangely on the words—"whom would you rather have to love you, of all the world?"

There was no hesitation in her pure young gaze. The pink of her cheeks did not deepen, nor her lips quiver, as she answered sweetly, "I would rather you."

"Dimples! Sweet-heart!" His arms went out, but she eluded them with a trill of elfin laughter and darted away, dropping Hortense in her flight. Stumbling after her, he tripped on the ugly rag thing and a ripping sound tore across the air.

"Oh!" shrieked Dimples; "you have hurt Hortense—see the big hole in her side—oh—oh——"

For from the gaping wound in the doll's body sifted a handful of crisp, rustling bills with yellow backs and ponderous Roman numerals. The man and girl, all else forgotten in the moment's amaze, stared at each other over the limp rag thing.

"Money—father's money," said Dimples at last, slowly: "Horton must have hidden it there so Craig and the rest wouldn't find it. I remember now he said—oh, I remember lots of things!"

She covered her face with shuddering hands. "I don't want it—it is ugly and hateful and cruel," she wailed. "It kept father from loving me——"

Robert Stanley was counting the bills methodically. "Ten thousand dollars," he said. "Dimples, you're a fortunate girl."

He held the sheaf of bills out to her and his eyes narrowed.

"Money will do everything—anything in the world," he said deliberately. "It will get you pretty clothes

and jewels and good times; it will get you love and friends; it is the greatest force in life, Dimples. Take it and buy the world."

Still she hesitated, eyeing the proffered bills distrustfully—and at the crucial tick of Fate, a messenger boy, on a bicycle, wheeled under the trees.

"Couldn't get any one at the house," he explained over the yellow envelope in his hand. "You Mr. Robert Stanley, mister? Aw' right—sign here, please. Thank yuh, boss; thank yuh."

He whirled his machine about and disappeared, trundling it before him. Robert Stanley tore open the flimsy envelope—a low whistle brought the girl's eyes to his graying face.

She caught her breath, hands fluttering to her breast. "Is it—bad news?" she faltered.

Stanley tossed the scrap of paper to her, laughing harshly. "Only that I am ruined!" he rasped. "Howards is yelling for me to send money to cover my stock margins, and I dont happen to have a cent in the world that he hasn't got already, that's all!" His haggard eyes softened at the distress in her face. "There, there, little playmate; it's nothing. Dont worry for one minute about me, but just take your money and have a glorious time planning what you are going to buy with it, like a princess in a fairy tale. I hope you'll choose for one thing a velvet gown all rosy white, like the apple blossoms, and a necklace of diamonds as bright as dewdrops, and a hat with a white plume as fluffy as the little cloud up there."

He was talking brave nonsense to cover the sick misery in his heart that had told him in a flash of understanding what this misfortune must mean to him—the giving up of his new, dear dreams of love, the lonely years—

Dimples took the roll of bills with a sudden crow of joy. "Oh, how lovely!" she cried, clapping childish hands; "it's like Cinderella, isn't it? I never dreamed money would buy such dear, beautiful things—oh, oh, I must run tell Aunt Emma and perhaps she'll take me to town today."

Her pink skirts fluttered out of sight under the low branches, and the man was left to fight this second,

bitterest battle alone. His lips smiled grimly to remember that she had had no word of sympathy for him in the midst of her bubbling joy.

"Only a child," he thought sadly. "Thank God I did not make a woman of her before this came!"

It was late afternoon when he turned his face homeward on the restless miles of tramping thru the woods and over the hills. The stern lines had come back to lips and jaw,



DIMPLES RESOLVES ON A METHOD OF SPENDING HER NEWLY FOUND FORTUNE

but there was a kind of patient, dogged peace in his eyes—the peace that is won from hours of suffering.

A wine-glow of sunset swam in the still air, touching the new leaves of willow and ash with a prophecy of the autumn to come. There was autumn in Stanley's veins, the autumn of shriveled hopes and withered dreams—he walked heavily like an old man.

Then from the misty veil of willow branches above his head floated a tender little song, like the voice of spring.

"Leave them alone," sang Dimples gayly, "and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them."

Robert Stanley stopped short, looking up to where a tangle of gold gleamed among the pale green leaves.

"Dimples!" he cried—"what are you doing up there, you reckless child?"

Her bright face smiled down at him thru the parted branches.

"I've been to town today," she told him. "You'll never guess what a lovely thing I bought with my money. Want me to come down and show you, Mr. Solemn Man?"

Robert Stanley's fingers clenched till the nails bit into the flesh.

"No, no!" he said hurriedly; "stay where you are—dear. I dont think—I couldn't quite bear to have you come down just now."

"Then I'll tell you up here," said Dimples, sweetly. "I just took that money and borrowed the messenger boy's bicycle and rode into town, and"—she drawled the words tantalizingly, delighting in the man's bewilderment—"I sent it to the telegram man in town to buy margins and things with—and he did."

"You poor little fly-away!" he croaked lugubriously, "I fear you've flung your inheritance into the fire."

But he hugged the thought of her sacrifice to himself and over and over in his brain beat the words: "The precious little woman; the staunch little heart!"

Then over him came the conviction that, wherever he should go, his evil star would bring its misery upon all who gazed upon it. He, the good-hearted, the clean-minded, and latterly the morose, was a blighter of women.

At any rate, the contagion of his presence should be missing from the glorious little elf-woman who poised above him. He was not fit to kiss the soles of her feet, nor even the hem of her knee-top skirt.

The bright eyes above him read the groveling of his soul in the indices of hard mouth-lines and down-drawn brows.

He must leave at once and put her away from him forever. The words of his parting struggled to form themselves into a semblance of happiness.

"Some day, Dimples," he said, in a



curiously harsh voice, "when you are grown-up and married and have forgotten me quite, I will send you a beautiful new doll, with a trailing court-dress of silk and hair that hangs in a golden net like yours, and you'll laugh and show it to your children and name it Roberta."

He caught one last look at her swaying on the tree-limb, and, waving his hand galliardly, turned back thru the woodland path.

"Thank God it is all over," he communed, "and, dear God, send her a man in time who will be worthy and strong and will be good to her."

"Rob-ert—Rob-ert!" a high, full voice cleft the woods, "*please* come back and help me down."

Stanley stopped and turned.

"You wouldn't let me tell you the rest," she began. "After I sent Hortense's money, I waited to see what would happen. We played at being great ladies and I rode her about in state on the baggage truck.

"Then the ticket man came out with a yellow envelope for Robert Stanley."



"SWEETHEART—COME DOWN TO ME"

A yellow square fluttered down from the tree and Stanley tore it open. His eyes could scarcely hold the swimming words:

Margins covered. You are amply protected. TODD.

"Dear, merciful God," Robert cried, "what bounty you have sent me thru this glorious child!"

"It's all come home, wagging its tail behind," sang the young voice above him; "and *now* cant I please come down?"

"Dimples!" Robert Stanley's voice was hoarse. "Dimples, look at me! Why did you risk your money to save me—*why* did you, Dimples?" But she would not meet his eyes, and suddenly a flame of crimson dyed her cheeks from throat to the sweet line of her hair.

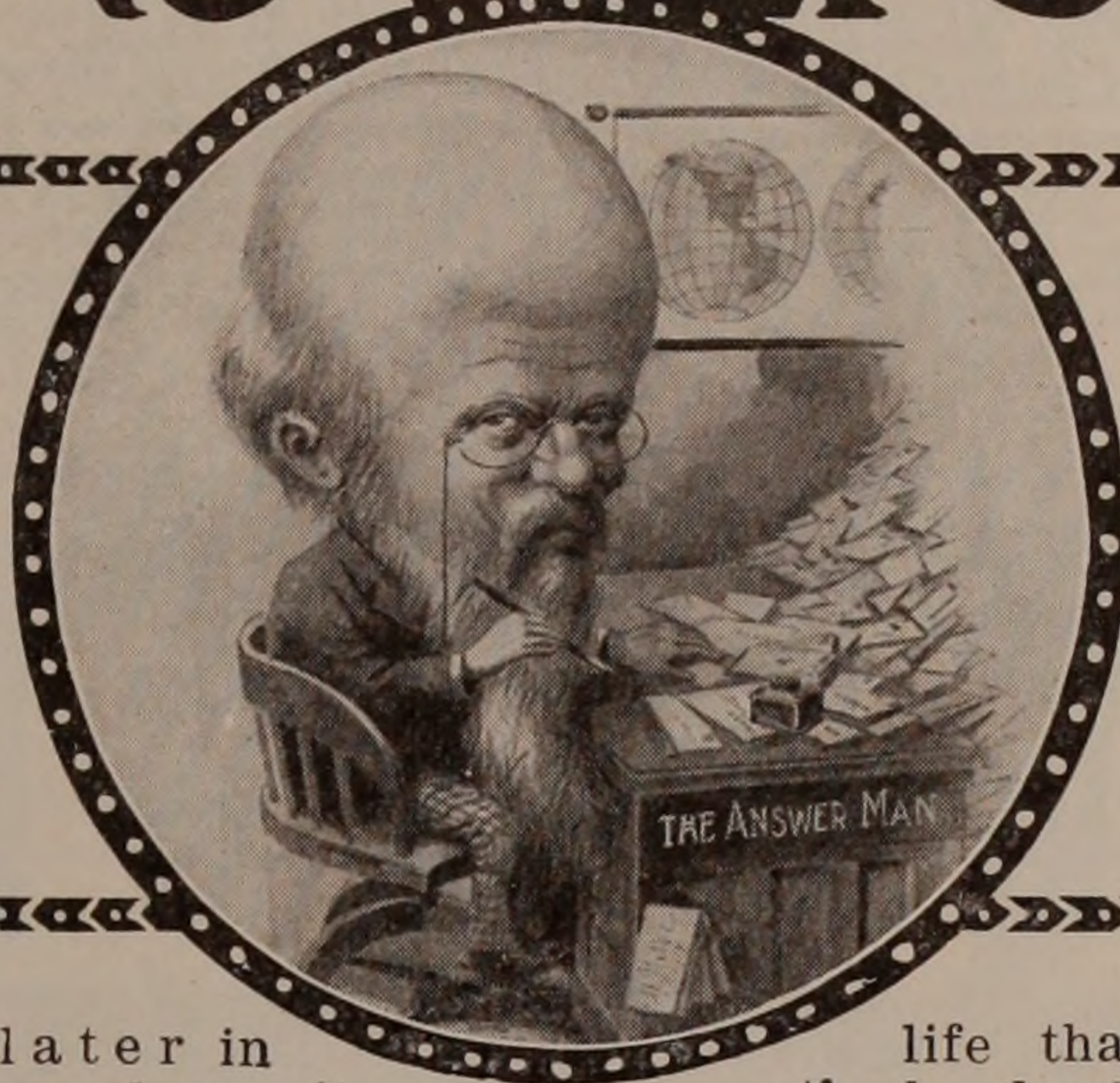
"Dimples!" he cried, and suddenly he knew that she was a child no longer, but a woman—his woman. "Oh, yes—yes, my sweetheart—come down to me now. I've waited for you so long!"

She bent to him, an echo of the old mischief in her swimming eyes.

"I've forgotten how to climb trees," she whispered. "I guess you'll have to—to put up your arms, Robert Stanley—and lift me down!"

The ANSWER MAN

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this maga-



zine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

MYRTLE T. D.—Lulu Glaser was Lulu, and Tom Richards was Tom in "Love's Pilgrimage." So you think that Ralph Ince shot his bolt when he did "A Million Bid." While that was one of his first great features, he has done other good ones since, and I expect there are many more to come.

MARY B., CHICAGO.—Franklin Ritchie is with Ince now; he left Biograph. Ormi Hawley, Earle Metcalfe, Octavia Handworth and Kempton Greene in "Race Suicide." Yes, it was done by Lubin, but it is selling as a State Right.

TINY TINY.—You write so well that you should go into the business of writing patent medicine advertisements. All you have to do is, first, convince the reader that he has the disease, and second, that it is curable. That was Eleanor Woodruff.

DOE-DOE.—So you liked Marguerite Clark very much in "Mice and Men." You thought the uncle would get her. A good many would like to have seen that, no doubt, but it came out very nicely. Will tell you later.

DOROTHY P., BRONX.—Fania Marinoff in "Whirlpool of Life." She was very emotional in that dismal play, and Holbrook Blinn was also splendid. I am truly sorry for you. Love is like the measles; we can have it bad but once, and the

later in we have it life that goes with us. No relationship questions. the harder it

JULIUS T., BUFFALO.—Harry Carey's latest was "Graft." He is still at it, and has been ever since he left Biograph, where he was the champion burglar. Hobart Henley and Jane Novak also in "Graft" (Universal). Leah Baird has been playing opposite Maurice Costello. You evidently did not see "Tried for His Own Murder."

MADAME JENEAU.—This is much too much. You want a list of all the companies, their business managers and the leading directors. You will excuse me, please, it's time to lunch.

THEODORE L.—Ethel Barrymore is with Metro. Vivian Rich is still with American. I don't agree with you. Come, cheer up, Theodore, and get your share of honey; the world is full of it. Bees gather honey even from the bitterest flowers. Carroll Hallway is with American. Yes, she was with Lubin once.

JONSIE T.—I haven't heard whether Maurice Costello has signed up with any company or not. Yes, the Fox photography is usually very good; but, in fact, hasn't the photography in all pictures advanced in the past year or so? Let us hope that we shall see even more progress

in 1916, and not progress in photography only.

DUTCH W.—Of course Harry Northrup can dance. You ought to see him! Don't know where the Ne Moyer sisters are at present. Mrs. Costello isn't playing.

JOY 450.—Sorry, but we haven't either of your questions.

LEWIS J.—Lots of car scenes are made in the studios.

DADDYDEAR'S GIRL.—So you want Helen L. R.; Rhodisha; The Pest; Anthony; Flower Evelyn G., and a few others to come back. It seems they have all gone back on me. Perhaps they read only the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

FRANKLYN T. B.—Ah, ha, I have you, Sir Franklyn. I have seen that verse before. But since others may not have, I repeat it here:

Every lady in this land
Hath twenty nails upon each hand
Five and twenty on hands and feet
And this is true without deceit.

Which is perfectly true—if properly punctuated.

EDNA GRACE.—Grace Cunard and Jack Holt in "Her Better Self" (Universal). Miss Cunard also directed.



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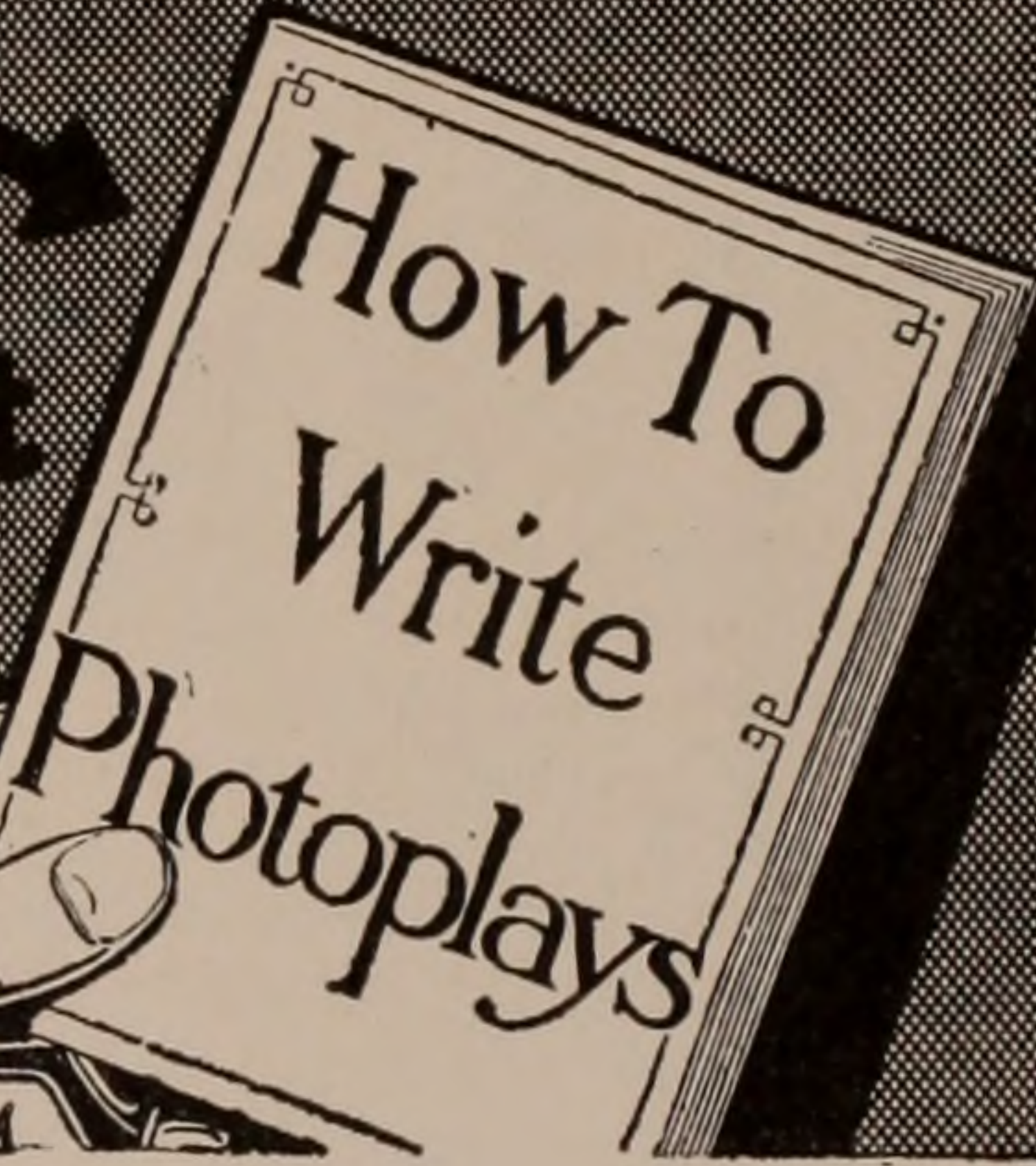
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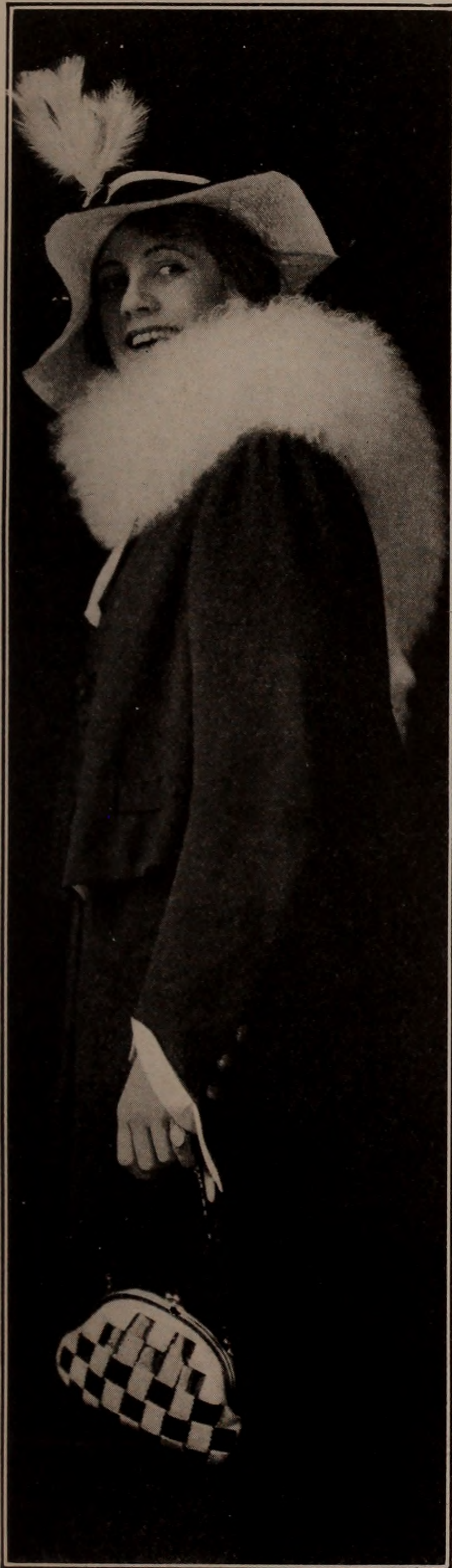
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ANNA NILSSON, FORMER KALEM STAR, NOW FOX, WHO IS NOW BACK AT WORK AFTER A LONG ILLNESS

MADGE T. B.—Raymond Nye was General Tremont, Franklin Ritchie was Marcel and Louise Vale was Sophia in "The Woman of Mystery." Madge Kirby and Gertrude Bambrick in "The Skating Rink" (Biograph). Please give me not flattery, but appreciation.

DONALD T. C.—So you haven't seen Mary Anderson since she has gone West. I believe her next will be "The Hoyden," opposite Webster Campbell.



HELENE ROSSON, THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD AMERICAN STAR, WHO HAS JUST RECOVERED FROM A RECENT ILLNESS

(Sixty-one)



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New method enables anyone to write 80 to 100 words a minute without mistakes. It's all in the fingers!

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Why are most stenographers getting only \$8 to \$15 a week—while others get \$25, \$30, \$40, and even \$50? Eight words tell the story. It's nothing in the world but *lack of speed and accuracy on the typewriter* that is keeping salaries down—that is robbing most stenographers of the pay they ought to get. Think a minute. What is a stenographer paid for? Isn't it for your *finished product*—for the quantity and quality of letters or other typewritten matter you can turn out in a day?

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invariably give special gymnastic finger exercises. This is because untrained fingers are not skilful fingers. The best results simply cannot be obtained—the fingers simply cannot be used correctly—unless the student develops and strengthens the proper muscles.

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We have prepared a book which tells all about the wonderful gymnastic finger exercises and explains the course in complete detail, which will be sent if 4c. in stamps is enclosed to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is a big 48-page book, brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. It explains how this unique new method will quickly make your fingers *strong and dextrous*, bring them under *perfect control*, make them extremely rapid in their movements—how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it *easy, accurate and amazingly speedy*—all this and much more is told in detail. No instruction book ever written, no matter what its cost, ever told so plainly the real WHY and HOW of expert typewriting.

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Am now Chief Clerk to the Dept. of Parks and Public Property. Salary is exactly double what it was when I took up the study of the Tulloss Method. I can only say if you desire to increase your ability and salary, you will make no mistake in taking this Course. The instruction is of the highest order.
ANNA S. CUBBISON,
109 Hoerner St., Harrisburg, Pa.



Salary Increased 40%—Then 20% More.
Yours of the 8th. I certainly know that the Tulloss Course produces accuracy and speed—the two great essentials of good typewriting—and puts the student in a position to demand a higher salary. Since writing the letter you saw, telling of a 40% increase, I have had another increase of 20%.
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50 Words to 80—\$70 Monthly to \$150.
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ing is a revelation. Formerly I never exceeded 50 words a minute, but since taking up the Tulloss Method have written as high as 100.
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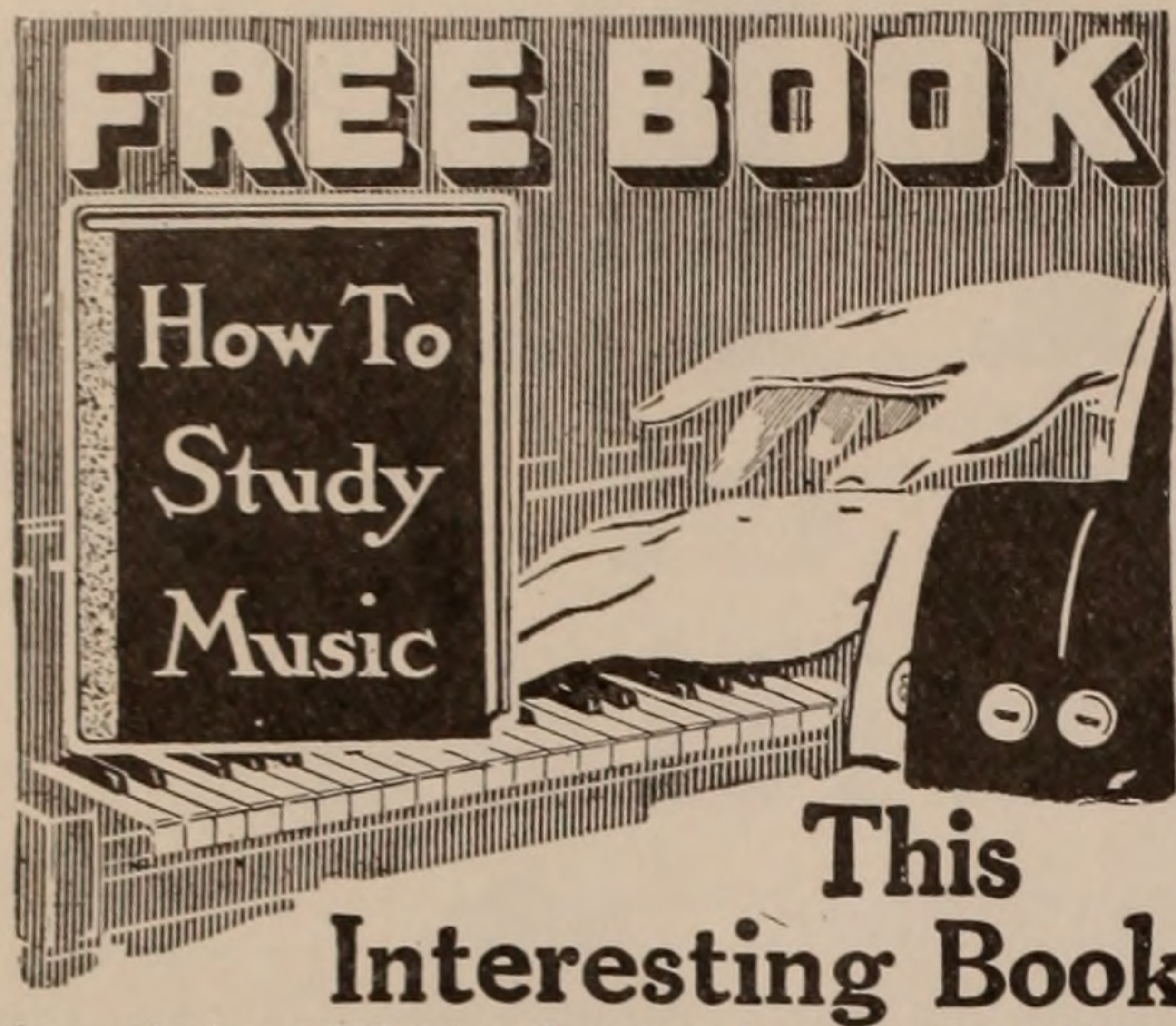
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TOOTLES.—Jack W. Kerrigan remains with Universal for two more years, so fear not. Yes; Naomi Childers will continue to play for Vitagraph. She played in "The Ruse" with Harry Morey.

JESSICA.—Yes, that's so. I suppose I might do better than \$8 a week working for some other magazine, but I would rather get only \$8 and be sure of it than get \$100 in stage money and not know what week is going to be the last. I would rather ride on an ass that carries me than on a horse that throws me.

GYPSY, BALTIMORE.—Watch out for "Artie" with Ernest Truex and Dorothy Kelly. Yes, I remember him very well in "Good Little Devil." Oh my, yes, Edith Storey is as busy as a bee. She is still playing in the "Jane" series, and her last was "Jane's Husband."

MARTIN T. B., BROOKLYN.—Alexander Gaden and Gertrude Robinson in "As a Woman Sows." Ethel Jewett, of Edison

Company of five years ago, is and has been with Thanouser since she left Edison. She played in "Pete's Persian Princess" (Falstaff).

MRS. T. C., HALIFAX.—You write an awful long letter, my dear. I thought this was the month of February in which women talk least. I understand Leo Delaney has left Vitagraph, also about ten others. See Greenroom Jottings.

SARAH T. B.—Flora Finch is in "A Night Out" (Vitagraph). Release date, January 31. She isn't playing. Yes, I think something should be done to prevent people coming in in the middle of a reel and disturbing everybody. The early bird catches the plot. And the late bird spoils it.

EVERYBODY.—With deepest regret I announce the death of my friend, Arthur Johnson. This is a great loss to the industry. He was a fine player and man.



YVONNE CHAPPELLE AND MALCOLM WILLIAMS IN "THE IDOL OF THE STAGE" (GAUMONT)

PRETTY JULIA.—I simply wont tell you how to get into the pictures, because I dont know. Read the Answer Lady's article on this subject in the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers.

FRANK S., CHICAGO.—So you like the tall players like Lockwood and Rawlinson. That's all right in these cases, but you know that tall men are often like high houses, wherein the uppermost rooms are worst furnished.

JESSIE T. J., CANARSIE.—So you think Rosemary Theby is combing her hair too ridiculously. I shall have to take this up with her—the subject, not the hair. Some of these new coiffures dont agree with our pretty maidens. I must admit,

tho, that Harry Myers is regaining his "girlish figure." Did you see him in "Man and Morality"?

ARNOLD R., IONE.—Cleo Madison and Edward Hearn in "Her Defiance" (Universal). Of course Cleo is kept busy. If you send for her photograph be sure to enclose a stamp for return postage. Never ask a favor of anybody without paying the freight thereon.

MARY T.—Genevieve Hamper and Robert Mantell in "Green-eyed Monster" (Fox). Yes, there is the Selig-Tribune and the Hearst-Vitagraph.

MABEL L., DORCHESTER.—Henry Walthall and Edna Mayo in "Mary Page" series. Elizabeth Burbridge playing in "The House of Revelation" (Essanay) with John Lorenz.



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That is the thing that decides a woman's beauty—her complexion. That is why you should be particular, very particular about the powder you use.

Does it simply show the powdered face or does it mean a fine complexion? Is it a real aid to skin beauty or is it but an added complexion woe?

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WE have exhausted the first edition of "Here Lies," but not its demand. A second edition is now ready. This clever and timely booklet on **How Not To Write** photoplays is invaluable to bewildered and discouraged writers. The greatest obstacle in the road to success is the "Has been done before" rejection slip. At least 80% of the unsold scripts now on the market were written around stale plots. For the first time, these forbidden themes have been collected, classified, crucified and buried in "Here Lies." Read what studio editors think of it:

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LAWRENCE McCLOSKEY,
Scenario Editor, Lubin Manufacturing Company.

Its subtle humor is delicious, while underlying it all there is so much truth that it is worth reading many times. It is of value to the trained and professional author, as well as to the amateur.

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Universal Film Manufacturing Co.,
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It would save some of these poor beginners many a heart-ache if they would learn what to avoid, and you seem to have struck the keynote in your Dont list.

LOUELLA I. PARSONS,
Editor of Scenarios, Essanay Film Manufacturing Co.

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If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

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MOMMIE, GASPORT.—No, we have no jitney buses around here, but we have public conveyances called taxicabs which have a gas-meter attachment that registers miles for feet. George Kleine Exchange will release the Griffith-Sennett-Biograph reissues.

MELVA.—Why dont you try Universal? You ask what queen was compelled to drink out of a cup made from her father's skull. Rosamond, daughter of Cunimund, king of a German tribe, who was killed by Alboin, who then married the beautiful Rosamond. She afterwards had her husband assassinated. I'm quite sure that's right. I happened to remember this, and dont know where I can confirm it. Your plot sounds original.

ELSIE T.—Yes, there are stars everywhere now, but you say you would rather see the old-time one-reel pictures, and six different plays. Much obliged for the new tooth-paste. All my teeth are as sound as a dollar (Mexican).

TOOTSIE T.—I think you ask too much. The more I do for some people, the more they want, expect and require, and the less appreciation is returned. Much helping creates much helplessness. You must look those things up yourself. I refer you to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

FRANCES.—Margarita Fischer is with Equitable. So you liked Mary Miles Minter in "Barbara Frietchie." The next Bushman release will be "Red Mouse," coming out February 21. *Good-bye* is a contraction of "God be with you."

VIVIAN, BROOKLYN.—Harold Lockwood and May Allison in "The Secret Wire" (American). Neva Gerber and William Carroll in "Getting In Wrong." Oh, yes, Theda Bara is certainly wonderful in Vampire and siren plays.

NICHOLAS T.—There is a bond of sympathy between us, Nick, but you cant expect to raise money on that kind of a bond. I never lend. But I sometimes borrow. Ella Hall is still playing in California.

SOCRATES.—Yes, we should be very proud of our "civilization." I wonder what the cannibals would think of us if they could take a peep into Europe. That reminds me of a cartoon I saw recently entitled "The Ladder of Civilization." On

the bottom rung was a crude club, on the next an arrow, then followed various kinds of guns and rifles, then a huge shell, then a torpedo, and finally a tube of chlorine gas! Sure the world do move!

IRENE C.—Marshall Neilan is now with Selig. He has been with Kalem, Selig, Lasky and Famous Players, and is now back with Selig. Edwin August, I affirm upon information and belief, is with World. At least, he was yesterday.

ENID, KANSAS CITY.—Emily Stevens is playing on the stage in New York at the present time. Ann Murdock is playing in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" (Essanay), Richard Travers opposite her.

JOHN W. N., SYRACUSE.—See here, friend, I am an Answer Man and not a physiognomist, but I will try and answer your questions. You ask if it is not true that impulsive persons usually have black eyes. I think so; if they haven't they usually get them. Blanche Sweet is playing in "Ragamuffin" (Lasky). Yes; Bessie Learn has left Edison, and is now with Mirror. So has Gertrude McCoy.

HARRIETT.—I have never met King Baggot, nor has he paid us a visit. But I have seen the bronze busts of Mr. Baggot. We have one here. Marin Sais will have the lead in "The Social Pirates," the Kalem serial.

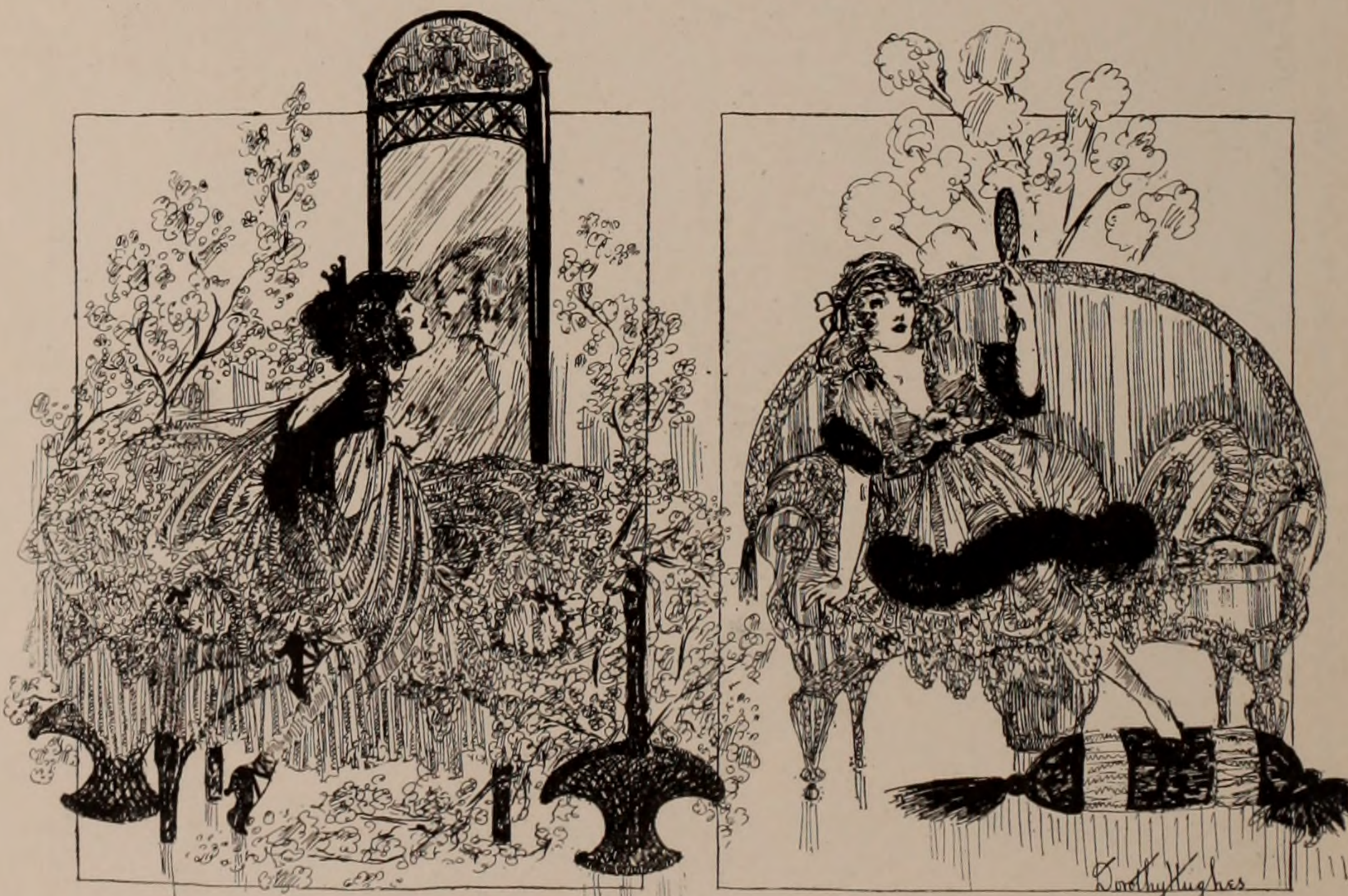
TULIPS.—L. C. Shumway in "The Convict King." That's a Western Lubin.

VIRGINIA, TORRINGTON.—How are you this bright, snappy day? Yes, my dear, I live alone in a hall room. Nobody could ever live with me; besides, great minds love solitude, little ones company; the eagle flies alone, sheep flock together. Let me hear from you again.

REGINA B.—You ask if I ever go over on Broadway. Of course I do. I am a familiar figure on the Great Blight Way. Alice Brady is still playing.

JUSTINIA.—See ads. for postal cards of players. We dont sell them. No, we dont state salaries.

BLONDY.—Move on; never wait for me to meet you on the corner. It's too cold these days. So you are glad Florence Lawrence is back. So say we all of us. Mabel Normand is, just now, over at Fort Lee, N. J.



When our dear grandmamas were girls, They'd smile and smooth their pretty curls, Look in the mirror then and say "Oh, will he think me fair today?"

Today the girlies everywhere, In the mirror gravely stare; "Am I fair enough," they say, "To be a movie star some day?"

“Owing More”

By MARJORIE GLEYRE LACHMUND

SEVERAL years ago, when Mary Pickford was beginning her career under David Griffith, the Biograph Company went to Greenwich, Conn., to take pictures at the beautiful mansion of Commodore Benedict at Indian Harbor.

“At that time,” says the Commodore, now a spry old fellow of eighty-two years, “I had a secretary named Moore, and a treasurer called Owen. I never could remember their names, until some one called my attention to the little verse which starts ‘Owen Moore came to town,’ and ends with a pun on the name, ‘He went away, owing more.’ Mary and I had a good laugh over this fine joke. Well, recently, when the Famous Players

came up to take some views for ‘Cinderella,’ I met Mary again, and she recalled the verse and circumstance, asking if I remembered. I said I did, whereupon she nodded to a young man at her side and said, ‘Let me present my husband, Owen Moore.’

“The first time I met Mary,” continued Commodore Benedict, when the laughter had subsided, “she told me she was twelve years old when she was really sixteen—and I kist her. So when she was here recently I said to her: ‘Mary, you told me you were twelve years old when you were here before. If I had known you were sixteen, I probably wouldn’t have kist you!’ ‘Oh, that’s all right,’ Mary promptly assured; ‘I didn’t mind it!’”



MABEL NORMAND AND RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN A SCENE FROM “STOLEN MAGIC” (KEYSTONE)

(Sixty-five)



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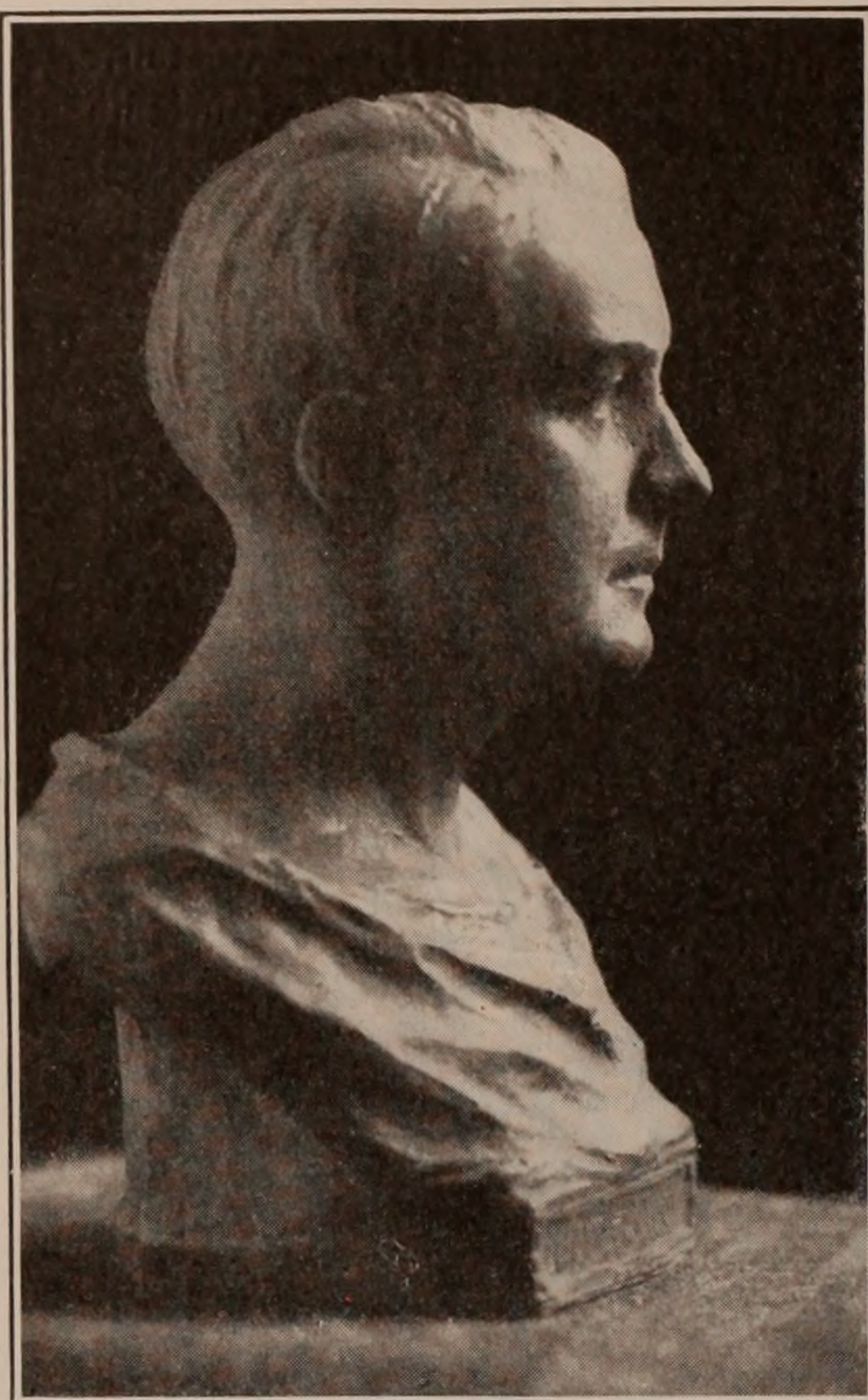
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King Baggot Sits for Sculptor



THIS office is in receipt of a pleasing holiday gift of a plaster bust of King Baggot, the well-known Universal star. Recently he had made, as a Christmas present for his mother, a bronze bust eight inches in height, and the one received is a duplicate, finished in imitation of bronze. It will make a handsome ornament for a library or business office, and no doubt will be much in demand by theater owners. The sculptor work was done by Andrew C. McHench, of New York.

Winners of the Construction Puzzle

In the first issue of the Classic (then Supplement) we printed a Construction Puzzle, offering five prizes for the best solutions submitted. We received many thousands of answers, among them many beautifully decorated designs. We finally gave ten prizes instead of five, and the winners were as follows: Mrs. Lida H. Updegrove, Wrightsville, Pa.; Leland T. Carner, 177 W. First St., Fulton, N. Y.; John J. Leonard, 183 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. C.; Mrs. J. F. McKinstry, Gainesville, Fla.; A. J. Farwell, 345 Barbour St., Hartford, Conn.; Katherine O. Leary; Mrs. G. W. Schlung; Helen McKisick; Miss M. H. Bennes, and T. C. Rogers. The correct answers were:

Anderson, Costello, Pickford, Washburn, Walker, Fielding, Prescott, Joslin, Wilbur, Baggot, Brower, Fuller, Talmadge, Kerrigan, Lockwood, Commerford, Storey, Stonehouse, Williams, Moreno, Dunaew, Roland, MacBride, Lawrence, MacDermott, Newton, Finley, Connelly, Jacobs, Gordon, Cooper, Panzer, Larkin, Relyea, MacQuarrie, Farrington, Arbuckle, Dunbar, Brooke, Northrup, Lytton, Norman, Horton, Sterling, Morrison, Stuart and Clark.

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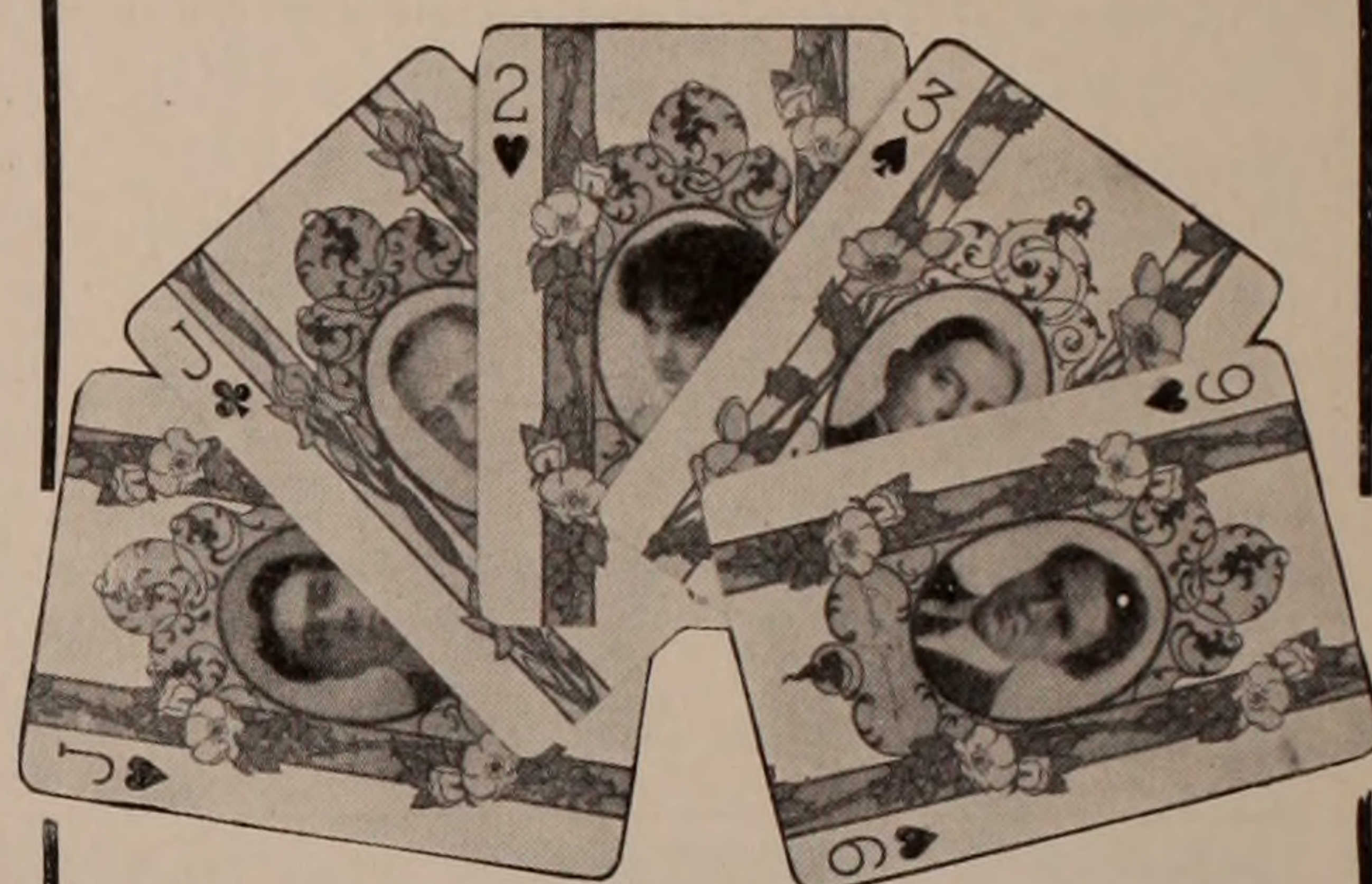
Contains nearly 300 photographs and biographical sketches of photoplay stars, directors, managers and business executives. Mary Fuller, Earle Williams, Anita Stewart, King Baggot, Pearl White, Crane Wilbur, Marguerite Snow, Maurice Costello, Blanche Sweet, Robert Warwick, Mary Pickford, William Farnum, Rosemary Theby and hundreds of others. Send for "WHO'S WHO" today and learn all about your favorites.

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Most of these great players, and most of the others, have already made their appearance on the screen, and every one of them has made stage history, as many of them are now making Motion Picture history.

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(Sixty-six)

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Dainty Marguerite Courtot has a fad—collecting tennis racquets! What for? Why, to play with, ye witless ones. And she is adept at the game, mark that.

The Mutual Traveler has been working in the Minnesota woods at a mild little temp. of twenty-five below.

Carl Laemmle sends out some snappy, humorous "straight-from-the-shoulder talks" to his Universal exchange men and exhibitors. They bring a laugh. The last one was addressed to "Old Bill" Shakespeare, and hinged on that famed one's saying, "The play's the thing."

Our good old friend "Elaine" is cutting quite a swath in Porto Rico. Record audiences are reported on it all over the island, and there are divers namesakes, such as hats, cigars, scarfs, etc.

Oh, fans! Kathlyn Williams' favorite flowers are American Beauty roses. Get your vases ready, Kathlyn!

Wheeler Oakman is a disciple of classical music—and in particular latter-day Italian opera.

Edith Johnson is strictly tailor-made *en promenade*. No frills nor feminine fripperies for her!

William N. Selig, president of the Selig Polyscope Company, believes that within the immediate few years every schoolhouse will have a Motion Picture camera. Hurry ye, O small, unwilling feet on paths of learning!

Six hundred cadets from the Naval Academy at Annapolis make their debut in a coming Vitagraph feature—supported, incidentally, by a flotilla of torpedo destroyers.

Kathlyn Williams has made, unwittingly, a first enemy in Tilly, one of the elephant herd. Tilly made known her animosity by trumpeting mud all over Kathlyn's shining six-cylindrical cabriolet.

Fritzi Brunette is learning to cook! She knows the old route to the male heart! And her director broadly asserts that she's a star at boiling water.

The Pittsburg Screen Club, composed of Moving Picture actors, has decided to give ten per cent. of the profits of its forthcoming ball next month to the Actors' Fund of America.

Two fivvers are about to collide head-on. A bearded figure rises from a trench between the machines and announces, "Boys, there aint no war; the soldiers all went home last Christmas." See "Peace at Any Price," a Vitagraph comedy.

(Sixty-seven)

Miss Lucille Taft, of the Gaumont Company, amused herself the other day by looping-the-loop in an aeroplane over Jacksonville, Fla. Milk-and-water pastime, *n'est ce pas?*

Ruth Roland believes the Chicago doctor did right in allowing the deformed babe to die. Miss Roland has some very deep, very sound, and very gravely sweet views on the subject.

Latest reports indicate that the players from the Coast studio of Vitagraph were snowbound and in serious difficulty in Bear Valley, California.

Speaking of "art for art's sake," Donald McBride, after spending a sleepless night with a severe toothache, was cast for the rôle of a painless dentist.

Maisie, the pet collie that appeared frequently with William Duncan, is dead.

Besides being used for hair restorer ads., bald heads are quite the demand in the studio. Here's the reason. The hero or heroine is wounded. Surgeon about to shave head to operate. Cut! Enter baldy and doubles in the rôle. Result!—the hero and heroine still retain their wondrous locks.

Well, if you *must* know, those stocking fillers in "Green Stockings" belong to Lillian Walker.

The closing episode of "Stingaree" leaves the hero behind prison bars.

Rose Melville, the original and only Sis Hopkins, she who has a funny-bone in every part of her body, has become a Kalem star.

Helen Gibson has challenged all other players to duplicate the stunts she performs in "The Hazards of Helen," weekly Kalem release.

"If I wanted to take it easy I would prefer working in straight drama, for comedy is hard work," says Bud Duncan.

Thomas Santschi has an excellent baritone voice, which he uses once in a while at the Selig studio, between scenes.

The yearly epidemic is again upon us, viz.: the crusade against the term "movies." Please! please! Mr. Reformer, give us a rest. "Movies" has come to stay.

Frank Daniels, successor to Sidney Drew, will be seen in some one-reel comedies released by Vitagraph.

Arthur Johnson is dead! It is with sorrow that we announce the passing of one of the world's most prominent stars.

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Greenroom Jottings

Edith Storey has discarded her famous "5.15," and now rides in a six-cylinder creation, solid yellow in color. We suggest she christen it "Sunbeam."

Gertrude McCoy, Estelle Mardo, Ione Bright and Margery Green are with Mirror Films. The latter in support of Nat Goodwin.

A strong trinity from the stage to the screen are, Adele Blood, Edwin Stevens and Montagu Love. They will appear jointly in "The Devil's Toy," adapted from "The Mills of the Gods." The Premo brand has the honor.

Ah! at last. "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn" and others of Mark Twain's brain children will be seen on the screen under the chaperonage of the Lasky Company.

Fannie Ward has purchased a \$50,000 house in Hollywood, Cal., where she intends to reside permanently.

We beg to inquire, *Who* is "The Grand Old Man of the Movies"? Every studio claims to own him, but as there is only one, we seek enlightenment. We thought it was W. Chrystie Miller.

Mignon Anderson, Thanouser, is said to possess the most elaborate dressing-room in the profession.

Charlotte Burton, American-Mutual favorite, is suffering from an attack of deafness, due to a dynamite explosion in the taking of "The Thoroughbred."

Mary Anderson, Western Vitagraph, has just married, and she didn't even tell her mother, who read of it in the newspapers.

Alice Brady, star of "The Ballet Girl," World Film, claims that she is the only actress upon the screen who is a born and bred New Yorker.

Helen Holmes, besides supplying thrills for the screen, recently gave her company a fright, when she rescued some valuable negatives of "The Girl and the Game." In an aeroplane she transported the film over some dangerous flood country and thru mountain passes to the nearest transportation point.

Governor Johnson, of California, is an ardent fan.

One thousand children take part in the gnome village in the Fox new million-dollar production. Little Jane Lee is among them.

The exodus:—Tefft Johnson, Leo Delaney, Mother Anderson, Garry McGarry, Zena Keefe, Harry Fisher, Robert Gaillard and others—from Vitagraph.

Virginia Pearson, the twenty-year-old beauty and direct descendant of Daniel Boone, has joined the Fox forces.

Annette Kellermann is recovering from injuries sustained by being dashed against a rock in the waters of Jamaica.

The World Film Corp. owns the only sea-going studio ever planned.

Beverly Bayne was recently informed that she had won the popularity contest conducted by the *Minneapolis Journal*. It's getting to be a habit with her.

Bessie Barriscale, Kay-Bee, is the authoress of a book of poems.

Grace Cunard is still chafing under her retention at the hospital, for injuries sustained in "The Broken Coin."

If William Garwood is not taking dinner with a friend, he is taking a friend to dinner. He hates to dine alone.

Henry Walthall can impersonate any character except a giant or a baby in long clothes.

Myrtle Stedman's beautiful voice has made her so popular that she has been compelled to limit herself to charitable meetings only.

The Y. M. C. A.'s thruout the country have gone in strong as exhibitors. The churches, led by the Methodist Church at Bayshore, N. Y., will probably follow.

So realistic was a fire scene staged by Vitagraph recently, that the fire department was called out.

Our \$10 gold prize for the best story of the month goes to the author of "The Serpent" (March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE); second prize to the author of "The Wraith of Haddon Towers"; third prize to the author of "Dimples."

Pres. Wilson was the guest of honor at the Motion Picture Board of Trade's first annual dinner at the Biltmore Hotel, Jan. 27, J. Stuart Blackton presiding.

Lillian Drew has found the secret of beauty. "Be a vegetarian" is her advice. Lillie and the butcher aren't on speaking terms any more.

G. M. Anderson will no longer be known as "Broncho Billy." He is adopting a new character.

The newest fad—"Silhouette Photoplays." On the Paramount program.

Triangle has suffered another fire. This time in the Fine Arts studio. Loss about \$25,000.

Mae Murray, Lasky star and one-time danseuse, recently became lost in the Western desert, but was found after several hours' search.

Florence Lawrence, everybody's sweetheart, is back again.

Following Ben Wilson, Charles Ogle and Mary Fuller, Augustus Phillips is now with Universal.

Harold Lockwood has just accepted a flattering offer from Metro, and Murdock MacQuarrie has signed with the Signal-Mutual.

House Peters is now with World Film.

Robert Leonard and Ella Hall have forsaken thrillers and serials for comedy.

We have with us this evening, Bert Wilson, Dorothy Davenport, Jay Belasco, Francis Ford and Bobby Mack, p. 17; Charles Wellesley, James Morrison and Charles Richman, first picture; Zena Keefe and James Morrison, second picture, and Eleanor Woodruff and Zena Keefe in bottom picture, p. 29; Arthur Maude and Constance Crawley, p. 45, and Mary Miles Minter and Thomas J. Carigan, p. 55.

The Wraith of Haddon Towers

(Continued from page 47)

fully, then wheeled sharply on the astounded relic of a butler.

"Well!" she snapped, "is his Lordship—er—receiving today? If he's not, dont both-aw—dont both-aw!"

The butler remained Britishly solemn. He was far too staunch a subject to have acquired a sense of humor.

"'is Lordship is hin the east wing, my Lady," he announced; "'e spends most of 'is time there hof late."

"Oh, indeed!" Lady Drummond twirled about on her smart heels and flapped her abbreviated skirts as she made for the east wing. "His Lordship is seeing *ghosts*, I suppose," she sneered.

Some one was talking in the east wing room, and Lady Drummond ap-

plied her shell-pink ear to the keyhole unscrupulously.

"Ah—God—be merciful——" the voice was saying; "my love—my love——"

"Philip!" shrieked his wife, wildly; "Philip—it's I—it's Clar-a! I've come to surprise you! Phil-ip! Whom are you *daring* to talk to like that? Oh, some one help—let's break open the door!"

The room was quite empty—save for the calm, dead body of Philip Drummond in his chair by the fireplace.

And up above the stars—beyond our life's aches and pains, our petty cares, our puny griefs—two loves were made as one—and smiled upon by the Great Lover of us all.



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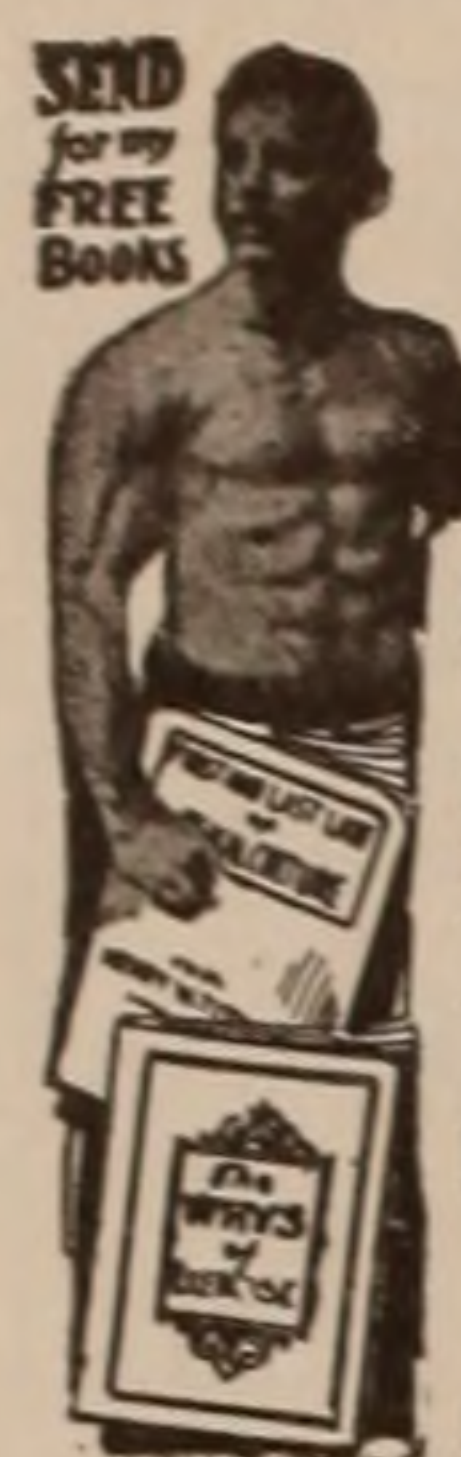
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Children of the Screen
(Continued from page 21)



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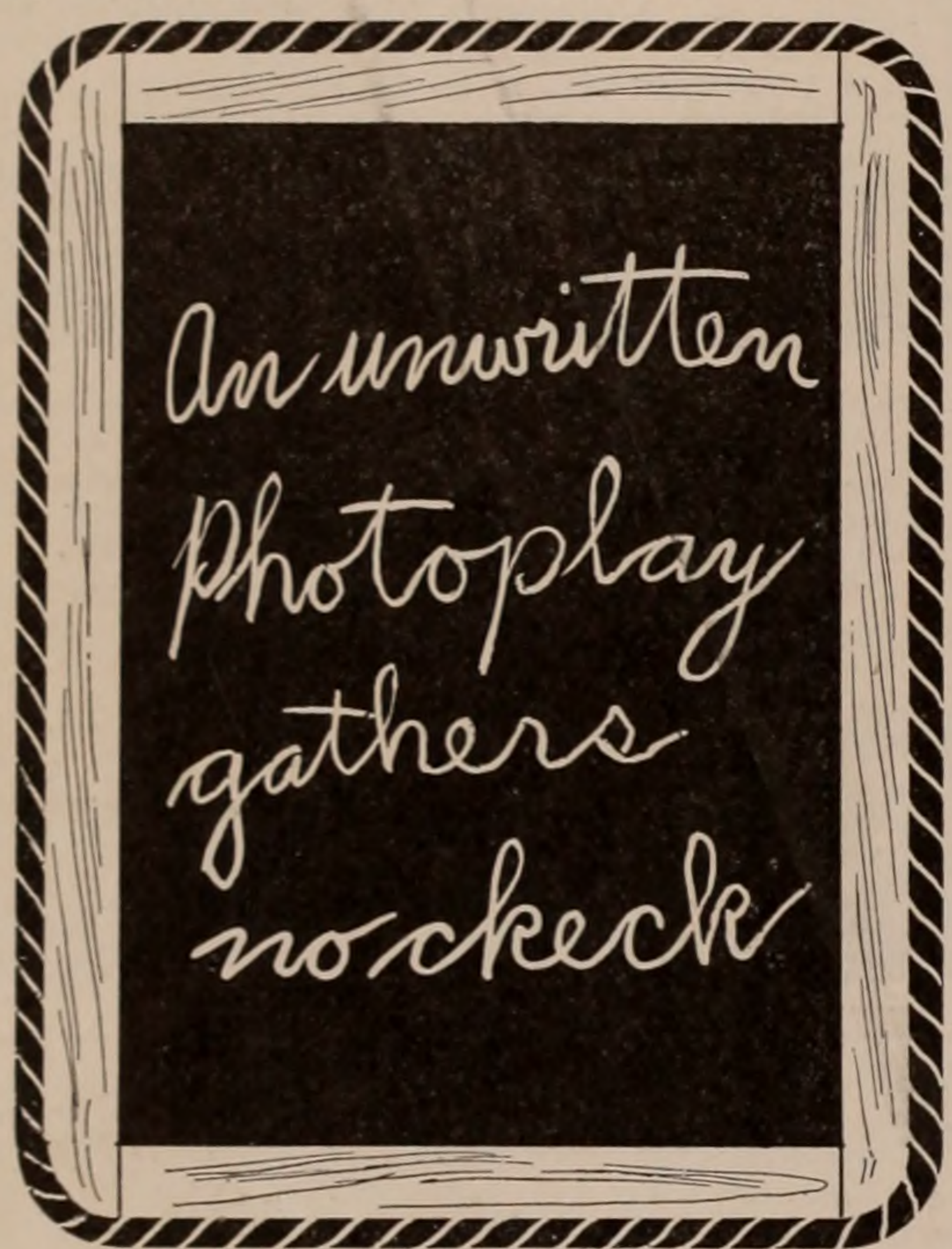
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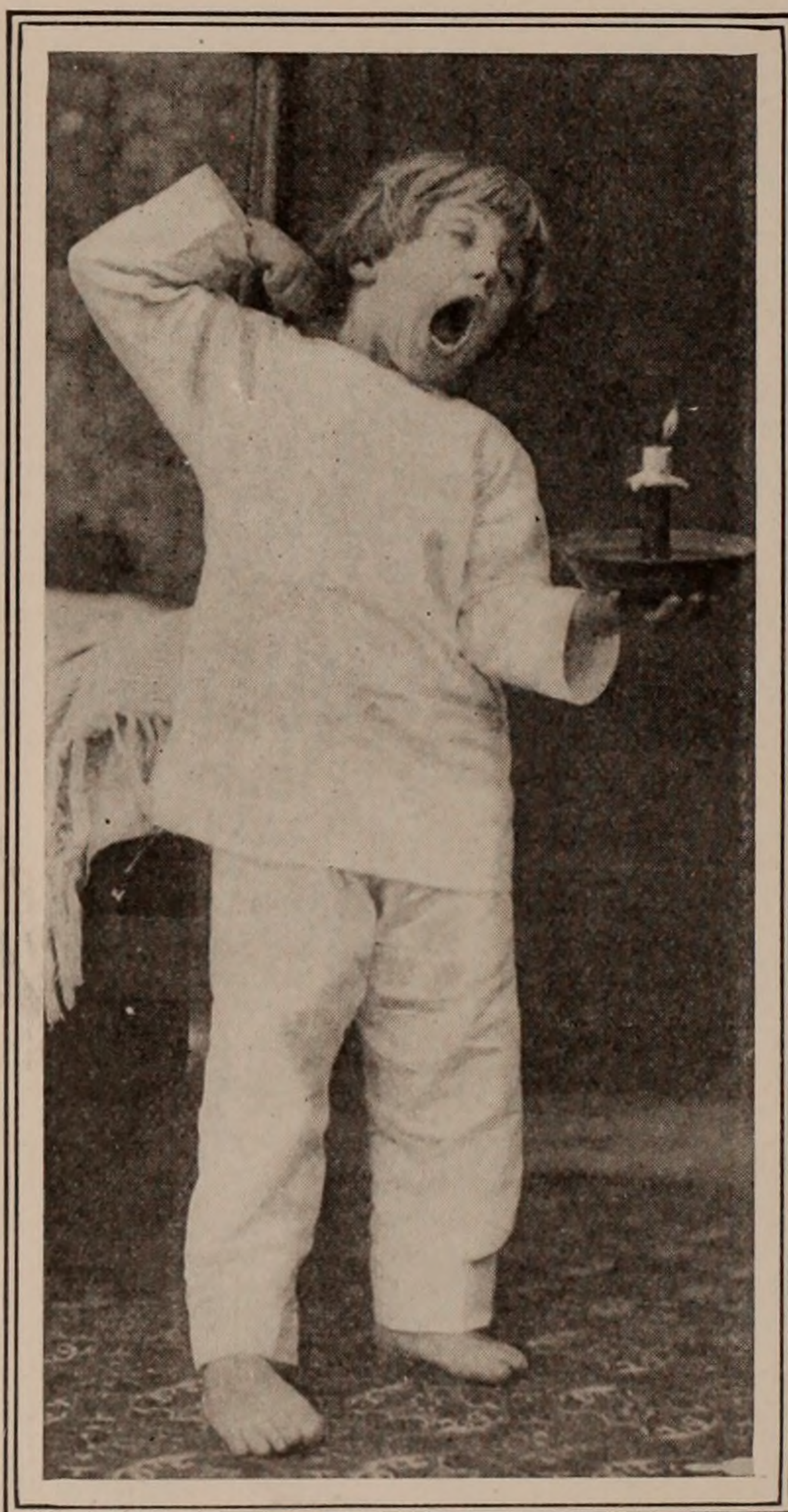


M. ACHFELDT, Foot Specialist

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THESE ARE GROWN-UP CHILDREN—"LEVY'S SEVEN DAUGHTERS"



GEORGE STONE

across his knees and to have told him giant and hobgoblin tales. And, oh! how still he would sit and how those starry eyes would shine, just like a glow-worm in the night! Bobby is a remarkable little bundle of bronzed, wavy hair; big, soft, brown eyes that suddenly light up electrically, and a pouting, good-natured, whimsical mouth—all set upon a sturdy little figure. He is absolutely unspoiled and not a bit self-conscious.

When scenes are being taken before a crowd and the actors become temperamental, Bobby is as unconcerned as if at home in his playroom.

He has a tremendous respect for his director, and when his eyes are not watching his mother, who is his "coach," he is following every move of the man behind the camera.

Surely every one knows the pictures that Bobby made famous—the fun, the frolic, the pathos of "Sonny Jim" have made him a screen immortal.

Bobby sheds real tears in the pathetic parts, but frankly confesses that his mother "has to get him started."

In a way the children of the screen are "gods set apart"; they are born with stage feeling, are precocious far beyond their years, and often earn larger salaries than most grown-up actors. Few that I have ever met are cursed with "stage manner"; they are artless, cuddlesome, roguish, tireless—just like other kids.

Lack of space, not lack of interest, forbids a review of all the dear pageantry of the children of the screen. There are Clara Horton, Carmen De Rue, George Stone and tiny Zoe Bech, Kathie Fischer, Catherine Lee and fairy Mimi Yvonne. We can hear their treble voices at the roll-call of their names. And every now and then some beautiful, dazzling child flashes on the screen before us and is gone, unknown. Either the poverty or modesty of their parents keeps them anonymous. Like the butterflies after whom they are fashioned, the child life of screen children is short and full, and then they pass on—little shadow creatures that we used to know and love only in fairy books.

"I Hear You Calling Me"

By RUTH ROLAND

"WHAT'S in a name?" Miss Roland thought there was a great deal in hers not long ago and tells the following little story about it:

"We had gone to Santa Barbara to obtain settings for a Roman picture we were then producing. A wonderfully beautiful estate had been loaned to us. I never saw such loveliness before. It was a dream-place—flowers, winding paths, fountains and wonderful statuary brought from Italy, and a huge Roman plunge that made you wish you had lived in the old Roman days when such luxuries were almost common. We had finished some scenes, and I was not to be in the following, so I gratefully picked up my parasol and my sewing (for it was very warm) and strolled off to a shady nook, and had just begun sewing, when—'Ruth, Ruth,' came a voice. I replied, 'I hear you calling me,' and scrambled my sewing together and fled in the direction where we had last been working. No one was there, but again the voice, 'Ruth, Ruth,' so I rushed in the direction I thought the voice came from. Still no one could I find, and finally gave the hunt up. I

have said it was a very warm day, and I was just getting a little bit—well, cross, when again came the voice, 'Ruth, Ruth.' This time I knew exactly where to go, but when I arrived there was no one to be seen. Finally, after many more calls, I saw the company a little way off and hurried up to them. They all looked at me in a puzzled way when I burst in upon a scene.

"Well, what is the matter?" I was asked.

"Didn't you call me?"

"No," and some one remarked something about the heat.

"But you did call me," I replied.

"Just then the caretaker came strolling along with a bright-hued parrot sitting on his shoulder, and just as he stood opposite me he screeched, 'Ruth, Ruth'—the parrot, I mean—and every one laughed. The caretaker explained that his little girl's name was Ruth, and that she and the parrot were great chums. This explained the mystery. The parrot and I became very good friends, but the company, taking ingenuity by the horns, changed my name for the time being to avoid further marathons in the gardens."

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Carlisle Blackwell	Jack Kerrigan	Pearl White
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(Seventy-one)

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MANY ARE THE GOOD THINGS
that will appear in the APRIL MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, among them being the following:

"Their Homes on Wheels"
By Peter Wade. Seven pages of pictures of leading players in their automobiles and an interesting account of their doings.

"A Visit to the Lubin Studio"
By Marie Roy

"What Are They Saying?"
\$250.00 to be awarded to those who can correctly put words in the mouths of the players.

"Cartoons that Move and Act"
By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg. A.B., M.A., M.D., showing how those moving drawings you see on the screen are made and how the ludicrous little characters are made to perform such ludicrous antics.

Here are only four items mentioned out of some thirty or forty, and we have by no means picked out the best. It is the largest and best of the Motion Picture publications, and always has been. Watch for it on March 1st or thereafter. You will recognize it by observing that it is the handsomest cover on the newsstands—a beautiful painting of Marguerite Snow. Price 15 cents.

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Colton, U. S. N.
(Continued from page 32)

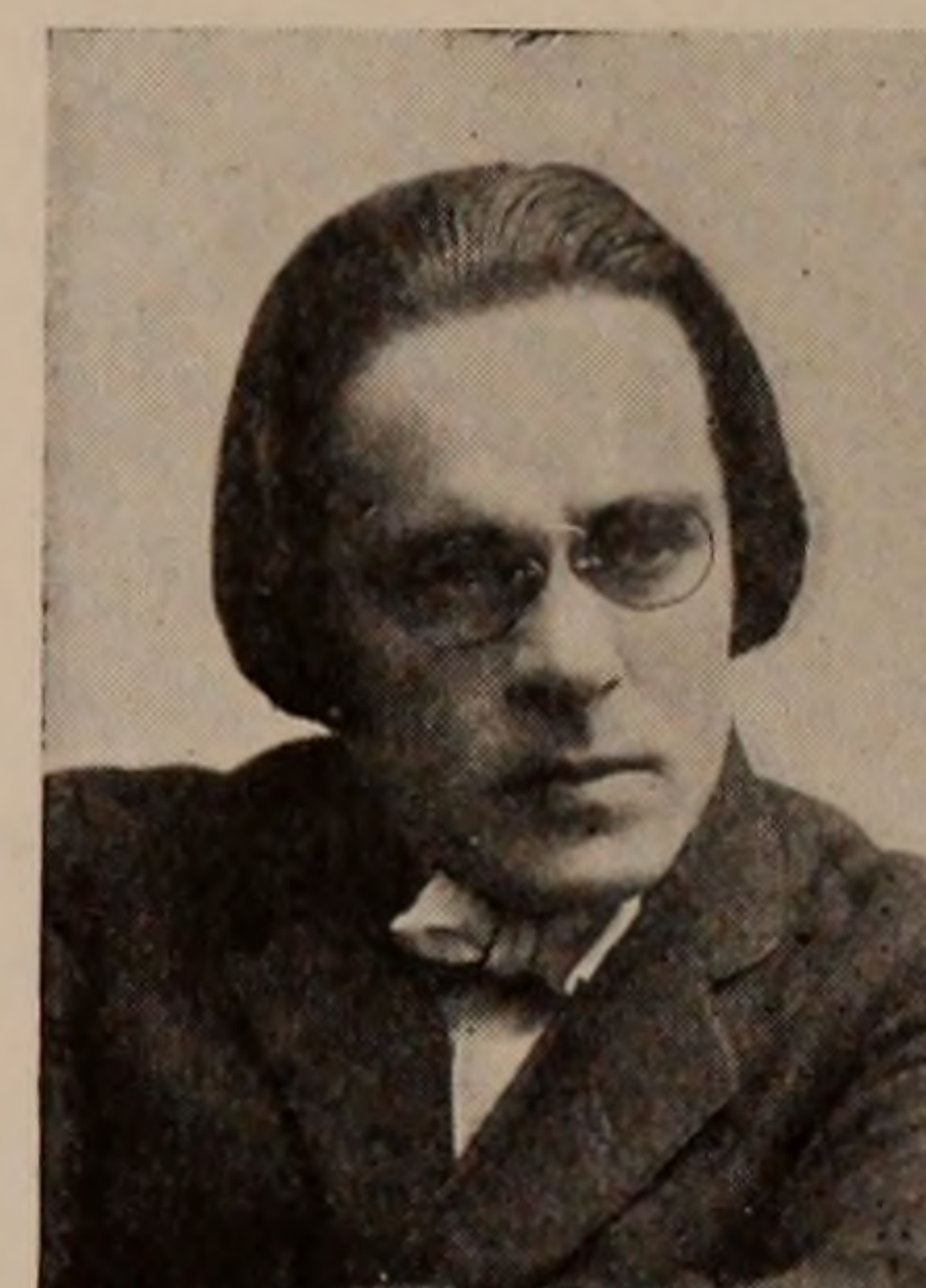
He was shot out of the torpedo tube to the surface of the water. Swimming quietly and attracting no attention, he climbed aboard the *Mercedes* on her landward side. No one was watching. He went to the cabin to which the wires were laid, made the contact and exploded the mines just in front of the oncoming battleships. The fleet was saved.

Archer and the crew on the *Mercedes*, after a moment of stunned astonishment at the premature explosion and the consequent miscarriage of their plans, turned to find Colton coming out of the deckhouse. They threw themselves upon him. He fought desperately with a belaying pin, which he snatched from the nearest rail. The

avowed and apologized, leaving the men on the *Mercedes* to the tender mercies of their captors for their participation in the attempted crime. For diplomatic reasons the affair was hushed up. The crew of the *Mercedes* were sent back to Rouania in their own ship and their government took care to silence them. The spectators ashore were told that the explosion was a part of a battle practice maneuver—the lips of the officers were sealed.

Colton got Caroline Austen; young Austen was given another appointment to the Naval Academy, at which Ethel McMasters vowed to herself that she would see that he did not fail a second time; and the whole affair, which was never appreciated by the public, was quietly suppressed and forgotten. This is the first official and formal and public revelation of it that has ever been made. The narrator got most of the details from the Coltons themselves.

NICHOLAS DUNAEW



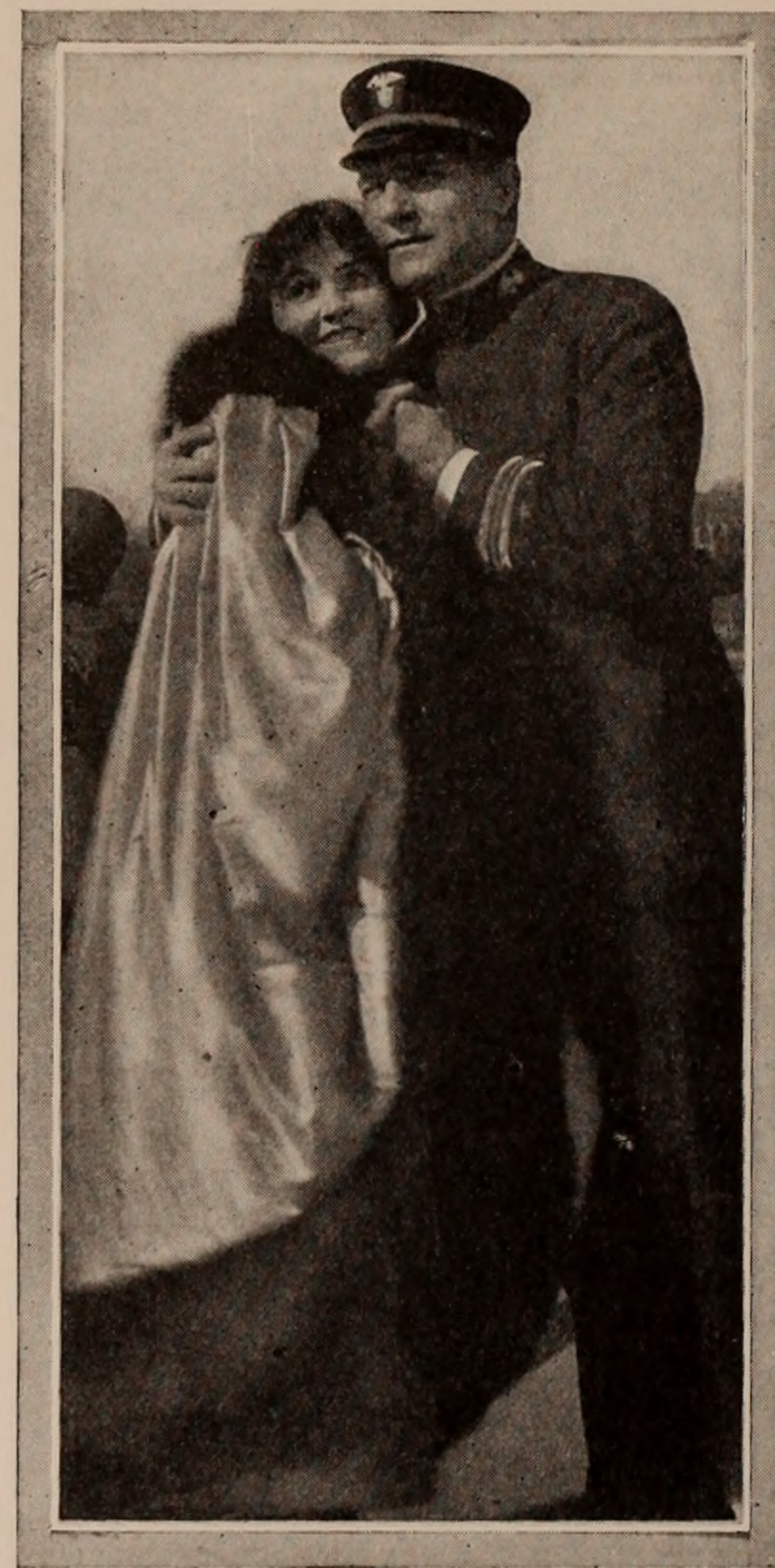
Nicholas Dunaew is the Fox jack-of-all-trades, or rather more of a genius in several things. As a dramatic author, his stage play, "The Spider," and his remarkable versatility of

dramatic portrayal have brought him fame. He was born in Moscow, Russia, of noble parents, and was educated in Petrograd, becoming a Bachelor of Arts and a student of the law.

Thru his association with Alexander Bilief, he harkened to the call of the stage, and toured Continental Europe in a repertoire of plays, including Ibsen's "Ghosts," Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness"; "Trilby," in which he appeared as Svengali; and in his own plays, "The Spider," "The Vampire" and "The Terrible God." Later he played in New York, repeating some of his Continental successes.

While with the Vitagraph Company recently, Mr. Dunaew's most important appearances were in "My Official Wife," "The Call of the Past," "The Win(k)some Widow," and "My Only One."

He has recently become interested in photoplay writing, and, thru the permission and support of Mme. Tolstoy, is picturizing the novels of her illustrious husband.



submarine came to the surface. Her men, led by young Austen, boarded the *Mercedes* and rescued Colton in the nick of time, but not without hard fighting, in which young Austen was badly battered up.

That concluded the episode—save for the weaving of the unconnected strands into one cable, as a sailor would say, there is little more to be added. Archer paid for his treachery with his death. He was fortunate in that. For his part in the transaction the Rouanian ambassador got his passports incontinently. Rouania dis-

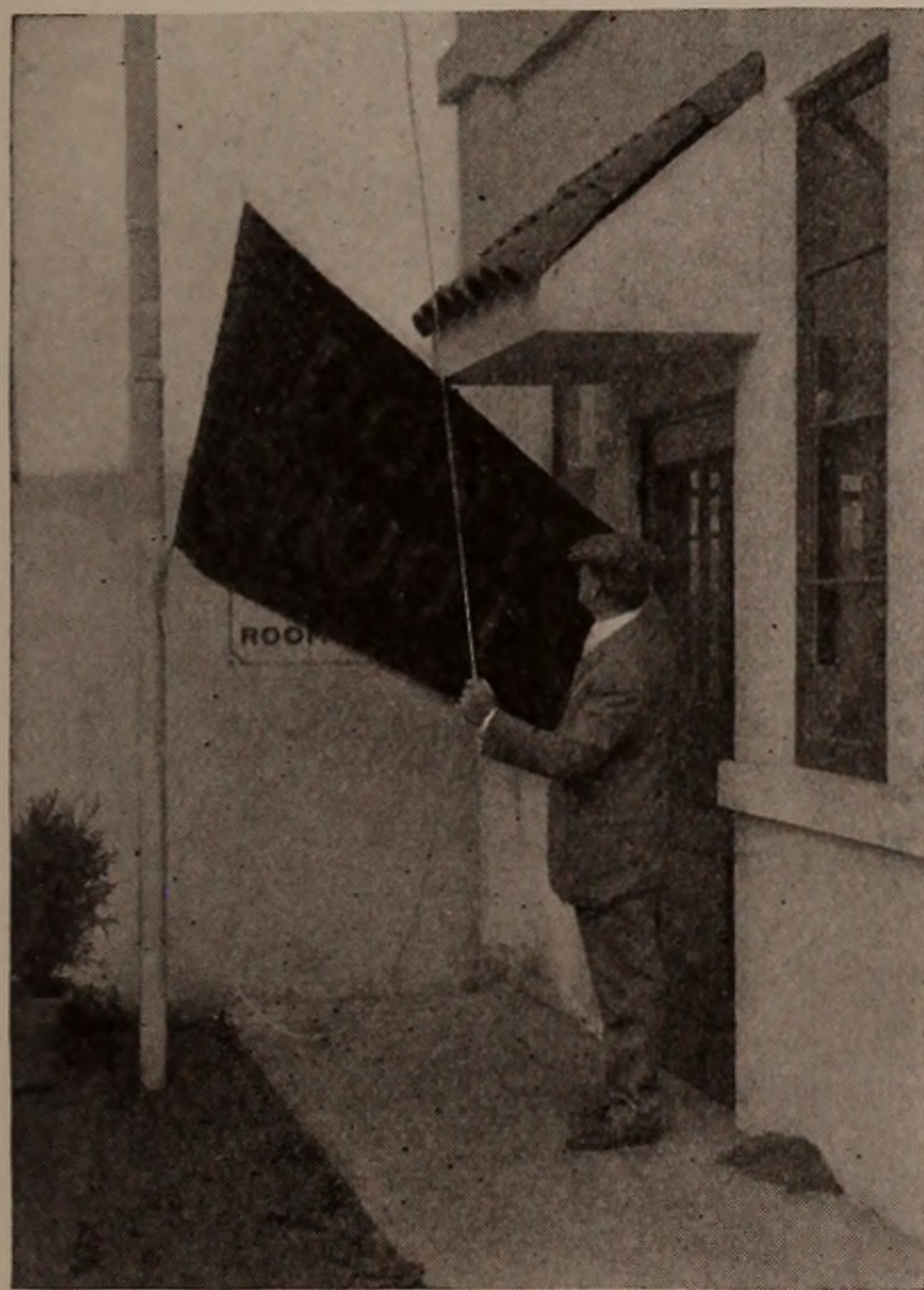


A Novel "Dont Shoot" Motion Picture Flag

By ALBERT MARPLE

THE cloudy weather that was experienced in Southern California during the past winter brought out at least one novel idea, that being in the "Dont Shoot" flag seen in the accompanying illustration.

More cloudy and really unsatisfactory weather was experienced in Southern California this winter than ever before. Time and time again the immense forces of the various picture companies were compelled to stand practically idle. In connection with



most of the companies electric studios have been provided, and on bad days these electric studios were used. Then, even, not more than half of any of the companies were able to work. Very often picture-taking was attempted, but, almost as often, the resulting pictures proved to be unsatisfactory for distribution.

It was for the purpose of regulating outdoor picture-taking under unfavorable lighting conditions that this flag was created. It is located at Universal City, and is near the office of the head photographer of that city. Whenever the light was not good enough for picture-taking, Lee Bartholomew, the city's head photographer, would run up the "Dont Shoot" flag. The pole was of such a height that the flag could be seen from any point in the city. When the light became satisfactory, the flag was lowered. All the camera men had to do was to keep their eyes on the flag.

(Seventy-three)

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Market conditions are changing almost daily, and it is a difficult matter for the free-lance writer to keep constantly in touch with the current demands of the studios. Every day we receive by phone, letter or telegram some communication from at least one studio (mostly several) asking us for some particular type of story, advising us of a change in policy or notifying us of some condition important in the marketing of photoplays. The fee we exact is nominal in consideration of the service rendered, and in most cases we expend more in postage in sending scripts out than we receive from the author. We can safely state that we have been the stepping-stone into the studio for a great number of writers who otherwise would never have sold their product.

We want to impress upon you these two things: we cannot guarantee a sale, because if we did it would be base misrepresentation on our part. We work with, and for, the author. The other thing is, that out of approximately 10,000 clients about 2 per cent. have been dissatisfied with our service, but the other 98 per cent. are staunch supporters of this organization. If we pleased everybody we would be too good for this earth.

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Mgr. Manuscript Dept.
Per A. G.

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By M. L. A., Scenario Dept.

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Dear Sirs—Your appreciated letter of the 3d inst. has arrived, together with the waivers of my photoplay, "When It Strikes Home," which you have sold.
I am herewith enclosing the waivers signed and properly witnessed.
In regard to your end of the arrangement, I wish to say that you have made no promises that you have not lived up to. In view of this I take great pleasure in offering you my sincere thanks.
With best wishes for your concern, I remain,
Very truly yours,
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Fee for reading, criticism and filing, \$1.00 (multiple reels, \$1.00 per reel), but to readers of the **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC** it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script; for multiple reels, 50c. per reel. For typewriting, a charge of \$1.00 for each Play will be made provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. **RETURN POST-AGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED,** and foreign contributors should allow for U.S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

This coupon is good for 50 cents. When accompanied with 50 cents more it will entitle holder to list 1 single-reel scenario with the Photoplay Clearing House.

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- How old is he?
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- Did she ever dance at the Republican Club ball, held on the 7th day of April, 1909, at 8:15?
- Is it true his wife is suing him for divorce and the custody of the dog?
- Wont she tell how a girl can become a movie favorite in say three months?
- Does he play tennis?
- Is she married?
- Did he leave the stock company at Worcester, Massachusetts, because one of the girls there was eating her heart out on account of him?
- Does she make her own dresses, and if so, why?
- What kind of hair-tonic does he use for his bald spot?
- Does she prefer blond or dark-haired leading men?
- Does he sing?
- Is it true she is divorced from her husband, who owns a milk route and has four children living with an aunt in Bettendorf, Iowa?
- Has she ever been in Mount Sterling, Illinois?
- Does she ice-skate, and if so wont she come from California to Toronto and skate with an admirer there?
- Does he wear that peculiar derby hat as the result of a bet?
- Has she ever bleached her hair, and if so, what did she use?
- Does he know where a friend can get a phonograph, little used, with plenty of up-to-date records, in fine condition, guaranteed for ten years and very cheap?
- How many automobiles has she got, what make, where did she get them, when, what did they cost, and who gave them to her?
- What name would she suggest for a gray canoe?
- What does she do with her old clothes?
- Wont he pitch the first ball for the Lakewood, Ohio, baseball team?
- Didn't she sing "I Miss You Most of All" at the John Susheimer Social Club picnic, at Block Island, on June 27, 1910, and didn't she wear a blue dress at the time?
- Are his first two wives still living?
- Wont she offer up a prize for the fifth annual dancing contest of the Brodhead, Wisconsin, girls' sewing circle; or, better still, wont she come along and act as judge?
- Wont he look up a friend in Seattle, and get him a nice, easy job?
- What does she do with all her money, and how much real money does she get?

A. L. HANDLER.

(Seventy-four)

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"And now," said the teacher, after elaborating upon the lives of the martyred Presidents, "who can tell me something about Abraham Lincoln?"

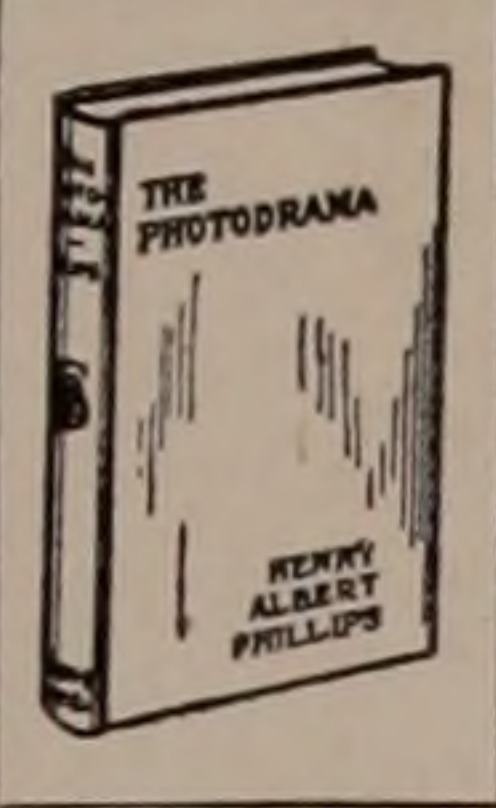
Up jumped little Evelyn. "I know," she said. "Abraham Lincoln was a great man. He was the President of the United States. He was very kind. He freed the slaves, and he was shot in 'The Birth of a Nation.'"



Marguerite Nichols, who is making an impression as one of Balboa's new leading women

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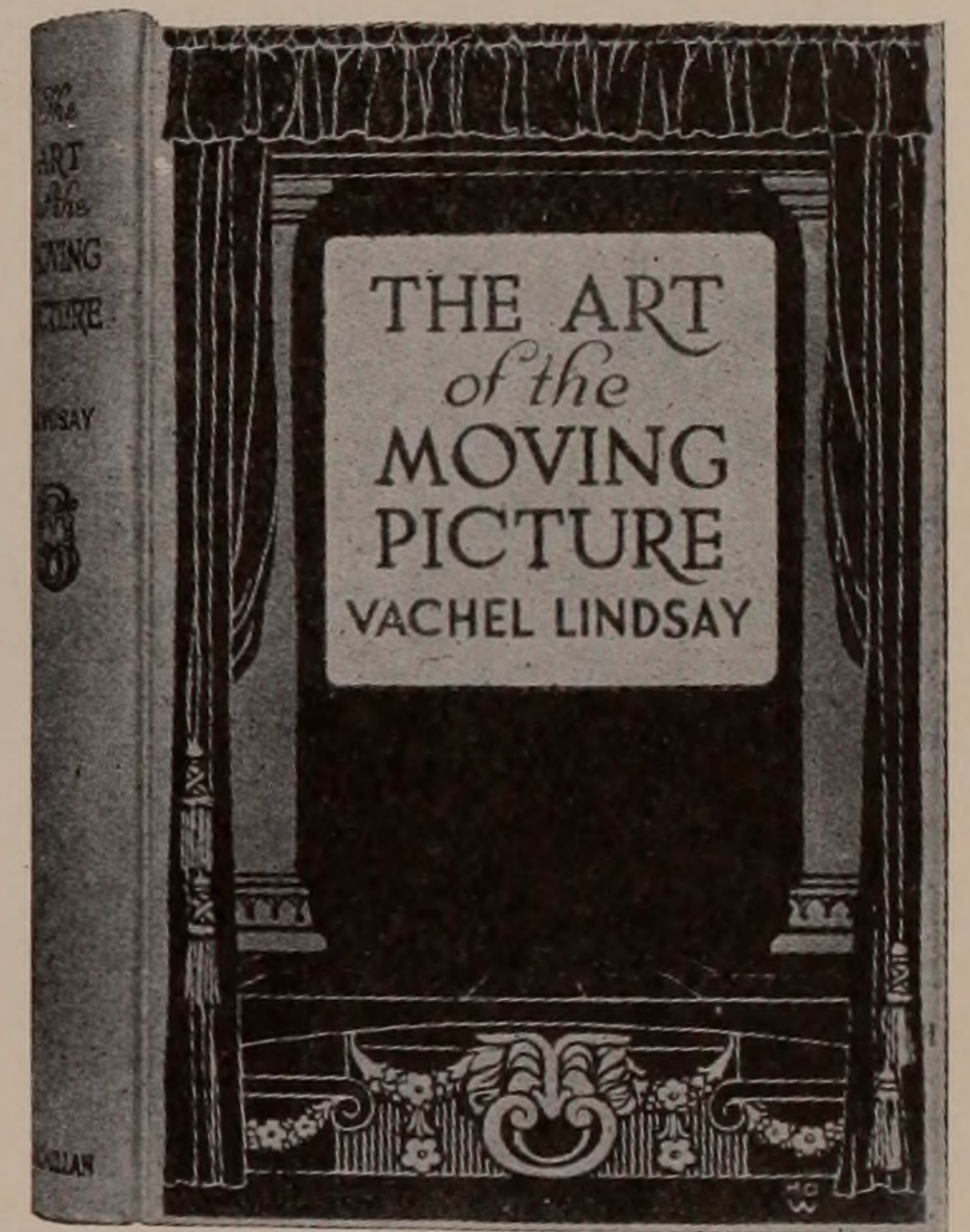
The Art of the Moving Picture

By VACHEL LINDSAY

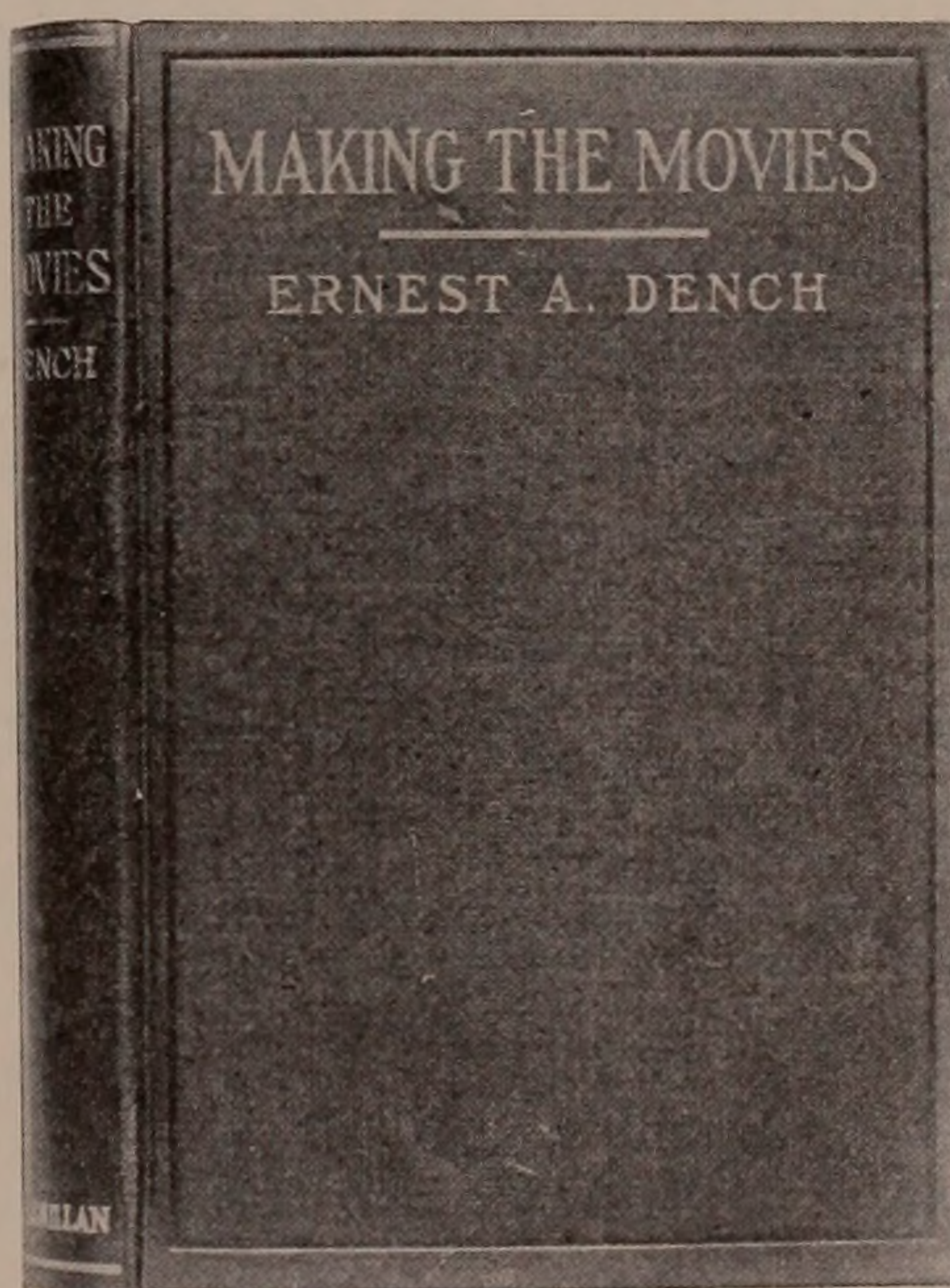
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