

JANUARY
15 cts

MOTION PICTURE

Classic



"The Greatest War Drama ever filmed"—*New York American*

J. Stuart Blackton and Albert E. Smith's
Great Patriotic Photo-Spectacle

THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE

WRITTEN BY J. STUART BLACKTON

Based on Hudson Maxim's "Defenseless America"

Vitagraphed by Wilfrid North
and featuring the distinguished American actor

CHARLES RICHMAN

NOW PLAYING

to crowded houses every afternoon and evening

at the

Vitagraph Theatre, New York

Metropolitan Opera House, Philadelphia—Columbia Theatre, San
Francisco—Metropolitan, Cleveland—Hippodrome, Buffalo—
Broadway-Strand, Detroit—Colonial Theatre, Dayton

and at other prominent theatres in the leading cities thruout the United States

"The Uncle Tom's Cabin of pictures"—*New York Evening Journal*

Make Money Serving This Big Concern

And Own a New Sample Typewriter

Apply today and learn how you can secure exclusive local control and sale of this remarkable new model typewriter—Oliver “Nine.”

Experts pronounce it years ahead of the times and typewriter users are demanding it everywhere.

Experience Unnecessary

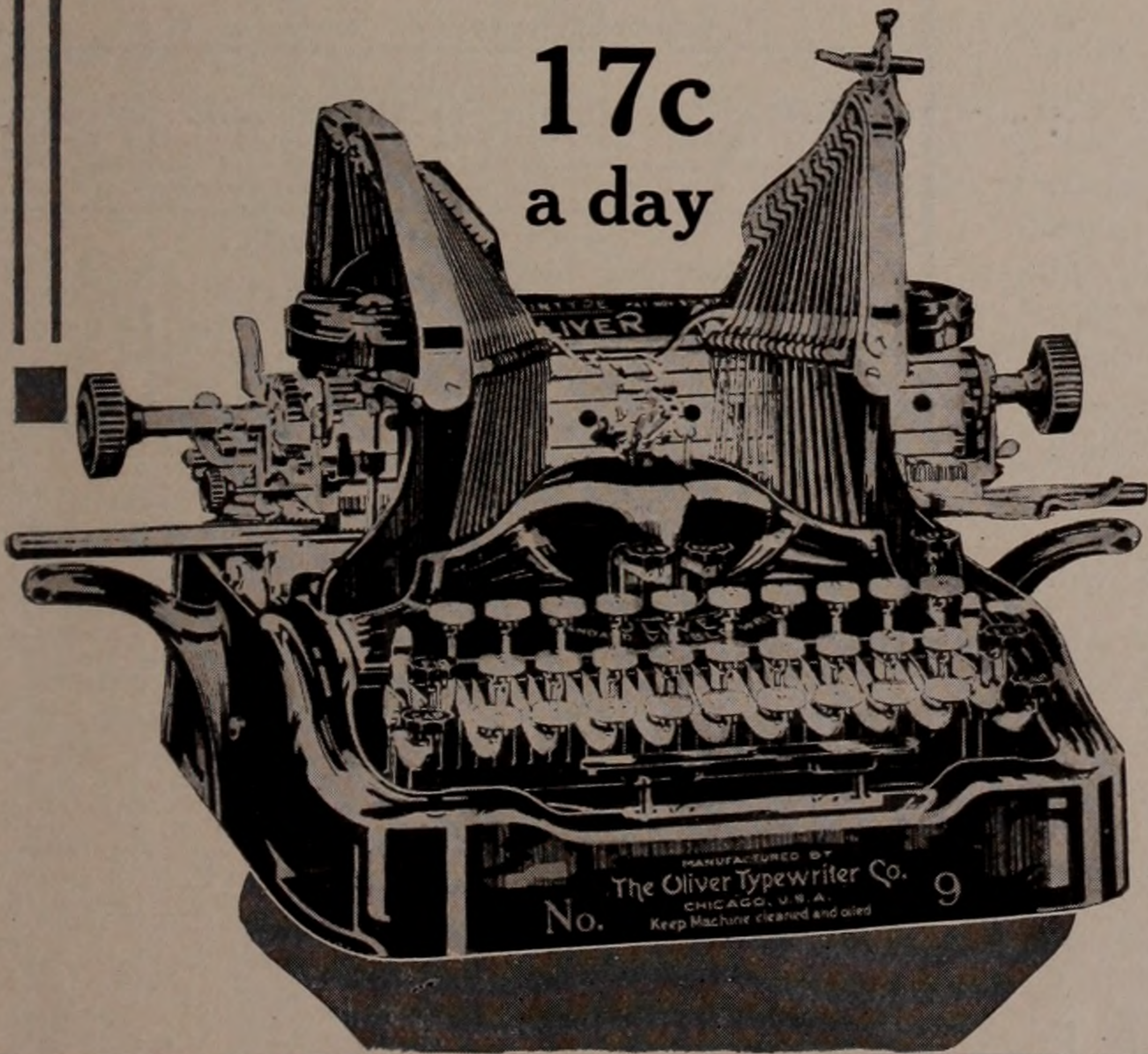
The Oliver “Nine” with *lightest standard touch* sells itself repeatedly where agents show the sample we supply.

And we send you the “Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship” FREE. You can soon master the same tested methods that are winning incomes for 15,000 others.

Crowning Features

Even our own previous models never had

**17c
a day**



the battery of advances that come alone on this machine.

One feature—the Optional Duplex Shift—multiplies speed and makes touch writing *100 per cent easier!*

Another—the Selective Color Attachment—does the regular work of a two-color ribbon and *acts as a check protector besides.*

The Oliver alone has Printype that writes like print—the automatic spacer and cushioned keyboard.

When agents can offer these brilliant betterments *at the old-time price*, do you wonder that men are growing rich taking

Oliver orders?

Yet we let each agent sell this model on our popular monthly payment plan—*17 cents a day!*

Open to All

You don't have to change your business to handle this dignified agency. Scores of storekeepers, salesmen, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, students, bankers, etc.—nearly every vocation is represented in the crack Oliver sales organization.

Write Us Quickly

Our inspiring book “Opportunity” gives full details. Sent FREE. Mail a postal or this coupon at once before your territory is assigned.

Mail This to Make Money

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,

1212 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

Send me “Opportunity” Book Free and tell me how I can secure a brand new Oliver “Nine” sample typewriter and exclusive local agency.

Name.....

Address.....

.....(513)

Film Exhibitors! Accept This Extra Money

Write at once for our plan that links your screen to a bigger bank book; enables you with Printype Slide Films to typewrite and show on your screen instantly any announcement or paid advertisement without loss of time or expense for special slides. We start you out with \$30 advertising contract. Write today for full details.

The Oliver Typewriter Co., 1212 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

REAL ESTATE

New York

Hempstead Lawns, 10 Miles From New York; quarter acre for \$300; terms \$15 cash, \$5 month. Hempstead has fine electric train service. Send for maps and illustrated booklet to **W. Kaye, 277 Broadway, New York.**

Mississippi

IS HE CRAZY? The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 939 Keystone, Pittsburgh, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for \$6 per month. Your profit should be \$1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

HELP WANTED

NOTICE—NOTICE. 15,000 men and women will get U. S. Government Jobs this year. \$75.00 month. Vacations. No layoffs. Short hours. Common education sufficient. "Pull" unnecessary. Write immediately for free list of positions now obtainable. **FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. E-78, Rochester, N. Y.**

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

PLAYS, Vaudeville Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Entertainments, Make Up Goods. Large Catalog Free.

T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 63, Chicago.

PHOTOPLAYWRITERS

HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS. Our new, large volume will help you to become a successful scenario writer. Contains a model scenario, a list of 41 buyers, and all information necessary. Price 35c. Worth \$10. **PHOTOPLAY BOOK CO., MPS-3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago.**

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS. "Writing for the Screen" gives instructions, markets—25c. Write Plays, Acts. "Writing for the Stage" tells all—25c. Both 40c. **E. L. GAMBLE, Playwright, East Liverpool, O.**

WANTED—PHOTOPLAY PLOTS AND IDEAS. You can write them. Begin at once. \$25 to \$100 each paid. We send free details. **ASSOCIATED MOTION PICTURE SCHOOLS, 602 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.**

WANTED! Your ideas for photoplays and stories may bring you **BIG MONEY!** No experience needed. Send us mere ideas, synopses or finished stories. We **CRITICISE FREE**, and sell on commission. Hundreds making money. **YOU** can, too! Write to-day for full details. **STORY REVISION CO., 96 Main, Auburn, N. Y.**

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS. Make a fortune in your spare time. Large cash prizes offered for best ideas. Amazing prices paid for ordinary photoplays. Send for **FREE** descriptive literature on **HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS.** **Enterprise Co., M. P. T.-3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago.**

FOR THE HOME

BUY FUR NOW—YOU CAN GET REEL QUALITY FURS AT BIG DISCOUNT. Write for catalog and discount list M today. **HERMAN REEL CO., Milwaukee, Wis.**

NOVELTIES

MINIATURE MOTION PICTURES—Three subjects—Prize Fight, Dancing Girl, Gymnast; also two dandy pocket tricks, including complete set of catalogs, all postpaid, for 25c. **Bamberg Co., 1193 Broadway, N. Y.**

COINS, STAMPS, ETC.

\$\$—OLD COINS WANTED—\$\$—\$4.25 each paid for U. S. Flying Eagle Cents dated 1856. \$2 to \$600 paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send TEN cents at once for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. Get posted—it may mean your good fortune. **C. F. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 155, Le Roy, N. Y.**

PATENTS

PATENTS secured or fee returned. Send sketch for Free search. Latest and most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. **George P. Kimmel, Attorney, 262 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.**

The following statement was filed with the Brooklyn Postmaster on September 30, and is here published, as required by law: **STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, published MONTHLY, at BROOKLYN, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.** Editor, **EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.** Managing Editor, **EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.** Business Manager, **EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.** Publisher, **THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.** Owners (if a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock): **J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELIZABETH HEINE-MANN, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; GASTON MELIES, 326 Lexington Ave., New York City.** Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: **J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—EUGENE V. BREWSTER, Editor and Manager.** Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-fifth day of September, nineteen hundred and fifteen.—**GOTTFRIED J. KOHLHEPP, Notary Public, Kings County, N. Y.** My commission expires March 30, 1916.

One of the most graphic stories ever penned, and one of the most thrilling (and doubly so because it is a true story, new and true), is

"How I Got to Przemysl and Filmed the Bombardment"

By **JOHN ALLEN EVERETS**

the American Moving Picture Photographer with the German armies in the Eastern campaign. This story makes history. It should be read by everybody, young and old. Beautifully illustrated with wonderful photographs taken on the spot of this great battlefield. This great story will appear only in the

February Motion Picture Magazine

which will be on sale at all newsstands on and after January 1st. This number will be a memorable one for other reasons, too. It will contain a wonderful story by Robert J. Shores, written from one of the great classics of literature, a book that everybody loves, that most people have read several times, and that all will enjoy reading in the form of an illustrated short story. It is so well written that lovers of Cervantes will marvel, and it is illustrated with drawings by the great Doré and by photographs in which appear a number of favorite photoplayers, including the inimitable Fay Tincher, and also the king of comic opera stars, De Wolf Hopper, who plays the part of the grotesque knight-errant. This story, as you have already surmised, is

Don Quixote

And then there is a story by Hector Ames, entitled "The Girl with Nine Lives," with illustrations which indicate that eight of those nine lives have already been lost—or nearly so.

And not less important than these three features is a wonderful new contest that begins in the February MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and when you read about it you will admit that it is the cleverest idea that has yet been presented to the Motion Picture public.

With this number the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE begins its sixth year, and it starts with a number that will be very hard to equal thereafter. It was the first in the field, and it has grown while others have come and gone and still others are struggling along the rough road. We lead, others follow; we pointed the way, and now dozens are aiming at the star to which we hitched our wagon.

Still again, we have added eight pages to the magazine, and it will now be

A BIGGER AND BETTER BOOK

Better see your newsdealer NOW and arrange to get a copy of the February Motion Picture Magazine before it is sold out, which will probably be the case before it has been on sale a week.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE

Classic

THE
MOTION PICTURE
MAGAZINE

can be purchased at
any newsstand on
and after the first
day of each month.

THE
MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

can be purchased at
any newsstand on
and after the fif-
teenth of each month.

JANUARY, 1916

Vol. I.

No. 5

Copyright, 1915, by the M. P. Publishing Co., in the United States and Great Britain
Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as second-class matter,
August 6, 1915

Contents

This magazine was formerly the "Motion Picture Supplement."

GALLERY OF POPULAR PLAYERS

| | Page |
|------------------------|------|
| Jackie Saunders..... | 5 |
| Mary Miles Minter..... | 6 |
| Leah Baird..... | 7 |
| Louise Glaum..... | 8 |
| May Allison..... | 9 |
| Webster Campbell..... | 10 |
| Marin Sais..... | 11 |
| Eila Hall..... | 11 |
| Margarita Fischer..... | 12 |

COVER DESIGN

Thelma Salter, in "The Night Before Christmas," from a painting by A. D. Turner, one of America's greatest painters, and who was formerly president of the American Society in Paris. Next month our cover will be painted by Edward Moran, another of the world's great artists.

PHOTOPLAY STORIES

| | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|----|
| The Coquette's Awakening..... | Dorothy Donnell | 13 |
| Bondwomen..... | Robert J. Shores | 17 |
| The End of the Road..... | Edwin M. La Roche | 21 |
| Jeanne Dore..... | Gladys Hall | 27 |
| The Battle Cry of Peace..... | J. Stuart Blackton | 33 |

SPECIAL ARTICLES

| | Page | |
|--|------------------|----|
| The Shadow-Child's Doll..... | George Wildey | 4 |
| Pen Impressions..... | Carolyn Townsend | 40 |
| The Hall of Fame..... | Robert Grau | 41 |
| Finding a Personality..... | J. Allen Boone | 43 |
| Comedy Thunder..... | E. W. Hewston | 47 |
| Became a Photoplayer on a Dare..... | Mabel Warren | 48 |
| What Famous Authors Think of Their Adaptations..... | Ernest Dench | 51 |
| The Man with a Thousand Faces..... | Albert Roccardi | 60 |

DEPARTMENTS

| | | |
|--|-----------------|----|
| Once Upon a Time..... | Johnson Briscoe | 49 |
| Favorite Scenes from Favorite Plays..... | Mabel Warren | 55 |
| Penographs of Leading Players..... | | 57 |
| Big Moments from Great Plays..... | | 58 |
| Answers to Inquiries..... | | 61 |
| Greenroom Jottings..... | | 66 |

Published by the M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY, a New York Corporation, at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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.

STAFF FOR THE CLASSIC:

Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor.
 Edwin M. La Roche, } Associate Editors. } Dorothy Donnell, Guy L. Harrington, Sales Manager.
 Henry Albert Phillips, } Gladys Hall, Frank Griswold Barry, Advertising Manager.

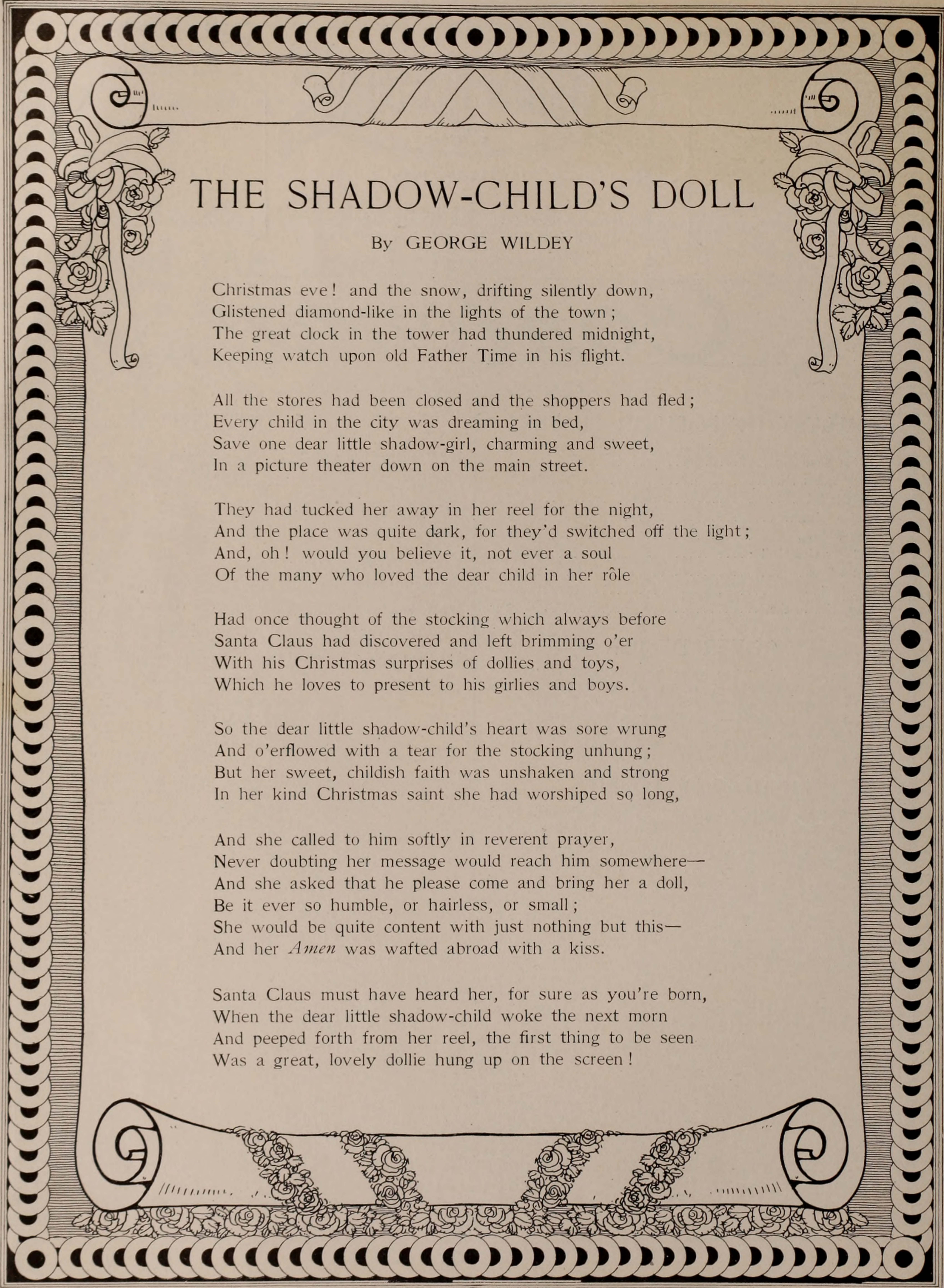
New York branch office (advertising department only), 171 Madison Avenue, at 33d Street.
 Western Advertising Representative: Archer A. King, People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

MEMBER OF



Note to Contributors:—We cannot be responsible for the return of unavailable manuscripts, drawings, etc., because losses and breakage are sometimes unavoidable thru the mails; hence contributors are advised to retain copies of their work. We are not in the market for short stories. We use only material that deals with Motion Pictures. We can use spe-

cial articles that are or can be illustrated, and drawings and verses, for which we pay on the third of the month following acceptance. We do not pay for verses written in praise of players, nor for letters to the editor. We return unaccepted contributions only when return postage accompanies the contribution.



THE SHADOW-CHILD'S DOLL

By GEORGE WILDEY

Christmas eve! and the snow, drifting silently down,
Glistened diamond-like in the lights of the town;
The great clock in the tower had thundered midnight,
Keeping watch upon old Father Time in his flight.

All the stores had been closed and the shoppers had fled;
Every child in the city was dreaming in bed,
Save one dear little shadow-girl, charming and sweet,
In a picture theater down on the main street.

They had tucked her away in her reel for the night,
And the place was quite dark, for they'd switched off the light;
And, oh! would you believe it, not ever a soul
Of the many who loved the dear child in her rôle

Had once thought of the stocking which always before
Santa Claus had discovered and left brimming o'er
With his Christmas surprises of dollies and toys,
Which he loves to present to his girlies and boys.

So the dear little shadow-child's heart was sore wrung
And o'erflowed with a tear for the stocking unhung;
But her sweet, childish faith was unshaken and strong
In her kind Christmas saint she had worshiped so long,

And she called to him softly in reverent prayer,
Never doubting her message would reach him somewhere—
And she asked that he please come and bring her a doll,
Be it ever so humble, or hairless, or small;
She would be quite content with just nothing but this—
And her *Amen* was wafted abroad with a kiss.

Santa Claus must have heard her, for sure as you're born,
When the dear little shadow-child woke the next morn
And peeped forth from her reel, the first thing to be seen
Was a great, lovely dollie hung up on the screen!

Gallery of Popular Photo Players

FRANK MERRITT



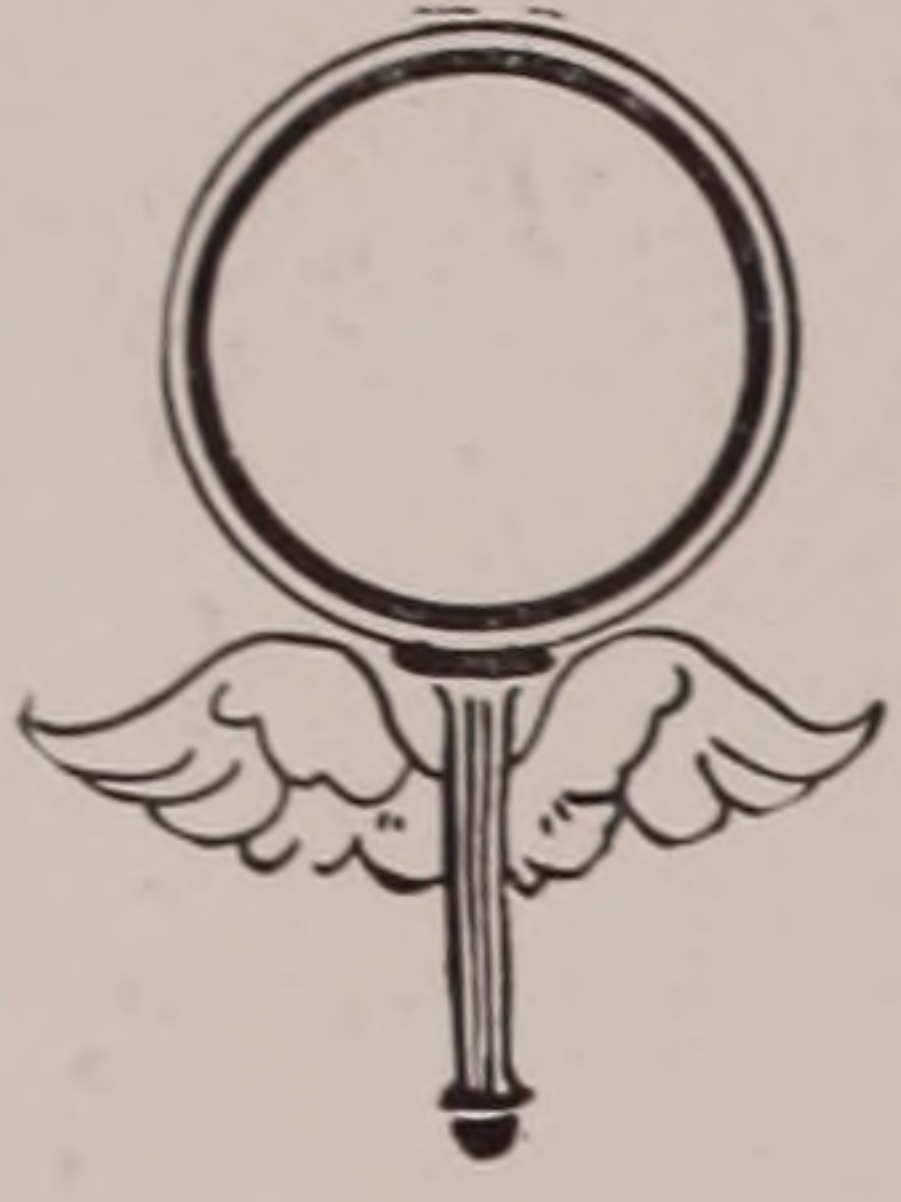
JACKIE SAUNDERS
(Balboa)



MARY MILES MINTER
(Metro)



LEAH BAIRD
(Vitagraph)



LOUISE
GLAUM
(Triangle)



MAY ALLISON
(American)



*Witzel
L.A.*

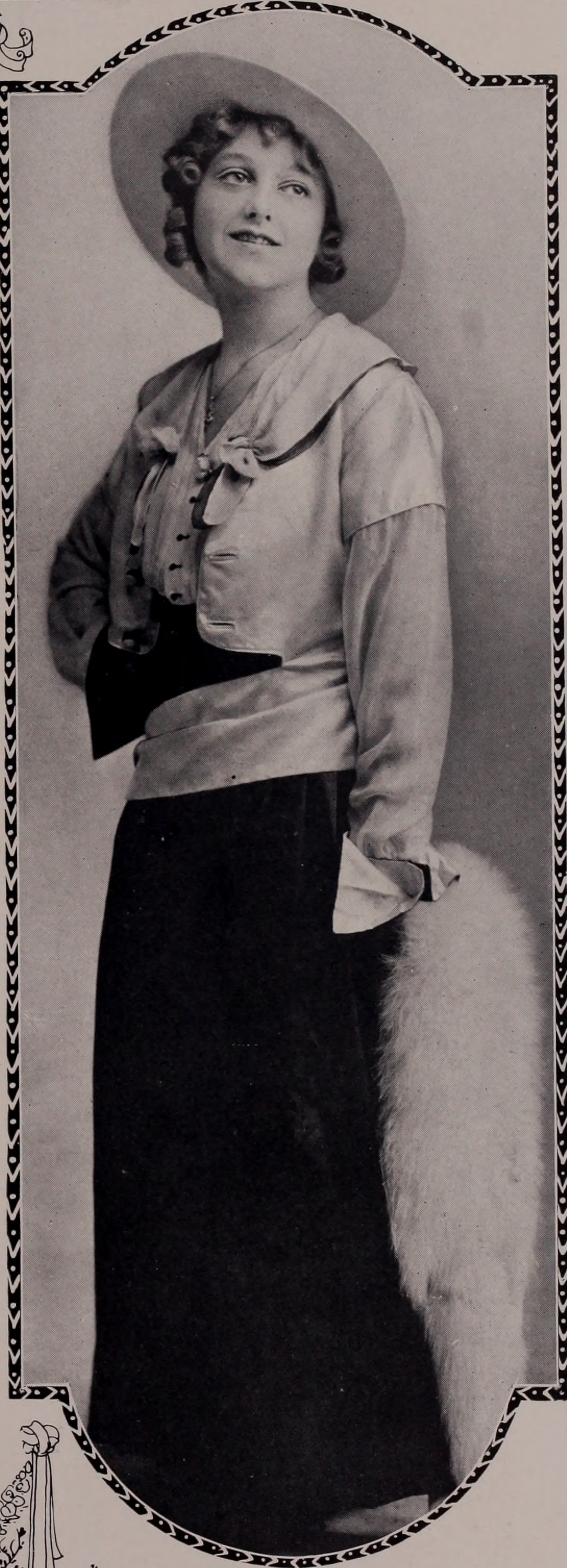


WEBSTER CAMPBELL
(Western-Vitagraph)





MARIN SAIS
(Kalem)



ELLA HALL
(Universal)





MARGARITA FISCHER
(Equitable)

JANUARY MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, 1916

The COQUETTE'S AWAKENING

Vol. I

No. 5

"BUT I dont love you," said the girl, trying, not very successfully, to put regret into the lilting triumph of her tone. "I dont love you *at all*, you see."

"I dont believe it," Ralph Warner cried; "you're just playing with me now, dear—aren't you? Why, you *must* love me. I wouldn't have spoken unless I'd been sure. But every look and every tone of yours the last week have told me I needn't wait any longer. Dear, I'm thirty, and I've waited thirty years for this minute. Dont play the coquette with me now, sweetheart."

Under the gold veil of her lashes she looked up at him, noting the tenderness of the whole big frame—the little muscles quivering under the dark skin; the wonder in the honest, gray eyes—and her heart quickened. It was a delicious moment—this one when the great man-creature floundered, caught at last in the silken meshes of her snare. She desired to prolong it, to savor the sensation of her power to the uttermost.

"But are you sure?" she breathed, oh! so softly, and swept a tiny glance upward. "What makes you think you love me?"

She heard the catch of his breath, felt the shake of his arm along the coat-sleeve that brushed her shoulder. Connoisseur in the art of love, she knew that she had never made a more worthy capture than this.

"How do I know I love you?" he repeated almost roughly. "How do I know I'm alive? How do I know when I'm hungry or thirsty? I'm not much of a talker, little golden girl; but there's one thing I'd like you to know. I've seen a good many women in my life—and passed by them because I wasn't looking for the Inn of Flirtation but for a place called Home. And when I saw you three weeks ago, I knew I'd found it. I had just that

same contented, joyful feeling you get when you turn in at the home gate after a long, lonesome journey. And *that's* how I know I love you, you little bit of a thing!"

The deep quiver in the man's voice vibrated somewhere far within the girl's shallow little soul. She did not like the feeling it gave her and resentfully laid her discomfort to his charge. So a butterfly, seeing the net closing about its golden wings, flutters away from capture with the instinct to be free.

"How interesting!" she drawled, and deliberately showed her tiny, white teeth in a little yawn, "but I think I'd rather be an inn than a home. It's so much gayer and brighter, you see. I'm afraid it would bore me to be a home."

Shocked, he started back from her levity as one who hears ragtime strains when he enters what he believes to be a church.

"Then you have been playing with me all along?" he said slowly.

"Dont be cross," she cooed. "Truly, I did want you to fall in love with me, and I wanted to fall in love with you, too. But marriage" — she shivered delicately—"oh, marriage is like being shut up in a lonesome room all your life with only one person to see you—ugh! What's the use of being beautiful for just one person? No, no, Ralph, marriage lasts too long."

"You flirt!" he snarled between clenched teeth; "you contemptible little flirt!"

She gave him a challenging glance out of very blue eyes, and suddenly he had control of himself.

"Listen to me," he said quietly. Hat in hand, he stood before her, and the bones of his face stood out starkly under the taut-drawn skin. "I've told you I loved you, and I meant it. I meant it so much that I cant live without you. If I dont hear from you by ten o'clock tonight that you'll marry me, I shall shoot myself. It's eight-thirty now, and I'm going to my rooms and wait for the telephone to ring."

"You are positively melodramatic," shrugged the Flirt, and sent out a tiny peal of laughter like golden bells—the bells of the tea-house, not the temple. "If you're planning to do it with a picture of me in your hand, do take the last one. The other is positively *horrid*, and people would say you hadn't any sense dying for a girl who looked like that—"

But she was speaking to an empty room, for Ralph had gone. The Flirt gave another chime of laughter and ran to the piano, where for some moments she banged out a medley of gay tunes; then, with a catch of the breath, she whirled away from the keys.

"Br-r-r! but it's cold in here!" she shivered. "Believe I'll go to bed. There wont be any one else in to-night."

She strolled across the room, into



Dorothy Donnell

the hall, and paused before the tall grandfather's clock. The hands pointed to five minutes past nine. In spite of herself, the Flirt turned a little pale.

"The silly boy!" she murmured. "I suppose he'll be around tomorrow, as tiresome as ever. They all say they will kill themselves, but they never do." She spread out a pink, dimpling hand. "They all want to put a ring, like a 'Keep Off the Grass' sign, on you," she smiled; "but you're still

curious world. No lights from houses or motors twinkled in the misty half-dusk; no noises reached her across the lavender twilight. She seemed to move thru a soft haze that widened at length into a field, rolling toward the pale horizon's farthest stars. In the center of the field a dim figure rose to meet her—austere, white-bearded, wise with all the years.

"Oh, Father Time!" moaned the Flirt. "It is ten o'clock—hark! You can hear the city clocks striking now!

she shuddered. "He said if I would not—love him—he would—die. Oh, Father Time! he is too fine and good and worthy a man to die——"

"And do you love this youth, my child?" asked the old man, solemnly. "Is it your love would save him?"

"I do not know," the Flirt stammered. "I love to be loved. I love to have men speak of love to me and to feel their hearts quivering in my hands. I love to know I am beautiful and to read my beauty reflected in



"PUT UP YOUR SCYTHE AND TURN BACK THE HANDS AN HOUR, FATHER TIME!" MOANED THE FLIRT

free, and they get over it and go away and marry their childhood friends. Still—they didn't any of them have his chin——"

She flung herself into a deep chair and closed her eyes. "I'll just sit here till it's ten o'clock," she thought, "and then I'll call up Ralph and laugh at him——"

"But it can't be ten yet," she gasped, sitting up suddenly, with the crash of the strokes in her ears. "Why, I only just sat down here! Oh! it is, it is! What shall I do?"

She drifted to feet that seemed to carry her along without her volition, out of the house into the dimness of a

And it must not be ten—*it must not!* Put up your scythe and turn back the hands an hour, Father Time!"

The stern face turned upon her an awful look. "And why, my child, should I stop the world's spinning for you?" he asked. "A thousand souls are to be born this hour. Would you keep them awaiting your whim? A hundred suffering bodies are to find peace when yonder clocks have ceased their pealing. Would you deny them the awful boon of death? Say why I should check the machinery of God for such as you."

The Flirt cringed and held out two white hands frail as moon-flowers.

"He said—he would die at—ten,"

men's eyes. But I think that I do not want to love any one myself, Father Time."

She covered her face from the frown on his reverent brow. Then she felt her wrist seized in a firm hold.

"Come with me, child," said Father Time. "In the Garden of Love souls grow sometimes. Perhaps we shall find one for you there."

They passed thru a portal all hung about with crimson passion-vine and roses red as blood and musky-breathed, and stood in a fair garden-close. Before the eyes of the Flirt reared a black cave and two strange, savage figures struggling by the body of a woman stretched along the



ground. The figures were naked, save for a girdle of skins, and the fight was one to the death.

"The woman betrayed the love of both," said Father Time, sorrowingly, "so she died, and one or both of them will die, for love is not to be betrayed nor sold cheaply. Even the cave-men knew the might and majesty of the great principle of the world."

On they went and came to where a great throne rose, hung with barbaric gold and purple. A woman, with a face like a flame, lay on a divan at the top of the long flight of stairs, while

slave-women and lyrists attended her. As they watched, a lean figure of a man sprang from the shadows and up the

"IN THE GARDEN OF LOVE, SOULS GROW
SOMETIMES. PERHAPS WE SHALL
FIND ONE FOR YOU THERE,"
SAID FATHER TIME

stairs, and the woman gave a glad cry. They kissed, and the fire of the kiss was brighter than the torch's flame.

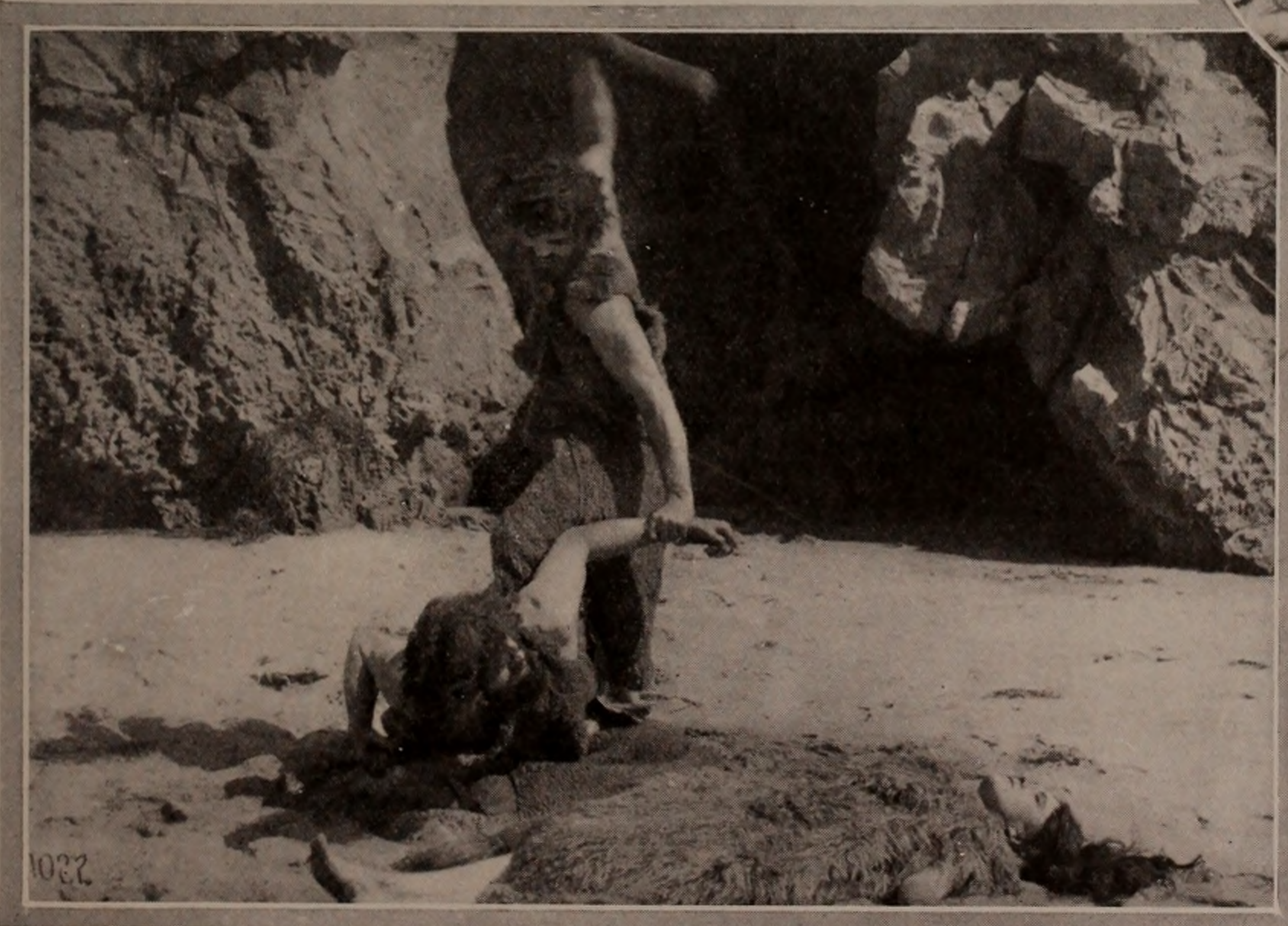
"For Cleopatra, the flower of the Nile, Antony

lost an army and a kingdom," grieved the voice in the Flirt's ear; "yet because she knew not the value of love and had trifled with it often, the end for him was death and the scorn of the world, and for her the small, green asp upon her ivory breast."

On and on they went, where Troy's towers flamed sullenly on the sky and a thousand thousand brave men paid the penalty of Helen's unfaith; by the moonlit balcony where Romeo wooed his Juliet among the nightingales; by castle and cot and camp wherein love held sovereign sway.

At the end the Flirt covered her face with shamed hands.

"Show me no more," she begged. "I think I cannot bear any more now."



"Love," said the voice of Father Time in her ears, sternly, "brings happiness and brings sorrow. The love of a good man and a good woman is the strongest force in the world. Beware how you tamper with the winds of God, lest you unleash a whirlwind that destroy you utterly. And now, my child, do you think that you love the youth who loves you?"

The Flirt laid a hand on her heart. "If love is a pain," she cried pitifully, "if love is a shame and a loneliness and a great want, I love him, Father Time."

"That is well, my daughter," said the old man, quietly. "See to it you are staunch and worthy and true to that love all your days. For you will

not always be as you are now. Behold!"

A crystal pool lay before them, pellucid in the white moonbeams. The Flirt bent over it and gave a gasping cry, for she saw not a young, beautiful face and figure rounded with life's budding, but a withered countenance and bowed, graceless limbs. Her hands went to her hair, her cheeks, her breast, in horror, but they were as they had been to her eyes.

"What is it—what does it mean?" she gasped. "That cannot be I, that withered crone!"

"Not now, but in thirty years from now," said the slow, emotionless voice, "or perhaps forty years; but it will surely come. Old age is a disease no doctor can heal—no rose but withers some day. Yet to Love's eyes, if you have lived worthy of him, the scars of age are beautiful—almost invisible."

"Oh, Ralph! Ralph! Had I only listened to you in time!"

"Hark!" said Father Time, and his voice grew deep like the overtones of a great bell. "Count the strokes—eight—nine—ten——"

The Flirt opened her eyes and groped to her feet, listening incredulously. The great grandfather's clock was booming ten! Her hand hovered drunkenly above the electric-light switch. Her face, she knew—the radiant, rose-shaped face—could never look the same to her now: the vile yellow in the pupils of Cleopatra's eyes; the sensual, drooping mouth of Helen of Troy——

The light flashed across her mirror. She stared with dilated eyes, and the face of the woman she saw was gloriously beautiful. The door at the end of the hall opened slowly, and Ralph stood before her, tall and grave.

"I came back for my answer, dear," he said, and held out his arms. "Haven't you anything more to say to me, little girl?"

She crept into the shelter of them, her shamed head on his shoulder.

"Love is so big and I am so little," she whispered. "I was frightened before you came, but now"—she burrowed closer—"now I, too, have come—home!"



"LOVE IS SO BIG AND I AM SO LITTLE," SHE WHISPERED



STARS OF THE MOVIES

By ESTELLA McMANUS

Stars of the movies, a-glittering clear,
Shed o'er the city your lustre of cheer;
Gather us in from the rush and the glare;
Take us where Nature lies tempting and fair.

Take us where snows everlasting shall be;
Show us the wealth of the tropical sea;
Spread out before us the desert and plain,
Mountains, and valleys that broad rivers drain.

Mingled thruout, as the height of your art,
Picture the worth of the great human heart—
Its longing for love and its struggle with strife,
Pantomimed all in the drama of life.

Ever, as on us your cheering beams fall,
Worshipers willing, we answer the call,
Mindful of nought but the pleasure we know,
Wrapt in the warmth of your radiant glow.

BONDWOMEN

DR. HUGH ELLIS listened outside his wife's door. It was odd that she should have rushed up to her own room the moment her guests were gone, when she knew that he was expecting her to return to the drawing-room.

Dr. Ellis rapped lightly. "Norma," he softly called. Norma did not reply, but her husband caught a distinct sound of sobbing within. He no longer, but, turning the knob, entered the bedroom, his handsome and intelligent face plainly betraying his concern. Dr. Ellis loved his wife more than anything else in the world—he cherished her. At the sound of her sobs the protective instinct of the male was awakened and roused within him to such a pitch that his voice shook as he sprang into the room, calling out, "Norma, what is it, girl? What is the matter?"

Norma lay stretched face downward upon the counterpane of her bed. Her shoulders heaved and shook in a passion of grief and vexation. At the sound of his voice she sobbed only the harder, like a hurt child questioned as to its woe. Seating himself on the bed and throwing a protecting arm across her shoulders, Dr. Ellis forced her face toward him and, looking into the tear-dimmed eyes, once more demanded to know the cause of her grief. For a moment she clung to him and her sobs slowly ceased. Placing her hands on either side of his face, she looked long and steadily at her husband.

"Hugh," she said at last, "you do love me, don't you?"

"Love you? Of course I love you—love you more and better than all the world beside. Has any one questioned it?"

An explanation of her peculiar behavior suddenly suggested itself. Doctors were always the victims of a certain amount of slander. He re-

called that he not been when his tors first ar afternoon. stern.

"What have those women been saying to you?"

"Nothing," said Norma, "nothing, at least, about you. But I was wondering, if you loved me, how you could continue to humiliate me."

"I humiliate you?" There was outraged innocence in his voice now. It was one thing to stand ready to defend his wife against an outsider; it was another to be called upon to protect her against himself. "In what manner have I humiliated you, my dear?"

"By refusing to give me money," said Norma, accusingly.

"When have I refused to give you money? I am sure I have never refused to give you money when you asked for it."

"No," she admitted, "but you have refused to give it to me *until* I asked for it. Today when my friends called they were selling tickets to a benefit performance at the Domino Theater. I agreed to take one, but when I came to pay for it, I had no money. I had to give it back and plead an engagement. You heard me say it as you came in."

"Well, well," laughed the doctor, thrusting his hand in his pocket and bringing out his pocketbook, "is that all that is troubling you? Here is the money. Why didn't you ask me for it then?"

now had present wife's visited that His tone grew

"You were busy at the time, and when you came in I couldn't bring myself to beg for money before them like a child—or a beggar!"

Her lips were trembling ominously again, but she took a firm hold on her emotions and continued. "Why don't you ever give me any money of my own? Every time I want anything I have to run to you and ask you for it. I have no more independence than little Roy. Surely you might give your wife more freedom than you give your child! Don't you trust me?"

Dr. Ellis stiffened.

"Certainly I trust you, my dear, but I don't believe in leaving business matters to women. Household accounts are just as much business as my office accounts. I am the one who makes the money, and I will be the one to dispense it. I have never refused you a reasonable request, and I am happy to say you have never made an unreasonable one, until you began asking for an independent bank account. That I must refuse you. I don't believe in it."

"But I'm not asking for an independent account—I'm simply asking for a joint account. Every check I make will show in the check-book. You will know exactly how the money is spent. I am in charge of the house; why shouldn't I pay the bills? I cannot get what I want from merchants when they know I do not pay the bills. I cannot get respectful service from the servants. The person who runs the household ought to be able to handle the household accounts."

"Nonsense, my dear," answered her husband. "If your servants are disrespectful, discharge them. If merchants do not please you, change your merchants. I don't object to that. I can't have the whole family dipping into the bank account. When I run it, I know where we stand. If every one takes a hand in it, I know nothing. Leave that to me."

He rose, with an air of finality which indicated that, so far as he was concerned, the discussion was at an end. Norma was not so easily to be put off.

"If you can't see the injustice of it,

and apparently you cant, at least you must realize how much time and how many petty annoyances I could save you by taking these details of house-keeping out of your hands. Think of the endless number of interruptions when you are at work—and all because I am not in a position to pay the smallest of our bills.”

Dr. Ellis paused with his hand on

“My dear fellow,” he said at last, “I dont like to disappoint you, but the fact is, as I told you when you first mentioned it, I have no faith in these drug cures. I believe that nothing but will-power, and will-power alone, can overcome the drug habit. Moreover, I am opposed to endorsing anything which partakes of the nature of a patent medicine. ‘Oublier,’ how-

one or two, where I have been able to keep in touch with the victims, it has positively worked a cure. Think what a boon this will be to the wretched creatures who are held fast in the clutches of the drug habit.”

Ellis shook his head.

“I will say nothing against it, I promise you, but I cannot be quoted as endorsing it.” As the doctor

the door-knob.

“My dear Norma,” he said, in his most oracular manner, “these petty annoyances, as you term them, are much to be preferred to a continual annoyance, and that is what your insistence in this matter threatens to become. I must ask you to cease acting like a child.”

And the door closed behind him, cutting off any possible retort.

When the doctor entered his office, he found awaiting him his friend, David Powers, a well-known chemist and a frequent visitor at the Ellis home.

When they had shaken hands, Powers took a newspaper clipping from his pocket, saying, “I had a double purpose in coming to see you this afternoon. For one thing, our copper stock is booming. Shares in the Chance Mine, as you will see by this clipping, have advanced about twenty points in the last couple of days.”

The doctor took the clipping eagerly.

“Good!” he exclaimed. “I have five thousand dollars worth of the stock and only have one payment of one thousand dollars to make before I own it outright. At this rate it will make us all rich.”

“I hope so,” responded Powers, “but in case it does not I have another hope of making a fortune. It is the ‘Oublier’—the drug cure. I sent you a sample of it the other day—have you had time to examine it? I want to get your endorsement.”

Dr. Ellis was a little embarrassed. He hesitated.

ever-
cious
prove, is
proprietary
To endorse
danger my
in the profes
not take the
for as good a

Powers’ face fell. He had counted upon the endorsement of Dr. Ellis.

“But there is no risk about it,” he protested. “I have tried it, and I know that it is good. I have gone about in the haunts of the drug-fiends, and I have induced them to take it, under the impression that it was some new form of ‘dope.’ In every case there has been improvement, and in

effica-
it may
a pro-
remedy.
it will en-
standing
sion. I can-
risk—even
friend as your-
self.”



fin-
ished
this
speech
there
was a knock
at the door.

“Who is there?”

“It is I, dear—Norma.”

“Sorry, dear, but I cant see you now. I’m busy.”

To his surprise the door opened and Norma entered, with the household account books under her arm. Feeling that something unusual was in the air, Powers rose at once and, before Ellis could voice his astonished indignation at Norma’s unceremonious entrance, he turned to the doctor, extending his hand.

“Well, I must be running along,” he said. “I’m sorry you dont see it my way, and I’m sure I’ll be able to convince you. I’ll wait, however, until you have had more time to think it over.”

“I’m afraid you will have a long wait. Dont stay away until you think I am ready. Come and have dinner with us tonight.”

When Powers had left, Dr. Ellis turned to his wife, with a coldly inquiring manner.

“How, may I ask, did you happen to come in when I said that I was busy?”

“Because I had something to say which could not wait,” flared Norma. “After you came downstairs I thought everything over, and I came to the conclusion that we would have to do one thing or the other. Either you will give me the money to run the house, or you must run it yourself. I wont do half and half. We women who are never given any money of our own are more like slaves than wives—we are bondwomen, chattels—and if I am to be a chattel, I mean to have

the irresponsibility of a chattel. I won't be responsible for a business which I do not control. So you can take the books."

"But, my dear——" began the doctor, in a conciliatory manner.

"I mean it," interrupted Norma. "I will not continue to be the nominal housekeeper while you insist upon auditing the bills and making all of the checks. I shall so instruct the servants." And so saying, she walked out of the office without waiting for his reply.

Dr. Ellis had scarcely recovered from his surprise, when his younger brother, Ned, arrived and asked if he could see him alone for a moment. Dr. Ellis knew what that meant; Ned was after money. Ned, it seemed, was always after money. The boy had fallen into evil habits. Disconcerting reports of his conduct and his manner of life were reaching

Ned grinned in a half-impudent, half-sheepish manner, but remained silent.

"Well," said his brother, "I'll give it to you this time, but let me tell you that if I do not hear better reports of you, it will be the last time. They tell me that you are spending your time on the East Side; that you frequent

Norma insisted that it be given to her husband. Professor Bowe showing some surprise, Dr. Ellis explained the argument he had had with Norma concerning their financial affairs.

"But you are wrong," said Norma's father. "I know, for I used to take care of the household matters myself. My wife had died and Norma was just

low dance-halls and associate with the scum of the slums. They



a young girl. I suffered from constant interruptions in my work, and it was impossible for me to give the time and attention which I should have given to my philosophical writings. There were bills to pay, change to be made, and all that sort of thing, until I thought I should go mad. My work suffered.

"Finally my little girl—Norma, here—asked me to give her a bank account and let her look after the housekeeping. I did so, and from that day on I was bothered no more. As a consequence I began to succeed in my work, and I owe it to her efficiency. After all, why shouldn't a wife have a fair share of the money to expend? Isn't she a member of the firm of Husband, Wife and Company?"

With the word "company" the professor humorously indicated little Roy Ellis with a wave of his hand.

"I am the firm part of this family," responded the doctor, dryly. "When I married Norma, I did so because I wanted a wife and a mother for my children, and, of course"—he patted Norma's arm affectionately—"because I loved her. If I had wanted a cashier I should have hired one. I don't believe in the economic independence of women. It ruins them; it makes them extravagant; it makes them lazy; it unfits them for the duties of motherhood."

Professor Bowe thereupon discreetly dropped the argument.

Ned Ellis did not profit by his brother's warning. He made frequent use of the duplicate key which he had made for Dr. Ellis' medicine cabinet, surreptitiously replenishing his stock of cocaine, which he shared with his associates. The doctor con-

the elder brother every day. He was about to launch into a lecture upon the subject, when the maid knocked.

She had a bill from the butcher. "Will you look this over, please?"

"Why don't you take it to Mrs. Ellis?"

"I did, sir, but she told me that you were to take full charge of the house. There is some question about the amount of the bill. Will you see the boy?"

Dr. Ellis went out, leaving Ned alone in the office. Ned was no sooner left alone than he cautiously picked up a key from the desk and, passing into the operating-room adjoining, opened a cabinet and extracted some cocaine. A part of this he sniffed, after the fashion of cocaine users, and the rest he thrust into his pocket. Taking a bit of wax from his pocket he made an impression of the key—it would come in handy later on. Then he returned the key to the desk and sat down to wait for his brother.

"What did you want to see me about?" asked Dr. Ellis, as he again sat down at his desk. "I suppose you are after money again?"

tell me that you have even begun experimenting with drugs. Let me tell you, my boy, that

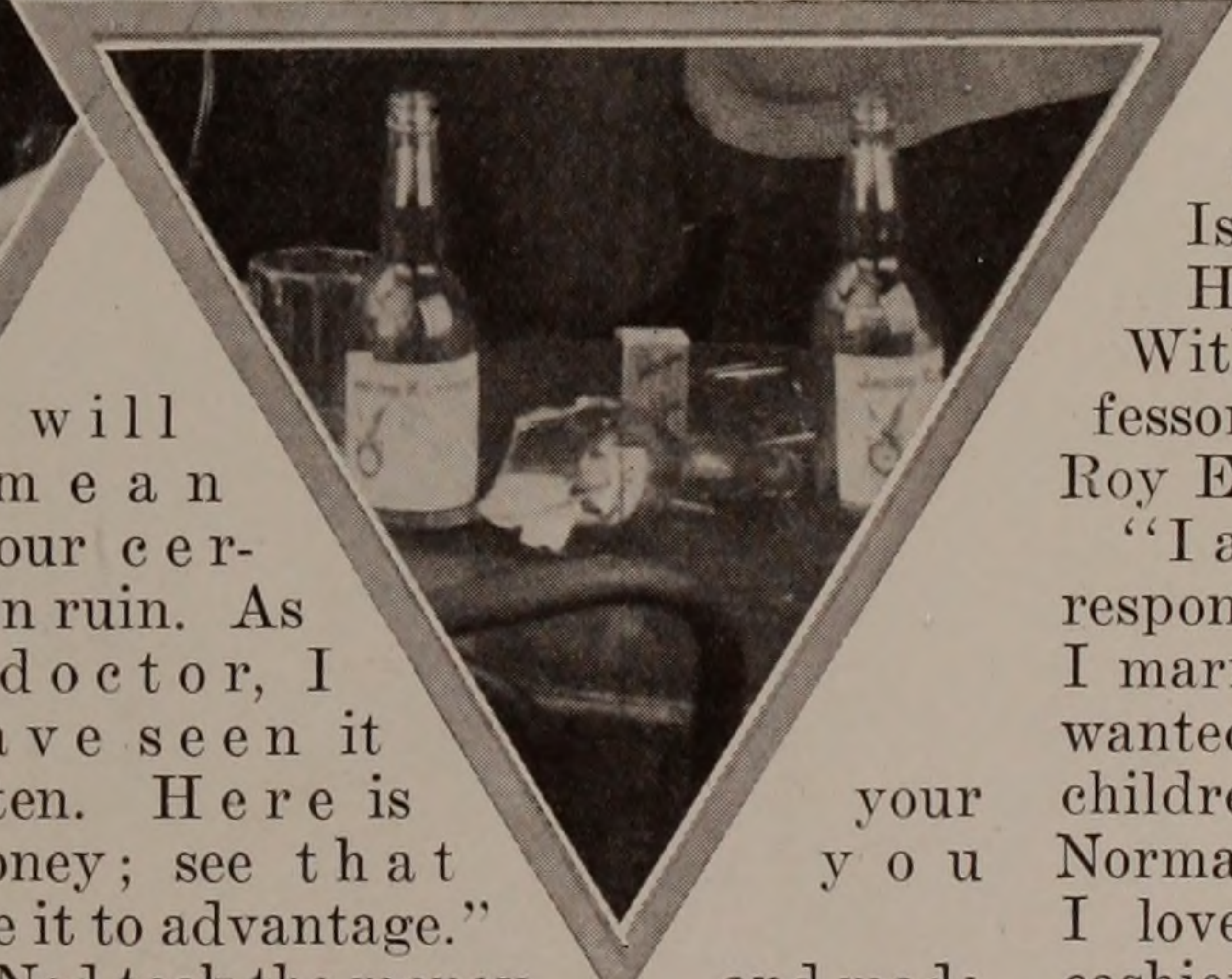
will mean your certain ruin. As a doctor, I have seen it often. Here is money; see that use it to advantage."

Ned took the money and made a hurried exit, glad to be off so lightly. He had known that some day his habits must become known to the doctor, and he had expected a worse lecture than he had received.

There was an unexpected guest for dinner at the Ellis home that evening. Professor Bowe, Norma's father, dropped in, and a place was laid for him at the table.

The dinner had scarcely begun before the maid again appeared with the corrected bill which the butcher had presented that afternoon. She again attempted to hand it to Norma, but

your you



tinued to advance him money, for Dr. Ellis was not penurious, despite his refusal to grant Norma's request for a check-book.

Ned eventually encountered David Powers at the "Arcadia," a dive patronized by drug-fiends and petty criminals, and Powers, for the first time, learnt of Ned's addiction to the habit. Powers had succeeded in curing Belle, one

he had taken and filled with a murderous hate at Powers' interference, Ned smashed the front of an instrument cabinet, and seizing a scalpel, attacked the chemist. Dissipation had weakened him, and, tho he was the younger man, he was easily thrown out of the window. As the operating-room was on the ground floor, he sustained no injury beyond the hurt to his pride—but this was deep.

He was for Powers the house

lying in waiters to leave when he happened to see Dr. Ellis coming

"To see you? No! Do you think he comes here to see you? You had better keep an eye on him—I——"

Dr. Ellis angrily flung off his brother's arm. "Get out," he said shortly, "and dont come back till you are sane." Nevertheless the seed of suspicion had been sown.

With devilish ingenuity Ned continued to foster, by innuendo and insinuation, the suspicion that there was something more than there should be between Norma and Powers. Once Dr. Ellis came upon Ned standing in the parlor, holding a picture of Powers and one of little Roy, and pretending to trace some resemblance in their features. This was too much. Infuriated at this insult to his wife, Dr. Ellis ordered his brother to leave the house, never to return.

When Ned employed jealousy to further his revenge, he little suspected that this same passion would prove his own undoing; yet such was the case. His daily meetings with Belle had not passed unnoticed in

"Arcadia," and one Snow-drop, who belied her name, with whom Ned had been friendly, took his defection deeply to heart. Coming up behind him one night in the dive, she

of the young women who frequented the place, and he offered some of his "Oublier" to Ned; but Ned would have none of it. Powers then determined to ac-

complish his end by strategy and induced Belle to substitute the cure for the drug, meeting Ned daily at the dive for that purpose.

One day, as Ned was stealing cocaine from his brother's medicine cabinet, he was surprised by Norma, and, altho she promised not to betray him to the doctor, she would probably have fared ill at his hands had it not been for the timely arrival of David Powers. Maddened by the drug which

down the street. In a moment he conceived a scheme of revenge which could only be born in a brain crazed by drugs. Dr. Ellis mounted the steps as Powers passed down the street.

Ned grasped his brother by the arm. "Do you see who is going down the street?" he asked.

"David Powers, isn't it? Was he here to see me?"

Ned laughed sardonically.

deliberately poured a vial of vitriol directly in his face.

Ned screamed and writhed in agony. The girl was arrested, and Ned was rushed to his tenement room by an acquaintance, who hurriedly telephoned for Dr. Ellis to come at once.

Having hastily administered first aid, the doctor decided that an immediate operation was necessary. It was accordingly arranged, and Dr. Ellis

(Continued on page 69)





THE END OF THE ROAD

(American)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE



IN the days when our parents were young; when Southerners were still called "rebels" and we were dubbed "tyrants" and worse; in the shameful days of reconstruction, when Northern politicians were sent South to pick a slick living from the dry bones of the vanquished, a certain Richard Quigg closed his law-office in Washington, and, by river-boat and wagon, made his tedious way to the mountains of eastern Kentucky.

To these the Kentucky mountaineers clung in their little, steep-hilled farms that neither grew nor diminished from father to son—a queer and

unfathomable race; a strange blend of primitive manliness and meanness—hospitable, generous, proud, shiftless, dissolute, and glorying with a religious fanaticism in their sins of murder and feud.

It was into one of their shadowed valleys that Quigg had come, making himself a useful finger of the government in the dismal years after the war. He borrowed funds in Washington and loaned them at double rates to the land-poor settlers.

Quigg was always on the move; his long, bent-shouldered figure, with his dust-colored eyes and black string-tie, was a familiar sight on the valley roads.

At a certain place the walls of the valley receded, and the finest bit of land in the country spread out in

seeming largeness. A little removed from the road was the whitewashed homestead, with pretentious Doric columns, set in a grove of magnolia trees. Quigg always pulled his horse down to a walk on passing Magnolia Hall. The quiet majesty of the place fascinated him. Then again, he felt a proprietary interest in it. He had bought a mortgage on the place and knew that it could not be paid off.

A wisp of a girl with maize-colored hair and corn-flower eyes, whose crimson lips drawled their words out deliciously, but whose laughing eyes spurred them on out of all semblance of indolence, was the principal tenant and owner of the hall. Colonel Wilson, her father, had been killed leading a charge of North Carolinians. His daughter's inheritance had been

the Hall, heavily mortgaged and shorn of slaves; her aunt, who had never grown past her flirtatious days; and her father's sword.

The first and last of these she treasured, and almost literally turned the slender weapon into plowshares. Old Doctor Sterling Duke, too, who could never quite kill his secret admiration for Aunt Flora, used to ride over from the Court House and tender his old-fashioned advice.

Then Richard Quigg had come to the valley, the mortgage had passed into his hands, and he began to take a keen interest in the place.

She distrusted the man as much as she admired his brief, practical suggestions. He rode a "racker," whose footfalls were as soft as an Indian's, and sometimes she would turn to find horse and rider at her elbow, the dust-colored eyes staring down moodily at her.

One day, a balmy spring morning, with the laurel abloom on the skirts of the mountains, Quigg called at the Hall just as Doctor Duke was bending over the ladies' hands in courtly adieu.

The lawyer's eyes were vaguer than ever, and his face held the dim pallor of a sick-room.

"Dont go, doctor," he said. "I know you are Miss Grace's advisor, and I have something to say of deep interest to her."

"What can he be up to now?" thought the girl, as the doctor led the way to a shady spot in the corridor.

"You all know," said Quigg, quite resolutely, "that I am, to all intents, the master of Magnolia Hall—the mortgage is due this fall, and Miss Grace will not impoverish herself by paying it off."

"Surely," said the doctor, "you have no intention of pressing the obligation at so near a time."

"Unfortunately," said Quigg, "I have. I will call the mortgage when due." He coughed painfully. "As Miss Wilson's advisor," he resumed, "you have it in your power to endorse a happy solution. I have long admired her. I want her to be my wife."

"So this has been your interest in Magnolia!" the girl cried. "Your solicitude for the crops, your receipt for cutworms, your pleasure in the fresh paint—it was all yours; and I'm to be thrown in as a sort of baker's dozen."

"Miss Grace! Miss Grace!" he said, sorrowfully, shifting his eyes beneath her sharp glance. She lowered her voice to meet his, but the words cut just as deep.

"You needn't call any more," she said; "when the mortgage is due I

will be particular to send you around the money."

Doctor Duke shivered slightly at her boldness and waited for Quigg's answer. But it never came. The moody, brooding look gathered in the dust-colored eyes, the stooped back turned upon them, and presently they heard the almost imperceptible touch of the "racker's" hoofs.

Then the girl dashed Aunt Flora's hand from the doctor's arm and flung herself on him in a gale of indignant tears.

A month went by, during which the lawyer kept studiously away from the Hall. The tobacco plants grew apace in the fields and unfolded thin, ovate leaves. On all sides the hills crowned the green valley with a mass of purple and pink and scarlet rhododendrons.

Two strangers were making toward the valley—strangers to each other and strangers to the kingdom they invaded. They came by different routes and different means. Design—a government mission—brought the first one in, thru the Gaps, clad in butter-nut homespun and speaking the dialect of the mountaineers. And the second one idled his way down the Big Sandy on the wings of chance, flaunting a fishing-rod and dressed in the glory of the Northern sportsman.

At the neck of the valley these two chanced to meet, one night, over a camp-fire. "Hev any trouble gettin' down th' Sandy in them togs?" asked the man with the dialect.

"No," laughed the other. "I was shot off a raft once when it buckled, and rode a saddle-backed mule for twenty miles; otherwise, the bass fishing was good."

The other's eyes glistened. "Whar air ye from, an' what mought yo' name be?"

The big, brown giant passed a pan of sizzling bacon to his guest, and meekly answered: "Harvard—Paul Harvard, from New York."

"Well, Harvard," said the other, "didn't yo' take note of nary a Kaintuck' man with a Winchester or two in his hands sort o' lookin' yo' over?"

"Now that you mention it—yes," yawned the bronzed giant; "there was a regular procession of those long-whiskered caricatures always poking out of the brush, rifle in hand."

"God wardeth the babe and the blind," said the other, sloughing his dialect; "likewise the feeble-minded. You came thru the heart of the 'moonshine' country, man, and your life wasn't worth a green apple."

That night the giant slept unruffled, but the other sat crouched over his gun.



"I AM, TO ALL INTENTS, THE MASTER

"I have a mind to desert the d—n fool," he said to the fire, but the gray of morning still found him on guard.

A thrush was singing somewhere in the half-light in the woods, and its flute-like notes held the cool freshness of the morning.

The giant stirred and babbled in his sleep.

"Come," said the other, "it's time to be goin' yander to the Co't House."

"Good-by," he said, as they broke out upon a rough mountain road; "our way lies apart, after this." He looked back over his shoulder. "An' say, if yo' ever git in trouble down yander, *dont blame me.*"

The sportsman gazed after him, puzzled. Doctor Sterling Duke, to whom he bore a letter of introduction, would, no doubt, post him up a lot on mountain manners and customs.

Two hours later he lay back in the doctor's surrey and labored with his host's home-grown cigar, as the doctor drove him down the valley to Magnolia Hall.

One glance into the big fellow's eyes, and the doctor had appraised him as a cure for Grace's spell of despondency. "Put these two young innocents together," he diagnosed—



OF MAGNOLIA HALL—MISS GRACE WILL NOT IMPOVERISH HERSELF"

"the hot head and the soft head—and they'll frisk like a couple of lambs."

For once the doctor was right. Six-foot-two had no more than measured his eyes against five-foot-one, when she faced about and led him, a willing captive, on a tour of inspection to the slave quarters and stables.

Once, an hour later, the doctor thought he caught a glimpse of them as she danced ahead down a path in the deep-scented garden. Later on, as he was leaving, a deep guffaw—the first laugh from the heart he had heard since the war—apprised him that the captive was still en train.

The doctor drove his guest home in silence. The young man ate his supper hastily and strolled out alone on the moon-bathed porch.

Presently he spoke toward the moon and the slumberous mountains.

"And she lives there all alone!" After this sweet communion, the doctor lit a candle and led him up to his room.

The next day Paul Harvard displayed a sudden interest in horseflesh, and set off on a twenty-mile tramp to the Court House, where the doctor told him that Judge Bulstring kept a string of Blue-grass thorobreds.

Along toward evening the giant

came thundering up to the doctor's gate on a stunning black hunter, flecked to the heels with sweat.

After that the summer came and went swiftly for the captive and the captor maid. If he at least rode courageously, she rode well, and, after a few rides out together, she had shamed him, and he had bumped himself into a tolerably good seat.

And, strange to say, never in all their riding out did they chance to meet Richard Quigg and his pad-footed "racker."

Doctor Duke received a letter that called him in haste to Frankfort, and Paul was relieved to be rid of his rather insistent ciceroning. With the doctor away, he thought himself a burden in his well-ordered house, and set about making plans to desert it.

One day, in his glory of hunting-boots and sage-green coat, he climbed up on a spur of the mountains "to take a squint" at Magnolia Hall, nestled in the valley below. As he turned, with a sigh, the tiny roar of a mountain-stream cascading to the green floor of the valley caught his ears. Crouching low, he parted the brush with his head and worked toward the cooling sound.

"Splash!"

"It's a whopper of a trout!" thought Paul, and parted the curtain of brush in front of a pool.

There, with her chamber walls cleft from moss-tinted granite, and her carpet the soft browns and green of sand and fern, stood a mountain-girl in the pool, bathing her round, brown legs.

The sportsman took note of her thick, spun-silk, brown hair, the violet shadows under her downcast eyes, the short linsey dress, the ripple of her mirror around her bronzed legs.

Then a branch snapped in his hand, and, with a sparkle of water and a scud across the sand, she was off thru the brush like a brown partridge.

Paul halloed and gave chase. The distance widened between them. It was like a butcher's cart giving chase to a motorcycle.

Presently he broke thru upon a little clearing, and there stood the girl, panting, in front of a cabin.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "do you live here?" She ignored the stupidity of his question, and, for a moment, he watched the quick play of her breast. "Is your ma home?" he asked, more intelligently, and she nodded and darted inside.

A tall, slack-waisted woman appeared in the doorway, and her shiny eyes stared at him keenly.

"Whar air ye from, an' what mought yo' name be?"

"Seems to me I've heard that before," he said, smiling, and leaned against the cabin, while he told her all about himself.

"If yo' a friend of the doctor's, yo' needn't say more."

"Say, I like this place," said Paul, glancing around the little cleft in the woods. "Will you take me to board?"

"Yo'll hev to wait till Jack comes," she said; "I reckon he'll know."

Paul squatted with his back against the cabin, while the women went inside. The picturesqueness of the place—the mud-chunked cabin, the luring girl, the well-like clearing in the woods—all struck home to his nature-loving bones.

The sun stood poised across a saddle in the mountains, rolled once or twice like a settling ship, and sank behind the massive, serrated curtain.

In the purple, benedictory light, Paul saw a gaunt thing of homespun and slack gait coming toward the cabin. He felt like shouting, "Get out of my sunset, you warped scantling," but, remembering that this was Jack, he waited.

"What mought yo' name be?" the nasal voice droned.

"You forgot some of it," said Jack; "I'm from New York and my name's Harvard."



THE REVENUE OFFICER DISCOVERS THE COUNTERFEITING PLANT

"Maw know yo' around?"

"You bet she does," said Paul; "I'm the new boarder."

Jack passed into the house and presently came out with his Winchester in the fold of his arm.

Presently a candle flared from inside, and he went in and sat down with the others to a meal of corn-bread and potatoes.

"We're lucky jest gettin' some cawn-flour," said Jack.

"If that's a luxury," thought Paul, "a potato is a rank dissipation."

After the meal the girl sat down by the hearth and stretched her bare legs frankly out to the fire, which danced and played in shine and shadow across them.

"What's your name?" asked Paul, suddenly.

"Car'line—Car'line Tolliver." Her voice was nasal, but not so harsh as her brother's.

"Well — tomorrow," said Paul,

stifling a yawn, "you can show me all over the mountain and back again."

Caroline showed him over the mountain many times, until the day came when he knew all the short-cuts down to the valley and Magnolia Hall.

Once or twice he met mountaineers, always clasping a Winchester, and he wondered why he never heard a shot if game was so plentiful.

One day toward dusk, as he was toiling up the trail, three men passed him by, and he noticed that one was very stoop-shouldered, with almost colorless eyes. Between him and a mountaineer was a chap with a stubby beard, who was singing a hymn in crazy fashion, his arms sprawled about the others' necks.

"Great Scott!" said Paul. "It's my friend and chaperon of the Big Sandy. He talked like a tank the night he met me."

Caroline began to keep more and more to herself, and one moonlit night

Paul noticed that her eyes were luminous and so hollow that they scared him.

"Poor thing," he thought, "I guess she needs something to spruce her up a bit."

The next day he walked down to the crossroads store in the valley and smuggled a big paper parcel up the mountain in his arms. And that night he came upon Caroline just within the shadow of the sentinel trees of the clearing and handed her his prize.

She clawed the string off, nervously, and a length of the best dress material for twenty miles around unrolled at her feet.

The poor thing gave a little moan, then took his hand and fell to kissing it, but he would have none of her humble gratitude and gently shook her off.

"Yo' know!" she cried, over and over again—"yo' know!"

But not for the life of him did he guess what the girl was driving at, and the following night he went to the shadow's edge, expecting to meet her again.

Two long arms, tense like wagon-tires, flung themselves around him and lifted his bulk from the ground.

"Caroline, you little tease!" he cried.

A knotted hand slipped up under his throat and clutched, vise-like, at his windpipe. Then, for the first time, the stars whirled like silver dust above him, and he sensed that he was in the grip of a man.

It was years since he had used the lumps of his muscle in anger, but the man back of him was slowly choking him to death.

The mad fury of a bull coursed thru his wavering brain. He lashed out in the dark, with giant strokes, at nothing.

Then his thumb caught in a leather belt, and with this one finger he slowly drew his assailant around in front of him. The fistful bones of his free hand beat savagely against bones—jaw, nose and cheek—until the face held mistily before him was a welter of pulpy flesh. Suddenly a bone snapped like the cracking of a nut, and the man let go his strangle-hold and sank to the ground.

His two hands cupped his jaw in agony.

"You dirty backbiter!" roared Paul, with a sudden rush of breath. "I've a good mind to throw you clean over the mountain!"

The man, with a scream of fright, sprang up and ran thru the woods. The spears of moonlight, stabbing thru the trees, showed a fleeting glimpse of his ramshackle, fleshless shape.

Paul crashed heavily after him down the mountain. He felt it his righteous, flaming duty to rid the mountains of this fellow once and forever.

The pursuit led down to a narrow gorge between a cleft in the mountain, thru which a mountain stream tumbled and roared.

The man sprang thru it with goat-like strides, and Paul lumbered after him like a maddened bear. Suddenly the wounded man whipped across a little log foot-bridge and dashed thru the door of a cabin.

"The fox is earthed!" cried Paul, and he scrambled across the bridge and pressed against the door. It did not give, so he drew off, football fashion, and came at it shoulder on.

When six-feet-two of plunging muscle meets a slab door, something has to give. The door did, and sent him sprawling into the cabin.

It was full of choking smoke, with a fire burning in a great open oven below a copper retort.

There was no time to gather details. Two dark figures flung away from the fire and were down on him, pinning him to the floor.

"The gun, you—shove home a cartridge—quick!"

The click of a rifle-breech, the sharp snap as it locked together, and Paul closed his eyes.

"In the forehead, Jack," said Quigg—"jest above the eyes."

Why couldn't they get it over with?

Something seemed to hold the man's finger rigid around the trigger.

And then from the gorge came the crazy wail of a drunken man's hymn tune.

"It's that galoot from Virginy. Open th' door an' let him in."

The sound of the crazy singing came nearer, and the shambling feet entered the room.

Paul opened his eyes. It was the man in butternut homespun! And there, crouching over him, his eyes ablaze and his broken jaw slack, stood Jack with the leveled Winchester.

The beating of swift rain in his face brought Paul to his senses. Thru the leaky, seamed roof a flash of lightning leapt toward his eyes. About him were evidences of a fierce struggle, and the drunken hymn-singer must have saved him, for he felt that he still lived. He crept to the door of the cabin and looked out. A sight to sicken even a Kentucky mountaineer met his eyes. The cabin was an island surrounded by a mire of yellow, quaking mud.

He let the rain beat down on his feverish face for a spell, then drew back into the cabin.



THE STORY OF THE "FURRINER'S" RESCUE WAS TOLD FROM CABIN TO CABIN

A booming sound, like great drums, echoed thru the gorge.

"The dam has gone!" A shrieking figure leaped past him and started across the bridge.

With a sucking, rushing roar, the wall of water lifted the frail bridge and spun it into its maw. The logs, with the man still clinging to them, shot down thru the black walls of the gorge. And slowly, like some great animal, the cabin slid from its base, and it, too, followed in mad pursuit.

Paul's wits flashed suddenly crystal-clear. It was like a brain lying open to the sun. He clung to the under door-sill, letting the cabin act as a huge shield against the mass of swirling driftwood.

Once thru the mad rush of the gorge, and he knew that the water would flatten out in the valley beyond.

With the roar of fiends, the water closed over his head. He clung on desperately, his great arms wrapped around the sill-log. And just as suddenly the water subsided, and he knew that he had been shot thru to the valley.

He waded ashore thru the waist-high rapids, and started back toward the gorge.

The poor crack-brain remembered that the body of his would-be murderer was jammed back there in the gorge, and was going back to find it.

The story of the giant's rescue of his blood enemy has been told from cabin to cabin so often, even down thru the counties as far as the Tennessee line, that we will not listen to a twice-told tale.

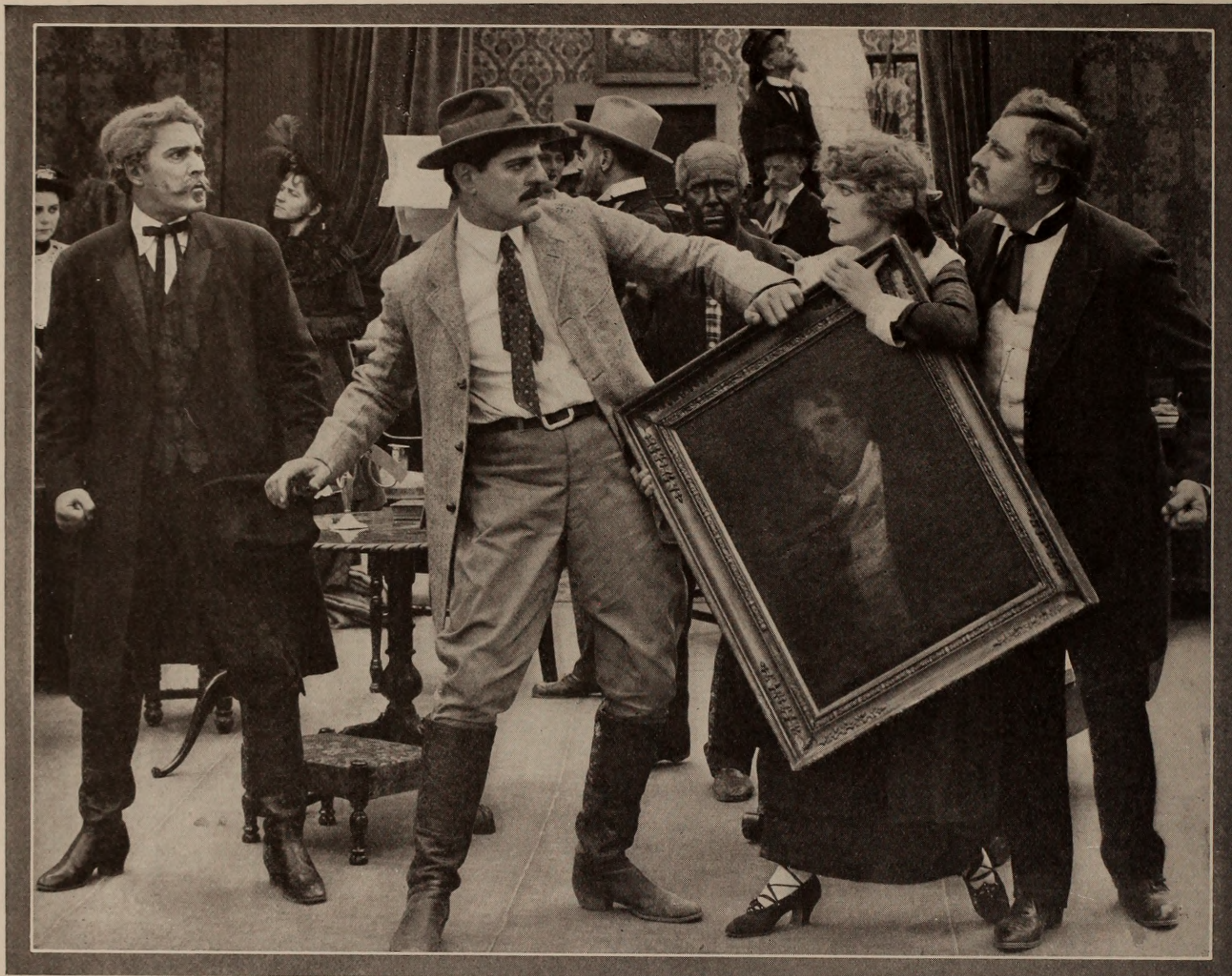
By some miracle of fate, or dispensation of heaven if you will, Jack was still alive, wedged against a swaying oak.

The story is almost unbelievable, but, nevertheless, true. Paul swam out to the tree, succeeded in climbing to a fork with the sheer weight of Jack on his shoulder, and sat crouched until the mountaineers gathered and brought them ashore.

Days afterward, as he lay in Jack's cabin, weak as a puppy from fever, the mountaineers gathered again, and, with Caroline standing, half-proud, half-shamed, by his bed, Jack publicly proclaimed him innocent of any wrong toward his sister.

And the word passed thru the mountains, mysterious as is their messenger, and, as a sort of homage, when Paul passed thru the woods and down the mountain to Magnolia Hall, each mountaineer lowered his Winchester and shot a bullet into the ground in token that no harm could ever come to him thru them.

There was need of haste. The fall of the year had come, and the magnolia trees were bare of blossoms,



“JEST ONE MOMENT BEFO’ YO’ HELP YO’SELF,” SAID A QUIET, TIMOROUS VOICE

opening to the eye the curious group of farmers and traps on the lawns.

Quigg had advertised the place and had come to make the highest bid.

It was a heartbreaking day for old Judge Bulstring when he was summoned to knock down the home of his oldest friend and of his sweetest young friend, too, to the highest bidder.

“Eight thousand dollars—going—going—”

For the love of law and order, who is that hulk on the maddened, black horse that dashes up to the porch?

It is Paul, escaped from the mountains, its snares, its doom, and its homage—the lost one, Paul, whom the maid of Magnolia Hall had been too proud to remember, nor yet too unloving to forget.

“Nine thousand dollars!” bellowed Paul.

“Magnolia Hall is yours, sir!” said the smiling judge, in a jiffy.

And Paul stepped forward, tendering his check as he went.

A tall, stoop-shouldered man with dust-colored eyes, a strangely familiar man, stepped forward, too, and spoke a few words with the judge.

“I’m humiliated to announce it,” he said, in a scarcely audible voice, “but the property goes to Mr. Quigg, the previous bidder. The court can accept only United States money.”

“Come in—everybody!” cried Quigg, quite carried away, “and have a drink in my corridor.”

“Jest one moment befo’ yo’ help yo’self,” said a quiet, timorous voice, that Paul struggled to remember—“there’s jewelry goes with this, too—a pair of iron bracelets.”

And, suiting the action to the words, the man in homespun clasped the handcuffs on Quigg’s wrists.

“Good-by, Letcher County,” he sang out; “I’m takin’ yo’ leadin’ citizen with me over th’ mountains.”

He paused, to drive home a point.

“Think of it, gentlemen, a three-months’ drunk—every drop of it Dick Quigg’s moonshine!”

The crowd laughed; Quigg had never been popular.

“And now comes the nasty part of it,” said the revenue officer, a hard look in his eyes. “Mr. Quigg has been making all his money up there in the mountains on a printing press of his own—*fool money to sweat you with!*”

The crowd of mountaineer-farmers drew nearer; some had drawn their guns. “There’s a little mountain-girl,” said the homespun man, quietly, “that he married and wont own.”

With a snarl of hate, the crowd rushed forward, but a lank, black Colt frowned them back to the ground.

“He’s my prisoner,” said the homespun man, “and we’re goin’ on a long hike over the mountains.”

The crowd parted, and he turned and led Quigg down the steps. On the porch was another prisoner—her hand was held securely by Paul.

“And yo’,” said the homespun man, smiling upward, “if yo’ ever get in trouble up yander, *dont blame me!*”



JEANNE DORÉ

(Universal)

From the Stage-Play of Tristan Bernard, Featuring Sarah Bernhardt

By GLADYS HALL



“I WAS born,” Jeanne Doré was wont to say, “just to be his mother. It is *being* his mother that has made life possible for me.”

And she said it again today, as she sat at the back of their tiny stationery shop, on the outskirts of Paris, and watched her son selling cards to a customer. In her eyes there burned the fire that had been lit there at his birth, and would continue to burn as long as they both should live—a splendid flame of mother-love for her young. Sacrifice unending, hope glorious, and faith dauntless and persistent, she said it more than ever today, because she knew that Jacques was in trouble—that he had a secret sorrow gnawing at his heart. She had suspected something wrong for some time—mistrusted his abstractions, his

inattentiveness, his loss of interest in the tiny shop that had been their living ever since his father's death. But she had thought, with the fond fatuity of a parent to whom a child is ever the child, that he would come to her with whatever it might be. She had not known that her son was living a *man's* sorrow now—one in which she might not have the smallest part.

She had finally decided to take her perplexity to her brother, who had established her in business and been her moral, if not actual, support since her husband's death.

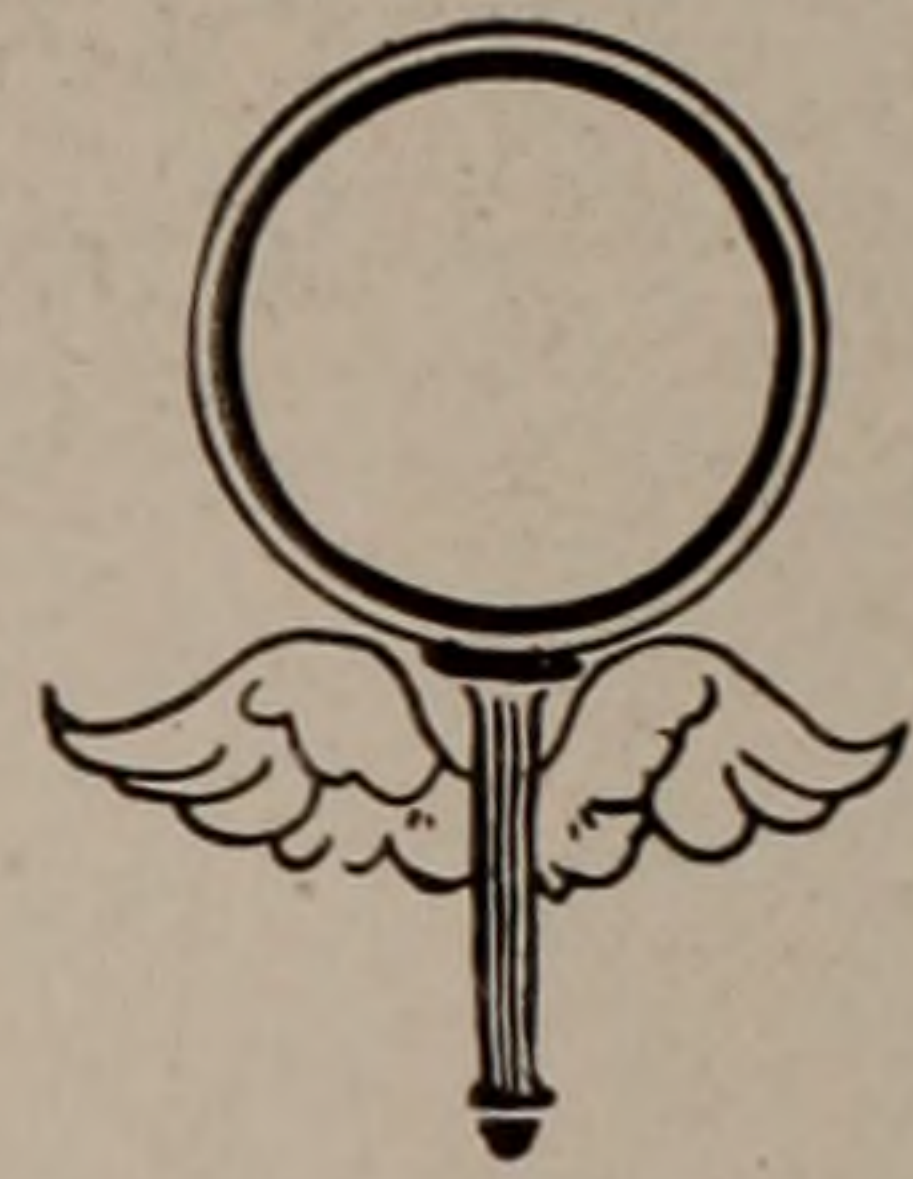
Monsieur Duchelles was an irascible man with violent convictions of his own. His life was a conservative one—his habits irreproachable. The spirit of Paris was *not* the spirit of Monsieur Duchelles. One of his convictions was that mincing matters never got one anywhere. Therefore, when Jeanne came to him with her trouble, he went directly to the point.

“Jacques is making a fool of himself, Jeanne,” he said harshly, “having a liaison with Madame Louise Tissot—a hussy, if ever there was one. It is the talk of the town.”

Jeanne had clutched at a chair for support, and her heart had seemed to stop. Jacques—her baby—and a woman! Vaguely, in her constant dreams of him, she had pictured a marriage, some day, with a fresh-faced girl who would call her “Mother” and lay Jacques' son in her arms after awhile.

“What—can we do?” she had questioned, mutely. “I have tried—so hard—”

“Tiens!” the old man had exclaimed veritably. “What can *any one* do to a young fool when a woman like La Tissot gets hold of him? I tell you, Jeanne, she's got him—got him body and soul—and she wont let go until she's drained him dry. Oh, I know 'em.”



JACQUES MAKES A CONFESSION
TO JEANNE DORÉ

Jeanne had gone home like one walking in her sleep. After awhile, she thought strickenly, she would wake up—wake up to know that Jacques was all her own still—her boy with the steady eyes, the clean mouth and the buoyancy. She tried to banish the more recent picture from her mind—tried to forget the hollows in his cheeks, the purple splotches under his eyes, the nervous way of his hands.

That night, after the shop was closed, and they sat at tea, Jeanne said to him, suddenly, "Jacques, did I ever tell you of your father—and our lives before his—death?"

Jacques started out of a reverie. "No," he said, disinterestedly—"a very little, maman."

Jeanne looked at him wistfully. In her mind was a vague wonder how it happened that a mother-love like hers could be placed on the scales with the love of a light woman—and found wanting.

"I'm going to tell you a little story, mon fils," she said softly. "Will you listen—and try to learn from it—"

"Oui, maman," he said in his sing-song way, "but certainly."

"I married your father," said Jeanne Doré, "in the same way that many French girls are married. There was much talk of dowry and suitability; a great deal of chaperonage and ceremony; a very, very little bit of love—peu d'amour—alas! Eh bien, I respected him, at first, and he was kind to me. But deep in my heart of hearts I cherished a secret hope that some day I should have a tiny baby—a creature of spirit and flesh all my own—so utterly, so marvelously mine that we should be as one. I dreamed and visioned and lived in this hope. In my mind I tended your helpless body; my spirit prayed for your spirit; I grew with your growth. I knew, even then, that I, Jeanne Doré, had been born for but one purpose—to be your mother.

"Men failed to interest me—their love was not the love my heart was hungry for. At last you came to me—ah, Jacques, your baby-head against my breast, your round, black eyes questioning—questioning. 'Oui—petit,' I used to murmur in your tiny ear, 'I am your mother, bébé—and death itself cannot cleave us apart.'

"As you grew, I seemed to grow

with you, and the fierce passion of my maternity grew, too. About that time your father began gambling, and there came a time when he became involved in a very serious affair—a debt of honor. He went to your Uncle Duchelles, but was refused assistance. To clear the debt away I sold my jewels and gave him the money. I made him swear on your head, Jacques, that he would never gamble again. He took the money, went back to the gambling-rooms to pay his debt, and fell a prey to his weakness again. His creditor pressed him for money—he had lost every centime—and that night he shot himself.

"Jacques, as I looked at his dead face that night, only one thought was in my mind. I was glad—glad that he could not live to contaminate *you* by his incurable weakness. And I prayed that you might prove of different stuff; that whatever temptation beset your way you might conquer it, force it down—a vanquished thing. He was my mate, after all—the father of my beloved son—yet so omnipotent was my love of you that it seemed a tiny thing in comparison.

"Jacques, is it not a tiny thing to



JEANNE DORÉ REFUSES ALL COMFORT FROM HER NEIGHBORS

you to give up this—woman—for the sake of my love—— You are still petit Jacques——”

“Maman!” Jacques rose to his feet and rumbled up his dark, thick hair. “I refuse to be censured in this way. I am a grown man. I must be permitted to live my own life. I love Louise Tissot—love her with every drop of my blood. I—oh, I would *die* for her if I could! I——”

Jeanne watched him, with wistful tears in her lovely eyes. “Your life, Jacques,” she said, a tiny catch in her voice, “your life—and yet, mon fils, is it not perhaps a little bit of *mine*?”

“Of course, maman. But—— Oh, what is the use of my talking? I cannot say more than that I love her—that I must *always* love her—and that she is denied to me in the way I want her by her marriage. It is that—that terrible barrier that is driving me slowly mad——”

“A woman—a true woman—would not permit the attentions of a youth like you—under the conditions. She cannot love you, beloved son—love is not like that.” Jeanne spoke yearningly, her deep, burning eyes fastened on his tense, young face—pitiful for the ravage she saw beginning there—longing to take his precious youth and keep it from the searing of the flames.

Jacques rose, face flushed with impatience. “Pardon, maman,” he said abruptly, and, muttering something

about a date and seeing her later, he dashed out of the tiny room.

Long after he had gone, Jeanne sat gazing into the coals, and her eyes were wide with an endless pain. She was seeing her son—her best beloved—in the arms of his mistress, and the woman’s face had hard, red lips, and mocking, shallow eyes—and the son she saw faded slowly into the tiny babe with red, crumpled face and round, black eyes—the babe who had drawn its life from her body, and for which life she would so gladly, so freely give her own.

Jeanne was still brooding over the fire when Jacques returned, some three hours later. His young face was white now, and his dark eyes blazed with an unhealthy excitement. About him hung the faint but unmistakable perfume of Vera Violetta, and there was a fine dusting of powder on his coat where close arms might have twined. Jeanne, noting these things, winced, and felt a horrid sickness. But the smile she gave him was simply glad. “I have been dreaming of you, Jacques,” she smiled, “and you were my bébé again—my little, suckling one——”

“Maman!” Jacques came and stood over her low chair. “I have to ask you a hard thing. I need money. I need it at *once*. It is—is for—Madame Tissot.”

“Jacques!” Jeanne’s voice held a note almost of fear, of cringing. She shrank instinctively from the blow

this demand must mean. This money had been toiled for by her unaccustomed hands that Jacques might have ease and plenty. The little sum in the bank spelled small denials made daily that Jacques might have a backing should he ever need one. And now he would take it from her—for La Tissot!

“Jacques—you are speaking—at random——” Jeanne’s hand went to her throat. Something swelled in it.

“I mean it, maman. I *must* have it—at any cost. Mon Dieu! Will you drive me *mad*? Where is your vaunted love of me that it balks when I need it most?”

“Jacques—to give it to you would break my heart, but to deny it is even harder. I cannot——”

“Bien!” The youth flung out the word harshly. “I shall go to le bon Duchelles,” he grated out, “and if *he* refuses—we shall see what we shall see.”

When Jeanne was shown the newspapers in the little grocery store, where she was shopping the following morning, she did not need confirmation of her fear. Instinct—the instinct of a woman intensified by mother-worship—said to her clearly, “It is your son.” Monsieur Duchelles had been found murdered in his home, the papers said—violence had been used, and the gendarmes were on the murderer’s track. Then she fainted. When she came to she seemed



THE TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF JACQUES DORÉ

to emerge into a new world—a world peopled by ghosts, fear-haunted on every side. They could not torture her—the high ones of the earth—save only thru her son. And, for the fear that they touch a hair of his head, she was shaken almost beyond control.

The short distance from the grocery shop to her own home and shop seemed to stretch out into an interminable length, and every man and woman seemed to glare at her with malice—seemed vested with the terrible power of snatching her son from her. She felt like a miser, whose treasure, the essence of his life, is being threatened on every side. Her breasts heaved, and she panted like some dumb animal whose young are being maltreated while she is helpless to interfere.

He was in the tiny washroom off the shop when she entered, and she recoiled from the thing he was washing with quick, spasmodic motions of his nervous hands. Her haunted eyes lifted to his face, and rested there in such an agony that her face was beaded with cold, sick sweat. She felt

an awful freezing of the blood within her veins. "Jacques," she whispered thru stiff lips—"bébé—you must flee—"

"I am——" Jeanne started at the thick rasp of his voice—a voice coming from vocal cords parched with the ghostly fear of a hunted human thing. "Maman—help me——"

Jeanne did not wait to hold and comfort him. Instead she helped him dress, packed a grip, and guarded the dark rear entrance to the shop while he sped down the alleyways, doubled on his tracks, and—went to the home of Madame Tissot for a last farewell.

Then she turned to the front of the shop to face the officials. She bore the grilling cross-examination, head high. However guilty the Jacques of today might be, to her he was the unsullied babe whose little soul had come to her straight from the garden of God, and in that innocence she based her replies—replies made firmly, proudly, so humbly and sweetly, that the officials doubted that the son of such a mother *could* be a murderer.

"Is there not a—woman—mixed up with your son?" was one of the questions.

"I am the only woman in my son's life," the mother made unflinching reply, and her dilated nostrils quivered with the evanescent odor of Vera Violetta. "He is only a boy, messieurs—hardly out of his teens."

"Such a boy is an easy victim for such a woman, madame," declared one of the officials, "and once they are victimized they are crazed. Such a woman is like a deadly, insidious poison in their veins—they are not responsible."

"There is no such woman," reiterated Jeanne Doré.

"May we search the house?" inquired another official, compassionately.

"Mais certainement, monsieur," courtesied Jeanne.

On the stairway they found his hat—the one he had just fled with, and in his room they found him—crouching there—the guiltiest spectacle that could possibly be conceived. The gen-



darmes had been guarding the home of Madame Tissot in anticipation of a visit from him, had intercepted him, and he had eluded them and fled back to his mother's home, only to fall into another trap.

One month later he was sentenced to death on the guillotine.

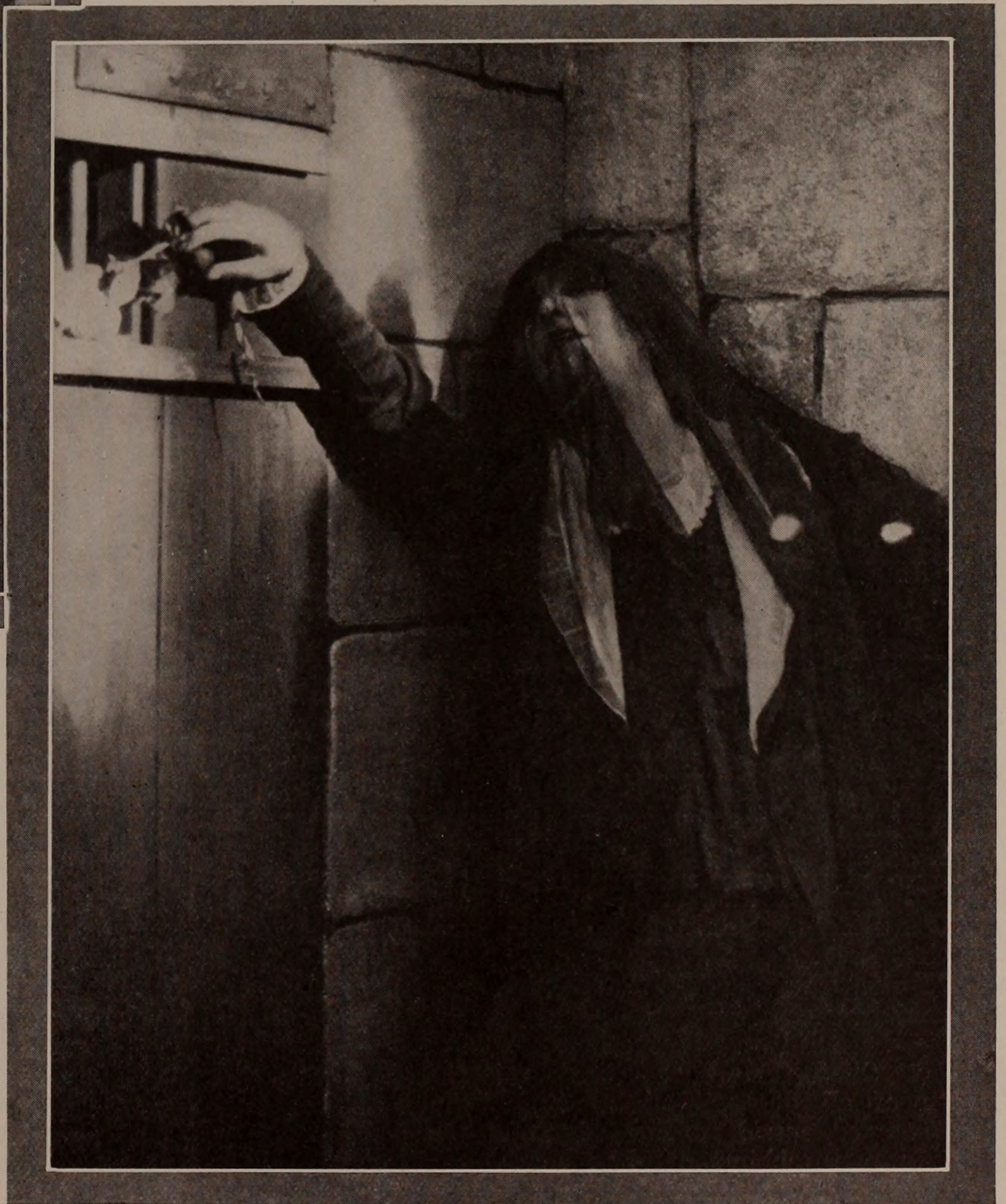
In the days that preceded Jacques' execution, Jeanne Doré died a million million deaths. Hourly, daily, her body was given over to the executioner; every breath she drew stabbed her raw heart with an unbearable agony. Thru the palling black nights she would stand at the window of the shop, her face flattened against the pane, staring, staring out into the dark. Sometimes she would sit in a low rocker and rock back and forth and croon little, happy lullabies, and at such times, just as

(Thirty-one)

truly as she felt the texture of her gown, she would feel the baby Jacques nestling near her heart. At other times she would sit erect, and her eyes would glaze, and she would cry out wildly, "It is not true!" Her black tongue would articulate: "It is not true! Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, let this dream pass from me!"

And every day would find her at the prison before the cell of Jacques. On her lips would be a Spartan smile, and her voice, when it came, was infinitely soothing—so vibrant with a deathless love that it defied the very hand of death itself and seemed to promise comfort on the dread stroke of the axe. He would press his young, doomed head against the grating, and she would stroke it with a passionate, yearning tenderness, loving, with a depthless love, each tiniest fiber of his hair. On one such time his voice came to her brokenly. "Maman," it said, and somehow it sounded like the little-boy voice—the little boy afraid of a dreadful dark into which he was being forced—"maman, can you imagine a man's love for a woman? I—I—it is hard for me to explain, but somehow I want you to understand—a little. It was not *me*, maman—not your son Jacques who did that fearful thing. It was the madman that she has made—just by the way her gold hair grows and the white lids over her sleepy eyes. Maman, it is like some sharp hunger I feel. I am not haunted at nights by the guillotine—I am haunted by desire of her—I am maddened for her touch. If she could come to me once again—but once only—I could die—happy."

She would not come to him—Madame Tissot. Jacques Doré, free and young and madly infatuated, was a valuable asset; Jacques



JEANNE DORÉ GOES TO THE PRISON TO SEE HER SON AND PRETENDS THAT SHE IS HIS SWEETHEART



JEANNE DORÉ WITNESSED THE EXECUTION. IT WAS OVER. HE WAS DEAD—DEAD—DEAD!

Doré in a murderer's cell was another proposition. And so Jeanne planned her ultimate sacrifice—the sacrifice that must deny her her last poor consolation, the anguished recompense of a farewell to her son. She would make this last permitted visit—as Louise Tissot.

His poor young face was strained against the bars when she came in on that last afternoon. By the lantern's fitful light she could see it, gleaming and chalky in the dark. His eyes, like two burning holes, tried to reach her face beneath the veil, but failed.

"Louise," he gasped—"is it—you—vraiment?"

The woman lost all consciousness of self. She became Love—just Love shorn of all degrees—all varieties. She stepped outside of herself, and became a throbbing, mighty heart that could give itself in any guise it chose—

"It is!" she whispered, her rich voice husky with an emotion a vibrant girl might feel.

"My darling!" The lad prest hungrily against the bars. "Louise—I am dying tomorrow—but it is for you—and so—I am glad. Louise—Louise—do you hear me?—I am glad——"

"Dont—Jacques——" The answering voice was a sob. Jacques caught her hand, and it prest a rose into his.

"That rose will bloom again, Jacques," the husky voice whispered; "and you will live again—my dearest one——"

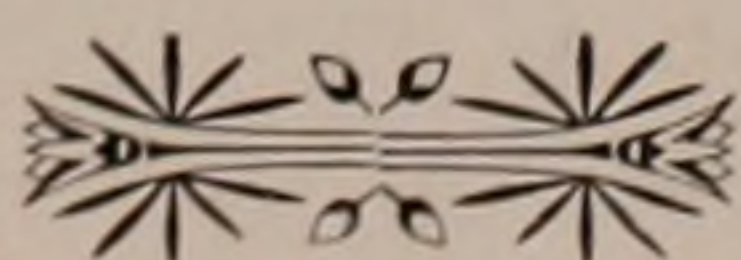
"You love me, Louise? You do?" The boy's fevered mouth clipped the rose avidly; his nervous hand clasped and unclasped the hand he held—the hand, O sons of all the earth, that toiled for him—slaved for him—grew calloused and worn and sore and stiff in his service, and had the

power miraculous to become soft and white again for his last need. Jeanne drew together each remnant of her ebbing control. She summoned every atom of resource within her. Leaning passionately against the bars, she kist his thin hand, and let her soft, burning lips linger hungrily over the tiny pulse in his bared wrist——

"Better than life," she whispered to him, "better than life—stronger than death—sure as your mother's—beloved—beloved——"

"Ah!" sighed Jacques, and the cry was the rapturous one of a man who is well content.

In the second story of a tiny stationery shop on the outskirts of Paris an aged, wasted woman clasped her suddenly withered hands together and watched a slender lad mount the guillotine. Her wide eyes never flinched. It was over. He was dead—*dead*—DEAD!"



The BATTLE CRY OF PEACE



This story was written from the Photoplay by the issue of the MOTION

BY
**COMMODORE
J. STUART
BLACKTON**

same author, and was begun in the November PICTURE MAGAZINE



HE officer's glass was hurled down with a crash. He strode to the door.

"Hell! It is locked. Here, break it down—sword, bayonet, anything!"

A wreath of white smoke hung in the still air. A woman sat on the floor, pillowing in her lap the head of her first-born. In her arms she held the youngest one, rocking her gently to and fro, smiling and crooning to her as if she were again a baby.

"How they are rattling and banging on that door!" she complained. "They will wake Dorothy, little Dorothy who is so tired! And Virginia, too—she is sleeping so soundly; well, she has had a hard day. Why did we come here? Where are we? Oh, yes, at the Beltons', of course. We must be going. Dorothy! Dorothy, dear! Strange how still she is and how heavy."

A sudden, frightened look shot into the tired, questioning eyes, growing into an expression of dumb terror.

"Why doesn't she answer?"

The loving touch strayed caressingly up and down the slim form, seized a limp hand, and raised it to

her lips. It was cold! She released it and the arm fell, heavy as lead.

"Virginia!" She reached over and shook the girl lying so peacefully, with calm, upturned face. Her eyes traveled stupidly over the lithe figure, traveled beyond, and caught the metallic gleam of a pistol lying on the floor beside her; traveled further still and stopped, rigidly focused on an ever-widening stain on the carpet—a dark, dread, gruesome stain. Her body stiffened, her eyes glared. For one brief, blinding, crucifying second, sanity returned. They were not asleep; their eyes were closed in death!

Dead! Both of them. Her last, her all, her babies! Dead by her own hand.

Those beasts at the door! She remembered. She struggled to rise, to tear them to pieces with her nails, her teeth.

Then something in the tortured brain snapped, and, leaning her head back, she laughed and laughed and laughed.

It was a good, strong door and a first-class lock, but finally it gave, and the officer, with a tigerish snarl, hurled himself thru, the other brutes following close on his heels.

"They are here, my darlings, but fear not. Mother has tricked them. They thought they were clever, but mother was too cunning for them.

"Keep your eyes closed, and they will think you are dead—DEAD! Ha! ha! Only sleeping. How we are fooling them! When they have gone we will steal out and tell father and brother. How they will laugh, too——"

There were some young faces in the group at the door—faces on which shame or sympathy should be found; but none was there.

Had they mothers and sisters of their own? Evidently not, for no sign of compassion could be traced in the brutal masks that covered the faces God "made in His own image." They too, are laughing—not the wild laugh of insanity, but the cruel laugh of fiends incarnate.

Their captain was not laughing. His coarse lips were twisted into a vicious sneer. The back of his neck grew dull red. The veins on his forehead swelled with rage as he realized that the little woman had tricked him and had made a fool of him before his



BRUTISH FACES LEERED DRUNKENLY AT EACH OTHER, GLASSES WERE CLINKED AND RAISED

men. Yes, they were laughing in their sleeves at him, and she was the cause of it. She had robbed him of his perquisite, his just fruits of victory. Devil's luck! The old witch had killed her brats just to spite him. Very well!

With an oath, he emptied his automatic into the three figures on the floor, firing savagely and indiscriminately until the gun was empty.

"Curse her!" he roared. "She made them laugh at me!"

He turned, the men in the doorway fell back, and, without another look, he strode after them and slammed the door.

The smoke ascended and hung in lacy clouds under the ceiling.

A last, flickering ray of sunlight struggled for an instant thru the heavy, violet clouds and fell on the quiet mother-face. The ray of sunlight was no longer blood-red. It was pure gold, and it lingered caressingly on the dead face, glorifying with a more than earthly radiance the smile that rested on the now peaceful countenance.

CHAPTER XXI.

The invasion of America was a work

of genius. Genius, we are told, is "a capacity for taking infinite pains." So carefully, so completely had the invaders laid and carried out their plans, so fully were they informed by their far-reaching spy system, that every feeble move on the part of the defenders was anticipated. So suddenly had they struck that the city was in their hands before any organized resistance was possible.

The first thought in each New Yorker's mind was of his home and of those whom it was his duty to protect. The first object of the invaders was to destroy every armory, central station and power-house, and thus telephone, telegraph, subway, elevated, trolley and electric light—every main artery of the city's life—were paralyzed by the enemy's shells from without, and thru co-operation with their traitorous confederates within.

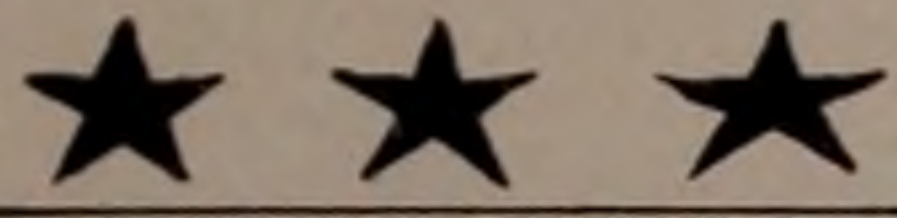
The militia, the only available force for the defense of New York, was, therefore, rendered well-nigh useless at the outset, and the handful of regulars at Governor's Island and the forts—not a thousand all told—had been sadly decimated by the terrific bombardment of the enemy fleet.

The commander of the Army of the

East knew how hopeless it all was. He had seen the handwriting on the wall for years, and now that the time had come, he knew the knell of doom had sounded for his brave little band, and so, fifteen hours after that first paralyzing crash, which heralded the dread war-monster's approach and scattered the Brothers of Peace like a lot of scared rabbits, the ghostly dawn ushered in to the people of America the horror of that never-to-be-forgotten morning after.

The streets were empty, silent, yet peopled with the fearsome presence of a thousand murdered innocents; deserted by all save the dead, until the silence was broken by the advance of countless drab figures trampling ruthlessly over the poor, mutilated bodies, pressing unceasingly on thru the horrible shambles, line after line, regiment after regiment—endless divisions of a great army—their perfection of equipment, training and discipline a hideous comparison to the sad spectacle of our unpreparedness.

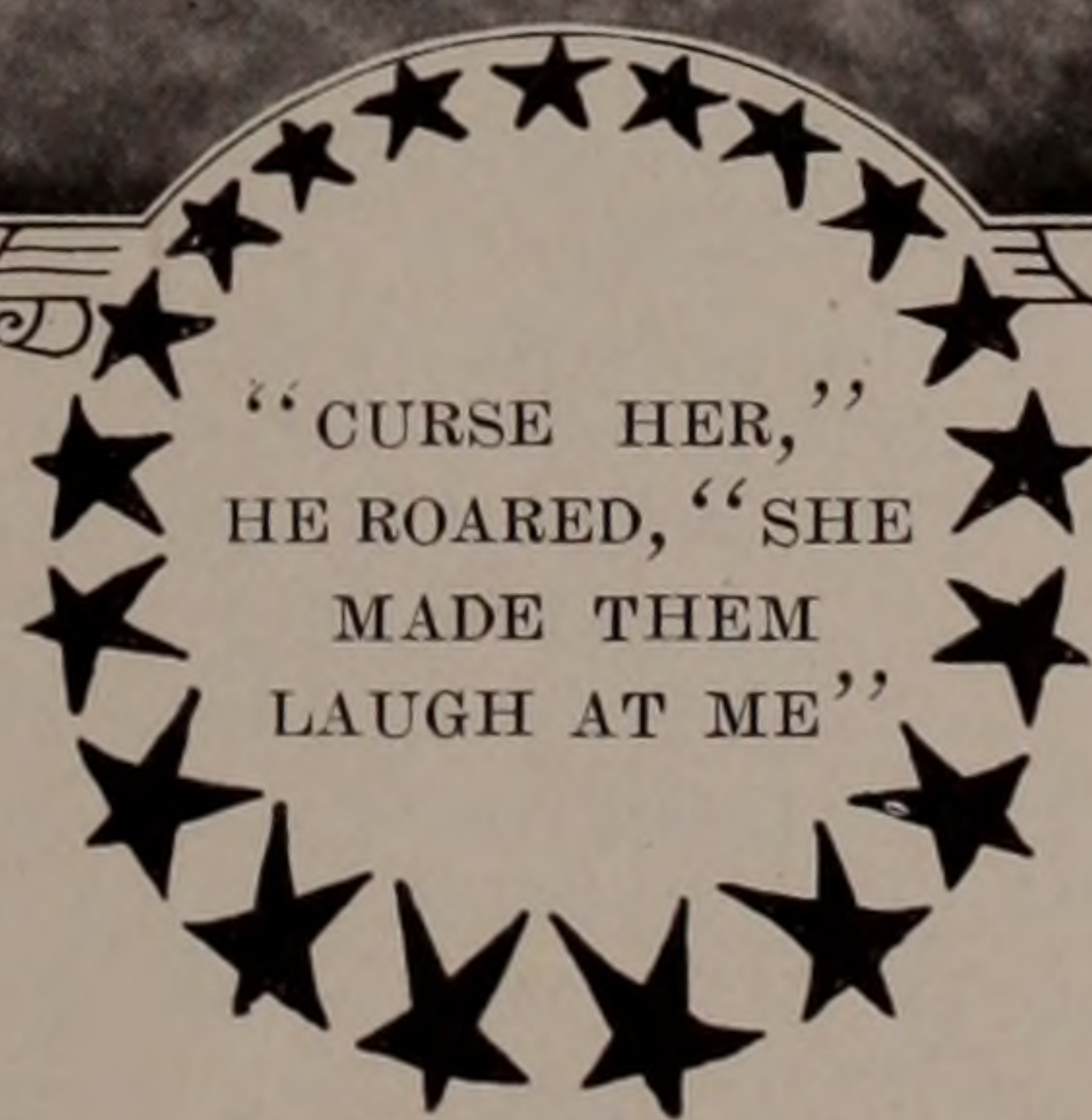
They flowed onward as resistlessly as the current of Niagara, up Fifth Avenue, thru the Bronx, and out into Westchester County, where a handful of Americans, hastily entrenched near



White Plains, were about to go thru the farce of "defending their country."

The makeshift American Army was made up of a little over 500 regulars, infantry and coast artillery; about 4,000 National Guardsmen; 1,000 from the police force, who bravely volunteered, and approximately a thousand practically untrained recruits, consisting of business men who had spent a month in the military camps at Plattsburg and Fort Hamilton.

Against this pitifully small, disorganized force of about 7,500 men was advancing a compact, highly trained body of veteran fighters, numbering 125,000—three highly developed army corps, organized and equipped with the most modern and deadly field artillery, hundreds of machine-guns, thousands of rounds of



ammunition, and an efficient flying squadron of twenty aeroplanes and two dirigibles.

The American commander had set his stage for the last stand. His men had dug themselves in, but the time had been too short to construct anything more than shallow, improvised trenches in which, worn with anxiety and the unaccustomed fatigue of an all-night march, lay the caricature of an army, fondly supposed by the smug exponents of national complacency to be capable of defending the gateway

and metropolis of the wealthiest country on the face of the globe.

As the sky brightened into an opalescent dawn, several little black specks could be descried away up among the rose-tinted clouds. They rapidly grew more distinct.

"Aeroplanes!" laconically exclaimed a lean-visaged captain of artillery.

"They can see us! Oh, it's hellish! They have found our range now, and we are as blind as bats," blurted out a boyish-looking National Guardsman.

And the chaplain of New York's crack militia regiment quoted under his breath: "Whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet and taketh not warning; if the sword come and take him away, his blood be upon his own head."

The General, looking, as he knew, for the last time on his helpless little army, cursed, in the bitterness of his heart, those upon whose heads rested the blood of these brave men, so soon to be slaughtered.

Three miles away things were happening. A rather dense thicket of woods ran parallel to the American entrenchments, and these woods were literally alive with the men in the drab uniforms and little, round steel caps.

Carefully hidden among the foliage was a row of heavy field-guns and howitzers.

A drone, as of a swarm of bees, grew gradually louder, and two of the aeroplane scouts circled over the woods. One landed gracefully on an open stretch of ground, the other continued on towards the invading army's headquarters in New York.

The aviator made his report, the commander shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and turned to an artillery officer.

"The scouts are now giving you the range," he commanded bluntly—"commence firing!"

Slowly, methodically, the muzzles of the great guns were elevated. A shrill whistle sounded, and one of the sinister mouths spoke. The artillery officer did not watch where the shell struck. He scrutinized thru his glasses the hawk-like aeroplanes hovering over the American lines.

Quickly the signal came: "Two points too high."

In unison the black muzzles were depressed a quarter of an inch. Another deep-throated roar, and the second shell, screaming its telltale message, flew in a high, wide arc, to burst full in the center of the shallow entrenchment. The aeroplanes signaled "Correct," and in an instant the air was filled with the shriek of shrapnel, the moan of heavier shells



THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE MADE PRISONERS

and the continuous roar of terrific detonations.

And what of the opposing army?

Blasted, withered, pitiful; torn into shreds and hurled into the air. Smashed to bits and buried under tons of earth—here a huge smoking mound thrown up, with legs, arms and fragments of human bodies protruding; there, a deep crater with men unspeakably maimed and mutilated, clawing the earth in their agony, slipping down in a frightful welter of blood into the ghastly pile at the bottom.

After ten minutes of an inferno such as none of the defenders ever dreamed of, the bombardment suddenly ceased.

A handful of the survivors—all that was left of them—retreated to the nearest cover—the little farmhouse a quarter of a mile away. The observers in the air watched the movement with derision, and com-

municated the intelligence in detail by their aerial wireless.

One of the big howitzers lifted its huge mouth grimly and silently. A huge shell tore thru the air and crashed into the exact center of the farmhouse. The entire building and its outhouses disappeared like a house of cards. A fierce flame licked up the few scraps of inflammable material that had not been blown into atoms, and for yards around the ground was covered with dead and dying. The General himself was seriously wounded, and less than five hundred men remained alive.

When, fifteen minutes later, the enemy advanced in close formation, the General surrendered. A small force was detailed to take the prisoners back to New York, and the great, drab monster continued its ceaseless march onward, ever onward, thru the rich and fertile fields, toward those other cities, waiting, with their wealth,



to be
satiated

How immutable the workings of Providence, how resistless the cycle, in each swing of which history is made, and how true it is that history repeats itself! Four hundred and sixty-five years before Christ trod the earth the noble city of Carthage reared its skyline on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. The Carthaginians were puffed up with a proud self-sufficiency. They had heard of the Romans, but the broad seas were between them, and because they had not seen Rome they feared it not.

But the day came when their proud fleet of gold and silver and brass bedecked galleys was scattered, broken and sunk; when the multitude gathered on the hills saw not the flags

their arsenals, machine-shops and powder works,

sucked into the in-
maw of the war-monster.

of their victorious navy returning, but Roman banners flaunting at the masts of a countless fleet of invading ships.

Even then fear entered not into their hearts, for on their lips was the stock phrase, the modern shibboleth of Peace without Preparedness: "Have we not legions of brave citizens, tenfold the number of the invaders, to take up the sword and drive them from our shores?"

And it is written that a bearded sage answered them, saying, "Of what utility is an untrained mob of brave men before even a small army of armed and trained brave men?"

And how truly he spoke is shown by that same relentless history which tells us that the people of Carthage were put to the sword, that the fair city was destroyed, that plows were run over the place where Carthage once stood, and that salt was spread upon the blood-sodden, upturned earth as a sign that the city should never be rebuilt.

Has this not a familiar ring?—"The broad seas are between us and our enemies, therefore we fear them not"—"Can we not raise an army of a million citizens at the wave of a hand to drive our enemies from our shores?"

This weak-kneed, milksop twaddle no doubt disgusted the bearded sage of Carthage as much as it nauseates the few red-blooded American citizens of today who *really know* the needs of our country and its dangers.

Four hundred and sixty-five years before Christ, down to Anno Domini 1915, and yet we have not learnt the lesson of the ages; have not learnt that the weak and helpless will always be oppressed; have not learnt that might is right; have not learnt how to protect our rights and the rights of our children!

There is the crux of the whole indefensible situation—our duty to our children—for the children are the strength of the nation. In the words of the bearded sage of today, one of our most respected and most venerable citizens, Reverend Doctor Lyman Abbott:

"The father and mother may surrender their own rights, but they have no right to surrender the rights of their children."

CHAPTER XXII.

"To neglect one's liberty is to lose it; to neglect one's country is to perish with it."

Some of the heavy-hearted thousands, who filled the sidewalks and clustered in the windows of those buildings still standing in the vicinity

of Broadway and Forty-second street, may have remembered those epic words, spoken by a senator from the West at the recent launching of the battleship *Arizona*.

The work on that splendid vessel was being rapidly pushed to completion, but, alas! no Stars and Stripes would fly proudly from her masthead. When finished by forced American labor, she was going to be joined to the powerful fleet of the enemy. Another ironical rebuke to those whose policy was responsible for the deplorable sight now being witnessed in the heart of that erstwhile "Great White Way"—now a "Way of Black Desolation."

On either side of Broadway, as far as the eye could reach, stretched lines of the hostiles, standing rigid and immovable as stone figures. Down between them came a straggling band of American troops, weary and broken in body and spirit, sullen resentment smouldering in their eyes, hopelessness written on their haggard, war-worn countenances.

Sad and pathetic figures they were in their tattered uniforms. The "Army of the East," all that was left of them—the weakest and most grievously wounded staggering along, supported by their stronger comrades.

In the widest part of the street a great pile of rifles was being constantly added to as each man deposited there his arms of offense and defense.

"Lay down your arms," had been one of the slogans of the pacifists, and here it was of a verity coming to pass, but not quite in the manner hoped for by the gentle advocates. This was the way chosen by the victors as a sort of Roman holiday. Another and a final object-lesson to those who had crept back, or been driven back, or had never been able to get away in that Dante's Inferno a month ago, when the population fled wildly from the rain of death.

Give up your swords, ye officers! Relinquish your torn shreds of flags, ye color-bearers! Lay down your arms and pass on in ignominy and defeat, ye poor victims of shortsightedness, ignorance and criminal neglect!

Your capitol at Washington is in ruins—its fair, white dome rent and blackened. Columbia is on her knees, despoiled and violated, with fettered, supplicating hands raised to Heaven, and there is none to aid her.

People of America! Do you want this?

Or will the spirit of '76, the spirits of Washington, of Lincoln, of Grant and of McKinley, kindle now in the

breasts of our citizens the realization that Power spells Peace, that the Navy is our first line of defense, and that behind it must stand an Army worthy of the name? Will we learn that "if we really wish for peace at all hazards we must ever strengthen our Navy and train every youth in the Republic to such an extent as shall qualify him to be converted into an efficient soldier at the shortest notice"?

Can we be taught "self-preservation is the first law of a nation; neither wars, fires nor disasters are caused by precaution, but precaution and preparedness prevent them"?

That "adequacy is not reached until our Navy is strong enough to meet on equal terms the navy of the strongest possible adversary."

Will the truth come home to us that "our coast-defenses protect the people of the inland States and their interests just as surely as those of the States on the coast"?

Have you stopped to consider that "when your Congressmen fight only for the interests of their native States they are being untrue to the best interests of their native country," and that "the right to vote implies an equal right and obligation to bear arms for that voter's country"?

Let us look for a moment on the brighter side.

No enemy has yet violated our shores.

Our hero and his beloved mother, his sweet sister and brave, enthusiastic young brother, are still alive.

The familiar living-room of that typical American home has no gaping, ragged hole in its sheltering wall.

Mother sits in the lamplight, her Bible on her knees, and Alice is arranging the flowers for the table.

Two familiar figures enter at the door. They are John and Charlie—familiar in face, yet habited in a new and startling manner.

Alice's gasp of astonishment is hushed by a warning finger on the lips of the elder son. They are in the full khaki uniform of the National Guard.

"How are my dear boys this evening?"

Mother half-turns and smiles, but does not look back in their direction. Sheltering behind mother's chair, they bend over and kiss her faded cheek.

"Mother," they tell her in full-hearted chorus, "we have been watching our bluejackets parading on Fifth Avenue—everywhere the crowds went wild with enthusiasm—and we saw the President, on the *Mayflower*, reviewing the fleet—and we have been planning a surprise for you, mother."

A pause—a nudge—a quick look given and taken.

“You tell her, John,” whispers Charlie.

John, looking very serious for a moment covers mother’s eyes with his big hands, mentions to



listed!” John says. “I cant hold back the news. We want to feel we are doing our share, as father did his——”

Charlie is down on his knees beside her, stroking the trembling hand.

Her head is bowed and they cannot see her face. She

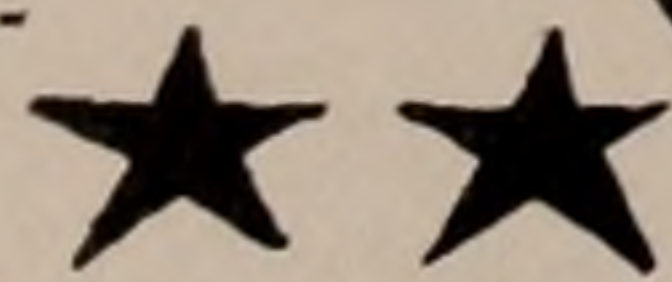


Charlie to “stand at attention” in front of her, then withdraws his hands and stands beside his brother.

Her eyes fall upon the trim gaiters, travel slowly up to the military belts and buttons, then on upward to the eager faces of the sons she loves so dearly.

Her face becomes drawn and sad and the eyes rest upon the picture on the wall, the portrait of that other one in uniform, that husband who marched away in a similar khaki-colored suit and never came back.

“Mother, Charlie and I have en-



reaches out, takes John’s hand and presses it against her cheek,

and thus, silent and constrained, they wait.



Somewhere, deep down, far, far back in her inner consciousness, a strain of music is beating—the beat of a distant drum, the echo-notes of a bugle-cry, calling to the spirit within her, the spirit of those American ancestors who served at Gettysburg—aye, and at Valley Forge and Yorktown.

Her face gathers strength and beauty and inspiration. She puts the caressing hands aside with a strong, firm gesture, rises and walks steadily across the room to her husband’s portrait, to the sword they sent to her from Cuba with that





“GLORY, GLORY HALLELUJAH! HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON!”

sad, terse, but glorious message, “Killed in action at Santiago.”

She stands a long while looking into the eyes which seem to be saying, “Brave wife—brave mother—do thy duty.” The sword is drawn from the scabbard, and she turns, holding it as a guerdon across her breast; the glorified light in her eyes is not of the earth.

“Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord”—her lips are moving, repeating softly the words of that martial refrain, now beating in her heart like the diapason of a mighty organ.

“He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat.”

She presses her lips to the shining blade, then holds it out to her first-born.

“Your father’s sword!” she says, ever so proudly. “Wear it in memory of the life he gave for his country, draw it only in your country’s defense—”

The arms of her boys are about her and about sweet Alice, his father’s sword is gripped in the strong right hand—a hand that has learnt to master it—of that living counterpart of him who wielded it bravely and well.

On her lips, a pæan of praise, ring the last inspired words of Julia Ward Howe’s immortal Battle Hymn:

“Glory, glory hallelujah! His Truth is marching on!”

And in her heart, a living flame, burns the hope that over all the country may sweep a wave of patriotism, that in every home men may pledge their lives, and women dedicate their sons and husbands to the Campaign for Peace thru Preparedness against War.

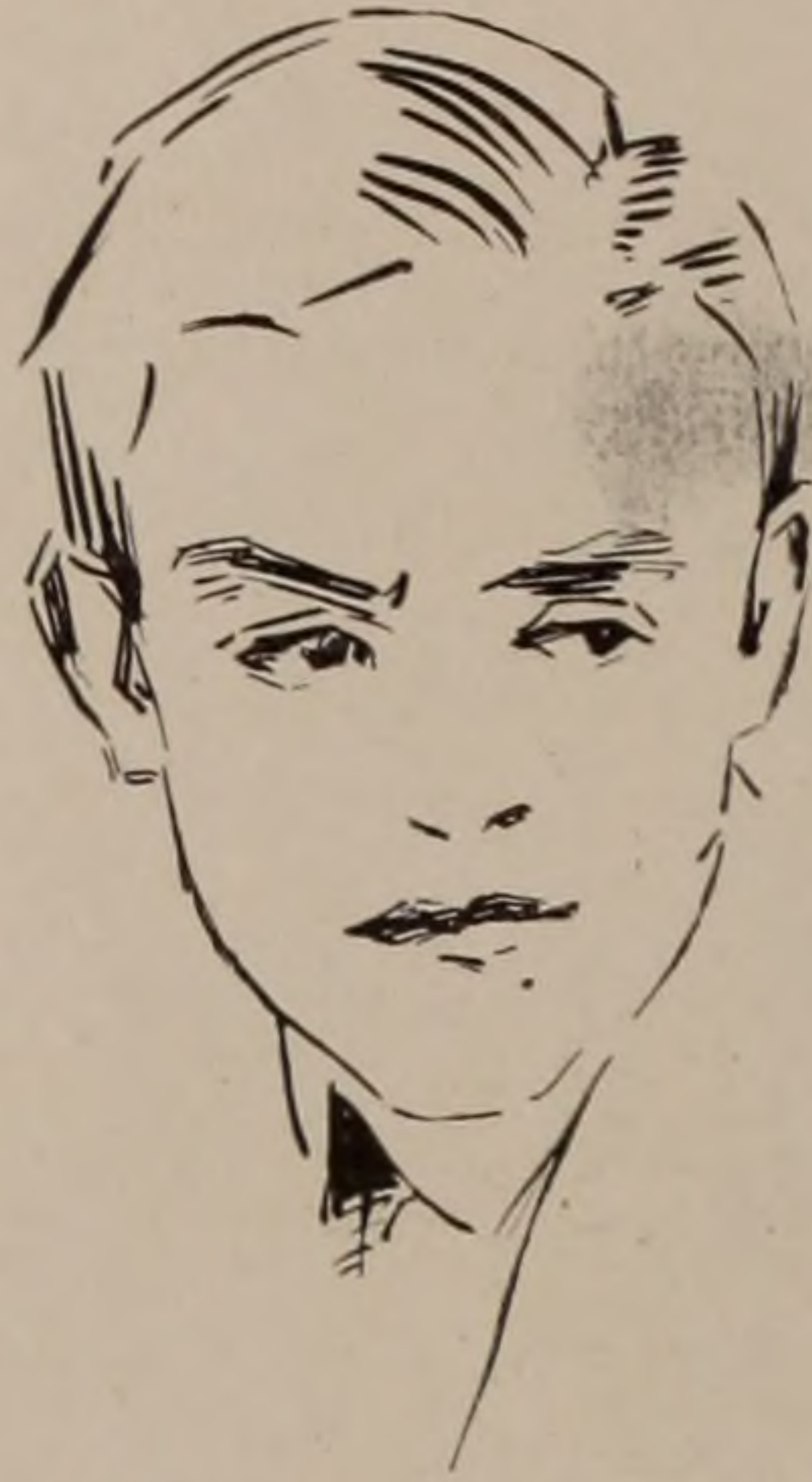
THE END



Pen Impressions by Carolyn Townsend



ANITA STEWART



ROBERT HERRON



HENRY WALTHALL



MARC MACDERMOTT



ALICE JOYCE



KING BAGGOT



LOUISE VAIL



FRANCIS FORD



JANE LEE

(Forty)

CHRISTMAS EDITION OF ROBERT GRAU'S "HALL OF FAME"



In the October number of the "Motion Picture Supplement" appeared an article by Mr. Grau entitled "Film-*dom's* Hall of Fame," in which the following were featured: Anderson (G. M.), Bushman, Costello, Daly, Eyttinge, Ford, Griffith, Hall, Ince (T., R., and John), Johnson, Kerrigan, Leonard, Moore (T., O., and M.), Nesbitt, Ogle, Pickford, Quirk, Richardson, Stewart, Theby, Ulrich, Vernon, Weber, Young (Clara), and Zukor. The Editor attached a note to the article, as follows:

"EDITORIAL NOTE.—While the foregoing interesting article was written by one of the foremost writers on Motion Pictures in this country, and by one who is considered an authority on many subjects, it may be a question if Mr. Grau has made a happy selection of his twenty-five characters to represent the letters of the alphabet. Nevertheless it is quite clear that no two writers (or readers, for that matter) could hope to agree on a matter of this kind."

Perhaps it was this mild criticism that inspired Mr. Grau to revise—or, at least, add to—his list, with the result that we have the following "Christmas Edition." Perhaps when Mr. Grau hears the adverse criticism which is bound to come, whatever be his list, he will be inspired to write still another edition. Let us hope so. There are still names that should be on the list.



A stands for Allen—Viola—one of the few distinguished stage stars who came to the screen seriously in the belief that she might bestow something more than a famous name; who, after scoring a triumph in "The White Sister," was immediately persuaded to add other of her stage portrayals to the film gallery for posterity.

B for Bosworth—Hobart—who came to the screen after a prolonged stage career. A protégé of Augustine Daly and a product of a dignified stage era, when the stock company was yet the school for artistic development; who made the fame of Bosworth, Inc., what it was before he was lured to a haven less replete with cares and tribulations. Now producing for the Universal Film Corporation and constantly creating new rôles in an environment to his liking.

C for Chaplin—Charles—the most remarkable personality the screen has ever revealed, whose stage career indicated nothing to suggest that he would turn the Motion Picture art and industry upside down and become himself the greatest attraction the world has ever known; a serious-minded Englishman who has the rare gift of being able to stand success; a prodigious worker whose greatest incentive for continued conquest is the never-ceasing prediction of less favored colleagues that Charlie's vogue will be short.

D for Drew—Sydney—the Coquelin of the screen, who has made his impress in film-*dom* greatly thru specializing in mock heroics, but who has indicated in the feature film, "Playing Dead," that he may yet compare with comedies of that grade in which Jefferson, Florence and Sothorn were so happy; an actor and director who will contribute immeasurably better work to the screen as the new art develops artistically in the present decade.

E stands for Eytton—Bessie—the lady daring of film-*dom*; the type of picture actress so firmly entrenched in the hearts of the people

that it is not to be wondered at that she seems destined to spend her entire career in one film organization.

F for Fuller—Mary—famous the world over not only for her fine portrayals, but also for being the first to be featured in a serial which started the tremendous affiliation between the screen and the press and which broke down the very last barriers in the editorial sanctum against a new art's development.

G for Gish—Lillian—protégée of the great master of filmcraft, D. W. Griffith; a photoplayer who came to New York's theater-zone unheralded with the epoch-making "Birth of a Nation" and is now widely discussed by critics and in artistic circles, and of whom it is said David Belasco has sought in vain to tempt her to desert the screen for the stage.

H for Hart—William S.—an experienced stage star, but one of the very few who entered film-*dom* with serious intent, perhaps the greatest living exponent of Western characters for the screen; who has repeatedly demonstrated that the play of emotions in weaving a film narrative is a fine art and who seems destined to remain forever at Inceville, where he is now surrounded with a far higher grade support than when he began there.

I must still stand for Ince, and few will say us nay, for the Motion Picture art has revealed no greater

genius than the master of Inceville, and his younger brother, so often eulogized by this writer, still remains loyal to the Vitagraph Company, where one day he will produce a feature in which he will prove that thrillers do not constitute his final goal.

J for José—Edouard—one time matinée idol of the Parisian stage and long time *jeune premier* for the divine Sarah; who, like so many foreign actors gifted in the difficult art of pantomime, has scored a triumph on the screen; who is now producing for himself, tho still acting before the camera; a delineator of classical rôles who makes his impress greatest thru subtlety and repression.

K for Kent—Charles—grand patriarch of the stage and dean of the screen; the first actor of prominence to tempt fate and defy precedent by casting his lot in picturedom in the days when the photoplay was just beginning to assert itself; who is still a vital and honored factor in the organization he joined nearly a decade ago; a magnificent illustration of artistic rectitude and undying loyalty; a Vitagraph pillar, beloved of all film-*dom*.

L for Lawrence—Florence—one of the very first screen stars who was idolized by the public before her name was known to one in a hundred who paid her homage; who is seen altogether too seldom these days, but whose career will provide future historians of the screen with much incentive; the type of photoplayer who has had nothing to fear from the onrush of stage celebrities into film-*dom*.

M for Maurice—Mary—the grand old lady of the screen, of whom it is said her face expresses the very last word in motherly affection, but who at rare intervals has contributed film characterizations replete with conflicting emotions; who sheds real tears, yet who is never happier than when her efforts are confined to comedy; the Dejazet of the silent drama.

N for Normand—Mabel—unquestionably the best exponent of comedy rôles of her set, but who in her Biograph days showed that when opportunity was hers she could embrace serious rôles with distinction; film-dom's most popular woman, who is never so content as when she appears in the same productions with famous newcomers; who stood out conspicuously in Dressler-Chaplin and Hitchcock features, even adding to her fame in them.

O for O'Neill—Nance—whose film career has been attended with the same triumphs which characterized her prolonged stage record; the finest example we have of an actress who can sway her audiences on stage and screen alike.

P for Periolat — George — the screen's best character actor, who invests each portraiture as a type; one of the "Flying A's" original quartet, which lifted its productivity from the primitive to the distinctly artistic.

R for Roland — Ruth — erstwhile Kalem girl, now a Balboa-Pathé stellar light; the typical screen soubrette, expert in athletics and equestrianism, to whom no feat, however

intrepid, suggests hesitation, and who more than once has proved that mirth-making does not constitute her sole asset; a photoplayer with an ingratiating, Hibernian mien for which the late W. J. Scanlan and the living Chauncey Olcott always sought in vain.

S for Storey—Edith—Vitagraph's emotional lead, who, as Glory Quayle, achieved a notable triumph in "The Christian," despite that the character on the screen had to atone for the elimination of Hall Caine's superb text; versatile to her fingertips, a veritable child of the theater whose talents naturally found best expression before the camera.

T for Talmadge—Norma—of whom a blasé New York playgoer once said, "Here is a girl who would have atoned for Mary Anderson's retirement from the stage"; who has scored so often on the screen that it is difficult to select her best portrayals; who left the Vitagraph just as she had registered a sensational success in "The Battle Cry of Peace."

V for Van — Wally — known the world over as "Cutey"; whose appearance on the screen is never so welcome as when he is seen in a wintry

environment; who so radiates with what is called "personality" that stage folk marvel as to where he was secluded before the screen called him to the studios; a screen type adept in comedy of the most extravagant kind; a graceful dancer and an expert in measuring the comedy values of a scenario.

W for Walthall — Henry — now more widely discussed than ever before because of his splendid work in "The Birth of a Nation," but whose fame rests on no single portrayal; whose best effort for the screen is generally accepted to have been in "An Avenging Conscience." One of a half-dozen virile, manly actors now raved over by all classes of playgoers—the Harry Montague of today.

Y still for Young—the wondrous Clara—who as Trilby has immeasurably added to her fame, and of whom a staid, metropolitan critic wrote so eulogistically that the screen is in danger of losing one of its standard-bearers, at least temporarily.

Z for Zelma Rawlston, Biograph player; one-time rival of Vesta Tilley and long-time vaudevillian who comes to the screen for new conquests.

Ideal

Life is but a plant.
Love is the root of its inspiration.

When this wonderful plant blooms its blossom is called **SUCCESS**. Sometimes it raises its successful head so high that it forgets the humble "root of love" that helped it bloom. ¶ But the lives that blossom best are always willing to pay tribute to the love that inspired them. ¶ Thus Jack W. Kerrigan, on Mother's Day, paid loving tribute to the Mother who has been his inspiration. ¶ There can be no surer sign of greatness. And we, on ourselves fortunate, can get this glimpse into the outside may deem it to be permitted the heart of a **MAN**.

Martha Groves.

To

My Dear and Beloved Mother:
Night and day your heart makes supplications for my happiness and well-being, and, though I feel I can never thank you enough or properly, I am sending a few lines on this day, dedicated to Mothers, as an expression of my gratitude, and with this little note my daily prayer, that God will grant you a long and peaceful life. ¶ It was you who instilled into me the great object of my life—to influence the hearts, the lives, and so the destinies of men for better and nobler things. ¶ You have taught me the principle that a man's success is measured by his direct service and usefulness to his fellowmen. ¶ Through you I chose this field of work, because here I can be of the greatest service to mankind.

You have always been and are the idol of my heart, my best girl, my truest friend—the ideal Mother. My constant aim is to be worthy—to be the kind of a man you think I am; to have you near; to have you lovingly, you; to have you
Your Youngest Son,
JACK W. KERRIGAN



VALENTINE GRANT AND THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL SHE BROUGHT HOME WITH HER FROM IRELAND

FINDING A PERSONALITY

Being a Quest for a Person Who Could Play an Irish Harp
and the Pleasant Discovery of "Saint" Valentine Grant

By J. ALLEN BOONE



I HAVE always wanted to hear some one play one of those odd-looking little harps which flourish so resplendently on Irish flags and play such an important part in the themes of Irish songs. Once, in Ireland, I came dangerously near to it. A picturesque old character in Dublin planted himself on a shady street corner, where I was passing, and, after a considerable amount of tuning, thumbing and general skirmishing, he began. It was terrible. I could have done better myself, and I don't know whether the bass strings begin up

among the little short strings or down among the long ones at the other end.

I didn't hear or see any other Irish harps in action while I was in Ireland, and I was disappointed, for I have always suspected that if one understood and could sympathetically twang those strings he could make the instruments speak a language irresistible in its beauty and appeal.

I know now that my suspicions were well founded, for I have heard one played as it should be played, and I'm for it strong. You may have your big orchestral harp, but give me the little, growth-stunted harp of Ireland.

It was at an informal studio gathering in New York, where men and women of various artistic followings

gather occasionally to frolic and entertain one another, that I heard the Irish harp in action. There had been several songs and piano numbers, and then into the room danced a most attractive Irish colleen, with dancing gray eyes and black hair and quaintly attired in the holiday garb of the Irish peasant. In her hands she carried an Irish harp. Once around the room she danced, and then almost before any one knew what it was all about, she had seated herself on a stack of cushions and was playing the harp. Rarely had any of us heard such music as she got from those strings—it was wonderfully beautiful.

The player was Valentine Grant, the little international cinema star



VALENTINE GRANT IN A SCENE FROM AN IRISH PHOTOPLAY



who made such a hit in Israel Zangwill's "The Melting Pot," with Walker Whiteside, and in the series of Irish dramas made in Ireland under the direction of Sidney Olcott. Miss Grant's contribution to the occasion was as unique as it was interest-

(Forty-five)

ing. She played the harp, sang innumerable folk-songs of the "ould country," and then, as a sort of finale, swept into the room playing an Irish bagpipe. Then and there I determined to find out more about this clever little screen artist who has

made so great a success of different things.

So we chatted. The first thing I discovered of interest was that Valentine Grant comes rather close to being a record-holder when it comes to making short cuts from the great outside

to the jealously guarded ranks of leading women of the screen. She had no special training for screen work; she had never been on the legitimate stage—in fact, she was not especially interested in either branch. She was a concert singer—and a good one, too. Old Father Destiny cut across her path and said “Jump.” She did jump, and when she landed she was a photoplay star, and no one was more genuinely surprised at the suddenness of it all than was Valentine Grant.

Miss Grant is a Chicago girl, and had she gone according to the prearranged schedule she would have today been in grand opera. After a thorough musical training she became a concert singer and traveled extensively. Later she went to Seattle, Wash., to sing, and liked it so well there that she bought a home on the shores of Puget Sound, built herself a studio there, became a voter and decided never again to return to the East except for occasional musical engagements. A siren call from the East came to her, however, in the way of a flattering offer to come to New York for a series of concerts and then go into grand opera. Miss Grant went, and right on her heels trod old Father Destiny.

The concert work in New York began better than it ended, for she contracted a series of bad colds and was forced to postpone the concerts. Then upon the scene entered Sidney Olcott. Any one who has anything to do with pictures knows—or at least knows of—Sid Olcott. He has filmed pictures in almost every country, and his “From the Manger to the Cross,” which he made a few years ago in the Holy Land and Egypt, established a new epoch in the realistic art of Motion Pictures. Olcott is at present directing Mary Pickford. When he met Miss Grant, he was hunting for a leading woman for one of his own productions, and shortly after he met her he offered her the position at a flattering salary.

Miss Grant laughingly told him she knew nothing about pictures or acting.

“You take the job and I’ll take the chance,” Olcott told her.

Miss Grant didn’t want to give up her concert work.

“All right,” said Olcott, “I’ll tell you what we’ll do. Your cold will prevent your singing for several weeks, at least. I can make the picture in that time, and then you can continue your concert work.”

It was a good sporting proposition, and as such appealed to the little singer. She agreed to work in one picture.

Olcott immediately cast her for the

leading rôle in his war drama, “A Mother of Men,” in which she was called upon to play a young girl, a young married woman, a middle-aged mother and a grandmother of seventy-eight—and this, mind you, was her first picture. But Sid Olcott has wonderful ability in both handling and getting results from the people he directs.

Suffice it to say that she made a big hit in the part and was so astonished and delighted herself that she readily consented to sign a long-term contract with Mr. Olcott. Since then she has been most successful. When Olcott organized a company to make a tour of the world, Miss Grant went along as the leading woman. Their first stop was in the south of Ireland, where they spent several months filming a series of Irish dramas, among the plays being, “All for Old Ireland,” “Bold Emmet” and “Irish in America.”

“So that’s where you learnt to play the harp and sing those Irish songs?” I queried.

“Yes,” said she, with a wistful look in her gray eyes, “that trip to Ireland was one of the most delightful experiences of my life. We lived in a charming little town half-a-dozen miles from the Lakes of Killarney and a few miles from the Gap of Dunloe, and the people there were wonderful to us. Every few nights Mr. Olcott, who is very popular there, would give some sort of an entertainment, and people for miles around would come. I always sang or played for them. They called me Saint Valentine, and never have I had more appreciative audiences than those simple-living Irish families.

“When they knew that I wanted to learn their old Irish songs so that I could sing them when I returned to America, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. From all parts of South Ireland men and women came to sing to me the old songs—many of which have never been printed. The words I took down, not only stenographically, but phonetically. The melodies were quite easy to jot down and arrange afterwards. One old man, who in his youth had been a traveling musician and who went from town to town and sang the news he had gleaned en route, taught me to sing the ‘Come-all-ye’s,’ and it was thru him that I got my Irish harp and learnt how to play it. Another old friend gave me lessons three times a week on the Irish pipes.

“I had a host of instructors, and I was anxious to learn all they could teach me. They taught me how to dance all their reels and jigs, how to knit and how to use the old Irish spin-

ning-wheel. Whenever I wasn’t working in the pictures I was learning something or other, and I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it.

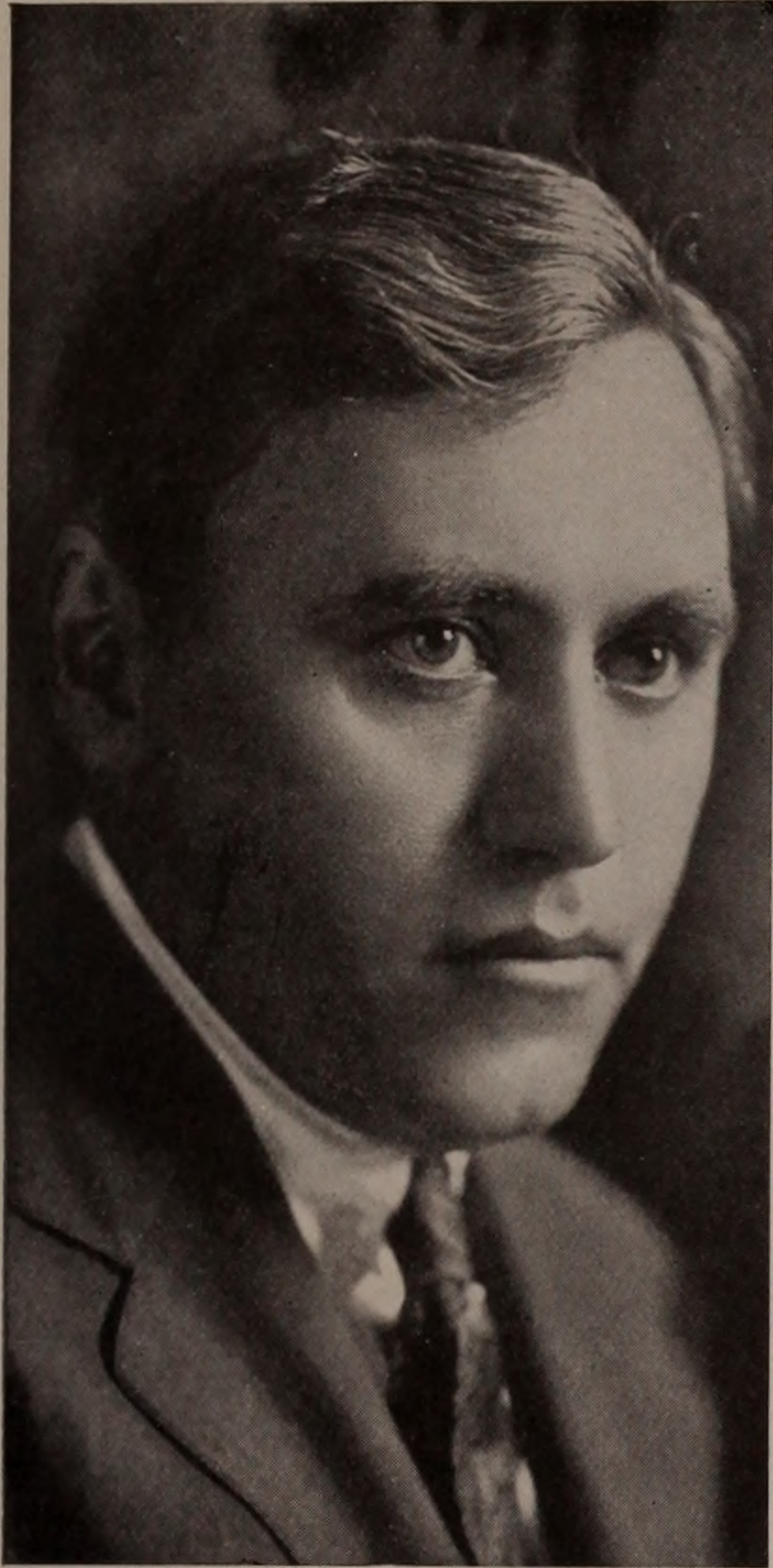
“In our little town, before the war, when the Irish volunteers were drilling, I often put on a drummer-boy’s costume and drummed for the men as they marched on the parade ground, and I was made an honorary member of the company. Then this horrible war started and all our plans were upset. We were forced to return to this country, and many of our dear old friends went to the trenches. Quite a number of them have been killed or sent home crippled for life—it’s too sad for words. I have tried to keep in touch with them, but it is almost impossible. Since the war started I and a few friends have been making and gathering things for the Irish boys at the front, and were it not for my contracts and the work I have ahead I’d go back to Ireland on the first steamer and establish a small hospital for the wounded Irish boys who are being sent home.”

“And your hobbies—” I started to ask.

“Hobbies!” she repeated laughingly—“I have millions of them. Almost everything in life that is worth while and interesting I am interested in. Health heads the list, and I go in for all sorts of exercises and games to keep myself in the best of condition. After that comes the rest of the million. There is so much in life that one can be interested in that the days seem hardly long enough. Life, you know, need never be dull if one looks after one’s health and keeps the mind active.”

It was dusk, and the big studio was in semi-darkness. Over in one corner a weird light dimly shone from the inside of a Chinese dragon’s head; some one lighted a tall altar candle which stood with majestic splendor by the side of the grand piano, silhouetting Miss Grant against the dimness of the studio, and producing an effect that was æsthetic, to say the least. She began playing a quiet but hauntingly sad melody, and then her voice stole in, rich in its tonal quality and clearness, and attractively spiced with the Irish brogue. It was an old Irish folk-song she was singing and crooning—as charmingly quaint as it was beautiful—and, oh, so full of the pathos of the country whence it came.

A rare occasion, I mused to myself, from my point of vantage on a deep-pillowed Turkish divan; I have at last heard some one really play an Irish harp, and I have met a real personality—for which let Allah be praised!



MACK SENNETT



SILENT, imperturbable man, not yet arrived at middle age, stood on the threshold of a studio one hot summer morning, in California. He was tackling the

biggest film production of his career, but he was as famously cool as the tropic day would permit him to be.

The scene was wonderful in its vividness. Weeks were required to complete it. It reflected an interior of the palace of a Maharajah, with the great mogul himself squatted in luxury in the foreground, before whom danced a beautiful woman, clad in that brevity of costume so peculiar to a danseuse of the Orient. In the background a fountain played into a pool of water—deliciously cool. Real Sikhs and Hindus squatted about.

The wonderfully rhythmic creature gyrated about the room, executing syncopated convulsions, much to the amazement of the royal man of India. The scene was strangely Oriental, even to the exuding of myrrh and incense. The taciturn person, whose hand was upon the comedy-lever, was Mack Sennett, world-famous creator of film-comedies and producing executive for the biggest comedy company on earth—the Keystone.

(Forty-seven)

He Speculates in Comedy

Thunder

By E. W. HEWSTON

Sennett is known as the only man in the laugh-making business ready and willing to tackle any kind of a comedy proposition and put enough tickle-music into it to make people laugh in spite of themselves.

The secret of Sennett's success lies in his masterful control of the laugh-propensities of the public at large. He has the laugh figured down to a nicety. He knows the border-line between wholesome, full-grown, thundering, Gargantuan laughs and silly, fatuous, down-in-the-mouth, pigwidgeonish laughs. No matter what kind of a laugh you are related to, he will give it to you in full measure.

There are film-comedies which, when scrutinized at close quarters, would wither many a laugh in the making. They should be labeled laugh-stranglers because their principal function is to hang many a good laugh on the yard-arm of soul-terrifying humor.

And there are good film-comedies—the type known as world-laughs; the type which has banded the name of

Sennett round the earth like latitude and longitude—which has placed his name atop the world of Motion Picture comedy, with leagues to spare, as a producer of virile, life-sized laugh-pictures.

It has been said that ten millions of American people see a Sennett comedy every day in the year. Whether this be so or otherwise, it must be conceded that Sennett has waded far into the laughing waters, where others have gone in but ankle-deep. He has mastered the fundamentals of all laughdom. He is the original discoverer of the center-of-laugh-gravity. So far he appears to have all the laugh-territory on this terrestrial sphere of ours pretty nearly cornered.

His film confections certainly contain gallons of pure American humor which simply make you tread on the heels of a laugh whether you will or not.

The Oriental smack of light comedy went on, with nothing but the click
(Continued on page 70)



MABEL NORMAND

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

MACK SENNETT



Became a Photoplayer on a Dare

By MABEL WARREN



IT was in a spirit of fun that Grace Cunard joined the pictures. This clever actress, who had been playing in stock since she was thirteen years old, remarked to a friend one evening that she wanted a change, and was thinking of entering vaudeville. The friend suggested the Moving Pictures, and dared Miss Cunard to try them. It was upon this dare that the actress applied for a place. That was four years ago, and the work has been so fascinating to her that not once has she had a thought of returning to the stage.

But, tho the spirit of fun took her in, she is an assiduous worker, and in all her rôles is most exacting with herself. Conscientiousness gives to her work a finished touch that could come only from a thoro understanding of her art.

From the ingénue and comedy to the dramatic parts has she played, but her preference is for strong rôles, particularly those of mystery and adventure. To play the adventuress—the most wicked one and of the deepest cunning—is her great-



est delight. These characters of deep motives she is aptly able to play, for there is about her a sort of magnetism that holds the interest of her audience.

greatest delight is to get into her big car, thoroly relax, and race along the country roads. A 50-mile clip is her bracer after a hard day's work.

Next to acting, Miss Cunard enjoys writing scenarios, but she is not one of the fortunate authors who claim that wonderful ideas come drifting into their brains. She sometimes spends days wrestling with her plots—untangling some complications and creating others—and thinks this a hard way to earn a living, and, being the author of four hundred photoplays, her judgment should be good.

With all her work, this busy actress finds time for other things. Of reading she is fond. Her favorite authors are Dumas and Kipling, and the library in her artistic chalet in Hollywood, California, where she makes her home with her mother and sister, contains all the works of these writers. From them she gets many references for her plays.

When her work and reading are finished for the day, and she is not busy designing her gowns, her

ONCE UPON A TIME

By JOHNSON BRISCOE



January 12, 1907. — Julia Swayne Gordon (Vita-graph) was a most striking picture of feminine depravity, stirring up trouble and disaster at every turn as that wicked creature, Olga

Warrenough, in "Secrets of the Police," which bright, little entertainment concluded a stay of three nights at the Grand Opera House, Wheeling, W. Va.



December 3, 1908. — Isabel Rae (Bio-graph) was a splendid picture to the eye in the rôle of Anne Boleyn, in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," in which Grace Merritt was starring,

this day being the attraction at the Empire Theater, North Adams, Mass.



December 29, 1909. — Florence Hackett (World) was touring about the map in the No. 3 company of "The Traveling Salesman," in which she was playing the rôle of Mrs. William Henry Dawson,

stopping off for a night's visit to the Broad Street Theater, Pittston, Pa., and she was probably glad that Christmas Day was a thing of the past (she spent it in Scranton, Pa.), because her two youngsters, Janet and Albert, were also playing parts in the same company.



December 22, 1910. — Lillian Walker (Vita-graph) was to be found upon the stage of the Grand Opera House, New York, where in numerous disguises, each of which tended to show off her rare,

pulchritudinous charms, she frankly admitted that she was one of "The Follies of 1910."



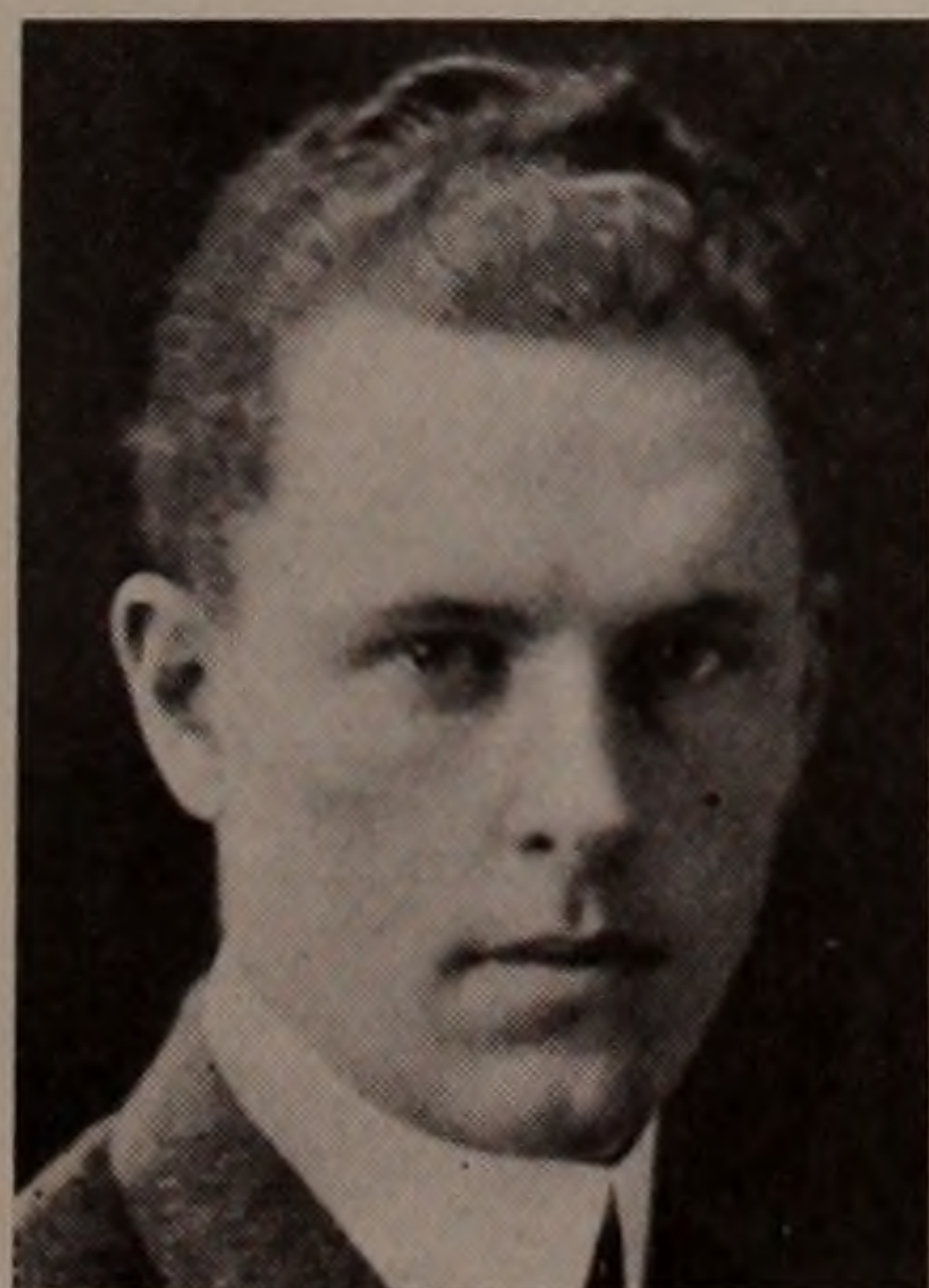
January 4, 1908. — Herbert Prior (Edison) was busily stirring up all sorts of trouble in the rôle of Herman May, the thief, in "The Banker, the Thief and the Girl," featuring Joe Morris,

a melodramatic feast, which held them spellbound upon this, its third and concluding night, at the Calumet Theater, South Chicago, Ill.



December 28, 1908. — Augustus Carney (Fine Arts) was cutting comic capers in his own inimitable fashion, in the rôle of Pat Cahill, in "Through Death Valley," a melodramatic treat, which

settled down for a week's stay at the Theater Francais, Montreal, Can.



December 17, 1906. — Ralph Ince (Vita-graph), who could not have possibly then guessed of the screen fame which he was soon to know, was happy in the assurance of a long season's engage-

ment in the big spectacle, "Ben Hur," in which he played Cecilius, this day entering upon an engagement of three nights at the Washington Theater, Bay City, Mich.



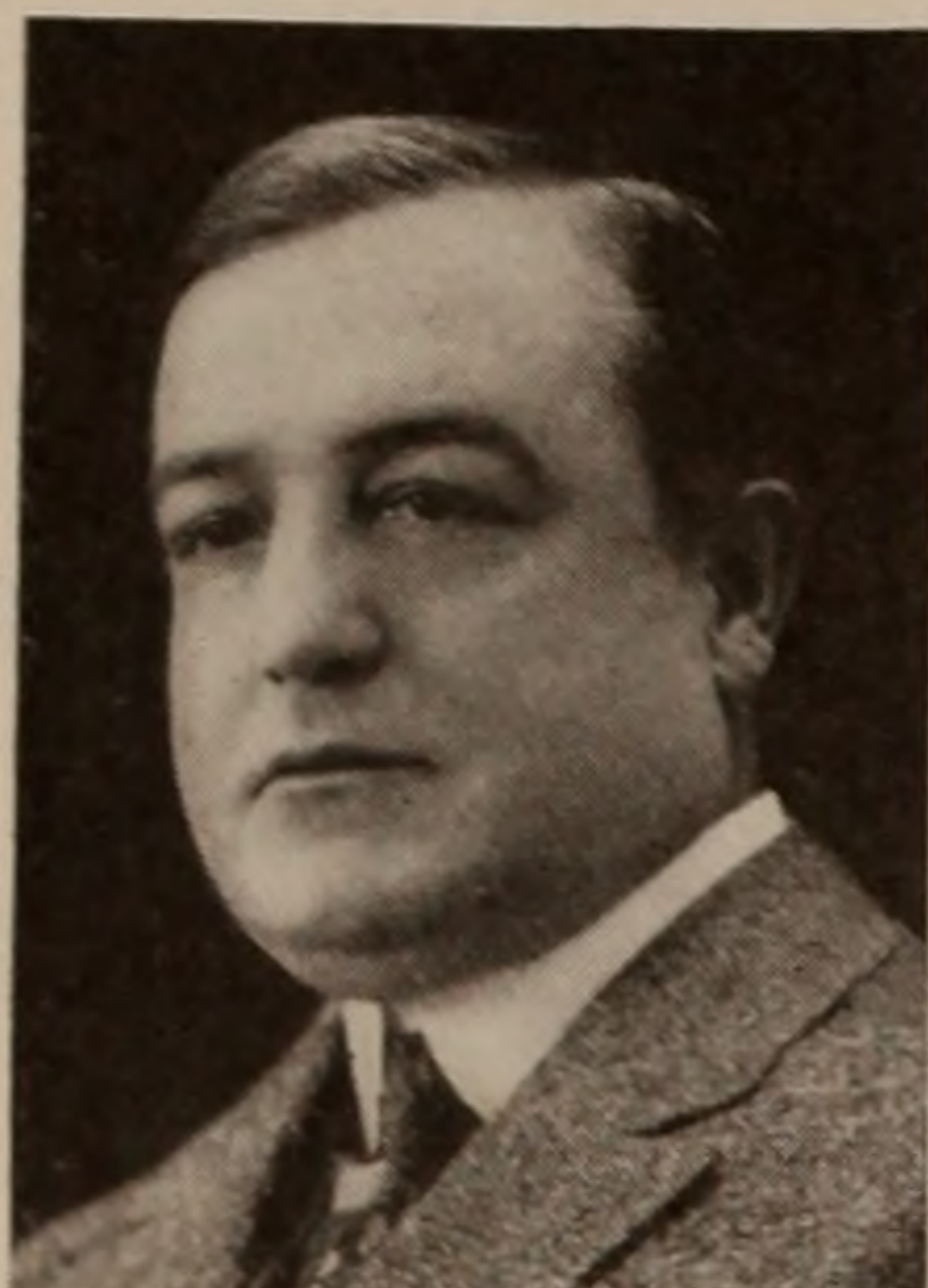
December 19, 1907. — Vivian Martin (World) was enjoying probably the happiest chance she ever experienced behind the footlights, being specially selected by Charles Froh-

man to play the title rôle in a road company of "Peter Pan," appearing this date at the Opera House, Cohoes, N. Y., and she will go down into stage history as the very first actress, after Maude Adams, to play this part in this country.



January 5, 1904. — Rose E. Tapley (Vita-graph) made a beautiful, effective picture as the young Christian maiden, Mercia, in "The Sign of the Cross" — one of her favorite rôles, by the

way—which moving drama did an excellent night's business at the Post Theater, Battle Creek, Mich.



December 21, 1908. — Bigelow Cooper (Edison) was undoubtedly a most imposing figure in the character of Herbert Gould, a millionaire, in "The Millionaire and the Policeman's Wife,"

a dainty Theodore Kremer classic, which thrilled the spectators at the Bijou Theater, Pittsburg.



December 23, 1907. — Marion Leonard (Knickerbocker) gave just the proper touch of sympathetic understanding to the title rôle, Mary Melrose, a popular metropolitan star, in "The Life

of an Actress," which attracted a large multitude to the Bastable Theater, Syracuse, N. Y.



December 24, 1900. — Maurice Costello (Vitagraph) was barnstorming about the map, stopping hither and yon in that popular play of the people, "The Night Before Christmas,"

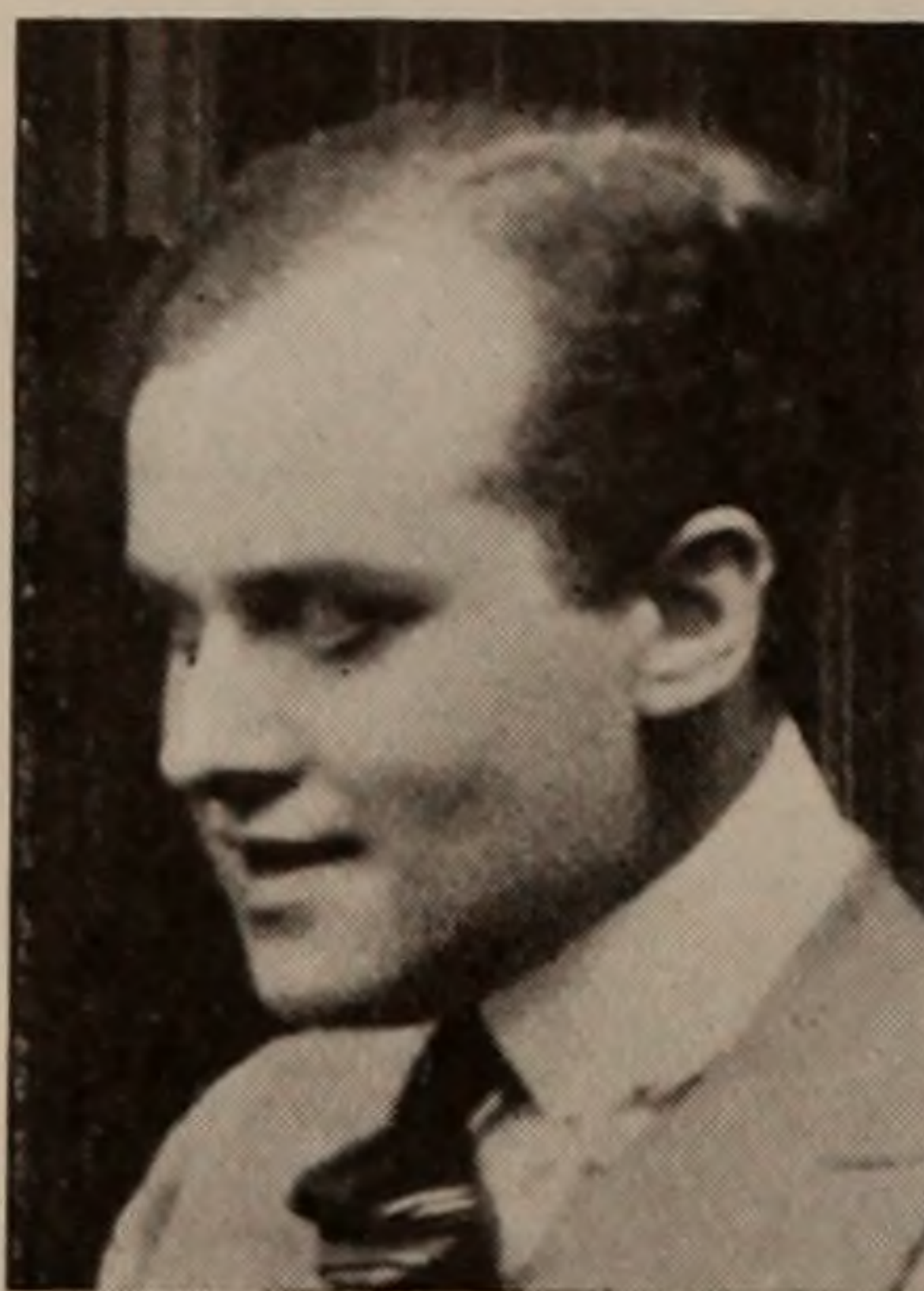
and upon this—the night before Christmas—he delighted the visitors to the New Nielsen Opera House, Sandusky, Ohio.



December 25, 1906. — Marguerite Clark (Famous Players) probably ate her Christmas dinner with rather a heavy heart, tho there is little doubt that she had for her companion no less a merry

person than De Wolf Hopper, with whom she was playing leading parts, being Sylvia in "Happyland," be-

cause it takes a stout heart to face a Christmas night's performance in any such place as the Opera House, Cairo, Ill.—with Vincennes, Ind., to follow the night after!



December 30, 1910. — Evart Overton (Vitagraph) was a happy, care-free chorus-lad, probably little dreaming, then, of the screen success which lay before him, at the moment

gambolling gaily about in "Fifty Miles from Boston," which was having a lengthy run of three days at the Majestic Theater, Springfield, Ill.



December 31, 1910. — Octavia Handworth (late Lubin) was playing in the city of Philadelphia, at the National Theater, in one of A. H. Woods' thrillers, "Broadway After Dark," prob-

ably with little idea that she would afterward be located in that same city as a Moving Picture star, and she unquestionably made a New Year's resolution to greatly advance in her chosen profession. Incidentally, we find her using her maiden name at this time, same being Octavia Boas.



January 6, 1907. — Harry Pollard (Equitable) was engaged in the light and easy task of studying a new part each week, being a juvenile man of the stock company at the Colonial Theater, San

Francisco, upon this Sabbath Day, when two performances were given, playing the rôle of Horatio Drake in "The Christian," all the while carrying about in his head the lines of next rôle, Andrew Strong in "The Butterflies," which he played the following evening.



January 8, 1910. — Boyd Marshall (Thanouser) was quite happy in the leading juvenile rôle in "The Cash Girl," of which May Ward was the star, at the moment affording diversion to

Pennsylvania denizens in the one-night stands, this date holding forth at the Grand Opera House, Hazleton, Pa.



January 1, 1909. — Ethel Clayton (Lubin) was probably also making a New Year's resolve to become a bigger and better artist in her chosen work, and she was certainly a most able ac-

tress at this time, playing Elsa Berg in "The Devil," with Edwin Stevens, at the Grand Opera House, London, Can.



December 27, 1907. — Franklin Ritchie (Biograph) was an heroic and picturesque figure in the leading rôle of Ben Cameron in "The Clansman," a thrilling bill, set

before the patrons of the Waterloo Theater, Waterloo, Ia., where a large audience was conspicuously in evidence.



January 2, 1897. — Lionel Barrymore (Metro) had just started his career in earnest, after one or two rather futile earlier attempts, appearing in the support of Georgia Cayvan, on her

initial starring tour, being Lord Silversnake in "Squire Kate," at Macauley's Theater, Louisville, Ky.



SCENE FROM MAURICE HEWLETT'S "THE SPANISH JADE" (PARAMOUNT)

What Famous Fiction Authors Think of Their Photoplay Adaptations

By ERNEST A. DENCH



SINCE many stage stars have read the handwriting on the wall and have deserted the stage to enter film-dom—some for an occasional engagement, while others are staying in the game for good—it is only to be expected that famous fiction authors would follow in their footsteps.

They have found in the Motion Picture a new source of revenue. Their invasion, however, has certainly served to make the film producers realize that if they are to obtain the best stories they must rely upon thoroly capable authors and pay them remunerative prices.

Before established authors made overtures to the studios, the average fee for photoplays seldom exceeded twenty-five dollars per reel, but before

the men who made writing their profession could be induced to part with their brain-children they demanded one hundred dollars per reel and upward, with frequently a royalty into the bargain.

A year or so ago Jack London had several of his gripping novels adapted for the film, the best known being "The Sea Wolf." After it was produced, he was invited to attend a special exhibition in San Francisco. He then held a very poor opinion of Motion Pictures, but the elaborate theater he sat in came as a pleasant surprise. So did the photoplay. Hobart Bosworth's characterization appealed to him as a masterly one, while the novel, as a whole, he considered, gained considerably by its visualized treatment.

Jack London feared more than anything else that the underlying motive of the story would not "get across" on the screen, as he thought that only

pure melodrama and slapstick comedy were effective in films.

Some time previous to this, in the "wonder days of pictures," Jack London and Glen White, the aviator, had a prolonged controversy as to whether Motion Pictures had many limitations. London argued in the negative and White in the affirmative. This of course occurred before London had sold the film production rights of any of his stories. White, to substantiate his point, argued that it would not be possible to film his friend's story, "Winged Blackmail." The impossible stunt in this is that of following carrier-pigeons in flying machines. Yet, since then, the impossible has become the everyday occurrence both in pictures and aviation.

Hall Caine is credited with saying that he was the only person in the world who was capable of adapting "The Christian" for the film. He was opposed to the Motion Picture



SCENE FROM REX BEACH'S "THE SPOILERS" (SELIG)

because he had never witnessed a good film story, and furthermore averred that photoplays should not be presented at theaters without organs, trumpets and crowds of "extras" to impart life to the silent drama.

Yet he, the most austere of all critics, capitulated and has allowed the Vitagraph to produce "The Christian" without his personal supervision. Not even his scenario was used. It was prepared by Eugene Mullin, a

staff author, and directed by J. Stuart Blackton and Frederick Thompson.

Rex Beach, when his full-blooded story, "The Spoilers," was about to be released, took great care not to have it butchered by the meddling Chicago



SCENE FROM JACK LONDON'S "JOHN BARLEYCORN" (BOSWORTH)



SCENE FROM REX BEACH'S "THE VENGEANCE OF DURAND" (VITAGRAPH)

ensorship board. It therefore came as a revelation to him that the picture drew the admiration of the censors, who allowed it to go by without a single cut.

The most remarkable thing about Motion Pictures, in the opinion of Rex Beach, is that while an author has to use from one hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand words in order to tell a long story, only from two hundred to three hundred words are necessary to explain what it is about on the film.

Tho satisfied with the production, he considered that he lost half of the pleasure of his work by not being present when it was filmed in California. So in future cases he will personally superintend his adaptations so that the director may gain a full appreciation of the local color and characters.

Conan Doyle, after his novel, "The House of Temperley," had been

filmed, frankly admitted that the credit for the production should go to the director. The creator of "Sherlock Holmes" was surprised at the clever way in which his novel had been whipped into shape for the film, as he thought it was not at all suited to silent drama. Moreover, the film absolutely made the reputation of a new, but now leading, British film company.

Marie Corelli deplors the sensational character of many photoplays. To this end she intends entrusting some of her simple love stories to a producer who will make the most of the dramatic side. It is her opinion that emotional incidents can be made much stronger than sensational situations.

James Oliver Curwood is one of the few authors who now writes almost exclusively for Motion Pictures. He attributes his success in this sphere to introducing as much plot into a photo-

play as he does for a story intended for one of the leading magazines. He believes in strong, heart-interest stories with plenty of plot, and still more significant is his statement that not even the best fiction author is competent enough to write above the high standard demanded in modern photodrama.

Louis Joseph Vance complained that the first adaptations of his novels were badly produced and poorly acted, while the plots were ruthlessly altered. This made them the most "mellow" of melodramas.

In studying the photoplays prepared by staff writers attached to the film companies, he was convinced that they failed to put sufficient sympathetic treatment into them. They introduced just the "bare bones," with no attention to characterization, atmosphere, motives and the finer details which go to make a harmonious whole.



DONALD HALL MAURICE COSTELLO S. RANKIN DREW

SCENE FROM "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK" (VITAGRAPH)

This was what prompted him to form his own producing company. He could then be assured that his forthcoming novels would be done justice to. The photoplay, he has stated, is destined to be the greatest medium of dramatic expression that the world has ever known.

Every fiction author of note who has entered the Motion Picture field has experienced a difficulty in obtaining his fair wage; but while reputations are easily spoiled, they are the labor of years in the making, and the producers eventually had to pay the quality prices.

The day of film royalties, too, has dawned, and the masters of fiction are reaping the same harvest for their film creations as they get for the novel rights.

The fiction author has done much to raise the standard of the photoplay, for he has wakened up the regular photoplaywright to the true value of characterization — something which has been long lacking in his plots. To have allowed this to have continued would have wrought untold havoc in the industry. It has been only the personalities of the movie stars that have averted the crisis until the advent of the fiction author saved Motion Pictures from the overdone and the commonplace.

Nearly All of Shakespeare's Works Have Been or Are Being Filmed. This is One of the Very First to Reach the Screen



ROSE COGHLAN IN SHAKESPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT" (VITAGRAPH)



ROMAINE FIELDING

FAVORITE SCENES FROM FAVORITE PLAYS

By MABEL WARREN



THE scenes shown this month are the favorite ones of Romaine Fielding (Lubin), Harold Lockwood (American) and George Larkin (Selig).

Thru seeing the favorite scene of these favorite actors, and learning the reason for their choice of it as such, you become acquainted, not with the actor, but with the personal man. To Romaine Fielding patriotism makes a great appeal; Harold Lockwood wants life and action; the emotions mean most to George Larkin.

From the original photoplay, "A Species of Mexican Man," by the vivid, compelling Romaine Fielding, is the scene on this page taken. In answer to our request for his favorite scene, Mr. Fielding writes:

"My reason for choosing this scene

is because of an unusual and pathetic incident which occurred during the action. One of the extras, a veteran ex-soldier of Diaz's reign, was so carried away by his patriotic spirit that as I rode in among my faithful followers, this poor old Mexican threw himself on his knees, clinging to me and kissing my hand. No more beautiful appreciation or greater tribute to the heart of a man could have been offered than the proof this old white-haired warrior bestowed upon what he thought was his leader. It was true patriotism, and every one recognized the spirit."

At the top of the following page is a scene from "The End of the Road." Harold Lockwood chose it as his favorite because of its thrills. This popular star is a thoro athlete and, as his letter shows, is keen for all stunts that put his strength and suppleness to the test:

"Some of my screen friends might

expect me to say that I like pretty, romantic stuff best, but I'm going to be brutally frank and tell you that not many things appeal to me more than a fight. I love a fight on the screen because it means action, and action is the heart-blood of a picture. 'The End of the Road' is full of thrills, and I'd like to set at rest any doubts that this was a real fight. Fake a fight! Why, I get so into the spirit of it that I forget everything else and have to be pulled off."

The scene from "The Love Victorious" is George Larkin's favorite because, as he writes:

"It gives me an opportunity to display my emotions. I am always fond of a scene that requires remorse and grief, altho at times I am tempted to do some daredevil stunt. I like them, too."

By refinement and clearness of acting Mr. Larkin renders well the interpretations of these emotional parts.



FAVORITE SCENES: HAROLD LOCKWOOD IN "THE END OF THE ROAD" (AMERICAN)



FAVORITE SCENES: GEORGE LARKIN IN "THE LOVE VICTORIOUS" (GOLD SEAL)

PENOGRAPHS OF LEADING PLAYERS



HART



HARRY MYERS



ARBUCKLE



G.M. ANDERSON



THEDA BARA



Warren Kerrigan



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG



EARLE WILLIAMS



MARY FULLER

Big Moments from Great Plays



MARY CHARLESON

NAOMI CHILDERS

MAURICE COSTELLO

SCENE FROM "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK" (VITAGRAPH)

M

R. BARNES had been violently in love many times, and, as the play opens, a dark-eyed Corsican, Marina, had caught his fancy. Despite the ingenuity of Mr.

Barnes, her only brother fights a duel with an unknown English army officer and is shot thru the heart. Marina vows a vendetta against her brother's killer. Mr. Barnes goes to Paris, and falls in love with Enid

Anstruther, a fair young English girl. Marina, in the character of a nurse, searches the hospitals in Egypt for her brother's slayer, whom she has never seen, but who, rumor states, was wounded in action. She nurses Lieutenant Edwin Anstruther, a blond giant brother of Enid, back to health, and they fall deeply in love.

On her wedding-day Count Danella, the Lieutenant's rival, falsely discloses to her that Anstruther is the man who killed her brother. Bound to her oath, loving her fiancé yet hating him, she agrees to his death.

At a given signal—the sound of his footsteps—her father thrusts his stiletto thru the curtains. Mr. Barnes, who at last has pieced together the terrible situation, enters the room just seconds too late. He tells the agonized girl that Anstruther was innocent. A pallid hand beneath the curtain tells him in turn that he is too late. Twitching the curtains aside, Mr. Barnes discovers Danella, his face fixed in half-grin, half-agony, and two great wounds in his breast.

Marina's father had thrust better than he knew.



CRANE WILBUR

RETURNING TO HIS HUMBLE HOME FROM HIS FLOCK IN THE FIELD, KINDHEART IS HORRIFIED TO FIND HIS FAMILY IN THEIR DEATH-BLOOD. AN INVADING ARMY HAS RAIDED THE DEFENSELESS VILLAGE. KINDHEART SWEARS TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF HIS DEAR ONES. SCENE FROM "THE BLOOD OF OUR BROTHERS" (CENTAUR)



KING PHILIP HAS ACCUSED MENDOZA OF THE MURDER OF DON JOHN, OF WHICH HE HIMSELF WAS GUILTY. MENDOZA THEN TURNS ABOUT AND ACCUSES THE KING. "IN THE PALACE OF THE KING" (ESSANAY)

(Fifty-nine)

THE MAN WITH A THOUSAND FACES

ALBERT ROCCARDI is by birth, as his name readily shows, an Italian. In Milan is an avenue bearing his name, an honor conferred because of diplomatic services rendered by one of his family.

By early training he is a Frenchman. It was in France that he learnt the art of pantomime, a then popular form of amusement and similar to the younger art, the Moving Pictures. In the former the acting is before the audience; in the latter it is for the audience thru the camera.

By preference this clever Vitagraph actor is an American, for he likes best this country's

manners, customs and professional art.

"Tony," as he is familiarly called, is noted for his excellent character work. He steps into the intricacies of each of his characters, and given a minor part, makes of it one that stands out. Because of his work as a pantomimist, acting in the pictures is second nature to him, and his thirty years' experience on the stage gives to his work a finish and repose rarely equaled.

In "Mr. Barnes of New York," "The New Stenographer," "Fraid Cat" and "Uncle Bill" Mr. Roccardi did especially good work. That he is versatile and portrays entirely different characters equally well can be seen by these illustrations.

A part of dignity can he portray,

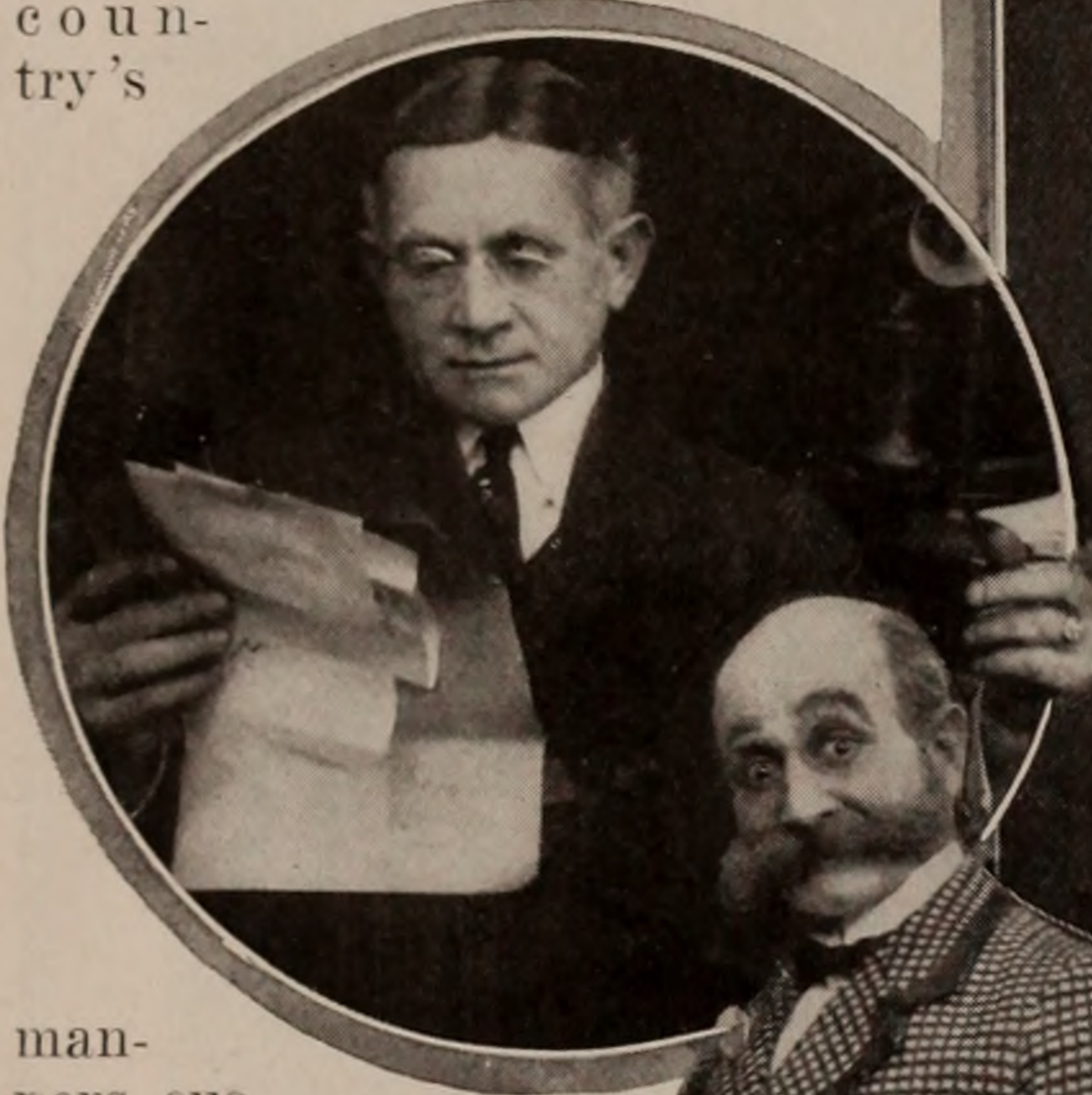
or his appearance can be a fun frolic. It is truthfully said that Albert Roccardi is not always Albert Roccardi, for into each part that he is playing he completely sinks himself, and every movement seems to belong to that special character. His shifting facial expressions are Moving Pictures in themselves.

Mr. Roccardi's preference is for

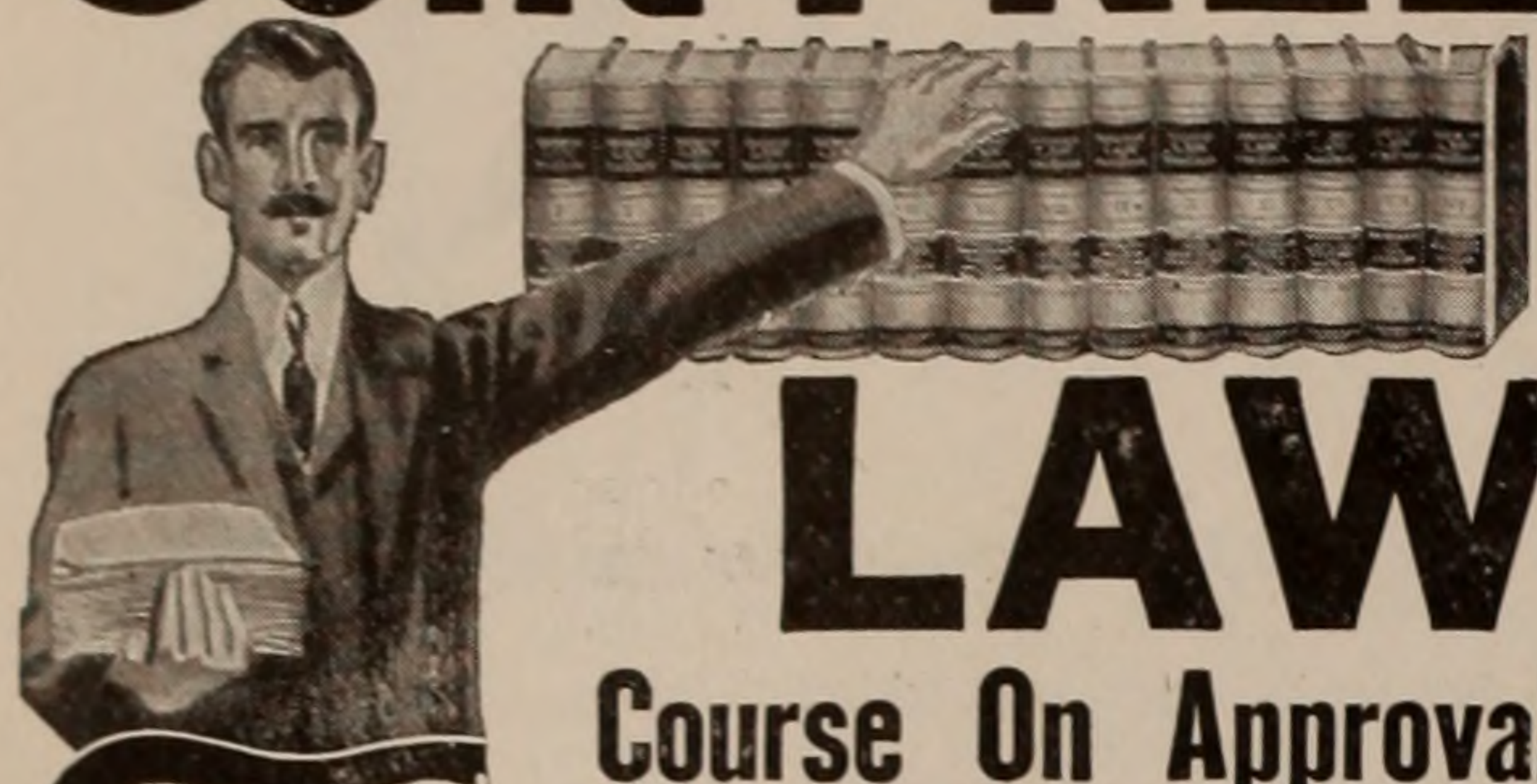
the stage and how to hold his hands, seemingly simple things, yet those that few have the art of doing properly. Mr. Roccardi would be better known to the movie millions were his disguises not so complete. With no two characters alike he

the Motion Pictures because the scope for an actor to show his versatility is much greater there than in the "legitimate," and greater opportunity is given for playing a variety of characters. He thinks, too, that work in the pictures helps an actor to learn how to walk across

might play a hundred parts and not be recognized in a dozen, for only close students of the art of make-up would be able to see underneath the paint. And he's oh, so willing! "Where's Roccardi?" is the ever constant Vitagraph cry.



Sent FREE



LAW Course On Approval

Not one penny down. Get this greatest home-study course in law—including this magnificent fourteen-volume library, the most complete library of its kind in existence, and the first lectures, individual lessons, assignments, etc.—clear, comprehensive discussions of the law—in your hands free of charge—without any obligation whatever. We want you to see this course, before you even decide. Write a postal—right now—to get the details of this startling offer—to find out how you can, without risking a penny, get started right on your legal education.

Get Your Degree By MAIL!

We are authorized by the State of Illinois to confer on our graduates the degree of Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.). Our course prepares you to pass the bar examination in any state. Should you fail we guarantee to coach you without charge until you are successful. We have not on record a single instance of a LaSalle graduate who took a bar examination and failed.

FREE Complete Course in Public Speaking

Prepared by Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, Professor of Public Speaking, College of City of N. Y. etc. No other course like it—write today for Special Limited Free Offer.

SEND NO MONEY Just send your name and address on a postal and we will forward by return mail full particulars of our remarkable free on approval offer and our wonderful free book "Guide to the Law" showing how to study law at home. If you act promptly we will save you more than half your tuition. This offer is subject to withdrawal in a short time, without notice. So act now.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 6171, Chicago, Ill.

THE EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING CO.

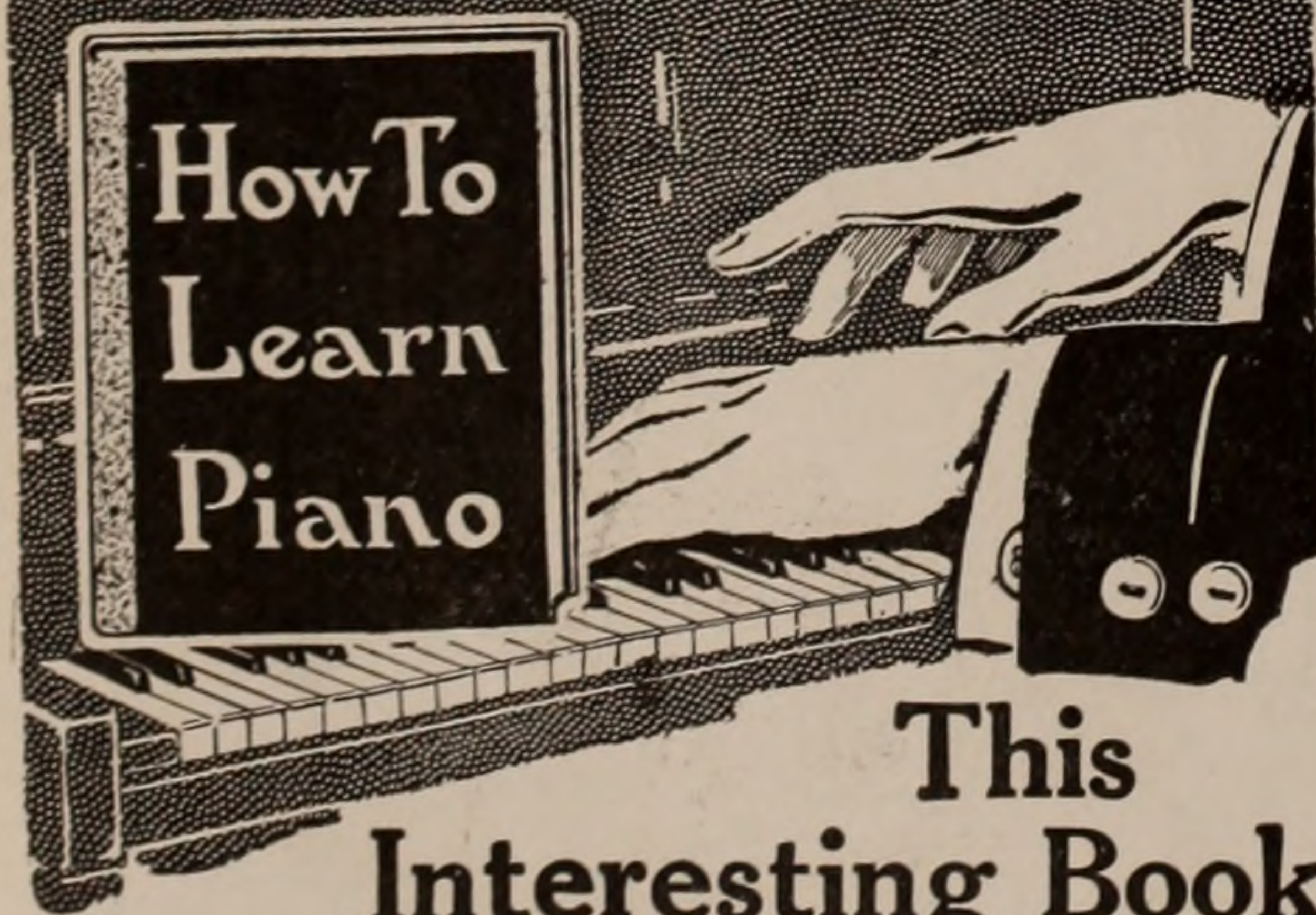
PHOTO-ENGRAVERS
GOOD CUTS

Half-tone and Line Work for Printing in One or More
Colors for Any Purpose

DESIGNING :: :: RETOUCHING

165-167 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK

FREE BOOK



This Interesting Book

shows the keen delight and personal satisfaction which a musical training will bring you; and how you can obtain this training easily and thoroughly in your own home at one-quarter the usual cost.

It tells how this most prized of social accomplishments greatly increases your own enjoyment of life and the enjoyment of others. It tells of the concert career which may be open to you, and how you can increase your earning power by giving musical instruction in your spare time. Send for your copy of this valuable book today; it is free.

Dr. Quinn's Famous WRITTEN METHOD

has revolutionized the study of music. By the use of Dr. Quinn's remarkable device, the COLOROTONE (patented), you save three-quarters of the time and effort usually required for learning piano or organ. You play chords immediately and a complete piece within a few lessons. The method is scientific and systematic, yet practical and simple. It is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of state universities. Equally effective for children or adults, beginners or experienced players. Practise in spare time, whenever convenient. Successful graduates everywhere. Diploma granted. Special reduced terms this month. Investigate without cost or obligation by writing today for free book, "How to Learn Piano and Organ."

Marcus Lucius Quinn Conservatory, Box 650K.A., Chicago

LELAND S.—E. A. Turner was the corporal in "The Mystery of the Poisoned Pool." James Gordon was Joe Cameron, and Betty Harte was Dorothy. Margaret Thompson and William Hart in "The Grudge" (Broncho). Thanks for the verses.

GORD BASTEDO.—Enid Markey played the part exceedingly well in "The Iron Strain." If you did not like her, it was because you did not like the character. You make me jealous when you speak of the warm weather you are having. It is so cold here that words freeze in your mouth. Sometimes the sidewalks are covered with conversations, and we have to take them in the house and put them in the oven to thaw before we can tell what we are talking about. Our furnace isn't going yet. They say that down in Texas it is now so hot that they have to feed the hens cracked ice to prevent them laying hard-boiled eggs.

G., TORONTO.—Cecil Arnold was the girl in "His Musical Career." Yes, it was very funny. Will hand your suggestions to the Editor, who will, no doubt, adopt them.

G. U. STIFF.—You are extremely complimentary in your selection of classic epithets. William Duncan and Jack Mower, George Kunkel and Alice Neice in "His Golden Grain." Sorry I didn't see "Jewell." You say you like Anita Stewart and Pearl White because they are not or do not appear to be conceited.

BRUNETTA, 17.—The original term of

copyright runs for 28 years, but it may be renewed for 28 years more. Clara Young was Lola; Alec B. Francis and James Young.

BETTIE OF KINGSTON.—Hobart Henley was Porter in "The Flight of a Night-Bird." I am not sure, I cannot tell; perhaps we shall arm ourselves to the teeth, and perhaps we shall all begin to disarm, after the war. King Alphonso says that after the war the nations will arm more than ever. But even kings are sometimes wrong.

JUNIOR FAN.—Glad you liked the November. A college education does not amount to much unless you know how to apply it. There is an old fable about an ass disguising himself in a lion's skin; now they disguise themselves with a sheepskin. I have neither.

EDWARD M.—Helen Holmes will be seen in Kalem pictures for some time, but she has left Kalem. Vivian Wessell was "The Dancing Doll." Wayne Nunn was her sweetheart.

CURICUSE.—You consider Clara K. Young and Edith Storey the finest players on the screen. Mary Fuller played the part of Mary Queen of Scots.

GERTE.—Sorry I missed you when you 'phoned. I learnt a whole lot from your letter. You could be an Answer Man yourself. I do not think that Hazel Dawn has the charm of either Marguerite Clark or Pauline Fredericks—I mean on the screen. She does not register so well.



© THURYLE KRETZER.
1915.

On the cold, bleak nights in winter,
When the snow is all awirl,
You can go into a Picture-House,
And see this bathing girl.



MARY B. W.—Thanks a whole lot for your generous fee. Yes; Edison first, but I cannot tell the order of the others. Biograph, Vitagraph, Kalem, Essanay, Lubin, Pathé, Selig, George Kleine and Méliès were the first ten in the General Film Co. Kleiné and Pathé dropped out. D. W. Griffith was once with the Adele Blood Stock Company in Louisville. Cannot tell whether Vitagraph will reissue "Love's Sunset," but I think they will because it was so popular. It was two reels, I think. The copy you saw must have been very old. After they have been run 100 times they are called in. Thanks.

JULIA D., MCKEESPORT.—Mary Moore was Adelaide, and Charles Ogle was John in "The Meddler" (Universal). Johnstone is usually pronounced *John son*.

VINCENT J., SAN FRANCISCO.—Eddie Foy has left Keystone, and Irving Cummings is with Horsley. No; I didn't care for Harry Millard in "The Man in Hiding." He is a good player. Nevertheless, I am the same Answer Man who writes for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

MILLICENT B.—Eugene Palette and Lillian Webster in "The Penalty," and Eugene Palette and Bessie Buskirk in "The Ever-Living Isles" (Reliance). Kate Toncray is with Mutual. Vivian Rich in "The Blot on the Shield."

JERRY, 18.—You aspire to be a Captain of Industry, but if you stay out there thinking it over all your life you will become Major-General of Indolence. Come, get busy. Start something!

MABEL, FLORIDA.—Kindly do not write mush. I get altogether too much mush, and I expect better things from you. Glad you like May Allison. She is doing nice work with Harold Lockwood. Anna Little with Mustang branch of Mutual. Lorraine Huling was Edith in "His Wife."

ALICE JOYCE ADMIRER.—You must sign your name and address. Send a stamped, addressed envelope if you wish a list of manufacturers. Yes, "Pippa Passes" was reissued and released October 15th, with Arthur Johnson, Marion Leonard, Gertrude Robinson, James Kirkwood, Owen

Moore and Mack Sennett. Quite a bunch of celebrities, dont you think? They are all in different companies now.

WILL T. H.—I am waiting for your "Kaleidoscopic Mélange." Let her come. Really cannot tell you where Evelyn Dominicus is. She was clever in "The Mills of the Gods." Yes, and George Cooper also. That's too bad you didn't see my loving-cup. Stop in again, and ask to see it. I am very proud of it.

LUELLA R. W.—A thousand thanks for your praise, which I fear is excessive. Be nice. Soft Word and Hard Word had an argument, and who do you think won?

C. W. T., MINNEAPOLIS.—Write to the A. H. Andres Co., 115 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., for their catalog on chairs. About 100. The average duration of human life is about 33 years. Is your time up yet? Mine is not, yet I am 74.

FRANK G., CHICAGO.—Yes; I saw "Shanghai." The boat scenes were good, but there was not much originality in it. Knickerbocker Features are released every Wednesday thru General Film.

MARY MC.—The leading man in "star plays" plays the male rôle next in importance to that of the star. If the star is a leading lady, the leading man, in most cases, plays the part of her lover. Your letter was as bright and sparkling as a glass of champagne.

ARTHUR J.—Blanche Ring in "The Yankee Girl" (Morosco). The Mary who had a little lamb was a real character.

JERRIE.—So you decided to come to the Classic because you couldn't get answered in the Magazine. Come right in and sit down. Yes, the Magazine is pretty well crowded. Thanks, I still live in my hall-room, and I enjoy my buttermilk.

TOMMY, KALAMAZOO.—Write to the Jungle Film Co., 407 Mecca Bldg., New York, for the Paul J. Rainey African hunt pictures.

JESSICA.—I am indeed sorry. It is a matter of personal taste and feelings whether you go in mourning or not to make a public exhibition of a private sorrow. I never did it.

\$2 a Box

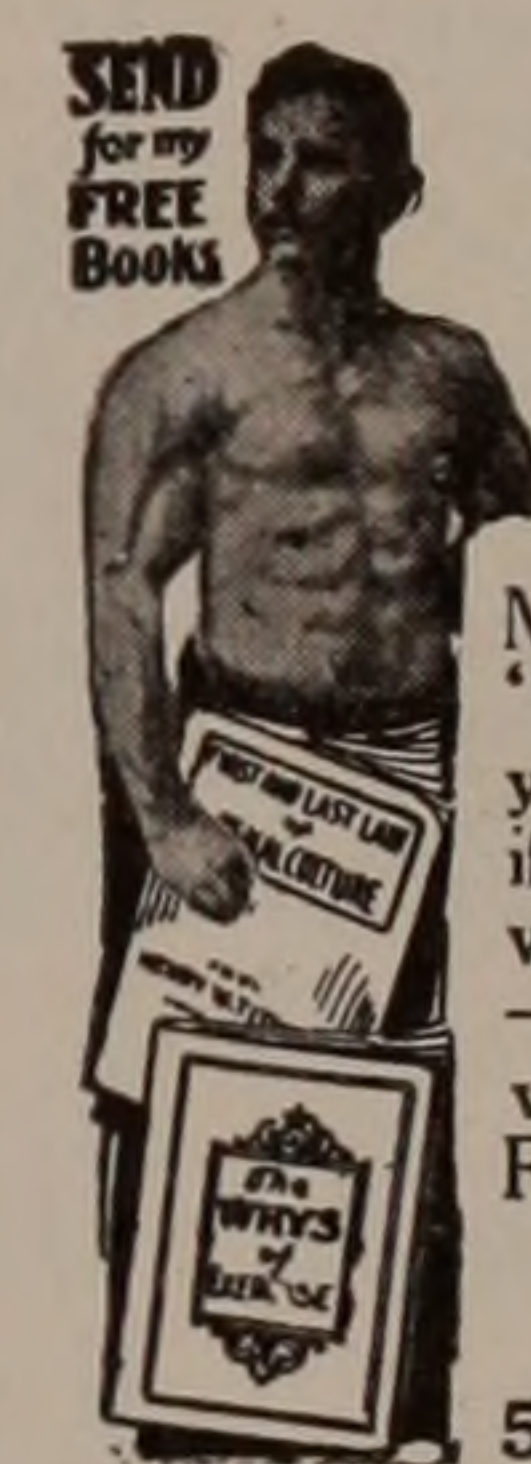


Shirts and Neckties by Mail for Less Than You Pay for Shirts Alone

On receipt of \$2 and 15c postage with name and address of five friends, we send a box of 3 DURO Shirts and a handsome necktie by parcel post

DURO Shirts are guaranteed to wear six months without fading, shrinking or ripping, or new shirts free. Made of fine white percale shirting fabric with narrow stripes of blue, black and lavender. One shirt of each color to the box. Cut in the popular coat style, cuffs attached, hand laundered and very fashionable. Standard sizes 14 to 17. Sleeves 33 or 35. Neckties are navy blue, black and lavender. Take your choice. The shirts would cost you a dollar apiece and you would get no guarantee of wear. The tie would cost 50c. Illustrated literature on request, but save time by sending \$2 bill and 15c postage today with size and five names, for if all the goods are not satisfactory on arrival we will gladly refund your money. Highest bank references.

GOODSELL & CO., Room 67, 158 E. 34th Street, New York



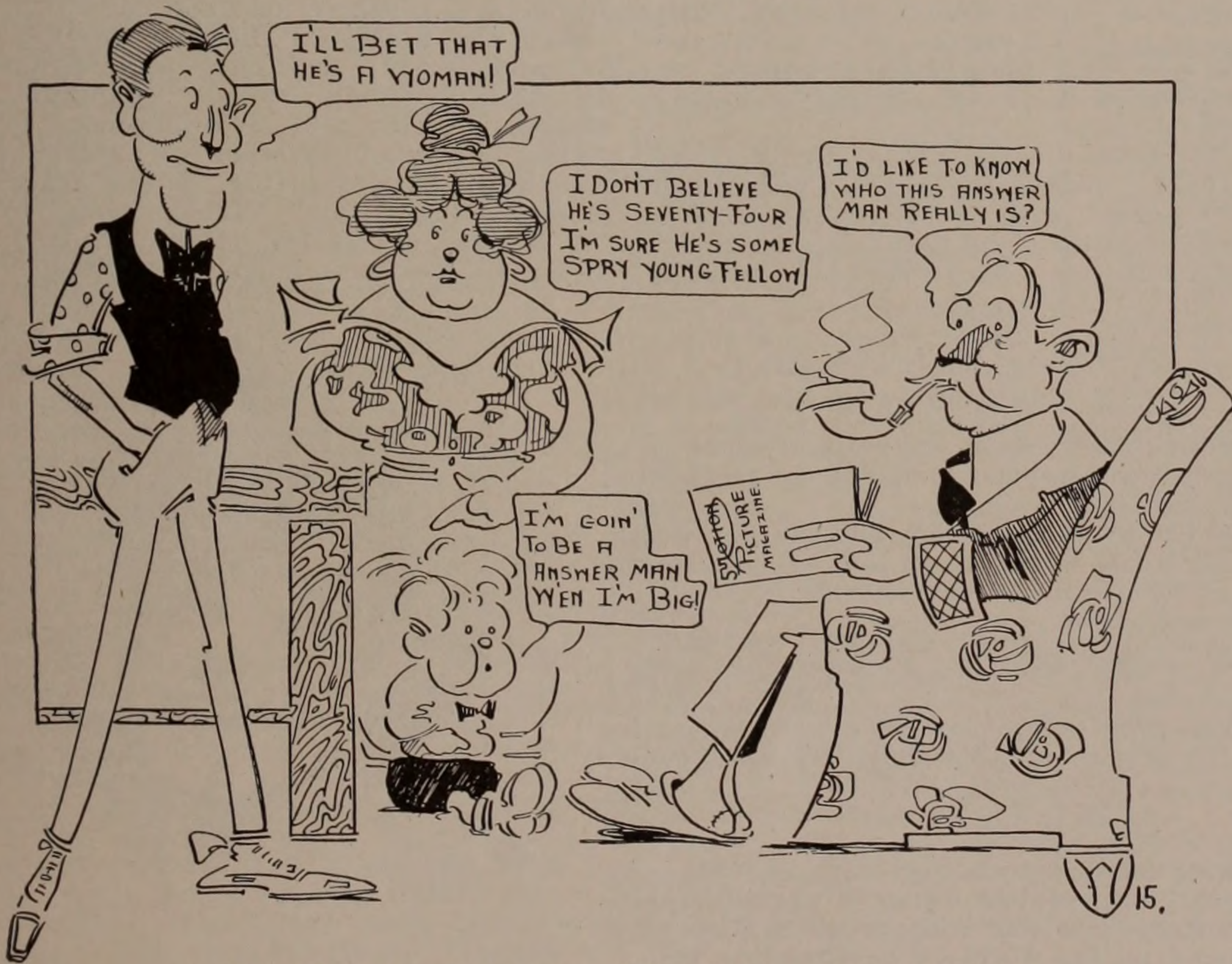
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW TO DEVELOP

VITALITY, ENERGY, ENDURANCE, NERVE STRENGTH, MUSCULAR STRENGTH, PERFECT PHYSIQUE?

My FREE BOOKS, "The Whys of Exercise" and "The First and Last Law of Physical Culture," tell you, if you are weak or underdeveloped, how to grow strong; if strong, how to grow stronger. They explain how to develop lungs and muscle, the strong heart and vigorous digestion—in short, how to improve health and strength internally as well as externally. Send TO-DAY-NOW—for these FREE BOOKS. Enclose 4c. in stamps to cover postage.

PROF. H. W. TITUS

56-58 Cooper Sq. Dept. 250 New York City



THE ETERNAL QUESTION: Who is the Answer Man?

(Sixty-three)

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table
FREE TRIAL

\$1 DOWN

A few cents a day (payable monthly) will soon make you the owner of a handsome Burrowes Table. Play while you pay. No special room is needed—can be mounted on dining or library table, or on its own legs or folding stand. Put up or taken down in a minute. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard). Prices from \$15 up. Cues, balls, etc., free.

Burrowes Tables are splendidly made, and adapted to the most scientific play. Great experts say that the Burrowes Regis High-Speed Rubber Cushions are the best made.

Write for illustrated catalog containing free trial offer, prices, terms, order blanks, etc.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO.
303 Spring Street Portland, Me.



DON'T YOU LIKE My Eyelashes and Eyebrows?
You can have the same

LASHNEEN, a hair food, applied once each day, will absolutely produce thick and long eyebrows and eyelashes. Easy to apply—sure in results. Lashneen is an **Oriental formula**. One box is all you will need. Not sold at druggists. Mailed on receipt of 25c coin and 2c postage, or Canadian money order.

LASHNEEN COMPANY Dept 19 Philadelphia



FREE TALKING MACHINE AND RECORDS

Reproduces, talking, singing and instrumental music. Clear in tone, plays Columbia or Victor Records. Machine with records FREE for 15 sales Gold Eye needles. Easy to sell, 2 packages for 10c with free thimble. When sold return \$1.50 and machine and record are yours.

KEYSTONE GIFT CO., Box 776 Greenville, Pa.

WANTED!

Your Ideas for Photoplays and stories may bring you **BIG MONEY!** Rowland Thomas, an "unknown writer," won a \$5,000.00 prize from *Collier's Weekly*.

No Experience is Needed

Writing is open to *all classes*. Editors give preference to a writer's **IDEAS**—not his name. Hundreds of inexperienced people are making money. **YOU** can, too!

Ideas Taken in Any Form

We will accept your ideas in any form—either as finished scripts or as outlines of the plot. Send us mere ideas, plots, synopses or finished stories.

We Criticise Your Ideas Free

We also improve them, if necessary, then promptly submit to the Leading Film and Fiction Editors. Your work is sold on commission. No charge is made for selling, except a small commission *when a sale is made*.

Get Busy! Send Your Manuscripts at Once.

Write us to-day for full details.

STORY REVISION COMPANY
54 Main Auburn, N. Y.

BIG WONDER PACKAGE



1 Great North Pole Game (size 18x11), 1 Big Roll Stage Money, 1 Game Authors (48 Cards), 1 Cribbage Board, 1 Checker Board and Men, 1 Pack Pinochle Cards (48 Cards), 38 other Games, 19 Lessons in Magic, 1 Set of Dominoes, 27 Autograph Verses, 12 Money Making Secrets, Wireless Telegraph Code, 25 Pictures of Pretty Girls, 2 Puzzles, 100 Conundrums, 85 definitions of Flowers. All the above for **10c.** with large catalogue.

ROYAL GAME CO., Box 18, So. Norwalk, Conn.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Send us your verses or melodies today. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Write for valuable booklet—it's free.

MARKS-GOLDSMITH CO.

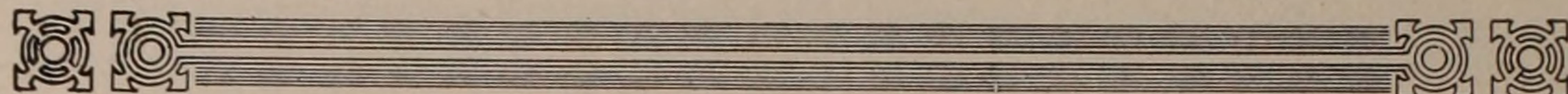
Dept. 116

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FORD JOKE BOOK, 10 Cents

All the latest and **BEST JOKES** on the **FORD** Auto. Hundreds of them and all good ones. Also **Jitney** jokes, Moving Picture and new Vaudeville jokes. Laugh till you shake. A neat, colored covered book by mail **10 cts.**

PIKE PUBLISHING CO.
Box B, South Norwalk, Conn.



MILLIE E., GASPORT.—"The Dust of Egypt" (V. L. S. E.) was very fine, every one says, and Edith Storey is always good. Better shake your "friend." A friend in need is a friend indeed—if he doesn't need too much.

KANYDA.—Glad to meet you. Jack Drumier was Rufus in "Felix Holton" (Biograph). Send United States money, and it wont cost you any more. You must not take those letters so seriously. Goodness sakes alive, but yours was long enough.

CANADA.—Mary Anderson's mother called in the other day and said she received a package of silk stockings from Canada addressed to Mary with \$2.50 duty due. Be you the party what done it? It is your duty to pay duty, dont you think? However, Mary is much pleased, says ma.

HAMILTON S.—Only Pathé are now showing hand-colored pictures. Balboa are producing a four-reel drama in colors, featuring Jackie Saunders in "The Adventures of a Madcap," but it is released thru Pathé.

MILDRED S. R.—Kindly back up. You have the cart before the horse. And, besides, I dont answer such questions. I dont know which causes the most marriages—the desire to be married or the fear of remaining single.

MELBA, BROOKLYN.—Glad to hear you are studying. Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" are Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory and Obedience.

JERSEY CENTRAL.—If this war teaches anything it teaches that the human animal should walk on all-fours after this, and even then the other animals will be ashamed to be classed with us. Most of the lower animals would be ashamed to engage in any such struggle as men are now engaging in. You see, m'sieurs and mesdames, I am not neutral, but agin 'em all.

J. G. B., TORONTO.—The expression "once over" means getting the best of any one. Lillian Gish and Elliott Dexter will play in "Daphne" (Fine Arts).

I. M. A. B.—Buzz away! Yes, a dog may look at a doctor, but he must not dogmatize with him. Smiling Billy Mason is with Keystone, but I cannot tell you how long he will remain there, for he belongs to Edwin August's Moving Actors' Club.

ALICE X.—So you are against Beverly Bayne? Gadzooks—why? You liked "Fifty-fifty," with Lillian Drew? She is quite handsome, and that was very funny.

COMEDY FAN.—Marie Dressler played in

a Keystone, also a Lubin. Dorothy Gish is in New York, playing for Griffith.

MIRIAM L. C.—You seem to belong to that class of critics who see the fly on the barn door before they see the door. Dont you ever see anything to praise? Nothing is perfect in this world. The diamond has its flaws, the sun its spots and the rose its thorns.

J. S., WINNIPEG.—Mon ami, yes, there is much more room in the Classic than in the Magazine, altho the Editor is adding eight pages more to the Magazine for the February issue; but I guess that wont help me any. I, too, would rather see the play first and read the story afterwards. Some readers make it a rule never to read a story until they have seen the play. They save up the magazines for that purpose. There are twenty-two episodes to the "Broken Coin."

JOHNSON C. K.—Oh, yes, I saw that Sidney Drew comedy, "The Professional Diner," based on the superstition of thirteen at table. It was great. It teaches this lesson. Never sit at a table where there are twelve others; all of the thirteen will die some time, and it may be you. Jewel Hunt is now in Vitagraph, never having had stage experience. See article about her in January Magazine.

N. J. K.—Universal have a studio at 573 Eleventh Avenue, New York City. Yes; Mary Fuller is there. So you dont like Anita Stewart. She is very popular now. Gertrude Robinson and James Cooley are with the Ivan Film Co.

BRUNETTA, 17.—Gypsy Abbott I believe you refer to in "Who Pays?" No, she is not new; she has been playing for Balboa. Elsie McLeod was in "Carmen" (Fox). So you liked Theda Bara better than Geraldine Farrar.

DIX, GLOUCESTER.—Only two magazines do I write for, not the third. Clara K. Young had the lead in "My Official Wife." It seems that Anita Stewart will play opposite Richard Turner now in her new studio at Brightwaters, L. I. No, the three R's are not all. You must also have the three H's—heart, head and hand.

PAT, 17.—Stafford Pemberton was Robert and Bryant Washburn was Gerald in "The Helping Hand" (Essanay). Eugene O'Brien was John Barclay in "The Lieutenant-Governor" (Essanay). You have the wrong title. Guess again. Andell Higgins and Vinnie Burns in "A Species of Mexican Man" (Lubin). Helen Holmes is no longer with Kalem.

Faces on the Screen

By M. M. MURPHY

Faces on the screen, we see you smile,
And care departs from out our troubled hearts:
We drink the cup of joy with you the while
And care not that you only play the parts,
Faces on the screen!

Faces on the screen, we watch you sigh,
And taste the wormwood in the passing show;
Then deep within our souls we mean to try
To bear the burden—these the seeds you sow,
Faces on the screen!

Faces on the screen, you teach us love,
And into sunless hearts a warmth steals;
Then life's replete with blessings from above
And all the world's a never-ending reel,
Faces on the screen!



MELVA.—Robert Cain was Captain in "The White Pearl" (World). So you are going to exclude "W. T. H." from your club if he persists in calling me a lady. He knows differently now, since he has seen me.

MARTIN M. B.—They do say downtown that Pavlowa received \$50,000 for playing in "The Dumb Girl of Portici," and it may not have been all stage money. Come, come, cheer up.

FRANK C., ROCHESTER.—Your letter was shocking. A man with anger in his heart and a pen in his hand is as bad as a horse with a bit in his mouth, for both are bound to run away with themselves.

IRMA C.—If you have nothing worth writing, please don't write it.

BUDDY.—Rogers Lytton, Julia S. Gordon, Lillian Walker and Robert Gaillard in "The Artist's Great Madonna" (Vita-graph). James Cruze and Florence LaBadie in "The Woman in White." Octavia Handworth in "The Toll of Mammon." I enjoyed yours very much.

JONSIE C., BROOKLYN.—Yes, that was Jackie Saunders and Jack Livingston in "The Woman of the Sea" (Kalem). Robert Grey was Ivan. Ethel Teare and Bud Duncan are playing regularly. I believe there is one released every week.

EASY MARK.—Yes, the election suited me, and I was just as well pleased to find that the attempt to make VOTE the feminine of the masculine VETO was frustrated. I suppose they will some day, however. "The Lonedale Operator" (Biograph) will be reissued.

Letters to the Editor

Robert Hofstetter, 1521 Twenty-third Street, Galveston, Texas, is an ardent admirer of the Answer Man, and after the criticisms the poor old fellow has lately received we think it no more than fair to publish this:

It's about three years since I started to read the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and now take the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC also, so I guess I have the right to have a little chat with you. I am a great "picture fan," and also think the world about your most excellent Magazine. But, above all, my dear sir, am I an ardent admirer of yourself. Now, I am not a man of the "flattering" kind, but whenever I do admire any one, you can be sure that there must be a very good reason for it.

I wish I knew your name, dear sir, for to address you as "Answer Man" seems to me like a sacrilege of your worthy person. I consider you to be one of the greatest men living today in these grand United States, for you are doing more good than you may imagine that you do.

To read the answers to your many readers is a priceless privilege, and I have learnt much from your wise sayings and laughed much over your witty remarks. I often think that if we could learn your name, we would find you to be one of America's famous humorists and philosophers.

I really believe that you are 70 or so years young, for any one of less than this age couldn't possibly know as much about life as you do and couldn't possibly be so full of patience. I am your silent admirer for the last three years, but at last I could stay silent no longer. May heaven bless you, dear sir, and let you stay with us for many, many years to come. This old world of ours, more than half of which has gone mad, is indeed very much

(Continued on page 71)

(Sixty-five)

Diamonds Watches

on Credit

For Holiday Presents Special Values

This special selection of Diamond-set jewelry shows the most popular of the season's new mountings. Gorgeously beautiful Diamonds, of fiery brilliancy, set in solid gold. We have cut prices almost to cost. It's your opportunity to save money. Any selection sent on approval, delivery charges prepaid. If satisfied, send one-fifth of the price as first payment, balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. If not just what you wish, return at our expense. **Send for Our Handsome 116-Page Illustrated Catalog. Over 2,000 suggestions for Holiday Gifts, or for personal wear.** All the new styles in jewelry—rings, studs, scarf pins, ear screws, brooches, bracelets, watches, chains, watch bracelets, silverware, etc. Liberal credit terms on anything desired. Send for free catalog.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.,
The National Credit Jewelers
Dept. H616 108 N. State St.,
Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Pittsburgh;
St. Louis; Omaha

120 \$40

121 \$75

122 \$20

119 \$20

123 \$10

124 \$25

125 \$25

126 \$28

127 \$14

128 \$50

129 \$75

FREE Booklet

How To Write Photoplays

This Interesting and Instructive Booklet

tells you about the tremendous demand for photoplay ideas and how you may sell yours for \$25 to \$200 each. It explains why new writers are encouraged, and tells all other facts about this most profitable occupation for your spare time at home. Send for it today. It is free.

Your Happy Thoughts Are Worth Cash

In your own life, and everywhere about you, is material for many strong and heart-appealing photoplays. If you attend the movies you know the kind of ideas wanted.

Previous experience or literary education are not necessary. Here is your opportunity to express your best thoughts in your own words and place them right on the screen to inspire and entertain millions of people.

With 30,000 theatres changing program daily, and with the supply of photoplays from Europe cut off, the demand for new ideas has become tremendous.

The Chicago Daily News says:
"Money considerations are almost negligible factors among the "movie" manufacturers in their endeavor to out-strip each other in the film race. Not many years ago \$25 was considered the high water mark for a single reel scenario, and today Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Company, casually remarks that he is considering a proposition to produce a series of fifty-two single reel plays, each scenario of which will cost his concern \$1,000."

\$1,000 for a single reel scenario! A scenario is simply an Idea, plus the technical skill to put it into photoplay form. A single reel scenario averages from three to ten type-written pages, and could,

Convincing Evidence of Big Demand

A \$10,000 Cash Prize is now being offered for a Photoplay Idea!

The New York Times says:
"It is the newest profession in the world, this of scenario writing, and it is giving the few men engaged in it thousands of dollars."

Mrs. Louella O. Parsons, former Scenario Editor of the Essanay Co., says:

"Scenario writing is the most fascinating form of fiction. There is a bigger future for scenario writers than for writers in any other field. But you must have something good to offer in order to reap rewards for your efforts. I am confident that the people—those who go to the movies regularly and see what the producers want—have unique and brilliant ideas. But the vast majority do not know how to put these into salable form. They must master technique and construction if they would succeed."

after proper time spent in thought and preparation, be written out in less than an hour's time. Have you Ideas as good or better than those you see in the theatres? If so, write to me and I will show you how to put them into proper form.

Former Scenario Editor Shows You How

My complete and authoritative COURSE OF INSTRUCTION AND CRITICISM correctly develops your ability and gives you the simple rules of photoplay writing in clear and concise form. It includes a 224-page Text **FREE BOOK COUPON**

branch of photoplay writing, 12 Screen Talks prepared especially for my Course by leading Producers, Scenario Editors and Actors, 6 Student Guides, and my own Personal Instruction and Criticism. Easy to read and understand. Strongly recommended by men who know. Special reduced terms this month. Clip the coupon now for my FREE book, "How to Write Photoplays."

Elbert Moore
Box 772SA
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your FREE Book, "How to Write Photoplays," and full particulars of your Course of Instruction and Criticism in Writing the Photoplays.

Name
(Write Plainly)
Address


Elbert Moore, Box 772SA, Chicago



THIS dainty "Cream of Flowers" makes the skin like velvet and adds an irresistible charm to the use of powder.

Sold everywhere Send 10c for dainty trial size
 JAMES C. CRANE, Sole Agent
 108-U Fulton St., New York, N. Y.

You Can Have Beautiful EYELASHES and BROWS (JUST LIKE MINE)



EYEBROW-INE, a hair food, stimulates the quick growth to perfect, heavy, long, Luxuriant LASHES and BROWS, adding 100 per cent. to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. EYEBROW-INE is absolutely harmless—sure in results—one box does the trick. EYEBROW-INE mailed in plain cover on receipt of price, 25c, or 50c.
 REES MFG. CO., 950 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Photoplay Hit of the Season
The Little Book of Honest Advice
"HERE LIES"
 By L. CASE RUSSELL

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:

"Here Lies" could almost be guaranteed worth a half-year's time to any student of the photoplay.

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.

CALDER JOHNSTONE,
 Universal Film Manufacturing Co.,
 Pacific Coast Studios.

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.

If "Here Lies" gets the circulation it certainly deserves, it should be a boon to writers and reconstructors who have to doctor up their work.

GEORGE RIDGWELL,
 Of Vitagraph Company of America.

Sent postpaid on receipt of 25c in stamps or coin

THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE
 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE




You can read Music like this quickly

At Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 89 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago


CHARLIE CHAPLIN SQUIRT RING



HERE YOU ARE, BOYS, a medallion ring of Charlie Chaplin. Everyone will see it on your finger and try to get a better look. Press the bulb, and Charlie will do the rest by squirting a fine stream of water all over the curious one. Will squirt 20 feet. Greatest joke out and brand new. By mail with big catalog 15c.

FISHER NOVELTY CO., Box M.P., 721 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOOK! LOOK! 10c.



Enough to Amuse the Whole Family. Roll of Stage Money, Disappearing Coin Trick, Mysterious Bottle. How to cut glass with scissors, Wonderful Wine and Water Trick, Magic Age Teller, Rules for Love Making, 13 Tricks with Cards, 15 Parlor Games, 7 Fortune Telling Secrets, 39 Magical Experiments. 50 Money Making Secrets, 14 Flirtations, 7 Parlor Games, 10 Funny Readings, 71 Toasts, 21 Puzzles, and 300 Jokes. All for 10c. Jos. H. Deskau, Dep. 79, 491 Ridgewood Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



CRANE WILBUR, besides being busy acting, wrote "The Blood of Our Brothers," and you might add, "Could a Man Do More?"—Yes, he has just finished "The Adventures of Allan Dale."

Donald MacBride, Vitagraph, was present at a social function not long ago. A particular friend of his, also invited, had to remain at home—and that borrowing habit started with mere pins.

Stella Hammerstein, daughter of Oscar Hammerstein, has signed with Mutual; Frederick Ward, tragedian, will be seen in Thanouser films.

"Wasted Lives" wasn't to Arline Pretty's liking. She says she is not anxious to waste hers on cold-water scenes in November.

On November the fifteenth Mother Mary Maurice celebrated her seventy-first birthday and her fiftieth anniversary as an actress.

Max Figman, Pathé, went to a skunk farm in Connecticut to get local color. Well, it is rumored that he had to foot it back to Ithaca—as a passenger in a train he was quite impossible.

In "The House of Tears" Emily Stevens, driving an auto, runs over herself. That was going some, wasn't it?

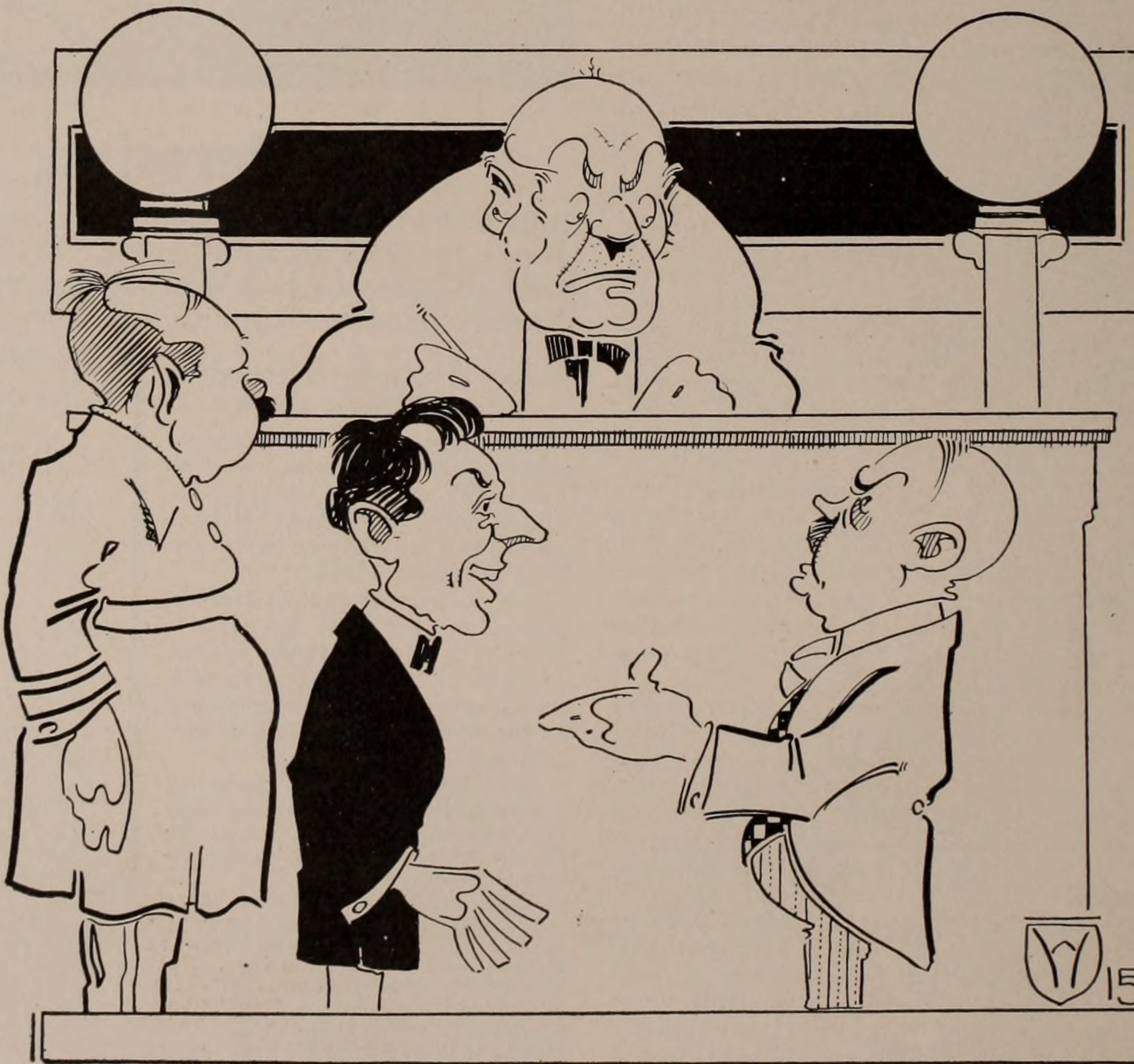
Julia Swayne Gordon and Rose Tapley are rivals—in collecting toads, alligators and cats. Latest bulletins announce Rose Tapley two toads in the lead.

When Tom Chatterton, American, arrives his friends have got the habit of looking to see if he is carrying a bundle. He has been giving to his friends the main part of a good chicken dinner.

Myrtle Stedman, Oliver Morosco, is busily engaged during her spare time dressing dolls for charity.

An extra was rather bombastic in his remarks to William Duncan, Vitagraph. When he found himself lifted to the other side of this athletic actor, Duncan quietly explained, "I'm a bit deaf on that side."

Carlyle Blackwell has joined the World Film Company in New York.



JUDGE—You say you got that black eye as the result of a blow by the defendant?

PROSECUTING WITNESS—Yes, sir.

JUDGE—Tell me the circumstances under which he struck you.

PROSECUTING WITNESS—We were sitting in a Motion Picture show, and I was explaining the pictures—

JUDGE—That's enough! The case is dismissed.



Greenroom Jottings

Last week Edna Mason, Universal, took the first vacation she has had during her many years of acting. She reports a great time at the Exposition.

Charles Ray, who played in "The Coward"—Triangle—went for a holiday a few days ago. He was accompanied by an automobile, a little gold ring, and a young lady by the name of Grant.

No more has Bud Duncan, Kalem, such high ideas of farm life. It's a puzzle to him how a plow handle could raise such blisters.

Julius Cowles, Metro, says there sure was "A Yellow Streak" in that burro that kicked out two of his teeth.

It was only a rag doll that Lillian Walker ran over the other day, but she stopped to pick it up to add to her collection of dolls.

Sophie Clutt's feelings, at least, have been reduced by dancing. She tried to crawl thru a stand-pipe two feet in diameter. After some trouble several of the Essanay players managed to dislodge her.

The second that scene 1539—the last one of Balboa's "Neal of the Navy"—was finished, William Courtleigh and his bride, Ethel Fleming, started on their delayed honeymoon to the Exposition.

Every one has tried "The Home Cure." Vitagraph has a good one.

Bryant Washburn, Essanay, has been trying to make the players believe that his one-month-old son says "daddy." What when he is six months old?

Johnny Sheehan, Mutual, will now be more of a cut-up than ever. Every barber around Santa Barbara sent him a razor to use in "Johnny, the Barber."

Ethel Clayton, Lubin, is busy nowadays over a matter of "Dollars and Cents."

From the stage to the screen come: Mabel Taliaferro to Metro; Joe Dalpin and Grafton Wiggins to Vitagraph; Robert Haines and Hal Forde to Mutual; Hattie Williams to Oliver Morosco; Millicent Evans and John Jarrott to George Kleine; and Frank Lasce to Famous Players.

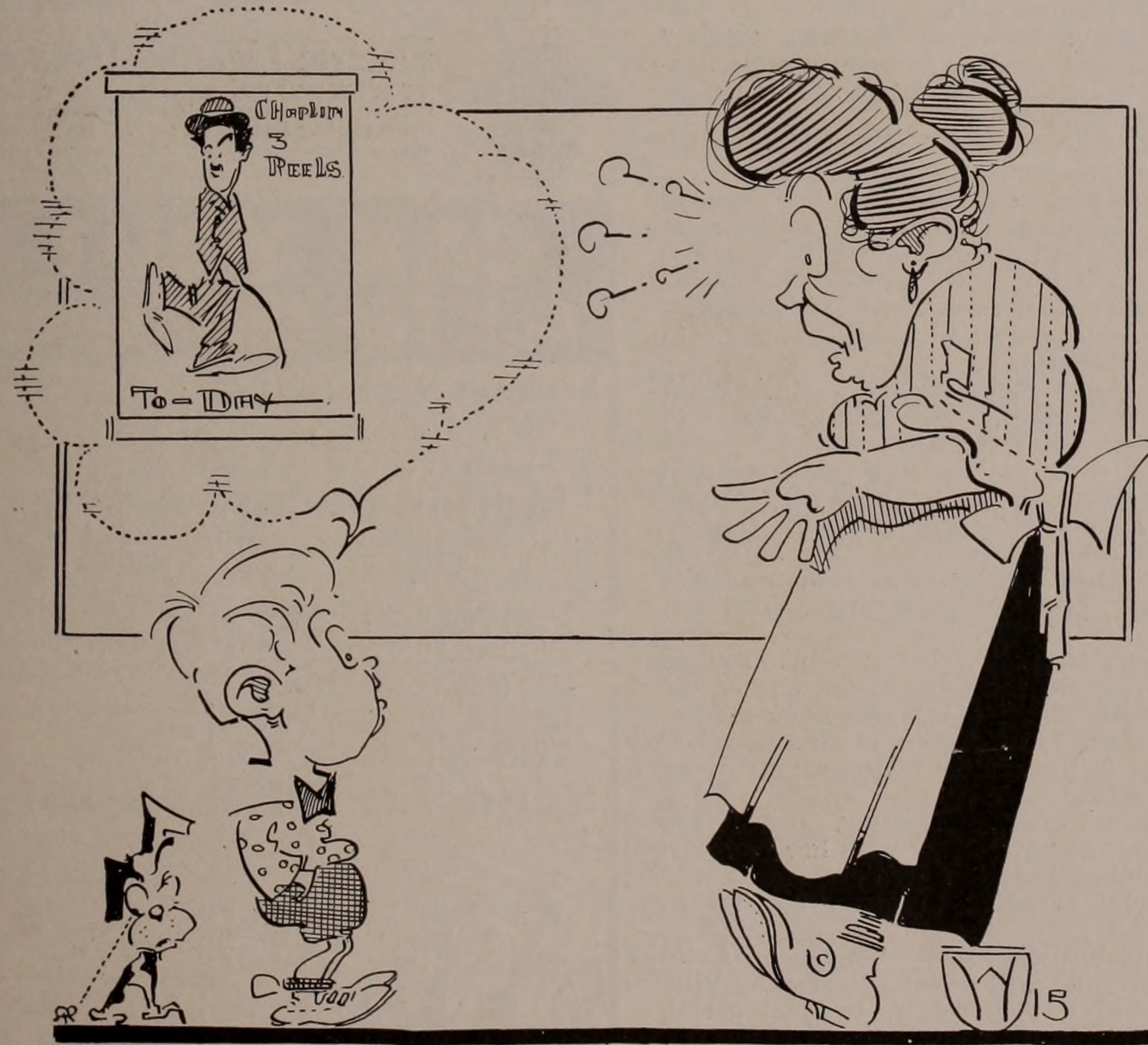
Jack Richardson, American, now has so many vests he has them indexed.

It was an exciting "Night in a Show" for Leo White. The fat princess slipped, and her 350 pounds landed on him. And Charlie Chaplin was not responsible.

Helen Gibson, Kalem, says "life is just one bruise after another." Perhaps it is a case of "Crossed Wires," which she is now doing.

Ned Finley, Vitagraph, is evidently a believer in that idea "A sucker is born every minute." This time it's a ring—he calls it a "Mystic Yogi of the Inner Temple of Bhungo"—it cost him \$2 and he sold it for \$65.

Francis Bushman's "Illinois Chief" has been sold and sent to the front in Europe. Friends who were often invited to ride that spirited mount are rejoicing. They say he is all right for the fellows there who want to be heroes.



"THERE'S A REASON."

"Say, ma, do you want me to cut some wood, run any errands, or wipe the dishes for you?"

(Sixty-seven)

PILLOW TOP FREE!



To prove the superior quality of our celebrated embroidery floss we will send this beautiful Pillow Top (size 17x21 inches) stamped on White Embroidery Cloth, FREE to any lady sending only 10c

in stamps or silver to pay for postage and the material to embroider it. On this remarkable offer you get

**Pillow Top Stamped—Ready to Work
One Complete Instruction Diagram
Two Skeins Collingbourne's Floss**

Send for this free pillow top today. If you are not pleased, your 10c in stamps will be returned promptly. Address

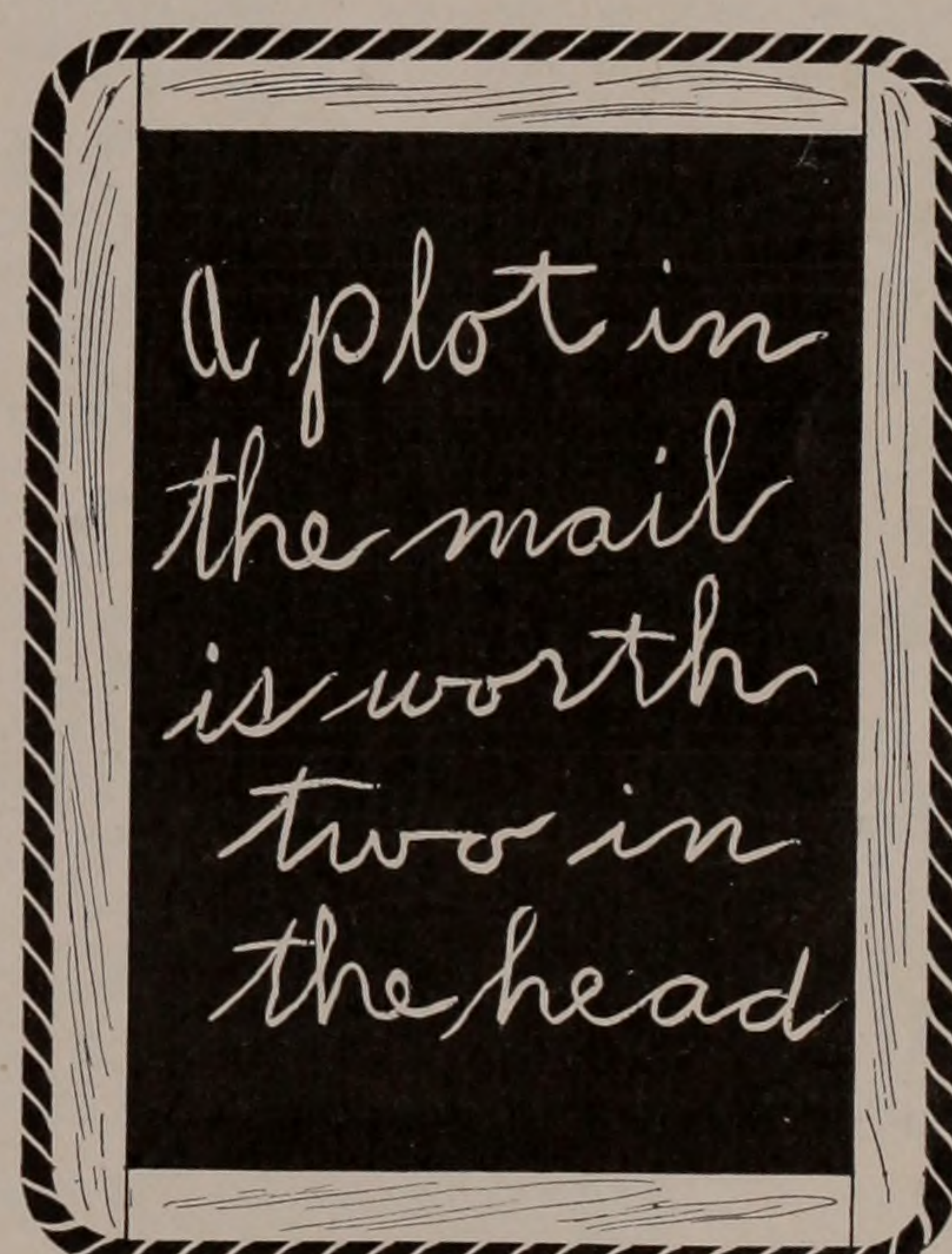
COLLINGBOURNE MILLS, Dept. 539, ELGIN, ILL.



A Great Opportunity

Are you in a rut? Learn SHOW CARD writing and become independent. Experience unnecessary, no capital. We show you how. Our course is not a book of alphabets, but a course compiled by an expert show card artist. Send for booklet M.

LITHOLIA SYSTEM OF LETTERING
Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. C.



The PHOTO-PLAYWRIGHTS

PRIMER

By L. CASE RUSSELL

AUTHOR OF

"HERE LIES"

The Cleverest Book Ever Written!

The First, Last, and Most Authoritative
Word on the Biggest Subject Today

It is fresh from the facile pen of L. Case Russell, author of the famous little "Here Lies" book (which has outsold all other similar books three to one), and just off the press.

As Important as your Dictionary!

This book covers every phase of photoplay writing in such a complete and novel way, as to be almost amazing. It is as useful to the past master as to the beginner.

Not a Re-hash—Nothing but New Ideas
Contains All the Points, and only 50 cents a copy

It is printed in large type, 64 pages, size 4 1/4 x 7 1/2, with numerous illustrations.

Mailed to any address on receipt of fifty cents in one cent stamps or a fifty cent piece. (If the latter, it should be carefully pasted to letter or wrapped so that it will not cut thru the envelope.) For sale only by

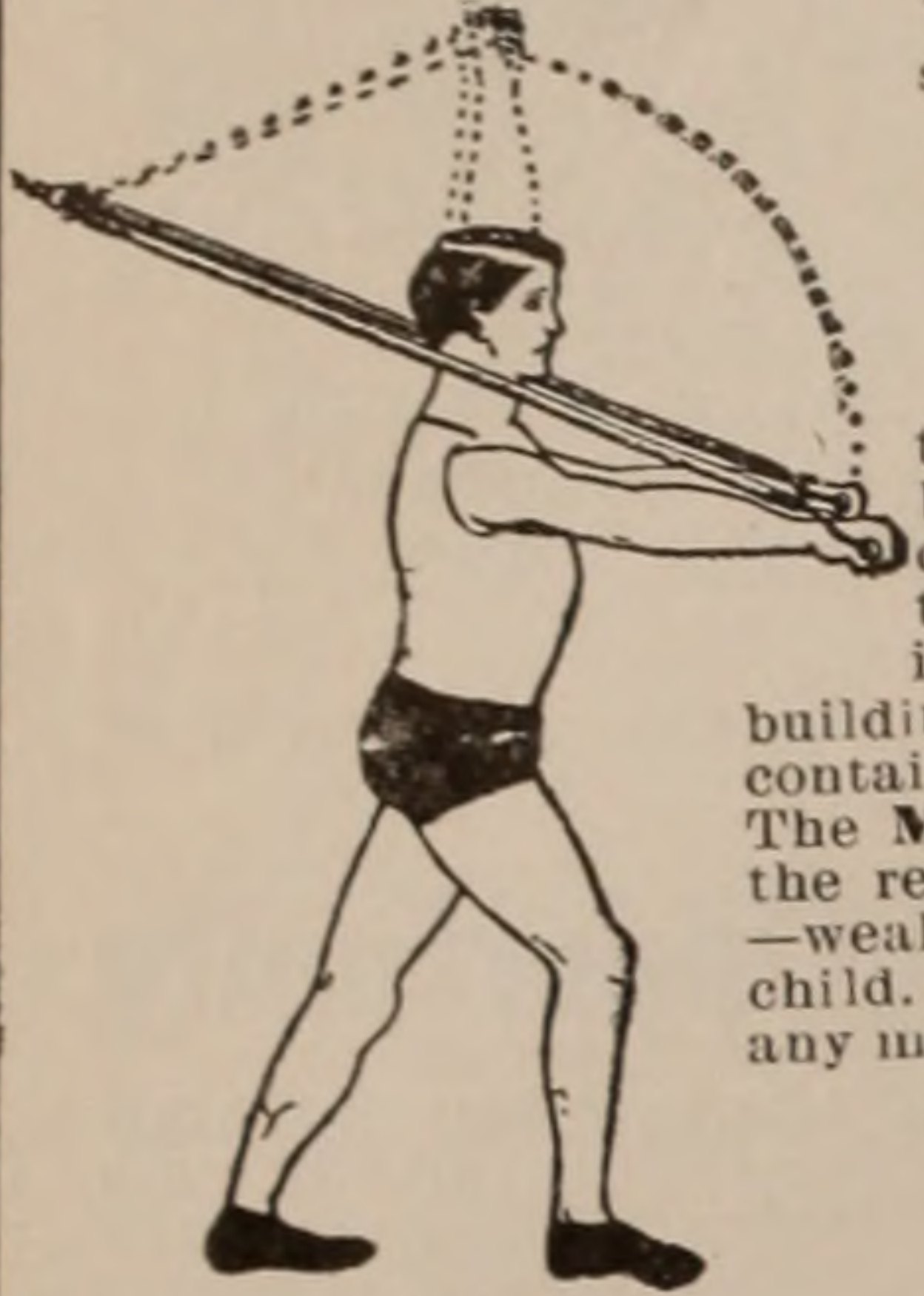
M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

My \$3 Exerciser \$1.00
Reduced to . . . 1

Until further notice I will send one complete

Muscle Builder Outfit

to any reader of "Motion Picture Classic" upon receipt of \$1.00—just one-third the regular price. I will also include a complete body-building course of instructions containing 24 selected exercises. The **Muscle Builder** will meet the requirements of any person—weak or strong—man, woman or child. Can be used to exercise any muscle in the body.



A Chest Expander Also

with each outfit, I will give an extra handle, without charge, by which the **Muscle Builder** can instantly be converted into a most effective Chest Expander to be used for developing the chest and lungs. Take advantage of this opportunity while it lasts. *Send your order today.*

Prof. Anthony Barker
 Studio 42, 110 W. 42d St., New York



Greenroom Jottings

Ernest Maupin, Essanay, is an accomplished artist, and in the intervals between scenes is busy with his brush.

We have with us this evening: Charles Le Moyne and Kathlyn Williams (p. 14); Harry De Vere (p. 16); John Sainpolis and Maude Fealy (p. 18); Iva Shepard and Mildred Gregory (p. 19); Maurice Stewart, Jr. (p. 20); Beatrice Van and Hal Clements (p. 22); William Stowell, May Allison and Nan Christie (p. 23); Harold Lockwood (p. 25); Sarah Bernhardt (p. 32); Mary Maurice, Charles Richman, James Morrison and Belle Bruce (p. 39).

Bobby Connelly is a little fellow, but he knows "One Plus One Equals One."

Harry Myers is the recipient of a novel cushion from a girls' club in Georgia. He is trying to think of some really extraordinary way to show his appreciation.

Darwin Karr, Essanay, says the home life of photoplayers that you hear so much about must be great, and he'd like to try it for a while—he's been on the road ever since he joined the pictures.

Kate Price has written a script and threatens to produce it.

Victor Potel, Universal, lost the key to his auto, but was making great headway filing thru one of the links of the chain, when he was interrupted by a policeman. No; Potel didn't have his certificate of ownership with him. Universal players identified him at the police station.

Flora Finch has left Vitagraph, but is going to build a home. She has purchased twenty acres at Beechwood, L. I.

Our \$10 gold prize for the best story of the month goes to the author of "Jeanne Doré," second prize to the author of "The Great Divide" (January Magazine) and third prize to the author of "The Scarlet Band" (January Magazine).

Lloyd V. Hamilton, Kalem's "Ham," has not yet recovered from a recent injury, but he is an interested onlooker from the side lines.

Edna May, famous "Belle of New York," has been captured by Vitagraph.

Three San Francisco girls have reason to be jealous of Lillian Walker. An admirer writes the Vitagrapher he is courting them all, but his love for "Dimples" is greater than for all three combined.

Belle Bennet changes from Lubin to David Horsley.

The same old question again, "What Will People Say?"—but Metro is going to answer it.

Once, when playing in a small Western town, Sarah Bernhardt, who will soon be seen in pictures, was suffering from a severe cold, but did not dare blow her nose. That afternoon a mash note had said, "If you will take supper with me, blow your nose."

Kate Price's Welsh rarebit sounds tempting, but the mushrooms, one of the principal ingredients, are home-picked, and Kate's friends don't place much confidence in her ability to tell a mushroom from a toadstool.

Lillian Drew, Essanay, says she wouldn't go "fifty-fifty" with her new car. She claims it is the greatest ever.

Mutual is going to give "Lessons in Love."

Earle Williams has "abandoned" Anita Stewart, and will now be starred by Vitagraph in a twelve-part, two-reel serial, "The Scarlet Runner."

Bud Duncan is determined to find the one who substituted a gun with a "kick" for his harmless affair. Ethel Teare is contemplating a trip.

\$250.00

IN GOLD PRIZES

are offered by the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** in a new contest of art and skill.

THE most unique contest ever devised, and one in which the merest child may win, because it involves the art of reading the countenance—and who can do this better than a child? Full details will be found in the February issue of the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**, which will be on sale at all newsstands on and after January 1st. Borrow, beg or buy a copy and see if you cannot get a part of this \$250 by writing the cleverest answers to the question, "What Are They Saying?"

The February **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** will be a *bigger and better book*—bigger by the addition of eight pages. Order it now from your newsdealer!



Don't Keep Her Waiting

Mary Fuller and 11 other Movie Stars are waiting for you. **12 Autographed sepia photos** of any of your film favorites for **25 cents**, coin. Send coin and list of 12 preferred to

MOVIE PHOTO CO., Virginville, Pa.

5 sets (60) photos for \$1 if you send at once

Will you give one family a MERRY XMAS DINNER?

We are but your agents—you are the host.

300,000 poor people cheered last Xmas in the U. S. by **The Salvation Army**.

Help us in this way to get close to these people. Give them at least one happy day in the year.



\$2.00 Feeds a Family of Five

Send Donations to **Commander Miss Booth**
 118 West Fourteenth Street, New York City
 Western Dept., Commissioner Estill, 108 N. Dearborn St., Chicago

TELL ME YOUR FOOT TROUBLES



It will ease your Mind;
 I will ease your Feet.
Enlarged Joints Reduced and Toes Straightened by
ACHFELDT'S
"Perfection" TOE SPRING

Worn at night without inconvenience, with auxiliary appliances for day use. Sent on approval. Money refunded if not as represented.
Use My Improved Arch Supporter for "Flat Foot" and broken down instep. Send outline of foot. Full particulars and advice free in plain sealed envelope.



M. ACHFELDT, Foot Specialist

DEPT. K.C. 1328 Broadway, at 34th St., (Marbridge Building), NEW YORK



Electric Lighting Dynamo

FOR MOVIES. Anyone can operate with engine. Saves half your current bills. Price \$85.00. Easy payments.
HOBART BROS., Troy, Ohio

CAN YOU? Act For The Movies

Realize on Your Personality while watching the screen that you have possibilities—that, if you had the chance to show what you could do, you would make good? No one can teach you to be a star like Mary Pickford or Charlie Chaplin unless you have the natural ability and a driving Director to bring it out.

"Motion Picture Acting"

will tell you some mighty interesting facts about this fascinating profession. Will prepare you at home to meet the greatest test of all—**securing a position.** Don't throw your chance away by not being ready for it. Find out

- What the Director's Photo Test is.**
- How to Prepare for this at Home.**
- Whether you are fitted for Comedy or Drama.**
- What Personal Magnetism is.**
- How Movie Actors Make Up.**
- How the Director works.**
- What Salary you can expect at the Start.**
- Whom to Apply to for a Position.**
- Where the Studios are Located.**
- How Trick Pictures are made.**

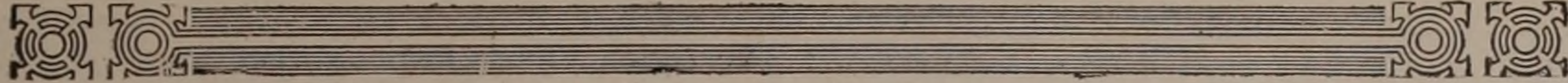
Send for THIS BOOK

Don't sit back and wish you knew just what to do. At least give us the opportunity to help you decide this question—to show you what we can do for you. Mail the attached coupon today—enclose it in an envelope with fifty cents, either stamps or money. "Moving Picture Acting" will be promptly mailed and your money just as promptly returned if you are not satisfied.

H. E. GRIFFIN, Dept B
 353 E. 55th Place, CHICAGO

Enclosed 50c for a copy of "Moving Picture Acting." It is understood that my money will be returned if I am not satisfied.

50¢ Name.....
 Street.....
 City..... State.....



Bondwomen

(Continued from page 20)

brought Ned to his house and left word with Norma that, under no circumstances, was he to be disturbed, as his brother's eyesight depended upon it.

Sitting in the doctor's office, guarding the entrance of the operating-room, Norma idly fingered the papers on his desk. Suddenly her eyes dilated. In her hand she held a letter from Dr. Ellis' brokers, stating that his final payment on the stock in the Chance Mine must be made before three o'clock that afternoon or the stock would be lost. That meant a fortune would be lost!

She must see him at once. Her hand was on the door when she realized that she dared not disturb him. His brother's eyes, perhaps his brother's life, depended on it. If only Hugh had trusted her! If only he had allowed her a bank account!

Casting about for some way out of her dilemma, she thought of Powers. She telephoned him and explained the situation. Powers assured her that he would be only too glad to arrange the matter; he would come at once, and they would go to the broker's and make the payment.

When Norma returned to her home with the stock in her hand, she found Dr. Ellis waiting for her in her bedroom. The operation had apparently been successful. A few days would make certain.

Norma was so full of her exploit that she could not wait to tell it to her husband. "And so you see," she said, "if it had not been for me, you would have lost the stock."

"Where did you get the money?" demanded Dr. Ellis, suspiciously.

"From our friend, David Powers."

At this all of the evil suggestions which his brother had poured into his ear rose up and overwhelmed him. He burst into a bitter denunciation of his wife and his friend. Rushing into the nursery, he seized little Roy and dragged him in before his mother.

"Confess," cried her husband, "or I will beat our son until you do!"

He pulled the boy into his own room and closed the door. Norma, hearing the lock click, threw herself against the panels of the door in a frenzy of fear.

Dr. Ellis opened the door. "Are you ready to confess?"

Norma bowed her head. "Yes," she whispered, reaching out hungry arms for the boy. An hour later she and Roy left for the home of Professor Bowe.

Dr. Ellis removed the bandages from his brother's eyes just seven days after the operation, and Ned again saw the world which he had feared he would never see. But instead of thanking his brother, he turned to him, pleading for cocaine. Dr. Ellis sternly refused to give it to him, and Ned, biding his chance, slipped from the room and telephoned to Belle. She had promised to help him secure some from the laboratory of David Powers. Thus she led him into the presence of Powers himself, who made clear to Ned that he had been cured of the drug habit tho he did not know it, and that what he had been taking under the belief that it was cocaine, was, in reality, the cure, "Oublier."

Overcome with joy at this information, Ned confessed the trick he had played upon his brother and agreed to confess all to the doctor.

Hugh Ellis, who had never ceased for a moment to love his wife, was overcome with shame when he realized that he had discarded her upon the word of an irresponsible drug-user. Instead of being the destroyer of his home, David Powers had been the saviour of his brother.

It was a humbled man who sought Norma Ellis in the home of her father, Professor Bowe. Norma had already heard the story from the remorseful Ned.

"Norma," pleaded her husband, huskily, "can you ever forgive me? Can you still love me a little?"

Norma sought her place in his arms. After a moment she whispered, "Hugh, there is only one thing in the world impossible—and that is, that I should cease to love you for one hour—come what might!"

Roy looked up from his playthings on the floor.

"Papa," he demanded shrilly, "when are you going to take us home?"

Norma and her husband both laughed at this relief from the emotional strain.

"At once, my boy," said his father, "but first, here is a present for your mother. You give it to her."

Norma glanced wonderingly at the little book which Roy handed her, in obedience to his father's request. On it she read:

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

In account with { Hugh and Norma } ELLIS

(Sixty-nine)

You can have BEAUTIFUL Long and Luxuriant **EYEBROWS and LASHES** by applying "Lash-Brow-ine" nightly. Adds wonderfully to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. "Lash-Brow-ine" is a noted Chemist's proved formula. We absolutely guarantee it to do just what we claim. Mailed in plain sealed cover for 25c. [coin.] Obtainable only direct from **THE MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4008--D Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

LADIES' BEAUTY POWDER LEAVES
A gift appreciated by every woman. The paper leaves of these books are specially prepared and coated with absolutely pure face powder, delicately scented. The dust and oily secretions from the surface of the skin are removed, not just covered as when a puff is used. Made up in neat suede leather case with cut-out design, 50c. With initials in gold leaf, 75c, postpaid.
G. & B. SPECIALTIES
6162 South Park Ave., Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.

LADIES! POWDER PUFF FREE!
Large, Fine, Woolly Powder Puff free with a box of **SNOWFLAKE FACE POWDER**, used and highly indorsed by leading Film Actresses. Adds that dainty, smooth and dignified appearance to the tenderest complexion; so pleasing and refreshing you will become a constant user. This offer for 25 cents sent postpaid. You can get either White or Flesh Color. **EMIL A. KAHN, (Manufacturer),** 1392 Franklin Avenue, New York City.

AUTOGRAPHED PILLOW TOPS OF MOVIE STARS
Made on Old Gold Satine, 18x18 inches
Mailed Postpaid, 30c Each
Send Two-cent Stamp for Folder
R. K. STANBURY Dept. M. A., FLATIRON BLDG., NEW YORK CITY

CROCHET BOOK FREE
Contains 147 illustrated lessons with new designs by Virginia Snow. To introduce **JAPSILK Cordoney** best hard twisted, mercerized Crochet Cotton, we will mail free and postpaid **Collingbourne's Encyclopedia of Art Needlework** to any lady sending only 10c, in silver or stamps, for sample ball.
JAPSILK
comes in White and Ecu--sizes, 1, 3, 5, 10, 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 100; also in all leading colors--sizes, 5, 30 and 50. Crochet Book contains many original ideas in Crocheting, Tatting and Embroidery. Also list of 26 Free Premiums. Send today.
COLLINGBOURNE MILLS, Dept. 539, ELGIN, ILLINOIS

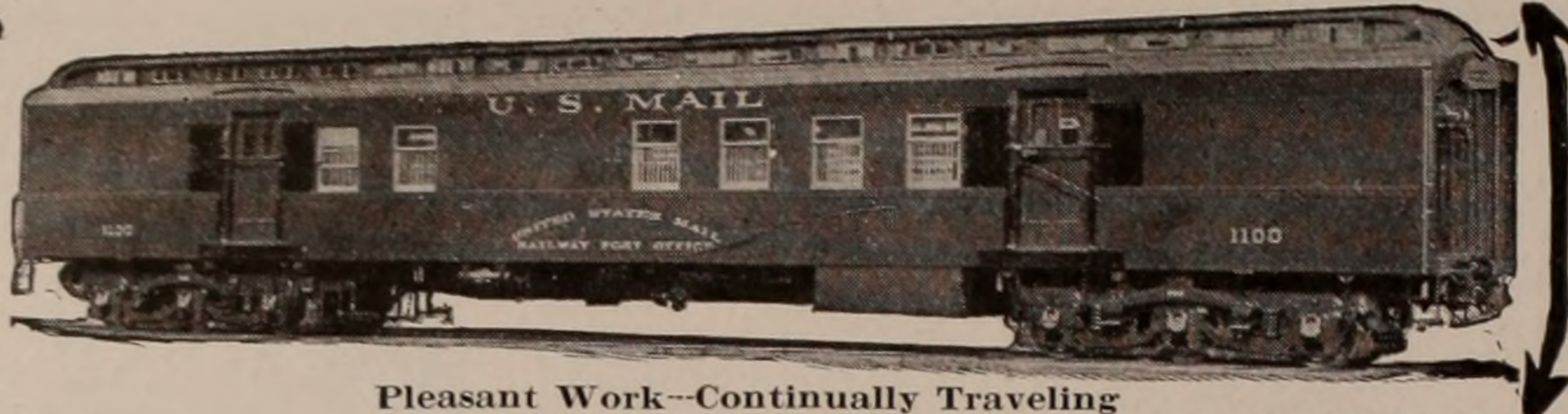
REALLY HANDSOME
ARE THE PHOTO POSTCARDS WE OFFER
Eighteen of your own choice for twenty-five cents or a hundred for a dollar. Six poses of Mary Pickford, two of Marguerite Clark, two of Chaplin, a new picture of William Courtleigh, Jr., Mary Anderson, Lillian Lorraine, an autographed picture of Jack W. Kerrigan, and many other new Feature stars.
Also actual photos, size 8x10, at 50c each || **500 LIST SENT WITH ALL ORDERS OR FREE ON REQUEST**
THE FILM PORTRAIT CO., 127 C 1st Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ideas Wanted for Photoplays
You can supply them. \$25 to \$100 each. Beginners encouraged and helped. We teach you all. Details Free if you write NOW.
ASSOCIATED MOTION PICTURE SCHOOLS,
601 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

THROW YOUR VOICE
into the next room, down cellar, under the bed or anywhere. Fool your friends, lots of fun.
THE VENTRILOPHONE
is a little instrument that fits into the mouth and cannot be seen. Boys or girls can use it. We also send you complete instructions in the *Art of Ventriloquism*.
With our big Catalog of 300 Novelties all for 10 Cts. Stamps or coin. **ARDEE CO.,** Desk J, Stamford, Conn.

WANTED

**Railway Mail Clerks
\$900 to \$1800 a Year
(\$75 to \$150 a month)**



Pleasant Work--Continually Traveling

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE (The Pathway to Plenty), Dept. D 126, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Rapid advancement to higher Government Positions. "No lay-offs" because of STRIKES, WARS, FINANCIAL FLURRIES or the WHIMS OF SOME PETTY BOSS. THE POSITION IS YOURS FOR LIFE.

Country residents and city residents stand the same chance for immediate appointment. Common-sense education sufficient. Political influence NOT REQUIRED.

Write immediately for schedule showing the places and dates of THE COMING GOV'T examinations. Don't delay. Every day you lose means the loss of just so much coaching before the rapidly approaching examinations.

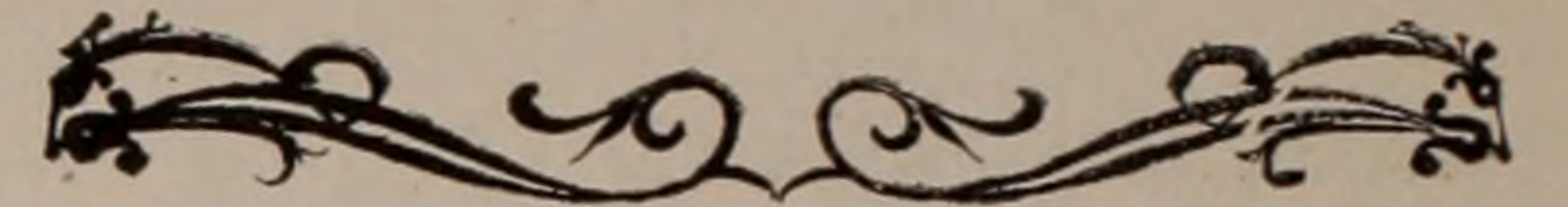
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. D 126, Rochester, N. Y.

This coupon, filled out as directed, entitles the sender to free specimen questions; a free copy of our book, "Government Positions and How to Get Them," a list of Government positions now obtainable, and to consideration for Free Coaching for the examination here checked.

COUPON

- ..Railway Mail Clerk..(\$900 to \$1800)
- ..Bookkeeper.....(\$900 to \$1800)
- ..Postoffice Clerk.....(\$800 to \$1200)
- ..Postoffice Carrier.....(\$800 to \$1200)
- ..Rural Mail Carrier...(\$500 to \$1200)
- ..Auto Chauffeur.....
- ..Customs Positions..(\$800 to \$1500)
- ..Stenographer.....(\$800 to \$1500)
- ..Internal Revenue..(\$700 to \$1800)
- ..Clerk in the Departments at Washington.....(\$800 to \$1500)
- ..Canadian Gov't Positions.....

Name.....Address.....D 126
Use this before you lose it. Write plainly.



He Speculates in Comedy Thunder

(Continued from page 47)

of the camera and the pit-a-pat of the dancer's feet to disturb the tropical silence. Dozens of players stood on the side-lines absorbingly interested.

"Dance away from the Maharajah," spoke Sennett, in a subdued monotone.

"Now come back up here in front of the camera," a trifle louder. "Now throw yourself at his feet and salaam."

A moment of quiet, with nothing audible but the purr of the camera.

"Get up and continue dancing; rise, Maharajah, and repel her from you. Thank Buddha you have received the State document; thank him *hard*—that's it.

"Now to the sacred vault, Maharajah, with the document; look amazed and horrified"—this to the dancer. An image of Buddha under a canopy opens with the movement of a swarthy slave. The document is placed therein. It closes again. Everybody falls prostrate to the floor.

"Well done," says Sennett. "Turn off the fountain. Fifteen minutes for lunch."

This is a sample of how Sennett works. He is terse and punctual in all matters, whether business or social. He goes straight to the bat with a film-picture, with all smiles left behind. To him this comedy business is a matter of super-seriousness. He wants no idle laughs about the studios. If any one feels like loosening up on his laugh-strings let him secure a requisition from the business office and spill it on celluloid.

That's what they are paid for—to produce laughs—and there shall be no smile-wastage in the plant therefor. "For," as Sennett characterizes it, "we have to turn out so many genuine laughs each week, and we require all the smile-machinery in the studios to do it."

Sennett has often said that as a producer of screen-comedies he has about the hardest job that has fallen to the lot of any single mortal.

Sending waves of laughter over the earth with mechanical precision must be a difficult occupation at best.

"The stalemate laugh reservoirs must not be drawn upon by producers of today if they wish to enjoy success in their chosen vocation," Sennett says.

It is the original laugh that is wanted, according to the tenets of the profession. It, and it only, counts.

(Seventy)

AUTHOR'S ADDRESS WANTED.

We trust that this notice will be read by Raymond Madden, or by one of his friends who will communicate with him. His former address was General Delivery, Lansing, Michigan. We are holding a check for \$35.50 to his credit for the sale of his photoplay, "For He Loved Much," to the Vitagraph Co., and will forward as soon as author gives us his corrected address.

PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE,
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, New York.

Genuine Photographs of Your Favorite Photoplayers, Autographed by the Player, 50c.

Also autographed photographs reproduced on post-cards in a beautiful sepia, (not the cheap glazed kind), 15 for 25c. Send stamp for list to select from. Our new book, "FILMLAND FAVORITES," containing the autographed photographs and biographies of all the leading players, is now ready for delivery, 25c. Order now.

FILMLAND FAVORITES COMPANY
Dept. C., Security Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.



THE STAGE PLAYING CARDS



Handsomest deck of cards made. Pink, cream, green and gold backs; gold edges; flexible, highly finished, lively and durable; fifty-two cards and joker to each pack.

PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT STARS

Each card contains a portrait of a great star, including Marguerite Clark, David Warfield, Julia Marlowe, Alla Nazimova, E. H. Sothorn, Willie Collier, Blanche Bates, Rose Stahl, Blanche Ring, Frank Daniels, Anna Held, Grace George, James O'Neill, Ellen Terry, Henrietta Crosman, Frances Starr, Margaret Anglin, Eddie Foy, Mrs. Fiske, Harry Woodruff, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Cissy Loftus, Tyrone Powers, Henry E. Dixey, Elsie Janis, William Faversham, Dustin Farnum, Louis James, Louis Mann, Maxine Elliott, Herbert Kelcey, Henry Miller and Effie Shannon. 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. Why not take advantage of this opportunity to make a collection of the portraits of these great stars, even if you do not want to use the cards to play with? (Please note that this set of cards has no connection with the set of Motion Picture cards in our new game called "Cast.")

Only 50 cents a pack, in handsome telescope box, mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. (One-cent stamps accepted. If a 50-cent piece is sent, wrap it in folded paper and enclose in envelope in your letter. An unwrapped coin sometimes cuts thru the envelope and is lost in the mails. It is perfectly safe also to send a dollar bill by mail.)

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gypsy Fortune Teller And Dream Book

Know thy future. Will you be successful in Love, Marriage, Health, Wealth, and Business. Tells fortunes by all methods, cards, palmistry, teacup, zodiacology, etc. Gives lucky and unlucky days. Interprets dreams. A large book by mail for TEN CENTS.



Earn Money Telling Fortunes
Royal Pub. Co., Dept. C So. Norwalk, Conn.

BARGAIN CLEARANCE SALE

**6,000 PHOTOS
TO BE DISPOSED OF**

DURING the last five years we have accumulated many valuable photographs of scenes taken from popular photoplays. Some of these are large and beautiful; some are small and not fine; some contain players of fame, such as Mary Pickford, Francis Bushman, Earle Williams, etc. Some are mounted on cardboard with our artist's design around; some are trimmed; etc., etc. Good photographs sell as high as \$5.00 each, and the average price is \$1.00 each. While all of ours are not worth \$1.00 each, many are worth much more. We have made up several hundred packages each containing five or more photographs, and we will mail these to any address for 50c a package—5 packages for \$2.00. We cannot tell you what is in any package for we do not know, but we assure you that each contains "value received and more too." We have tried to make all packages alike in value.

Take Advantage of This Offer

☑ There are various uses for these photos. You can make up a fine collection and paste them in an album; or tack them on your wall with fancy paper border, or make a wall-paper design of them; or frame them; or mount them and give them away for presents; or adorn your den with them, etc., etc.

☑ Send in your order now, for they may not last long—an opportunity seldom offered. Some of these photos are rare copies and can never be duplicated.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(Continued from page 65)

in need of great minds and hearts like yours—there are so few of them.

Thank you, thank you ever so much for the many happy hours that I have had in reading your department, and please take good care of yourself so that there will be many more of them.

Kindly excuse the errors in this letter, but I am in this country just five years (from Switzerland) and have not mastered the English language yet.

George A. Schepard, 1096 First Street, Milwaukee, an admirer of Henry Walthall, agrees with some of our other correspondents that the stage stars should not invade the picture field:

I am a reader of your Magazine and Classic, and they deserve much praise, as they help one to know the players and also to learn the progress of the film industry. Seeing the open forum for your readers, I take advantage to give the opinions of myself, family, friends and acquaintances. You know the films today make one of the great topics of discussion. We have for years been ardent theater-goers, and have always sought the best that came to the city, but now we are lured to the Motion Pictures, unless we wish to hear music or see some renowned player who has as yet not entered the films. This brings me to what I mainly wished to write about. It is with regret we see the stage celebrities entering the films. We have seen practically all that have appeared so far, and the majority have been utter disappointments. We have seen them behind the footlights, and heard their voices, which, I think now, was their chief factor toward fame, and we have hugged them to us; but in the films, where only the eye follows, they largely overact and are not what they seemed. Their names would not attract so readily the second time, and when they go back to the stage I think they find they are not so popular. There are a few who have as yet not entered the films, and we hope they will not. Maude Adams is one. We want to keep our speaking stage, and why rob us of the illusion? Of the few celebrities of the stage, who are good in the films, are Robert Warwick and the Farnum brothers. There are many fine film artists, with ability that should count, who are being kept in the background by names of the stage. Let the screen bring forth its own stars. Why shouldn't it? Each is distinctly different. I have seen many beautiful stories, which would have been made to live if graced by some of our film stars, fall flat when the star was from the stage.

Of film stars, first and foremost is that superb dramatic artist, Henry B. Walthall. He surely should rise to the highest pinnacle of fame, for he is an artist to his finger-tips and is well named "The Booth of the Films." I have watched his work from the time he entered films, in small parts and in great—in fact, in everything he has played to date—and he always perfectly interprets his rôles, running the whole gamut of emotion, from tenderest love to murderous hate and from sublime faith to the most abject fear, without one useless gesture. I predict, when others are long forgotten, Walthall will be remembered. I hope he is given every opportunity to interpret many of our fine, intense dramas and latter-day fiction.

WHO'S WHO IN MOTION PICTURES

Most Unique Book Ever Published

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.

Price \$1.00. Sent Postpaid. Order from

STERLING SYNDICATE
1724 Aeolian Building, New York



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE HARMLESSLY REMOVED

You can instantly and harmlessly rid your face, neck and arms of that aggravating superfluous hair. "Dr. Bellin's Wonderstoen does it." Tablet form, not a liquid, clean, sanitary, odorless, economical, absolutely free from poison. Recommended by leading physicians. Money back if not satisfied. Price One Dollar.

At leading drug and department stores or mailed direct on receipt of \$1.00.

Write for our illustrated booklet.

DR. BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN CO.
Dept. C 55 Delancey Street New York

The William G. Hewitt Press 61-67 Navy St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Printers of the Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic

SPECIALTY IN
Magazine, Periodical, Book
and Catalogue Printing

WRITE—PHONE—CALL
5498-5499 MAIN

DO YOU WANT MORE MONEY?

Learn the art of Sign & Showcard Writing. Branch of Advertising. Men and women make big money. Personal instruction and original methods (copyright) make you expert.

\$6.00 Per Day or More
is the union scale in Chicago and other towns. You can make even more on job work. Have a big business of your own. We show you how by mail and help you pay for your course. Particulars and booklet free. Explains everything. Write today. The School with a METHOD.

ILLINOIS SCHOOL OF LETTERING & DESIGN
Dept. W, 187 N. Clark Street Chicago, Illinois



OSCAR A. FORS
PRINCIPAL

LE FERNE WONDER CREAM

"THE CREAM THAT BEAUTIFIES"

A dainty cream that protects your face from the wintry winds; cleans up a muddy complexion and removes all blemishes. By mail 35 cents per jar. Dainty sample for two-cent stamp to

LE FERNE WONDER CREAM CO., Woodhaven, L. I.
Distributing Agents: EIMER & AMEND, New York

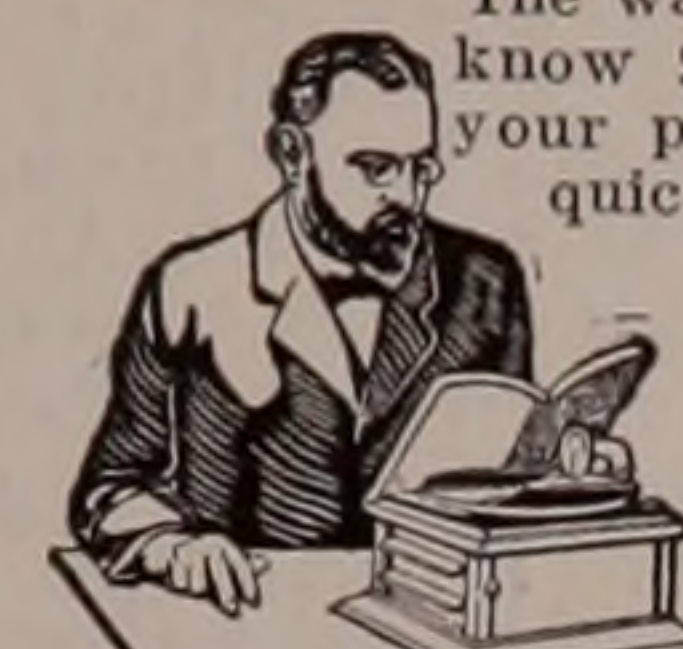
SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE !!!

The war has created unlimited opportunities for those who know Spanish, French, German or Italian. Better your position or increase your business. You can learn quickly, easily, at home, during spare moments, by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
And Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry
(Highest Award Panama-Pacific Exposition)

You listen to the living voice of a native professor pronounce the foreign language, over and over, until you know it. Our records fit all talking machines. Write for Booklet, particulars of Free Trial.

The Language-Phone Method,
IDEAL XMAS GIFT 989 Putnam Bldg., 2 W. 45th St., N.Y.



THE CALL FOR GOOD PHOTOPLAYS

Every Motion Picture Studio Is on the Still Hunt for New Material

PRICES DOUBLED IN ONE YEAR; WILL DOUBLE AGAIN

The Policy of the Photoplay Clearing House Has Contributed to Bring This About

In 1912 Photoplay authors were glad to receive \$10 to \$15 for their product. Last year competition, an open market, and the demand for stronger Photoplays forced prices up to \$20 and \$30 per reel. And now many of the leading studios are writing us, offering to pay \$35 to \$100 per reel. The art of Photoplay writing is just beginning to be worth while. Another constant call of picture manufacturers is, "Send us the work of new writers—the old school is running dry. Vital, dramatic, new ideas will be bought on sight."

There never has been a period in the history of literature when a new field has so suddenly opened and has so rapidly expanded. Over 10,000 new Photoplays are demanded by the public each year. While it is true that many studios have taken on staff writers to help supply the demand, the services of outside writers of Photoplays are eagerly sought after.

The Photoplay Clearing House was established three years ago to aid and counsel new writers and to market their plays. Our records show hundred of sales, and over 14,000 photoplays reviewed, criticized and placed upon the market. We are under the supervision of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. We tell you: How to go about it; where to market your plays; how to revise and cure their weak points; the kind of photoplays wanted, and a hundred other details of making and selling a finished scenario. The high standard of our aims has received the unqualified endorsement of all of the leading studios without exception. During that period we have spent over \$15,000 in systematizing our sales bureau and in assembling a staff of well-known photoplaywrights and critics. In order to serve authors, our editors must be well qualified—must be successful writers themselves. Our editorial staff consists of the following established photoplaywrights who personally pass upon all manuscripts submitted: Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, L. Case Russell, William Lord Wright, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Dorothy Donnell, Russell E. Ball, Gladys Hall, Herbert C. Chesnut, Bennecke Peterson and others. We have received over 5,000 unsolicited letters from both unknown and successful writers endorsing our method of critical advice and marketing of Photoplays.

THESE ENDORSEMENTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES—5,000 OTHERS ON FILE.

Photoplay Clearing House:

Dear Sirs—Am glad to hear of the requests you have made to your clients for good feature stories. Hope some of the calls you sent out bring in something really big, because we are paying really big prices and must have the goods.

Very truly yours,

EQUITABLE MOTION PICTURES CORPORATION,
Russell E. Smith, Scenario Department.

Photoplay Clearing House:

Dear Sirs—We enclose check for \$35.00 in full payment for your Moving Picture scenario entitled "The Famous Marchio Ruby" (one reel).

Kindly have two persons witness your signature after executing the enclosed assignment and return it to us promptly in the enclosed addressed and stamped envelope.

Yours very truly,

BIOGRAPH COMPANY.

Photoplay Clearing House:

Dear Sirs—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your check today for \$22.42, being the amount due me for the script, "The Psychic Law," which you sold for me to the Gaumont Co. I wish to thank you very kindly for your prompt reply, and also for your efforts in placing the script. I have another which I expect to send you in a day or two.

With kindest regards,

Very truly yours,

202 Ruby St., Lancaster, Pa.

E. E. KELLER.

Photoplay Clearing House:

Gentlemen—I am in receipt of your criticism of my photoplay, for which I am very grateful; you have given me many valuable suggestions. I will reconstruct the play, weaving into it another story in the hope of strengthening it, and when more in line with requirements as indicated by your review, will again forward the same to you. I have no "illusions" regarding the merit of my work, and your candid opinion is exactly what I need.

Very truly yours,

1310 23d St., Sacramento Cal.

ALMER P. SOULE.

Photoplay Clearing House:

Gentlemen—Received carbon copy "Transplanting of Tess." I desire to thank you very much for the same. Since this has been reconstructed I can see a vast improvement from my original copy.

Hoping that you will be able to dispose of same and thanking you for your attention to this matter, I remain,

Yours truly,

MAUDE MULLIN.

218 North Garfield Ave., Pocatello, Idaho.

Photoplay Clearing House:

I thank you very much for the carbon copy of script No. 9526, "Chains That Bind." The revision is perfect, and I appreciate it so very much. I could never have revised it as you have done. Thanking you again, I am,

DORA A. IMSCHWEILER.

2029 W. Centre St., Ashland, Pa.

Photoplay Clearing House:

We wish to offer you \$30.00 for the Motion Picture rights of "The Demon," by J. M. Schloenbach, Mason Hotel, Jacksonville, Fla.

We'd like very much to hear whether you were able to secure releases for the two which we made offers on.

THE VITAGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA,

By Doris M. Schroeder, Editor, Western Studios.

Photoplay Clearing House:

Re Number 10987, "Her Rival."

Dear Sirs—In submitting manuscripts to us we hope you will not be guided by the reviews of our past and present releases. Our policy has been completely changed.

We want only strong, single-reel domestic dramas dealing, not with improbabilities, but with the realisms of life.

We are ready to pay top-notch prices for good scenarios, and we will endeavor to give you prompt action.

Very truly yours,

LUBIN MANUFACTURING CO.,

Daniel Ellis, Scenario Department.

THE PLAN OF THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE.

We are intimately connected with the Motion Picture business and in close touch with the manufacturers. We are advised of all their advance releases, their requirements and the kind of scripts they want. As suitable ones come to us, in salable shape, they are immediately sent to the proper studio. No stale, imperfect or copied plots are submitted.

All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus:

It will be read by competent readers, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and, when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections, offering to return it at once for his correction, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and reliable teachers to select from.

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 POSTAGE 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 one single-reel scenario with the Photoplay Clearing House.

Photoplay Clearing House,
175 Duffield St., B'klyn. N. Y.

The Most Suitable Christmas Gift!

TO those of your friends and relatives who are interested in Motion Pictures, and nearly every one is a Motion Picture fan, nothing could be more suitable for a Christmas gift than a year's subscription to the "Motion Picture Magazine" or the "Motion Picture Classic."

They are gifts that will be enjoyed not for one day or week, but for the entire year. Each month they will be reminders of your thoughtfulness and kindness at Christmas time.

A Set of Pictures FREE!

With each subscription to either the Magazine or Classic we will send a set of large, beautiful, elegantly mounted portraits of the players, thus making two gifts in one for the price of one.

A year's subscription to "Motion Picture Magazine" and 10 portraits . . . \$1.50

A year's subscription to the "Motion Picture Classic" and 10 portraits . . . \$1.75

Special Offer—Both the Magazine and Classic and 20 portraits . . . \$3.00

(Add 30c. for Canadian postage, \$1.00 for foreign)

Choose from This List:

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Mary Pickford | Anita Stewart |
| Beverly Bayne | Charles Chaplin |
| Earle Williams | Mary Fuller |
| Lillian Walker | Lillian Loraine |
| Carlyle Blackwell | Crane Wilbur |
| Norma Talmadge | Pearl White |
| Theda Bara | Olga Petrova |
| Ben F. Wilson | Francis X. Bushman |
| Alice Joyce | J. Warren Kerrigan |
| Edith Storey | Clara K. Young |

Just fill out the coupon below, write a list of the pictures and instructions on separate sheet and mail with proper remittance. A Beautiful Gift Card bearing your name will be sent out with both the Portraits and the Magazine. Our Subscription Department will soon be busy with Christmas orders. Dont wait. Send in your order NOW.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO.,
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find \$..... for a year's subscription to the "Motion Picture Magazine" to be sent as a Christmas Gift to

.....
List of portraits and further instructions are given in the attached letter.

Name.....
Address.....

MARY herself remembers nothing but the vision—the haunting vision of the giant hand on her white shoulder! She may have done it. She does not know. Do you?



Can You Solve This Mystery ? ? ? ?

DAVE POLLOCK, drunkard, man-about-town, pursuer of Mary Page—is dead. Mary's revolver lies beside him. Did Mary Page kill Dave Pollock? The police say she did it. The evidence says she did it. The jury is convinced! But—did she do it? Mary herself does not know. She cannot tell. Can you? Can you solve

The Great
Magazine Serial

The Strange Case of MARY PAGE

The Great
Motion Picture Serial

Did you ever see a motion picture serial with a wonderful heroine, a beautiful, appealing heroine, a charming love story? Mary Page is that kind.

Did you ever see a motion picture serial with the most remarkable succession of thrilling adventures, threatening villains, heart-thumping escapes? Mary Page is that kind.

Did you ever see a motion picture serial that told a great big important truth more powerfully, more utterly convincingly than that truth has ever been told before? No, you didn't, for there never was a serial like that—until this one. Mary Page is that kind.

The famous hero of *The Birth of a Nation*, Henry B. Walthall, the most finished actor on the screen, will play Langdon. It is the biggest part of

As a mystery story it has no equal. As a picture play, it has everything—the best acting, the best producing, the best photography—all that goes with the name



GEORGE K. SPOOR, President

many big parts that Henry B. Walthall has played. The appealing heroine of "The Blindness of Virtue", beautiful Edna Mayo, will play Mary—a wonderful part for a wonderful actress.

How to Get the Magazine

Frederick Lewis, author of "What Happened to Mary," the famous motion picture serial, has produced a still greater success in "The Strange Case of Mary Page." You *must* read it. You *must* see it.

Pictures of Mr. Walthall and Miss Mayo, the first chapters of the great mystery serial—all these and much more in the 'January Ladies' World. Remember, Mary Page begins her adventure in January Ladies' World. The price is only ten cents. Get your copy to-day.

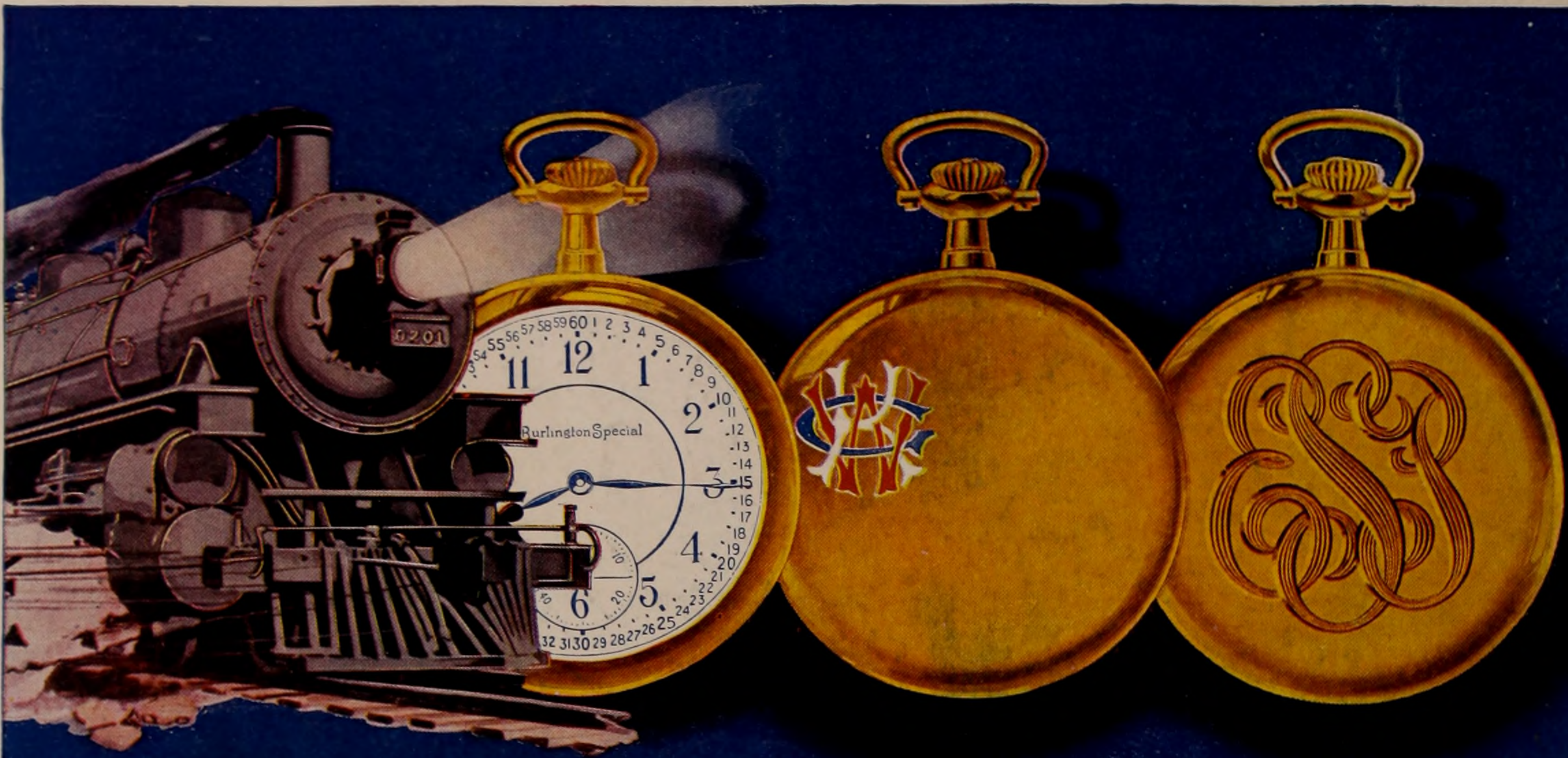
Read it in the magazine—Look for it in the pictures

Ask Your Favorite Theatre
for the Picture

THE LADIES' WORLD

The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York

Ask Your Newsdealer for
Your Copy



19 Jewel \$250 Burlington A Month

The Master Timepiece Now Sold Direct for Only

Write today for our great offer on the master timepiece—*adjusted to the second—adjusted to positions—adjusted to isochronism*—now sent *direct to you without a penny down*. If you decide to keep it, pay only the rock-bottom direct price (the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay) either for cash or at the rate of \$2.50 a month. Send coupon, today.

Write for Special Offer!

Send us the coupon below—or a postcard for the great, sweeping *direct offer* on the genuine Burlington. *We want you to see and examine the Burlington*. Find out for yourself what a magnificent timepiece it is—and at a price which must surprise you. Write today for the book that shows you handsome illustrations in full color of the newest watch cases that you have to choose from. The latest triumphs of master goldsmiths are yours on this special offer.

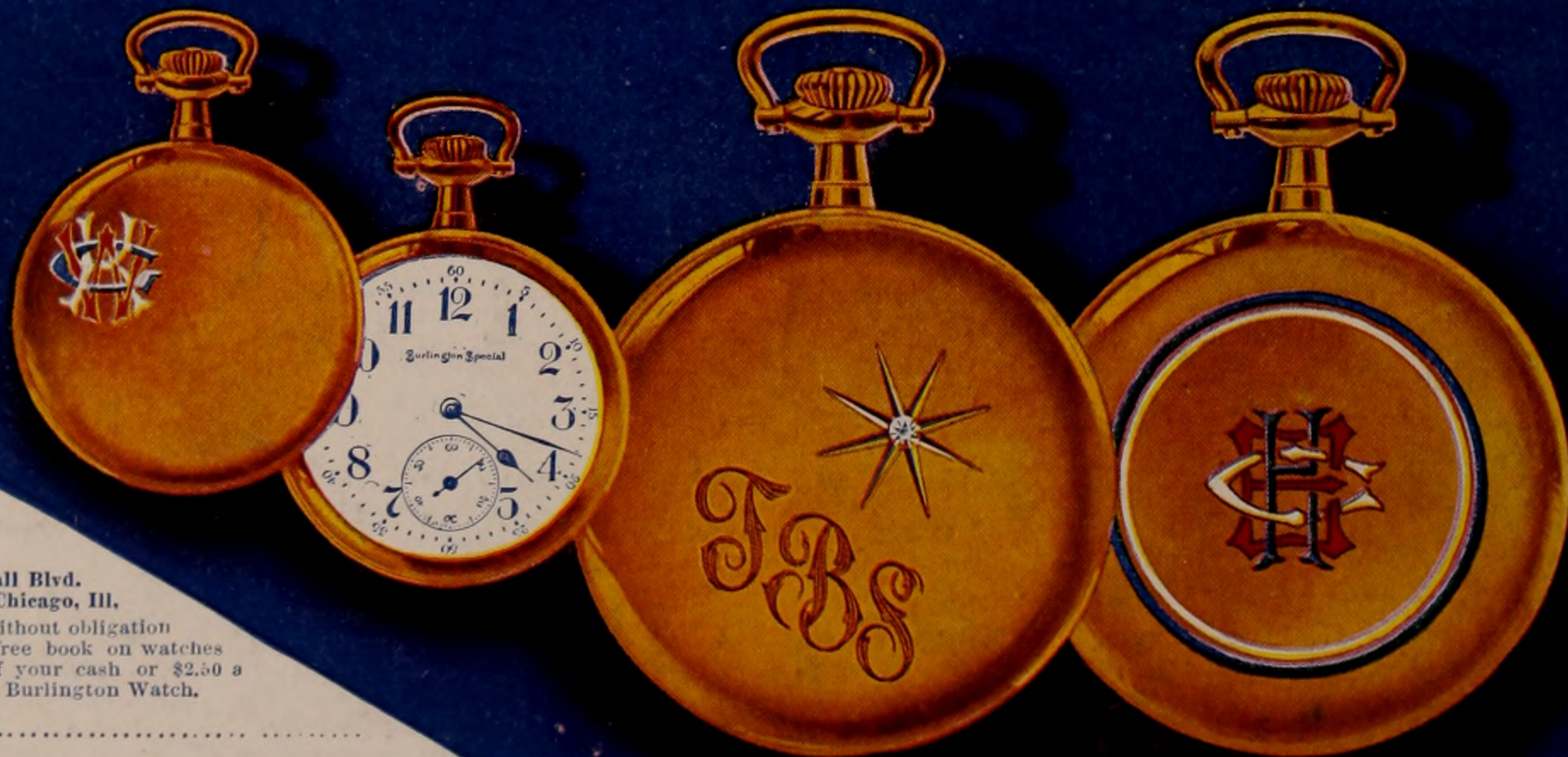
New Ideas in Watch Cases

Blocks and Ribbon, Monograms, Diamond Set, Lodge, French, Art, Dragon, Etc.

Send the Coupon for New Watch Book

Learn the inside facts about watch prices, and the many superior points of the Burlington over double-priced products. Just put your name and address on the coupon, letter or postcard and get the Watch Book Free.

Burlington Watch Co. 19th Street and Marshall Boulevard—Dept. 3361 **Chicago, Ill.**



Burlington Watch Co.

19th St. and Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 3361 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your free book on watches with explanation of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....