

FEBRUARY

15 Cents

MOTION PICTURE

Classic



dwan

Published by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE



Become Wonderful in Health—Wonderful in Vitality and Wonderful in Efficiency for Your Own Advantage Through Conscious Evolution.

Cells are wonderful beings. They are the creators of the plants, the trees, the fruit, the vegetables. They create the corn, the wheat, the apples. They are the creators of the rose, the lily, the violet and other flowers—they are the creators of everything living in the sea—they are the constructors of whales, sharks, porpoises and all fish. Through the activity of cells, the coral beds of the ocean are made. They are the creators of all animal life—they are the creators of you. They create your organs and the foundation of your mind.

Billions of cells are within your body working for you. They are remaking your heart, your lungs, your nerves, your digestive system, your muscles, your brain—in fact, they are busy constantly reconstructing your entire body. You will be a better human machine—possess a better body and mind if you cultivate these cells—if, in other words, you give your cells greater energy and a greater opportunity as well as a better and more persistent reason for improving every tissue, every organ and every part of your body.

The Swoboda System, through applying the principle of Evolution to the cells of the body, produces new human beings, new and better hearts, new and better lungs, new and better organs, new and better nerves, new and better brains, and, therefore, keener and more efficient mind.

MY new copyrighted book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been

explained before. It also explains my new and unique theory of the body and mind. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

My book tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you, as an intelligent human being, have, no doubt, always wanted to know about your body and your mind.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws for your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women.

Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It tells what Conscious Evolution means and what it may do for you. It also explains the DANGERS and AFTER EFFECTS OF EXERCISE and EXCESSIVE DEEPBREATHING.

My book explains the cause of HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE and HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES, as well as OLD AGE conditions, and how to overcome them.

I offer my system on a basis which makes it impossible for anyone to lose a single penny. My guarantee is startling, specific, fraud-proof, and just as any honest person would naturally desire it to be.

Write for my FREE BOOK and full particulars today before it slips your mind. Make up your mind to at least learn the facts concerning the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION for men and women.

If you have reached your present stage of evolution without conscious effort, consider what your possibilities are through an intelligent and conscious use of the principles of evolution. My booklet will make you think.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1369 Aeolian Building, New York City, N. Y.

What Others Have to Say:

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."
"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique; today I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

"Fourteen years ago at the age of 68 I was an old man; today at the age of 82 I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men at 40. Your system gave me a new lease on life."

"Last week I had a reading of my blood pressure, and was gratified to learn that it was fully ten points below the previous reading. This was a surprise to me as well as to my physician, who did not believe that my blood pressure could be reduced because of my advanced age."

"Doctors told me I had hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. They advised me against exercise. Conscious Evolution reduced my blood pressure and made a new man of me."

"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world; it gave me new energy, strength and life; in other words, it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it; I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."
"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."



What is said of the Swoboda System, no doubt, sounds too good to be true. Swoboda, however, has a proposition of which you should know and which will, no doubt, prove to you that nothing said about Conscious and Creative Evolution in MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is too good to be true.

Extraordinary Prices on These Oliver Typewriters

Here's Your Chance!

Must Sell a Thousand Machines Quick



NO. 5 OLIVER

The great European War makes it impossible to ship typewriters to Europe. We have 1,000 No. 5 Oliver machines which we must sell quick. And we are determined to dispose of them in this country at prices which defy competition. These grand typewriters must be sold at once. Here is a great opportunity to secure an Oliver at bed-rock prices. You will never have another chance like this, as the small number of Olivers at this ridiculously low price will be sold to the first thousand readers sending in the coupon. Are you going to be one of these fortunate people? Act now if you want a good typewriter. Investigate today.

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The Oliver has the lightest touch and greatest durability of any typewriter made. Anyone can operate the Oliver successfully.

We will sell you one on the easiest terms ever known. Better still, we cover every single machine with a lifetime guarantee. Other machines are guaranteed for one year. But we have such confidence in the No. 5 Oliver that we will guarantee it for life. When you buy an Oliver you buy "for keeps."

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These 1,000 machines must go at once. And the price we make is so low that we do not dare even publish it. We can quote this price only in a confidential letter. Ask for it, if you need a machine. Don't wait until they are all gone before investigating. Mail the coupon or a post card today. Our price and terms will surely astonish you.

And remember that this is a regular \$100 machine, with many thousands in use all over the world right now. We can always undersell manufacturers, because we have no salesmen with their big salaries and expenses. All of our machines go direct to the consumer, and he gets the saving.

And right now we are going to cut our own low price clear to the bone. Seize this opportunity while you may, for we doubt if it ever can be repeated. At the astonishingly low price we are quoting, these thousand Oliver Typewriters will all be disposed of in a very short time.

Get Our Amazing Price and FREE Trial Offer!

Send for our offer today. Use the coupon or a post card. Find out all about our sensational cut in prices. A few cents a day will buy your Oliver. And we will let you try one free, without sending us a single cent. Mail the coupon now, whether you're ready to buy or not. Then you will know whether you can afford to do without a standard No. 5 Oliver any longer.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
1510-81M Wabash Ave., Chicago

Tear Off Coupon **Fill Out and Mail TODAY**

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
1510-81M Wabash Ave., Chicago

I am interested in owning a typewriter and would like to have your special offer on a No. 5 Oliver machine. I incur no obligation in asking for your proposition.

Name.....
Address.....
.....

(250)

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\$15 BUYS DEED TO LAND; also interest in THREE oil wells that should pay you \$100 for every dollar invested. Payments \$1 monthly. Complete information free. Address **Texas-Gulf Co., 790 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.**

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C. F. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 155, Le Roy, N. Y.

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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.

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See Here! We want your ideas for photoplays and stories! Submit in any form. We'll criticize them free, and sell on commission. Producers pay big prices. Get details now. **MS. Sales Co., 600 Main, Hazelhurst, Pa.**

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.**

MISCELLANEOUS

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\$250.00 in Gold to be Awarded by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for the best answers to the question, "What Are They Saying?"

Full particulars will be found in the current number on sale at all newsstands. Fifteen cents a copy, and the handsomest magazine, of the standard size, in the world. All Motion Picture enthusiasts simply have to read this magazine. Among the features of the March number is a splendid short story by Cyrus Townsend Brady. And lots of other things just as good.

THE ART OF SELLING A PHOTOPLAY

A THING MORE DIFFICULT TO ACQUIRE THAN THE KNACK OF WRITING ONE

The Photoplay Clearing House Acts as Advisor, Friend and Agent in Setting You on the Right Road to Successful Scenario Writing

Established for nearly three years, with a record of hundreds of sales, over 15,000 manuscripts reviewed, criticized and placed upon the market, the Photoplay Clearing House has become the one authoritative and reliable agent for the handling of authors' product in the Moving Picture industry. We have received over 5,000 testimonial letters; we are under the supervision of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE; our business is in intimate personal touch with all of the leading photoplay manufacturers, and our staff of editors, who personally pass upon all material, consists of the following well-known photoplaywrights: Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, L. Case Russell, William Lord Wright, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Dorothy Donnell, T. H. Chesnut, Gladys Hall and others. In order to qualify for our reading staff of editors, it is necessary that an editor be a successful scenario writer, a fair and able critic, and a good judge of market conditions and values.

We tell you: How to Go About It, Where to Market Your Product, How to Revise and Cure Its Weak Points, The Kind of Photoplays Wanted, and a hundred other details of making and selling a finished scenario.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS ARE PICKED AT RANDOM FROM A FILE OF OVER 5,000:

Photoplay Clearing House:

My Dear Sirs—Let us have some three and five-reel stuff, mostly five, and make it good. No Western and not too many on the "seamy" side of life.

We want to discourage the submitting of hundreds of manuscripts which have been coming in from week to week from outside contributors, most of which are pure rot.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS A. EDISON, INCORPORATED,
L. W. McChesney, Manager Motion Picture Division.

Photoplay Clearing House:

Gentlemen—I received your revision of my manuscript, No. 12,652, "Honor's Disguise," which was changed to "Brother Jim," and I really must say I was delighted at the change. Everything so clear and words so well chosen that I seemed ashamed of what I had sent you before you revised it.

I hope you can sell this photoplay for me, and with gratitude to you, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

(MISS) CECILE NEWMAN.

115 W. 113th St., New York City.

And so on thru a long list of pleased patrons and studios, which we will announce as space permits.

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 POST-AGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED.** and foreign contributors should allow for U.S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

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

Photoplay Clearing House,
175 Duffield St., B'klyn. N. Y.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

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

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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

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Scene from "The Heart of a Mermaid" (see page 29), painted by the celebrated artist, Edward Moran. Mr. Moran's paintings are to be seen in nearly all notable collections of American art, including the Capitol and Corcoran Gallery at Washington.

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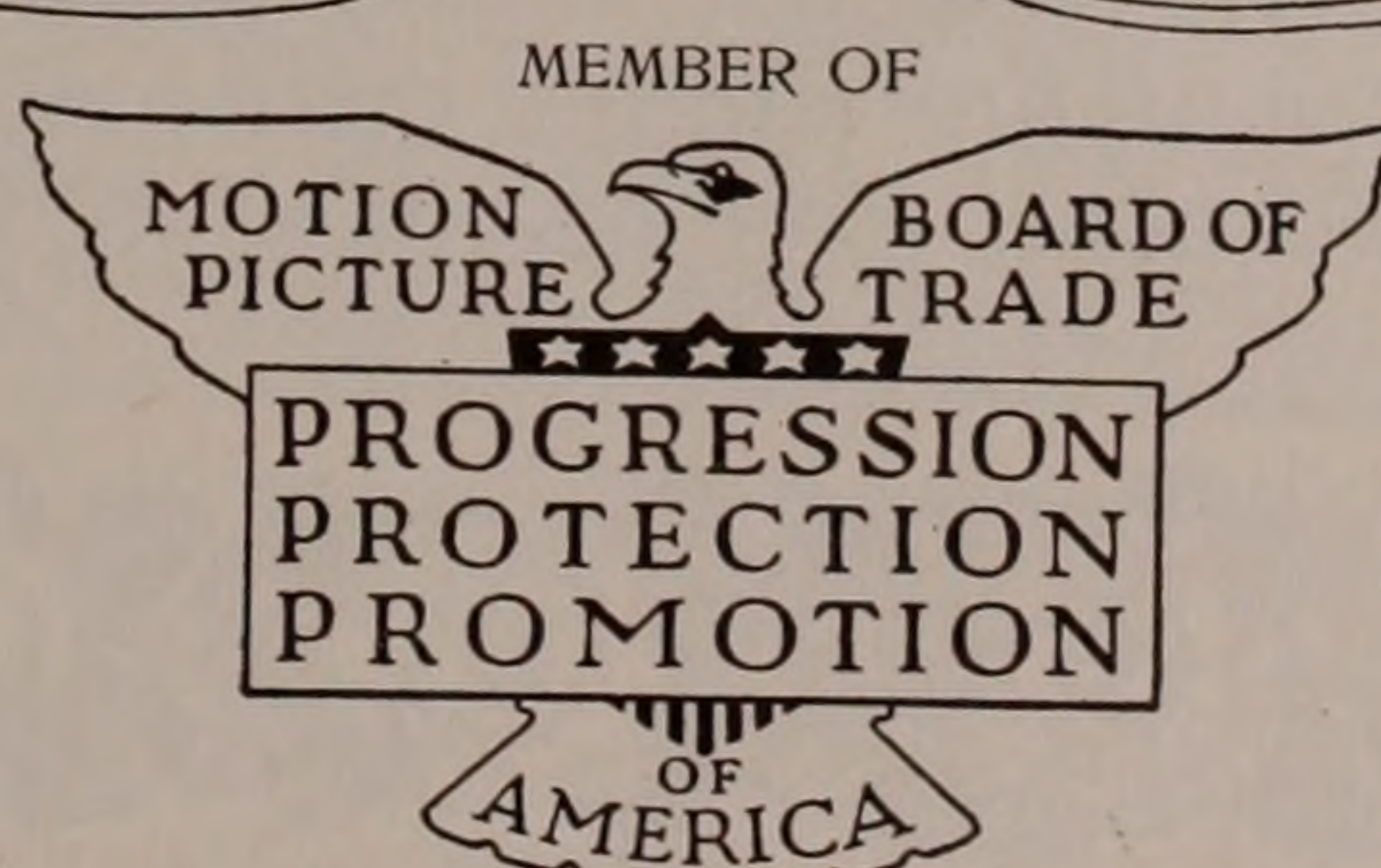
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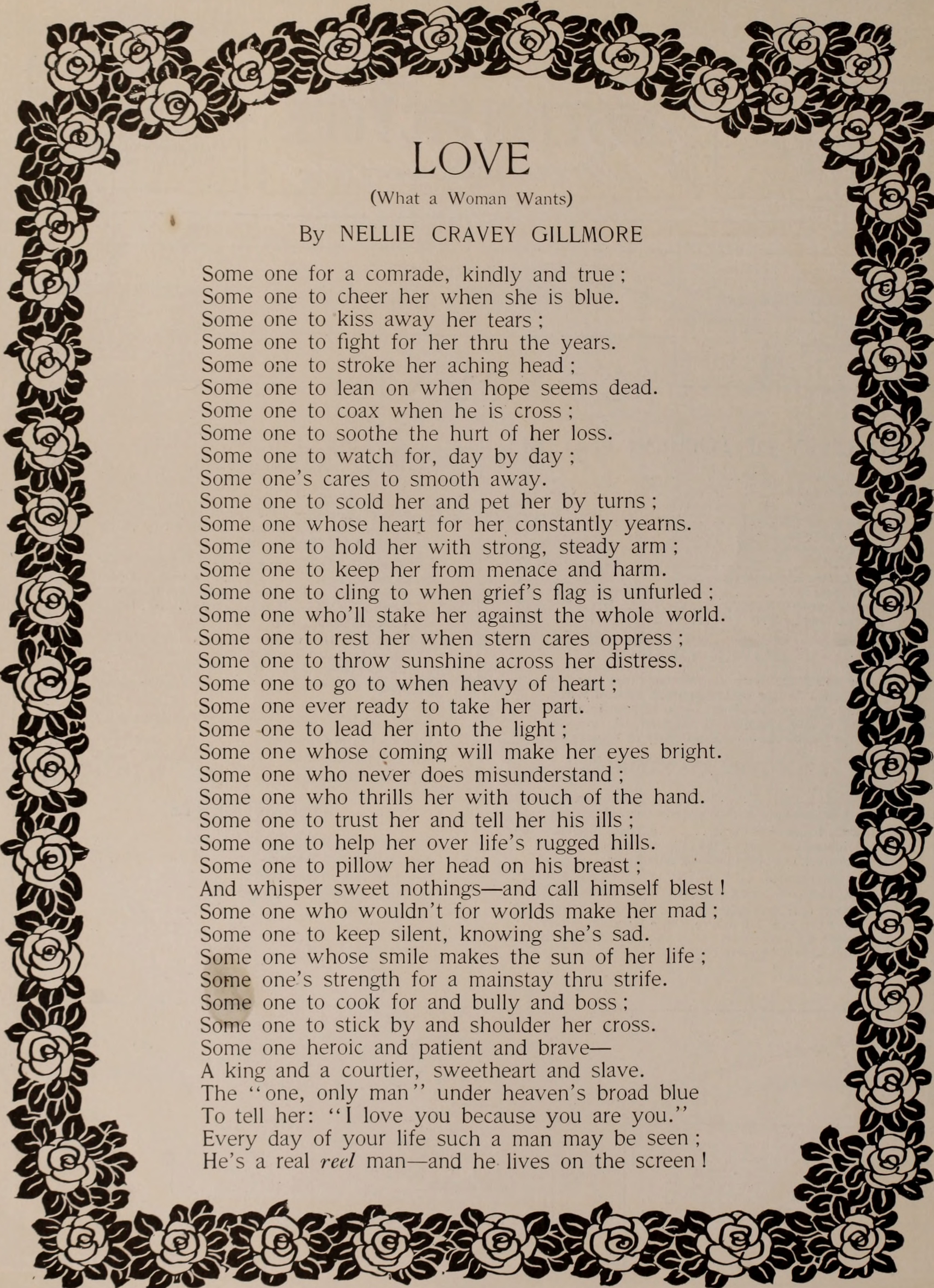
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LOVE

(What a Woman Wants)

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

Some one for a comrade, kindly and true ;
Some one to cheer her when she is blue.
Some one to kiss away her tears ;
Some one to fight for her thru the years.
Some one to stroke her aching head ;
Some one to lean on when hope seems dead.
Some one to coax when he is cross ;
Some one to soothe the hurt of her loss.
Some one to watch for, day by day ;
Some one's cares to smooth away.
Some one to scold her and pet her by turns ;
Some one whose heart for her constantly yearns.
Some one to hold her with strong, steady arm ;
Some one to keep her from menace and harm.
Some one to cling to when grief's flag is unfurled ;
Some one who'll stake her against the whole world.
Some one to rest her when stern cares oppress ;
Some one to throw sunshine across her distress.
Some one to go to when heavy of heart ;
Some one ever ready to take her part.
Some one to lead her into the light ;
Some one whose coming will make her eyes bright.
Some one who never does misunderstand ;
Some one who thrills her with touch of the hand.
Some one to trust her and tell her his ills ;
Some one to help her over life's rugged hills.
Some one to pillow her head on his breast ;
And whisper sweet nothings—and call himself blest !
Some one who wouldn't for worlds make her mad ;
Some one to keep silent, knowing she's sad.
Some one whose smile makes the sun of her life ;
Some one's strength for a mainstay thru strife.
Some one to cook for and bully and boss ;
Some one to stick by and shoulder her cross.
Some one heroic and patient and brave—
A king and a courtier, sweetheart and slave.
The "one, only man" under heaven's broad blue
To tell her: "I love you because you are you."
Every day of your life such a man may be seen ;
He's a real *reel* man—and he lives on the screen !

Gallery of Popular Photo Players



FRANK MERRITT



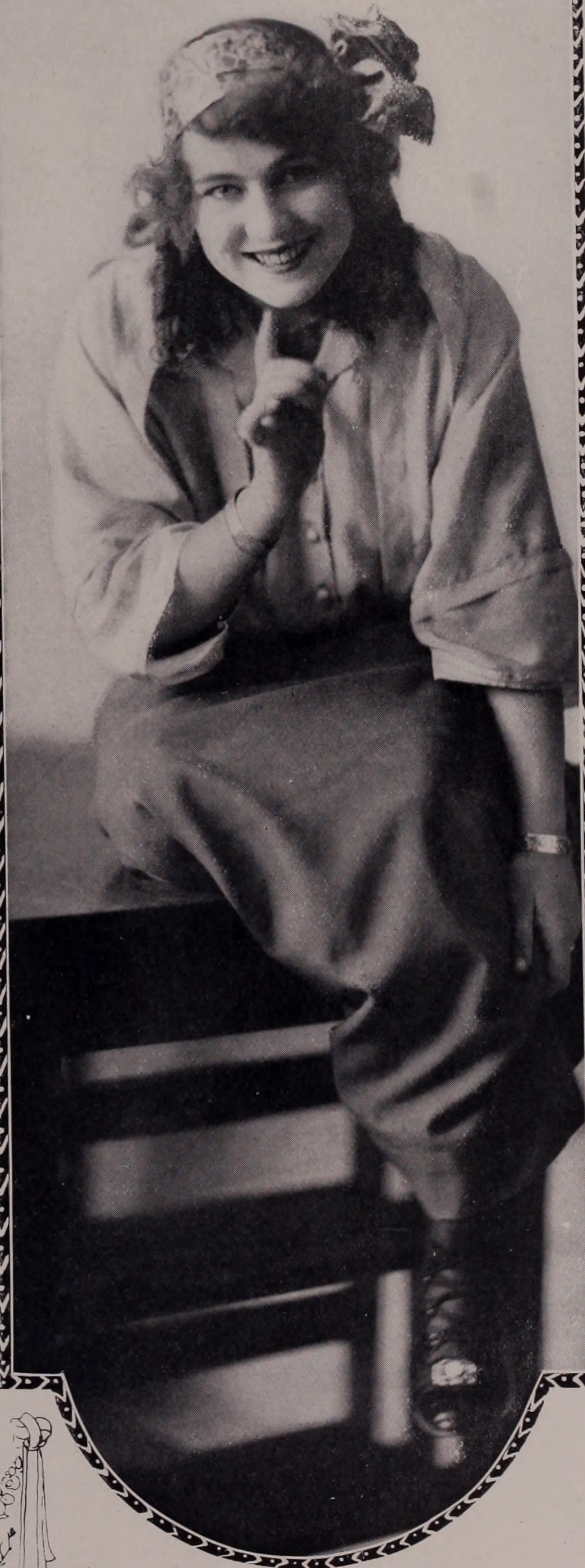
ANNA PAVLOWA
(Universal)



MABEL NORMAND
(Keystone)



WILFRED LUCAS
(Griffith)

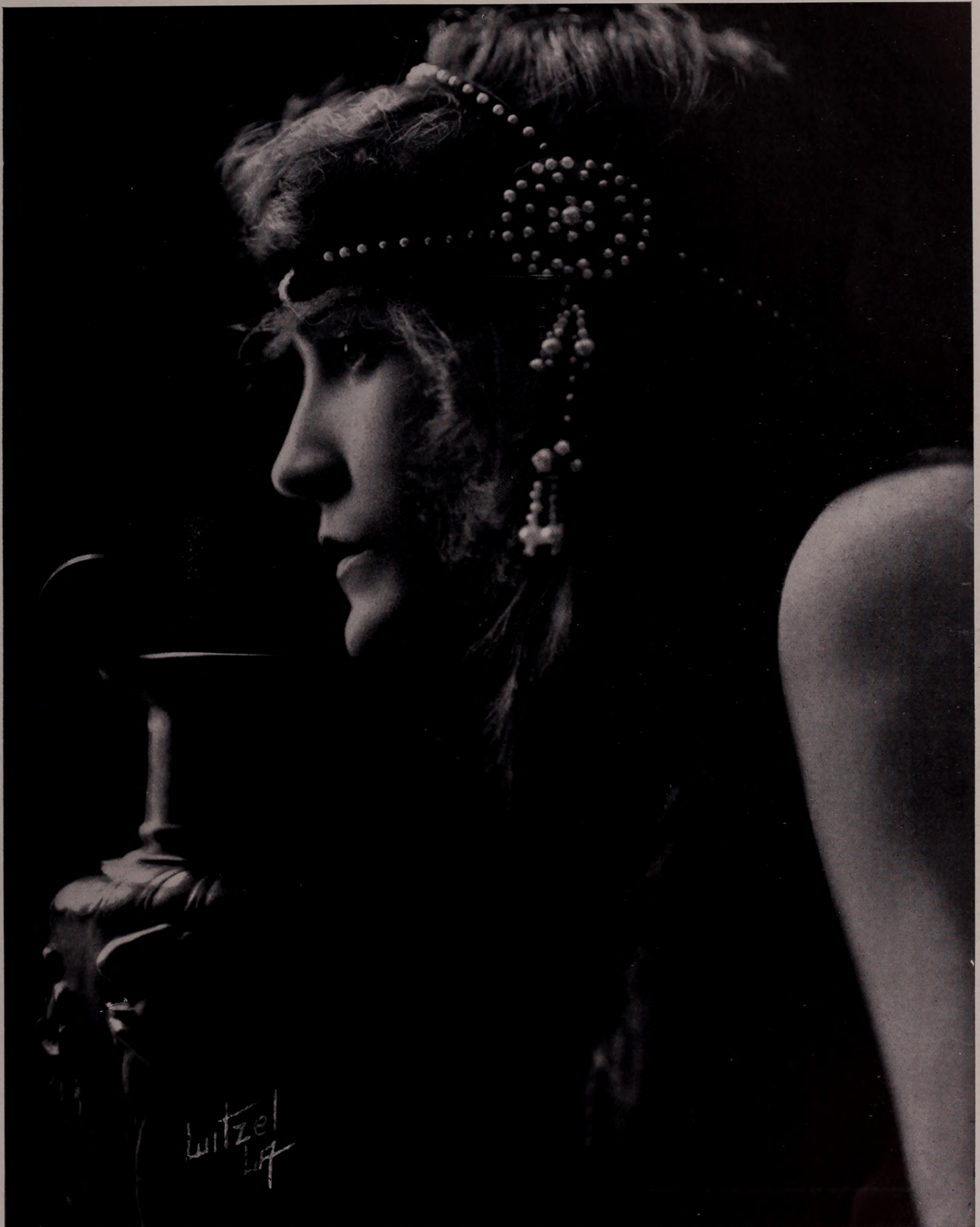


MARGARET GIBSON
(Horsley)





MARY ANDERSON
(Vitagraph)



CLAIRE McDOWELL
(Biograph)



ENID MARKEY
(Triangle)

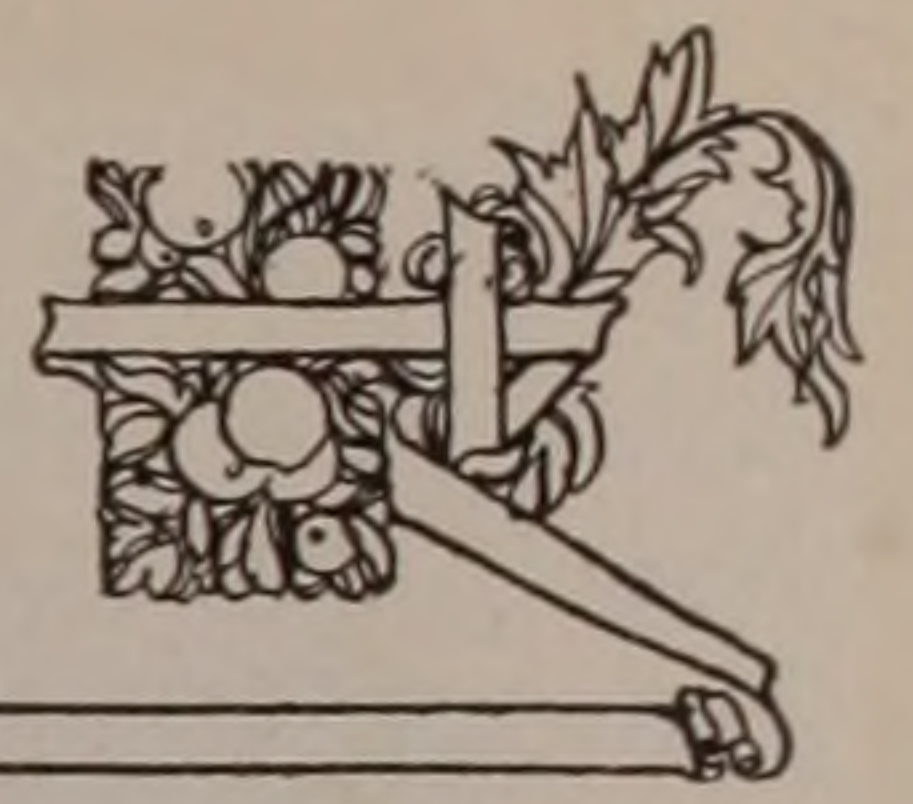


SALLY CRUTE
(Edison)



Witzel
L.F.

ETHEL TEARE
(Kalem)



The Black Crook

(Kalem)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of PHIL LANG, from the famous stageplay of the same name



HERE the bald, old, mountain eagle cleaves the clouds across his flight, and the storm trails somber pinions on the mountain's dizzy height, years ago a castle harbored, last and lordliest of his line, rich in fiefs, proud and unfriended, Baron Eric Wolfenstein. Feared his frown the straight-limbed freemen that obeyed his trumpet call; feared his rage the serf and swineherd breaking black bread in his hall; but his lovely ward, Amina, feared his kindness more than all.

Reared from babehood 'neath his

(Thirteen)

roof-tree, godchild of the generous years, lo! her lips were curved for laughter, and her eyes were sweet with tears. Maiden-shy her quiet glances, yet her red mouth, full and fain, whispered she had known love's joyance; quivered, she had felt love's pain. Lady she, not to be wedded save by lord of high degree, and the holder of her heart's shrine but a humble singer he, yet their troth-vows they had plighted and had cherished faithfully. For Love hath naught of high nor low, knows neither race nor birth—the winsome beggar maid is loved by the proudest king of earth; the comely ploughboy on the hills catches the princess' eye in a long look,

and her heart thrills, she knows no reason why. From country meads the young hearts leap to young hearts on a throne; in crowded streets Love stands apart and singles out his own; Love knoweth neither high nor low, for Love is King alone.

Upon a blithesome day of spring the haughty Baron came, with spurs a-clang up the tower stairs, and spoke Amina's name. Looking upon his purpled face, the maiden's heart stood still; the words of love upon his lips to her were words of ill. "Amina," said the Baron, and kist her timid hand, "wed me and I will make of you first lady of the land, who came to me a beggar babe, left by a gypsy band."



THRU THE TALL ROOMS ON THE MORROW MOVED THE DANCERS TO AND FRO



THEN YOUNG RUDOLPH ROSE THE VICTOR O'ER THE FORM OF HIS DEAD FOE



TWELVE WHITE MOONS HAD KIST
THE MOUNTAINS

"Guardian," faltered pale Amina, when the Baron spoke his will, "mightiest of all earth's monarchs cannot bid the storm be still. Gratitude full meet I owe you, but of love no tithes I owe. Love is boon of Heaven's largess; it can not be bartered so."

Ground his strong teeth the dark Baron, bowed and left the maiden fair, wistful brooding at her lattice in the sunshine of her hair, and, with muttering of vengeance, strode adown the turret stair. Called a page unto his beckoning; bade him the court harpist bring—the young Rudolph of the black eyes and the dark curls clustering.

"Singer," quoth the Baron, smiling, "much is told me of thy skill. Sing tomorrow at my court ball—'tis my ward, Amina's, will."

"Ah! be sure he caught the triumph in the lover's flashing eye, and the thwarted passion of him woke his soul

in silent cry: "Shall a pretty churl supplant me? By the rood! the dog shall die."

Thru the tall rooms on the morrow moved the dancers to and fro; maidens' faces bloomed to beauty in the candles' mystic glow. Puffengrims, a sickly vassal, smirked beside his gracious lord, drowning his frail wits in bumpers that the smiling Baron poured; drowning wisdom's silent warnings in flattery's potent brew. "Friend of mine," the Baron whispered, "maids love mighty men like you. Win Amina; thou shalt have her, and her lands and dowry, too."

Straightway then the poor dupe stumbled to the pale Amina's side. Mumbled: "Lady, I adore thee! Thou shalt be my happy bride!"

Scarcely had she breath for screaming, struggling in his loathed embrace, when the harpist was beside her, and a din was in the place. Ladies' cries; oaths and wonder, and the sound of blow on blow, and the thick breaths of the fighters as they panted to and fro. Then young Rudolph rose the victor o'er the form of his dead foe.

"Thou hast slain my faithful vassal, and the black deed cries for death; yet I am a man of mercy." Thus the evil Baron saith. "Young limbs are a sorry fruitage, dangling from the gallows-tree; so by token of my fiefship, harken, youth, to my decree: From this realm forever banished thee and all them of thy line; death the forfeit if thy shadow ever darkens lands of mine. Go and praise God for my mercy," bade the Baron Wolfenstein.

Twelve white moons had kist the mountains, and the spring was come again, wakening in Amina's bosom echoes of old joy and pain. The white lips of grief grew crimson with the kiss of memory, and she softly bloomed to beauty, like a fair young bride to be. Watching her, the moody Baron felt his pulses thrill and leap; came a night of fairy beauty when the whole world lay asleep, and he sought the maiden's bower up the turret stairway steep.

Over silver moor and meadow what a wild, despairing cry, trembling down from that stone tower, sinister against the sky! In the villages the

good folks turned upon their pleasant bed—"By the rood! our lord makes merry," drowsily the good folks said. Was no swineherd in his cottage; was no meanest serf come near; was no piteous guardian angel leaned from heaven's height to hear! Yet the cry rang like a summons in one wakeful wanderer's ear.

From the brake a figure started, sprang up on the dizzy height, where the wary mountain eagle hardly dared pause in his flight; swinging from the mantling ivy, clinging to the crannied wall, till he gained the topmost lattice that gave access to the hall. In the Baron's arms Amina, fluttering like a frightened dove, heard the splintered hinges crashing from the window ledge above; saw, half-swooning, her fierce lover torn from her by her lost love; saw the gleam of sword-blades flashing, as the room about her whirled, and his face her need had summoned from the spaces of the world. All at once upon her horror fell the healing dew of peace—smiling faintly to the carpet, fell she in a swoon's release.

"Let her lie," the Baron muttered; "at her side he, too, shall lie—who would breast my good sword's anger, by my good sword's wrath shall die!" From his grasp the blade spun, whirling; loudly rang his coward cry.



GAZING IN HIS MAGIC MIRROR, WITH
A FROWN UPON HIS FACE



A CONTRACT, WRIT IN BLOOD UPON A COWL, TO DELIVER UNTO SATAN EVERY YEAR A HUMAN SOUL, OR ENDURE ETERNAL TORTURE AS THE PAYMENT OF HIS TOLL

From trenches and from pallet, gaping and goggling all, his serfs and freemen hurried to obey their liege lord's call; and in a trice, his wrists engyved, the gallant Rudolph stood, with blazing eyes and haughty lips, deep bitten to the blood.

"'Way with the knave," the Baron scowled, "to wait the judgment hour; see that this maid is strongly locked within her virgin bower, until it suit my whim to come and pluck the dainty flower."

Leagues away beyond the forest, in a legend-haunted cave, dwelt the dark magician, Hertzog, with his witless drudge and slave. Travelers to the near-by village shunned the dark and gloomy place. (It was said one might meet Satan round some covert face to face.) Black the wood that in the daytime bats and owls around it flew; leprous fungi orange-spotted all the blooms that in it grew; bearded branches, lightning-twisted, of the fir-tree and the yew. Thru the mouldy, murky places prowled the gaunt wolf and the bear; here the vulture had its eyrie, here the wild boar had its lair;

the woodman, late returning, spoke a prayer beneath his breath; the love-lorn shepherd ceased his song and wailed a dirge of death; and never adown its pathways, with dank dew-drops defiled (where grew the spotted mandrake and gloomed the orchid wild), echoed the sound of little feet, the laughter of a child.

The Black Crook—so legend named him—was a lost soul strayed from hell, people thought, to work on mankind his dark master's evil spell. Nag went halt or flocks were stolen—" 'Tis his work," the gossips said. "May his deeds, like evil curses, come to roost upon his head!" Others whispered of a contract, writ in blood upon a cowl, to deliver unto Satan every year one human soul, or endure eternal torture as the payment of his toll.

In his cave, lighted with glow-worms, sat the master of the place, gazing in his magic mirror with a frown upon his face. "Saint Swithin's eve tomorrow—how the red flames roar and hiss! The sands run fast," he muttered—"no time to lose, I wis. Come, come, my worthy mirror,

this dalliance is not well; show me a soul in torture who its hopes of Heaven will sell, to gain a prize I offer and so take my place in hell."

The mirror clouded, quivered and cleared upon a room where, bound in chains and fettered, sat Rudolph, wrapped in gloom. The vision changed: a prisoner behind her maiden door, Amina wept and shuddered at each footfall on the floor. Fierce fear upon the lover's face; upon the maid's stark fear. "Enough," the Black Crook cried, "enough! my recompense is here. The debt I owe the Baron makes its payment doubly dear."

Round his dungeon walls the tempest tossed the moonlight from the skies; with his chains young Rudolph wrestled, reading horror in its cries. Crashed the thunder, flashed the lightning as upon the Day of Doom, and a strange form stood before him, laughing in the lurid gloom.

"Friend," the figure said and chuckled, "seemest not to love this cell. If I set thee free, what hast thou in return to me to sell?"

"For her sake," so swore the lover,
"I would give my soul to hell!"

"But hell is hell," the Tempter
sneered; "a maid is but—a maid."

"For her sweet sake the lowest hell
is heaven," Rudolph said.

"And will Love flame so hot, think
you, when hotter flames shall hiss?
And is eternity the worth of a fair
maid's first kiss?"

"Had I a dozen deaths to die,"
the lover did declare, "I'd die them
proudly, that no harm should touch
one golden hair—how pure she is, how
woman-sweet, how more than woman-
fair!"

"Sooth, 'tis a gallant lover!" the
Black Crook cried in glee. He touched
the chains, they fell in twain—"Come,
boaster, you are free! The night wears
on, the time is near when you my debt
shall pay—go to my cave within the
wood; I'll bring your love straight-
way." He watched the youth rush
from the place, and—"Fool! Twice
fool!" he cried; "at one stroke will I
pay my toll and crush the Baron's
pride, at one stroke save my soul from
hell and win a beauteous bride!"

To Amina, in her bower, the Black
Crook has now appeared. "I have
seen Rudolph," he whispered; "he
has told me what you feared. I have
powers beyond most mortals and have
set your lover free; I will lead you to
him straightway, if you will but follow
me; foil the Baron's wicked purpose;
save you from a hideous fate. Wolf-
enstein has earned my hatred, and I
hate as devils hate, with a fury that is
watchful and a purpose that can wait.
Years ago I was a noble, with a
fair and gentle wife, in whose faith I
trusted wholly, loved her as I loved
my life. This Baron won her from
me—took her to his eyrie wild. Ere a
month had passed she bore you—you
are Count von Hertzog's child. One
son the Baron cherished, only scion of
his line; with the aid of hell, I stole
him, as his arts had stolen mine.
Rudolph, humble, lowly singer, is the
son of Wolfenstein!"

Dazed and trembling, pale, Amina
placed her hand within his arm.
"Take me to Rudolph," she begged
him; "lead me from this Haunt of
Harm." Down the stair, across the

(Seventeen)



A PRISONER BEHIND HER MAIDEN DOOR

drawbridge, with its sullen, flowing
moat, craftily the Black Crook led her,
hidden in his magic coat. Mead and
meadow lay before them, flashed with
diamonds of dew. Naught of guile
Amina dreaded, naught of craft her
white soul knew, so she trod her dark
guide's footsteps to the wood where
fungus grew. Shuddered at the
crawling shadows, but she went with
footsteps brave, thinking of her wait-
ing lover to the entrance of the cave.
Then a sudden, golden glamor flashed
athwart the evil wood; wings out-
stretched across the cave-mouth, lo! a
shining vision stood.

"Maiden, pause," the vision bade

her, "dole and dolor lie that way. For
a kindness mortal did me, with a kind-
ness I repay. Leave this loathly guide
and follow Stalacta, the Queen of
Fay."

Strong, white wings swept round
the maiden, bore her from the gloomy
place to a fairy glade and left her with
her lover face to face. "Oh, my long-
lost love, Amina!" "Oh, my Rudolph,
is it thou?" In each other's arms the
lovers murmured each remembered
vow. Told he how a deed of mercy to
a sorely wounded dove, fluttering from
a hissing serpent, had restored him to
his love; how the hosts of hell were
vanquished by the powers from above.



ALL ON THE SLIMY GREENSWARD THE DESPERATE MEN FOUGHT ON

A humble hermit of the dale harkened unto their vows, and joined the twain in wedlock, under the greenwood boughs; no harpist touched his golden strings and sang a stately lay, no silken rout of man and maid to grace their wedding-day; but thru a golden dawning, hand clasped in lover's hand—their hearts atune with tenderness, their faces breezes-fanned—Amina and her Rudolph strolled thru an enchanted land.

In his haunted shades the Black Crook cursed the loss of his fair prey, while above the writhing yew-tops glowed pale streaks of coming day. "Rudolph shall pay my forfeit—the night is growing late—or in the hateful dawning Hertzog must meet his fate!" But ere he reached the cave-mouth a voice was in his ear: "Wouldst cheat me of my victims? Thou dog, thou diest here!" And Hertzog saw the Baron with his retainers near; saw the fierce face grow fiercer, the red glow in the eyes, that held of Heaven no knowledge, and were of evil wise. Balked of his eager pleasure, shorn of his vengeful prey, he faced his ancient foeman, with forehead lined and grey—"Draw, damned magician!" In his hand his dagger Hertzog saw, and

straight his own flashed forth—"Seducer, cursed, I draw! For one of us no dawning!—it is the ancient law."

The blue blades met; sharp flames shot out across the bosky glade. Before man's unleashed anger shrank the savage beasts, afraid—the leopard sought its covert, the tusked, grey boar its lair, and hungry-taloned vultures hung poised on the shattered air. The grey clouds quivered in the east—"Day comes!" the cockcrow saith—"day comes and debts that must be paid, and dread and dole and death—sweet day that brings the sunshine and gives the blossoms breath."

A wild wind shrieked and gibbered across the chilly dawn. All on the slimy greensward the desperate men fought on, until the Black Crook staggered up, waving a bloody blade. "I've slain the man who slew my love and lost my soul," he said. "The dawn is here! Nay, Satan, wait—I have your toll for you!" He staggered to the cave-mouth and gasped a hoarse "Halloo!" Only the echo answered, and then his fate he knew.

The sweet earth shook beneath his feet, the sky reeled overhead—"Come, pay thy price to Satan; he waits," a fell voice said—"a score of souls have

won for you a score of evil years, and fed the flames awaiting you with the fuel of their tears; a royal welcome stays you in the Land of Dreadful Day; eternity invites you—come quickly, friend, away, in hell to dance forever, yes, forever and for aye!"

"No! no!" he shrieked and rent his hair, "an hour I implore! Hark how the embers crackle! hark how the lost souls roar! In hell to writhe forever—sweet Satan, pity me!" With foaming lips and staring eyes, his fear was foul to see. The earth yawned open; flames uprose; a blue smoke filled the air; the chasm closed; the bats flapped by, and no Black Crook stood there! And, suddenly, the dawn sprang out, eternal fresh and fair.

In the great hall of his fathers Rudolph and his happy bride governed the realm full wisely, their children by their side; showed mercy to the sinful and kindness to the poor, and never a beggar turned away, a-hungred, from their door. And in the Black Crook's forest grow blossoms sweet and gay, for love has come to rule the land, and sin has passed away, and where of old black curses rolled the little children play.

The woodman sings his merry song within the ancient wood, and the crocus and the daffodil laugh where the dark cave stood. Gone the loathly, bat-winged fruitage upon the locust tree, and all is fair and debonair as far as eye can see. The Black Crook and his mirror, and all his evil crew, have dimmed into a legend, and no one deems it true, save the old childish grandsires, nodding above their brew.

For as long as the chains of winter break at the touch of spring, as long as flowers have fragrance, as long as starlings sing, evil is ever worsted, triumphant ever is good, in castle and camp and market and the heart of the ancient wood; and the sword that drove the guilty twain from Eden's ravished tree still glows before forbidden gates for guilty eyes to see; so it was in the beginning, is now, will ever be.



Chimmie Fadden Out West

by
Kenneth .
McGaffey

LASKY

From the Lasky-Paramount Photodrama by CECIL B. DE MILLE and JEANIE MACPHERSON, featuring VICTOR MOORE
Founded on the stories by EDWARD W. TOWNSEND and translated into the vernacular by KENNETH MCGAFFEY



GE! but tings have sure been breaking hard and fast for me de last mont. You would tink I was on one of dem Coney roller coasters. Up and down and skidding around toins till I dont know wheder I'm going or coming.

Of course I'm solid wit His Whiskers—dat is, Mr. Van Courtlandt—and after I find his plate he gives me mudder a job as laundress up to his house and says he is going to do someting for me. While I am awaiting for him to pull off someting dat I can be declared in on, Miss Betty, dat's his kid daughter, has to get a hunch dat she cant live unless she beats it to San Francisco, way de oder side of de woild, and see some Exposition, whatever dat is, and of course de Dutchess has to trail along wit her to see dat she gets all her clothes on. If I was His Whiskers and had a kid de size of Miss Betty dat couldn't dress herself, I'd give her a shove off de dock. Me and de Dutchess is engaged, and we're going to get hooked up as soon as I gets a little extra change, and here she has to go prancing off to some foreign country, leaving me flat.

De Dutchess is down to de house saying good-by to me and me mudder, when in dashes de fresh kid down at His Whiskers' office, and says de boss wants to see me right away. I go a-prancing

down dere wit de fresh kid, and he shows me into His Whiskers' private office. Some swell dump. All boxed in wit shiny wood, like a hotel bar, and His Whiskers and anoder gink are sitting at a big desk.

"Chames," says His Whiskers, "Chames"—he always makes me tink I owe him money when he calls me Chames—"Chames," he says, "sit down." Wit dat he gets up and pulls down all de coitans and locks de door. I tought dey was going to give me de toid degree, but as I could have handled bote of 'em laying flat on me back I sits down.

After he pulls off all dis mysterious

stuff, His Whiskers comes over to me, and after telling me what a nice, bright guy I am, he says: "Chames, do you want to make ten tousand dollars?"

As soon as I gets me breath I ask who dey want me to moider.

"You dont moider nobody," de oder guy butts in. His name is Preston. "We are going to send you on a trip."

"De Bronx or Coney?" says I.

"Neider," says de guy. "Deat Valley."

I knowed dere was a catch in it somewhere, so I starts to bow meself out. Dey grabs me back and tells me dat is de name of a place.

I tells His Whiskers dat I dont want no ocean voyages, wit de water all mused up wit dese here submarines.

Preston says it is on land, so I says dat I can stand Joisey a couple of days. He says it's funder away dan Joisey, and you know nutting can be funder away dan Joisey.

He says it is out in California, way out West. Gee! dat suited me to de ground, cause California is in de same town de Exposish is, and de Dutchess and Miss Betty cant be more dan a trolley ride away. So I says I'll go, providing it is on de level.

Bot of dem gumshoe a little closer and tip deir mits as to de stunt. His Whiskers says:

"Chames, you are to go out dere and find a gold mine."

"Ah, you cant kid me," I tells him. "Gold dont come from no mine; it comes from de mint."

"Where does de mint git it?" says His Whiskers—"from de mine!"



DE SMOKE PULLS DOWN A SHELF, AND WHAT DO YOU TINK? IT WAS A REGULAR FOLDING-BED

"What t'ell!" says I. "It comes from de pockets of de woiking classes. I heard one of dese street Bryans say so."

Preston horns in and says I am to go out dere and run a bluff on de natives dat I found a gold mine and spend a lot of nuguts or someting like dat I am supposed to find in dis mine. He tells me a mine is a hole in de ground like de subway, only dere aint no tracks or chewing-gum machines in it.

His Whiskers den gives me a lot of dope and hands me a bunch of money and says go buy an outfit and come back here.

I beat it

Say, he gives me everyting in de store—cooking-dishes, a tent and a lot of junk. I tells him to send it up to me mudder's, and den he gives me a book—"De Boy Camper" is de name of it—and the cloik says dis will tell you what all dese tings are for. He says you got to take all dese to find a good gold mine. He says, of course you can take dese whiskered pants and find a bum gold mine, but to find

a good one you have got to have all dis junk. I slipshim de coin and goes



WHEN, HOLY MACKEREL! IN PRANCES DE ORIGINAL COLONIAL DAME

out of de office, fighting for air. How do I know what kind of clothes dese California foreigners wear? I go a-weaving up de street, wondering if dey wear skoits or someting, when I see a sign in front of a Moving Picture show, saying, "Sure-shot Pete, de Deat Valley Terror." Dat's me, says I. I squander a jit and ramble on it. Dis guy Pete has got more guns and swords on him dan de Brooklyn Navy Yard. He's wearing funny fur pants and a great, big hat. I make his outfit and den dash for a sporting goods store to get some of de stuff.

De cloik sells me de pants and de hat and de guns all right, and den I ask him, I says:

"Hand out anything what helps a guy find a gold mine."

to meet His Whiskers and Preston in a saloon dey picks out.

Dey hands me a satchel wit a couple of little bags as heavy as lead. "Dese are de nuguts," Preston tells me. "Dont spend nutting but dem." Say, dey must have melted up all de five-dollar gold pieces in de woild. His Whiskers says, dont tip any of de Deat Valley natives off dat dis is a fake or you'll be lynched. I says, Governor, if dat is de case, mum's de woild.

Dey tells me good-by and out I dash to tell de good news to me mudder. She felt pretty bum at me going away, but I tells her dat when I come back I will dress her up so she will look like de Catedral at High Mass. I writes a letter to de Exposish address de Dutchess gives me and tells her I will see her in a couple of days.

I've lived in Noo Yawk all me life, so I never been on no railroad train before. I had a argument wit de simp at de gate, and a smoke in a blue uniform tries to take away me little satchel filled with nuguts. I tought for a moment I would have to bust him one in de jaw.

I got a ticket for one of dese here sleeping-cars, but dere weren't no bed in it, and I was just about to make a holler when de smoke pulls down a shelf, and what you tink? It was a regular folding-bed. Dat guy nearly scared me to deat. I tought de top of de train had fell in. Den de smoke makes anoder bed out of de seats. When de smoke gets tru he tells me I can go to bed. I picks out de lower one and climbs in. Inside was de bed and a little hammock. I tried to get in dat, tinkin de bert was for some oder guy, but I couldn't get in de blooming ting, so I says to myself dat I'll sleep in de bed and go to the mat over it wit whoever tries to take it away from me.

I'm pounding me ear just like I was home, when, holy mackerel! in prances de original Colonial Dame. She toins loose a yell dat you could have heard in Yonkers, and everybody in de woild makes a dive for me bert. De conductor and de smoke manage to choke de dame, and den dey tells me I belong upstairs. Dey beat it out of de car, and I starts to shin up. Dere is a little rope hanging down de middle of de car, and all I do is to take hold of it for a little lift and de whole woiks stops wit such a joik dat I nearly lands on me bean. De conductor and de smoke take a peep at me, but I pretends to be asleep, and dey lay it to some one else.

I'm just beginning to grab off a little sleep when I tinks I hear de dame downstairs yelling for help. I listens, and it is sure her. I start to shin down to help her, when she starts yelling again. Onct again everybody comes after me, and I am due for a pinch, as de dame is yelling moider and beating me wit her umberell, when all of a suddent somebody in de bert yells again, and de smoke reaches in and drags out a parrot. Can you beat dat?

Well, anyway, after a long trip I gets off at de bummet town you ever see. Woist dan Hoboken. Just a couple of wooden houses. No "El," trolley cars, taxicabs or nutting. I dont see no Exposish, and dere's nutting in sight but dis bum little town. I see a few of de natives stalling around de depot, all in de same kind of clothes de movie guy wore. I didn't want dem to take me for no foreigner, so I beat it right over to de little shack dat had de woilds "Hotel"

painted on it and went inside. Who's de first guy I run into but Antoine, de Frenchy dat helps wit His Whiskers' joolery. I passed right on, cause I want nutting to do wit dose kind, and you kin bet I kept me little bag of nuguts right in me mit.

When I gets into me room I puts on me funny pants and me shoit and guns and knives. When I gets all dolled up like a native I weaves on downstairs. Here's a lot of de natives all hanging around, and when I am a-talking to de hotel gink dey pulls out deir guns and commence shooting. It sounded like Classon Point during a wop picnic. Dey was a-trying to scare me. When dey gets all tru, I tells dem dat wit a little more practice dey would do well in Noo Yawk. At dat dey all laugh and act human.

De next day I gets one of dese little donkeys dat de kids ride on in de Park and starts out to find de gold mine. I'm way out in de country somewhere when I meets a guy digging in de ground. I ask him where dey keeps de best gold mines, and he shows me a place way off about a million miles away. I got to go over dere or else get in wrong wit His Whiskers. About half-way along it commences to get dark, so I knows I will have to camp out. I hitches de mule and unpacks de stuff.

I takes out de little gas-stove dat me mudder gives me before I leave, but dere is no connection anywhere. What do you tink of a country wit no connections for a little gas-stove? I takes out de little book on how to camp, and de first ting it says is to pitch a camp by a stream of water and start a fire wit two big logs. Dey aint no water nor no logs for miles, so I starts me fire wit de little book. I tries to cook some of de bacon, but nutting doing. I had to eat it raw or starve to deat, and, just tink, some guys go West for deir healt. De next day I meets a funny little mine, sprinkles some of de nuguts around like Preston told me and beats it for de town. Chee! I'm so glad to see civilization again dat I give de mule and de whole woiks to a Indian in front of de hotel.

I goes into de hotel, and everybody gives me de laugh, but when I goes to de bar and orders six beers and pays for it wit a nugut, you would have tought I was Santy Claus. When I buys de mob a drink, I bet I could have been elected President of de U. S., if we had of ben in de U. S. at de time. De guy dat told me where de mine was nearly trew a fit. Dey all asks me if I struck gold, and I says sure. You would have tought de shock would have killed dem. I tought dat guy Antoine was a-going to bite me.

I was de big noise of de burg for a

whole day, and den one of dese mean-dispositioned government guys horns in and says de President sent dem out to see dat I wasn't stalling about de mine. I tries to kid dem out of it, but dere is nutting doing. Dey dont kid wort a cent. Gee! dey had me fighting for air.

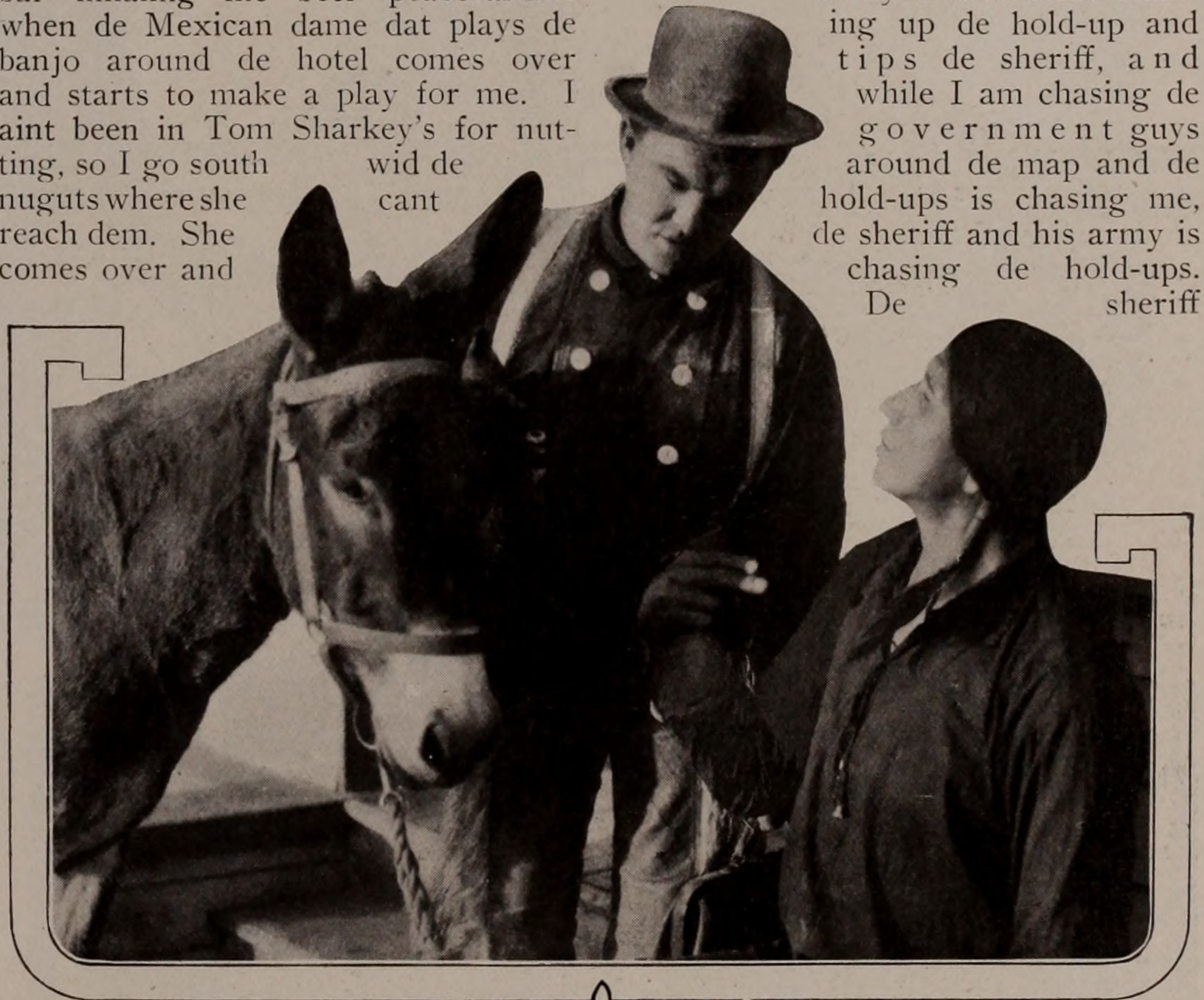
I breaks away and gets over to de telegraph office and den I wires His Whiskers. Honest, I nearly died until I got a wire from His Whiskers saying dat Preston was coming out to help me.

Dat night I was a-sitting around de bar inhaling me beer peaceful-like when de Mexican dame dat plays de banjo around de hotel comes over and starts to make a play for me. I aint been in Tom Sharkey's for nutting, so I go south wid de nuguts where she reach dem. She comes over and

dat even de Noo Yawk poipers telled about me striking gold, and me brudder grabs de bumpers to come out and help take it away from me.

Larry hates to see anybody but himself have money. De change he has begged off me poor mudder would buy de war in Europe. Preston slips Larry some of de nuguts, and he gets Antoine and some of de Mexicans to pull de trick.

We gets it all framed up, and I gets de government guy and his pal, and we start out for de mine. I dont get dis until later, but de Dutchess hears Larry and Antoine framing up de hold-up and tips de sheriff, and while I am chasing de government guys around de map and de hold-ups is chasing me, de sheriff and his army is chasing de hold-ups. De sheriff



I GIVE DE MULE AND DE WHOLE WOIKS TO A INDIAN IN FRONT OF DE HOTEL.

sits in me lap, when all of a sudden in walks de Dutchess and Miss Betty. Dey had read in de poipers about me striking gold and comes on to see me from de Exposish. De Dutchess' goat leaps right out de winder. She wont have nutting to do wit me, but makes a big fuss over dat Frenchy guy, Antoine. I should have busted him one for luck.

I'm just looking for a nice dock to jump off of when in gallops Preston. Talk about your little rays of sunshine. He says I got to make good wit de government men, and den says for me to start out, and he would have us held up by gunmen on de way to de mine. We were just tinkin who we could get to pull de trick when in walks me little brudder Larry. When it comes to any kind of a hold-up, me little brudder is de candy. It seems

finally gets dem and hauls dem back to jail.

In de meantime I have to take de government guys to de mine. All de time I am doing it I can see meself doing a hundred years in jail for putting over a phony. I stalls them as long as I can, so finally we gets to a mine, and I runs a bluff dat I got to blindfold dem. I puts de blinders on and leads dem to de mine and trows some of de nuguts on de ground. When de blinders are taken off dem dey see de nuguts and are happy. I puts de blinders on dem and leads dem away.

We get back to de hotel, and den de Dutchess rushes out and tells me she loves me so much she couldn't let me be held up. Can you beat dat? De sheriff takes me over to de jail, and after slipping him a couple of de

nuguts I gets him to let Larry and his gang loose.

De boss of de hotel hands me a telegram, telling me to hire a special train and come to Noo Yawk at once. Just as if I wouldn't. I tells de station agent dat I want de fastest train dey got in de shop. Dat's part of His Whiskers' frame-up—see. He owns de Southwestern, de only road dat hits Deat Valley, and all dis is a big ad for de road to boost de business.

choked a smile out of his system now and den.

When de rattler pulls into de station in Noo Yawk dere is me little old mudder and a big crowd waiting for us. Gee! you would have tought I was a alderman wit de reception I got. De cops had to push a way for us so we could get out of de building. Miss Betty gave de Dutchess a day off, so she comes home wit us. When we get to de flat dere is de whole gang along

what dey were to wear. Can you beat it? I tink all a woman gets spliced for is to give herself and her friends a chanct to argue for a couple of weeks about deir clothes. I beat it down to see His Whiskers.

Preston and His Whiskers is bote waiting for me and tanks me for pulling de trick and hands me a check for de ten tou. Easy Street for me. Wit dat ten tou me and me mudder and de Dutchess can live easy de rest of our lives. I could see me mudder all dolled up like Astor's horse, strolling arm and arm down de Avenoo wit de Dutchess.

We pulls de wedding off right away. De wimen folks gets busy and decorates de rooms, and me mudder buys a new dress and Miss Betty gives de Dutchess one. We is all lined up, waiting for de parson to make de hitch when Larry, sore cause I wont give him a tousand dollars, tells dem dat de mine is a fake. I say sure it is, and it was a advertising dodge for de Southwestern Railroad.

Den what do youse tink? De Dutchess pulls out a newspoiper wit a big ad about de Chimmie Fadden Mining Company and saying stock was for sale in me phony mine. Can you beat it? I told dem I didn't know nutting about it, but dey wouldn't believe me. Me goil slaps her wedding-veil down on de table and says she wouldn't marry no crook. I grabs de poiper and rambles for His Whiskers' office. Just as I am going down de stoop, Mrs. Murphy, de old lady dat runs de apple-cart on de corner, tells me she has put all her money in me mine.

I grabs her hand, and we beat it to His Whiskers' office. When we get down dere dey is a line of people buying bum stocks at one window, and a lot of reporters waiting for Mr. Van Courtlandt and Preston. I busts right on in and sticks de poiper under His Whiskers' nose and wants to know what's coming off. He starts to hand me a lot of bull, but I says nutting doing. Dey aint on de level, and I wont stand for it. Dey try to pull a lot of dis bluff stuff, but I flag dem. I calls in de reporters and tells dem to print dat de mine is a fake. Den I hands de two crooks me coat and vest I bought with deir money, de bag of nuguts and de check for de ten tou. I couldn't leave de pants or I would have been pinched.

Den I sneaks for home, clean. No one is in de house when I gets dere. No money—no mine—no goil. All I got is de little gold wedding-ring I was going to slip on de Dutchess' mit. Finally me mudder comes in and shows me de poipers saying dat me mine was a bunk and dat dey had paid

(Twenty-two)



WHILE I AM CHASING DE GOVERNMENT GUYS AROUND DE MAP, DE HOLD-UPS IS CHASING ME

Miss Betty and de Dutchess is just getting ready to beat it when I tells dem I have ordered up a little special train and will take dem back wit me. I buy some swell clothes from a drummer and am just going out when I runs into dear little Larry. He's about as happy as one of dem rattlesnakes and says he is going to get even for me double-crossing him.

Dere is a big crowd around when me special pulls out of de station, and I introduce de Dutchess as de future Mrs. Fadden. We had a fine trip all de way home. Me brudder Larry even

de street to meet me. I gives dem all de glad hand, and den we go upstairs. When we gets up dere I tells me mudder dat I gets ten tousand bucks for pulling off de advertising stunt for His Whiskers and dat de Dutchess and me is going to get spliced. Gee! I never seen me mudder look so happy since de time I saved Larry from going to de stout house for trying to rob His Whiskers. She laughed and cried and kist de Dutchess, and de Dutchess she laughed and cried and kist me mudder, and den dey got busy talking about

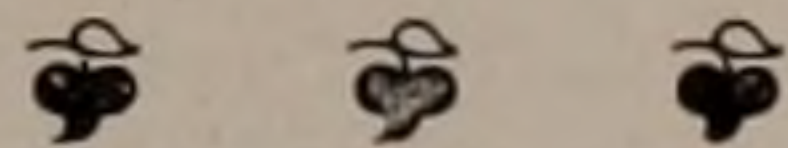


ME GOIL SLAPS HER WEDDING-VEIL DOWN ON DE TABLE AND SAYS SHE WOULDN'T MARRY NO CROOK

all de money back. She's glad dat I have been on de level, anyway. Me mudder goes into de next room, and all of a sudden I looks up and dere is

de Dutchess wit a smile on her map a mile wide. She had red de poipers. Say, honest, me heart gives such a jump I had to hold on to me suspender

buttons to keep dem from popping off. Right dere we clinch, and I slips de ring on her mit. What d'ye mean—I didn't find no gold mine?



OUR PICTURE-STAR DREAM

By VAUGHN GREY



An amber-haired fairy keeps tryst with me—
Thru flower-filled dark to her shrine a gleam
I go, and she comes; but like mist of sea,
Whose arms may wrap 'round, never touching me,
Whose lips are love's lures to have kist would be
To have spoiled my dream—
My workaday dream.

I bring her no orchids, no moonstones rare;
Tho wordless her welcome, her eyes love beam.
Those eyes are yet lit with noon; they dare
To tell me of passion kept pure—ah, rare!
Dont jeer at my raptures, for soon, beware,
You shall own my dream—
My workaday dream.

I've millions of rivals, yet do I care?
For them, as for me, may her beauty seem.
Her smile to the thousands is true and fair;
She gives of her favors to each a share;
In silence and sweetness we woo and wear.
We can keep our dream—
Our picture-star dream.

THE AVENGING SHOT

by GLADYS HALL



This story was written from the Photoplay produced by the Biograph Company



HERE is, perhaps, no place in the world so memory-fraught as an antique-shop. Between its somber walls are the light laughter and the blind tears of crumbling generations. Relics there of youth's love, fresh as starry anemones; of passions dark as lustful blood, and renunciations bitter as the tears of Christ's Mother. There are fragile things there, once beloved of still more fragile hands—souvenirs priceless by grace of time, that were the living flesh of some woman's heart, or the tangible token to some man of a living spirit. Memories! Dear, dead women, and dead, dear loves. Memories that bless; memories that crucify.

John Reinhart, antiquarian, kept such a shop, with the somewhat incongruous assistance of his daughter, Vera. It was a place of vague shadows, thru which loomed darkly rare bronzes or a bit of marble. It was a place deep-raftered, high-

paneled—a place wherein one seemed to hear the April drip of falling tears and the ephemeral cadence of ghostly laughter.

Vera bloomed in the shop like some transplanted flower—standing sharply from its shadows with her obtrusive, vital youth—her sane, frank joy of living. She seemed much like a dauntless, scarlet peony blooming on a grave.

But John Reinhart *belonged*. He was as much a part of the place as the very walls or the antiques themselves, that rarely changed with the passing years. He, too, looked like one transplanted, but rather as if, being dead, he had taken up his place for a brief visit again with the living. His small, spare frame seemed shrunken in his black clothes. Yet there remained, piteously, the outline of a vigorous youth. His face, ascetic, pale, had somehow the dumb appeal of a creature foully wronged. Only his eyes were living—living like things about which everything else has died; living with a sort of terrible persistency—waiting—dogged—immutable as Fate.

And then one day the gray waiting ceased. A shot rang thru the musty shop, shattering its vague echoes like cannonading—sensational as great splashes of scarlet in a vaporous twilight; as crashing chords in a lullaby; as the very voice of the antiquarian, which seemed to cast off the apathy of age and ring forth, strident, emphatic, bloody. "I've been waiting twenty years for this," he said; then the pistol swung limply in his withered hand and he swayed.

In the shop stood his daughter, stricken of face. Over her bent young Jack Mulhall, a playwright to whom only the week before she had rented a room; and on the floor, with a bullet in his brain and his life blood flowing murkily, was the body of a florid, stalwart man.

"He's been here before—once," Vera was saying thru stiff lips. "He—he said I reminded him of a girl he used to know. Father heard him—and was very much—excited. Today he—Mr. Nye is his name—came in again. He—he tried to be familiar, but I don't think father heard that. Then you came in and told us you'd sold your play—that changed the subject for a while. After you went out some woman came. Mr. Nye strolled about, looking, just the way customers do, and when the woman left he watched her down the street. I—just then I saw that she had dropped her purse. I picked it up. Mr. Nye"—the girl shuddered and averted her eyes from the horrid stillness on the floor—"Mr. Nye accused me of trying to steal it; then you came in again; then—then that awful shot. I shall hear it after I am dead—oh—" And the girl broke away and ran into the sitting-room, where her father was huddled in his chair. "Why did you do it, father?" she sobbed wildly—"why—why—WHY?"

"Gentlemen, be seated." It was John Reinhart speaking, and the "gentlemen" he addressed so courteously were officers of the law come to take him on a charge of wilful murder. Vera, crouching by the fireplace, watched him, dumbly fascinated. Jack Mulhall stood over her protectively. Rigid upon the floor lay the last remains of Raymond Nye. The fitful fire flaring up now and again revealed hideously the black gleam of drying blood. His eyes protruded in a ghastly amazement. His death there seemed a climax to an unclean life.

But it was John Reinhart, antiquarian, in whom the most amazing change had taken place. His face was flushed as with an influx of vitality; he seemed to expand, to dilate, to grow. His white hair had a

leonine effect; his sunken eyes glowed with a splendid flame of vindication. He resembled a man who had long struggled to attain an end, and, attaining it, has found it good. He had justified his existence. When he spoke, his voice had the mellow note of one of his old violins, and it smote upon the hearts of the listeners, evoking a swift response.

"Before I go," he said, taking his favorite chair and leaning well forward into the light, "before I go—and I am going—I have a little tale to tell. A tale, my friends and my baby girl, that has spread itself over twenty arid years—"

"Sometimes there comes into the life of a man that which, having known once, becomes forever indispensable—so vital, so terribly a part of him that he ceases to exist after it has gone. With me it was the love of my wife."

Vera stirred a little, and her father smiled at her tenderly.

"Have any of you known," he went on, "what it means—the love of a girl—a girl who creeps into your heart and soul softly, surely? Have you ever loved in your early youth and had that love grow with your growth until it becomes a part of your very sinews—an essence of your blood—a fibre of your heart? Have you known the need of a sensitive, reserved nature? The tenacious way it will fasten upon the one glowing warmth it knows, and cling there, and take vital root? That is how I loved Vera Duchene."

"I married her, after four years of closest love, of hungriest passion—four of the most vital—the most magnificent years of life. After that—" The old voice broke an instant; one frail hand crept furtively to the strangely dreaming eyes, and when it came down it was wet with bitter tears. "After that—at last—we were married. I cannot dwell on that period. I—I should not complain, gentlemen," he said, with a certain reserve of dignity. "I tasted the core of the apple of life—I knew an ultimate happiness. We loved with an all-absorbing love—such a love as cynics laugh to scorn. I built about my person white walls of paradise; I imagined a state perpetual, where only her face would bend to me from the skies—only her voice come to me in song—only her touch connect me with the living world. I was beyond content. I had transcended happiness. This is not hyperbole, gentlemen. This is, tho you may doubt, the love-story of a plain man."

"We emerged from that idyllic state into an even dearer one. There came the time—how precious only we who lose it ever know—when *home* began

to have meaning to it. We began to fashion and reconstruct our nest for the coming of our young. We built together—so closely welded, so sacredly one that our hearts were pæning a psalm perpetual. We thrilled to the knowledge that this deep love of ours was to be made manifest—that before our very eyes, tangible to our touch, was to be our welded spirit—our united flesh."

Vera was sobbing now, softly. Mulhall's keen eyes were cloudy. The officers cleared their throats and thought it a queer yarn for a confessed murderer.

"Then Vera came," the antiquarian went on—"little image of my heart's heart. My little dear—" Reinhart looked over at



"WE LOVED WITH AN ALL-ABSORBING LOVE—SUCH A LOVE AS CYNICS LAUGH TO SCORN"

the young, bowed head yearningly. "I want to say now," he went on, "that she has been the sunshine to an old man's darkened mind—"

"Oh, daddy—no—no—" the girl choked, and Mulhall patted her compassionately.

"Yes, dearie," the old man nodded fondly, "you've had a sad life and a strange one with a gray-haired, weary man whose life was over ere ever yours began in consciousness. And I'd have lain at rest many years ago, my little love, if it had not been for you."

"Ah, well! the little Vera grew out of babyhood. My wife—my more than love—was never really strong after the baby's birth. They needed things my previous means weren't adequate to meet. I began to force myself from the four walls of my heaven on earth. I began to think more of business achievement—of get-

ting along. I began working nights, and the strain gave me an unintentional air of preoccupation. I began, in short, that curious neglect to which man—ignorant, blundering man—is prone—the neglect of the spiritual for the material—the neglect of the soul for the substance. So greatly did my love need expression that I sought to portray it by an extra servant, fine raiment, a coach and pair. I rebuilt my house, and each accursed nail drove its bleeding way into my love's young heart. Every sense-dulled night that I snored away, caressing the mighty dollar in my dreams, was a gateway to hell for me. For thru them *she* was lying, wide-eyed, no doubt—those tender eyes so long, long closed tonight—and eager-mouthed. She was hungering and sobbing for the romance she thought had died; she was wearing an ardent,



"THEY STRUGGLED—BEFORE I
COULD INTERVENE THE PISTOL
WENT OFF. IT SHOT HER—
THRU THE HEART——"

bright soul out for the passion of yesteryear; she was taking leave of the real and making ready for the counterfeit. Solace—that was all it was—heart-hunger and solace; woman and man—between them a barrier invisible.

"Women with ardent hearts and rare minds are delicate, curious things. Their very supersensitiveness, that is the keenest joy to him they love, is often his very undoing. What the strange workings of their imaginative minds can be I cannot know. What impulses swerve them—what passions burn their lovely bodies—are hidden—

"After all, it is a very old tale I am telling. It is happening, God pity us! every day we live; it is blurred and stained afresh by precedent.

"One day—I saw her in a restaurant—with my bank clerk. I'd never liked him. None of his associates did. He was the kind a man introduces to his wife unwillingly, and forbids his daughter to entertain—there was that about him——"

The old man stopped, and the group stared down, fascinated, at the murdered man. His blood seemed to give forth a rank stench; his hands were clammily white; he had all of death's horror and none of its majesty when the soul wins thru to the flesh and stamps the plainest face at last.

"There was that in her lovely eyes which I had believed could be there for me alone among men. There was the tenderness on her mouth that had been there only in our moments of

closest happiness. She was giving to him, subtly, tho unmistakably to my tortured eyes, the blossom of the love I had plucked when the world was young and God was in His heaven."

"Oh, daddy—darling——" The girl's voice was pitiful, tremulous—pitiful for his age, his lonely grief; pitiful for the young mother who had thrown her pearls before swine.

The antiquarian raised his hand. "In that moment," he said resonantly, "I committed the murder I am accused of tonight. That man—that man who was stealing, deliberately, cowardly, viciously, the lifeblood from my veins—that man died that night. He died, I say, tho his vile flesh has trod the earth these twenty years and more. He died to God; he died to me, with whom he must do his last accounting.

"There is the thief who steals gold—who steals jewels—and food—and the honor of men. They shall be justly dealt with according to their sins. But the man who steals another man's wife—the mate of a man's body; the manna of his soul; the sacred mother of his children—that man is a putrid excrescence upon the face of the earth. That man stinks and is foul to earth beneath and heaven over the earth. That man is shunned of the devil and spat upon by God. He must be wiped out!"

Reinhart's voice rose to a quavering crescendo; he half-rose in his chair. Vera sobbed aloud, and he dropped back.

"Pardon, my little one," he said weakly; "pardon, gentlemen, but I am unchaining tonight the repression of twenty years—twenty years dropped, one by one, back into the grave.

"That very night she left me—to go with him. She left me—she who had cleaved to me like ripe fruit to a tree; she who had visioned and dreamed and romanced; she who had slept on my breast and worked by my side by day—bore me my child in reverence and in joy—planned with me beautiful twilight years—a life beyond the life we're living now.

"Have you ever, gentlemen, been lost on a trackless desert—lost beyond any known boundaries—without the least familiar thing to guide you home? That was my feeling—my poor numb feeling. 'This cannot be I,' my stiff lips would say; 'this stricken thing cannot be I.'"

"Then the law of possession took hold of me—the hunting law—the law that says 'This is *my* woman—beyond cavil—beyond dispute; my woman because I *want* her—because I am male and have possessed her.' 'No matter what she has done,' my hot blood urged, 'she is yours—your own—you have your prior right.'

"And so I followed them—traced them from town to town, from hotel to hotel. Fevered, burning days they were—days that, like some dread disease, ate away my youth, decayed my manhood, gnawed at my soul. One day I found them.

"She was going to come back to me—poor sullied thing, dragging her bruised wings behind her—a delicate flower crushed 'neath a rude heel. She had left her hearthstone in answer to a call. She had thought it love come back again—love in another guise—love that would give her her dreams again—and lo! she had followed a carnal thing that rose up to mock her, and bruise her at last. Well, she was going to come back to me; she could not know that she would have returned to a corpse.

"I found her in a hotel in a small Western town. She was standing in her room, with a pistol in her hand. I thought it was meant for herself—perhaps for me.

"'Dont shoot,' I said, in a voice that seemed leagues off; 'I have come to take you back home.'

"She broke into a low, moaning, heartbreaking sob that played upon me like wild music.

"I saw that she was on the verge of hysteria—a broken wraith of her former self.

"'There is Vera, too,' I said; 'she does not know what has happened. She is ready for a mother; to give and take love thirstily.'

"'And you—you,' she cried—'have you nothing to say for yourself?'

"I bowed my head; my mouth gaped open. I could not speak, but my heart throbbed as of old at the sight of her, and I was ready to forgive.

"She was going to kill him, if necessary, to obtain her liberty.

"He came in; they struggled; before I could intervene the pistol went off. It shot her—thru the heart——"

"Oh!" Vera shuddered violently and swayed. Mulhall knelt by her and held her against him.

The antiquarian closed his eyes an instant. Over his face a gray pallor swept.

"I took the gun," he said, "and I swore a solemn oath that the remaining bullet should be my vengeance.

"A week ago I heard his voice—the voice I've waited twenty years to hear. I am an old man. My mind does not work with the alacrity it should. The voice troubled me—stirred me. I heard it a second time—a third time—in altercation with Vera. That time—that third time—I knew."

The old man rose from his chair. His slight figure seemed to tower. His white hair gleamed with the weight of his burdened years.

"I killed him, gentlemen," he thundered, "with the same pistol—with the remaining bullet. I killed him—and I did it—I did it, gentlemen, in the name of God Almighty—I——"

The strong voice snapped as by the snapping of a thread. The false strength ebbed—and the avenger went to meet his Maker with His name upon his lips.

In the shop, after John Reinhart had been laid to his last rest, the young playwright stood tenderly close to the white-faced, black-clad daughter he had left behind.

"I love you, dear," he said simply.

Vera looked up at him. "Dare you," she breathed, "after—the——"

"Hush—my beloved. Dont you hear me? I love you."

Vera crept close to him. "Faith



founded on unfaith," she whispered. "God grant we may prove it true!"

"FAITH FOUNDED ON UN-FAITH," SHE WHISPERED. "GOD GRANT WE MAY PROVE IT TRUE!"

ENJOYING THE MOVIES THO BLIND. By ERNEST A. DENCH

THOSE folks who have the misfortune to be deprived of their sight are robbed of the most precious gift possessed by us human beings—the power to see. It must be agonizing to know that all things are around you, yet you cannot do more than imagine what the world looks like.

It is much better, in my opinion, for the blind to patronize the legitimate or vaudeville theaters, for at these shows they can follow intelligently the trend of the play or act by the conversation of the actors. It stands to reason, therefore, that they cannot enjoy the movies so much as you and I; but, despite the inability of the sightless to watch the actions of the players, the stage-settings and the lovely, natural backgrounds, they have discovered a way out of the difficulty.

Over in England, at Nottingham, the pupils of an institution for the blind visit a local Motion Picture

theater twice a week. They prefer being seated in the front row, for a mere handful of the pupils can see just a little, and the closer they are to the screen the larger the films become. For the benefit, however, of those of their comrades who have lost their sight entirely, they tell them every little point that occurs in each photoplay, and anything left to their imagination is ably brought home to them by the rendering of appropriate music and effects to the films. It is good to watch them when a really funny comedy comes on the screen, for they laugh as heartily as their partly afflicted companions.

The pianist of a photoplay theater in Bolton, recently, fell a victim to illness, and the exhibitor was in a dilemma as to whom to get temporarily to hold down the important position. It occurred to him, none too soon, that there was a blind pianiste of local fame who was generally at liberty for an engagement. The candy

boy was stationed at her side to describe to her the films as they were put on. One of these was entitled, "Hearts That See," in which a specialist restores the sight of a blind girl.

The picture brought tears to the audience, but fully fifty per cent. of the credit was due to the efforts of the blind pianiste, who played a most haunting melody.

It seems as tho, at some distant date, that the sightless will be watching photoplays especially produced for them, for a Frenchman, M. Dussand, has conceived a contrivance which enables the blind to feel the films. The invention is in the form of a disk manipulated by machinery. By laying the tips of the fingers on this, a blind person can feel the moving objects. This is accomplished by the figures being modeled in relief.

The device is limited to the most simple subjects, but, none the less, it registers a step in the advancement of enjoyment for the blind.

“SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST” (Mutual)



MARION SUNSHINE

FLORENZ TEMPEST

THE HEART OF A MERMAID

BY NORMAN BRUCE (IMP)

This story was written from the Photoplay of ELAINE STERNE

"GIRLS," said Tommie Taber, sententiously, lifting one morocco-slipped foot over a lavender silk pajama'd knee, "are dowagers at eighteen and girlish only when they have arrived at the kittenish age of thirty-five."

The group of youths in elegant undress, lounging about the smoking-room of Bailey Dryden's yacht, *Sea Lass*, nodded gloomily. The oldest of them was just arrived at voting age; the youngest caressed the downy, precious promise of a mustache by-and-by. They were men of the world. They knew women; they knew everything.

"Right-o, my boy," lisped the pop-eyed scion of a noble Milwaukee house, upon whose crest a beer-bottle argent foamed pleasantly upon field vert; "nev' knew a girl yet, in our set, y'know, that wasn't deucedly conventional. Between us, as men of the world, they're weally bores, y'know."

"Y' find the live ones in the chorus," offered a weary Methuselah of twenty with fleur-de-lys embroidered on his socks. "Trouble with gals these days—they're too artificial for a reg'lar man's taste. All for dress and soci'ty and that sort of rot—nothin' natural about 'em."

The weary one blew a cloud of cigaret smoke thru his nostrils and shook his head. "Find me a gal that says what she thinks instead of what she wants a fellah to think she thinks, an' she can have me," he offered in a burst of generosity.

"Romance," propounded Tommie, who had the name of an epigrammist, "has become rules—*Beata Beatrix* is now *Beatrice Fairfax*, and etiquette and eugenics have bidden love to beat



it. Now, look at this"—he lifted a sheet of notepaper from the writing-pad before him—"Bailey's letter to his fiancée—if he will leave his love-letters around there's no reason we shouldn't read them. 'DEAR DORA'—observe the ardent beginning—'We are having a very enjoyable trip.' Embarrassing to listen to, isn't it? 'The weather has been fine up to date. Nothing of any particular interest has occurred.' Jove! this shy, young sentiment makes me blush. 'Tonight we pass Mermaid Rock. If I see one, will try to get a snapshot and send it to you.' Sounds like Baedeker, doesn't it? And he's going to marry the girl in three weeks!"

"Poor devil!" The youngest of the party twirled the mustache-that-was-to-be, knowingly. "Fine gal, Dora Wainwright, o' course, an' all that—scads o' position and ancestors, but a

bit shy on the dough, eh? Old Bailey's been a fair mark for the mother-in-law — God bless 'em!—ever since his gov'nor blinked—"

"Hey! you blighters down below," their host's voice urged, excitedly, from the companion-way, "quit gossiping like a ladies' sewing circle, and come up here quick! I'm going dotty or it's the lobster we had for dinner—hang it, if it's that, I'm on the lobster diet for the rest of my life."

Taber dropped the letter, hastily, in its original position and regarded his slipped feet fretfully.

"Yachting," he grumbled, "to be a gentleman's sport, should mean seeing as little of the water as possible. Here we were almost as comfortable, in spite of the hardships of a fisherman's life, as we would have been on shore, and now we've got to dress and go on deck. It's almost dark and, I dare say, beastly cold—br-r-r!"

When, ten minutes later, an unenthusiastic group of ulsters lined up alongside their host on the dusky deck, they found him staring fixedly at a black rock, spray-drenched and stark against the scarlet, evening sky.

"Look there!" he directed, without turning. "See if you see her—on the left of the rock. No, that's not she. By the living powers, she's gone!"

He turned a bewildered countenance upon his friends. No amount of millions could make Bailey Dryden look like anything but a pink-cheeked, clear-eyed schoolboy—a fact he mourned sincerely in secret and attempted to disavow by a choice of reckless, daredevil haberdashery and the most hardened and dissipated checked suits that could be wheedled from his horrified tailor. More than



“TONIGHT WE PASS MERMAID
ROCK. IF I SEE ONE, WILL
TRY TO GET A SNAP-
SHOT AND SEND IT
TO YOU”

ever hopelessly ingenuous he looked now as, baby-blue eyes round with amazement, and mouth puckered into a Cupid's bow, he stared upon his guests.

“Fellows,” he stammered, “I've seen a mermaid! That's what I've seen.”

Tommie Taber laid a soothing hand upon his shoulder, including the others in a large, knowing wink. “S'all right, old man,” he comforted him, sympathetically; “you just come along to bed and get Johnson to fix you up a cup of black coffee. Feel good as new in the morning. I *thought* you oughtn't have risked that last highball——”

“Get out!” Bailey roared indignantly; “I'm not drunk, you duffer! I tell you I *did* see a mermaid on that rock yonder—saw her plain as I see you now. That's Mermaid Rock, but, of course I didn't believe in the stuff they tell about it, and then I saw her! She was sitting on the top, with the spray dashing over her and the wind whipping her hair; you never imagined any one so beautiful! And she *waved her hand* at me——”

The young men looked at one another blankly. The scion of the House of Beer essayed a feeble joke: “Bally bad form to wave her hand without being introduced,” he murmured. “It isn't etiquette, my boy, but it may be *wettiquette*.”

“Two Manhattans too much—he hasn't the head for 'em,” sighed Taber; then, soothingly—“of course you saw a mermaid, old man—seen 'em myself; 'member I saw a three-headed monkey with a pink tail, once, climbing a lamp-post, after a bachelor dinner. You

come along with your Uncle Tommie, Dryden, and he'll fix you up O. K.”

“So you dont believe me, eh?” Bailey looked from one grinning face to another, and his jaw set under the pink skin. “Oh, very well; you dont have to, you know. But, by Jove! I'll prove it tomorrow!” and he strode off along the deck, injured dignity in every stiffened line.

“What d'you make of it?” in the smoking-room the others queried blankly. “Is he kiddin' us along, or has he gone nutty—what?”

“He'll have forgotten all about it in the morning,” settled Taber, conclusively; “how about a go at poker, fellers, and a tray of tall ones, eh?”

But the morning found the situation more puzzling than ever. Along the rail a row of awestruck faces regarded the same black rock of the night before, and nearing it, a speck on the dazzling waves, the yacht's dingy with the solitary figure of their host at the oars. In the depths of his intellect Taber groped and drew from it this mighty fact.

“We stopped here last night, and we haven't gone on,” he gasped. “Boys, his coming marriage has unbalanced him. I'm going to wire Dora Wainwright to come on.”

In his dingy Bailey Dryden was having a hard time of it to keep the cockleshell of a boat from being pounded to bits in the surf that raged around the Mermaid's Rock. Daylight robbed it of much of its moonlit glamor, showing its black, slimy sides a-sprawl with seaweed and several pale, limp, jelly creatures plastered above the water-line; yet his vision of the evening led

him on. As surely as he had ever seen the somewhat stagey form of his affianced, he had seen the slim, white figure flash up out of the bright mist of spray, one rounded arm lifted in a lovely, free gesture of beckoning, as she smiled at him from the dark shadows of her blowing hair. A young man born within sound of Broadway and nurtured on the noisy pap of Manhattan is not apt to be an imaginative creature. Bailey was not imaginative. If he had been he would not be where he was now, steering his little craft thru an exceedingly narrow cove, with a tiny golden beach winking beyond, in search of a fabled lady with a pretty, silver tail. It was stern fact he was after, and unbelievable fact that he found as he beached the boat and strode up the slope of sand.

There, curled in the cool, blue shadow of the rock, lay a little mermaid, fast asleep, with her dimpled arms clasped around a fat, purring baby-seal. At least, she must have been a mermaid, tho, looking at her lovely face, Bailey forgot to make sure about the tail, and, if he had looked for it, he would have seen nothing but a slim, curved shape beneath a cloud of long, dark hair.

Bailey gazed, spellbound, until embarrassment swept over his soul. He removed his hat and cleared his throat, loudly, in the approved fashion of a gentleman forced by circumstances to address a lady to whom he has not been introduced.

“Hem!” he ventured. “How—er—how do you do?”

The mermaid's eyelids flew open. She sat up against the rock and stared

ONE ROUNDED ARM LIFTED IN A
LOVELY, FREE GESTURE OF
BECKONING, AS SHE SMILED
AT HIM FROM THE DARK
SHADOWS OF HER
BLOWING HAIR



at the young man with a cool, green gaze, while the little seal scudded away.

"Who," she said sweetly, at last, in a voice that had a tiny lisp in it like that of small, sunny waves curling on the sand—"who are you?"

Bailey fumbled nervously in his pocket and presented, bowing, a square of pasteboard. "My card," he explained—"the Pennsylvania Drydens, you know. I can give you any number of references——"

The mermaid surveyed the card with disfavor. "Is that a references?" she lisped. "It is not very pretty. Haven't you something prettier than that you could give me?"

The heart of Bailey Dryden—Manhattanite, member of the Yale Club, the Larchmont Yacht Club, the Lotos and Salmagundi—gave a sudden, surprising flop under his correct, white flannels. He was not quite aware of how it all happened, but he found himself on the rock, beside the mermaid, his arm about her resisting form.

"Yes, I have something much prettier," he was saying. "Hold still a minute and I'll give it to you."

The little mermaid obeyed. An interval, while the silver ripple of the waves on the sand was the only sound; then, "What was that you gave me?" she asked wonderingly.

"A kiss," said Bailey Dryden.

The mermaid clapped her hands and wreathed her white arms around his neck as a slim wave curls lovingly around a rock.

"I like kisses!" she cried. "Have you any more kisses left, man?"

Sudden convention gripped the young man. He drew away, frowning. "I say!" protested he, "it isn't good form for a young lady to ask a

man to kiss her, you know—that is, not in so many words. It isn't done in good society."

"But," said the mermaid, with a little catch in her soft voice, "I am not a young lady in good society. I am only a mermaid in the sea." She leaned forward, anxiously, looking up into his face. "If I were a young lady, would you like me better?" she asked—"would you promise not to get tired of me?"

This, at least, had a familiar sound. Dora often asked the same question, and, somehow, the answer to it was even readier on his tongue now than usual.

"Never!" he swore, gazing into the strange, clear, changing colors of her eyes—"never!"

With a little, flashing peal of laughter she sprang up and lifted her long tresses where they trailed upon the rock. "See!" she sang, pointing to two small, white feet, touched with pink like the lining of a shell—"see! I have become a human because you love me and I love you. Am I not like other young ladies now?"

"I cant say you are," hesitated Bailey—"not like any young lady I ever saw, anyway."

"But why not?"

"Well," he explained weakly, "for one thing, young ladies I know dont say they love you, even if they do. They—er—pretend they dont, you know, and keep you guessing and—er—act awf'ly bored and all that when you tell 'em you're gone on 'em."

"How strange!" said the mermaid, sadly. "Then, if I am to be a young lady, I must learn to pretend things that aren't so? I'm afraid I shall find that very hard. But come"—she held out her hand—"let us go. Now that

I have two feet, I am almost afraid of the sea."

"But you cant go back to the yacht *this* day without any clothes!" gasped Bailey, horrified. "Here!" He dragged off his coat and wrapt her in it, covering her almost to her feet. "When we get on board I'll rustle a suit of Li Hung Chi's for you to wear till we get to the next department store."

"And must young ladies wear clothes?" she sighed, as she followed him to the boat. "I have seen them sometimes when they came into my ocean, bathing, and they didn't wear many then."

They had almost reached the yacht-side, when Bailey gave a sudden exclamation.

"By Jove!" he cried, panic-stricken, "I'd almost forgotten to ask your name; what should I have done when I came to introduce you?"

"The ocean people called me Algæ," the mermaid said; "what is 'introduce,' please?"

Bailey did his best to explain, but Algæ shook her head at the end. "It is very queer that just saying a few words will make two people friends, when it would be improper for them to be friends without," she sighed; "and then, after they are introduced to me, I suppose they will all kiss me too, the way you did?"

"No!" shouted Bailey, so loudly that he nearly overturned the boat. "You mustn't let any one kiss you, except me, and," he added, desperately, as he ran the boat in under the *Sea Lass'* ladder, "dont ask me why young ladies dont kiss all the young men they meet, for I dont know!"

A half-hour later, dressed in a loose, scarlet, Chinese costume, so large that

it quite eclipsed her tiny hands and feet, Bailey led his find proudly into the smoking-room. Six uptilted chairs crashed to the floor as six dazzled youths came to their electrified feet at a bound.

"Boys," said their host, triumphantly, "I think you may remember I spoke last night of seeing a mermaid on the rock yonder. You wouldn't believe me then, but maybe you will now when I present Miss Algæ to you!"

The partings across the tops of six sleek heads presented themselves simultaneously toward Algæ. In one voice the six cried aloud, fervently, "Delighted, I'm sure!"

"So he *was* just kidding us, after all!" murmured the Beer Baron to Taber. "I wonder where he found her? A fishermaid, I dare say! Who would have thought the old chap such a sly one?"

large, Chinese slipper upon her small, bare foot—an endeavor which her struggles and the size of the slipper rendered vain.

The morning passed, with Algæ the center of interest, as she pattered up and down the boat, exclaiming, naïvely, over its strangenesses. Toward afternoon a cloud appeared on the horizon of happiness. Tommie Taber discovered it first and smote his brow with a groan of recollection.

"Dora Wainwright and mama-in-

So it was agreed. Algæ, unaware of the advancing crisis, was led down the deck by the devoted six, while Bailey sprang to the companionway to meet and greet his guests. But his reprieve was not a long one. Even as he stooped to kiss his fiancée's thin, prim lips, a small figure sprang angrily along the deck and thrust itself between the betrothed. With quivering finger, Algæ indicated the amazed Dora.

"Is it, then, the custom among hu-



HE FOUND HIMSELF ON THE ROCK BESIDE THE MERMAID, HIS ARM ABOUT HER RESISTING FORM

My word, but she's a charming creature, weally!"

He settled his necktie with a killing air. Beside him the youngest member tugged valiantly at his imaginary mustache, murmuring, ecstatically, "Oh, I say!"

Algæ included them all in a dazzling smile; then very proudly, she stooped and pulled up the engulfing folds of her satin trouser-leg.

"See!" she pointed out—"see my feet. Aren't they beautiful?"

No sophisticated débutante ever made a more favorable entrance into society. Enslaved, they gathered about her, while Bailey endeavored to fit a

law-to-be!" he exclaimed, pointing at the puffing launch determinedly overhauling the *Sea Lass*. "What in the name of Pete are we going to do?"

Bailey paled perceptibly at his fiancée's name. "I shall explain the exact truth of the matter," he said hurriedly. "No sensible girl is going to be jealous of a—a mermaid."

"There is no such a thing as a sensible girl when it comes to another girl," said his wise friend, "and you'll have to admit, old man, that your story does sound a bit—fishy. No—much better for us to keep Algæ out of the way till this evening, and then one of us will row her quietly ashore."

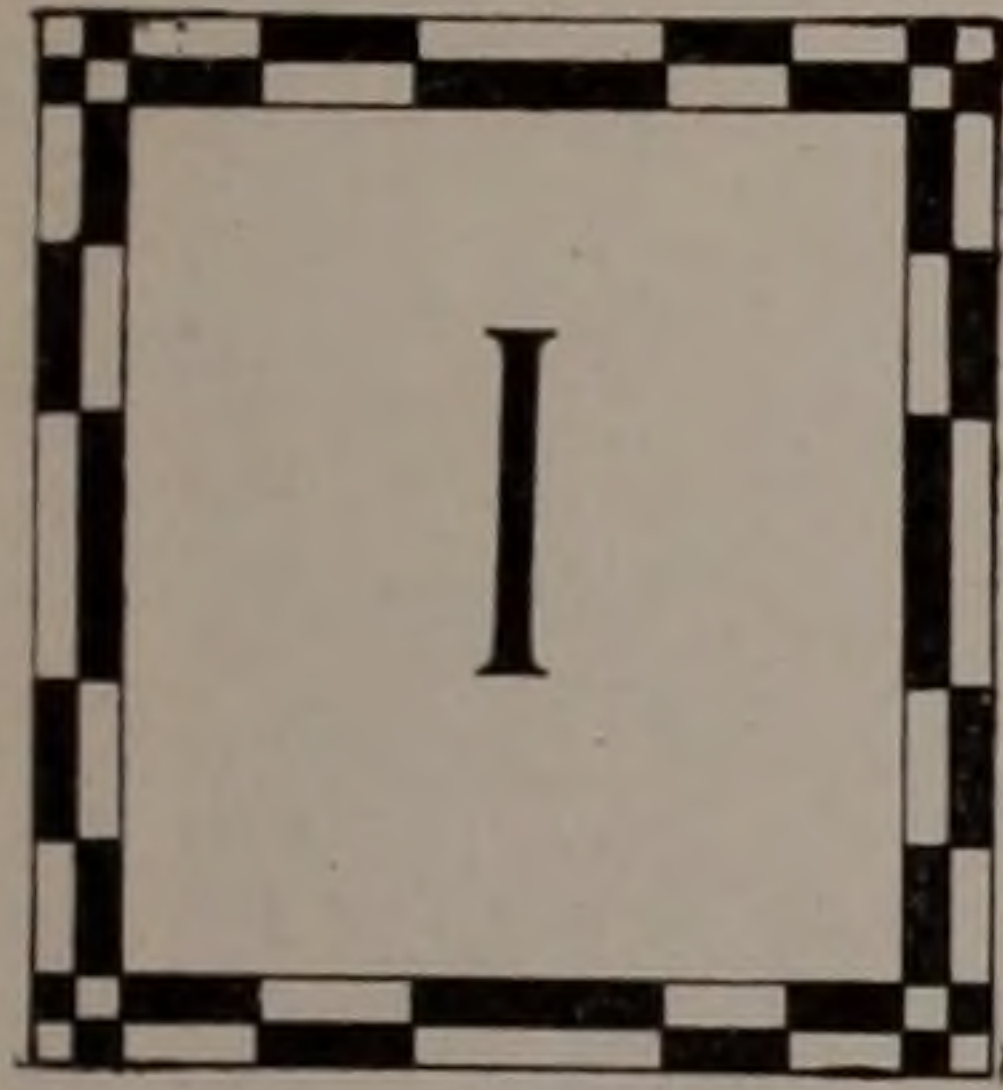
mans for a man to kiss all the young ladies he meets, while a young lady can kiss only one man?" she raged. "If I were introduced to her, I would tell her I do not like her. I would tell her she is not pretty and her feet are big—not little, like mine!"

The Dryden fortune covered a multitude of sins, as Mrs. Wainwright, purple and angry, but cautious, told her daughter several hours later as they were dressing for dinner. And of course, it was to be expected that men would be men, engaged or not.

"But I really *do* think," said the exasperated lady, "that it was really
(Continued on page 74)

The Character Man of the Movies

By ALBERT MARPLE. With Illustrations by MURDOCK MacQUARRIE and HENRY WALTHALL



It is probable that the work of no actor in the Motion Picture business is so little understood as is that of the character man. The extent to which some of these character actors have perfected their art is not in the least realized by those who are not on the "inside." This actor must be an expert in the line of "make-up," must be very proficient in dramatic art and must have a knowledge of the

costumes worn by the peoples of every nationality. He must be able to impersonate the young, the middle-aged and the aged, male or female, and must be capable, at a moment's notice, of throwing himself into the most difficult of situations, which may call for any one or several of the long string of emotions. Almost every morning sees this actor in some new rôle, while the regular man, who needs not be so versatile, does but the single style of work.

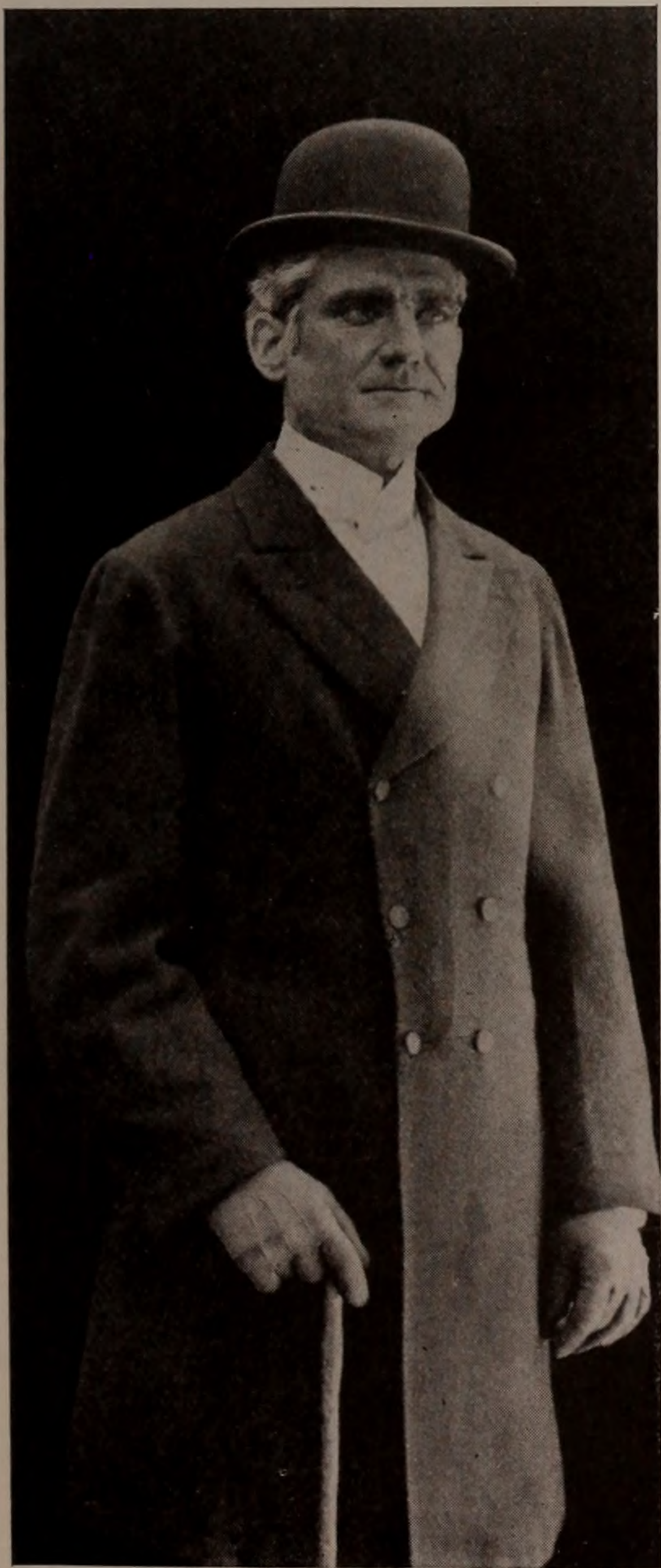
One of the principal assets of the character man is his knowledge of facial make-up. This facial make-up for the Motion Picture is usually done with but two colors—white and black. On the "legitimate" stage a number of colors are used, but being limited to two colors, on account of the fact that colors other than white and black do not register accurately on the film, the Motion Picture actor is compelled to do with these what the stage actor does with many.

Facial make-up consists to a great extent in accentuating the natural lines of the face, except where deep character work is being done, in which work only the lines which go to create the character which at the given time is being portrayed, are emphasized. Not only is the black crayon applied, but the black lines are brought out even more prominently by placing these lines upon a background of white. The make-up of the Motion Picture character actor has been termed a case of "light and shadow." There is no intermediate color with which to work, and this alone classifies the work of making-up for the movies an art in itself. Just as the painter of pictures knows instinctively that a touch here and a shadow there is needed to properly bring out a certain expression, so the artistic character actor knows where to place the light or the shadow that will serve to bring out the particular expression for which he is seeking.

While costume has little to do with the registration upon the film of the various emotions, it does play an important part in character work. In fact, without the costume the portray-

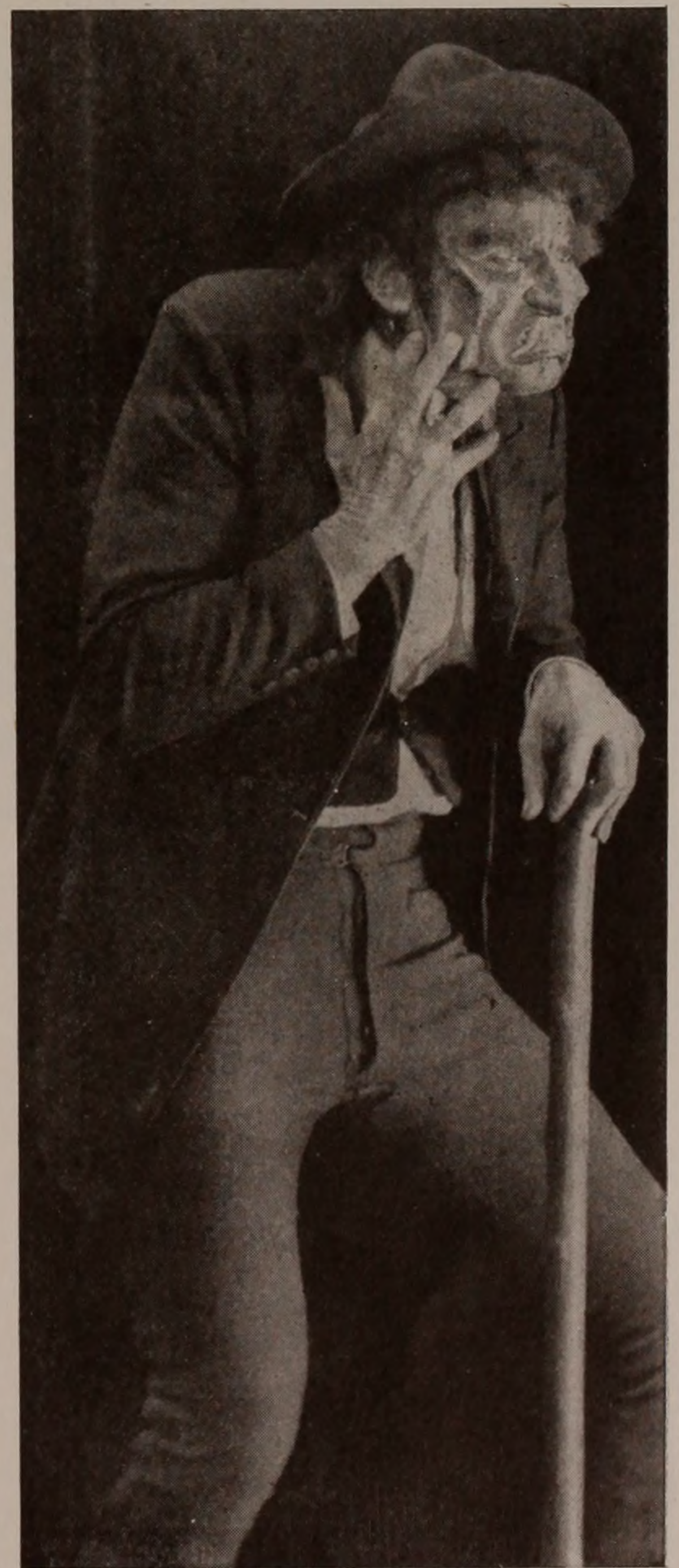
ing of many of the various characters would be impossible. The character actor must be an ardent student of all types of men if he would succeed in his chosen work. He must study human nature as it exists around him. At all times and in all places, be it on the street, in the home, or in the place of business, he must be alert for new traits in various types of people. He must study every nationality, for he never knows what type of person he will be called upon to impersonate. Character men are sometimes cast on a scant five minutes' notice.

Right here it will be seen that the



MR. MAC QUARRIE AS DR. JEKYLL

(Thirty-three)



AND AS MR. HYDE



work of the character man of the movies is a much bigger job than is that of a similar actor on the legiti-



mate stage. On the regular stage the pitch of the voice, the peculiar accent placed upon the words that are spoken and the inflection of the voice given at the ends of words are, in a very large measure, responsible for the successful portrayal of many characters. As the sound of the voice is not registered on the films, it consequently plays no part in the producing of a Motion Picture play.

To the extent that a character man of the movies is handicapped by not having the use of the voice, so much more expression must he put into the other phases of the work. The intensity of the various emotions must be magnified; the make-up, which includes the costume, must be more accurate and complete, and the distinguishing traits of the various nationalities must be emphasized. In other words, the immensity of the Motion Picture character man's work is seldom realized, even by the character man on the regular stage. Before the camera the actor's utmost must be given, and even then there will be points that will be slighted.

To the type of actor under discussion the character face is absolutely necessary, this being especially true with regard to Motion Picture work. This type of face is strong, expressive, clear in outline, etc., generally possessing certain lines which are quite essential. The shape of the face is all-important. On the regular stage almost any shaped face will do, the voice often being effectively used to fill the vacancy caused by lack of strength of face. Some faces are over-expressive; others lack this element of expression. The trick is to be able to strike a "happy medium" of expression; in other words, to go "just far enough."

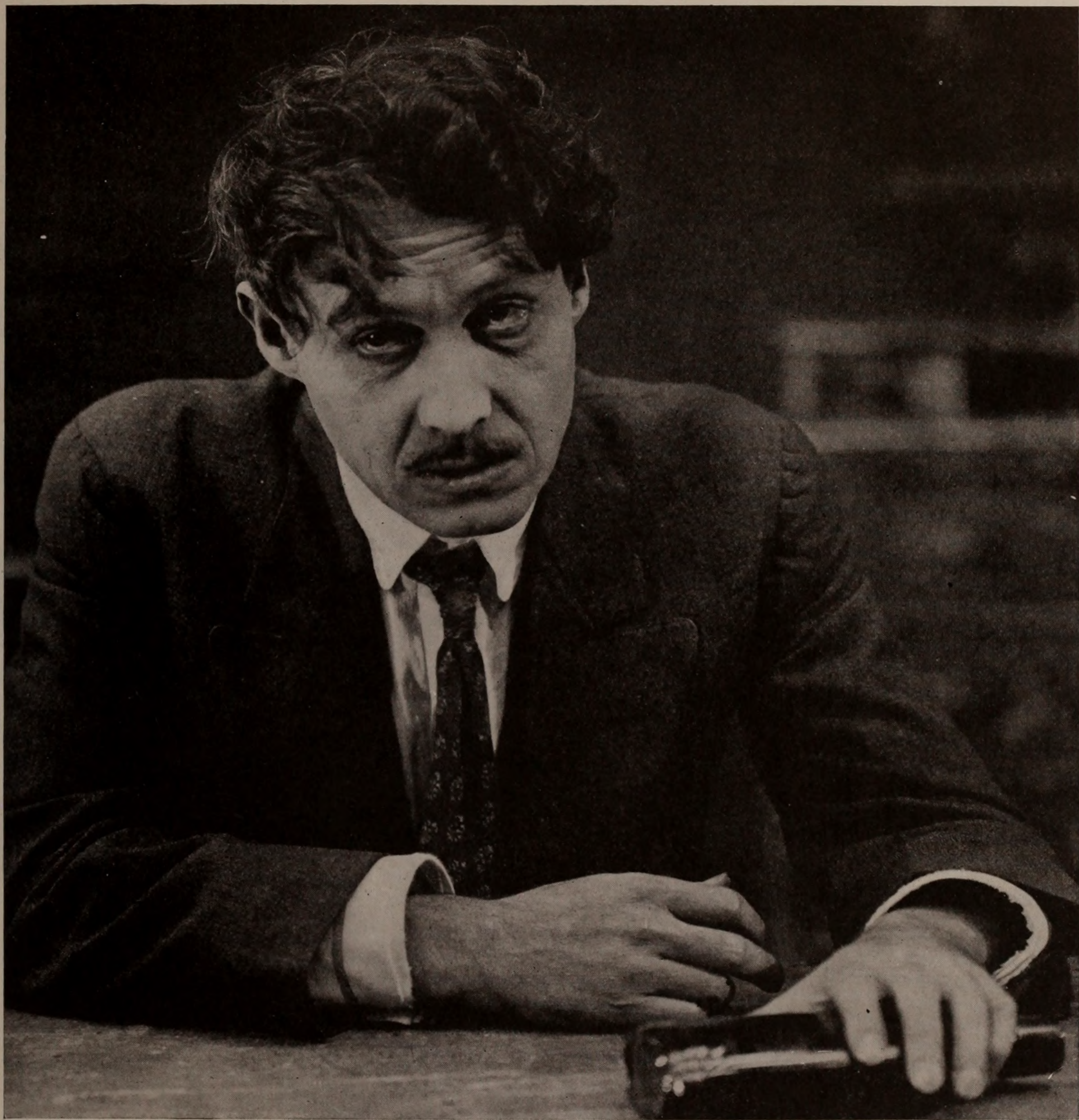
A feature which goes hand in hand with make-up in this character work is the acting out of the part that one is portraying, this consisting of gestures, expressions of face, standing and sitting postures, etc. For instance, the Chinaman as he stands conversing will always stand with hands before him, the palm of one hand pressed upon the back of the other, the ends

of the fingers of each hand playing within the sleeve of the opposite arm, knees bent slightly forward, etc. This point is emphasized in the flat-footed walk of the Indian, the dragging upon the ground of the heels of the cowboy's boots, and the "hitch" given now and then to the trousers by the sailor who has spent several years in the service of the navy or merchant



marine. The fact of the matter is that if these characteristic traits are not followed out, the impersonation falls flat—something is lacking—and this is noticeable at once, no matter how perfectly the costume work and make-up have been done. The instances wherein the individual is an artist in both the acting and the make-up line are indeed rare. Almost invariably the actor "falls down" in one of these qualifications.

Another requisite of the character actor is that he possess, instinctively,



HENRY WALTHALL IN "THE OUTER EDGE" (ESSANAY)

the knowledge of the "business" of the Motion Picture play. He must be a man of quick thought. He must know the character that he is impersonating so well that he will realize at a moment's notice what that particular character would do under any unusual circumstance, should that circumstance take place suddenly during the acting of a play. He must live the very life of the character he is acting. He must get into the spirit and stay there. To illustrate this point might be mentioned the fact that an associate of Murdock J. MacQuarrie, character star and director of the Universal Film Manufacturing Com-

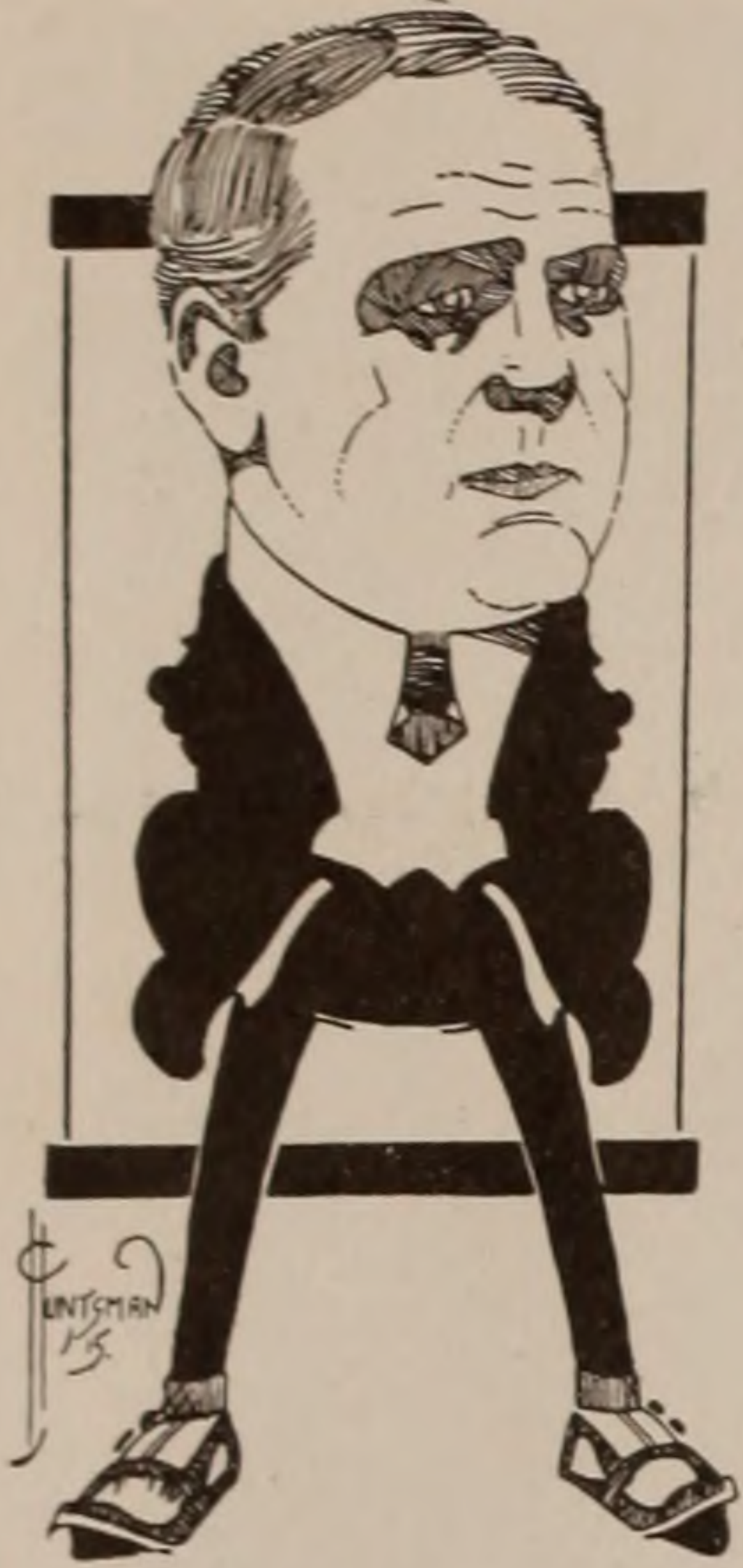
pany, who is here seen in a number of his character impersonations, told him that during the acting of a certain aged character in a play which took several weeks to complete, he was so "grouchy" that no one could bear to be in his presence for any length of time. He truly lived the life of the character he was portraying, this being not confined to the time during which he was before the camera.

A necessity of the character man is to be able to change his own general physical lines to suit the part he is taking and exactly to duplicate this make-up day after day until the particular picture has been finished. Pos-

sibly small balls of cotton are placed within the nostrils to broaden the nose and change the face's contour.

The character actor is the "big man" of the movies today. He is, in short, the "utility" actor in the true sense of the word. When the old grouch is wanted, the character man is called. When the minister is needed, again is the character man pressed into service. Then there are the cowpuncher, the Indian, the gambler, the sheriff, the Spaniard, the detective, the loving father, the outlaw, the knight of old, etc., who, when the truth is known, are none other than the character man.

PENOGRAPHS OF LEADING PLAYERS



HENRY McRAE



FRANK DANIELS



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK



CALVERT



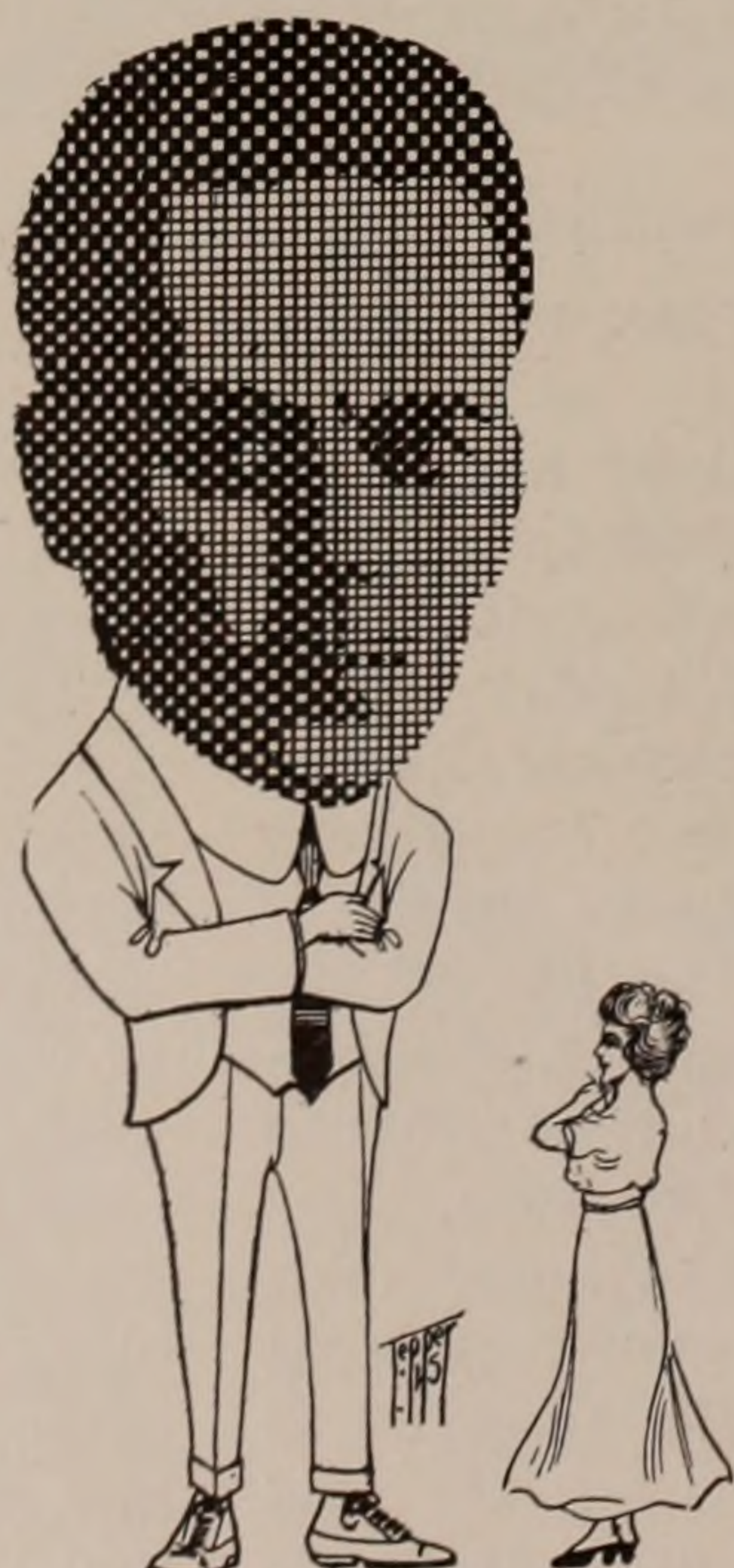
MR. & MRS. SIDNEY DREW



ELLA HALL



BILLIE RITCHIE



EARLE



Elsie Janis



SHEA

(Thirty-six)



Victor Potel

Photoplayer Whose Power of Song Is a Great Social Asset

By ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE

WHEN Gerda Holmes rehearsed the rôle of the little blind singer, in "A Song in the Dark," at the Essanay studios, a little while back, she gave almost every one concerned in the production of the picture the surprise of their lives. It had become an ordinary, everyday occurrence to see some fair photoplay star act superbly and sing execrably. But when this little player, who had her origin in the land of the Vikings, began to sing in that well-known scene where the blind girl lifts up her voice, the thrill of amazement that went thru the audience at the Essanay trial theater will never be forgotten by them. They had known the star as an exceptionally fine actress, but no one, with possibly the exception of the director himself, was aware that she was the possessor of a wonderful voice.

Since that time the heroine of "A Song in the Dark," "The Seventh Prelude," and other photoplay gems of a like nature, has, thru her wonderful gift of song, become a very popular social favorite in the studios. Born in Chicago, taken to Denmark when five years old, then, eleven years later, back to the land of her birth, little Gerda was obliged to learn the English language all over again. But the period spent by her in the fatherland of her parents instilled in the young girl of sixteen a love of art that was to become part of her very being in the rich future.

The accompanying picture calls to mind a beautiful woodland sprite, whose mischievous eyes draw on the passionate lover to pursue her thru a maze of sylvan loveliness till capture shall subdue her merry pranks. At least, that is how it strikes the writer. It is



a pose of Gerda Holmes that is artistic to a degree and one that has been greatly admired.

This versatile little lady will shortly be seen in a George Ade comedy, entitled "The Fable of the Family That Did Too Much for Nellie." It is a wonderfully

humorous portrayal of a cook who was a heroine, and a heroine who wasn't a cook. It's true to the troubles and whimsies of life, and the work of Gerda Holmes as Nellie is said to be such that even her most intimate friends are filled with wonder and amazement.



THE ADVENTURES OF THE SCREENIES

(The Moth and the Flame)

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

THE Photoger looked staunch
and bright,
But needed rest, I think;
For quite a while, both day and night,
He had not slept a wink.

“At last,” says he, “my vigil ends;
The time for work is here.”
Then thru his telephone he sends
A message sharp and clear.

“I need the complete Screenie band.”
The Dictor hears the voice;
Then gives the one word of command
To his lieutenant choice.

Away they speed in eager race,
Like darting swallows fleet;
Each trying first to reach the place,
The absent one to greet.

With antics rare they gambol round
In many an airy whirl;
Then land expertly on the ground,
Each whisker in a curl.

To them the Photoger explained
Just what he wanted done,
And every Screenie there retained
At once on errands run.

They gathered sprucey boughs so
good
To make a bower, you see,
And cotton from the cotton-
wood,
As soft as soft could be.

They lined it like a downy bed
With moonbeam silver spun,
Then cushioned sweet-fern at its head,
And, lo! the bed was done.

For when there's work to do, you see,
The Screenies labor cheerfully.

Within an humble country home,
Far from the city's moil and strife,
Securely sheltered from the storm
That breaks upon the shore of life,
A discontented maiden's heart
Was beating furiously and fast,
For she had planned within an hour
Her homely life aside to cast.

Bright visions of a rosy dream
To live within the city gay,
False promise from the cloying lips
Of one who came from far away.
There waiting in the dark alone,
Without a sigh or parting tear,
His honeyed promise she recalled
And bent an eager, listening ear.

But now the Screenies have arrived,
Invisible, but swift and sure;
The Opter, with his magic wand,
Now seals her ears and eyes secure.

Then thru the window, gently—so,
They lay her in the bower prepared,
And swiftly o'er the hills they go—
Each Screenie in the burden shared.

They journeyed over hill and vale
Into a city's brilliant sheen—
Into a Motion Picture show,
With living pictures on the screen;
And there the Opter loosed the spell
That held her in its grasp secure
And bade her read the written truth
Of moths whom brilliant lights allure.

She read and saw the pathway bright
In which unwary feet may stray,
The sin and shame, despair and death
That border on the lighted way;
The misery, woe and broken hearts;
The aftermath of discontent;
The object of some parent's love
Which to the lowest depths descends.

Back to her room they quickly fly—
A voice had softly called her name,
And, in the darkness of her room,
Her face flushed with the flush of
shame.
But with a thankful heart still clean,
She bade the tempter go his way,
Because the Screenies and the
screen
Had taught their lesson well
that day.



HOW I BECAME A PHOTO PLAYER

As I was trained for the operatic stage, and as I spent my time, before I was sixteen, following this line of work, every one seems to want to know why I am now a photoplayer.

When the California Motion Picture Corporation first offered to place me at the head of its company, it seemed very strange to me, because I could not imagine myself acting without an audience. I thought it would seem like a rehearsal, and I had always thought myself a poor rehearsaler. I thought the matter over carefully and looked at it from all angles, and finally decided that I would go into Motion Pictures. My father, who is Fernando Michelena, and who was considered to be the greatest tenor of his time, has always been my teacher and adviser. He thought it would be a good opportunity to criticise myself thru viewing myself on the screen. In this way I could correct any faults I might have.

Many people told me that work in pictures would be entirely too strenuous. They seemed to think

that a singer was afraid of the air, and unable to swim, ride, climb or be athletic in any way. They thought exposure to different kinds of weather would injure my "music box," as most singers go around nursing their throats, all bundled up for fear of catching a cold or sore throat, and thus being "out of voice."

If some singers only knew that the tender care they give their throats makes them delicate and susceptible to cold and draft, more of them might join the Motion Picture business, for one is in best voice when healthy and strong. If they would get out and ride, swim or tramp, it would do them worlds of good, and there would be less throat-doctor bills to pay. There is nothing like exercise in the open air for the singer, or, for that matter, for anybody else.

Well, I have done a lot of things which were supposed to injure one's voice. I swam the Mohave river in "Salomy Jane," and had a wild ride on horseback, and I swam the same river in winter on the back of my horse, Dick, when we were filming "The Lily of Poverty Flat." I ran around barefooted in "Mignon" in all kinds of weather.

My father tells me I can still warble a little; so I know that being an outdoor girl and living a healthy, normal life as a screen actress improves the voice.

At all events, I intend to return to opera when Motion Pictures prove to be less attractive. But right now I am certainly enjoying every moment of this life as a photoplayer. The work has been wonderful.

BEATRIZ MICHELENA.

Life in a trunk, in dreary hotels and too familiar cities, had made stage-life a hardship instead of a pleasure. I tried conducting foreign tours, and drawing-room entertaining for the children, without sufficient financial success to warrant my continuing them as a regular means of livelihood. I intended to try newspaper work, interior decorating, violet-raising, and orange-ranching; but, for no special reason, one day I sent



MIRIAM NESBITT

letters to five well-known trust picture studios and received replies from them all. I visited the Edison studio first and had a very satisfactory interview with Mr. Horace G. Plimpton, who arranged with a director to give me day-work. I did this for a short time and was then put on the guarantee list, which meant I was assured of twelve days' work a month. I played everything from ingénue leads to grand dame character parts. In eight months I went in the stock company, and this is my fifth winter with the Edison Company. I have spent two summers abroad as co-star with Mr. MacDermott, doing pictures, with the able support of an entire English company, and while picture-work is hard work, and the hours are very long, there is a variety and interest in the work, and your nights and

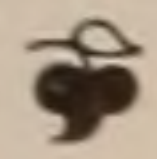


BEATRIZ MICHELENA

(Thirty-nine)

your home-life are what you choose to make them, and, unlike the stage, you are mistress of your leisure hours.

MIRIAM NESBITT.



Only three years in photoplay, with an inconspicuous beginning with one company, would ordinarily mean a limited amount of experience in the work, but I think I can put in a claim for a graduate's diploma—that is, so far as having passed the grammar grades. I never expect to be wholly finished.

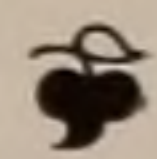
Instead of spending my vacation away from the city, I joined a friend and got a chance to play small parts at the Lubin studio for Colonel Joseph Smiley. Summer lapsed into autumn, and then winter came. I was still increasing my experience as a screen player. One thing led to another, until Mr. George Terwilliger gave me my first leading part in his play, "The Cry of the Blood." Last winter he chose me to go to St. Augustine with his special company, where I played a succession of important parts and had some unforgettable escapes. I wouldn't mention them if they had been the usual exaggerations of the ordinary press-agent, for an actor in the movies is expected to attach no importance to the daily risk of his life. But this was one degree more risky. A yacht was loaded with oil and set afire, the conflagration timed so that it would end with the explosion of a chest of powder. I was left aboard, with orders to jump into the water at



KEMPTON GREENE

a certain moment. With the fire raging behind me, and the powder due to explode within a minute, I hesitated to plunge over the rail. Why? Because I saw three sharks swimming near the surface. I could either be blown to smithereens or be nibbled by the sea-beasts. I plunged. By some miracle the sharks did not attack me. I am back at the Philadelphia studio, unscathed and happy. I like to specialize in wayward sons, dissolute brothers and bad boys generally. My ambition, however, is to abandon acting altogether and produce light comedies.

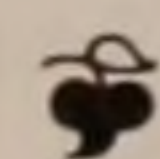
KEMPTON GREENE.



I had heard so much about the Selig Polyscope Company, whose Chicago studio is but a short distance from my home, that when I decided to enter Motion Pictures this concern was the only one to whom I applied. I just went over to their studio with some girl friends. I did not know whether to take the work seriously or not, and I am afraid I looked upon my early days in the studio in the nature of a lark.

Soon, however, I caught the spirit of the players around me and realized there was something more than merely posing for pictures to the work. I began to study the screen and the camera, and soon the new art occupied all my attention. Mr. Selig visited the studio often and always seemed to take a great interest in all the players' work. That encouraged me, and when I was cast for important rôles in such big multiple-reel productions as "Your Girl and Mine," "The Millionaire Baby," "The House of a Thousand Candles," and "A Texas Steer," all thought of ever returning to the spoken drama vanished. I am very happy in my work now and consider the day I walked into the Selig studio the luckiest in my life.

GRACE DARMOND.



Jacquelin Saunders is my name, according to the birth register in the Philadelphia parish where I first saw the light of day, in the year of the



GRACE DARMOND

World's Columbian Exposition. But everybody knows me as Jackie. It's shorter and more to the point. What's more, I like it.

How did I become a leading woman in pictures for the Balboa Company?

Well, that's a long story. And then again it isn't, because I haven't been before the public so very long, now that I think of it.

But to begin at the beginning. As long as I can remember, I have been wild about dancing. Even as a wee child, I couldn't make my feet behave. So, at the age of five, I made my first public appearance with Dawson's Dancing Dolls, at Young's Million Dollar Pier, in Atlantic City. I was with them each summer thereafter for the next decade.

Then I played with the Forepaugh and Orpheum stock companies in Philadelphia, doing child parts and ingénues. About this time I became acquainted with Harrison Fisher, the artist and illustrator. Thru him, I went to New York and posed for a number of well-known painters. Among them were Clarence Underwood and Howard Chandler Christy.

Mr. Underwood was the first person to suggest that I go into Moving Pictures, as he thought I possessed unusual photographic qualities. At



JACKIE SAUNDERS

camera man began grinding, and the director gave me my cue to "enter," I was so scared I did not know what I was about.

Shutting my eyes and gritting my teeth, I waded into the fray. I had no knowledge of what I did until I saw it on the screen. The director and all complimented me for my work. My good fairy was with me and saw me thru. Now I

the time, pictures were just beginning to attract attention. But I was not much impressed, for my real leaning was toward the stage.

I obtained an introduction to David W. Griffith, of the Biograph Company. After a brief interview, he did not seem impressed. He said I would have to try out before he could engage me. That did not appeal to me, for I had determined that if the screen was to get me it would have to be as a principal or not at all.

So my next attempt was with the Reliance Company. Asked if I had had any experience before the camera, I spoke up resolutely and said, "Sure." May I be forgiven for the teeny-weeny untruth! I was engaged to play the leading part in a curdling melodrama, the sort that was so popular four years ago.

I never will forget my first scene. It was in front of Grace Church, in New York. In those days, picture-players were even more of a curiosity than now. So a big crowd assembled as soon as it became known we were to be photographed in the open. It was the first time I had ever seen a Motion Picture camera.

The director explained the action and "shot" the scene without ever rehearsing it, because he believed he had an experienced company. With a knife, I had to kill a girl who was entering the church to be married to my false lover. When the

(Forty-one)

was a real Motion Picture actress, anyway.

My next step upward was when I traveled to Los Angeles. At the time, there was a general westward movement among film players. I had had just enough experience to tell me that this was my line of work—at least for the time being. My first California engagement was with the Biograph Company. Then I went to the Kinemacolor, and finally put in a year and a half with the Universal.

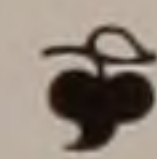
When the Balboa Company opened its studio, I took a friend who had some scenarios to sell, to meet Mr. H. M. Horkheimer, the president and general manager. Knowing him to be a progressive producer who gave credit and promotion to artists on merit alone, I sought an engagement with his company. That was in December, 1913. He suggested that I go to work the next day. I did, and have been at the Long Beach studios ever since.

To date, I have appeared in no less than fifty film pieces, doing all sorts of rôles, from ragamuffins to society belles. I like for each one of my parts to be different. If there's a sameness, the work grows monotonous. Conventional characters have no appeal for me. I know that most people like to see their favorite players in fine clothes, and, being a woman, I like to wear them. But really, an "undressy" part—if I may so call it—suits me, for a change.

Let me play a wholesome, care-free minx and I am happiest. Notwithstanding, we are often called on to do the very opposite. Yet, we can have our preferences.

That I like screen-work goes without saying. Why shouldn't I? All my success, so far, has been via the camera. I did so little on the spoken stage that I can lay no claim to having had a career in that realm. But some day I may. If the people continue to manifest interest in Jackie Saunders, I am theirs to command. I will be satisfied as long as I can entertain and interest them. They have been good to me, and I would do the same in return.

JACKIE SAUNDERS.



Becoming a photoplay actress means much more than appears on the face of the bare statement. The simple transition from the legitimate stage to the screen was accomplished, in my case, with little effort.

Mr. J. Stuart Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, gave me my first opportunity to appear on the screen; but I had to win my spurs—there was no royal road to fame. I played bits first; then small parts; then larger ones were entrusted to me; and today I am proud to be known as a Vitagraph star. But I had long before that learnt the art of acting.

I remember, as a child, pretending to faint on the doorstep of our house, and refusing to "come to" as the crowd collected.

The spanking I received was my



LILLIAN WALKER

only reward for doing the best bit of realistic acting of my young career.

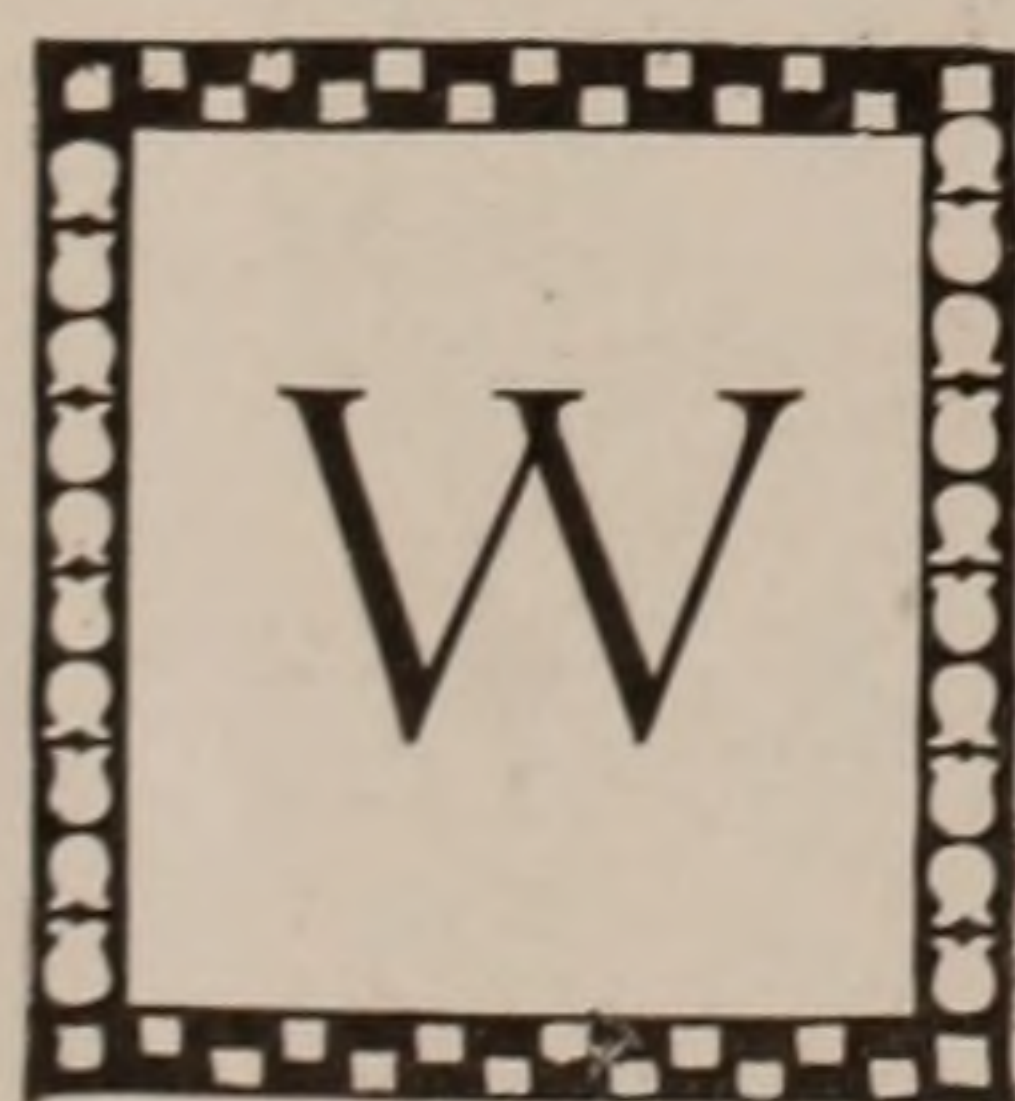
LILLIAN WALKER.



SCENE FROM "UNDER THE CRESCENT" (GOLD SEAL)

SAVING THE ANIMALS

By ERNEST A. DENCH



WHILE the main function of the Motion Picture is to entertain, it has many side lines of a useful kind, for it can perform what less eloquent mediums fail to accomplish.

Societies of all sorts are constantly enlisting the film's aid in order to present their cases before the masses; they having found it to be the most convincing method of bringing the facts home.

The Motion Picture can be a mighty cute detective, as the Cincinnati humane officers have discovered. At Cincinnati there is an amusement place which corresponds to New York's Coney Island. Here a Wild

West troupe appeared recently. The humane men made it their business to be present at the first performance and were rewarded by seeing two acts of cruelty. These were a bullfight and a broncho being forced to perform extraordinarily hard stunts by urging it on with real spurs such as cow-punchers use. At the end of the show the officers had the show manager and his two riders arrested.

But they had the proof with which to put over their charge. It so happened that an animated newspaperman was on the job with his camera, his employers consenting to loan a copy of the film to the humane officers.

The European war has done one good thing—it has stopped the decrepit horse traffic between England,

and Belgium and Holland. Horses which had served their period of usefulness were exported from London to these countries, there to be converted into food. The horses are in such a terrible condition that it would be humane to shoot them before they began their journey.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the early part of 1914 endeavored to pass a bill in Parliament to stop the shameful trade. They wanted the public to feel as strongly on the subject as they did, so that the bill would pass. They, therefore, had a film produced covering all phases of the decrepit horse traffic. The picture, when first shown, was so harrowing that it had to be censored before being released for public exhibition. Having seen the

(Forty-two)



BILLIE BURKE IN HER FIRST MOTION PICTURE

film myself, I can vouch for it convincing you in regard to the much needed reform.

It was intended to show the film in Belgium and Holland, with the object of influencing public opinion, but the war stepped in to spoil the society's plans.

With the advent of the war the British Blue Cross Society came into existence in order to administer aid to the wounded horses on the firing-line in France. Had not the society so timely come to the rescue, the prevailing ineffective medical treatment of horses would have continued.

The society, however, was sorely in need of funds, so the idea was conceived of having a short photoplay produced. The story was offered to exhibitors in the ordinary way, the local member in each town doing all in his power to attract folks to see the film.

The various organizations for the prevention of cruelty to animals have much to thank the photoplay producers for in putting on their "Be Kind to Animals" slogan in their regular productions. A typical example of this is presented in "Rags," in which Mary Pickford protects a dog which has been cruelly treated.

Most of the actors and actresses are horsemen and horsewomen, especially those in the West. Actresses of the screen noted for their equestrian skill are Edith Storey, Anna Little and Marguerite Clayton.

Several of the Motion Picture companies own wild animals that they use

(Forty-three)

in the pictures. These animals receive the best of treatment. Their trainers are firm but kind. In the zoo there are many acres for them to roam about in; there are gardens, and the sanitary cages are of concrete and steel.

Edith Storey's fearlessness of horses is well illustrated at the top of next page. This actress is a free, broad-minded girl, who loves the great out-of-doors, understands humanity, con-

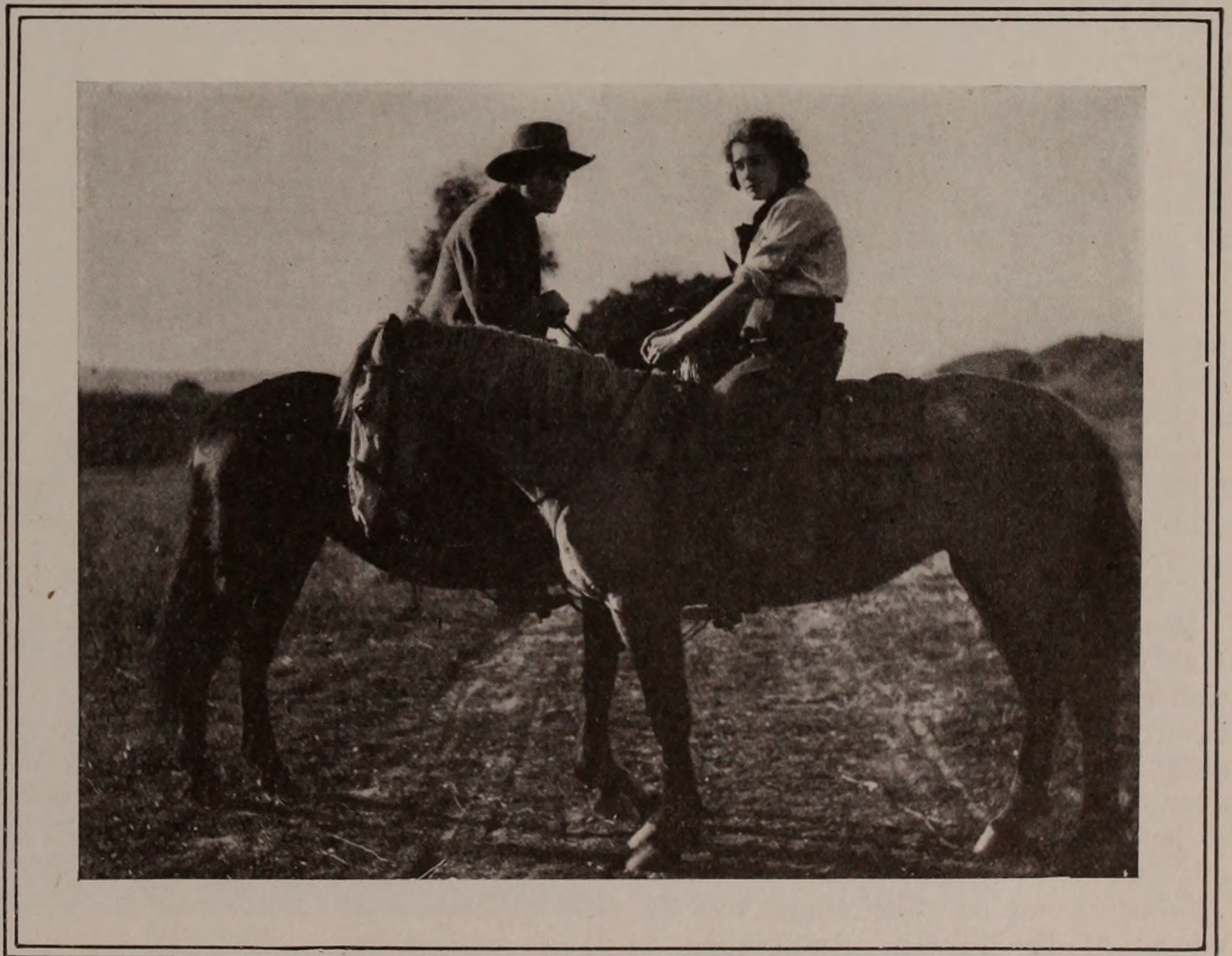
siders everything from an everyday, practical standpoint, loves hard work and will sacrifice almost anything and dare everything in order to accomplish her purpose.

When Miss Storey first entered the Motion Picture business, she was sent to Texas and Oklahoma to play the leads in a series of cowboy pictures. Naturally she came in contact with many cowboys, and in six months she learnt to ride anything that wore hair and had four legs. And she can throw a rope and shoot.

The lower picture on the next page shows Anna Little in one of her Indian girl rôles. So true is her pose of the maidens of the red race it is difficult to believe she is a white girl and not a redskin. With Miss Little in the picture is her pony "Snowball." This is the pony she rode when, at great risk, she entered the fire zone during a forest fire at Santa Barbara and rescued little children who were trying to escape. She is one of the best riders in California, where she has always lived, and she has known what it is to ride for days in the sizzling sun, to venture into rocky passes and up mountainsides, putting all her dependence in the sure foot of her mount.

For her daring deeds at riding Anna Little has won the title "Darling Daughter of the Plains."

Marguerite Clayton is another actress noted for her skill in riding. She is a girl of the Western plains, having been born in Ogden, Utah. When not at school she spent most of her time



HENRY WALTHALL AND LILLIAN GISH

on her pony, racing over the plains, so she is well fitted for the parts in the Wild West scenes. Of no horse is she afraid, and does not hesitate to mount an unbroken pony. Her passion is horses, and now the greater part of her spare time is spent in the saddle.

In her first Motion Picture Billie Burke said she was having "the happiest experience of her life." The view of her on her horse was taken in a scene used in the picture to depict the main road in a small Scotch village, and for which thirty dwellings had to be erected. During the taking of the picture horses, mules and jaunting-carts lent additional realism.

The fine illustration, showing Henry Walthall and Lillian Gish, is a scene from "The Mountain Rat."

Not so long ago the New York Woman's League for Animals had a two-reel animal drama released. The unique feature of the play was the sub-titles being told in the language of the horse, who, by the way, acted with human intelligence.

There is a darker side, too, to the treatment of horses and other animals by menagerie owners and some of the Motion Picture companies. Many actors are willing to assume all sorts of dangers to life and limb, especially in daring feats of horsemanship. The actor is paid to take this risk, does so voluntarily, and very seldom does the law step in. But is the horse so willing to risk his life?

A very important test case against the Fox Film Company recently came up in the New York courts bearing on this question. In the film play the actor had urged his horse over a forty-foot cliff, horse and rider plunging into the lake below. The actor was seriously hurt, but the horse escaped unharmed. The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, however, wanted to stop the practice for once and all, and their able attorney, Thomas F. Freel, succeeded in making Moving Picture law in restraint of unnecessary risk to dumb animals.

There is no doubt that dramatic films can show the appealing side to dumb animals. "Old Faithful," one of the sweetest dog stories ever written, was "told" as a photoplay.

As I conclude this article, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is offering twenty-five dollars for a suitable scenario featuring animals and children, but bringing out the reason why it behooves young and old to treat animals kindly.

This is added testimony to the power of the Motion Picture as a crusader. Long may its usefulness continue!



EDITH STOREY



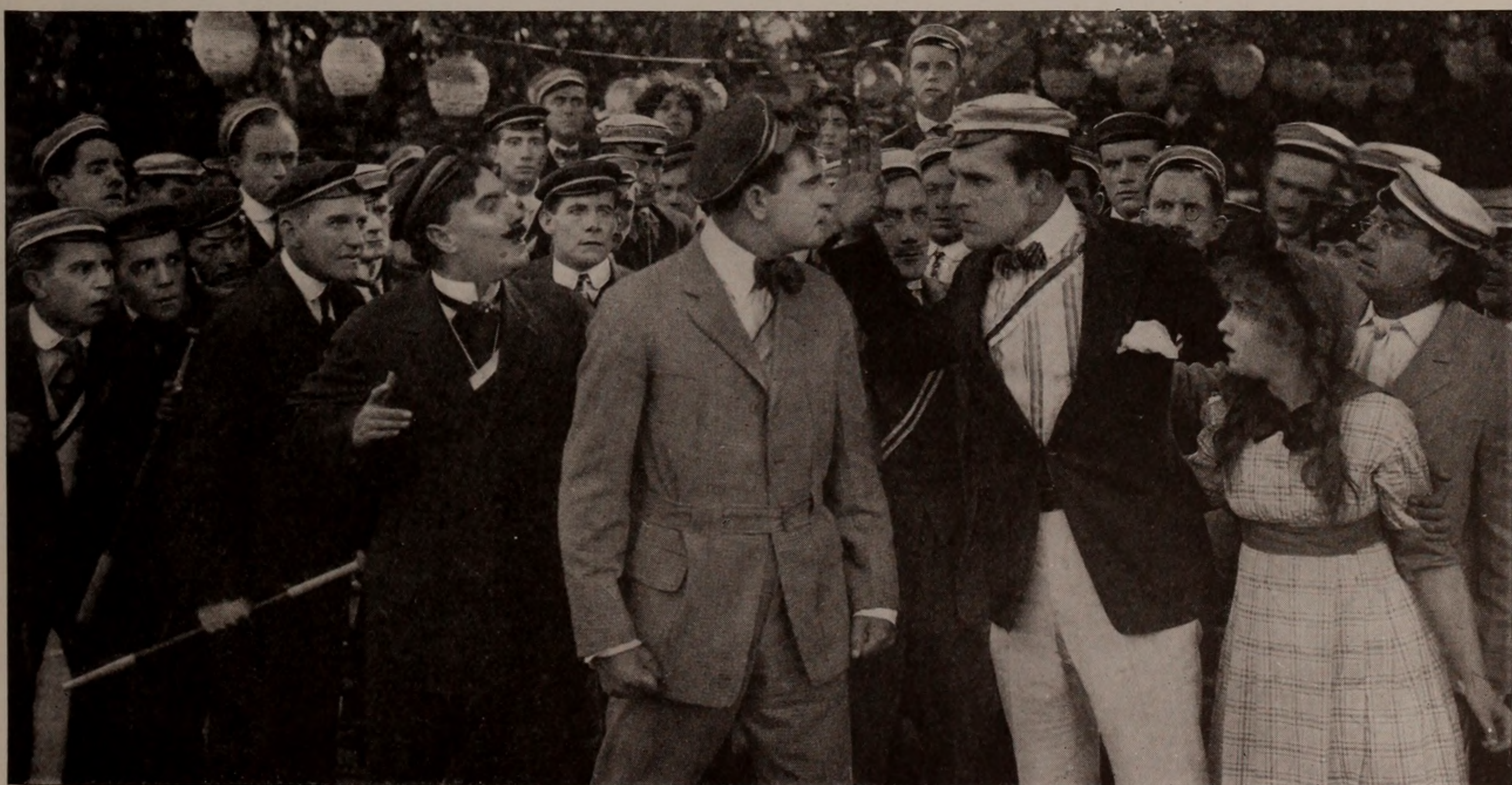
ANNA LITTLE



Big Moments from Great Plays



THIS IS INDEED A BIG MOMENT. IT OCCURS IN "CAPTAIN ALVAREZ" (VITAGRAPH). INSTEAD OF WALKING ACROSS THIS SLENDER BRIDGE, HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE CANYON, AS SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE, IN THE FILM THE HERO DASHES ACROSS AT FULL GALLOP, HOLDING HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS. THE RIDER RECEIVED AN EXTRA ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THIS DARING FEAT, AND IT WAS UNSOLICITED



RAYMOND WELLS

WALLACE REID

DOROTHY GISH

PRINCE KARL DEFENDS HIS SWEETHEART BEFORE A CROWD OF HEIDELBERG STUDENTS. "OLD HEIDELBERG"
(FINE ARTS-TRIANGLE)



ELLA HALL

SCENE FROM "SHATTERED MEMORIES" (GOLD SEAL)



PHOTO COPYRIGHTED, INTERNATIONAL PRESS EXCHANGE

SCENE FROM A WAR FILM, SHOWING THE MISERY OF POLISH FUGITIVES. A HORRIBLE FATE HAS BEFALLEN THE WRETCHED INHABITANTS OF POLAND, COURLAND AND THE BALTIC PROVINCES. THEIR DWELLINGS DESTROYED, THEY WERE COMPELLED TO FLEE TO THE INTERIOR OF RUSSIA

SCENE FROM "THE CHRISTIAN" (VITAGRAPH)



EARLE WILLIAMS

EDITH STOREY

HARRY NORTHRUP



W. C. FIELDS IN "THE POOL SHARKS" (GAUMONT)

(Forty-seven)

HENRY WALTHALL AS EDGAR ALLAN POE IN "THE RAVEN" (ESSANAY)



WARDA HOWARD

HENRY WALTHALL

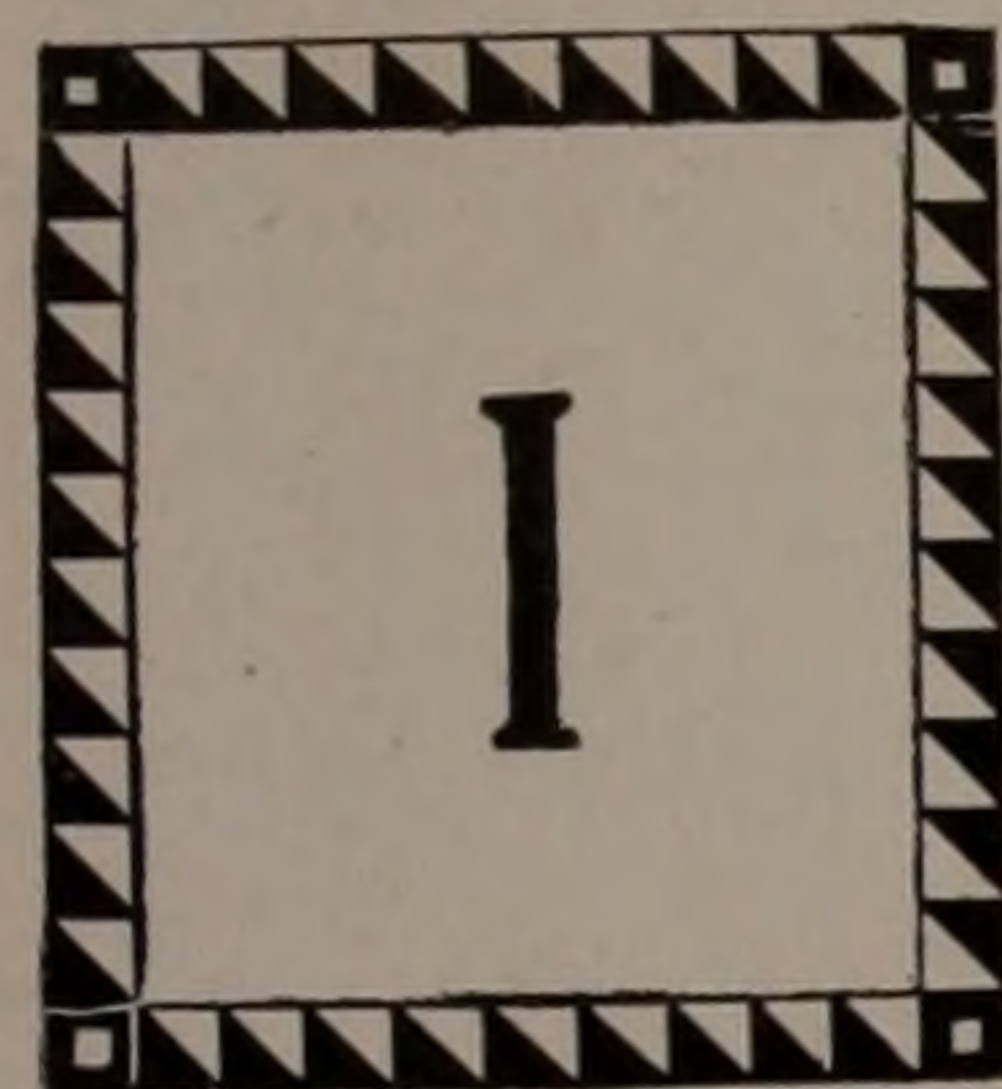


ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL SCENES FROM "THE CHALICE OF COURAGE" (VITAGRAPH) WHERE THEY START OUT TO FIND THE LOST GIRL

(Forty-eight)

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS

By ROBERT GRAU



IN no business or industry which has lured the unwise, and even the intrepid, investor to tempt fate can money be sunk with greater speed or in greater amounts than in the so-called gold-laden film industry. Moreover, it is but a truth to state that the great fortunes that have been made by a few of the pioneers were earned mostly in those years when Motion Pictures were still regarded as an effective "chaser" with which to create an exodus in those theaters where the very sight of the now magic screen was sufficient to empty the auditorium.

Despite the amazing development of the Motion Picture art, which has indeed created one of the world's greatest and most lucrative industries, one may find even a greater trail of disaster, in almost every branch of operation, than has ever before been recorded for all of the precarious undertakings in the amusement field combined.

Nevertheless it is true that men without number, and not a few women, who never could have been tempted to invest money in theatricals, have harkened to the siren call of the camera man with alacrity. For every successful manufacturer of films there have been twenty to fail, leaving behind a trail of debts and unmarketed celluloid, for, be it known, it is one thing to make pictures, but quite another to have them released thru the maze of "exchange" systems, so that they may be revealed to all the people in all parts of the world simultaneously.

The "big men" of filmdom today are, with rare exceptions, the same individuals who composed two groups of allied manufacturers (now called "producers") a decade ago. One group was called the Motion Picture Patents Company, often referred to as "The Picture Trust," organized in 1908 and composed of the Edison, Vitagraph, Kalem, Lubin, Selig, Méliès and Biograph brands of film. This

company stands today practically the same as at its inception. All of its members "got theirs" long before the tremendous onrush of theatrical men, who were late in recognizing the existence of a new Klondike.



BILLIE RITCHIE (UNIVERSAL)

The second group of manufacturers also started in 1908 and was composed of a half-dozen "Independents" who fought the Patents Company at every turn and made their impress ultimately so emphatic that there is today little choice between the two groups which, as an entity, represent

at least eighty-five per cent. of film productivity.

The Independents were to a man unknown in the amusement field a decade ago. In this group were Carl Laemmle, who had been in the clothing business on a small scale; J. Adam Kessel, Jr., and Charles Baumann, who were the first to screen Western life with cowboys and Indians; David Horsley, who converted a disastrous nickel theater into a film factory and recently sold a part of his holdings to the Universal Film Company for \$280,000 in real cash; Edwin Thanhouser, the only showman in the group, who also was paid a fortune for his interest in the same company which he has just returned to as its head; Harry T. Aitkin, a successful business man, now head of the Triangle brand of films; Patrick A. Powers, who was really the first to release the picture plays that sounded the death-knell of melodrama in spoken form, and one or two others still allied with the industry.

These Independents indulged in a warfare against the Patents Company and among themselves, that has had no parallel in film history. The old-time pitched battles in the circus field would be in line for Carnegie peace medals compared with the strife in picturedom from 1908 to 1911. But somehow the final outcome resulted in two big corporations now known as the Universal and the Mutual brands of film. It is fair to state here that the Universal is the largest producing concern in the industry, with its growth progressing at an amazing pace.

The Universal releases a dozen brands of film, for which there are no less than thirty "stock companies" of photoplayers. The majority of its output is filmed at Universal City, in Hollywood, Cal., but it has four or five big studios in and about New York, including the famous "Imp" plant in which Laemmle started to produce for the screen in the year 1908.

The Mutual, like Universal, was the holding company of a group of important producing organizations, such as the New York Motion Picture

Company, which began making films of Wild West life, but which is now a massive affair distributing thru Triangle Corporation, intrenched at Santa Monica, Cal., where one man—Thomas H. Ince—reigns. This man Ince is regarded as the Wonder Boy of Movie-land. Six years ago he ventured into a Western studio, drawn thither in sheer desperation because he was without a place of shelter for his wife and baby. Ince was offered \$5 a day, the regu-

artistic head. Mr. Griffith, like Mr. Ince, suffered all of the hardships characteristic of the stage calling, before that day in 1910 when he applied to the Biograph Company for a chance to show his caliber and was engaged as an "extra" at \$3 a day.

The influence of Griffith in the development of the new art is almost beyond appraisal. He lifted the Biograph Company's productivity from "the chase" type of films to heights

policy has created entirely new conditions in the film industry and has had more to do with ending the gold-laden period of prosperity for the manufacturers than any other development.

Why? Because the day that the idolized favorites of the screen were no longer nameless—that day began the greatest boom for actors, directors and authors in amusement history. Instead of paying actors \$5 a day, in the same manner that artists pay



SCENE FROM KALEM'S "DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN"

lation price. He accepted instant. In a few months he was directing photoplays at a living salary. Today Ince is producing the photoplays over which half of mankind is raving. In his film city, called "Inceville," his earnings are one hundred thousand dollars a year. Ince has just joined the new Triangle combination.

The Mutual Company also releases the Reliance and American brands of film, and the former began to assume a far more vital status in the industry in 1913 than previously, because of the advent of D. W. Griffith as its

not dreamed of in these days. In a year's time he became the strongest arm of the growing industry, completely revolutionizing the output, not only of the Biograph Company, but also of the competing producers, most of whom at the outset regarded him as a visionary crank. The Biograph Company has always been the most conservative of film organizations, refusing to reveal the names of its players and directors, and this policy it still partly maintains, tho full publicity methods now obtain in every other film company. This publicity

models, the film magnates were forced to mete out salaries according to the fame and drawing power of the individuals. Thus theatrical methods began to alter the aspect of the photoplay production.

When Mary Pickford began with the Biograph Company she was just as clever as she is today, but she was known only among a few devoted "fans" as "Little Mary." Such a thing as a salary written in three figures for a week's work was unknown as recently as four years ago. A year ago the Famous Players Film

Company paid Miss Pickford \$500 a week, and this year was forced to pay her an increase of 400 per cent., or \$104,000 a year. In almost every important film organization there are today players receiving from \$100 to \$1,000 a week. Most of these, too, are the same men and women who started in the days when publicity of names was prohibited.

With the advent of abnormal salaries for players came the demand

their weekly salaries were quadrupled, and one young lady, who began with Griffith as an "extra girl," has just joined another film concern at a salary which a cabinet officer might well envy.

Griffith himself is held in the millionaire class today. His annual income from the Mutual Company is said to be \$100,000, but Griffith is heavily interested in a separate company, allied with the Mutual, thru

Almost every theatrical producer has had his fling in the Motion Picture arena, but the number who have lasted a year may be counted on one's two hands, while those who still produce for the screen are still fewer. Yet not a week goes by that a new company is not organized. It is a strange fact that in Wall Street stock is sold in such companies without difficulty. The gold-plated lure of the camera man is indeed compelling.



SCENE ON AN OCEAN LINER TAKEN FROM AN EDISON PHOTOPLAY

for a higher grade of directors. Some of the directors of photoplays are now "boomed" as heavily as the stars. There are scores of these directors who receive in excess of \$250 a week, and some of the most successful are men (and a few women) who never directed a spoken play.

When Griffith left the Biograph Company he took with him to California, to join the Mutual organization, several of the players whom he developed to stellar candidacy. Immediately the heads of the Mutual concern began to exploit all their chief players as stars. Automatically

which such of his productions as "The Birth of a Nation" are released, and no one can estimate what his earnings are at this time.

Aside from these pioneers, who, as a rule, made their fortunes in the heyday of the nickel theater, the greater portion of the money which goes into thousands of box-offices all over the world now goes eventually into the coffers of the salaried element. Some of the old-established producers still earn profits, but failures are as common these days as they were in theaterdom when "tie-walking" and "fly-by-night" were common terms.

Out of all the hundreds of film enterprises launched in the last two or three years by theatrical men who were reluctant to enter the field in the early "boom" years, there are today perhaps five at most who prosper, such as Famous Players, started by a one-time exhibitor, Adolph Zukor, who had the rare discernment to induce Daniel Frohman to join him. This company's success started a perfect stampede from Longacre Square. Every bankrupt showman was lured into the "game."

Next to Famous Players, the most successful of the newcomers was Jesse



JAMES, THE LUBIN MONKEY, ENTERTAINING MARIE DRESSLER
AND ACTON DAVIES

L. Lasky, who lost his fortune thru the *Folies Bergeres*. Lasky had made his money as a vaudeville producer, and he is one of the very few showmen to enter the newer field seriously, intrenching himself with capital and affiliating with such men as David Belasco. Also, the Lasky productions have added no little prestige to the artistic

development of the entire industry. It was Lasky who induced Geraldine Farrar to bestow of her artistry for the screen, altho there are many experienced film men who believe that such engagements as that of the diva indicate the near approach of that day when the famous name will cease to conjure, for it is conceded



GEORGE BEBAN IN "AN ALIEN" (N. Y. M. P. CO.)

that not one in twenty of the stage celebrities have "made good" in pictures. The number of these to appear in a second production is of even smaller proportion.

About a year ago there came into the Motion Picture field a man with an idea, by name Louis Selznick. From whence he came no one seemed to know, but in a few months this man has shifted the scenes in the camera man's domain at almost every turn, creating, from a small, independent film organization, what is now conceded to be the mightiest institution in all picturedom.

Selznick is the head of the World Film Company, capitalized at two million dollars and including among its officers such men as George B. Cox, of Cincinnati; Congressman Joseph Rhinock, Lee Shubert and William A. Brady. The stock of this company is actively traded in on the New York curb and in the principal stock exchanges of the country. A feature of the company's business procedure, which Selznick believes has been its greatest boon, was the introduction of profit-sharing in almost every branch.

No one can predict, for even the immediate future, in this aspect-changing industry so persistently referred to as being "in its infancy."

Nearly all of the accepted stars of the screen came to their goal meteorically. Some never had the least stage experience; for instance, Anita Stewart, who, three years ago, was new even to the screen, but is now earning a salary paid to few Broadway stars. The same is true of Alice Joyce, who never trod the boards in the flesh. Yet, if she wished to convert her fame as a screen-star into cash by way of vaudeville, her pay-envelope each week would contain a sum that would excite the envy of a grand-opera diva.

No better illustration of the strange distinction between stage and screen can be pointed to than the astonishing experience of Charles Chaplin, a comedian who, as recently as two years ago, was wont to appear in the vaudeville theaters, where he was not even featured. If he was even paid more than fifty dollars a week on the stage, there is no record of it. Now this same Charles Chaplin, who a year or so ago made his debut on the screen, is the highest-paid man in all picturedom.

John Bunny, his predecessor in the esteem of the movie public, left but eight thousand dollars at his demise. Chaplin, who is a mere youth, has to reckon with the possibility of some obscure player, with a new method of creating laughter, appearing in the film arena as unexpectedly as he did and becoming famous overnight.

The Motion Picture as Blanche Ring Sees It

By TARLETON WINCHESTER

L

LATEST of the stage stars to succumb to the lure of day-time work in the out-of-doors and nights free from work of any kind is Blanche Ring, the rollicking, musical-comedy favorite who, more than any other, has seemed able to influence cold American audiences to sing, whistle, hum and dream choruses of such songs as "I've Got Rings on My Fingers and Bells on My Toes."

She will appear in the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company's Paramount picture, "The Yankee Girl," based on her stage success, for the "first time on any screen," before the winter is far gone.

Miss Ring, like a great many other people of the stage, had paid little attention to the Moving Pictures and had never entertained the least idea of ever entering them, but she says:

"I will admit that when Mr. Morosco first made me the offer, I was a wee bit interested because of his work in the theater. I knew that his manner of doing things would speak well for any film in which he would place me. Yet it was only after he had shown me the difference between the film of yesterday and the photoplay of today, that my eyes were opened to the possibilities of the elaborate screen play.

"That such improvement could take place in so short a time is most remarkable, and I can readily believe Mr. Morosco when he says that in the next five years the improvement will be even more marked.

"The most interesting visit of my life was spent in the fairyland Mr. Morosco calls his studio. Here an immense plant, altho running day and night, is kept spic-and-span at all times. The snow-white dressing-rooms, with every modern improvement, were the first things that won my approval. What a contrast they were to the average stage dressing-room! The big

stage, with the wonderful California sun streaming thru the frosted glass windows, shedding a soft, mellow light, proved another inducement to an engagement before the camera. It is no wonder that the screen has appealed to so many. Until seeing all this I had not understood what the



great attractions were. But the strongest appeal to me was the fascinating outdoors where my chief activities would take place. There in the mountains I could work under the open sky; among the trees and flowers—in many cases camp out overnight. What an incentive to work! Why, it sounded more like an invitation to a picnic than anything else.

"It was here that such stage folks

as Elsie Janis, Fritzi Scheff, Cyril Maude, Maude Allen, George Fawcett, and others made their initial entrance into Motion Pictures, and they seemed to be none the worse for it, in fact seemed to be enjoying it immensely, so I didn't see any particular reason for holding off any longer.

"Now that I have crossed the Rubicon I can hardly wait to go back and try again, for my experience acting in this picture has not only proved a pleasure to me, but has taught me many things that will be a help on the stage, and my only regret is that I didn't enter the pictures long ago, for the screen is the greatest school of acting there is, because it ruthlessly holds the mirror up to flaws in one's technique; and there is a technique in Motion Picture acting, just as there is on the stage. The pictures give more scope for one to show versatility and require a deep study into the intricacies of a part. I can only hope that the great photoplay public which I have not reached before, on seeing me at Paramount theaters will keep their thumbs up for me and come to see me in whatever other pictures I am fortunate enough to make."

To reach many people to whom she had never played when on the stage was another reason that Miss Ring consented to appear in the Moving Pictures. It is needless to say that after seeing this stage favorite in the screen version of "The Yankee Girl," she will become to this great picture public a popular photoplayer, and her appearance in other pictures will be anxiously awaited.

In this Oliver Morosco picture many stunning gowns are worn by Miss Ring, who is noted for her beautiful stage frocks. With them she wears her famous pearls and her celebrated Canary diamond pendant. In her smart riding-costume, which she wore out in Pasadena, and when, in her stunning bathing-suit, she enjoyed the surf at Santa Monica, Miss Ring was admired by an enthusiastic crowd.



"And Thereby Hangs a Tale"

A Literary Coincidence



CHAPTER I

(From the October Supplement)

PHOTOPLAYER WOCHY

By L. N. COLLIER

'Twas Williams and the Kerrigan
Did Cruze and Clayton in the Shay;
All Wilson was the Pauline Bush,
The sky was Betty Gray.

"Beware the CourtenayFoote, my son,
The AliceJoyce, the GertMcCoy,
The EarleMetcalf, the Richardson;
Beware them all, my boy."

He took his Briscoe sword in hand,
Long time the Wilbur foe he sought;
Then Ostriched he the Sterling band
And Baggoted in thought.

And as in Pickford thought he stood,
The CourtenayFoote, with eyes aflame,
Blackwelled out of the BillGarwood
And Traversed as it came.

Oh, ArtJohnson and Morrison!
His Briscoe sword went snickersnack;
He left it dead and with its head
He Henry Walthalled back.

And hast thou slain the CourtenayFoote?
It is quite Bayne, my Boardman boy.
"Pearl White! Lil Gish! Honk! toot-toot!"
He Gordoned in his joy.

CHAPTER II.

TO THE EDITOR:

Your amazing capacity for sprinkling scintillating good-nature thru sixteen hours—soon to be twenty-four—per day of question-answering is doubtless strained to the limit sometimes.

But from your personal experience, can you cite an equal to the following disposition-souring coincidence?

Enclosed is a poem called "Photoplayer Wochy," by L. N. Collier, clipped from October issue of MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT, out today.

Also enclosed is a poem called "Movie-wocky," by the writer, laboriously typed just three weeks ago with the view of submitting to your Magazine on completion of some other copy.

Also enclosed, for fear constant digging into movie lore may have dimmed your recollection of the real "Jabberwocky," is a copy of that poem.

May I presume upon you enough to ask that you compare the three? And then, that you try to estimate my suddenly embittered spiritual condition?

Of course, I think my effort innumerable reels ahead of the feebly plagiaristic thing which unaccountably got printed first. And, of course, too, I may be wrong. Only I aint.

Would the Editor likely think the coincidence genuine and odd enough to secure me part of the golden reward that might have been?

Respectfully,

LAMBDIN KAY.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 16, 1915.

CHAPTER III

JABBERWOCKY

By LEWIS CARROLL

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that scratch!
Avoid the Jub-jub bird and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch."

He took his vorpal blade in hand,
Long time the manxsome foe he sought;
So rested he by the tum-tum tree,
And stood a while in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing thru the tulgy wood
And burbelled as it came.

One, two! One, two! And thru and thru
His vorpal blade went snickersnack!
He left it dead and with its head
He came galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Calloo! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

CHAPTER IV

MOVIEWOCKY

By LAMBDIN KAY

'Twas selig, and the ritchie hales
Did gish and garwood in the bayne;
All nansen were the barriscales,
And the glaum crews markswain.

"Beware the Moviewock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that scratch!
Avoid the baggot bird and shun
The mersereau panzersnitch!"

He took his ogle blade in hand,
Long time the keystone foe he sought;
So rested he by the pickford tree
And stood a while in thought.

And as in bosworth thought he stood,
The Moviewock, with eyes aflame,
Came stepping thru the lasky wood
And trunnelled as it came.

Big U! Big U! And thru and thru
His ogle sword went hughie-mack!
He left it dead and with its head
He came cunarding back.

"And hast thou slain the Moviewock?
Come to my arms, my bushman boy!
O ostriche day! Kaybee! Pathé!"
He blackwelled in his joy.

'Twas selig, and the ritchie hales
Did gish and garwood in the bayne;
All nansen were the barriscales,
And the glaum crews markswain.



SCENE FROM "D'ARTAGNAN"

(INCE-TRIANGLE)

REAL HEROES

By GRACE



IN the good old days, when Horatius held the bridge and Curtius leapt into the Roman chasm, there were no Motion Picture machines, more's the pity, to grind

out fade-aways of Curtius and close-ups of Horatius.

And even in these days of the all-seeing camera eye, there are scores of heroic deeds, of patiently self-sacrificing acts, performed by the film-folk, which never reach pictures nor print. And many of these acts are quite as thrillingly picturesque, quite as full of heroic unselfishness, as is the "canned" heroism of the photoplays.

(Fifty-five)



MAE MARSH

OF THE REELS

KINGSLEY

screen heroine ever perform deeds of self-sacrifice which the camera never discovers? It may be so.

Mae Marsh, "the little sister" of "The Clansman," or "The Birth of a Nation," as the big Griffith film has been rechristened, is in reality a big sister. There are a half-dozen younger brothers and sisters at home, and to these Miss Marsh is giving the opportunities which she herself never had. To the brother, who shows signs of being an electrical genius, she is giving the best technical training available; and the sister with the lovely voice is receiving an excellent musical education. And little Miss Marsh herself is bravely studying at night, after her day's work before the camera, those subjects which the

Is your favorite reel hero ever a real hero? Does your best-loved

ordinary girl is taught in the high-school grades. She is a brilliant student, however, and doesn't find the tough algebraic problem, or the Latin conjugation, nearly so hard as the rest of us would.

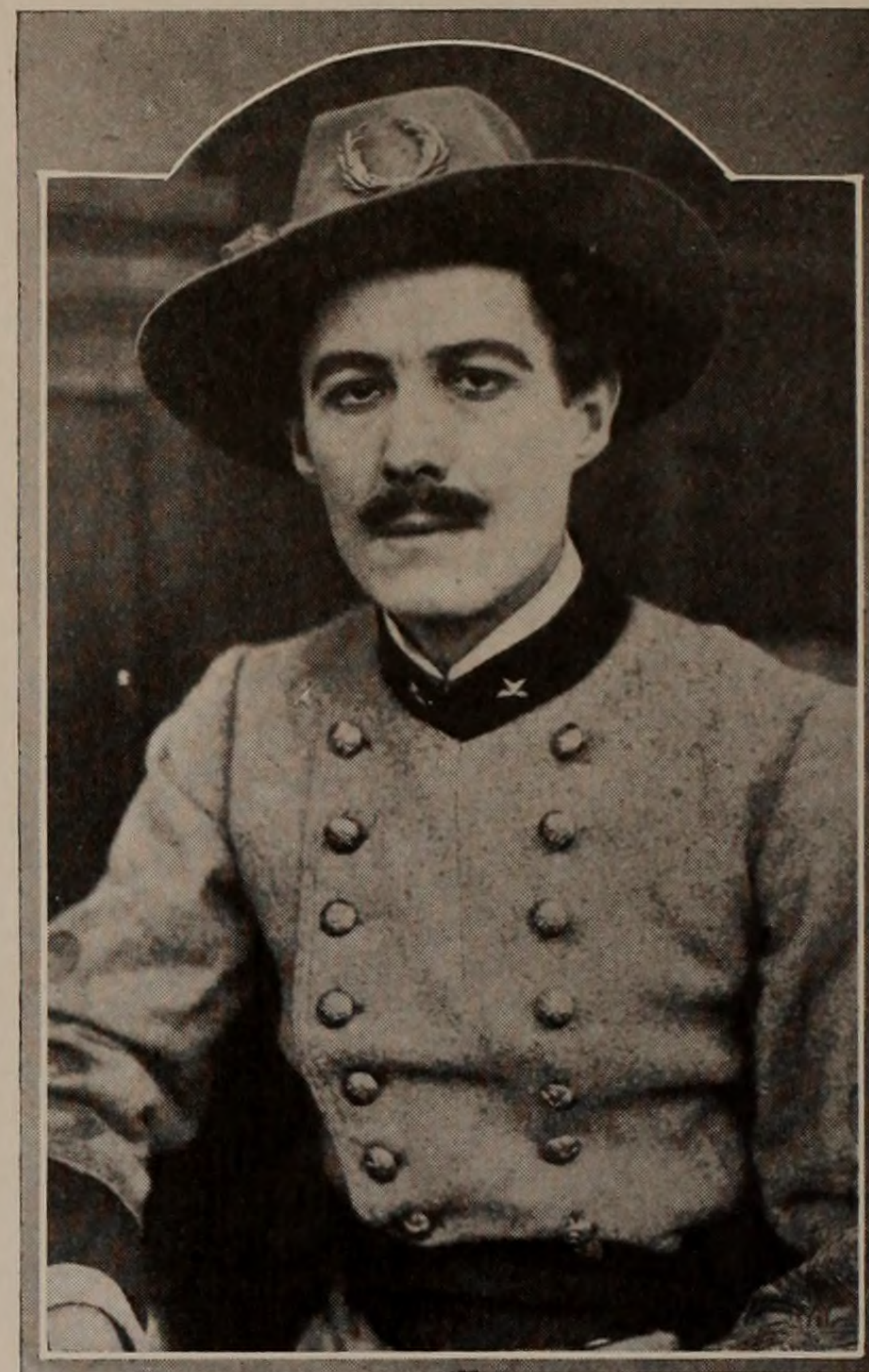
J. Warren Kerrigan has several times performed acts of spectacular heroism, tho you cannot drag the stories of his exploits from himself. Anna Little records that once, when they were motoring along a narrow mountain road, a children's picnic party loaded on an auto truck turned a sudden curve in front of them, and Mr. Kerrigan took the outside of the road, inches from the edge of a precipice, tho he was entitled to the inside place.

At another time, the handsome film actor saved the little son of Marshal Stedman, assistant general director of the Universal, from drowning in Lake Michigan, where the child was bathing alone.

"It was last summer, when we were in Chicago," said Mr. Stedman. "We had a cottage on Lake Michigan, and my boy ran away one morning and went in bathing alone. Mr. Kerrigan

was on the beach and happened to notice Bennie struggling in the waves; and, tho fully dressed, the actor rushed into the water, swam to my boy, who was drifting further and further from shore, and dragged the little fellow safe to land."

Lois Meredith, star of Oliver Morosco's "Help Wanted," both on the stage and in the films, and who is now identified with the Rolfe Company, is but nineteen years old, and supports her four younger brothers and sisters. Her mother is something of an invalid, too, and Lois spends many a long, weary night hour watching by her side, even tho the



HENRY WALTHALL IN "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"



LOIS MEREDITH

day has been full of hard work before the camera.

A veritable fire heroine is Myrtle Stedman, of the Morosco-Bosworth Company. She was spending her vacation last summer with her father in their mountain cabin in the Sierras. One day the maid took a day off and went down to the valley for supplies, leaving her little girl in the cabin. Miss Stedman's father went off hunting, and Miss Stedman herself sought a shady nook at some distance from the house and was reading, when she suddenly smelled smoke, always a frightful thing in the California mountains, which are so often swept by conflagrations. She ran toward the cabin—saw smoke issuing from the windows—opened the door, to be greeted by an almost overwhelming burst of smoke—called the name of the child whom she had left within, and, receiving no answer, rushed into

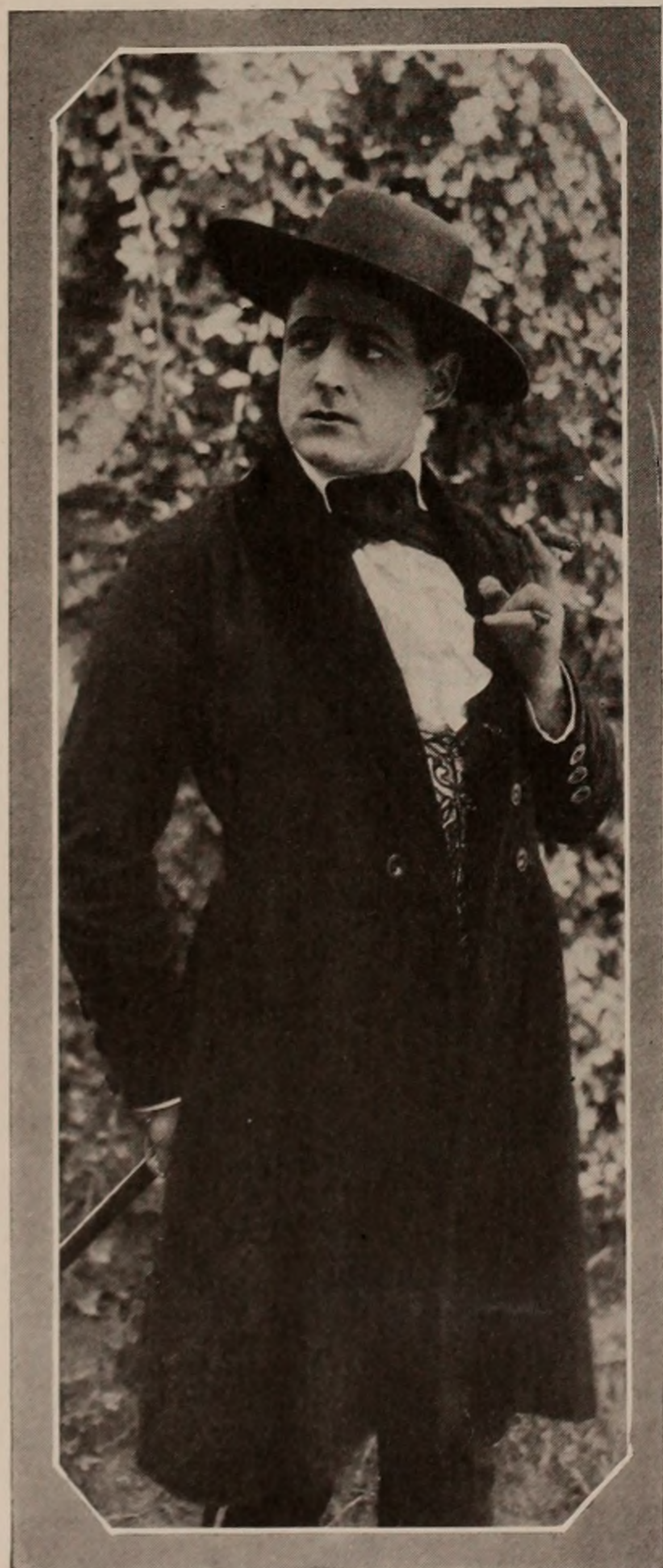
the cabin and seized the little girl in her arms; then, leaving the little one on the grass outside, she hurried within and managed to partly extinguish the flames with some patent fire-extinguishers which her father had provided only the week before. In the midst of her labors, even as her clothing and hair were being singed, the maid returned, brought up water from the spring and helped finish the good work.

There is nothing spectacular about Henry Walthall except his screen work. Nevertheless, the hero of "The Birth of a Nation" "The Avenging Conscience," and of "Ghosts" is noted for his gentle and helpful spirit and for his acts of unpretentious kindness. Among other unselfish deeds, he and Mrs. Walthall once took a man who had been pronounced a hopeless dope-fiend into their own home and kept him until he was cured. The man had once been an actor and had done some small service for Mr. Walthall which the latter never forgot.

Two hapless youngsters, deserted by a recreant camera man of the Reliance studios, have been adopted by George Siegemann, also of "The Birth of a Nation" fame. Mr. Siegemann is planning great things for the future of the two little ones.

One day last winter, down in Mexico there was a terrific battle, one of the biggest of the Carranza-Villa conflict. When the smoke cleared away at nightfall, many wounded soldiers were left fainting on the battlefield. As the moon came out, an athletic figure

(Fifty-six)



J. WARREN KERRIGAN



MYRTLE STEDMAN

stole among them, administering to the needs of the sufferers until morning. Romaine Fielding was the name of the athlete, who is also a physician. He chanced to be in Mexico at the time and near the scene of battle, and in the night, having gained a physician's passport, he risked his life to help the wounded soldiers, tho they were all unknown to him.

Mary Alden, who plays the negro mistress of Stoneman in "The Birth of a Nation," is very fond of children. All the helpless waifs who drift into the Reliance studios appeal to her, and many a youngster has found a happy home thru Miss Alden's unselfish efforts. In fact, Miss Alden says she loves all creation except two trained ducks belonging to her husband, Wray Physioc, of the Biograph. These creatures she insists on his keeping at the studio. She relates, too, in her own amusing way that she sees when any one has acting talent and knows how to make actors out of bad chauffeurs and poor cooks.

Mary Pickford is one of the most open-handed of the film actresses. She regularly visits the orphans' homes in Los Angeles, plans picnics for the children which she herself attends, and romps like a youngster. A few weeks ago she sent a carload of toys to the Catholic Orphans' Home, and later her manager had a screen set up in the sick ward and gave a showing of Mary Pickford in "Cinderella" for the small invalids.

It is related that when Mary as a child was "out on the road," no matter how strenuous her life, she never forgot to write home about her sister Lottie's rubbers and her brother Jack's flannels.

Mabel Normand, star of the Keystone, is absolutely fearless. Down at

(Fifty-seven)

Balboa, Cal., the company was taking some scenes, last winter, on a wild stretch of coast where the sea has eaten into the high cliffs and left them ragged and rugged. At the close of the day the company packed up and returned, but Miss Normand, having her own car with her and desiring to stay to view the sunset, lingered. Seated on the top of a lofty cliff, the girl watched a little sailboat in which three young boys were beating back to shore after several hours at sea. Suddenly a little gust of wind caught the boys napping, and the craft veered, shuddered and capsized. The distance from Miss Normand's rocky perch to the sea was fully sixty feet, and the water was punctured with sharp rocks. Without waiting to consider these dangers, the little Keystone queen tore off her woollen sweater and

plunged into the swirling waters far below. Somehow she struck in deep water and started swimming, strong and sure, toward the struggling boys. Two of them could swim, but the third was helpless and was fast weakening. Miss Normand reached him just in time. The frantic youth grasped at her; but fortune was with her, and the boy seized her shoulder, leaving her arms free. Even so, the brave girl was near exhaustion when she reached the base of the cliffs, and before she succeeded in getting safely across the cruelly ragged rocks with her burden she was cut and bleeding in many places.

A few weeks ago a number of snakes were being used in a Keystone two-reel feature in which Raymond Hitchcock, Miss Normand, Mack Sennett, and other Keystone stars were working. The owner of the reptiles, a slow-witted carnival showman, brought one exceedingly poisonous reptile with him merely to show his ability to handle the more dangerous species of snake. Those used in the picture were, of course, harmless. All were left in a locked property-room overnight. Miss Normand was late in dressing after the day's work was completed and was one of the last of the company to go to the garage for her car, having to pass the property-room on the way. As she approached she saw several little children, whose homes are near the Keystone studios, playing, and near them the large snake which the owner had exhib ited



GLENN MARTIN AND MARY PICKFORD IN AN AEROPLANE IN "A GIRL OF YESTERDAY" (FAMOUS PLAYERS)



ROMAINE FIELDING

as his most dangerous specimen and which had escaped. For a moment Miss Normand was stricken dumb; then she grasped a heavy rod which lay near-by, and, warning the children to run for their lives, she struck at the reptile and missed it. It immediately showed fight, but the plucky young woman kept her nerve, and, after a hair-raising minute, during which she narrowly escaped being bitten, she dispatched the reptile. Then she fell in a faint? No, she did not! She hunted up the owner of the snakes and assured him in very ladylike but emphatic language that if he brought anything more dangerous than angle-worms near the studio again she would bring their cold-blooded young lives to an immediate end in the same manner that she had made away with the menacing member of his troupe a little while before. Miss Normand is an everyday heroine, too, who helps support her family.

Blanche Sweet, of the Lasky Company, is another fearless film star. During the making of "The Warrens of Virginia" many of the scenes were taken in the Lasky foothill studio, which contains some fifteen hundred acres of wild country. Miss Jeanie MacPherson, the clever girl who helped write the scenario, one day started off a-horseback to find a location for a particular scene. Miss MacPherson, by the way, is no coward herself. She was gone many hours, and finally Miss Sweet declared she knew something had happened the girl, and nothing could keep her from going in search of Jeanie. The company became alarmed later as Miss Sweet did

not return. Finally a search party was formed, which late at night found both girls in a gulch where Miss Mac-



LILLIAN WIGGINS

Pherson's horse had thrown her. Miss Sweet was covered with scratches from cactus and brambles, but no word of complaint escaped her as she helped the men place Miss MacPherson, who was just regaining consciousness, upon one of the horses.

Cleo Ridgely, also of the Lasky Company, is the girl who rode across the United States on horseback. That alone was a brave enough feat. But

at least once during that trip she risked her life for the sake of others. It was in Colorado and a cloudburst had swollen the Grand River. She and her party pulled up camp and hastened to the hilltops. Then she remembered a family camped half a mile below her whom she had passed that day, and, refusing to be dissuaded, she rode thru the pouring rain alone to aid them. She found the family in dire need, two of their horses fallen into the river and much of their camping supplies swept away. She assisted them in packing up and mounted two children back of her on her horse, making two trips to higher ground and aiding the family to a place of safety.

Anita King, of the Lasky Company, is a very picturesque heroine. Carey King, the noted automobile racer who died a few weeks ago of tuberculosis, was Miss King's husband. Last year when Carey was unable to race in the Arizona contest, Anita pluckily raced his car for him. She had had no time to get acquainted with either the car or the road, and on a piece of bad road she met with an accident which laid her up for several weeks.

Another instance of Miss King's bravery occurred when she was in Mexico City a couple of years ago and nearly lost her life trying to save that of a Mexican girl who was working for her and whom Huerta's troops



CRANE WILBUR



CLEO MADISON (UNIVERSAL)

suspected of being a spy. Miss King placed herself between the girl and the soldiers; they threatened to shoot, but she would not give in until they overpowered her. The girl was taken from her and shot before the actress' eyes.

Donald Crisp, of the Famous Players, has a military title in the English army. He fought all thru the Boer War and was promoted to the rank of color-sergeant for distinguished service. During the thick of a battle he dashed forward almost into the enemy's ranks and carried a wounded officer from the field unaided, receiving several wounds during his progress and arriving fainting at the rear of the English lines. Mr. Crisp also saved Mabel Normand's life one day when he leaped into the rapids near Cuddebackville, New York, to rescue that brave young woman who, the scene from her picture finished, had somehow overturned the boat in which she was seated.

Dorothy Gish proved herself a heroine last Thanksgiving Day, when she was run down and her foot crushed by an automobile as she was crossing the street. She never lost con-

sciousness during her trip to the hospital, and, tho in agonizing pain, her one thought was for her mother. "Dont worry mamma with this! Dont worry mamma!" she kept repeating. "Just tell her I'm a little faint, that's all. Poor mother, she'll be so frightened!"

Miriam Cooper, of the Reliance, one of the best actresses in pictures today, a girl in whose dark, sweet eyes lie depths on depths of sympathy—a girl who, when she is not acting, is often seen sitting apart sewing—this girl has for the past winter been feeding and clothing the two children of "Madam," the negro woman who works in various capacities at the Reliance-Majestic studios. No one knew this until a few days ago. How did I learn it? Never mind; but it's true, anyhow.

David Griffith, as everybody who knows him well will tell you, does more small acts of kindness than perhaps any other director in the world. He never turns an ancient actor away empty-handed and has many such on a regular pension list, giving them work as "extras" whenever he can.

Dorothy Davenport, driving toward

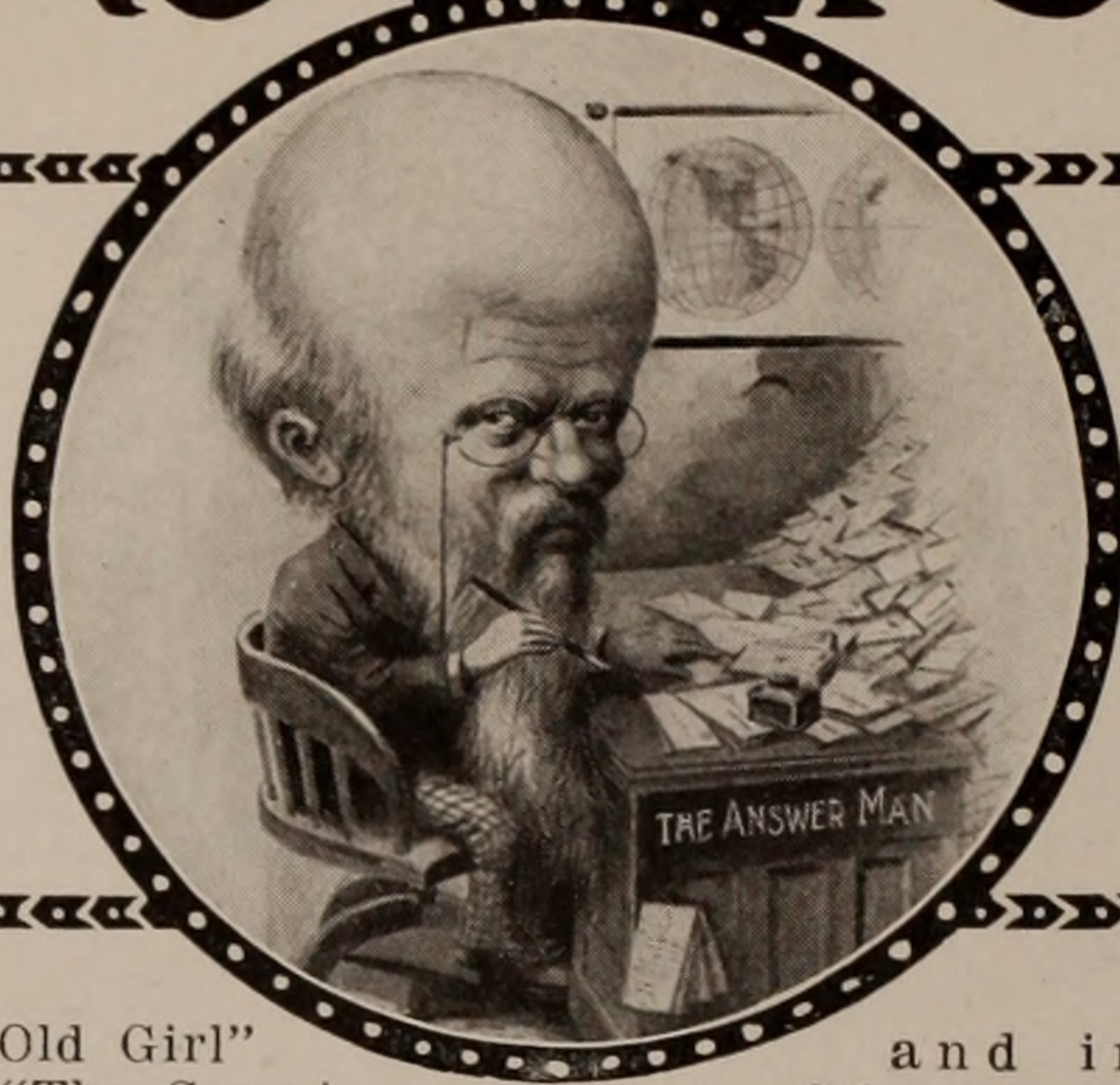
Pasadena one day last winter, took chances of being killed and actually ran into a telegraph pole, to avoid running over a baby playing in the road ahead of her machine. No daring act of Miss Davenport's shown on the screen ever rivaled this simple act of heroism.

José is head of the cowboys out at the Lasky Company. Nobody knows him by any other name. He performs many a daredevil feat before the camera, but none so brave as that which he does in private life. There's a little invalid wife at home. No matter how heavy the cowboy's work during the day, no matter how he may yearn for rest, never two o'clock of the morning comes but he rises and spends the remainder of the night by his wife's bedside, for she can never sleep after that hour. No one in the company knew of her affliction. And he apologized the other day out at the studio for being sleepy!

These are but a few of the instances of brave acts performed "off-stage" which have come to the writer's knowledge, and never, please let me add, from the performer's telling them himself.

The ANSWER MAN

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



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

ANITA S.—Another month has gone by, and, bless us, reader, here am I again, at the same casement of which I whilesome made mention, brewing you another mess of facts and fancies on various topics, written as the queries come piling in, from readers grave and merry, foolish and wise. Harold Lockwood now plays opposite May Allison (American).

BILLIE.—Arthur Shirley with the Dixon Company. Arthur Hoops opposite Mary Pickford in "Esmeralda." Mignon Anderson in private life is Mrs. Morris Foster. Both are with Thanouser.

JONSIE C. T.—That was a tinted film. They tint twilight films in pink, sometimes lavender, and moonlight scenes blue. There is no difference between nightfall and daybreak, as far as I know. By the way, isn't it funny that night falls and never breaks, while day breaks and never falls? Little Mary may leave.

RUTH A. R.—I doubt if the "Trey o' Hearts" is still playing anywhere. Jack Conway is with Majestic at present. I have nothing whatever to do with the art department. Much to my pleasure.

PETER B.—Beverly Bayne and Francis Bushman had the leads in both "Dear

Old Girl" and in "The Great Silence." It is not necessary to give the name of the company when asking questions.

TRAP DRUMMER.—You evidently dont care for Charles Chaplin. Others think him the funniest man on two feet. Thanks.

ABE, 99.—I enjoyed yours. The reason that I answer such questions is that one of my functions is to assist the inquiring, to animate the struggling, and to sympathize with all. Arthur Johnson is ill.

PUNKYDOODLE.—P. C. Hartigan and Ruth Roland had the leads in "The Sheriff of Stony Gulch" (Kalem). That's it, come right in. Fools rush in and get there, where angels fear to tread.

DADEDEER'S GIRL.—Elmar Linden was José, and Carl Harbaugh was Escamilla in "Carmen" (Fox). Yes; I live alone. Many of our great men (including myself!) lived alone or were addicted to seclusion, including Swift, Goethe, Shakespeare and Thoreau. Alone, but not lonesome. Mary Anderson is not related to the elder Mary Anderson who has been so long in retirement and who is now going into pictures.

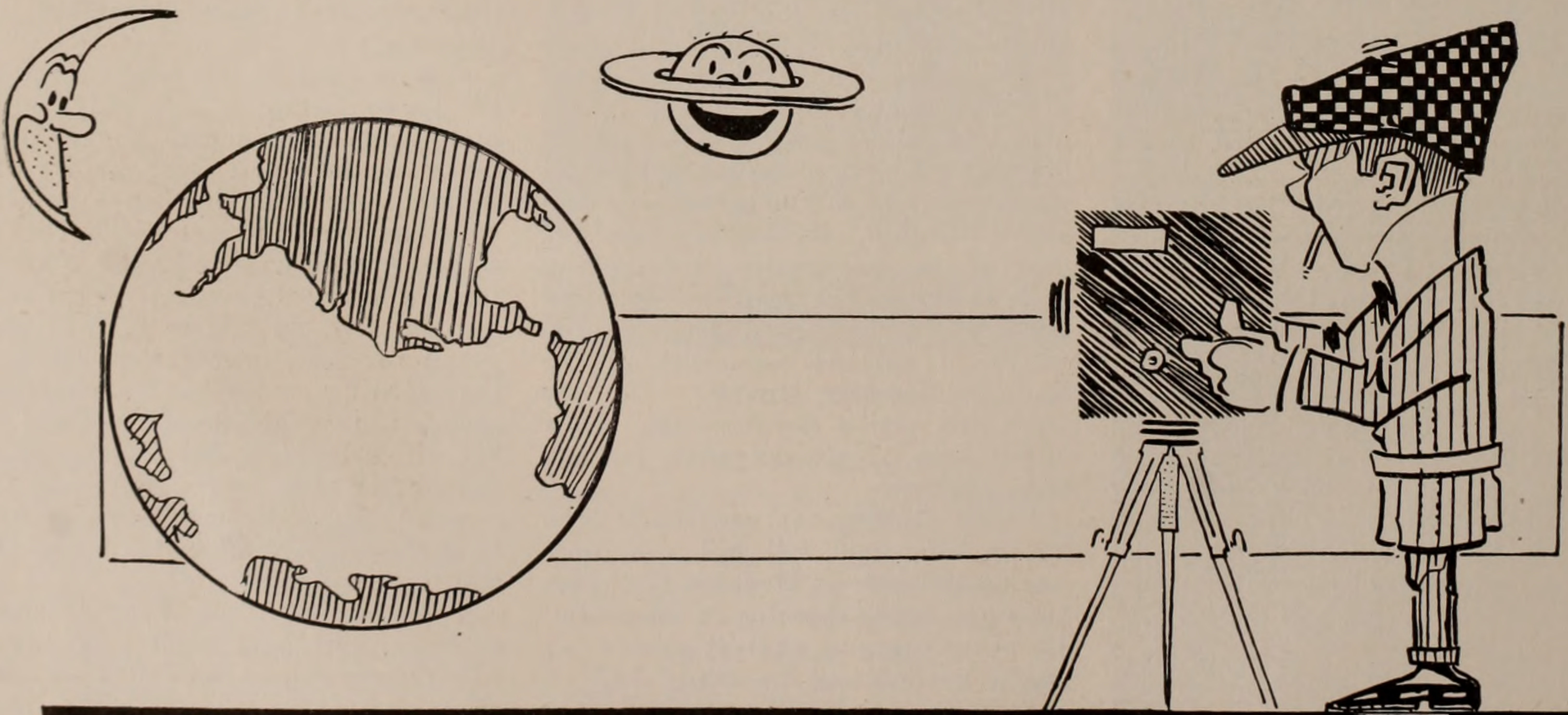
MELVA.—Glad to hear from you again.

I liked your letter because I like simple thoughts, simply expressed and simply spelt. Jane Lee was the little girl in "The Soul of Broadway." Maud Allen was her mother.

MARJORIE S. G.—Fuller Mellish was the father, and Arthur Hoops was the marquis in "Esmeralda." Harry Mestayer was Jack in "The House of a Thousand Candles." Some books dont lend themselves to photoplays and in many cases the photoplay has to be made much different from the book.

GENEVIEVE C.—Kempton Greene was Jackie, and Louise Huff was Isabel in "Shanghai'd Baby" (Lubin). Ethyle Cooke was Jane, and Grace De Carlton was Mina in "Old Jane of Gayety." Ned Reardon was Luthia in "The Strange Disappearance" (Irip). Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little had the leads in "The Big Sister's Christmas."

FORD-CUNARD ADMIRER.—I enjoyed your letter, but it was pretty long—your terminal facilities are defective. They are playing in a serial now. Arthur Acord was the hero in "Buck Parvin and the Movies" (Mutual), and he is considered champion lariat-hurler of the West.





The Most Remarkable Love Story Ever Written

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This Story, THE THREE LAWS and THE GOLDEN RULE, is the sequel of "Primordial."

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L. M.—Why didn't you sign your name? Your letter was long and interesting. Yes; Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn and is a college graduate and a clever baseball player.

FRANK E. P.—You ask "What does a ball do when it stops rolling?" So you have joined the merry throng of askers of foolish questions. "If a hard knot be tied in a cat's tail, which way, how long, and with what success will she run after it? Also, who tied the knot?" Some of our covers are paintings from life and some are ordinary black-and-white photographs colored and made into half-tone plates. The cover on this magazine is from an original painting and was reproduced by means of the "separation" process.

BARNEY B.—A picture of Norma Talmadge in January, 1916. Wallace Reid in "Carmen" (Lasky). L. C. Shumway in "As the Twig Is Bent." Signe Auen was the fox-woman in "The Fox-Woman." She now spells it Seena Owen, which is more readable and pronounceable. Marshall Neilan in "Rags" (Famous Players).

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Sorry you did not like the Mabel Normand cover. Your letter was very fine. I live mostly on stuffed dates, extract of beef, concentrated foods, pressed figs and condensed milk, because I reside in a hall room wherein space is scarce. I use the outer window-sill. I don't hear so much of your J. Warren now. Come and see me when you are in New York.

G. U. STIFF.—You here again with that wretched name? You ask, "Does Earle Williams' mother call him 'Early'?" Ha, ha; he, he; and likewise ho, ho! Why not get a respectable name and then ask a respectable question?

OLGA M. M.—George Fisher was the young lieutenant in "The Man Who Went Out." The average weight of a man five

feet and six inches high, age from 25 to 29, is 142 pounds; of a woman, 143 pounds.

BRUNETTA, 17.—Yes, they are sisters. Charles Abbe was the brother in "The Boss" (World). So you don't hear much of William Bailey. He is still with Metro.

NED W.—I believe you refer to L. C. Shumway as the lead. George Routh was Bassell. We do not sell photographs of players that have appeared in our galleries. See ad in back of magazine—1 package containing 5 pictures for 50c. They are from different scenes.

HANZEL, KANSAS CITY.—Thank you for the clipping, but I do not agree with the authors. Persons of feeble memory, and those of unsusceptible imagination, are always prone to miscalculate the past, to exaggerate the present, and therefore to mis-see the future.

JOSEPHINE T. E.—You seem to have more respect for the opinions of our ancestors than I have. Since they came first, are they not the younger, and therefore the less experienced? Not sure whether Maurice Costello will return to Vitagraph. I fear not.

ROSE F.—Do you read the Greenroom Jottings? If so, you will see the names of the players in the stories—in other words, the casts.

I. M. A. B.—No, but there is a Billie Reeves. I don't really know of a company who will take a girl of 15. Do good, be good, and you will make good—but not necessarily in the pictures.

F. HOFF.—Henderson's *Monthly* consists of comments on my comments, which he sends me every month. Thanks for the fee. I would advise you to read the article in the Magazine on "Motion Picture Toys" in June issue, 1914.

GORDON B.—Zoe Bech was the child in "The Law of Love." Heap much thanks for all you say.

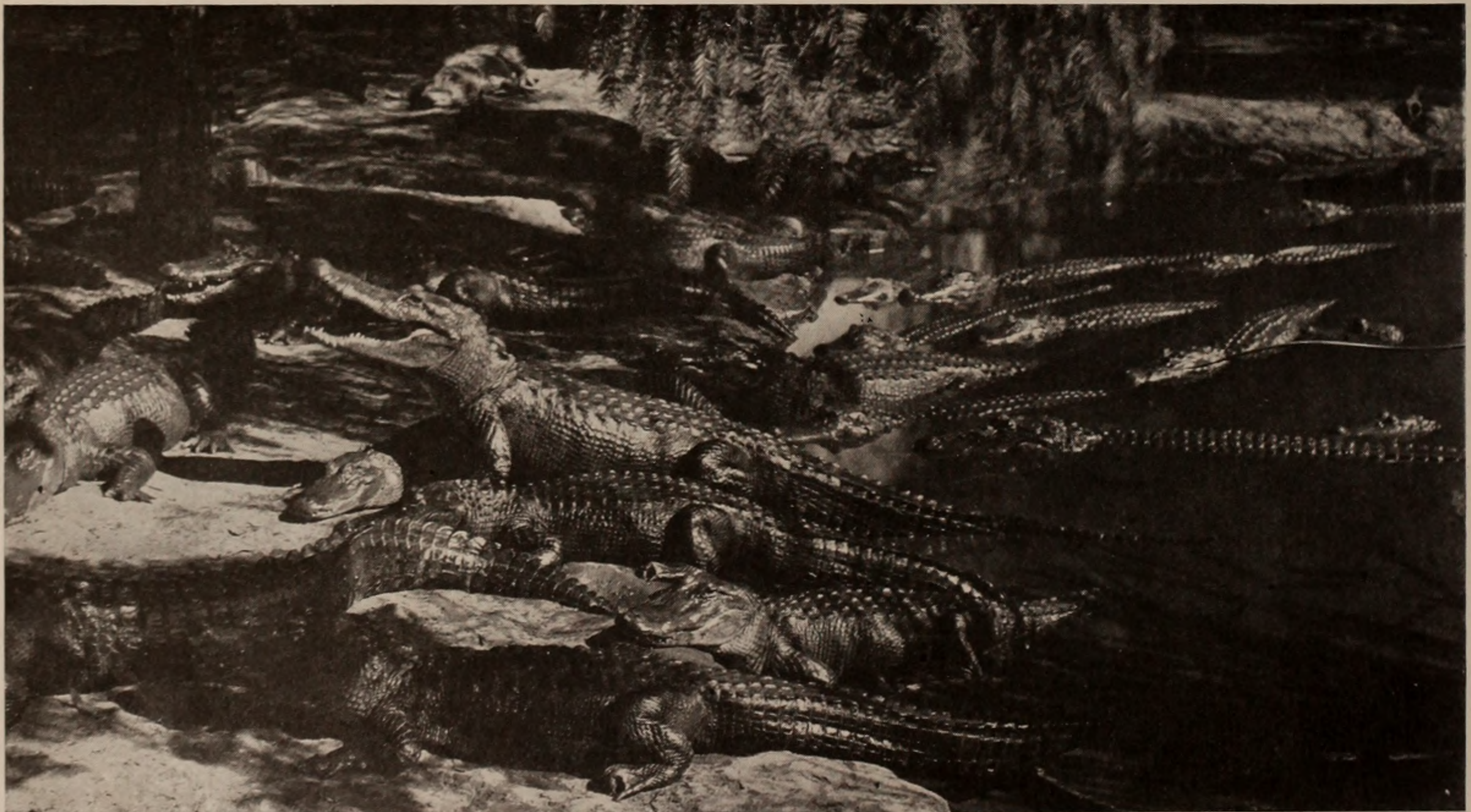
JUNIOR FAN.—That was the wrong title on that Selig. No, the Classic comes out on the 15th. That's so; the more a thing costs, the more we like it and want it.

LILLIAN G.—Thanks for calling me a philosopher. A philosopher is one who thinks all he says, but who says not all he thinks. That's me. I really can't tell you how many Moving Picture magazines there are now, but I know of at least twenty, counting the trade journals. Besides, every important newspaper now has a Motion Picture Supplement or department.

VIRGINIA V.—And you here again? You must own an automobile. So you are afraid that, since I am 74, I haven't much farther to go. Nonsense! Did not Hippocrates live to be 109, and Galen, his illustrious successor, to be 104? Three of the seven wise men of Greece lived to be over 100, and the gay Democritus went to 102. Old Diogenes was 108 before he shuffled off the coil, and Plato was 94. Zeno went to 98, Xenophon went to 90, Sophocles to 101, Juvenal went to 100 and Gorgias did not give up until he had passed his 108th birthday. If the other great philosophers lived so long, with their meager knowledge, I, with all my wisdom, ought to go a century or two yet! Even Plato did not have the nice things said about him that you people say about me; therefore, I am greater than Plato and ought to live longer. Hold on—I guess my carburetor is flooded—I stop.

MAY BRYAN, ANNIE MORGAN, ET AL., SAN FRANCISCO.—Your petition for a chat with Anne Schaefer has been handed to the Editor, and he told me that the same is under way.

MELBA H., BROOKLYN.—So you are waiting patiently to see Earle Williams with his new leading ladies. Be patient, my child.



ALLIGATORS ARE BECOMING VERY POPULAR ON THE SCREEN. AND WHY NOT, WHEN THEY CAN "REGISTER" AS WELL AS THESE? SCENE FROM "THE WHITE KING OF THE ZARAS" (CENTAUR)

JULIA S. C.—Here is the requested list of Famous Players releases: Hazel Dawn in "My Lady Incog," Mary Pickford in "The Foundling," Marguerite Clark in "Mice and Men" and Pauline Frederick in "Lydia Gilmore." So Mary Pickford is your favorite, and you never tire of seeing her.

JONSIE T., GASPORT.—Vera Sisson was Nellie, and Jack Mulhall was Jim in "The Tides of Retribution." That's what they say, but practice makes some people perfect, and others perfectly ridiculous.

JESSICA T.—Gene Gauntier was with Universal last, but she is now in Sweden, visiting her sister. Mary Anderson and William Duncan in "Cal Marvin's Wife." You have got "The Battle Cry of Peace" mixed up with "The Birth of a Nation." Neither of them has anything to do with "The Battle of Nations," which was fought on the plain near Leipsic, Oct. 16, 1813, between Napoleon and the allied powers of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Denmark and England. You evidently have not seen either of these films, and you have a treat in store.

MRS. J. T., CHICAGO.—Maclyn Arbuckle with Paramount. James Montgomery Flagg wrote "Is Christmas a Bore?" Lily Cahill was the fiancée in "The Failure." That was a reissue, of course.

JOHN T. M.—Yes, Jackie Saunders apparently kisses herself in that play. It is a double exposure, and much credit is due the camera man for managing it so skillfully. Lloyd V. Hamilton has returned after a long illness. Watch out for "Ham and Bud" now. Ham is himself again.

Tog-go.—That was a boiling-hot letter of yours. You seem to have soured on everybody and everything. You ought to learn to boil within and not boil over. Miriam Nesbitt was May Orme, and Harold Meltzer was Dr. Courtney in "Life's Pitfalls."

RICHARD D., KANSAS CITY.—Jack Pickford in "The Making of Crooks." And Geraldine Farrar's next is "Temptation." Our National Pure Food Law went into effect Jan. 1, 1907.



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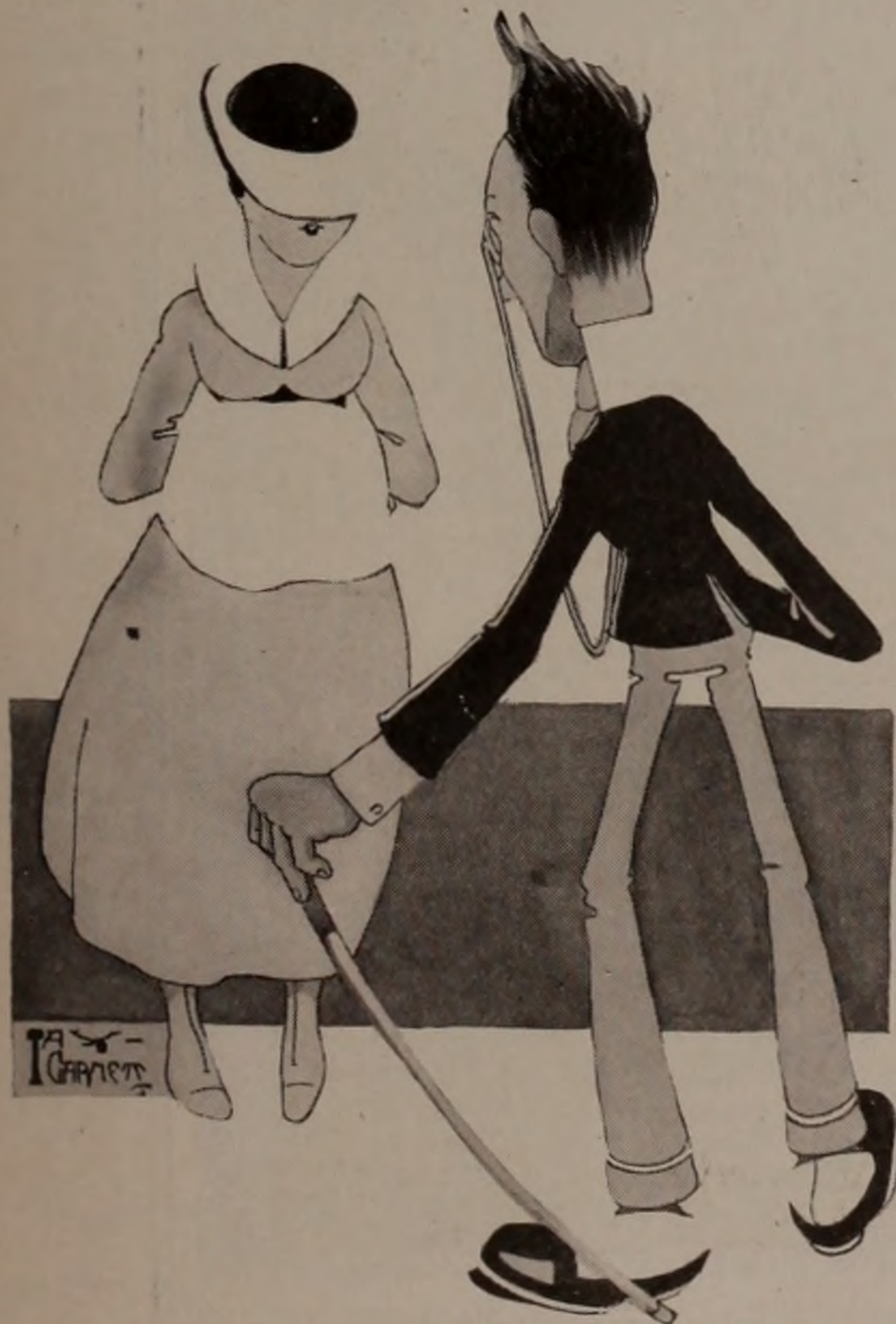
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HUBBY—I don't believe you like the Motion Pictures any more.
WIFE—Oh, I couldn't like them any more.

HUBBY—My word!

(Sixty-three)

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ELSIE T. LINCOLN.—That was Elizabeth Burbridge, you say, opposite Henry Walthall in "Blind Justice." Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel. Half of the best that is in this world came because people craved appreciation. Isn't that so?

HUBBY No. 2.—I quite agree with you. Mabel Dwight was Mrs. Sufferin and Bob Walker was Mr. Sufferin in "The Sufferin' Baby." Margaret Prussing was Mary in "Mary" (Edison). Pearl White is playing in "The Iron Claw," a new serial. There is no end of serials.

AUDREY J.—You ask if Jack Dillon is married. Forbidden question. Of course I will be your friend, but you mustn't ask such questions, my laddie.

M. A. S.—Oh, my, yes; Wallace Reid has been with Powers, Lasky, Majestic and Triangle. Did you think "Carmen" was his first appearance on the screen? Bessie Learn was Bettie in "The Hand of the Law." She is now with Mirror. It is true that Maurice Costello is no longer with Vitagraph. He isn't located as yet, and he may return.

GLADYS C., TOLEDO.—Cleo Madison in "A Soul Enslaved" (Universal). So you were the thirteenth at the party and are afraid you are going to die. Fear not. The superstition which makes twelve grouped together fear another one has its origin in the Last Supper. Billie Rhodes is with Nestor.

HAROLD D., LOS ANGELES.—Stella Razetto in "Lord John's Journal" as Maida Odell. I don't care to give advice on matrimonial matters. All I will say is, that a man cannot possess anything better than a good woman, nor anything worse than a bad one.

T. Z., SYRACUSE.—Edna Hunter and King Baggot had the leads in "Almost a Papa." So you like Jessie Burnett. She is very pretty. Her sole ambition at one time was to become a sister of charity.

JOSEPH T.—Warren Kerrigan and

Ethel Phillips in "The Widow's Secret." You must learn to be more brief. He is the greatest speaker or writer who can say it in the fewest words.

PRETTY ME.—Avast! You will have to confer with your doctor. If you are satisfied you are doing well enough you will never do any better. Edna Payne and Murdock MacQuarrie in "Colonel Steel, Master Gambler." Yes, she was formerly with Lubin.

GREGORY McC.—Tom Moore is with Lubin now. I don't know about Alice. So you really liked Earle Williams. Ben Wilson and Dorothy Phillips in "The Bachelor's Christmas." On the average, a person breathes twenty times a minute.

CHRISTIE T. E.—Myrtle Gonzalez and Frank Newburg in "The Bride of the Nancy Lee." Yes, I noticed that Universal have Blue Ribbon Advance Notices. Vitagraph call theirs Blue Ribbon Features. Remarkable similarity, is it not?

GORD B.—Vera Sisson was the girl in "The Tides of Retribution" (Biograph). Augustus Carney was with Mutual last. You say we should be proud of our "Civilization," and the drawing you send is awfully clever. In it civilization is represented by a ladder. On the bottom rung is a crude club, on the next rung an arrow, then follow various kinds of guns and rifles, then a huge shell, then a torpedo, and finally, on the top rung, a tube of chlorine gas! Sure the world do move!

MERRY MERRILY.—Helen Holmes is with the Signal Film Corp. Crane Wilbur in "The Mystery of Carter Breene." Frank Borzage and Neva Gerber in "Two Hearts and a Thief." You ask why do peaches and dates grow so much together in the temperate zone of New York City. Don't you know that New York is in the intemperate zone?

JACK N. L.—Belle Bennett is with Mutual. Margaret Gibson in "The Arab's Vengeance" (Centaur). Yes; Winnifred

Greenwood is still with American, and I agree that she and Edward Coxen make a very good team.

GEORGE W.—Cissy Fitzgerald was Cissy Crabapple in "Cissy's Innocent Wink." Don't you remember her with Vitagraph? I am afraid you are a radical, and I love radicals. The conservative would have things go on as they are; the radical would hurry on tomorrow before today is spent. On the one side, we get the barren desert; on the other side, a field of overgrown weeds; between the two runs the road called Progress. Nevertheless, I like the radical. Discontent is the mother of progress.

ETHEL T. C.—Lottie Pickford and William Russell are playing in the Clipper brand under the American Company. Jack Pickford is with Selig, and Mary Pickford is considering whether she will sign up again with Famous Players.

ERNEST, BRIDGEPORT.—So you like Marguerite Clayton in the Eastern Essanay better than in the Western. Yes, she was very cunning and beautiful in "A Daughter of the City," and must now be reckoned with the leading players of the screen. She was formerly G. M. Anderson's leading woman.

CAMILE D.—Gladys Hulette is playing for Thanouser. Gertrude Robinson and Alexander Gaden in Gaumont pictures.

MARIE, CALIF.—No, the Vitagraph Theater is showing five or six reels of Vitagraph pictures, and they change every Sunday. I believe that Vitagraph will not control this theater after February. The prices are from 25c up to \$1.50. Yes, "The Birth of a Nation" is still running at the Liberty Theater, New York. It has had the biggest run of any photoplay ever put on.

OSCAR, SYRACUSE.—John H. Cossar is with Essanay and has been for some time. I have not heard of his contemplating a change. A Happy New Year to you all.



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LEFT TO RIGHT—OSCAR APPEL, director; MAX FIGMAN, CHAS. RICHMAN, WILFRED BUCKLAND, THEODORE ROBERTS, ROBERT EDESON, EDWARD ABELES, CECIL B. DE MILLE. SITTING—BESSIE BARRISCALE, JESSE LASKY, LOLETA ROBERTSON.

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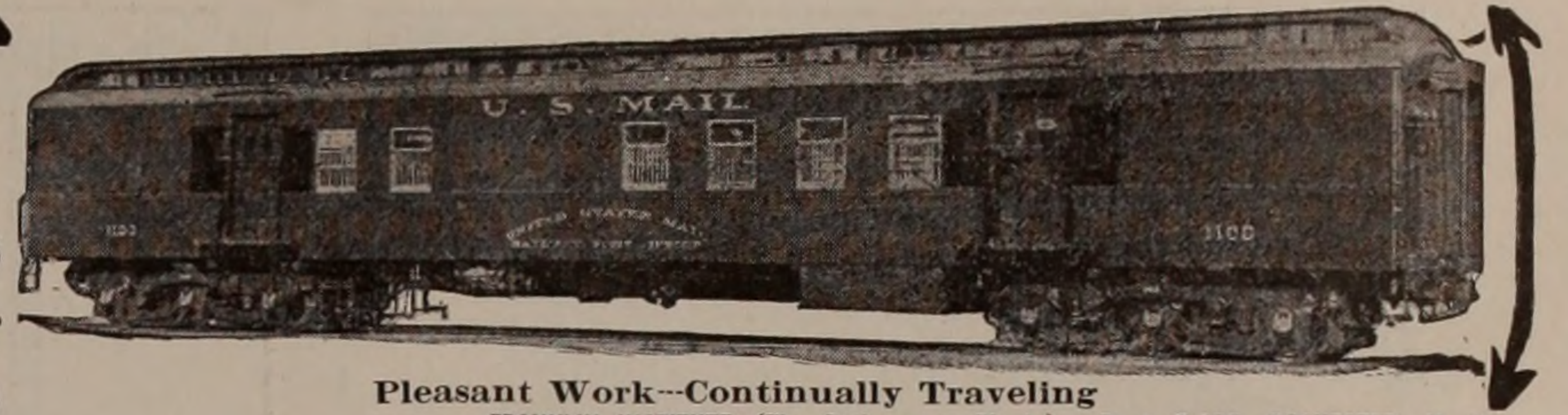
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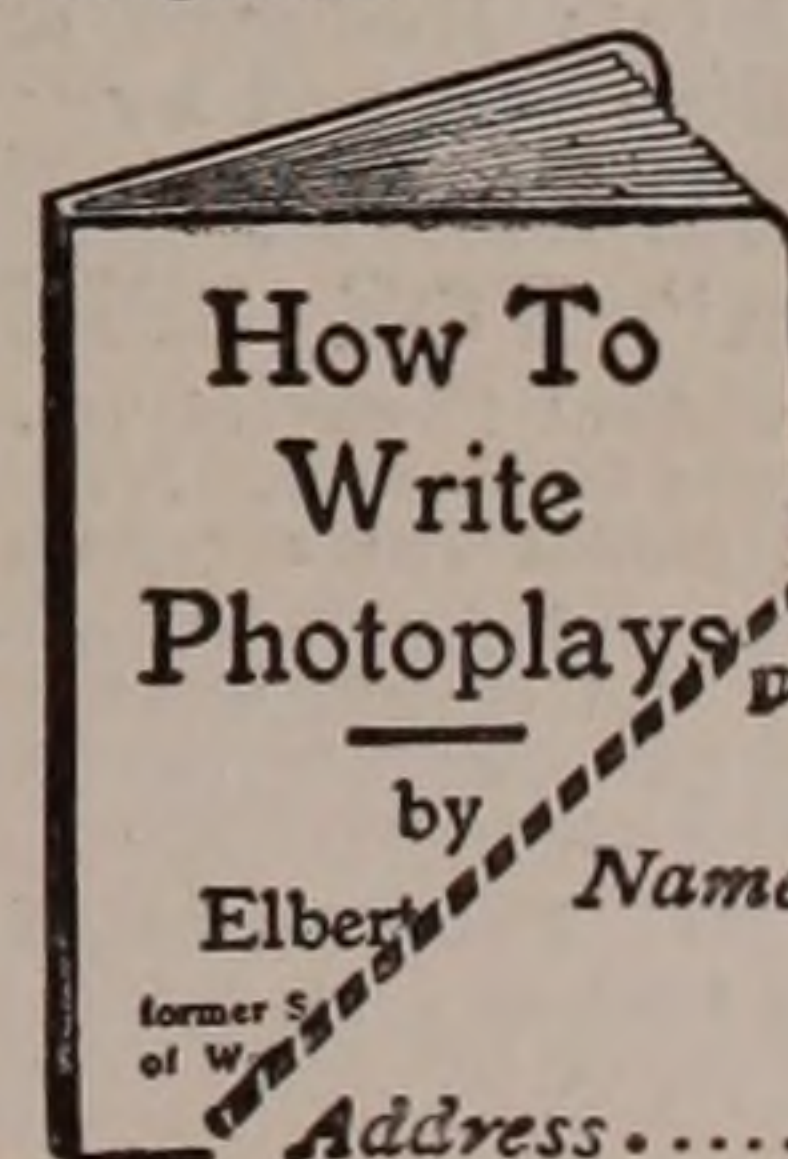
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So intense is the interest in the new Universal feature, "Graft," starring Hobart Henley, the company working on it is pausing only long enough to snatch forty winks and a bite to eat.

Eleanor Woodruff and Jimmie, Vitagraph, were playing tag. Jimmie had a bad cold. Eleanor fondled him and caught the grip. She then gave it back to Jimmie and is now dodging the latter's footsteps. Jimmie is a pet monkey.

After a two-months' illness, Lloyd Hamilton, the big edition of the "Ham and Bud" comedies, is back in harness.

Twenty years ago the stage version of "The Black Crook" became famous, even if a trifle shocking. The screen version by Kalem promises to be likewise.

Helen Holmes, Mutual, known to railroad men west of Chicago as "The Darling of the Rails," is now going to do some "society parts."

Harold Lockwood holds the amateur automobile record for five miles.

In "The Prisoner at the Bar" (Essanay) Warda Howard leaps into Lake Michigan. Date—December 15th. Temperature—10 degrees above zero. Wind velocity—50 miles. And yet some think that the path of a photoplay is strewn with roses.

Eugenie Besserer, Selig, in her spare moments dabbles in real estate.

Geraldine Farrar's second photoplay, "Temptation," under the direction of Lasky, reveals the secrets of grand opera. A suitable vehicle, we observe.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with Charlotte Walker, is a coming treat.

Edith Storey is looking for a new hobby. She fears her activities will shortly cease in her Society to Sew for Stricken Soldiers in Serbia, on account of the sailing of the *Oscar II* to lure the soldiers from the trenches.

"What Will People Say?" one of Rupert Hughes' most popular novels, is being released by Metro, with Olga Petrova in the leading rôle.

The first picture from the Mirror studio is "The Sin of Napoleon."

A day laborer walked off with Anita Stewart's handbag, containing dresses worth over \$350. Anita is curious to know what he wants with the outfit.

Besides being one of America's foremost actresses, Ethel Barrymore is somewhat of a financieress. Her recently signed contract with Metro calls for 160,000 perfectly good dollars per year for three years, or a grand total of \$480,000.

Now comes Crane Wilbur in a serial, "The Adventures of Allan Dare." He wrote it himself.

George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss" is being done by Thanouser, with Mignon Anderson in the rôle of Maggie.

First it was just plain "Mutual." Then along came "Mutual Masterpiece." Now it is "Mutual Masterpieces, De Luxe Edition." Is there no superlative degree?

Rita Jolivet, popular stage star, is featured in a story of the Franco-Austrian war entitled "The Honor to Die."

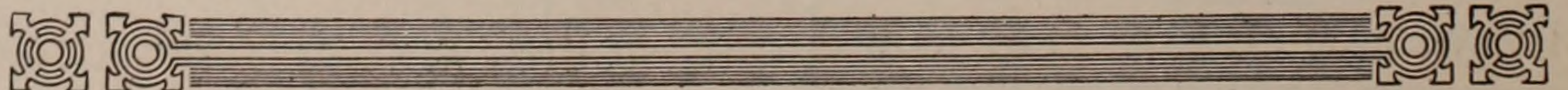
"Trumpeter's Romance" and "The Great Marathon," with an all-star cast of animals from the New York Zoo, will shortly be released by Paramount.

Samuel Ryan, a Fox star, took a fall down a steep flight of stairs in "The Fourth Estate," and, expressing his feelings afterward, said, in his characteristic Celtic: "I commended meself to the ould sod, and with determination, relaxation and precipitation, I picked meself up wid only one bruise, and that same was all over me body."

Frank Daniels plays with dolls. He is perfectly normal, however.

Social note. Henry Walthall paid a short visit to the "Raven" in the Milwaukee Zoo the other day. The bird declined to recognize his fellow photoplayer.

Fickle film flights—Gertrude Robinson and Iva Sheppard to Gaumont; Howard Millcrest and Edward Alexander to Centaur; Bessie Learn to Mirror; Vivian Martin and George Walsh to Fox, and Fania Marinoff to World.



(Sixty-six)

Greenroom Jottings

Concentrated fun. In "Fatty and the Broadway Stars" appear Roscoe Arbuckle, Weber and Fields, Mack Sennet, William Collier and Sam Bernard.

From the stage to Morosco comes Hattie Williams, Ann Murdock to Essanay and Truly Shattuck to Mutual.

Naomi Childers, Vitagraph, is exhibiting a picture of her fiancé. "Of course, it does not do him justice, and he has such lovely hair," quoth Naomi.

The report that Sarah Bernhardt was dying is now denied.

George Cooper, Vitagraph, has at last reformed. In his present rôle in "Thou Art the Man," he is *not* a burglar, but an honest and virtuous man.

A. de la Plaza, a recent Mutual acquisition, is conceded one of Mexico's greatest bull-throwers.

Joined matrimonially—Florence Reed and Malcolm Williams (Gaumont).

Jackie Saunders, Balboa, has been dubbed "The Maude Adams of the Screen."

Vernon Castle, the well-known better-half of Irene, co-stars of "The Whirl of Life" (Cort Films), is to leave shortly for the war zone in company with a real aeroplane which he will sail over the enemy's country, said enemy being Germany *et al.* Irene will remain on this side of the water and make her feet support her during Vernie's absence.

Weber and Fields worked steadily for eighteen hours the day their contract expired with Keystone.

Harold Lockwood and company are on Santa Cruz Island, filming scenes for a coming American release.

May Allison portrays the attractive rôle of a pearl-diver in "Lulu of the Sulu Seas." Kathlyn Williams has a pet jaguar, "Meenie," that plays hide-and-seek.

Daikoku, who knocks anything into your life, and Abesu, the god of laughter and sunshine, are the names and missions of the two little gods that Theda Bara attributes her success to.

Richard Turner has been chosen as Anita Stewart's new leading man.

George Beban, famous for "The Alien," will shortly be seen in "The Genius," a coming World release.

William Farnum claims the distinction of being the only American actor born on the Fourth of July. George Cohan please note.

The weekly payroll of the million-dollar Annette Kellermann picture is said to be \$20,000. Production started in August and is still doing. Who said these were hard times?

Moving Pictures for the blind! Heretofore considered impossible until the showing of "The Battle Cry of Peace" to an audience of one thousand blind children in Boston recently.

Mary Pickford's contract with the Famous Players, calling for \$2,000 a week and royalties, expired December 31st. It is rumored that somebody has offered her \$6,000 a week, and Mary is taking a month's vacation to think it over.

We have with us this evening: E. P. Sullivan (p. 15); Gladys Coburn and Roland Bottomley (p. 17); Victor Moore (p. 19); Vera Sisson, Jack Mulhall and Charles Mailles (p. 24); Glen White and Mary Fuller (p. 29).

In bringing realism into a scene in a Vitagraph story, Van Dyke Brooke and Leah Baird nearly lost their lives. Poisonous gas was being shot thru tubes into an adjoining set, and the director forgot to warn the actors of the danger.

Bryant Washburn, tired of apartment life, is building a bungalow in one of Chicago's fashionable suburbs.

Miriam Nesbitt is back at work after a two-months' vacation.

Gaumont seems to have contracted the habit of "tying their wagon to a bunch of stars." Marguerite Courtot is their most recent acquisition. Her first picture will be "His Wife's Double," a five-reel feature.

William West, the veteran Edison character actor, died in December, aged 62.

The new Vitagraph studio at Brightwaters, L. I., built for the use of Ralph Ince's company, has been officially opened.

Viola Dana, Edison, had been shedding tears all day in many emotional scenes. Her director informed her that he was going to take another scene, when she declared, "I'm all worn out from crying—and if you are going to ask me to go thru another tearful scene, I'm just going to cry, really—that's all."



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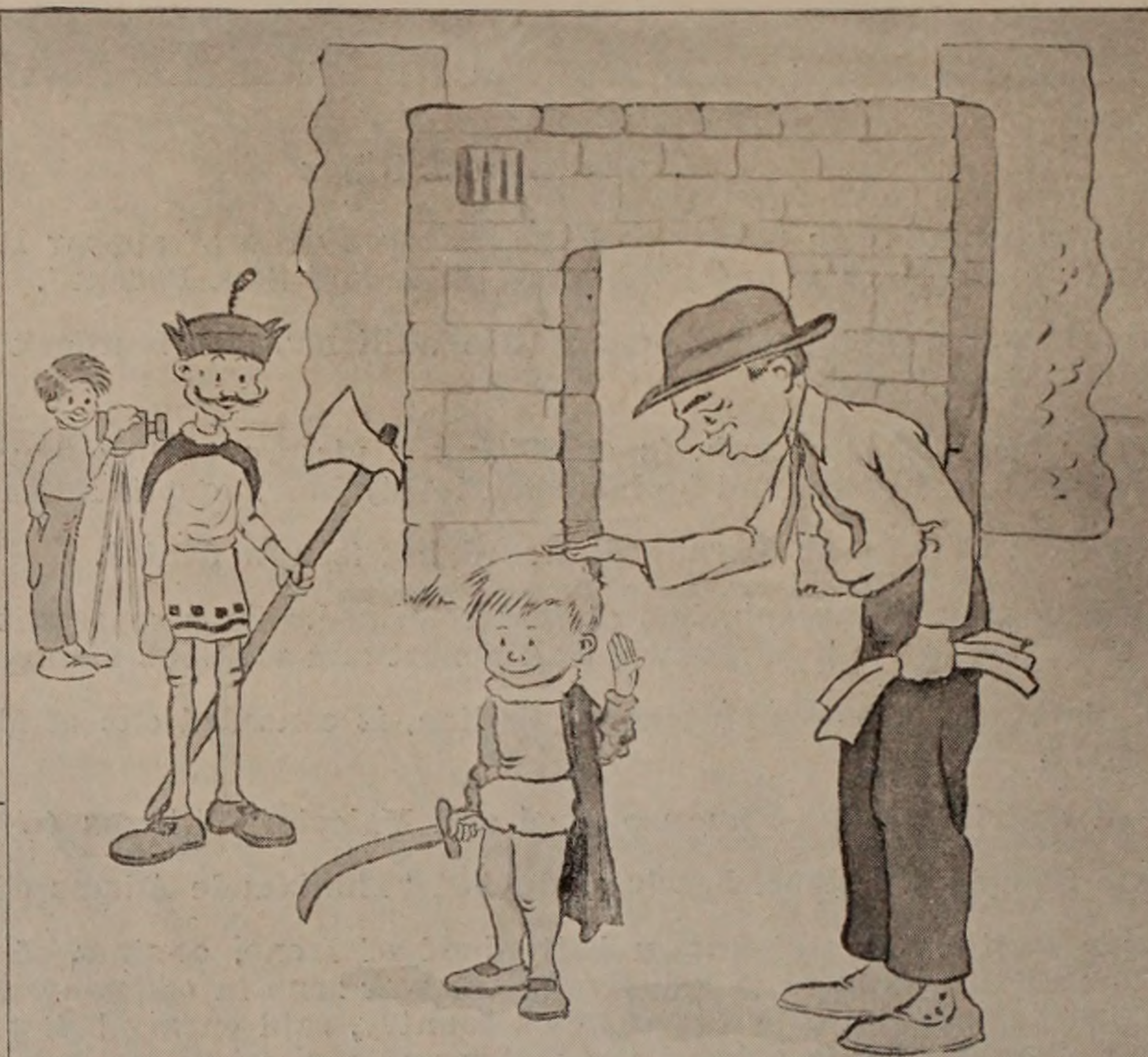
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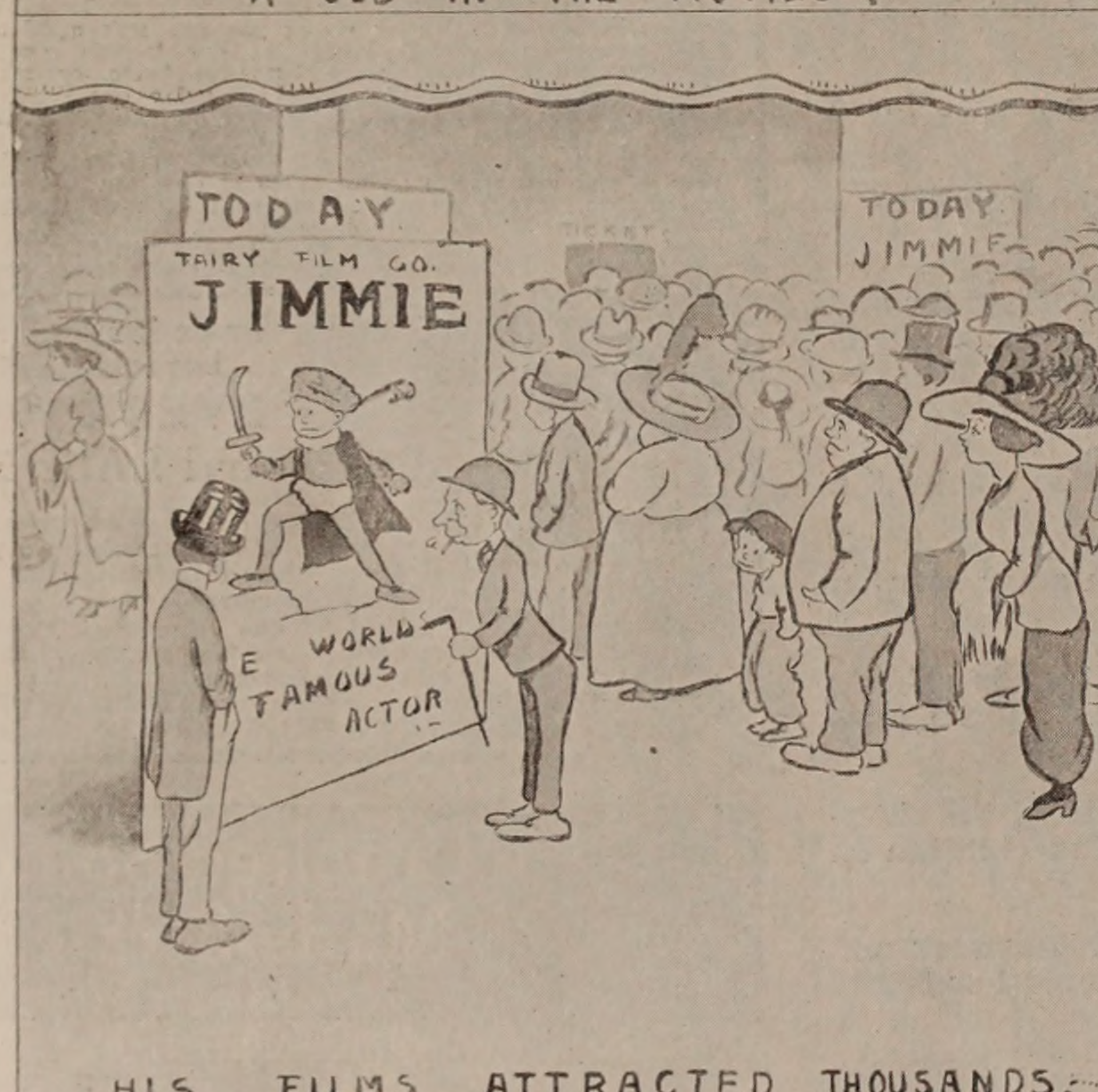
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ONE DAY JIMMIE DEMANDED A JOB IN THE MOVIES, -----



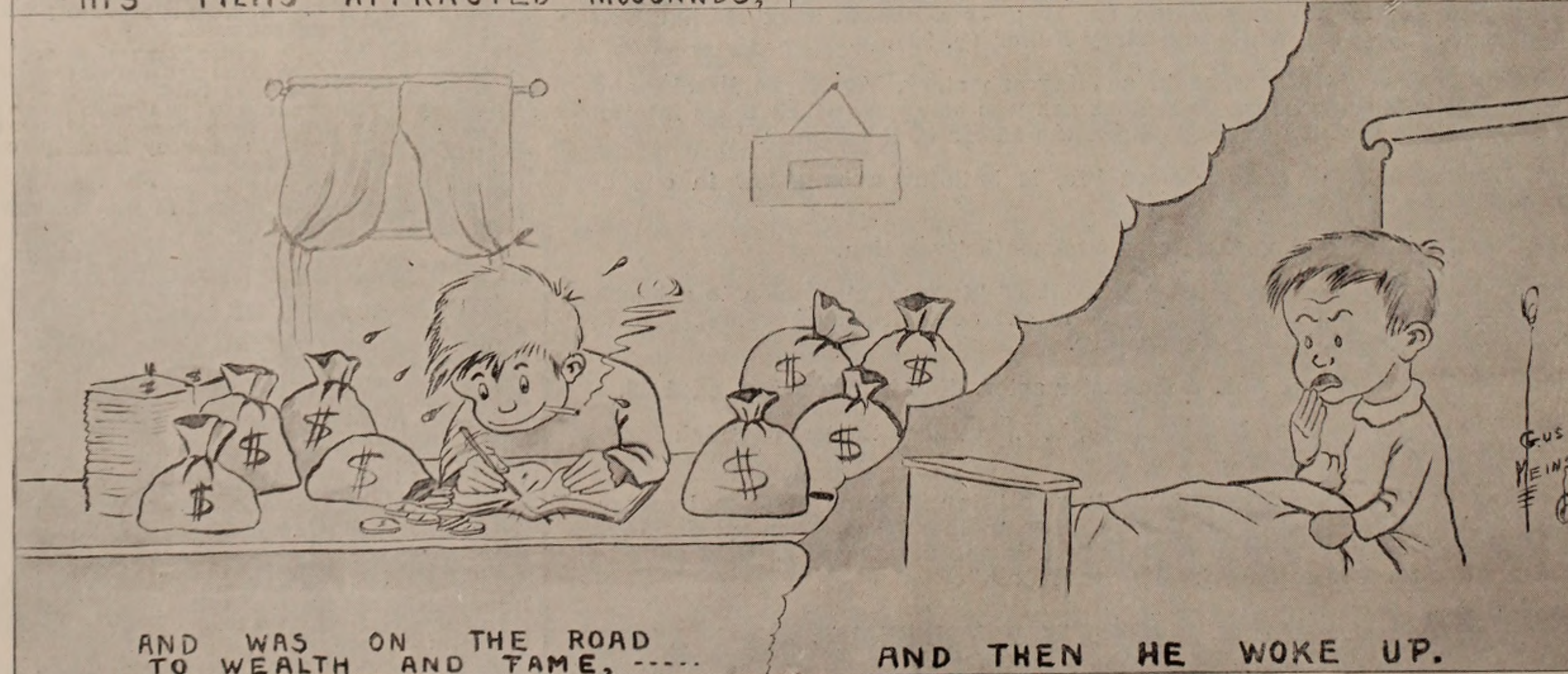
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NOTICE

To satisfy a growing demand, the Photoplay Clearing House department of this magazine has opened a **Technical Department** dedicated to the service of our readers.

All questions regarding the production of photoplays, Motion Picture supply houses and other technical details will be answered when a stamped, addressed envelope is sent for reply.

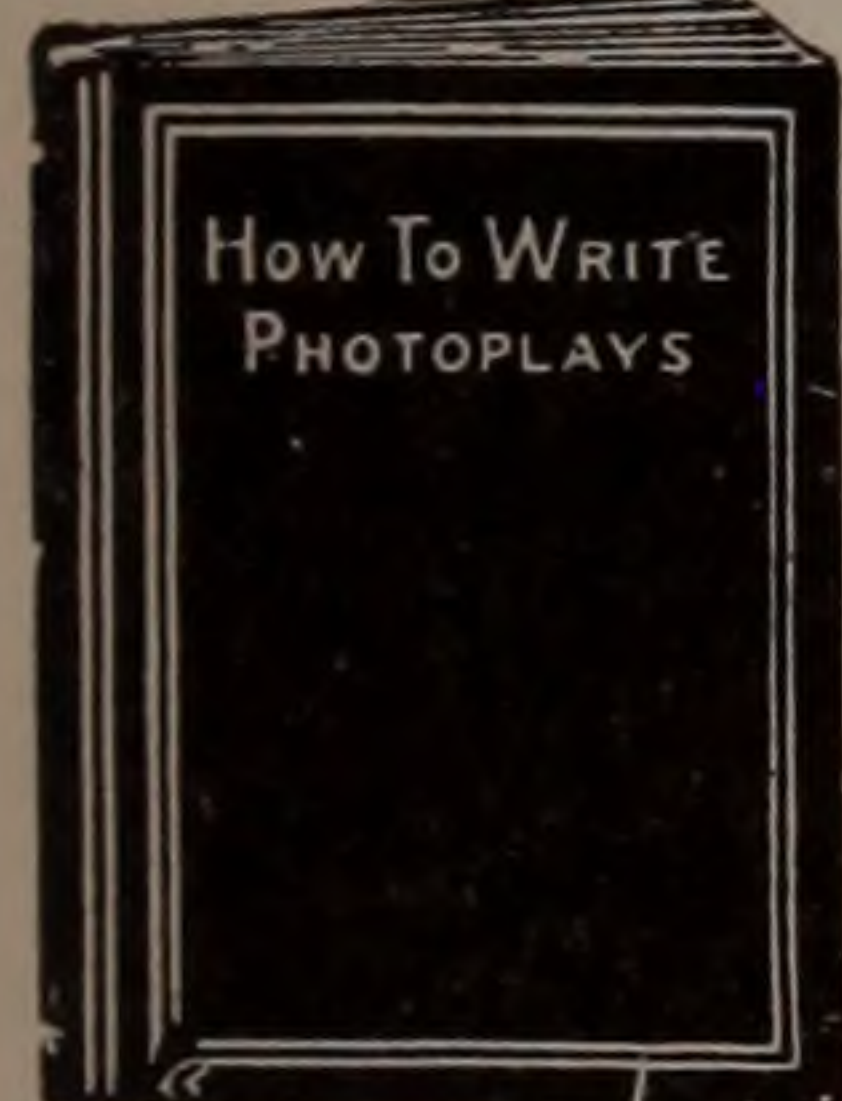
In some cases, and when occasion demands, we will make investigations and act as purchasing agent for out-of-town parties. (All other questions as to scenarios, plays and players, etc., should be addressed to the proper departments announced elsewhere.)

We particularly invite the queries of churches, clubs and amateur dramatic societies. **NO FEES ARE REQUIRED.**

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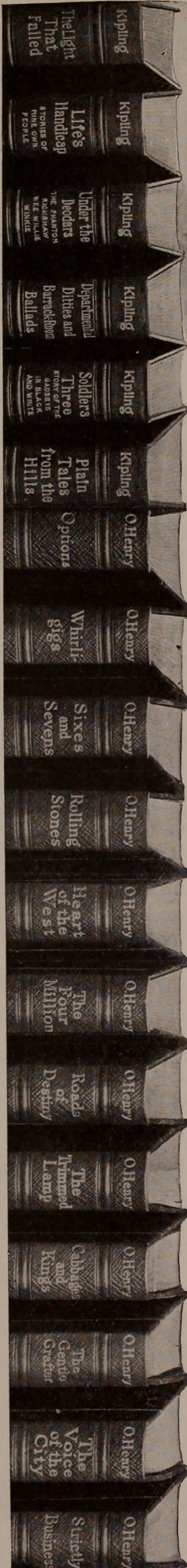
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HOW THE MOVIES AID THE EUROPEAN POLICE

By ERNEST A. DENCH

NINE out of ten photoplays seen on the magic, white screen have crime introduced in some form or other. This will give you a comprehensive idea as to how scenario writers and the film producers worship evil-doing, altho it is only fair to say that virtue always triumphs in the end.

The least that the Motion Picture can do in return for this is to offer a *quid pro quo*, and this it has done over in Europe.

France has recognized the value of the movies more than any other nation in this wide world. When a policeman now joins the force he is instructed in regard to the right way to perform his varied duties by means of cinematograph lessons given at the police school. The film opens with a housewife breaking the law by shaking her carpet from the window and then using the sill of same as a clothes-line. Next, an auto-driver drives along the wrong side of the street-car tracks. This incident is followed by a peddler using the sidewalk to display his wares—another offense. It is then demonstrated to the recruit the right way to arrest people when requested to do so by some one who has a charge against them.

Accidents of various sorts come in for quite extended treatment, the two chief ones being applying first-aid to a person who has been saved from drowning, and the other a man who

is so engrossed in reading his newspaper while crossing the street that he takes no notice of the traffic and is knocked down by an auto. This affords an opportunity to give the new hand some tips in attending to the victim before the ambulance arrives. The recruit is also shown the right way to handle a woman who wishes information, followed by some topographical facts of Paris.

The vital, instructive points of the Motion Picture are those giving lessons in jiu-jitsu and the correct manner to overpower an Apache or armed burglar. As a good conclusion, the budding policeman is taught just how to act when called in to investigate a robbery or murder case.

Passing on to England, while no official recognition has been accorded the Motion Picture, police officers from Scotland Yard and other important stations make it their business to attend Motion Picture theaters when animated newspapers are presented dealing with such important home events as Royal visits, football matches, mass meetings, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race and Derby Race Day.

It is a recognized fact that wanted criminals frequent places where things like these are held, and this gives the police a clew to work upon. Their efforts, as you might expect, are fruitless on some occasions, but they are rewarded on others.

I happen to know the case of a man who had roamed the country at will for five years while being vainly sought for on a serious charge of coin-ing. One day, however, a policeman caught a glimpse of him on the screen, watching a royal procession in the North of England, and, by tactful inquiries, was able to locate his man.

When a robbery or murder occurs in Berlin, the police authorities order the two hundred and fifty Motion Picture theaters to show on the screen the portrait of the wanted man.

At Budapest, some time ago, quite a novel use was made of the Motion Picture. It was when some desperate rioting took place, and a cinematograph operator patted himself on the back for succeeding in obtaining such realistic views of the occurrence. He had no idea, however, that, a few days later, his efforts would serve a two-fold purpose.

The rioters were so mighty proud of themselves, on learning from a friend that all their daredeviltry had been recorded on the film, that they attended the favored photoplay theater in full force. This information managed to reach the ears of the police, who, dressed in plain clothes, watched the screen intently, and were able to pick out the rioters. Against the condemning evidence of the Motion Picture the latter could not make one word of protest in avoiding the criminal charges.

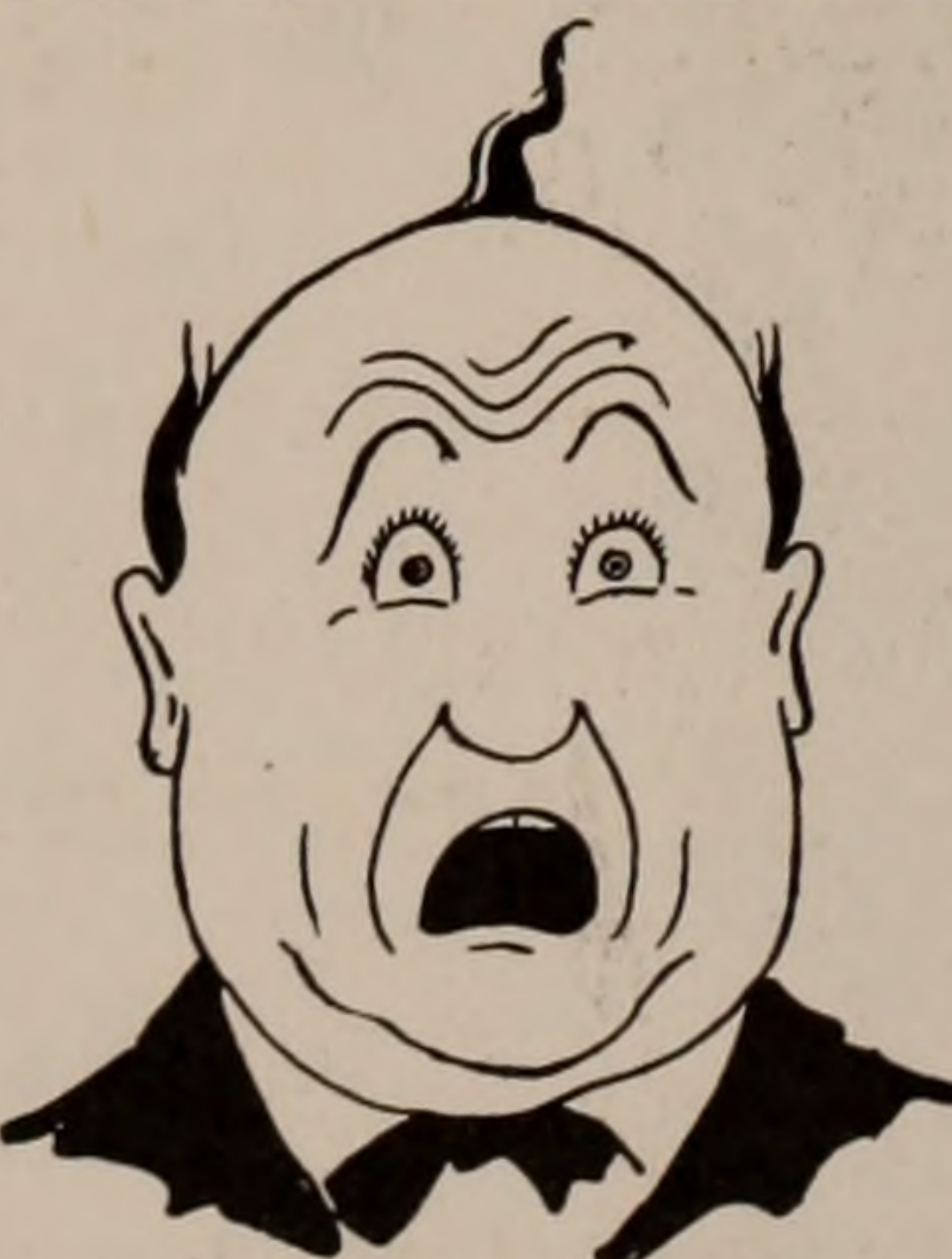
"EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS"



WAITING FOR THE SHOW TO BEGIN



"LADIES PLEASE REMOVE THEIR HATS"



PEARL WHITE LEAPS FROM A BURNING BRIDGE



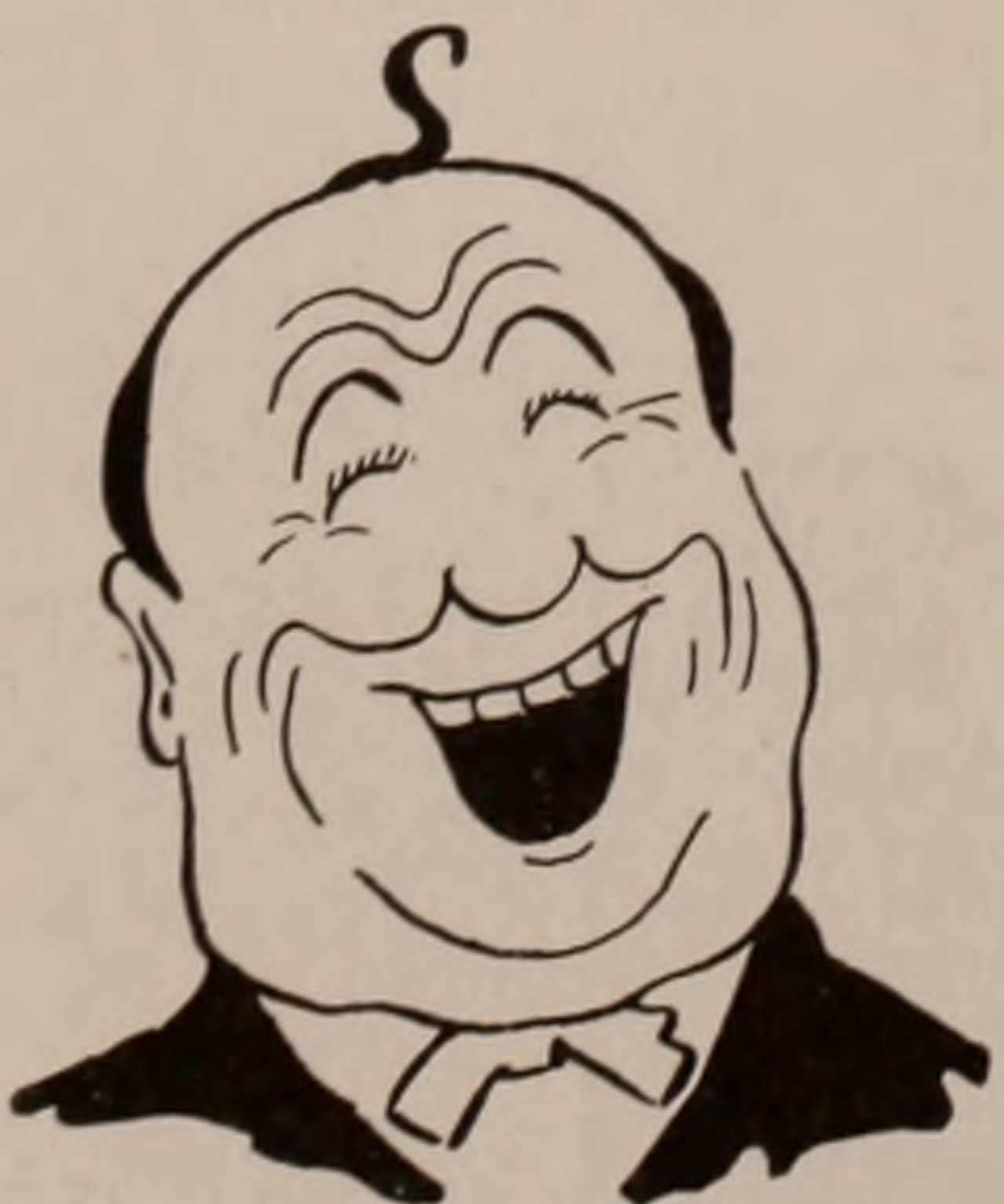
JACK RICHARDSON GETS IN HIS FINE WORK



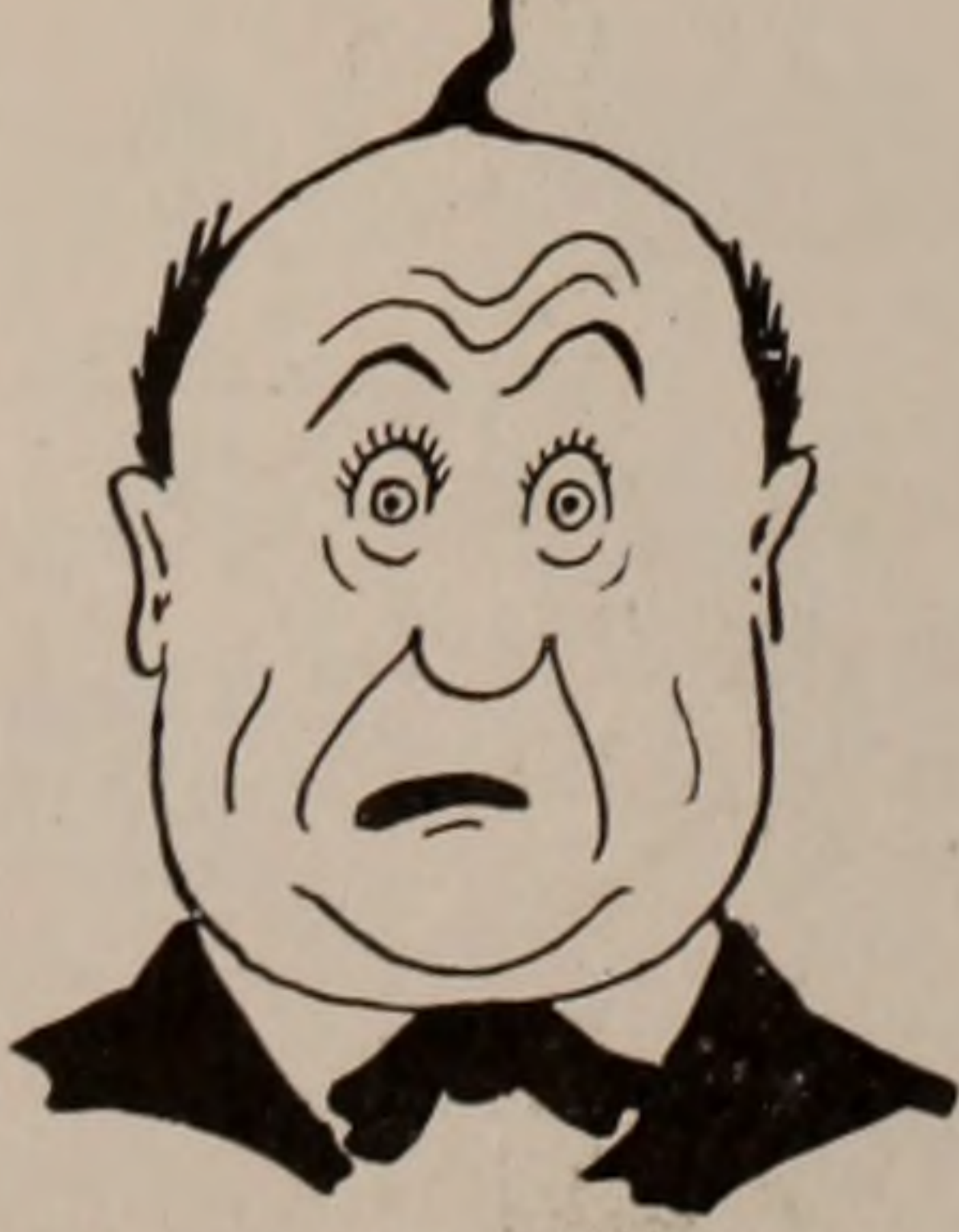
ANITA STEWART FALLS INTO THE TRAP



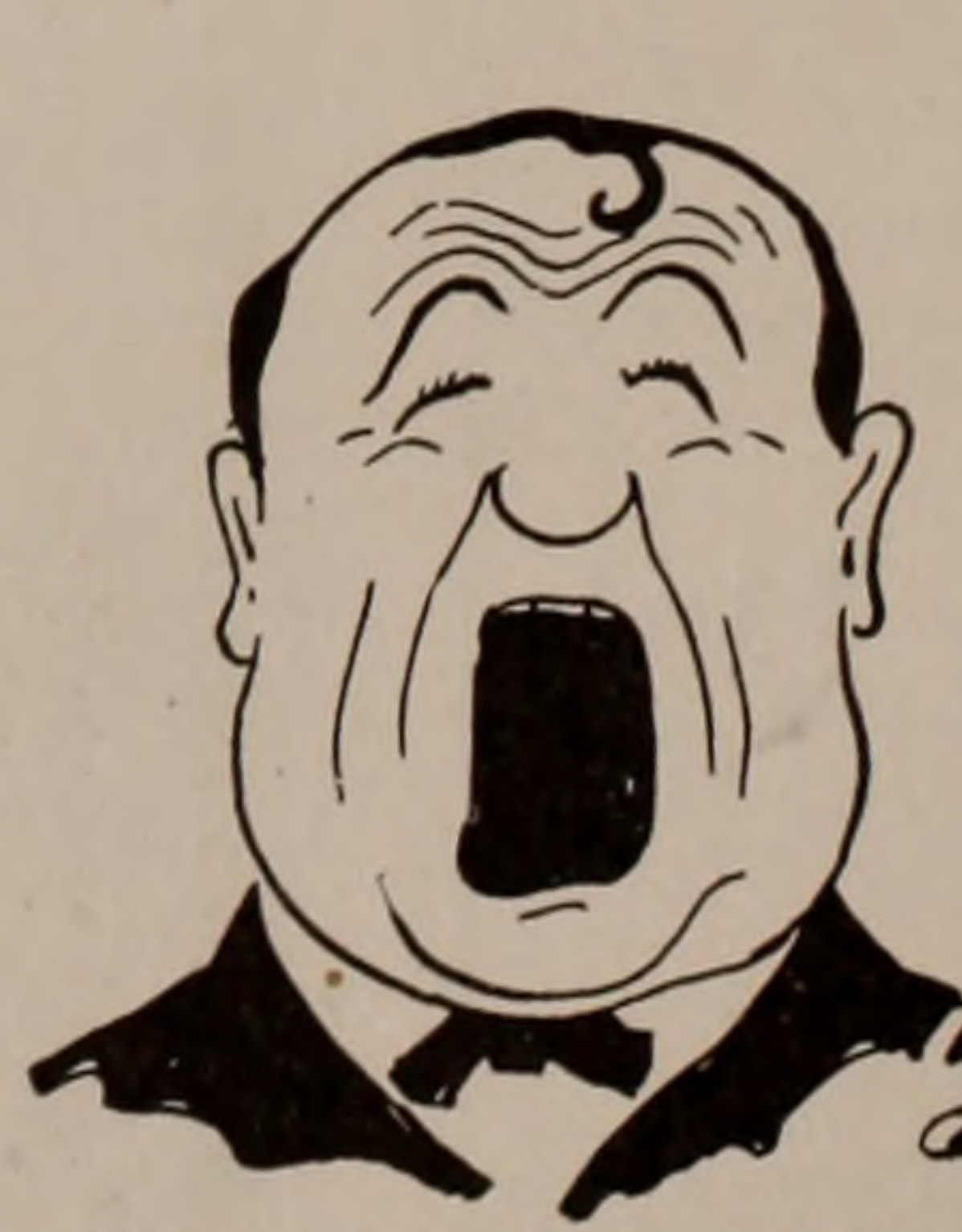
WARREN KERRIGAN MAKES LOVE



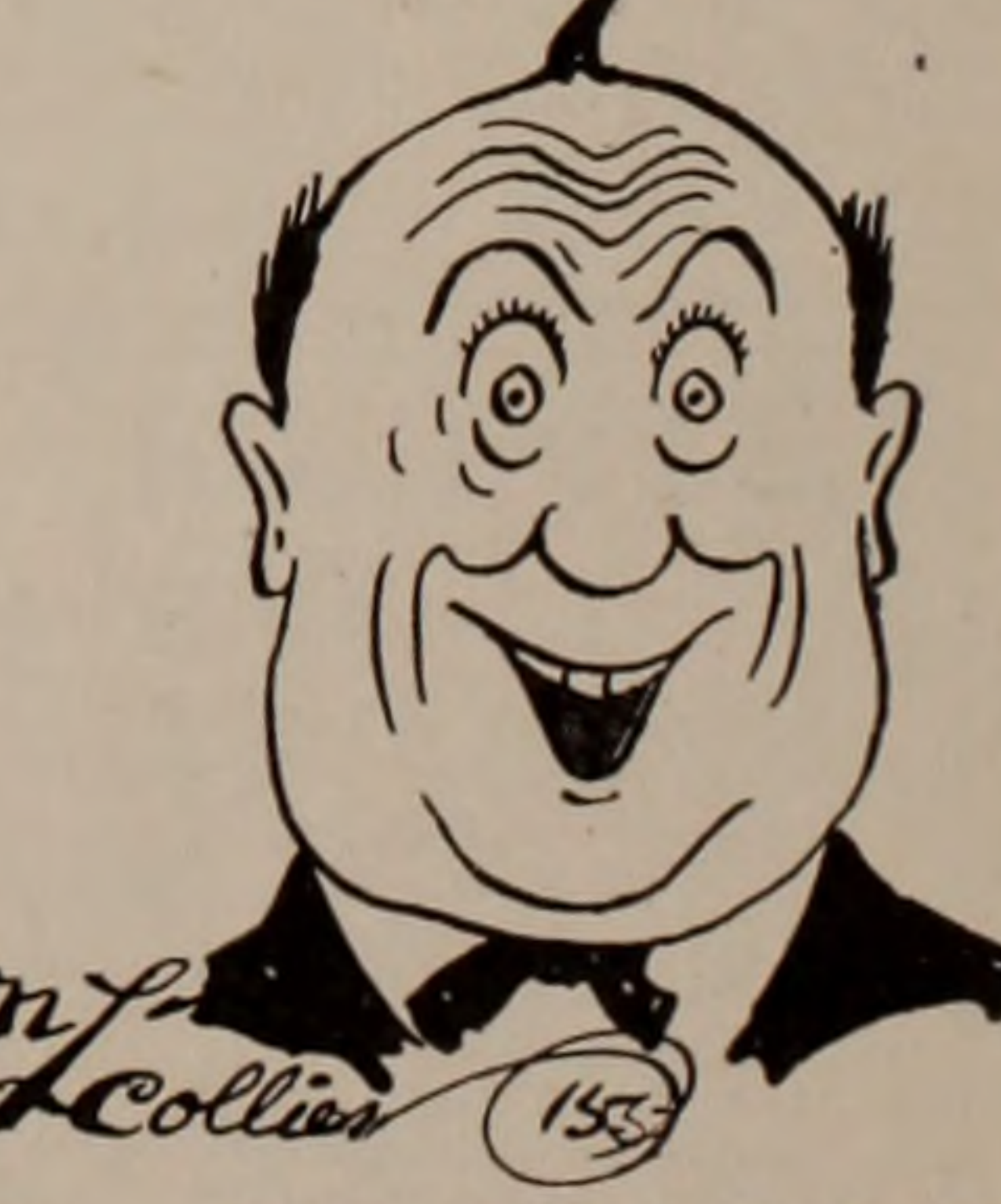
CHARLIE CHAPLIN SKIDS ON ONE FOOT



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN SAVES THE HEROINE



"ONE MINUTE, PLEASE, TO CHANGE REELS"



CLEO MADISON IS RESCUED BY THE HERO

BEAUTY HINTS

By Janice Lockhart

NO beauty hint is too insignificant to chain a woman's interest. We of this generation seize upon every new discovery as eagerly as did our grandmothers or their grandmothers. No beauty secret is permitted to remain a secret any longer than it takes to tell it.

No doubt you have expected, as I have, that when discovered the Great Secret would prove to be a chemical formula. It is not. In a little instrument, no larger than a hair brush, the inventor has imprisoned a wonderful, mysterious power—a modified form of the elemental force that exists everywhere in nature.

But you are waiting for the secret. It is not so new that you have not already heard of it, but I do not know *one* woman who has yet learned the tremendous scope and power of the force employed by the vibrator.

Have you any idea how much repair work the blood in your body is required to perform? Scientists tell us that the entire human body is reconstructed and replaced each seven years. The body you lived in seven years ago is gone—not a vestige of it remains to-day.

Nature's cures are wrought through the blood. And in this day no practitioner of medicine is so bigoted as to argue that nature is not the greatest of all physicians. No curative or healing agent can do more than assist nature. And the closer its processes simulate those of nature, the more effective and speedy its benefits. Whether you suffer from consumption or blackheads, you must look to the blood for relief and help. First enrich the blood with good food, fresh air and exercise. Then transmit it by vibration to the affected parts to perform its natural function of repairing and building up broken-down and wasted tissues by carrying off the poisons and depositing new flesh-building material where it is needed.

For there is a wide difference between hand massage and vibratory massage. All the results yielded by thirty minutes' rubbing with the hands are secured in five minutes or less by the vibrator, and many benefits are secured from the latter that no amount of hand-rubbing will produce.

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(Seventy-one)

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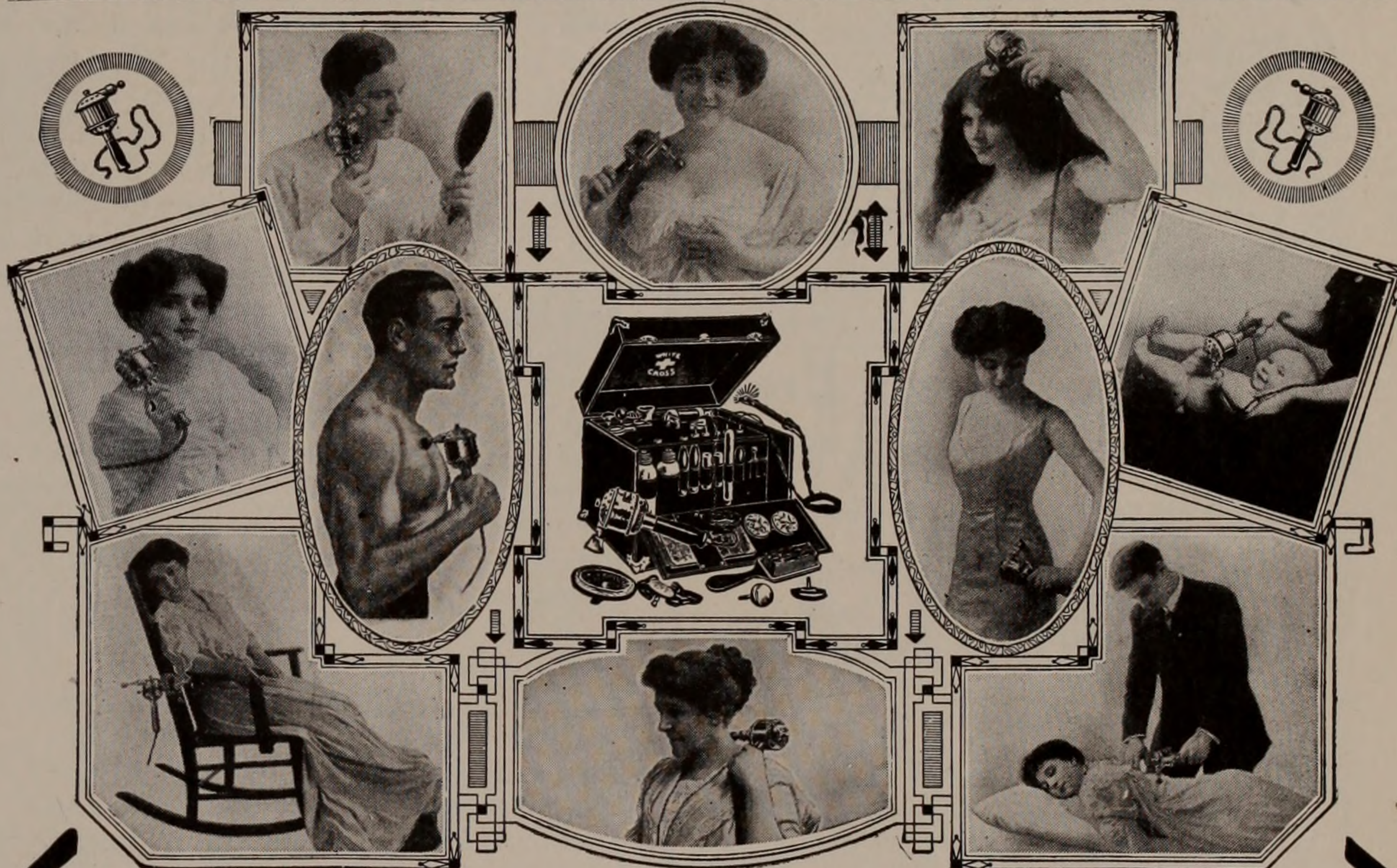
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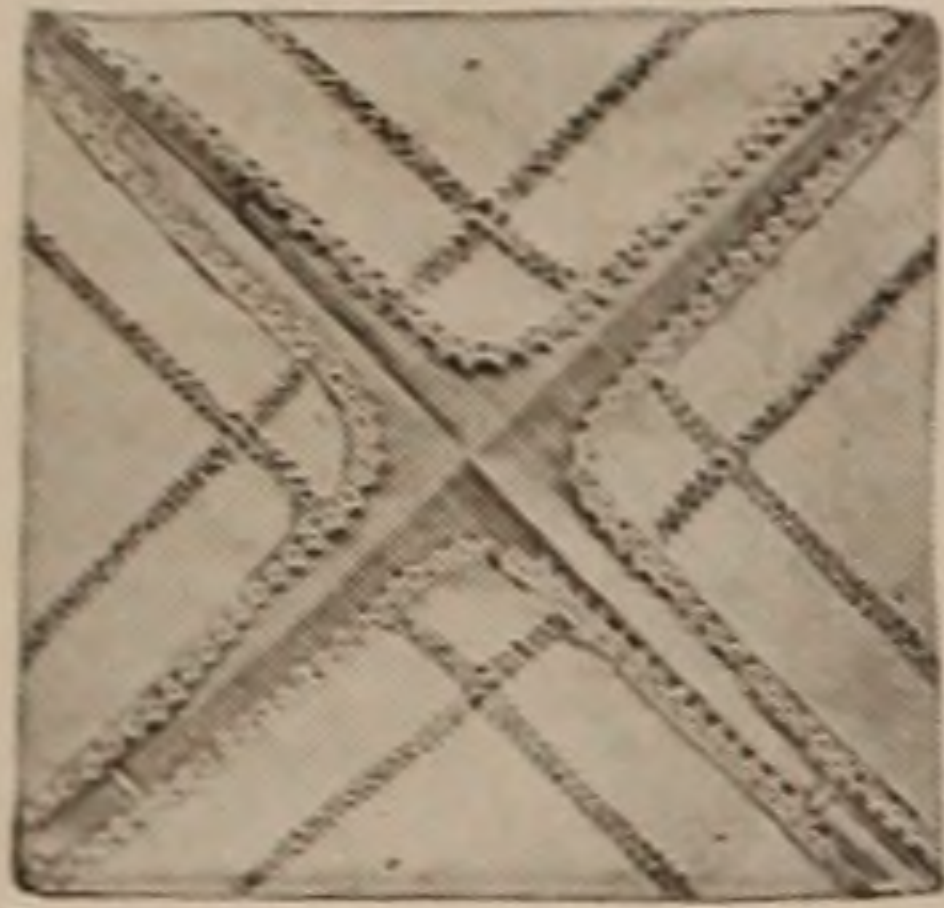
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Handkerchief, and one rapid hand-winding Tattling shuttle with complete set of instructions for tattling—all FREE to any lady sending only 10c in stamps or silver to pay for postage and material to embroider it like illustration. On this great offer you get—

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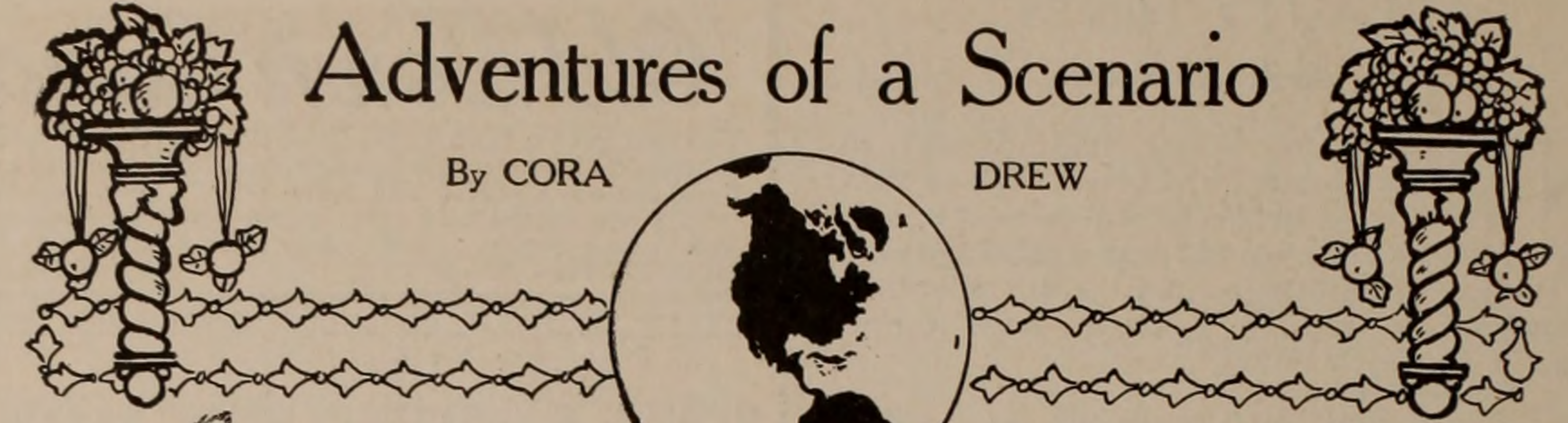


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Adventures of a Scenario

By CORA

DREW

FROM the hands of a painstaking, inspired author I started out a neat, perfect script. I bore one small clip. The mail clerk weighed me, and my author placed the required amount in stamps upon my cover. When they stamped me in the machine, I felt the clip press heavily thru my folds, and I knew the imprint was but one of many I would bear if I were destined to return home, for had I not heard the other scripts complain? I was not sure till then, for I had yet to make my first trip.

After much handling, I reached a desk in a stuffy office. I was not alone, I felt sure, tho I could not see thru the thick envelopes that blinded me; but I heard a gruff voice exclaim, "Heavens! what a pile of stuff to read, and I bet there isn't a decent one in the pile—just 'truck.'" I smiled to myself, in anticipation of his surprise when he reached me, for I was sure I could not be "truck," for several knowing ones, and one great author, had criticized me favorably, and the minister said I was a fine "uplift" story and would surely do good. I was finally torn from my cover—another clip and a slip added to my weight. Above me were the beetling brows of a big man, who exclaimed, "Shortage of stamps again!"—which I knew might be true if I were to be



returned to my author. Then I was mauled—laid aside for another to read. The next person jerked over a page, prodded a quid of tobacco to the other side of his mouth; and then my soul died within me, as he placed those wet, soiled fingers on my clean, white sides and turned another page, exclaiming, "Well, fairly decent, but just what does he think—" etc. I closed my ears at what followed, and prayed to be placed in my return cover and sent home. Not that; there was worse to come! I knew such a brute could not see my delicate beauty, but I was again laid one side for some other to read. I was almost dizzy with what came after, for there was such a diversity of opinions and expressions.

I heard this: "Nix—the mother isn't the one we want for lead—rats on the old dames; give us youth, be it fat, or skin and bone. Never mind that part—the director will make her act!" Then followed



an argument, which ended with, "Write him, if he revises this for Pearle Penny and cuts the mother to the cook or maid, we'll give him—" and the price was so small I fainted. Back home I went, and the changes were made. While I was away, there was a change in the studio, and I arrived to hear, "O—" Again I closed my ears. "He has weakened his story by making the kid a lead—she cant possibly know the life that mother would have known. Whose idea was this?" It was his own, but he had forgotten it. Back I went again; now my author swore, "It's the last time I'll change a story. I'll send the original where I think brains are aboard." My associate scripts laughed at my tale, and said I had only begun the agony; but I felt I was too good to be lost, so out I went again, and this time a woman's voice said, "Just the thing for Mother Gray. She will do it beautifully, and it gives a good chance to our ingénue, who has sweet manners that go with the audiences. It's worth—" and then I knew the price was right, for there was an immediate argument, which the lady won.



Most of the directors read and rejected me, for one reason and another, and finally a young man with flowing tie and wavy hair picked me up. He looked far from strong, but he had the sweetest self of any one who had held me so far. Tenderly he turned my pages; thoughtfully he studied me. He started to rehearse, and my heart



sang with joy, for here, at last, was a man with a soul. Mother Gray was bright and sprightly, and far from the old woman I expected to see, after all I had heard. I could see myself finished—the tender passages appealing as if spoken, the audiences sitting breathlessly awaiting the outcome

of Mother's efforts to restore peace and prosperity to a dissipated family—and then my director fell ill, and I was given over to another. Will I ever forget that day? First my title was changed, then everything else was changed. But I was finally finished! Mother baked cakes for soldiers. My

author saw me, but he didn't know I was his. How could he, when all there was left of me was a small piece down in one corner ending as a war-drama? He still thinks they have not yet released his play. "Where ignorance is bliss," etc. Perhaps he will read this; perhaps he'll weep; perhaps not! Anyway, I'm done for. I'm a composite, a foundling, a Coney Island tintype!



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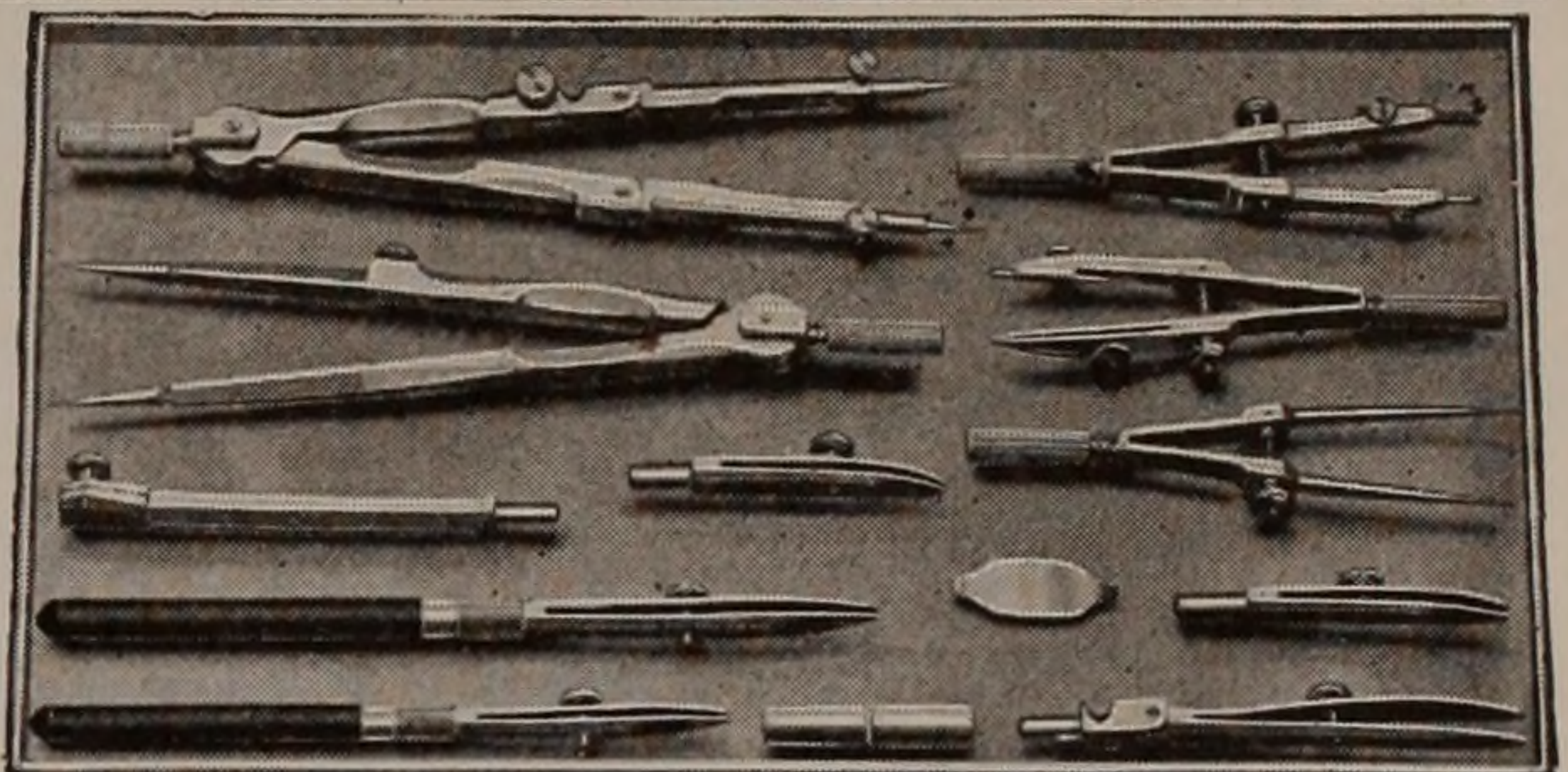
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THE HEART OF A MERMAID

(Continued from page 32)



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asking too much of you to lend that horribly bred, little creature one of your gowns. And as for expecting us to believe that impossible tale—but you must remember, Dora, that you are almost thirty, and at that age an unmarried girl has to overlook almost anything in a man. Just wait till you are safely Mrs. Dryden, and we will make short work of his sirens and mermaids and what-d'you-call-'ems!"

"Yes, mama," said Dora, powdering her nose viciously and struggling to force her six-and-a-half foot into a 4-A slipper. "If—ouch—if only that girl knew what shockingly bad form it is to tell the truth! But I am willing to believe *anything* Bailey tells me—until we are married, and then I shall believe *nothing*—absolutely nothing at all!"

Dora was a simple, unspoiled ingénue of quite the modern school.

In the dining-room the members of the party waited Algæ's appearance with varying shades of emotion. Righteous disapproval sat astride the aquiline bridge of Mrs. Wentworth's nose behind her gold pince-nez. Her daughter displayed a blank countenance above a remarkable expanse of powdery shoulder and back, while her

devoted fiancé watched the doorway, apprehensively, and spoke with pathetic vagueness of the opera and Ibsen.

"Rum go!" whispered Tommie Taber to his vis-à-vis. "Old lady longing to pitch into Bailey, but counting ten before she speaks—ten million cool—and—whew! Look at that!"

In the doorway, facing them all, stood Algæ, in a trailing pink satin gown, lifted above her small, bare feet with one hand, while with the other she clutched a red-and-white-striped blanket tightly around her neck.

"The top was gone out of my dress," she explained, "just like it is out of hers"—a nod indicated Dora. "You said this morning," she added cheerfully, "that nice young ladies wore clothes, so I put the blanket round me."

"Algæ!" Bailey's voice was stern. He would not meet his future mother-in-law's awful glare, nor his graceless companions' grins—"Algæ, I thought I told you to put on your stockings and slippers before you came down."

"Why is it worse not to wear things on one end than the other?" asked the little mermaid, bewilderedly. "Are feet more improper than necks and

arms? Oh"—the small, coral-red lips quivered—"oh, I shall never learn to be a human, I'm afraid!"

Suddenly she was around the table, with a patter of soft soles, clinging to Bailey's neck.

"Are you—tired of me already?" she gasped, and her sea-colored eyes grew wide with pain and terror—"then I must go back to my sea!"

The room was filled with a moaning of waters and the sharp, salt tang of the full of the tide. Before any one could stir or stop her, Algæ was gone, and a wild wind rushed, wailing, down the companionway, quenching the candles in their silver sconces. Bailey ran to the porthole and looked out into the scudding moonlight, a cry rising to his lips. One moment he thought he saw a slim, white arm rise from the spray and wave farewell to him; then a dark cloud had blown across the moon.

"Algæ! Sweetheart!" he cried out—"Algæ, come back to me——"

"Steady, old man, steady!" Tommie Taber's cynical voice boomed in his ear; "I told you to go slow on the cocktails, son!"

Bailey Dryden sat up, blinking, and stared about the smoking-room. Thru the blue haze of cigaret smoke six faces grinned at him.

"Who's Algæ, my boy?" begged the son of the beer millions, encouragingly. "Gad! we never thought it of you, Bailey, you sly son-of-a-gun."

"You find out a lot when a fellah's asleep," drawled the weary one of the fleur-de-lys; "but you'd better get over the habit before you're married, old man—take it from me."

Bailey Dryden grinned sheepishly, looking away out of the open porthole opposite to the near-by line of shore, white with the moon. A black rock rose against the sky, and, as he gazed, a figure rounded it, but not the sweet, white shape of his dream. Only a fisherwoman, basket on arm, strode along the sands with her dog at her heels. Bailey sighed and turned his eyes with an effort to the sheet of paper, lying half-covered with handwriting, on the desk before him. It was his unfinished letter to his fiancée. With a heavier sigh, he bent, manfully, over his lover's task.

"We are passing Mermaid Rock," he wrote dutifully. "It is a picturesque spot. It would make a fine magazine cover or postcard, so I will send you a snapshot of it. I hope you are well and not tiring yourself out with dress-fitting." And then, because a real sweetheart is, after all, better than the loveliest dream-mermaid—"I shall be glad when this cruise is over and I get back once more to you."

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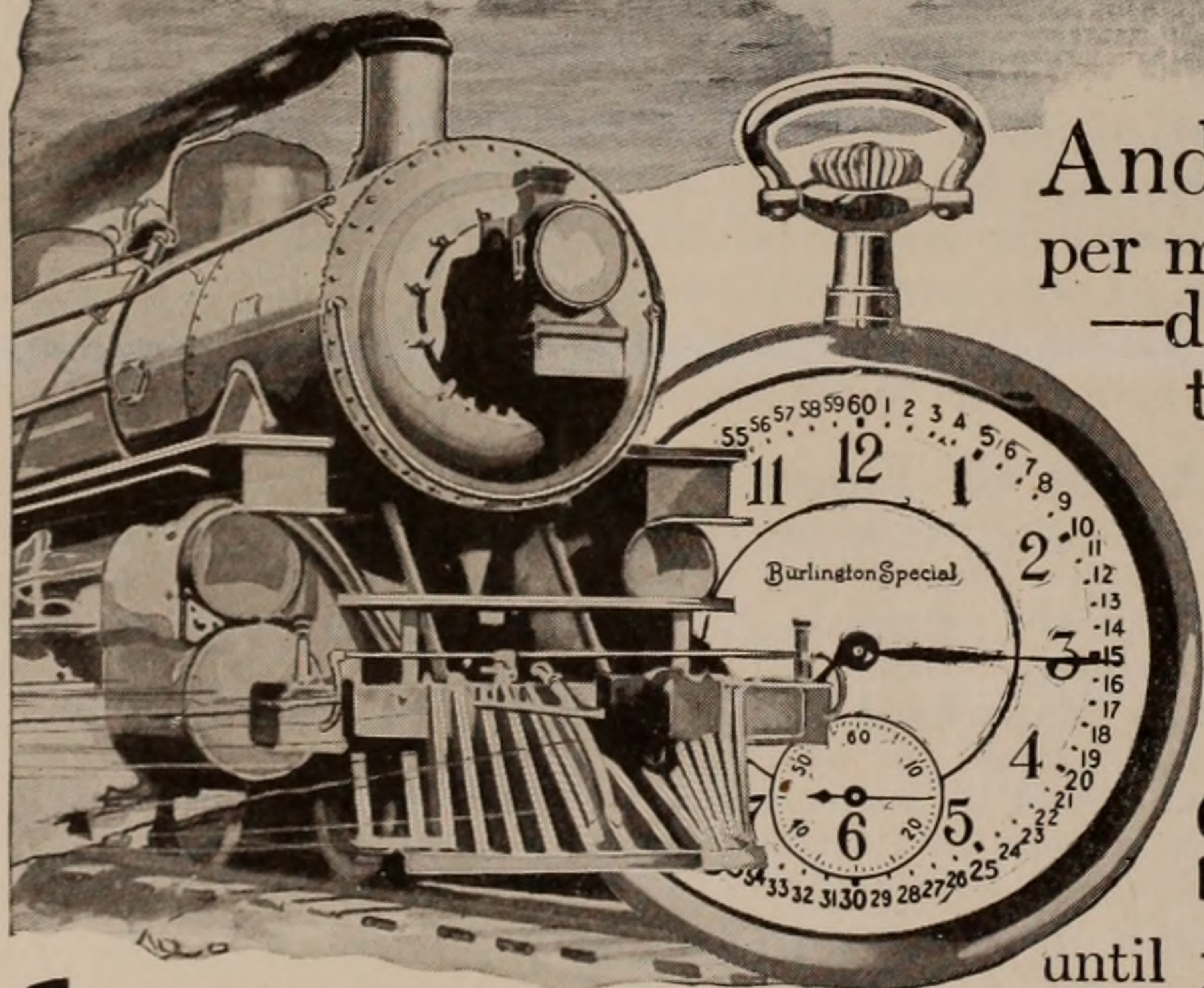
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