

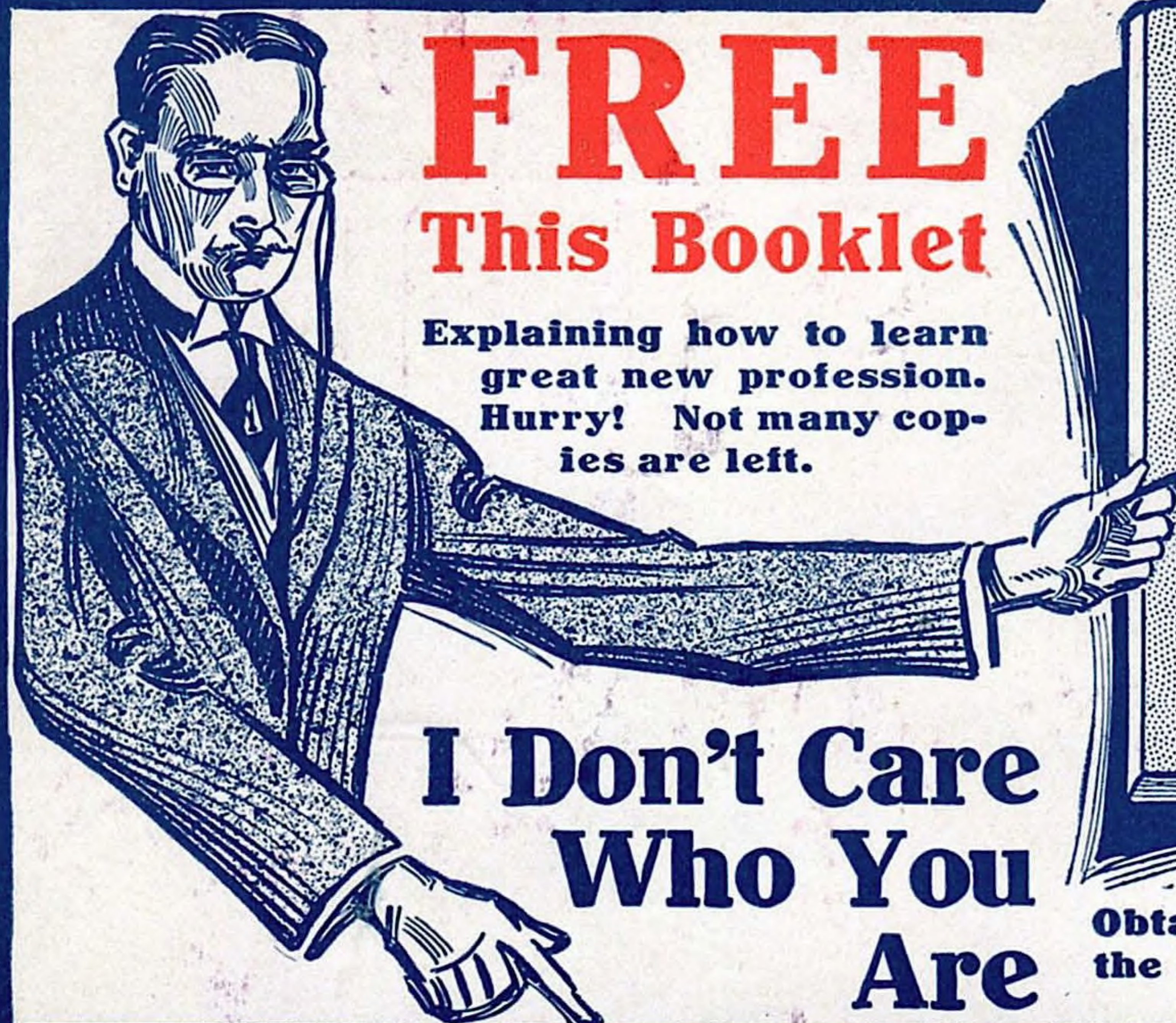
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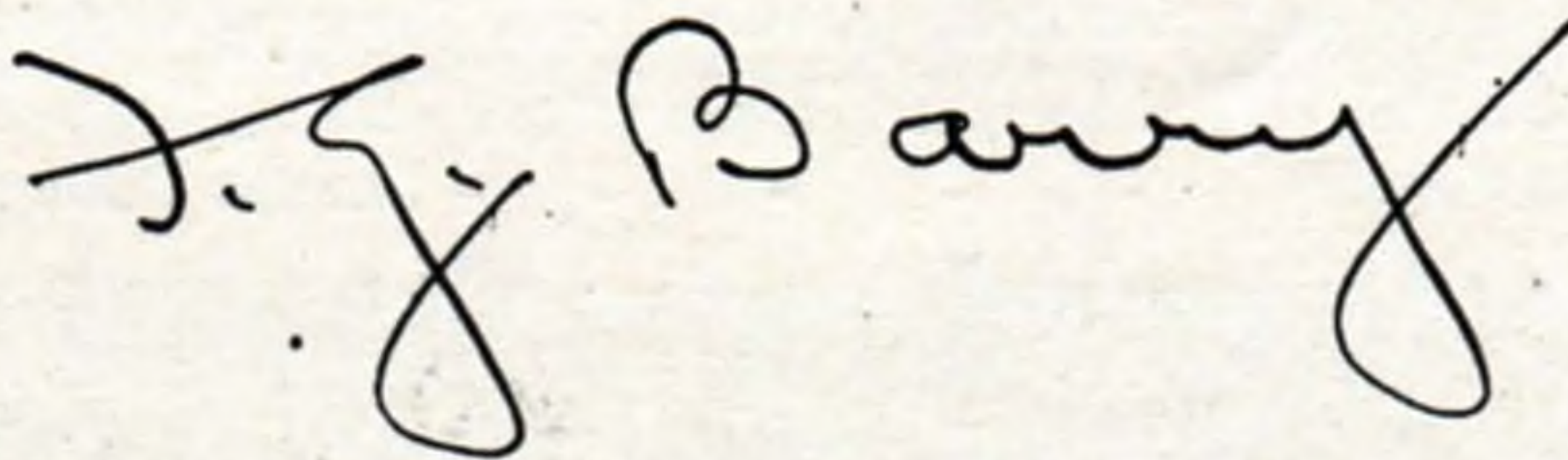
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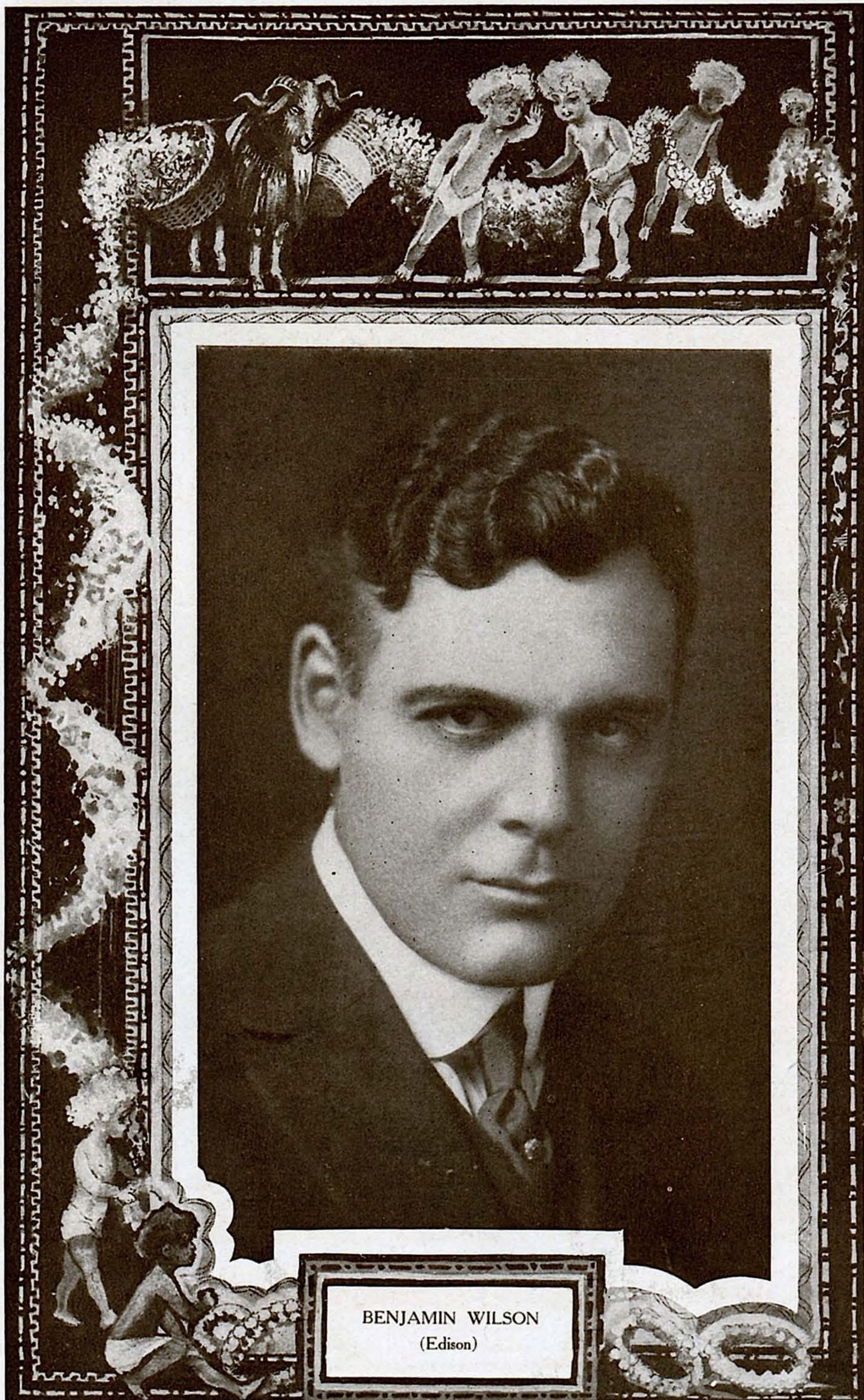
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## MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N. Y.

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## The Sins of the Father

(Nestor)

By RODOTHY LENNOD

From the Photoplay by WALLACE REID

OH, aye, the Good Book puts it rightly, madam, when it says: "The sins of the father shall be visited on the sons." I mind me there was Jessalie Gordon and her man—but 'tis a long story, with tears in the ending o' it, and like enough would weary a lady like you. No? Well, take this chair, madam—'tis easier to set, and I'll spin you the yarn.

The prettiest lass i' the township was Jessalie—Brown was her name when I first knew her, the matter of twenty-five years ago, lack a day. I did plain sewing for her lady-mother, so I saw a mort o' the child. Eighteen I should say she was, and with hair like floss and the bonniest blue eyes; and I wasn't the only one to think her bonny, be sure, for half the lads in the town were in love with her; and such a ringing o' door-bells, and such boxes o' flowers, and such a sighing and sweethearting you never saw the like o' it. But Jessalie wasn't of a mind to hurry in choosing a husband—lassies as can have their pick o' 'em never are. "I'm going to be sure instead of sorry," she would

smile; "I'm too young to be tied yet awhile."

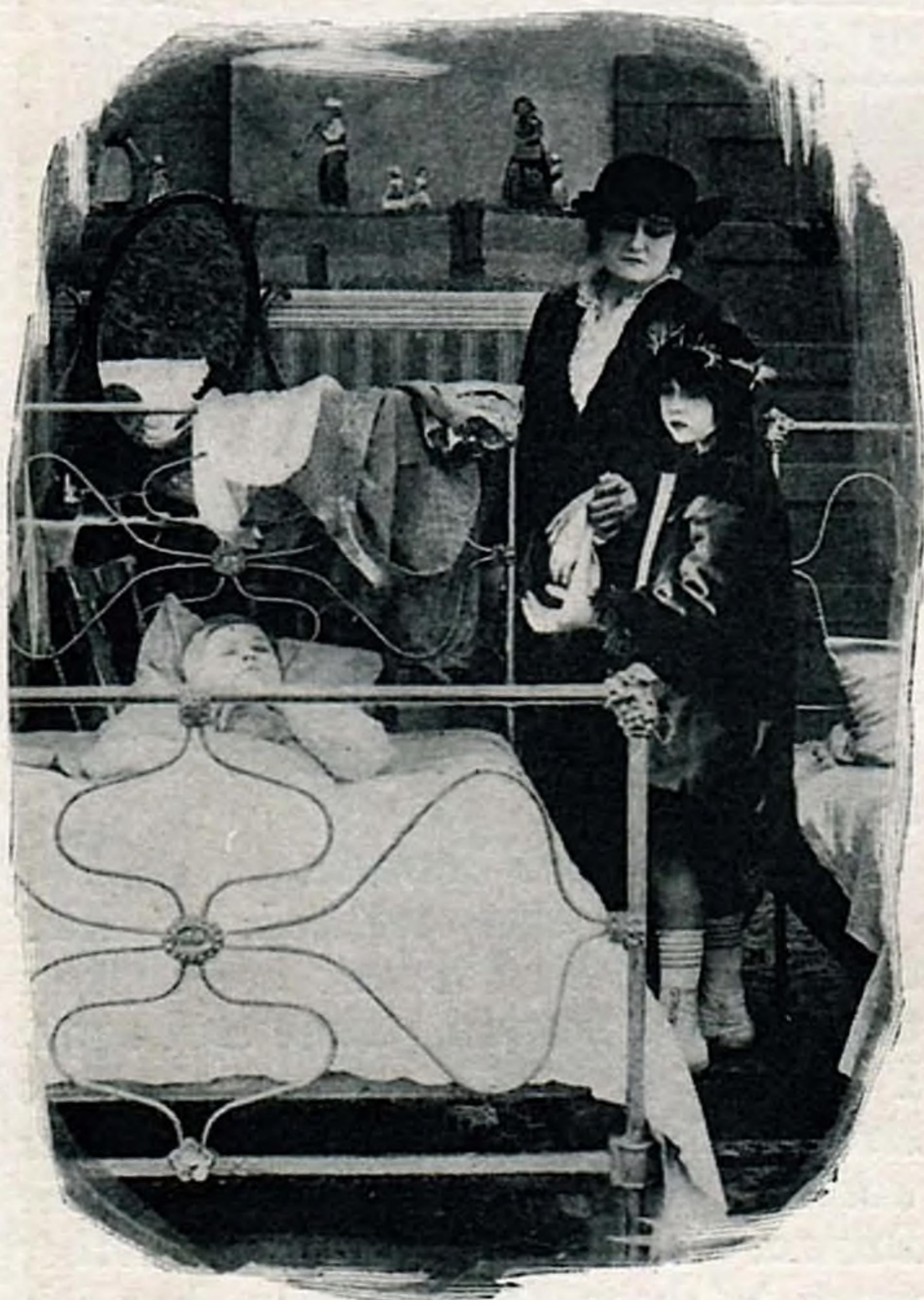
Aye, aye, poor Jessalie.

Have you ever noticed, madam, that the rudest, blackest bee chooses the sweetest flower? Time and again I've seen it. 'Tis strange, but no stranger than the rest o' this queer world. So it was with Jessalie Brown. I suppose his own mother must 'a' been fond o' him, but it's sure no other woman loved his glum looks and close-scowling brows, before Jessalie saw him. Leslie, his name, I remember. It always put me in mind of those stage-villains—Leslie Gordon. He was a wealthy man's only son, and very silent and stern. Maybe 'twas that very thing that brought them together, for a woman thinks more of a man that's hard to win. And so they were married. Alack the day! the prettiest, happiest bride!

Folks said she'd be sorry before the honeymoon waned. But folks were wrong. A year went by, and then two of them, and no wife ever seemed more content with her lot than Jessalie Gordon. The big house she was

mistress of was always ablaze with lights, for she was a social body, and made him almost so too. Now and again I was sent for to help in the sewing-room, and I'm telling you true, madam, I've seen them often together; her smiling up into his face, and him looking down so proud-like, and I never saw a hint o' the storm brewing.

One summer, the third year it was, Jessalie came into the room where I



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

was hemming sheets, with a roll of soft lawn and cambric in her arms, and her face like a rose. She came and knelt down beside me—I'd known her so long, you see, I was 'most like her mother—and I marked the blue eyes of her were soft with tears.

"Look, Selina—look!" she whispered, and never a word more; but I understood her meaning and was glad. For a child in the house ties the wife to the husband more than the priest or the marriage bond. I'm a mother of five—all dead, rest 'em—madam, so I could feel for the pretty young thing. 'Twas a winsome, wee nest we feathered for the babe—hand-

made; the little frocks with embroidery work and lace like a cobweb for fineness. And the boy, when he came—bless him!—was too big for the clothes, after all.

But they served for his sister, a year later. The boy was dark like the father, but the girl had her mother's eyes and smile. You'd have thought, now, wouldn't you, madam, that with two babes to tender their hearts to each other there'd have been no grief in the world could part them; but 'twas not so. No one ever knew what the quarrel was over. Oh, aye, o' course ill tongues wagged and ill thoughts were spoken, but none *knew* save God and theirselves.

And one day the big house was dark, and the wife and mother was gone with her little girl. The boy she left with the father. Some say she never had cared for him over-much, but I don't believe it. I think that down below the anger and the bitterness of the quarrel, she loved her man too deep to leave him all desolate. But however that may be, the big house was dark thereafter, and they tell me the little Gordon boy was never known to laugh and play like other children.

The point of my story, madam, lies twenty years later, and in a small fishing-village by the sea. 'Tis not my tale from here on, as you may imagine, for I've bided all my life in this very town. Here I was born, and wed my man; bore him five children; buried 'em—you can see their graves yonder thru the trees—but this o' mine is not the story of Jessalie Gordon, is it, madam?

I'll tell you the balance o' the tale as 'twas told to me.

They called her the Widder Brown in the village. 'Twas her sober dress and sorrow old look that named her a widow, and the wee girl staggering at her heels. As for herself, she was never one to talk much, they said—just did her work of net-mending well; brought up her child, and walked, alone always, on the cliffs at sunset, looking out over the sea with drowned blue eyes. Not that she

need have lacked for followers even then, but she lifted her eyes to no man, and so the years slid by.

I've seen the girl myself, madam, Jessalie's girl—the breathing image of the mother who bore her, with no more of the father to her than sunshine has of a storm-cloud. But it's God's strange truth, that sunshine makes shadows and is never without them. When I saw the girl, alack the day! she walked patiently beneath a shadow that would never pass away. The pity of it—golden hair, eyes that were meant for joyous seeing, and lips for laughter, and the look that was sadder than sadness over all.

For this is the story of Jessalie's daughter Marie as well.

The fisher-lads of the village all courted her, but she would none of their rude ways and coarse, cracked hands. Bare of foot as the other maids, she was different, and she knew it, as a beauty rose knows 'tis not a wild one, and holds its head high with the knowing. One day, two strangers came to the village and lodged at the inn. The older man was taken ill there and kept to his room, but the young fellow strolled about the beach and tried to kill the time of waiting. The girls about the nets cast glances at him, for he was a fine set-up city fellow, and few such came their way; but one did not look up from her mending, and so he must needs glance a second time at her.

Two nights later a belated fisherman, pushing his prow up the sand, discovered a pair of lovers in the shadows of the boats. He'd hardly have given them a second glance, for as long as the world goes 'round there must be sweethearting; but as he passed them he noted that the moon-

light touched the head resting on the young man's shoulder and set it aflame with gold.

This is the note she, the mother, found, a day or so later, pinned to a ragged net:

Mother, dear, I love him. We are going to be married at Quimby this afternoon. His name is Leslie Gordon, and you must



ARRIVING AT THE FISHING VILLAGE

love him, too, for my sake. I am so happy, mother. Your daughter,  
MARIE.

You see it now, madam—the pity of it all!

They tell me there was a stage-play written once, about a king who married his mother unbeknownst. Maybe you've heard of that play, madam? *Œdipus Rex*, you say? Aye, it may well be; I've no head for names. At

any rate, 'twas a terrible thing they had done, these poor innocents, and the mother's heart near broke; but she knew she had no time now for grieving. Folks in the village tell me she looked a corpse in her black gown, with the young, yellow hair and the set, cold face of her, riding to Quimby on the carrier's cart.

The day was nigh dead when she reached there, and, as I'm a true woman, at the steps o' the little church by the sea the four came face to face. The man and woman met as sad ghosts must when their old grieving and quarreling lie too far behind for tears. Silent they stood, madam; but when the girl-bride ran to her mother, joyous in her new happiness, the man gave one great cry and raised his hands above his head as one distraught.

"This is—our girl? Oh, God in Heaven, what have we done!"

The boy stood looking from one to the other, and the smile on his lips froze till 'twas awfuller than tears. Then he laughed—aye, laughed out,



THE SINS OF THE FATHER

madam, shrill and high, a cackling sound like a laugh gone mad. When the poor girl ran to him, laying a hand on his arm, he shuddered away from her and turned to the father with a black curse on his lips and murder in the poor, wild eyes. But the man's face was stricken beyond human reproaching, and lifted as tho to God Himself for judgment.

It was evening, and the sunset was faint on the sea. The son took his father's hand.

"Come," he said quietly; "come."

The mother and her daughter clung close, awed into silence. I think, madam, they knew it was meant to be that way, and maybe 'twas best after all. The waves came up to meet the old man and the young man, reached out gentle fingers and drew them to rest. You've maybe seen how peaceful-like the sea looks sometimes? Well, I like to think that maybe they found peace there.

But Jessalie and her daughter—aye, aye, 'tis a sad tale. Tears in your eyes, lady? You must forgive an old woman for running on so long.



## Burns' Wish Fulfilled

By GLENN E. CURTISS

Two lines of Burns have lost their force  
Thru modern science's striding course:  
"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us."

No more can bards like he lament,  
For now the power has been sent;  
Our modern Thespians on the screen  
Can see themselves as they are seen.





BY  
ALEXANDER  
LOWELL



This story was written from the Photoplay by PAUL POWELL

LIMITLESS stretches of wide, gray sea—touched now and then by the transient birth of the snowy foam, or caressed by the swift touch of a lone gull's wings. They say—wise ones who know—that the sea will not give up its dead—that it is jealous of the peopled land, and holds tenaciously to the booty snatched therefrom. Yet how abundantly does it yield up our memories! How deep we dream as we probe its mystery—how deep!

Anna Marck was dreaming now as she stood on the almost deserted deck of the America-bound liner—dreaming as she had not dreamed these many years. And her eyes were veiled with a sea-gray mist, and her red lips faintly smiled. Life with Christian Marck had been work and a certain mundane comfort, and nights spent in the deep sleep of the physically weary. There had been no time for dreams; no time to keep alive the warm flames of her heart's

youth. The lover had become the plodding husband; she, perforce, the assisting wife. And now—the mother! It was because of their parenthood that they had decided to leave their fatherland, Germany, and go to the untried land of riches—that Amelia, the little one, might know ease and comfort not to be filched from phlegmatic German soil. But it was not of the future that Anna dreamed as her eyes probed the gray seas—not of their coming life—not even of Amelia, but of a time now five years past; of a slim girl with starry eyes and goldy hair; of two importunate suitors, the one a nobleman's son—the other, Christian Marck, the blacksmith. She lived again the terror of her stern father's despotism—the desperation of her soul when she knew that he was forcing her into marriage with the nobleman's son—that Christian, her lover, was being taken from her. He had not been phlegmatic and plodding *then*. The whole flame of

his life had kindled under her gray eyes, and leaped to meet the flame in her. She felt her heart contract now as it had contracted then, when they planned their elopement—felt the thrill of terror at the news that Christian had met the nobleman and assaulted him on the street in return for some insult—knew again the terror of the moment when her father, jeering, flung the order for Chris-

tian, the beloved. Then came the flight—the marriage. Anna drew herself up with a great sigh. She had not re-lived those days before; she had not had the time. Well, it had not been all the tenderness and romance she had dreamed—much had been commonplace—much had been mean. Sometimes she wondered—very vaguely, for her soul was inherently loyal—what life might have been if



MADE PRISONER

tian's arrest in her face. She re-lived the moment of her inspiration, born on her very wedding-morn, when she had realized that the changing of one tiny word on the arrest summons would mean an order of release—and her resolve to make that change, and set Christian free. She saw herself in her wedding-gown, fair and slim and white. She remembered the roses blooming in her cheeks as she escaped to meet her bridegroom—and not the wealthy Ludwig for whom the nuptial festivities were beginning—but Chris-

she had married Ludwig Ridder. Poverty *did* take the color from things—did rob the flowers of their perfume, the skies of their blue—and Ludwig could have shod her feet in velvet. And, too, he had loved her. The ship gave a perilous lurch—the seas were rising, and some one caught her arm in swift support. She turned abruptly—to face Ludwig Ridder! It was uncanny. And, for a moment, she held his eyes to hers, still a-mist with the sea-dreaming. Then the quick color stained her cheek.

"Herr Ridder!" she exclaimed.

"Anna," he whispered, as one unbelieving; "Anna—you—here——"

"I—we—are going to—America," she announced, as if stating some informative news.

"I, too," said Ludwig, ignoring her evident embarrassment; "but I did not think to have such—heavenly—company, Frau Marck."

Somehow he said her name in a way

I suppose you will think I have little right to expect indulgence, but the fact is, it would be better, much better, if Christian did not know who you were. He—he is very jealous. He would make it hard for me——"

"But how, then, are we to see anything of each other?" queried the rejected bridegroom, whose sensitiveness the five intervening years had apparently healed. Anna looked puz-



ORDERED FROM HOME

that rendered it distasteful. And it suddenly came to Anna that it would be well for Christian to remain in ignorance of who this man was. He had not known him in the flesh in the old days—only as "the other man"—he need not know him now. His was a violent temper—the passionate, jealous temper of the patient man. And Anna knew that the lion was better sleeping.

"Ludwig," she said suddenly, and she did not see the quick light in his eyes as she used his name; "Ludwig, I—I have a favor to ask of you. I—

zled. Many months later she marveled that she had not questioned the necessity of their seeing each other at all. Now, somehow—the sea, and the great untried loneliness of the new land—the memories—the dreams—well, she smiled up at him.

"That is for you to discover," she whispered.

Ludwig Ridder had in him the indomitable patience of the German peasant and the glamorous romance of the Rhine, and the sensuousness and music of Berlin. All these elements had been roused in him by

Anna, daughter of the burgomeister, five years before, and he found her no less desirable now as the woman, the wife, the mother. In fact, she was more to be coveted than in the past, for she was *The Unattainable*. The slight, inevitable *gaucherie* of the girl had blossomed tenderly, exquisitely into the luxuriant woman, and Ludwig desired the fulfillment even as he had desired the earlier promise. He set about gaining this desire, and the means of attainment was Christian Marck, who might be seen smoking his satisfactory *meerschaum* on deck at all hours of the day, with no apparent thought for the sea's gray mystery or his wife's gray eyes. He seemed all husband now—the lover decently interred.

Christian Marck did not find America gold-paved to his hand. Thus has many a far-sea voyager turned his saddened eyes homeward, but Christian did not do that. Two things sustained him in his flagging hope: his trusty *meerschaum*, and his trusty friend, Ludwig Ridder. For, from the day when Anna had faced him with her dreaming eyes, Ludwig Ridder had sedulously sought, and patiently won, the friendship of Christian Marck. And, with the almost passionate attachment for a compatriot in a far land, Christian turned to the German and made him ever welcome.

Times were very hard. Christian's trade of smith seemed superfluous in a land of limousines and motor-trucks, and the old-time anvil fire had been almost entirely replaced by the more modern, decidedly pungent garage. The little shop he took in a small town adjoining the big city was dismally exclusive, and the only visitant was to the tiny rooms over the shop, where they lived—that visitant, Ludwig Ridder.

And there, over the unused workshop, Ludwig brought the dream back to Anna's tired eyes—filled her heart with a new vision—fired her blood afresh.

"Why must you live like this, *liebchen*—you and the little one?" the

crafty one inquired; "it is not meant for a woman—this ceaseless grind—this dirty work. Come with me, and I will teach you to live again—I will show you life without the mop and pail."

Anna was very weary of the mop and pail. Her pretty hands were reddened. Her back felt bent and tired. She saw herself growing faded, loveless, old. She saw the little Amelia growing into the same cheerless repetition. And she shuddered.

"I will go," she whispered to Ludwig the following night; "I will go, Ludwig—I and my little one—and may the good God forgive us."

Romance is a fragile god—a transient, fleeting thing of mist and dew. And only when we place his wraith-like, rosy feet on the firm pedestal of friendship, endurance and respect, may we hope for his abiding. To Anna Marck he had come twice, and twice had he died. The first time thru the onslaught of poverty, mundaneness, stolidity; the second time he had been ruthlessly murdered by poverty and drink—not merely mundane, but distressful, tainted, shamed.

When Ludwig Ridder had achieved his inglorious desire, the one tenacious cord in his fluctuating nature loosened and snapped. Gambling, to avoid the scandal of which he had come to America, asserted its sway. What funds he had come supplied with dwindled away, and were not replenished, and, in his weakness, he turned to alcohol. When he died, broken, dissipated, wretched, Anna and the little Amelia faced a world that turned its bleakest back. Her health was ruined by the ravages of repentance and despair, and she knew that she, too, was treading the last decline. The arrangements for Amelia to enter an orphanage were completed on the last, heart-breaking day.

"My little one," she gasped, as the kindly matron came to take the child before the end should come; "oh, my little one, your wicked mother is going away, and she prays God not to blame you—not to put my sins on

your tiny shoulders. May He bless you, my baby, my liebchen."

Perhaps, when God took the soul He had made, He healed the grievous sores. It is in such hope humanity gropes on.

An old, old man tapped the ashes carefully from an old, old meerschäum pipe, and entered the darkened auditorium, leaning against the rear wall and facing the screen. He had but recently arrived in Los Angeles, and had that day obtained the position of general cleaner in the studio down the block, where these visions of the screen plied their art. The manager of the nickelodeon, whose rear wall the old, old man now ornamented, had munificently granted him standing room for the evening's performance. He was rheumatic and bent, and somewhat worn as to feature and attire—and perhaps the Irish-setter look in his eyes had moved the manager to the standing-room liberality. However, the new general cleaner was not accustomed to getting something for nothing—not even standing-room. The world begrudges even those dubious honors to such as he. His had been a life stricken at its young beginning. His had been the heartache that knows no assuaging. A long, dusty path his feet had traveled, and no sweet spring had bubbled up to meet him. Sometimes, when the ache became too bitter, he forced himself to remember that he was only a plain, old German peasant after all, and not exactly calculated to be a magnate for life's sunshine.

Tonight his eyes sought the screen avidly. Of a sudden they began to gleam. Well that the theater was dark, well that none of the auditors turned his way, for the gleam was phosphorescent in the dark, and the furrowed face was appallingly white.

A slim figure moved on the screen—a girl-figure, palpably, subtly young, with soft, goldy hair and a pair of sea-mist eyes. Soft lips smiled down on him—lips like ones he had kist in a dim, distant past—lips, ah, God! that had turned away

from his. And Christian Marck knew, as he looked, that the sweet spring water had bubbled at his feet at last; that Anna had pitied him, wherever she might be, and had sent him this true image of herself.

Deep, deep under the stolid, peasant exterior of Christian Marck—far, far deeper than dream-filled, girlish eyes had ever probed—beat a faithful, mighty heart. She had left him—his love, his wife; she had taken away with her the tiny, dimpled thing who had held his innermost being in her chubby hand; but he had loved them—gigantically, as such a man would love—and his sad life had never known another tender touch. As he looked on the face of this child of his love's—and his—as he noted her proud poise, her graceful bearing, her fine raiment, he felt the incongruity of his parentage. He sensed the shame she would feel should he enforce his grotesque right.

When the play ended, the general cleaner did not wait for the next. The munificently accorded standing-room held no further charms. He had tasted the wine of memory, and he found it poignantly bitter-sweet. He wanted to live over the past exquisite moment when he had looked on his baby's—their baby's—ah! most precious of all, *her* baby's—face again. That there was any doubt as to the identity of the actress, had not occurred to him. However, for the joy of corroboration he stopped at the door and asked the doorman the name of the star of the last film.

"That's Amelie Reine," the man obliged; "some little eye-raiser, aint she, Germany?"

"Germany" did not heed the last. He had only heard the name—Amelie Reine—Reine; then—doubt touched him, clammily. Then a thought struck him. He walked the block swiftly, and came to the studio, scene of his labors and shelterer of his rest, as he inhabited a loft under the roof. Why not sweep out her sanctum tonight? There, in that intimate place, he might discover some clue. A mass of paper was under her dressing-table



FATHER AND DAUGHTER

as he pushed open the door and lit the lights, and he decided to carry that out before returning with his broom. As he stooped to gather it, something sharp cut his finger. It was a battered tintype in a faded pink cover. Three faces looked dimly out at him: his own, his love's, and the little Amelia's. A hoarse sob scraped his throat. "Liebchen," he sobbed, huskily; "ach, mein liebchen, mein liebchen!"

The following morning the general cleaner felt another overweening desire for the perfect cleanliness of the dressing-room marked "Amelie Reine." As if coerced, his rusty boots creaked thither, and he paused, broom in hand. A voice smote his ear—an imperative, fearful voice:

"I tell you to go, Ricardo," it said, "and I mean it."

"Kiss me—once—and I will——"

Suddenly it seemed to Christian Marck that he had heard that voice before—those same tones, vibrant, persuasive—Ludwig Ridder. A mist

swam before his eyes—an ugly, blood-red mist. The male in him, cheated, defrauded, swindled, rose, dominant. He burst open the flimsy door, and faced a white-faced girl and a gross-eyed man.

"Leave the room!" his mighty voice boomed forth, and his sinewy, blacksmith's hands rose—and fell on the oiled head of the intruder, clutching an earthen vase. Dazed, the pursued one made good his escape, and the father, suddenly very weak and old, faced his daughter.

"Oh, thank you," she said sweetly, impersonally it seemed to the straining heart of the old man; "thank you very, very much."

A great yearning filled the sunken eyes of Christian Marck—the shade of a great need—then he smiled. And the door closed, gently, behind him. Amelie Reine felt that smile plumb the well of tears. She couldn't have said why.

Ricardo Venacci was not of a forgiving nature. Moreover, his manly

*(Continued on page 156)*

(BIOGRAPH)

# Melody And ART

BY CLARIBEL EGBERT

THEY were very young, scarcely out of their teens, indeed, these two young enthusiasts. From what section of the country they had come Heaven alone knows, blown by the winds of Destiny to the great metropolis, there to win name and fame. Others, known to the whole world wide, had done it, and why not they? So ran John Haywood's thoughts as he drew his bow, with the touch of a mystic, across the sensitive strings of his violin. "But one touch on these and Paradise opens," he murmured, "and all woe forgotten!" And it seemed even so, for out on the young evening air there stole a melody so hauntingly sweet that the little vagrant children stopped in their play in the old Square to listen. But, in the room above him, there stood the very personification of a tempest, in the form of a young girl in a tangle of midnight hair, painting furiously at an easel.

One blot of paint after another she applied with frenzied stroke to the tender evening sea, that seemed rising and swelling beneath her brush.

"That's right!" she cried at last, dashing her hand across her eyes, leaving a streak of cerulean blue in its wake along the whiteness of her cheek. "That's right, Boy o' Dreams; break my heart with your singing streams, and whispering trees, and all the slumbery prayerful things of night! Keep it up!"—and she stamped her foot in a frenzy. "But you cant do it," once more applying her paint, this time with care and thought. "The more you play your home-sweet-homey things, the harder I'll work right here in this old South Washington Square house of blessed memory, until some one does buy my lovely pictures. I wont go home to Cairo—I wont go home to Cairo!"

Oh, heart of youth!

Both were students—young Haywood working under the careful tutelage of an old music-master of "Royal Orchestra" fame, and Hester plodding away at the National Art Students' League. And both seemed marked by the gods for things worth while.

Young Haywood, however, was beginning to feel the tedium of his aloneness, for he had not the com-

panionship Hester found at the League, and often in his boyish simplicity he would turn entreating eyes upon her at some of their chance meetings on the old landing. But always Hester passed him with high-tilted chin. One happy day, however, happy for the lonely boy from the hills, good Mrs. Bilton, their mutual landlady, "made them acquainted" at a chance meeting of the three in the hall, and after this it was easy sailing for John.

"Boy o' Dreams, guess what happened today when I was getting some oils in at Hartmann's," exclaimed Hester, one Saturday afternoon in late October, when their intimacy had grown to an assured footing.

"Am no guesser"—depositing his recent purchases from the neighboring delicatessen on the deep window-seat. "Tell us yourself," urged young Haywood, as he ripped open a can of baked beans.

"Well, you know Starking, the great seascaper."

"Yes; what of him?" and John lifted his eyes and looked sharply at Hester.

"Mr. Hartmann introduced me to him today"—placing the beans on the gas-plate. "And oh, boy!"—turning to him radiant eyes—"he has asked me to his studio-tea Thursday, and I'm going! They're horribly swagger, you know."

"Yes, I know," he admitted, lowering the flame under the coffee-pot; "but the man has a shady reputation. Why, I shouldn't want my sister to go within gunshot of his daubs!" he blurted, in tragic conclusion.

"Well, I'm not your sister, and, furthermore, I'm quite capable of taking care of myself, and I expect to go arrayed in my best."

"Hello, in there, Boy o' Dreams!" exclaimed Hester, the following Thursday, as she tapped on Haywood's door for admission and then poked her radiant little face into the aperture. "Saw you at the Starking function this afternoon."

"Come on in, Artful One, with an accent on the 'ful,'" called Haywood, laying down his "music-box," as she termed his violin, and reaching for his pipe.

"What were you doing there, anyway, I'd like to know?"—Hester coming gingerly inside and seating herself still more gingerly on the side of a chair near the door.

"Oh, I was doing the reporter stunt"—puffing away on Old Faithful. "You dont mind," he questioned, pointing from the curling smoke to her brave little toggery, donned for the swagger affair she had just left.

"Never!" she replied, with a frown between her blue eyes and a shrug of her young shoulders.

"Farley couldn't get it in with all the other 'hash' he had to grind out this afternoon," Haywood went on, "so I gave him a lift."

"I didn't know you added the art of letters to your other numerous accomplishments. Where'd you get your orchid?"—bending her frowning eyes upon the fragile flower he had placed in an old pitcher on his return from the tea.

"Oh, some kiddies in Starking's neighborhood bribed me with it. The old organ-grinder left them in the midst of their Castle-walk, and when they saw me come out with my case under my arm they fell upon me, and I had to stop and jig them a bit, you know." And Haywood laughed as he saw her angry little face in the doorway.

"Your orchid all right, Hessie"—looking at the bunch at her corsage. "The little kid said, 'The beautiful purple lady gave it to me,' which tags you all right, I'm a-thinking."

"Humph!" was all that Hester again vouchsafed, as she passed out of the door and closed it with a bang.

"So the charming Miss Strong is aiming for the Great Career—capital 'g', capital 'c'," mused Hartley Starking, as he stood in the midst of his studio's disarray after his guests





THE "POETRY" OF MUSIC

had departed. "Well, old Hunter says she has a smashing technique and an imagination from the skies; guess we'll have to look in on her after dinner"—getting into his topcoat and hat and passing out to the elevator.

Later in the evening, as Hester was looking over some sketches for her next day's work, Mrs. Bilton tapped and put her face in at the door.

"Mr. Starking to see you, Miss Strong"—and, even before she could remonstrate, Mrs. Bilton was gone and Starking was entering.

"Dont say a word, Miss Strong, please dont"—approaching, with his most engaging smile, where she stood in the middle of her little room with indignant eyes. "You know for Art's sake we mustn't stand on ceremony, and ever since our little chat this afternoon I have been obsessed with a desire to see your work."

At this Hester relented a little, for her art was her weakness, and she said a little less coldly:

"That's very nice of you, Mr. Starking; wont you sit down?"—indicating a chair as she turned to gather up her sketches. "You see, living alone here, I'm rather particular about having men bouncing in," she added, with girlish frankness; "and Mrs. Bilton has never broken my rule before."

"Oh! but that was because I was so insistent, Miss Strong; I told her

I had come especially to see your pictures. And now you will let me, wont you?" Starking asked, turning to her in his best manner.

"I shant mind if you dont stay too long," she assented, still perturbed. "This is something I finished today"—placing a canvas on the easel.

Starking turned, then started perceptibly. "What! You did that? Why, where did you get that stroke? It's wonderful, and the luminosity is beyond belief," he went on, as she placed one canvas after another. "Why, the girl's a genius!" he muttered under his breath as she brought another oil from her wardrobe.

"Listen, Miss Strong," he finally said, looking at his watch; "I just must tear myself away, for I'm booked early this evening. But I do want you to let me help you. You have great ability, and I want you to come to my studio and let me give you a few pointers, wont you? It wont cost you anything"—looking about the plain little room.

"Oh! but I couldn't think of doing that"—turning indignantly upon him. "I always pay up for everything, and my work at the League takes all I can make in odds and ends of ways."

"Well, then, why not be my model for a time? That will give you a neat chance to square things up. I'm in need of your type just now."



A CALL FROM THE GREAT ARTIST

They regarded each other steadily a moment; he masking his real intent, she wholly absorbed in the thought of the significance of this help in her beloved art from this great man.

"Shall we say Monday at ten?"—as he saw the yielding light grow in her eyes.

"Yes," she said, with a defiant little frown, as she thought, "I'm perfectly able to take care of myself." And so he left her.

"Gad! but I must get her off that stroke of hers in short order, or in five years' time my marines won't be in the running with hers. I'll trail



MELODY SURPRISES ART

her off on another scent entirely, until she loses it altogether. These young things are very plastic," he mused, as he entered a taxi, giving an address. "She'll listen to the great Starking all right, all right. Wouldn't be any loss to make love to the little peach to help the good cause along, either"—stepping from the taxi into his club.

"Well, how's the career?" called Haywood, as Hester passed him in the morning, coming in with eggs and rolls for his breakfast.

"Oh, great!" she called back, speeding down the stairs. "I'm going to Starking's now for some pointers he's going to give me."

"How's that?" questioned Hay-

wood, leaning over the banisters toward the bobbing plume in the lower hall, the rolls bursting the bag and tumbling gaily down the stairs.

"Oh! he was in last night, and is crazy over my canvases"—and she flashed out of the door and was crossing the square before he could blurt out any remonstrance.

"Gosh! but I'd like to spoil his face, coming here when he knows she's living alone, and then setting a trap for her in his studio"—and Haywood dumped his breakfast on the table, with never a thought of eating it. He went over to his window and stared moodily out across the square, hands plunged deep in his pockets.

"Little spitfire! I'll bet she'll take care of herself, tho; scratch his eyes out if he touches her"—and he chuckled at the thought. "Holler, too, and not care who hears.

"Rotten that I haven't a dollar to marry on, nor any decent position, or I'd waltz her to the Little Church Around the Corner so quick she wouldn't have breath to say 'No.' Of course I love her!" he exclaimed wrathfully, getting into his hat and coat; "and of course she loves

me!" still more wrathfully, "tho she'll never own up, with this Great Career forever in the foreground of her days. But, manifestly, I can't trust to her power to scratch and to holler; I've got to hike for the Starking lair and watch out for the little paint-lady."

And it wasn't a bad idea, either, for as he paused a half-hour later in the hall outside Starking's studio he quickly placed his ear to the door at the sound of rising voices within.

"Dont dare touch me!" he heard in Hester's voice, shrill with fury, and he knew by instinct that her sharp little fingers were seeking his face. He waited for no further developments, however, but plunged headlong thru

the door—by some strange good fortune left unlatched—and hurled himself on Starking.

“You—you hell-hound!” Haywood choked, forcing him back against the wall—Hester standing white to the lips, her eyes wide with fury, yet alight with a strange shame as she looked at Haywood.

“How dare you come into my studio unannounced?” blubbered Starking, shaking himself free of the hand that trembled at his throat.

“Oh, cut it, Starking!”—and Haywood laughed a crackling laugh, as he looked at the abject man beside him. “You’re nothing but the pup that your reputation has you. I’ll come in here in any way I like, understand—especially when I hear the girl I’m going to marry scratching your soulful eyes out. Hester”—and Haywood turned to the girl, who still lingered anxiously in her model’s garb of Egyptian water-carrier—“get into your togs and we’ll go home.”

“John Haywood, you—you——” she commenced, clinching her small hands.

“Come on, you’d better,” interrupted Haywood, quietly, as Starking stood looking on with a leer. “I’ll wait for you at the door.” With a half-defiant flash of her eyes, Hester entered the dressing-room. As she came out, Starking was standing where she must pass to reach the door.

Starking made a low, mocking bow as she approached, and extended to her a fresh, crisp greenback. “For mademoiselle’s services and a most delightful hour spent with her.” She paused, paralyzed for an instant; then, suddenly recovering herself, she smiled and took the proffered note, but instantly tossed it in his face.

“The only price set upon my service as model was a few pointers in seascape, and those I gladly forego under the circumstances”—and she

moved, in all her girlish dignity, toward the door, where Haywood waited with an approving grin across his face.

“Well, I’ll give them now,” shouted Starking, cad that he was, goaded by their young scorn of him: “you cannot paint, and never will!”

For a moment she paused, startled, for this touched her at her vulnerable point. But one glance into his shifty, infuriated eyes told her it was only a bluff to humiliate and discourage her, and, with a relieved little catch in her breath, she went out with Haywood.



A FIRE BREAKS OUT

Not a word passed between them on their way to the old house in Washington Square, and when he unlocked the door and let her in, she went directly to her room.

“Oh!” she cried, with a long shudder, as she stood in the middle of her floor, where the sunlight lay in a long bar on the figured carpet. “Oh!” she repeated, “how vile his hands felt! And to think that I ever thought that he could teach me anything!” And she lifted her face and looked at the brooding sunset sea on her easel.

“That is the one on which I was trying to catch *his* stroke. How hateful it looks now!”—and suddenly seizing her palette-knife, she plunged it in girlish frenzy into the center of

the canvas and ripped it to the top, to the bottom, from right to left, and then burst into heart-broken weeping, as it fell with a crash to the floor. And deep, deep down in her being she knew she was ashamed before the man who loved her. Did she love him? She didn't know. Oh, dear!

Below, Haywood, sitting with unlighted pipe, heard the crash and started in his chair.

"Poor little kid! more high jinks, I suppose"—and he slouched lower in his chair, accustomed as he was to her tantrums.

A sudden scurrying of feet on the floor above, however, and more toppling of furniture, made Haywood plunge suddenly from his room and up the stairs.

"Trouble for fair this time, I guess," he muttered as he pounded on her door, and then quickly burst in as he heard her call for help.

And not a minute too soon, for the little room was choked with smoke from the overturned lamp.

"Where are you, Hessie?" he gasped, plunging thru the smoke, tearing at burning draperies, and moving aside flaming furniture, with frantic haste.

"Oh, little kid, sing out! cant you?" he groaned, in an agony of search.

"Here!" came a frightened voice.

And there, under a blanket, which she had dragged from the bed as she fell, he found her unharmed.

How he escaped with her he never knew, tho he often tried to think it out there in St. Vincent's Hospital, in the days he lay with eyes turned toward the future, his tortured hands lying bandaged on the immaculate coverlid before him—hands that would never play again, the doctors had told him.

Daily Hester had come to see him, with bright little stories of her day's work, full of cheer. Lately there had been a splendid commission, with abundant promise of more work, for she had suddenly sprung into prominence thru her recent League exhibit.

And now he was back in his old

room again—how good it seemed, with the grass freshening in the spring sunlight in the old Square!

Suddenly he turned and swept a faded orchid from the table into the hollow of his other bandaged hand, and bowed his pale face mutely over it.

Thus Hester found him as she descended the stairs on her way to deliver a fresh consignment of place-cards and favors.

"Well, Boy o' Dreams, it surely seems good to see you in that old chair again"—and down she dropped



"I JUST CANT BE DEPENDENT ON YOU"

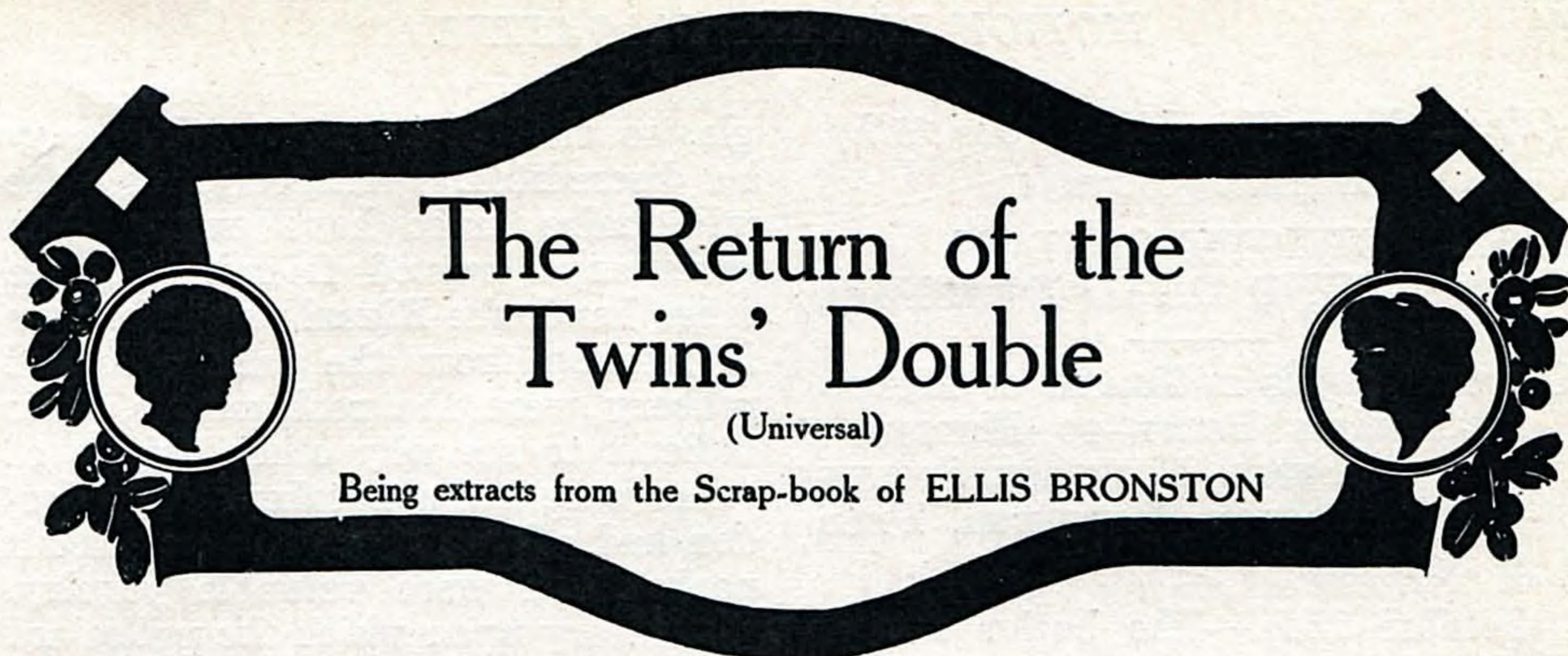
her bag, standing behind his chair, looking with tear-filled eyes on the helpless hands trying in vain to hide the faded orchid.

"And it's sure good to be here, Little Pal. And yet——" He paused, looking out across the Square; his suffering spirit clouding his eyes.

"Now, no 'and yet,' John Haywood," blustered Hester, stealthily wiping away the shining tears and bustling about the cupboard. "You know Doctor Homer said there was decided hope when you left yesterday." And she brought out the coffee and pot and soon had the aroma filling the room.

"Yes, but in the meantime——"

(Continued on page 158)



# The Return of the Twins' Double

(Universal)

Being extracts from the Scrap-book of ELLIS BRONSTON

(From the Morning Star, October 1st)

“LADY RAFFLES”

SENTENCED!

FAMOUS FEMALE CROOK GETS FIVE  
YEARS

“LADY RAFFLES,” the cleverest woman in the Rogues’ Gallery, long known to the police, but hitherto uncaught, was sentenced yesterday, in the special sessions, to five years at Sing Sing. The capture and conviction of the woman for robbing Mrs. Alexander Colt-Smith of her jewels, while in her service as a maid, was brought about by Phil Kelley, New York’s star thief-catcher. She will be taken up the river tomorrow in the custody of a special officer.

On many former occasions “Lady Raffles,” who is a most attractive young woman, as well as a clever one, has eluded capture. Five feet tall, slender, soft-voiced, and shy and timid in manner, she has nothing of the thief about her appearance, and has thus often been able to delude her captors, cloaking her bold and daring personality under the shield of her sex. This time the precaution of handcuffs will be resorted to, and she will travel to Sing Sing securely chained to her escort.

For the next five years her romantic tho hazardous career bids fair to be interrupted.

(From the Morning Star, October 1st)

JAMES DWIGHT GORDON BUYS  
\$500,000 NECKLACE

The Rienzi necklace of two hundred perfectly matched pearls has at last found a buyer. James D. Gordon and

his daughters, Nell and Jo, the beautiful Gordon twins, returned to this country yesterday on the *Mauretania*, bringing the necklace with them. It is said to be the only one of its kind in the world.

(From the Record, October 2d)

TERRIBLE WRECK ON  
THE ALBANY ROAD!

HEAD-ON COLLISION AT TARRYVILLE—  
SIXTY PEOPLE BELIEVED DEAD

Two Mogul engines, going full speed on a single track just outside of Tarryville this morning, crashed into each other, reducing five cars to kindling-wood and derailing ten others. The wreck immediately caught fire from the engines, and the bloody glare of the flames added to the shrieks of imprisoned sufferers, and the terrible aspect of the wounded, who ran about frantically seeking their friends, gave the scene the aspect of an inferno.

As the dead and injured were removed from the wreck, they were laid upon the bank beside the track. Thirty bodies have been found at present writing, but it is believed that at least twenty others perished, and were consumed in the flames.

Among those who are believed to have been killed is “Lady Raffles,” the famous woman-burglar, who was on her way to Sing Sing, escorted by plain-clothes officer George Blake. Blake’s body has been found with the steel chain dangling, broken, from his wrist; but the woman must have been pinned down in the wreckage and burned. A partial list of identified dead follows.

(From Times-Herald, October 15th)

EXTRA! EXTRA!

**JAMES DWIGHT GORDON  
FOUND DEAD IN HOME!**

**CIRCUMSTANCES IN DEATH OF MULTI-MILLIONAIRE POINT TO MURDER—FAMOUS PEARL NECKLACE STOLEN—NELL GORDON, DAUGHTER, HELD AS SUSPECT.**

October 15th.—The butler of the



LADY RAFFLES APPEARS IN DISGUISE

Gordon residence, Fifth Avenue, going into the library this morning at seven o'clock, was horrified to discover the body of his master lying across the desk, with a wound in the forehead. A doctor being called, said that Mr. Gordon had apparently been dead for six hours, which would make the time of the crime about one o'clock. The coroner took charge of the body, and the best detectives in the city are working on the case.

The room shows no sign of a strug-

gle, so the theory of burglars may be discredited. Whoever killed the millionaire must have entered the room as a trusted friend. On the other hand, the Rienzi pearl necklace is missing from the safe. Yet, if robbery were the real motive, it is difficult to see why other objects of value were not also taken. Mr. Gordon had a large sum of money in his pocket and wore valuable jewelry.

The theory upon which the police are working is that Gordon was killed in a moment of fury after a quarrel, and the necklace taken as a blind.

The Gordon twins, Nell and Jo, came home from the theater at twelve. Jo went at once to her room as her maid testified, but Nell paused at the library, saying she had something to ask her father before she retired. The housemaid says that when she passed the door a little later she heard sounds of quarreling within, and recognized Miss Nell's voice, raised in anger. At about half-past twelve the girl joined her sister. She appeared violently agitated, but gave as a reason that her father had bidden her break her engagement with Philip Kelley, the detective. It is known that the old man objected to the match. The girl is held without bail as a suspect, pending a thoro investigation.

(From a letter received the same morning by Phil Kelley)

DEAR MR. KELLEY:

To inform you that by the time you read this I shall have in my possession the Gordon necklace. It will doubtless relieve your stress of mind to know that I was quite uninjured by the wreck, and am well, going about, and *busy as usual*.

Sincerely yours,

LADY RAFFLES.

(From report of Harry Jones, city detective, October 15th)

Reported for duty at eight o'clock, and was sent to Gordon home to investigate death of millionaire. Found Phil Kelley also on the job as private detective for the twins. Kelley and I searched the library for the weapon. Wound made by long, fine, steel instrument that penetrated to the brain, but apparently drew little or no blood. Found a dagger hatpin on the floor, which maid identified as one Miss

to me. Tho, one thing puzzles me: Where is the necklace? I advised Kelley to make a thoro search of the house for it, but he said it would be useless, as it was not there. Seems positive. He is certainly hiding something. Nell arrested this afternoon and taken to Tombs. Asserts innocence, but admits quarreling with father.

(From personal in the Morning Star, October 16th)

LADY R.—You know the truth of



NELL GORDON IS ACCUSED

Nell wore in the picture hat she had on at the theater. Questioned both girls. Kelley furious at the suspicion that Nell killed the old man. He seems to have a theory of his own and to be hiding something. Jo says her father had no enemies; was subject, however, to heart failure. Query: How account for the wound? The necklace is gone. The twins knew the combination—no one else.

Kelley insists on Nell's innocence, but it looks like a pretty clear case

the affair. Dont let innocent suffer. Tell all, and it shall be to your advantage. Communicate. Kelley, Box 104, Office.

(From letter received by Phil Kelley, October 17th)

DEAR KELLEY,  
Box 104, Office:

You once said to a certain lady that, clever as she was, she had met her match. How about it now? Do you think a five-year sentence to Sing

Sing a good beginning to asking a favor? Poor man, you are rather helpless, aren't you? Show the letter you received on the morning after the robbery to the police. Do you think they will believe it likely that a thief would write her intentions to a detective, or likelier that a man would forge such a letter to save his sweetheart from trial? You see the point?

Of course, you hardly believe I killed him. You may remember that a certain lady is five feet, slender and weakly. She certainly has not the strength to reach up on tiptoe and stab a strong, six-foot man so forcibly. Unless, perhaps, you think I stood upon a chair, and he held still for me to do it. Sweetheart Nell is just about my size too, isn't she? But the police are such fools! Poor detective Kelley! And maybe I do know something, too.

L. R.

(From Telegram, October 18th)

### FAMOUS FEMALE CROOK NOT DEAD!

### MYSTERIOUS "LADY RAFFLES" ESCAPES CAPTURE AGAIN

The remarkable career of "Lady Raffles" was not terminated by the Albany wreck as reported. The police became suspicious, from an examination of the chain on officer Blake's wrist, that the young woman had freed herself, instead of being torn from it in the wreckage. Detectives have since been on the watch, and this morning, evidently relying on the circulated report of her death, the young woman was seen on Madison Avenue by Detectives Jones and Kelley, returning from their work on the Gordon case. Jones immediately placed the young woman under arrest, but once more fate was kind to her. Passing over an uneven grating in the walk, Kelley stumbled and fell heavily against Jones, breaking his hold on the prisoner. When the two men picked themselves up, she was gone.

(Personal in Morning Star)

PHIL.—Thank you for your opportune help. Tell Nell not to worry. I will tell all.

L. R.

(From Times-Herald, October 20th)

EXTRA! EXTRA!

### EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT GORDON TRIAL!

"LADY RAFFLES" TURNS STATE'S EVIDENCE AND CONFESSES ROBBERY—MULTIMILLIONAIRE A VICTIM OF HEART DISEASE—NELL GORDON IS FREED.

October 20th.—When the trial of Nell Gordon, for the murder of her father, opened this morning, the most remarkable scene in the history of criminal law took place. The weeping prisoner had just completed her tale of the quarrel with her father on the night of his death, regarding her engagement to Philip Kelley, and had joined her fiancé, who was endeavoring to comfort her, when a small, slender woman in black, with her face screened by a black veil, was brought to the witness-stand by the lawyer for the defendant. He announced to the jury that his client had been promised immunity as a State's witness, and asked her to raise her veil. As she did so, the familiar features of "Lady Raffles" were disclosed.

Amid an intense hush, this remarkable young woman told her story. She related how, at about twelve-thirty on the night of October 14th, she had entered the library of the Gordon mansion by means of the great French windows on the south. Hidden in the curtain enclosure, she had seen Mr. Gordon turn from the door into the hall with an angry expression, and stand by the library table, apparently in thought. Suddenly he had put his hand to his heart as tho in pain, swayed and crashed forward onto the table, his head striking the sharp point of a letter file.

"I ran forward to help him," ran





“LADY RAFFLES” IS INDUCED TO CONFESS

the testimony of the witness; “but he was already dead when I had removed the instrument from his forehead.”

“What did you do then?” asked the Court, sternly.

“Why,” replied “Lady Raffles,” ingenuously, “it was getting late, and as I am in the habit of sleeping eight hours every night, I just got the necklace and went home.” She leaned across the rail of the witness-box and

handed a parcel to Nell Gordon. with a charming smile.

“Here is the necklace,” she said; “it’s very lovely, but I am so dark that I never could wear pearls!”

*(From Morning Star, two months later)*

Married.—December 20th, Philip Kelley to Nell Gordon. Rev. William Arkwright officiating.

## A Modern Rome

By GEORGE B. STAFF

In olden day when Roman sway  
Controlled the world from east to west,  
And Cæsar fought his gallant way  
Across the frontier lands to wrest  
From fighting tribes their northern home,  
'Twas said all roads led into Rome.

In modern days when photoplays  
Draw thousands to their changing scenes,  
When this new form of drama sways  
New patrons daily to the screens,  
We well may say, as thus they grow,  
All roads lead to the photoshow.

# The GHOST



(PATHE)



BY  
JOHN OLDEN

No one, to my knowledge, has yet writ a treatise on the physiognomy of inns. There is something about the outward expression of one that attracts or repels you at first sight of the lights in the eye-like windows, the cant of the door, like a tremulous mouth, and the smell of cookery that curls down with the chimney-smoke in the shape of a church-warden's pipe. Even the thatch of the roof is cut in gentleman fashion or stands in disarray like the hair of a snarling dog.

There was something about "Ye Lion Inne," perched on the King's road, with its cellar damp from the wash of the sea-tide, that both attracted and repelled. One could see it had formerly been a gentleman inn, with claret-colored chaises drawn up in its courtyard, and its parlor full of merchants and rich colonials. Now it had fallen to be the rendezvous of sailormen and sutlers, poor coast-wise fishermen and adventurers in shabby finery, with a shady past and a future waylaid with misdoubts.

There is a tradition that Captain

Kidd dried his sea-cloak and cocked his Spanish leather boots before the great back-logs in "Ye Lion Inne's" fireplace. Rufus Moore would always shake his head when the question was put to him. But, with the passing of the famous captain on Tower Hill gibbet, there came, infrequently, less worthy successors to take his place in the low-ceiled parlor.

Trade went from bad to worse. The gentlemen in frayed greatcoats, who put ashore in a great hurry, or who rode from out of the night on borrowed horses, swaggered into the parlor, called for Rufus Moore's best, put their heads together in whispered confabs, and made off at break of day without a thought of recompense.

It is true that in his press for money, young and respectable Gabriel Whitten had taken the taverner up to Captain Ezra Whitten's house on the wind-swept hill and that a mortgage had passed between him and the bed-ridden, retired sailor. Captain Whitten had paid him in Spanish doubloons, and the fishy-faced man,

with the salt of dissolution gathering in his eyes, appeared quite happy to be rid of the heavy gold.

Joan, the will-o'-the-wisp sweetheart of Gabriel, carried the bag of chinking gold pieces back to the inn, and her feet danced to the music of the money. Gabriel trod alongside of her, his head down, scholar fashion. He told himself he was joyed to share his inheritance with the father of the tripping, blithesome girl, and yet, he had another reason, a stronger one, that even there, in the sparkling light from the sea, brought the pallor to his cheeks.

It was five years since he had clapped eyes upon Peter, five years and a day. And the night of his coming and going from the port haunted him like a black curse. It had been a sun-clear day like this one, with a speck of a cloud in the far east. At nightfall the wind veered, and settled a bank of clouds, with a thin, shivering drizzle, along the coast.

He remembered the wind crooning and rocking the house on the hill, and his father drawn up to the fitful fire. Then the door had clattered open, and a towering man in sea-boots, with a scarf wrapped up to his eyes, had flung into the room and stood before Captain Whitten.

There was a quick demand for money, the tottering compliance of the captain, and, with a snarl at Gabriel for standing in his way, the stranger had gone again. This was his brother Peter—a consorter with fashionable gentlemen in Boston, an adventurer, gambler, rake.

After that rumors wafted to them of his falling into evil company, and that Peter Whitten, the wit and dandy, had been seen in consort with certain unsavory sailormen, who put off of dark nights in small boats to ships that did not fly the King's ensign and that landed illicit cargoes.

They were well rid of him, and the money were safer out of the house.

Gabriel looked toward the sea. A haze was creeping down the coast, threatening a thick night. It was summertide, and he had thought

fondly of a stroll with Joan along the moonlit beach. The better part of prudence were to leave her at "Ye Lion Inne's" door and to hasten home.

So he sighed, pressed the girl's slim hand, and set his back to the sinking sun. Even in the hour of his absence, old Captain Whitten had failed with startling rapidity. The doctor's chaise was at the gate, and he shook his head solemnly as Gabriel entered.

"He went last out the night—the heart has given out."

"Ah!" Gabriel sighed back the word. Presently the white-faced Captain drew the curtains of his bed and beckoned his son to him.

"It's there," he whispered laboriously—"back of the fireplace—my money and yours. As for Peter, dont"—the words came with a hoarse shriek—"dont give him a farthing!"

He clutched Gabriel close. "There's more," he rambled on; "much more. I've been a venturesome man in my day—come close—I was a shipmate of Billy Kidd—we buried the stuff—closer, closer—ah, too late!"

Captain Whitten's eyes set in a fishy, unmeaning stare, and Gabriel, with a sigh, drew the bed-curtains.

The wind had risen with the doctor's going and sobbed in the heavy chimney. A drizzle of rain tapped against the oiled windows.

Gabriel sat in the chair he had used as a boy, with no company save his thoughts, a heavy sorrow for the dead Captain in his curtained bed, and the haunting memory of such another wild night.

The muffled steps of sea-boots on wet sod, as they neared the house, thrust grief aside, leaving only fear in its place.

Gabriel opened the door and peered against a wall of blackness. Within two paces of him stood a tall figure with a scarf wrapped to its eyes.

"Ah! little brother!" said Peter, stepping forward; "a rough night—a very rough night."

"It's strange," said Gabriel, half to himself; "I've been expecting you."

"A kind little brother," mocked Peter, shaking the rain from his great-coat; "a remarkably considerate Jacob to leave at home."

"No taunts," said Gabriel, bravely for him; "your father lies dead, half from the loathing of you."

Peter's lips smiled, but his hard eyes belied the play of his lips.

"I won't stay long; it's a question of money."

"Money, money!" cried Gabriel,



JOAN AND GABRIEL

bitterly. "You think only of money, with your father scarce cold."

"My boat is waiting—the men are getting tipsy at 'Ye Lion Inne'—come, out with it! Where did the old one hoard his guineas?"

"You'll never know from me," said Gabriel, stoutly.

The man in frayed finery came close, and his damp hands, with their clammy wrist-bands, closed over the youth's wrists. "I have no time to shilly-shally," he said; "needs must, if you drive me to use force."

Gabriel's heart forsook him. A wild fear fluttered in his wordless throat. He wrenched his hands free and ran

to the door. With a kick and a twist it was open, and he faced about.

"Little good may it do you," he cried. "Woe, woe has fallen upon our house."

"You young raven," said Peter; "then it is here. I'll take my chance of finding it."

Gabriel ran blindly toward the inn, while Peter turned to a survey of the room. The bed-curtains fluttered softly in the back-draft from the chimney, and Peter's face whitened ever so little. But he tapped here and there on the walls with the point of his stick until, above the mantel, a hollow sound came forth. In a jiffy he had unclasped his heavy sailor's knife and set to ripping at the paneling.

When Gabriel, Joan and Rufus Moore entered the room, they found him bent above the contents of a ship's box, a few gold pieces scattered on the table, and documents littering the floor.

"Come in," said Peter crustily; "it seems my honored father was more of a money-lender than a provider for his sons."

"I am in his debt," said the innkeeper, "if that is what you mean."

"But the guineas," mused Peter; "devil take it! Where are the golden beauties?"

"Here is the Captain's will," said Rufus, picking up a crumpled document.

"Ah! let me read it."

Peter's eyes darkened as he scanned the hand-writ scroll.

"It seems I am cut off," he said, with a laugh, "and that Jacob here is the heir to dole out pence when he pleases. As for the guineas, there is a chest of them buried, according to this instruction and chart, in the sands of Wendham Island."

A silence fell upon the company.

"You see I am honest about it," Peter confessed, his brow clearing; "no blubbering over spilt wine."

"If the gold is in the sands of Wendham," said Rufus, with cold comfort, "I fear there is little chance of recovery. It is well known by

sailormen to be a quicksand—a fearsome place.”

Then Peter did an unexpected thing. With one hand he took that of Rufus, and with the other that of Gabriel.

“Tomorrow,” he said solemnly, “we set out upon our journey, my little brother and I. And may the gold bring him a blessing on top of my cursed luck.”

“Amen,” said Rufus, heartily.

Two men landed from a yawl on the sands of Wendham Island. It was a barren, waste place, covered with waving sea-grass and given over to gulls.

“This way, brother,” directed Peter, who seemed to have a certain familiarity with the place; “the chart names yonder dune of sand to be the place.”

Presently he came to a halt, left off his pleasant whistling, and summoned Gabriel to dig in a spot that he marked with his stick.

After the roots of the grass were struck thru, the warm sand spaded fast, and, with a thud, Gabriel’s spade struck a solid bottom.

“Softly,” said Peter, his eyes sparkling; “let me help you with your inheritance.”

In a trice he had jumped into the hole and pulled forth the iron-bound chest. Its lid gave way before the strokes of the spade’s edge, and there, sunning under the blue sky, lay a shining heap of gold.

Gabriel held back, but Peter ran his fingers thru the treasure.

“Doubloons, pieces of eight, Portuguese moidores—no common man’s collection. I’ll wager our lamented parent levied toll on the high seas to gather such as these.”

“Do you think he was a pirate?” asked Gabriel.

“You spike him there, little heir,” said Peter, pleasantly. “And now, as the sun is falling, up with your bag till I fill it.”

Gabriel shouldered a well-filled bag and started back to the yawl.

“This way,” called Peter, jerking

his thumb to a spit of wet sand up the beach; “’tis better water for a heavy boat.”

Gabriel floundered toward the moist sand, and Peter followed slowly. At the edge of the dimpling sand, Gabriel paused.

“Take to it,” called Peter, cheerfully; “’tis a better footing.”

Gabriel started to cross the spit of sand. Peter came to the end of the dry sand and, sitting down on a



PETER RIFLES THE CAPTAIN'S  
STRONG-BOX

hummock, waited. Gabriel’s feet began to sink. Peter smiled the ghost of a smile.

Gabriel sank deeper—up to his knees. Then, unable to lift his legs, he turned his head and cast back imploring eyes to Peter.

“I think you’ve stumbled upon the quicksands,” said Peter; “a fine place for an inheritance.” And he leaned back on his elbows and smiled at the thought of his pleasantry.

“Help me; help me, brother!” called Gabriel.

Peter smiled, looking up lazily into

the sun. Gabriel sank to his waist. He still held on to the bag of gold.

"Man's covetousness," mused Peter. Then he sang out: "Drop the burden, brother; it is weighing you down."

Gabriel did not answer, nor again call for succor. He knew now he had been gulled on to his death.

As the sun was dipping back of the

saw nothing of the brothers, tho the gossip of their search for the treasure, and of Peter's disinheritance, dripped from every tongue.

Then, one fine afternoon, a wine-colored chaise came spanking and bobbing up to "Ye Lion Inne's" door, and Peter, in fine, new clothes of a fashionable cut, alighted from the car-



GABRIEL AND PETER UNEARTH THE CAPTAIN'S TREASURE

island, Gabriel had sunk to his armpits. Peter arose, brushed the sand from his clothes and turned to go.

"I cant deny myself one last look, little brother," he said. And as Gabriel shut his eyes, he felt the thirst of the long stare that swept his face.

When Gabriel opened his eyes, the dimpling, smiling sand had cupped his chin. Peter had gone.

For the span of a week the village

riage. Lace dangled from his wrists, a brilliant shone on his finger, and a jabot of Mechlin set off his clear complexion.

Peter was a handsome, straight-standing man, and knew it as he strolled, smiling, into "Ye Lion Inne," jingling the gold in his pocket. Joan, in the parlor, gasped at the fine show of him.

Peter's face saddened and he went to her. "There was a tenderness be-

tween you and Gabriel," he said quietly, "and it hurts me beyond measure to carry the news I bring."

The girl shrank back as he took her hand.

"I lost the joy of my inheritance when he went down in the sands of Wendham."

Joan gave a little cry and her eyes closed.

"I have come back"—the deep, sad voice went on—"to tell you, and to close the house on the hill."

Joan's heart called out in an agony, but her lips did not move.

"I never knew what a fine heart the lad had, and how brave he was."

"Why did not you save him?"

The question was flung full in his face. Peter's fine lace handkerchief dabbed at his eyes.

"There was nothing to do," he said, in such despair that she was half-convinced; "I lay on the sands till the sun went down, and my life was no better than his."

"Send for Rufus," Peter resumed, and she noticed that his voice had gone cold again.

Old Rufus Moore listened to the tale, with the tears starting and his chapped hands trembling like a palsy.

Peter was dignified, sorrowful, a soft light in his eyes. Then, suddenly, a paper flashed from his pocket, and he stared hard at Rufus.

"It's going to be a thick night—perhaps a storm," he said, "and I've a mind to stay over. Not up on the hill"—a look of half-fear shot across his fine features—"but with you. We might as well come to a settlement on this mortgage business."

"The Captain intended," stammered Rufus, "that it should be renewed—a period——"

"Period fiddlesticks!" said Peter. "I'm not to be cozened out of my money by a dead man's word."

And he took a couple of guineas out of his pocket, and set them to spinning on the table. "Perhaps we had better have brandy," said Peter, finally. "It will put a heart and perhaps a promise into you."

Peter sipped his drink toothsome,

then tossed off a second without pretense. Time went by, night came, and Peter still drank, holding Rufus over against him by the glint in his eye.

The wind had risen outside, setting the surf to pounding on the bar, and whining thru the trees on the road.

"It's coming up for a wild night," said Peter; then he laughed with the fancy of the thing. "I wonder if little brother is cold, off there on the sands of Wendham."

Rufus shivered; and even as he sat there under the gloating eyes, a stranger had entered "Ye Lion Inne," and stolen to Joan's side.

She screamed, and would have swooned had he not caught her.

The man in sodden, bedraggled clothes, whose grave lay wet and writhing on Wendham sands, was Gabriel, with the death-stamp still damp on his white brow.

He drew her to the fire, and in its shadow told of his hour of torture, his brother's perfidy, and his timely rescue by a fishing-smack.

"The gagging sand was even in my mouth, as I called, and they believed me a strange creature of the sea."

"You have come back—to me?"

"Yes; robbed, murdered a'most, without a roof."

"You are as a child before him."

"I tremble and fear even at the thought of him."

Joan took his hand in comfort, and her round eyes warmed him. Late into the night they whispered, and he knew that he would risk death again for the coming back to her.

Joan held the candle as Peter lurched his way to the east room door. Even with a candelabrum on the table, it was a place of lurking shadows, that folded the heavily curtained bed in gloom.

Peter set his pistols on the table and listened to the souging of the wind in the elms. A flash of lightning across his window showed him the teeth of the snarling surf in the bay. The floors and rafters of the inn spoke with strange, creaking voices in the strain of the storm.

Peter watched the dance of the window-curtain, and stole forward to clasp the loosened window. As he did so, a gust of wind flitted over the curtains of his bed.

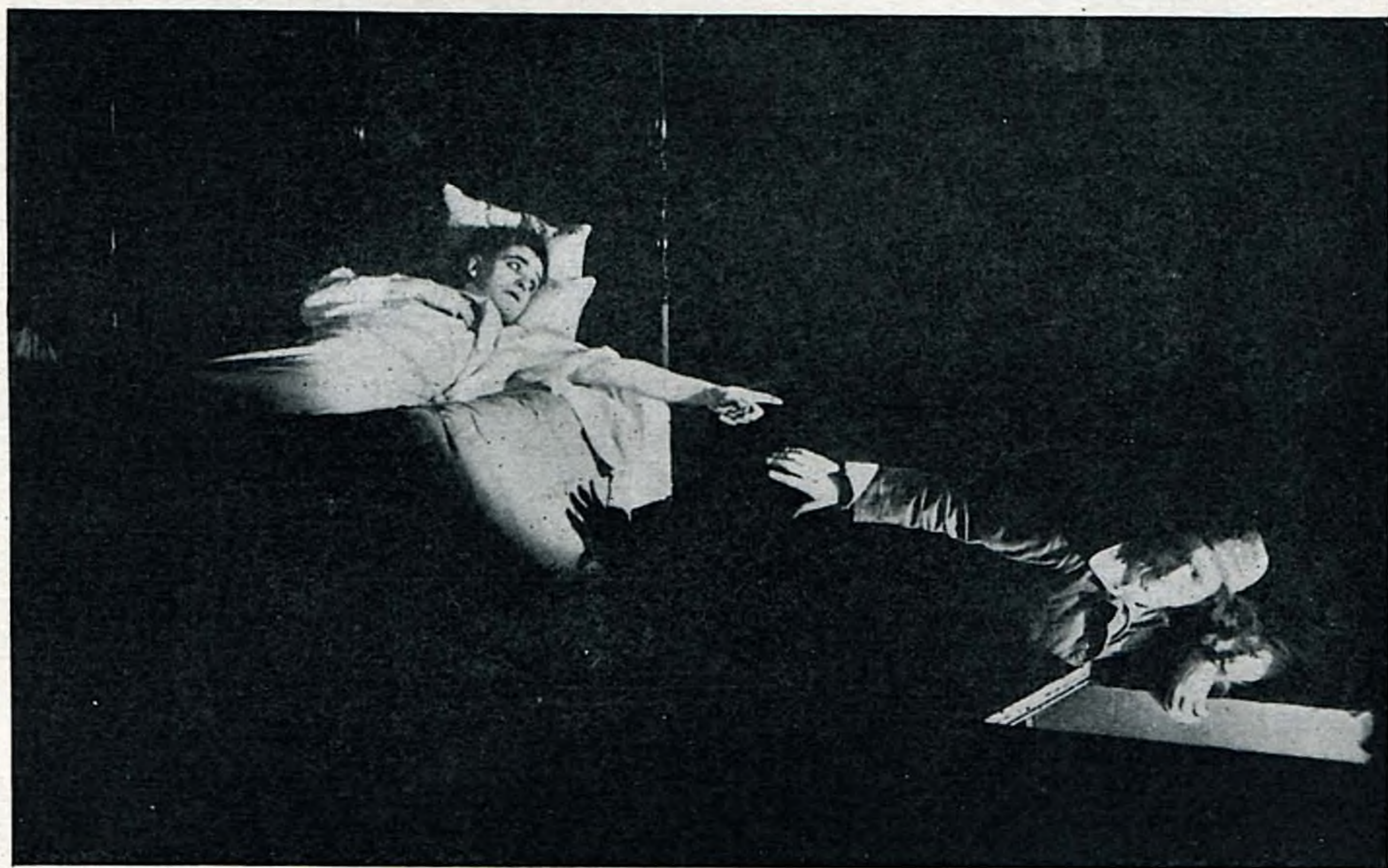
Peter shivered. Surely his eyes deceived him when they framed the shape of a man's legs moulded in white drapery on his bed.

The window relaxed in his hand,

It came, and with it the heavy report of the pistol, filling the room with a choking smoke.

The hands of the thing on the bed moved. In the shadowy candle-light, its shape started slowly to rise from its winding-sheet.

Peter's breath came in a roaring, stifled shriek, and he bolted to the door. His boots pounded in the pas-



PETER FLEES FROM THE GHOST OF HIS BROTHER

and fresh from the sea the storm swept thru the room, raising the bed draperies like the curtain of a stage.

Good God! A shape *did* lie in his bed—a slender, sunken shape, close wrapped in white cerements.

As the lightning filled the room with a brilliant glow, the face, with its waxen forehead, lay composed upon his pillow.

It was the tortured, the supplicating face of Wendham sands!

Peter drew himself toward the table. His hand closed over his pistol and he raised it with a dreadful effort of will. With fixed arm, he waited for a recurrent flash of lightning.

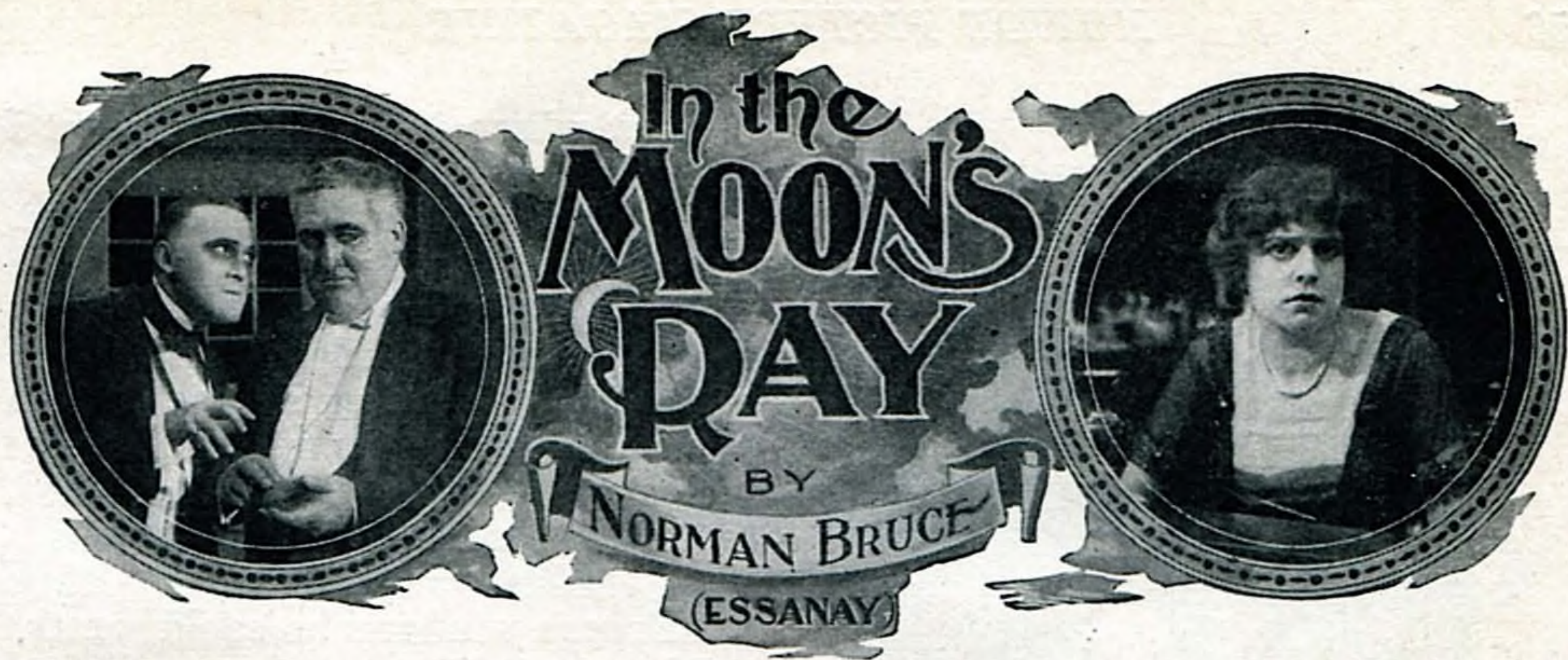
sageway, and, half-slipping, half-leaping, he landed at the foot of the stairs.

He gave one backward look. The thing was even then gliding down the stairs.

Out into the night ran Peter, into the teeth of the storm; his eyes set and staring, his brain gone mad with his vision.

In the morning Gabriel and Joan found him in the house on the hill. He lay across his father's bed, the gold pieces dribbling from his pocket, and in his fixed eyes the sneer that had swept his brother's face on Wendham sands.





From the scenario by EDWARD T. LOWE, JR.

"NIX on de highbrow stuff, boss," complained Spider Flynn. He gestured with a soiled, prehensile thumb. "Wot, f'r de love o' Mike, is dis scarab guy, anyhow?"

"It's a bug, Spider"—his companion lighted a gilt-belted cigar daintily, flinging the match away with white, manicured fingers—"an aged bug three thousand years old."

"T'ree t'ous—say, youse is guyin'. D'youse take little muh f'r a bat, or jus' a simp? A bug woirth pinching—garn!"

"Is ten thousand dollars worth pinching?"

Spider's small eyes gleamed. He leaned forward, bringing the front legs of his chair to the floor with a crash. "Is it?" he whispered, awed. "Say, lead muh to it. If dere's a bug on oirth good f'r ten t'ousand iron men, I'm on."

Meredith Blake got impressively to his feet. He was entirely impressive, from his glittering patent-leather toes to the irreproachable derby which he was now placing upon his head. He was, indeed, so well plated with the outwardness of gentility that he might almost have passed for a gentleman. He had to be. It was his stock-in-trade.

"Then, that's settled. Now, get wise to the name—Hamilton, Four Hundred and Nine West Seventy-sixth Street. The reception is tomorrow night, and trust little Willy to be among those present some way. Hang around that joint, Spider, and keep your eyes peeled. When you get an

earful of news, report. Get me? Yes? Well, s'long."

Spider Flynn looked after his leader as a Boswell after a Johnson. The cellar door, that led down into the room from the street, opening at that minute to admit a pale, pop-eyed youth with a permanent leer, he delivered himself of his feelings.

"Say, Squint, de boss is soitenly some fly guy, b'lieve muh! Wid dat dude mug o' his'n an' de Fift' Av'noo scenery he wears, he's woith more t' dis game dan you 'n' me togedder. Say, wat d'youse t'ink? He's buttin' in t' a swell blow-out tomorrer night—fizz, spiels and skoits—me doin' de outside woik, t' pinch a scarab woith ten t'ousand cool!"

"Wot," demanded Squint, wonderingly, "wot in h—is dat scarab stunt, Spide?"

"W'y, Squint"—Spider's tone held grieved surprise—"your ign'rance gives me a pain. A scarab is a potato-bug t'ree t'ousand years old!"

"Say, gov'nor."

"Yes, Spider?"

"Dat glim up dere's awful bright f'r a job like dis"—he indicated the moon disparagingly over one shoulder. Meredith Blake settled back on the taxicab cushions with a tolerant smile.

"Bless you, old man," he said, "this is no rough-neck stuff, y' know, but a fancy job. Instead of sneaking in a rear window with a jimmy, I enter the front door with a swallow-tail, thanks to your luck finding that invitation dropped in the gutter.



BLAKE EXPATIATES ON THE VALUE  
OF POTATO-BUGS

“Couldn’t be a better night, old man. Nix on that yellow streak.”

“Jus’ de same, I t’ink dere’s some t’ing on de blink—it’s *too* easy. W’en I makes a haul I likes t’ do hones’ woik, wit’ de diamond’-cutter, de putty an’ de bull’s-eye. I’m leery o’ dis sassiety biz——”

“’Fraid I’ll give you away by eating with my knife? Now, Spider, stow that whining and listen to me. I go in as a guest, get a glimpse of the scarab, beat it upstairs, hide, and snitch the stone after the house gets quiet. I got the detective badge in case of trouble. You hang about with the car—lucky you’re a regular chauffeur, Spider, so we dont have to pay taxi-hire! I come out, get in—there you are—simple, not?”

“Sounds O. K.” admitted the pessimistic Spider; “but de tire often gets busted where youse dont see no glass. Here we are, anyhow. Gee! but dat moon soitenly is gay!”

Blake got out of the car, leisurely, tipped his chauffeur, and joined the stream of top-hats and opera-cloaks entering the blazing hallway. Spider, watching, with reluctant admiration, his easy air of at-homeness, had to admit that his partner looked the rôle of gentleman.

“But where dere’s skoits present I dont trust him,” he sighed. “He’ll cop th’ game by some fool stunt, b’lieve muh.”

He cranked his car, whirred noisily away, around the block, and thence softly back, drawing up the taxi in the shadow across the way. Prudence told him to keep away until needed, but Apprehension, shriller-voiced, advised him to wait and watch. Thru the French windows he could see the guests greeted by a tall, gray-haired man, with the air of belonging to his clothes, and a girl in a rainbow gown. At the sight of the girl’s face Spider’s heart dropped to his boots. “A looker! some fair dame!—gee! when Blake gives her th’ once over——”

Groaning, he watched affairs shape themselves; saw Blake himself enter the room; saw the butler look after him, puzzled, then draw the host confidentially aside. Spider ground his teeth impotently. He was meditating flight and a month’s lay-off in safe hiding as Mr. Hamilton crossed the floor and, touching Blake apologetically on the arm, drew him into the window recess. The thief in the dark watched, breathlessly. Then he drew a long breath.

“Say, you’s got t’ hand it t’ dat feller f’r noive!” he admired. “Passes



BLAKE IS ROUGH BUT PERSUASIVE

himself off as a detective and gets away wit' it, too. But wait till he lamps de goil!"

Spider, indeed, seemed to have grounds for his fear, for Blake was undeniably struck with the beauty of Miss Judith Hamilton. He seemed to have eyes for nothing or no one else—even when the host drew forth a case from his pocket and, opening it, exhibited to his admiring guests what Spider rightly guessed to be the famous scarab itself. Indeed, Spider was on the point of throwing up the whole job in disgust and leaving Blake to his fatuous fascination, when he saw his partner shoot one lightning glance at the scarab, over Miss Judith's fan. A moment later he was making his adieu to the young lady and her father, and was gone.

Ensued for Spider an endless dullness of waiting. One by one the guests took noisy leave, but some few persisted in lingering to the point of exasperation. Spider yawned, pinched himself, awoke and shivered. The night was colder, and even the moon seemed to exhale cold. He felt her bright, unwinking stare uneasily, and swore aloud. Wot th' devil was she looking like dat at him f'r? A clock in a near tower moaned out two strokes as the door opposite finally closed upon the last visitor. Spider fumed. Never had he seen servants so slow about turning out the lights. He registered a profane resolution to stick hereafter to the legitimate line. That porch yonder—he could have climbed that with the greatest nonchalance, but any other method of entrance seemed needless daredeviltry. Spider Flynn was extremely shy of front doors.

A light pricked the darkness above the porch. Mr. Hamilton's tall form was silhouetted a moment against the white shade. The chauffeur waited impatiently—still the light. Spider, whose method of retiring for the night was to remove his hat, felt indignant.

"Say, aint dey got *any* heart, keepin' us poor guys up s' late?" he mourned. "Ah-h! dere she winks! Now f'r Blake! An' say, w'en youse

catches Spider Flynn out stealin' bugs on a bright moonlight night again! I must 'a' been nutty. Dis gets my goat."

Ten minutes later he said it again. Then he clambered resolutely over the side of the car.

The moon shone coldly bright, as a policeman's helmet, over the silent house, waiting.

Was that a scream? The shuffle of feet? The thud of a limp body? Silence again as before, and the cold rays of moonshine staring like blind, awful eyes thru an open window. Then a hand like a white, *knotted* blot on the dark sill.

The man in unruffled evening dress reached back and pulled vigorously. "D—n you, Spide! do you want to get us all pinched? Come along. Here, give me the girl—easy. There! Now beat it for the car—*beat it, I say!*"

Spider Flynn did not look at his chief, nor down at the limp burden he carried. His eyes, distended with awful fear, were turned back into the room. His breath splashed noisily up from his lungs, and he spoke in a throaty, horrible fashion.

"Gawd—I—I—*croaked* 'im. Lookee dere—on de bed—*Gawd!*"

One ghastly finger of moonlight, pointing thru the parted curtain, showed a face, white, still, unsupported in the darkness. Blake suppressed a shudder, and seized the paralyzed Spider by the shoulder, shaking him like a rat. "It's you for the electric chair if you dont come along."

"Ah-h-h-h—!" gasped the wretch, and came, staggering, swaying on loose limbs. At the taxi door Blake hesitated, then he deposited the girl in the seat and pushed Spider after her. Climbing to the chauffeur's seat, he started the machine. It darted swiftly along the side street, by dreaming windows and out into the white stretch of the Avenue. Within, on the cushions, Spider Flynn huddled, his face hidden in his hands. Now and then he shuddered from head to foot. Opposite, the limp

figure of the girl stiffened with returning consciousness.

Further down the Avenue, in the club zone, a midnight stroller was loitering toward home. Richard Neal, private detective, had no impetus to hurry. His bachelor quarters demanded no account of wasted moments, and tonight the moon companioned him, leading his Benedict thoughts romance-ward. He found



THE STRUGGLE

himself thinking of a girl as a man thinks on the eve of a proposal. So deliciously deep was he in his cloudy reflections that he did not notice the taxicab whirling toward him. A sharp rap on the side of his head brought him to earth rapidly. Dazed, he looked about for the cause—around, down, stooped and picked up—a slipper!

“What in the name of Pete!” he gasped, rubbing the stinging spot, incredulous eyes on the small, dainty silken thing. “A slipper and no foot! Do disembodied spirits of chorus-

girls wear shoes, I wonder——” Then he made his discovery. Scrawled across the pink side of the slipper in ragged letters, frantic with haste, were the words:

Help—Purple Taxi Co. Machine No. 3184 X—hurry. JUDITH HAMILTON.

The private detective thrust the slipper into his greatcoat pocket with a hand that shook. “Good Lord!” he said aloud, as a man to whom has happened the unbelievable. For the name on the slipper was that of the girl whose lovely image he had been visioning in the moonlight a moment ago!

“Who’s the chauffeur of number three thousand one hundred and eighty-four X?”

The sleepy clerk yawned himself into a sitting position, and glanced indifferently across the desk.

“Three thousand one hundred and eighty-four X? Le’s see—h’m—Flynn’s the name.”

“The stand for the machine is——”

“Eighty-fourth Street, corner Madison.”

“Thanks.”

“The scarab was——”

“In the escritoire.”

“And Judith?”

“Writing letters in her room across the hall.”

“I am tiring you, I’m afraid. One question more only. This is the window here?”

“Yes—it looks out on the porch. Be careful—there are pails of paint all over the roof where the workmen are repairing.”

“Paint? Then”—a moment’s pause for investigation, then a yell of triumph—“heel-marks—now we have ’em! Plain as day.”

“My God, it cant be too soon—my poor little girl!”

“Dont think of it, sir. You’ve had a terrible night, but it’s daylight now, and we’ll have her back safe before dark. Listen—I have a scheme. . . .”

"Do as you think best, Mr. Neal. It sounds plausible. I—cant think—myself——"

"Then expect us at ten, and have things arranged as I told you."

"Taxi!"

"Yessir—where to, sir?"

"Mr. J. C. Hamilton's, Seventy-sixth Street."

Spider Flynn started violently and

the house and to the drawing-room of the night before.

"Sit down there," directed Neal, "and I'll be back in a jiffy." He disappeared thru drawn curtains at the further end of the room. Left alone, Spider looked about him, shuddering—upstairs—what—his weak legs drew him up and carried him toward the door, but avarice stayed him—his fare. He glanced back and the short, stubby hair rose on his head.

The drawn curtains were parting slowly. Beyond was a room pitch-black but for one spot—a white face turned up with slack jaw and fixed eyes, and an unwholesome ray of light upon it, thru drawn window-curtains.

"De face," shrieked Spider, and stumbled forward upon his knees; "de face in de moonlight—my Gawd!"

Like a steel trap, Richard Neal was upon him, and others whom the cringing wretch on the floor knew for plain-clothes men. Last of all, a tall figure entered, gray head bound about with bandages, seeing whom the conscience-harried thief gave another cry. It was Hamilton himself, more terrible alive than dead.

"Quick, you thief and scoundrel—where is my daughter?"

Spider Flynn flung out his empty, grimy, eloquent hands.

"Aw, say, wot's de use? Come on wit' muh. Dere aint no guy livin' can down de t'oid degree."

It was plain his nerve was broken. As the taxicab whirled out again amid the city traffic, Richard Neal, sitting watchfully beside Spider at the wheel, heard him mutter heavily, "If dat moon hadn't a-been on de beat—gee!"

In the outskirts of the city slums, the machine halted before a dilapidated shack on the river-bank—a



NEAL STARTS HIS SEARCH FOR JUDITH

turned pale. "I—I—dat is—all right, sir. . . ."

"How much?"

"Two dollars."

Richard Neal thrust a hand into his pocket and drew it out empty. "Hold on," he said vexedly; "I've left my pocket-book at home. You'll have to come in here with me, my man, and I'll borrow the money."

Spider Flynn shrank back uneasily, but no excuse came to his unready mind. He shuffled draggingly into



JUDITH IS THREATENED

scum as of evil doing coated the boards, and the crazy door squawked dolefully under their impatient touch.

"My little girl," groaned Hamilton, as the rescuers felt their way down the slimy stairs—"here!"

Neal said nothing. With set jaw he flung his shoulder against the door at the foot of the stairs, and, as it gave, sprang into the room. The anæmic youth, lounging against the table, fell back in terror from the onslaught, his cigaret dribbling loosely from one lax corner of his mouth. Hamilton sprang upon him, shaking him viciously like a captured rat.

"My daughter!" he roared; "where is she?" Terror robbed the youth of his tongue, but Neal had already seen the door, and was upon it with the force of one-hundred-and-eighty pounds and a lover's anxiety. It gave. A single glimpse of a white-faced girl shrinking away from the amorous advances of Meredith Blake, and Neal had knocked him down. The struggle was short and sharp. At its zenith, Judith herself ended it by tripping the abductor. In a trice he lay, cursing and panting, but safely bound, upon the floor.

Neal turned to the girl. She met his wild, questioning eyes with a faint, reassuring smile.

"Thank God!" he cried brokenly, and caught her in his arms.

Blake smoked a cigaret, saying nothing. The shining things on his wrists were familiar jewelry.

"Say, I put it t' youse straight," complained Spider Flynn bitterly, as the officers led him away; "I wouldn't 'a' minded gettin' sent up f'r a real job, but aint it tough on a hones', self-respectin' burglar t' have t' do time f'r pinchin' a potato-bug t'ree t'ousan' years old?"

## Music at the Movies

By FRANCES MORRISSEY

Thru the dark the pianist plays  
Tunes that fit with the storied screen—  
Ragtime new for the comic films,  
Love-songs old for the sweethearts' scene.

Childhood songs for the childhood prayer,  
Roll of cannon for battle's roar,  
Hurrying hoofs for the Western chase,  
Crashing chords when the tale is o'er.

Gladly we recognize a tune,  
Laugh when its fitness does not fail.  
Is it all in your dreams at night,  
Maker of music to suit the tale?



BY DOROTHY DONNELL

## A PRINCESS OF THE DESERT



This story was written from the Photoplay by MARY FULLER

*Woe to them who speak the great names of kings lightly and make a mock of the majesty of the Lord's anointed. Thorns shall be their bed and the bitter food of the ape their food. Desolation shall stalk in their fields like the ghost of a dead camel and after they are dead the urn that holds their ashes shall crumble away into nothingness.—KORAN.*

**I**N the days ere Suleiman, the King of Kings, had passed to his reward—Allah magnify him!—it chanced that a scourge ravaged the desert, making it a dread and a peril to all men who journeyed there. From Gishon to the yellow flood of Onaleb, no caravan was safe from this scourge. The petty trader, with his single camel heaped with sacks of coarse salt, and the wealthy merchant, boastful of his score of beasts loaded with rich silks, plump wine-skins, figs and dates, and marvels of craftsmanship, faced this scourge alike, brothered by misfortune. Swifter than the simoom whirling across the brazen sands, more deadly than the Great Thirst, as sure as Death itself—Allah be merciful!—such was Abdullah Dhu, outlaw, robber, the Scourge of the Desert in the reign of Suleiman, King of Kings.

Men trembled to whisper even the dreaded name, lest the one who heard it might hap to be of the thievish band, for it was known that Abdullah had as many followers as the mid-summer heavens have stars, but who they were, or where they dwelt, none knew. The story went that the outlaw himself was of royal blood—an ill-born child, some said; others, a prince who had brought shame upon a high name—they pictured him as an old man, a patriarch in sin; an uncouth savage, rude of beard and dress; a courtly nobleman, proud even in his exile. Wild rumors all, for no one, not even those whom his band had assailed and despoiled, had ever seen him. And year by year he grew more fearless in his outlawry, until it reached almost to the proud gates of the royal city itself. Then the merchants of the land rose and came

in a body to the palace to obtain justice of the King.

"The King lives forever!" they cried, bowing their heads on the steps to the throne. "Praise to the name of the King! His people come hither to beg a boon."

Suleiman, the King, was a very old man, so old that Allah had made him wise as mankind goes, and well feared as wise men are ever feared by fools. He listened in silence to the tale of the merchants' wrongs, of myriad caravans stripped of fruit and stuffs and jewels, of servants robbed, and slave-girls stolen. At the end he said, lifting one withered hand above his frosted head:

"Go in comfort, for the King hath heard thy petitions. And when next thy caravans are molested, bid the marauder cease in the name of Suleiman, the King, who henceforward forbids the outlaw, Abdullah Dhu, to harm so much as the hair of one of his subjects' beards, under the pain of his wrath."

"The King is mighty in the land," the merchants cried joyfully, and went away to load their caravans, feeling certain that there could be no one in the length or breadth of the land who would dare to defy him.

The next month's moon was on the wane before Abdullah Dhu was heard from again. Then, out of the desert, limped a wayfarer in torn and travel-dusty robes. His face was unshaven and crisped by the sun, his lips parched and muttering. Thru the squares of the city he staggered, by minaret and mosque, by shop and bazaar, and no man knew him or greeted him by name. Yet a sen-night ago they had watched him depart at the head of his rich-laden caravan, the wealthiest merchant of them all. A sunset glamor, like the kiss of a rose, glorified the city, and countless muezzins were calling the world to prayer as the traveler entered the palace and came before the King.

Suleiman gazed upon the panting wretch, and bade him speak.

"The King's servant desires succor," gasped the man, who knelt

before the throne. "I am Selim, the merchant, O King!"

"Thou *Selim?*" cried the attendants in surprise, gathering closer. "Nay, Selim was a goodly man. He had jewels and fine raiment. Thou art not he."

The tattered stranger rent his garment and flung out his arms woe-fully. "Ask Abdullah of the Desert where are now Selim's jewels and robes, his forty camels and hundred bales of crimson dyes," he wailed. "Thus hath the outlaw done to me and mine, O King!"

The bent form of the ancient monarch straightened; under the shaggy brows, the eyes blazed.

"Didst thou not tell Abdullah my command?"

The stricken merchant laughed.

"Aye, most surely," he replied, "and the outlaw sent a slave to me with this answer. 'Tell thy King, O fool,' he said, 'that the King rules the city, but Abdullah Dhu the sands. Tell him that until the desert blossoms as the rose-tree, Abdullah defies him, and fears the sting of the tiny brown lizard more than the wrath of the King.'"

A mutter arose among the attendants at these dire words, but the old King said naught.

The burden of his years was upon him, crushing. He knew that he was old and powerless, and the bitter knowledge was Death. One withered hand covered his breaking heart, but the other stretched toward the part of the great hall where the women were. One of these, a slender young thing with feet like flowers, rose from her cushions and bounded to the side of the King. The frail draperies wreathed her round limbs like mist, and the twin breasts beneath the jeweled girdle heaved as lotus-flowers in a desert storm. This was Nelia, the Princess, sole bud of the royal stem. She bent above the old King.

Thru the solemn hush of the hall her cry came, wild and weeping.

"Dead, my father! *Aie, aie!* Allah be merciful! Dead!"

The women set up a shrill wailing.





“BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, I SWEAR”

The men fell on their faces, beating their heads upon the mosaic pavement stones.

Nelia arose and stood erect by the dead King. She raised her arms to Heaven.

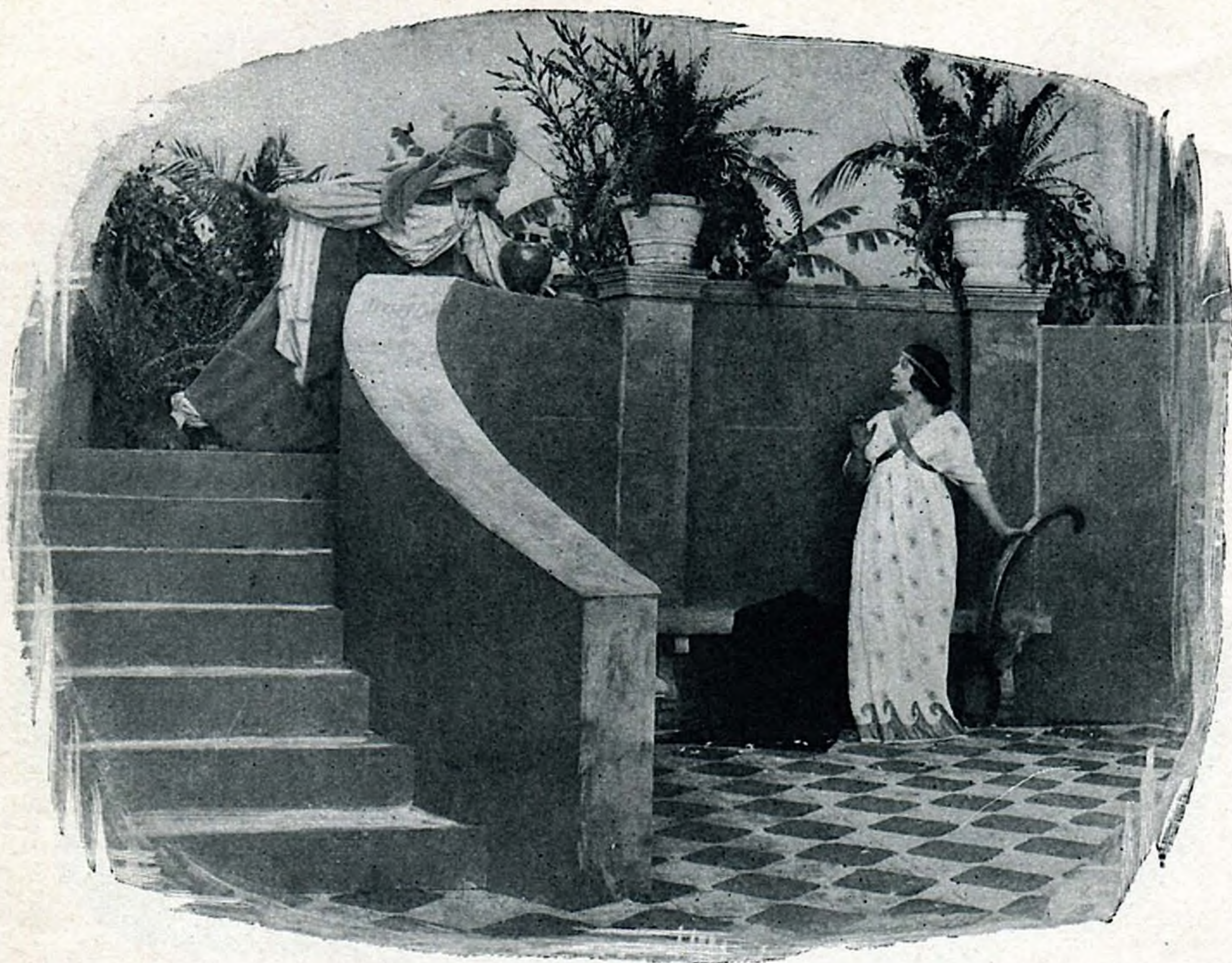
“Hear me, O Allah!” she cried very terribly. “By the beard of the prophet, I swear that Abdullah Dhu shall pay with his life for the life of my sire, and the red blood of his heart shall wash out the black insult of his lips.”

The year warmed into beauty as a maid turns to a woman, and even the heavens flowered in pale tints of rose and amethyst. The days were drowsy with fierce lights and glamor, and the nights passionate with perfume from myriad gardens abloom. In the lanes of the city nodded the merchants beneath their awnings, their wares of rugs and lacquer, of tobacco and fruit unsold. The shadows of the beggar-women were sharp on the cobbles, and the noonday voice of the muezzin floating from his tower—Allah be

blessed!—rose languidly to the Gates of Paradise.

In the palace, Princess Nelia sat alone. She had beautiful raiment and jewels like lustrous eyes, ebony slaves, silken cushions for her soft body, rosewater and myrrh for her bath, and dainties of many kinds upon her table, and—she sat alone. Beyond the latticed casement, Life went by; straining her ears, she could hear it panting, breathing, laughing, weeping, but only echoes like the sad shadows of ghosts crept in to her. All day she sat silent, brooding, but at night she dreamed. And her dream was wonderful. The desert—the vague, far places misty with unimagined wonders—a lonely date-palm, black against the burning desert moon—a strange, subtle scent among the roses; the odor of vastness, adventure, and the sound of feet coming swiftly across the creaking sand. Beyond that she had never dreamed.

One night, waking, the Princess Nelia thought she heard a voice cry out to her at the breaking of her



“THOU, AT LAST, O MY MOST BEAUTIFUL”

dream. She sat up among her pillows, straining her ears. Nothing—only the muffled breathing of drowsy guards beyond the door; the twang, afar off in the city, of a guitar. She listened wistfully to the throbbing strings, woven across at last by a deep voice singing in the distance:

O love, my love, awake; come down  
from thy white abode;  
Bring me thy sweet, pale hands, O love,  
and thy lips' red fruit to me.

Something trembled in the Princess's virgin heart.

“Now, Allah be watchful,” she said aloud. “I shall go out into my garden. Perchance the air will cure this strange unrest that is upon me.”

Lightly as a shadow she arose, donned a white robe and sandals, and crept by the sleeping slaves, out into the throbbing night. In the moon-glow the roses drooped, heavy-headed, and a nightingale was singing. The Princess went to the wall. She was a prisoner here with her roses and royalty. Beyond the garden lay the desert—vague—far-reaching; a scent

came suddenly to her nostrils—the smell of baking sands, of vasty earth and immensity of sky, of emptiness and adventure. She raised her head, and her heart began to beat painfully. Footsteps! She heard them coming across the creaking sands—nearer—at the very wall. Then the sound of sandaled feet climbing upon the stones.

“Allah be merciful!” whispered the Princess, and hid her face in her white hands. When she raised it again he stood before her. He was tall, beyond the manner of most men, mighty of muscle, with great limbs and a strong, fierce face, shaded by the white turban. She would have fled, fearing him, but for his eyes. Never in all her dreaming had the Princess visioned the look of them—deep—dark, with a light in them like the moonlight in the waters of a black pool. They drew her, trembling, and she felt his strong hands upon her shoulders, and his breath swift and hot against her hair. She looked up, forgetting to be afraid.

“Thou!” said the stranger, after

a very long while; "thou, at last, O my Most Beautiful!"

"Who—" she whispered, "who— art—thou?"

The stranger laughed low and lifted her face to his.

"Look well," he answered. "Dost not recognize me, O girl o' the garden? Why, as soon as my eyes found thee my heart knew thee. Thou art my Dream awakened; the Bread I have long hungered for; the Wine for my thirst; thou art the Prayer I have often prayed."

The Princess began to tremble.

"What is it that hurts me—*here?*" one small hand pressed over her heart. He laughed again, tenderly, but did not answer her. And so they stood silent while the stars swung by overhead and the roses shed their petals in sweet death upon the grass.

"Thou art not of the city?" she asked him then, noting, for the first time, his garb of the desert nomads.

"I am a son of the sands," he answered proudly. "Now, tonight, am I for the first time in my life within a wall."

"Why camest thou hither?"

His voice thrilled her. "Something drew me. I thought it was a dream, but it was Thou. Now know I that Allah is indeed good, for He hath led me to thee."

The moon-shadow lengthened; the goldfish in the fountain hung motionless in the blue depths; a dawn breeze, wandering across the garden wall, caressed the frail folds of her robe. The man stirred uneasily and gazed up at the sky.

"Dawn cometh," he said; "I must be gone. Tell me, O Rose Girl, lives the old King Suleiman yet?"

"Nay," the Princess faltered in surprise; "his daughter, Princess Nelia,

reigneth. Why asketh thou of him, Son of the Desert?"

"A whim." The stranger suddenly bent down and caught her white hands to his breast. She felt the great heart pounding beneath them, and her breath came quick and short: "Shall I not see thee another time? Say whether it be thy will or no."

She looked up into his face as the rose looks up at the moon. Now, indeed, had Life touched her in passing, and made her a woman.

"It is my will, O stranger," she whispered.

Their lips met above twin hearts.

"The Princess Nelia lives forever!" The slaves knelt about her, plying great fans; merchants, bowing abject knees, displayed their wares for her pleasure, flinging largess of crimson stuffs, vivid scarfs and filmy veils upon the floor. Scarcely she saw or heard for the sweet of her own



"IT IS MY WILL, O STRANGER"



FOR SHE WAS A PRINCESS FIRST OF ALL

thoughts. Then a name crashed thru the rainbow web of day-dreams. Two of her servants knelt before her.

"May it please the Princess to judge a prisoner found at dawn without the city walls?"

"Who is the man?" said Nelia.

"Abdullah Dhu."

Abdullah Dhu! The Princess started to her feet. Abdullah Dhu! Outlaw, robber, slayer of her father, the man whose death she had vowed! In a voice like the tinkle of ice she cried, "Bring him in."

He stood before her, bound hand and foot, and her proud heart stood still. (*The desert—the strange scent of far spaces—footsteps over the creaking sand—*)

"How pale she is, the Princess," whispered one slave-girl to another. "It is hatred that eats her."

"Aye, she hath sworn the outlaw's death," answered another, with a secret look at the prisoner; "but he is not ugly to look at——"

The eyes of the outlaw and the

Princess met, locked. She did not stir, tho in her heart pain held carnival.

*O night—short night of Life and love—O rose that would never bloom again—O waning moon!*

"How, O Princess, shall this man be punished?"

*If he would but turn his eyes away!—never to hear the deep voice again—to feel the strong hands never, nor his lips burning on hers!*

She was a Princess—but a woman, too. Allah would forgive a broken oath. Her father in Paradise would forgive. After all, life was hers, and life was sweet. She drew a long breath.

"Away!" she said, slowly; "and to-night at moonrise put him to death."

For she was a Princess first of all. "The Princess lives forever!" chanted her slaves.

But, ah, the dream that was broken—the desert in the moonlight, and the strong footsteps across the sand!

Allah be merciful!

# THE RIDERS Of PETERSHAM

BY GLADYS HALL



(VITAGRAPH)

"THE Pirates of Penzance," gloated the young man on horseback, his eyes eager upon the stagey, scenic effect of mountain and valley shadow before him—"comic opera setting—third act—everything ready for the chorus to jig on and sing about moons and Junes and spoons, and no chorus, by Jove, no white-haired old father, no lovely heroine; Romance is dead"—he gave a preliminary flap to the lax bridle-reins; "wonder what Uncle Julius finds in a little cooped-up hole like Petersham worth his while. I'll wager," he shook his head disgustedly, "the liveliest moment of the day is mail-time, and they still talk about the Civil War, and *that* with all these mountains and cliffs and caves going on right around them—no, Romance is certainly dead—Hullo!"

The somnolent horse started violently, dislodging a fly dozing on one ear. A moment later the hill ground fell swiftly away under his flying hoofs and the valley rose to meet them.

The girl looked up dazedly from the clump of rhododendrons, whither the tilting of the carriage had flung her. Behind the bright veil of loosened hair she flushed sunset pink as the handsome stranger bent over her.

"Not hurt—I *think*," she answered his alarm; "I haven't taken a complete census of my bones yet. But I reckon my carriage has sprained its hind wheel." His hand drew her up strongly, and, woman-like, her first instinct was toward her hair. Richard

Coke's eyes followed the white gleam of her fingers into the thick woof of it, with the admiration his Northern tongue hesitated to word. But he spoke businesslike.

"I think it will hold together for a mile or so more at least," he said, after a swift investigation of the carriage. "It was a stone that threw it out of place. If you drive slowly, and it isn't far——"

"There's a blacksmith yondah," said the girl, slurring the words in the pleasant, slipshod, Southern way. She climbed daintily into the seat. "I'm on'y going to Petersham."

"Why, so am I," cried the stranger eagerly; "if you will permit——"

"Oh, suttinly," she smiled.

The carriage crawled gingerly forward, moaning in every outraged nut and screw. His horse, drawn close beside, dozed again, bored with their youthful confidences. And Romance, watching from a pink-and-purple cloud overhead, chuckled aloud.

"Dead!" she sneered—"dead am I? *I'll show him!*"

The blacksmith, in the door of his shop, glanced up and, to Richard's amazement, scowled openly into his companion's charming face. The shadow of the black look crossed her eyes. She glanced at her escort entreatingly. Puzzled and angry, Richard explained the dilemma of the loosened wheel, and stood by while the smith went resentfully to work.



AND "ROMANCE" CHUCKLED ALOUD

A tiny tot of dimpled, sexless age appeared around the corner of the shop, dragging a very dirty Teddy-bear by one limp paw.

"Miss Em'ly, I 'ikes 'oo, does 'oo 'ike me? Does 'oo 'ike Johnny-bear? 'oo tan *tiss* Johnny-bear. Does 'oo 'ike——"

"Totty, run into the house this minute!" growled the smith. "What did I tell you, eh?"

The bear and child disappeared tearfully, and, the wheel being mended, Richard helped the girl again into the carriage. In the dusking light he saw her lips quivering.

Before them, in a cup among the hills, lay Petersham, the late sun bronzing the roofs and flashing from the window-panes in jeweled fires. He surveyed it absently, pondering the strangeness of the incident just closed. Suddenly the girl turned toward him.

"Did—did you see how Joe Brown looked at me?" she laughed drearily. "The sins of the fathers get visited on the *daughters*. Folks here in Petersham hate my father."

"But why—" hesitated Richard—his Uncle Julius, now—surely not *he*.

"He's John Burnay, editor of the *News*," she told him, sadly; "and he's trying to clean up Petersham—that's why."

Richard nodded. "But the leading citizens—they must sympathize——"

She shook her head. "You see it's the leading citizens he's after!" she said. "Father suspects they're owners and managers of an illicit still back in the hills, and he prints just what he thinks, my father does."

In the dusk he saw her cheeks whiten to sudden pearl. She leaned forward, her eyes wide and terrified. "Sometimes I think," she half-whispered, "that only fools are brave. Oh, you cant know what it is to live on *the edge* all the time. I'm not brave at all, you see, and—I—I am *afraid, afraid!*"

The low words wrung from her, mysterious and unexplained, fathered a strange bond between them. He held out his hand.

"Well, Miss Burnay," he said heartily, "I am a leading citizen of Petersham myself, while my guardian, J. B. Coke, is tying up my inheritance with red tape, and as such I, for one,

intend to stand by your father and help him clean up the town."

The carriage creaked to a standstill before a ramshackle building, half house, half shop. She looked at him sweetly, and the blood thrilled and sang in strange turbulence thru his veins.

"This is home," said Emily Burnay. "I know my father will be glad to see you soon."

"And you?"—boldly.

"I?" she smiled, and he could not know that just then her pulses, too, were swifter. "Oh, yes, suttinly—but I dont count. It's father that edits the *News!* Good-night, and thank you, suh."

As he rode to his uncle's house, thru the fragrant dusk of the South, Richard Coke smiled and hummed a line or two beneath his breath, and smiled again. But he did not know that he was smiling or that the verse on his lips was a lavender-sweet old love-song about a lady's eyes.

"Well, Dick, my boy!" his uncle slapped him bluffly on the shoulder. "So you're twenty-one at last, eh? And anxious to shoulder the Atlas load of wealth!"

Richard Coke laughed boyishly, surrendering his single bag to the care of the negro butler. "Well, uncle," he said cheerily, "no gladder than you will be to get rid of it, I expect. It must have been an awful bother to you all these years, and I'm no end grateful."

The handsome face opposite changed subtly, tho not a feature moved.

"Yes—of course—but we'll talk of that later." He led the way across a beautifully fitted living-room, his nephew following with ill-concealed glances of surprise. Why, Uncle Julius must be *rich*—strange, he had always thought somehow that he was almost poor. The dining-room, luxurious as the other, was a further revelation—flowers, plate and glasses that glowed and burned in amber.

"Brandy—'42," said the older Coke, lifting his glass with a bow; "your health, my boy."

It was late when they returned to the living-room. The clock on the mantel yawned midnight, and the butler appeared, carrying two candles, in quaint old silver sticks, which he lighted at the open blaze. The older man went to a huge walnut secretary and drew a tin box from a locked compartment.

"Here, my dear Dick, are your securities," he said pleasantly. "Be careful of the box, for if it should be—*lost* we'll say, your wealth would be gone also. Tomorrow morning we'll go over them together. Good-night. I hope you will sleep well."

"Good-night, uncle." Richard Coke tucked the box under one arm and lifted his candlestick. "I hope you dont want to get rid of me at once, even when my affairs are wound up. Somehow, I have a feeling I'm going to like Petersham."

The man, left alone in the great, darkened room, looked after the boy until his receding shadow flared across the upper walls and disappeared. Then he drew a long breath and, in the wavering candle-light, a something sinister twisted the handsome face. "Yes, nephew," he said aloud, and shrugged his shoulders; "yes, I hope you are going to sleep very well tonight."

It seemed to Richard only a moment after he had closed his eyes before something drew them open again. He lay blinking into the impersonal darkness, sending out his senses like prying tentacles seeking the cause. There it came—a stealthy rub-rub against the woodwork near the head of the bed. Thru the open window the sound came plainer and plainer, nearer. He strained his eyes toward the indistinct square and, breathlessly, reached out to the table beside him and secured the dagger paper-knife he had noticed there. Suddenly he felt his heart leap to his throat in sheer nervous horror. His fingers, grasping the dagger, had nearly brushed against a hand! He stared, fascinated. In the pale moonlight the hand showed on the table, white, motionless, as if a severed, breathless

thing. Then, inch by inch, it moved. Richard watched, paralyzed. *The thing was holding his box of securities!*

"Uncle—Uncle Julius! Wake up, for God's sake!"

The figure on the bed started upright. "Who—what the dev— Oh, it's *you*, Richard—"

"I've been robbed!"

"Robbed!" Julius Coke repeated; "my dear boy, you are dreaming!"

Richard fumbled on the dresser, blundered onto the matches, and lighted the candle with fingers that stammered his excitement. Then he turned to the bed, holding out a curious object in one hand.

"I didn't dream this, sir!" he panted. "And it's the strangest thing—"

*This* was a strip of suiting impaled on the point of the paper-knife—a strip wrenched evidently from a coat-sleeve. Coke gazed at it impassively for a long moment; then he spoke, dryly:

"What is the strangest thing?"

The young man's brows met in his effort to remember.

"Why, just that I think I've seen that very suit somewhere lately, but for the life of me I can't say where."

"Pooh!" his uncle was skeptical. "Best go back to bed, Dick. It's too late to do detective work tonight. Without doubt, tomorrow we shall find your securities."

Unfortunately, Julius Coke was too sanguine. A week—two—three of tomorrows filed by, and the tin box in which lay Richard's wealth seemed to have dropped out of the world. Yet, for some reason, the young man appeared resigned. It would turn up—could be traced. Meantime he would hang around Petersham a bit—pleasant place, Petersham. The rambling, Revolutionary office of the *News* knew him more and more frequently, tho whether it was old John Burnay, stubborn-jawed and steeped in printer's ink, that was the attraction, or Emily's bright hair that drew him magnet-wise, Richard did not attempt to analyze. Life blew about

him like a whirlwind raising a cloud of dust and obscuring the relative position of objects. Julius Coke looked on, frowning, and Romance, saccharine goddess, peeping over the edge of her cloudy lookout, smiled and smiled.

Truly, if he had been an epicure in adventures, Richard could hardly have asked for more than were befalling him now.

Soon after the robbery, he entered the sitting-room office of the *News*, to find the entire force, Burnay, his daughter and the staff—a lanky, clever youth named Elmer—discussing a scrap of dirty brown paper that was pinned to the window-sill. The editor passed it to Richard, who read aloud:

JOHN BURNAY—Beware how you attack reputations, or you will find how we defend them.

THE NIGHT RIDERS OF PETERSHAM.

"Joke?"

Burnay shook his head grimly—"Fact."

Richard caught the girl's look of terror, and his heart swelled with the male joy of protection. "What are you going to do, sir?" he questioned eagerly.

"Do?" thundered the old man, bristling—"do? Why, just nothing whatevah, suh, nothing whatevah. A pack of d—dirty scoundrels, suh—your pardon, my deah—kaint keep John Burnay from speaking out in the holy cause of Truth, suh!"

"No, they can't frighten father, but they can—*kill* him." It was an hour later, and Emily and Richard were strolling, as the sunset hour often found them, out along the turnpike road of Romance, where they had first met. His hand, bolder by a month than then, patted hers reassuringly.

"I wonder whether he is right—I mean in his charges," he said thoughtfully. "Uncle Julius says—"

She flashed him a quick look. "Oh, *your Uncle Julius*—" There was something unsaid in the words. Perhaps, if she had finished the sentence, the succeeding chapters of events



might never have followed; but even as he was turning, wonderingly, to question her, a child's scream rang out, blotting the words. It was followed, after a tense instant, by a man's cry:

"Totty—Totty—my God, dont let her die!"

"It's Joe Brown's little girl—hurry!"

Emily broke into a swift run, the answer of a woman to a child's need of her. Lumberingly, he followed. Joe Brown lifted a white face barred with soot from the heap of tiny limbs. His great, grimy hand, master over steel and iron, shook helplessly as he attempted to lift the baby form.

"Her head—she—she hit it——" A great finger indicated a jagged piece of scrap-iron on the grass. Emily bent over, touching, probing, investigating swiftly, while Richard stood by, awkward with masculine helplessness. At last she turned.

"Joe, saddle your horse and ride for Doctor Carlton."

The man gave a hysterical sob. "An' leave my li'l gal—no, I kaint. Oh, Lord, save her—Lord——"

"Then, *you* must go."

Richard nodded. He bent over the writhing father, roughly kind. "See here," he said, "I'm going to take your horse to get the doctor. You help Miss Burnay take the baby into the house. She's only stunned, Joe; brace up!"

The big man, crouching on the ground, caught a fold of the girl's skirt, and looked up into her face with tortured eyes. "Save my Totty," he begged; "save her, and I'd give my life for you."

Midnight saw Richard turning from Emily Burnay's door, after an evening's successful battle for the child's

life. He was conscious as he said good-night in the intimacy of the porch shadow, and felt the perfumed presence of her so near—the gentle woman-spell—that sleep was distinctly unlikely if he returned to his uncle's at once. A late moon frosted the valley, fairying it. It was an elfin night of frail, sharp shadows and still glow. A world of unreality stretched at the end of the village street, up



"JOE, SADDLE YOUR HORSE AND RIDE FOR DOCTOR CARLTON"

thru the hills, calling his restless, tremulous young ardor to dream among them for an hour. Up yonder, where every tree and flower and outline was softened, sweetened by the gentle light, he would find her again—the part of her he carried in his heart—and he would tell her what his lips had not yet dared put to the test. So, his shadow a-trail at his heels, the unconfessed young lover mounted to the hills.

What he found was unexpected—



“YOU-ALL BETTER LE’ ME GO . . . . I KNOW YOU”

and disconcerting. It was a discord in a perfect nocturne. Yet it, too, was Romance in a way.

“And to think I supposed such things happened only in books,” Richard told himself, challenging his eyesight. Thru the lattice of hollytwigs, he watched the strange figures at their stranger work, like a convention of goblins initiating a lost soul. The lost soul’s back, toward the hollybush, presented a familiar patch on the seat of the trousers to Richard’s view. He started violently, and crept with breathless caution a shade nearer, straining eavesdropping ears. For the prisoner in the evil and sheeted band was Elmer, the staff of the *Petersham News*.

His shrill falsetto, reedy with anger, pierced to Richard’s ears. “You-all better le’ me go,” he was panting. “I know one—two of you, anyhow—you thar, an’ you yondah with the whiskers. You-all ’ll be right sorry if you dont let me go!”

The masked and hooded mummers drew together, muttering and gesturing. In the grip of two of them, the captive snarled defiance, and spat out

venomous threat, the more disturbing because vague and indefinite. The simple moonlight, toying with the sinister figures, gave them ghostlier menace, like unclean fungous growths in the charmed circle of a fairy ring. Richard’s eyes, probing surfaces, vainly sought the respectable identities beneath. At some length, the seeming leader turned to Elmer’s guards with a muttered order, and the procession moved out of the glen. As the last white robe winked out of sight, the young Northerner followed, dodging from shadow to shadow like a healthy young hound on the scent of ghosts.

Morning was winking and yawning across the cloven sky as the two of them limped into the yard of the *News* and rapped significantly upon the door. The light, keeping vigil behind a shutter, moved—hesitated—and came finally toward them, down the hall.

“Who’s thar?” Burnay’s voice demanded, keyhole high.

“Elmer and Coke.”

The hinges creaked a welcome.

"Come in, boys. Didn't know but it might be some more darn tomfoolery from the Night Riders."

In the office the veteran editor faced them angrily, waving a scrap of paper in their faces.

"Another billet doux," he snorted grimly. "Came this evening. Listen:

JOHN BURNAY—Print another edition of your scurvy sheet, and we'll burn you out of town.

THE NIGHT RIDERS OF PETERSHAM.

Say, aint that rich, eh? Night Riders, huh! There's no such thing. Some kid's work. Hullo, boy, what's the matter?"

For Elmer, wet from sole to crown, had slid from his chair into a swooning puddle upon the floor.

"The matter," said Richard, coolly, as he stooped to the fainting youth, "is simply that our young friend here has spent an uncommonly exciting evening, winding up with a trip down the river, tied to a raft, and headed for the rapids. I appeared, fortunately, just in time to rescue him. I guess, sir," Richard smiled grimly, "that you'll have to admit the reality of the Night Riders of Petersham."

The old man stared down at his assistant, his jaw rocky under the leather of his skin.

"Humph!" he said at last; "trying to hit me thru him—eh? Well, young fellow, get my printer here into shape soon's you can. I'll be needing him, I reckon, to get out the next edition of the *News*."

Joe Brown's hands relaxed, freeing a clatter of iron.

"You-all goin' t' sell those papers?" his jaw was sagging with unwilling admiration. Richard nodded matter-of-factly.

"Of course—why not?"

"But the Riders—Lord, suh, you dont dar! Your uncle, he——"

"What's that, Joe?"

"Nothing—on'y I reckon, suh, you're goin' to have a right lively time!"

"And you're going to help us?"

Emily leaned swiftly forward, one small hand out, entreating; "aren't you, Joe?"

The big smith's eyes wavered from her pleading face to Totty, playing languidly near-by. He wiped his grimy palm on his leather apron, inspected it, and shook the little hand.

"I'll get some of th' boys," he promised, "and tonight——"

"Tonight, then; thank you, Joe."

In the shuttered room the minutes, weighted with apprehension, panted heavily by. The men were silent, save for their heavy breathing and an occasional nervous shuffle of feet. Thru the dusk glimmered, where the scraps of moonlight found them, the cold menace of steel rifle-stocks, oddly contrasting with Emily's housewifery of pans, hung above. Stillness—strained listening—a creak somewhere——

"Who's there?"

Before she answered, the stir in Richard's pulses told him. She crossed the shadows and moon-patches to where her father's white head showed beside his desk.

"Emily!" he reproached her in fond anger, "I told you to go ovah to the parson's. Why are you foolin' around hyah?"

"Dont scold, daddy," she whispered, "I—I couldn't bear to leave—you."

The tiny hesitation flashed its telepathic message across the room, and Richard's heart swayed toward her. The words he had never told her lay tonight very near his lips, but the cold feel of the rifle-barrel in his hand shivered across his mind, reminding him of his purpose in being here tonight. No, there was man-work to be done, and wooing must wait.

"Hark!"

Their tense nerves twanged. The room held its breath, listening—aha! muffled sounds—voices, steps outside, a harsh shout, throaty and disguised, at the barred door:

"John Burnay!"

The old editor raised his head defiantly, a fierce old lion bearded in his lair.



THE DEFENSE OF THE PRINTERY

“Who has business with John Burnay?”

“The Night Riders of Petersham!”

Emily, in the taut pause, crept nearer Richard. He groped, and found her hand, cold, tremulous. “Emily,” he whispered, “*dear!*” but she did not seem to hear. Her father had risen, was speaking.

“The Night Riders, eh? A cowardly cloak to shield cowards,” he snarled. “An excuse for our leading citizens—bankers, lawyers, merchants, fathers—to become marauders, whisky-distillery lawbreakers, *murderers* for all I know. You’ve come for an answer to your dirty demands? Then, here it is. As long as John Burnay lives, he is not afraid to speak or print the truth, no matter how high the name it tarnishes. And, further, thanks to my assistant here, I know now who some of you are, and by tomorrow the town shall know it, too!”

A hoarse mutter of voices answered from the yard. Then a red flare stained the room sinisterly, leaping over set faces—Joe Brown’s, Richard’s, Burnay’s—the others’ like the shadow of blood.

“Smoke the old fox out!”

“Burn his lying sheet!”

“Spy! Blackmailer!”

Richard Coke leaped to his feet, boyishly, eager for fight. “Come on, boys—we’ll show them. But, remember, *fire high!*”

Emily Burnay, shrinking into the corner where the ancient hand-press reared, heard the roar of surprise, dismay, anger that greeted the unbarring of the door; saw the wild crimson glow pant and waver upon the walls as crisp shots peppered the startled air. “Richard!” she shrieked aloud—“Oh, God, don’t let Richard be hurt!” Her last thought, as she fainted quietly away, was one of shame that she should not have cried, “Father!” in place of the stranger name.

Outside, in the tansy-scent and quiet moonshine, two men met face to face. The white mask, furiously awry, spoiled the Rider’s aim, or Richard would never have lived, for he shouted, “Uncle—you!” that betrayed his shame. It was Joe Brown who came between them, before a Cain-crime could stain either’s hands.

The struggle was brief. In five minutes the yard lay, tansy-scented,



“SO IT WAS YOU—CAIN!”

moon-etched and serene. Only, here and there, a smoking pine-brand lay smouldering to death, harmlessly. Richard, standing a little apart from where the group of defenders reviewed their victory, felt his heart heavy with kin-shame—not so much that his uncle had been caught red-handed in a deed of lawlessness; not because of the illicit still somewhere yonder in the Kentucky caves; *but because the scrap of cloth upon the dagger paper-knife, torn from the thief's sleeve, had matched the torn coat that his uncle had worn tonight!*

A thief!

Hot anger flamed across his heart, scorching it with plans for revenge, for prosecution.

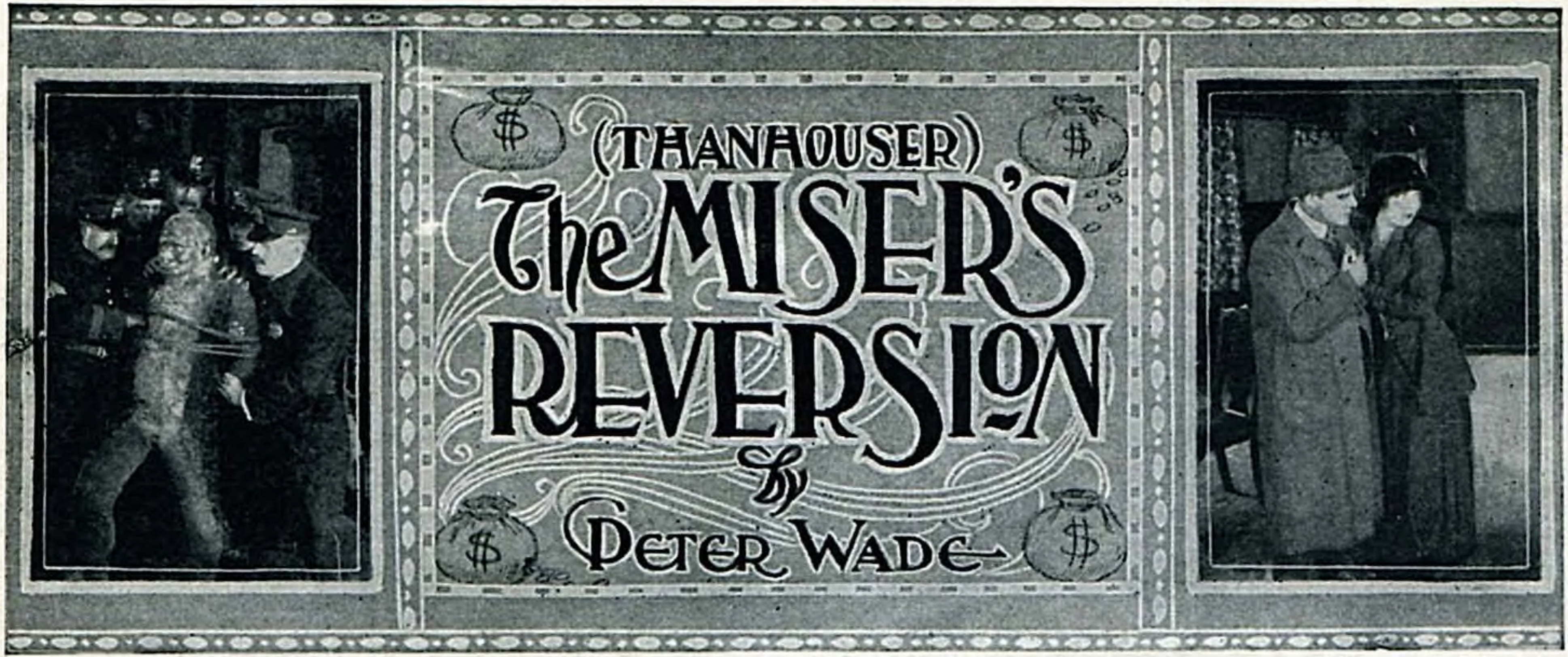
With quick leaps he reached his

uncle's porch, bounded upstairs in the gloom, and seized upon the cringing man as he tried to crawl under his bed. “So it was you—Cain!” Richard seized upon the skirts of his uncle's disguise, and shook him until his teeth rattled. There was no other sound from the spent creature athwart the bed.

Then, suddenly, a nausea of the whole proceedings gripped the young man, and, like a cool, gentle breeze, came the thought of Emily. She was yonder, he here, and there was much to be said between them. The glory of the world lay beyond the warped old door, and his lips knew the open sesame. Treachery—theft hatred—poof! They were like the useless brand, crumbling out to harmless ashes in the wide, white, all-gentling light of the lovers' moon. The tender thought of her

healed him. And so, a smile upon his lips and in his heart, he left the house of shame and went to Emily.





JETHRO POOR had always been close-fisted. When he was a boy on the farm, the story ran that he hoarded even peach-stones, rusty nails and dead field-mice. At farmers' picnics and county fairs he drank with his eyes only, and partook of the goodies from some one else's basket. What happened to his wages was a mystery. Jethro grew up shabby, pinched-looking, strictly without the habit of spending money.

Years after he had stolen his way into the city on a box-car, the village heard that he had married, had begotten a daughter, and was selling stuffed birds and animals in New York.

"Jest suits Jethro," commented the postmistress. "Land sakes! I wonder how he ever afforded to pay the minister."

But all this was years ago, and Jethro's town folks had mostly died off. He remained in business just where he started, in the basement of a run-down house hemmed in by tenements.

No one who peered into the dust-stained little window that displayed two stuffed owls and a wildcat glowering, glassy-eyed, from the fork of a stunted tree, could suspect that the parchment-faced old man inside of the taxidermist shop was wealthy—rich as a captain of industry.

Jethro Poor very seldom attended to the details of his chosen profession any longer. His hands had twisted and stiffened too much to execute the delicate operations of skinning and stitching his specimens. This work was done by a corps of assistants,

whom he kept on board-wages in a near-by cellar.

Jethro's daughter, May, kept his stock in order, ran his books, looked after customers and, in what time was remaining, cooked the old recluse's meals and tidied him up as much as he would permit her.

May's mother had passed away, willing the girl only her cheerful disposition and good looks. She was a song, a fragrant bloom in this stuffy and dim place. From the shelves, the coils and flattened head of a great python and the perpetual grimace of a stuffed baboon disturbed her not.

Nor had she ever had a love-affair until the past month. One day, it seems, a dapper young man had come to the shop about renting some beasts and birds for the properties of a Masonic initiation. His rather untamed eyes measured the girl, were struck with her beauty, and recalcitrantly refused to dwell on the stuffed images about her. In consequence, he consumed the best part of an hour in making a stupid selection.

Three days afterwards, he called with a package containing the remains of an extremely aged and emaciated dock-rat.

May looked at the specimen with wonderment. "You see," he explained glibly, "I'm president of the Society for the Extermination of Unnecessary Rodents. This Methuselah here must have raised at least a thousand offspring, and my society will view his capture and death with no small pride."

May booked his order and, never suspecting that she was the attraction,

received a call from the industrious president upon each succeeding day. Jethro rarely left the living-room back of the shop, but the quantity of stuffed rats attracted his attention.

"A rare collector, eh?" he said, rubbing his bent hands. "Every man according to his taste."

Jack Torrance found many excuses to satisfy his assumed mania. There were mounts and poses to be discussed, the bringing and fetching away of specimens, and many appeals to May's judgment in matters of taxidermal artistry.

They became friends, and from friends, lovers. And, in the meantime, Jethro Poor had never clapped eyes upon his best customer.

"Isn't it about time, dear," suggested that worthy to May one late afternoon, "that I have the honor of speech with your male parent?"

"Oh! Jack, yes—but be very, very careful."

Jack was ushered into the mysterious back room, and its comforts surprised him. His eyes met great shelves filled with rare books, two or three fine bits of sculpture, and before a cheery, open fire sat a seedy old man deep in a volume of Darwin.

"Father," May introduced, "this is Mr. Torrance, the president of the Society for the Extermination of Rats."

"How do you do?" said Jethro, scarcely looking up; "very fine weather, sir."

As it was raining hard outside, Jack felt that he had not made a decided impression.

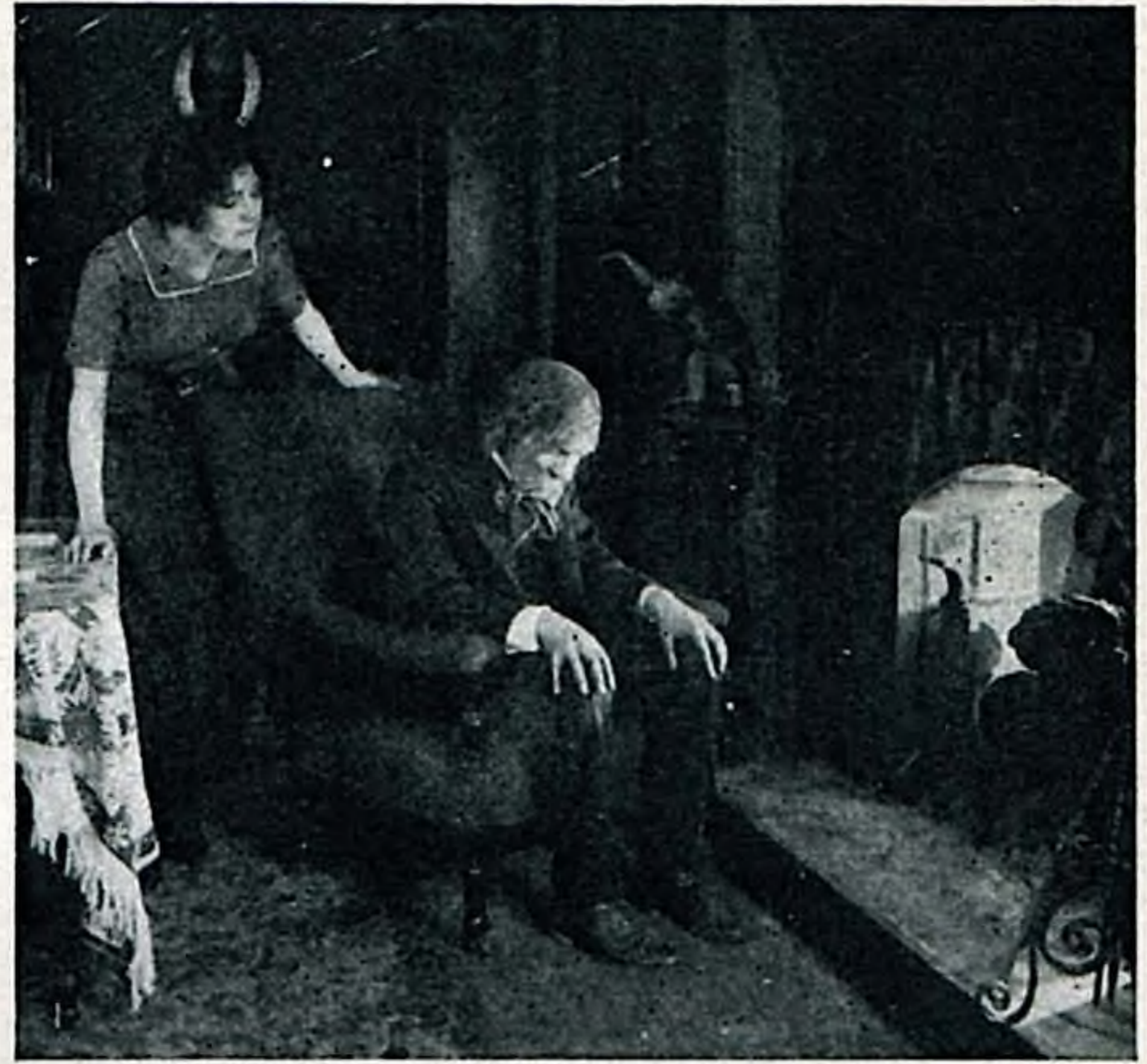
"I feel that I must discard my titles, sir," he said sweetly, "in addressing May's father, the eminent and illustrious——"

"Did I understand you to say 'May'?" asked Jethro, dropping his book.

"Yes, you heard correctly," said Jack, valiantly, "and I've come to ask for her hand."

Jethro sat bolt upright and made choking noises.

"I might have smelt the rat," he



MAY WAS EVER ATTENTIVE TO HER  
THOUGHTFUL OLD FATHER

said ironically. "All this pretense of yours was a mere sham."

"Exactly," confessed Jack, "but we have journeyed a little ahead of your accusation. We are now in love with each other, and I want to ask your consent to our marriage."

"You confound me, sir," glared the retired taxidermist. "I have never heard anything quite so impudent."

He succeeded in lifting one bony finger and in leveling it at the lover. "No man can marry my daughter, sir," he fairly screamed, "unless he can match his gold against mine. All my seventy years I've scrimped and starved and screwed. I've cheated every one, even myself, of pleasure. I've throttled smiles, held back tears, frightened little children. *I've never lived*, I tell you, and now you demand my one cherished possession."

"Just think," persisted Jack, "of the little flat, and the canary bird, and the grand welcome home—how much it means to me."

"Girl," commanded Jethro, his voice trembling, "bundle up all this young man's rats and pitch them into the street. I'll pay for them," he added, with an effort. "And you, sir, take your dismissal—the quicker the better."



THE REMARKABLE STORY OF MAN'S  
DESCENT FROM THE APE TIP-  
TOED ON HIS BRAIN

The aged man picked up his barrier book again, and the routed lover passed out of the room into oblivion. The shop, with its stuffed animals, was an eyesore to him now, and he ruminated sadly on the cantankerousness of misers.

"I suppose," he soliloquized, "that he is rich—rich and insulting; they seem to go together. Does he suppose I've carried dead rats about all summer for nothing?"

The outer door shivered itself shut, and the young man went on his way, vowing to return that night and to pick May up and run off with her, if the occasion demanded it.

Night closed down, and May locked the front door and busied herself with Jethro's evening meal. It was simple, mostly crackers and milk, with a species of long-lived cheese.

The old man ate hungrily, as if he had passed an appetizing afternoon, and soon was deep in the pages of his Darwin again. He could hear May's quick footsteps in the room above, and the thought of her single-heartedness cheered him.

And then, gradually, the "Origin of Species" danced dreamily before his eyes—in and out the strange and remarkable story of man's descent from the ape tiptoed on his brain.

Some time later he heard the shop-bell ring, and it took possession of him to hasten out to answer it. It did not perplex him that it was already broad day, perhaps afternoon, and that three strangers, dressed in the full costume of India, were walking into the shop. One of them loomed taller than the others, with indolent, deep-welled eyes above a perfumed, silken beard, and from his turban a blood-red, winking ruby shone.

"Sahib Poor," said the young stranger with a decidedly Irish cast of countenance, "permit me to honor you by introducing you to his highness, the Gaikwar of Majarah."

Jethro nodded, and, with one accord, the three strangers executed a beautiful, sweeping bow. May had come into the shop, and the young Irishman transfixed her with his full eyes. He smacked his lips and whistled almost rudely.

"His highness has come to America," the young man resumed, "to demonstrate the marvelous power of his elixir of eternal youth."

Jethro frowned.

"I assure you, sahib, this is no patent medicine; his highness is fabulously wealthy and is a profound chemist only by avocation. In the meantime, he would be pleased to purchase some of your finest tiger-skins."

Jethro immediately became interested and whispered to May to display the best pelts in his shop.

"Ah, a real Bengalese!" exclaimed the young interpreter, at sight of a beautiful skin. "But, 'pon my word! your clerk interests me more."

May blushed, and Jethro scowled at his impudence. The attractive young man bent close to him.

"To tell you the truth," he said hurriedly, "I am an Irishman, from Londonderry, and the Gaikwar's right-hand man. Is the captivating young person inclined to a flirtation?"



"She is my daughter, sir," said Jethro, indignantly.

The Gaikwar was busy with the tiger-skins, and the young man continued: "I am susceptible, sir, very susceptible. I can't say when a young woman has so struck my fancy." He lowered his voice. "What say you to a bargain? I can put you in the way of ten thousand dollars, if you will countenance my attentions."

Jethro could not believe his ears. The young man caught his coat-sleeve familiarly. "Meet me at the Grand Central Palace at eight this evening," he said knowingly. "You shall see what you shall see."

In another moment he picked up the skins his highness had selected, offered a bill running into four figures in payment, accepted his change and followed his principal thru the door.

The sight of so much money convinced Jethro, and at precisely eight o'clock he stood in the lobby of the Palace. Many people were passing in, and the old taxidermist noticed that they were mostly men of a scholarly and scientific cast.

Jethro entered and took a seat near the platform at the rear of the hall. The Gaikwar's attendants were testing an intricate piece of machinery with tubes and coils and a large dial affixed to a retort in its center.

Presently the young Irishman turned, caught Jethro's eye and stepped to the front of the platform.

"Gentlemen," he announced, amid expectant throat-clearings, "his highness will now perform the experiment, the secret of which has been handed down to him by his renowned ancestors. Only the lack of adequate mechanism has heretofore prevented him. I speak of his ability to rejuvenate the most decrepit subject to any required degree of vitality."

A hum of interest arose from the assemblage.

"Mr. Jethro Poor will kindly step upon the platform."

And before he quite realized it, Jethro shambled forward, mounted the steps and was seated in front of the apparatus.

"You will take pains to notice that the dial now points to eighty, this being the age of the subject. From left to right it reads seventy, sixty, fifty, and so on down to twenty, the ages the Gaikwar has under control. The experiment is highly dangerous," he concluded, "but the professional reputation of his highness is at stake, and he offers ten thousand dollars should his theory be disproved."

"And what becomes of the subject?" a scientist shouted.

"Ah! that is a delicate question," said the Irishman, "and can best be answered by being avoided. Science risks all to gain an ell."

A murmur of approval arose, and Jethro realized that he was the focus of all eyes. His life, then, was worthless, or he would emerge from the test a youth again. He gritted his four yellow teeth and waited, resignedly, for what was to follow.

From out of nowhere the Gaikwar appeared to come, carrying a large, graduated glass of smoking, foaming liquid. Placing his finger alongside a mark, he ordered Jethro to drink just so far, and no farther.

The aged adventurer closed his eyes, gulped down his emotion, seized the glass and drank. The elixir of life tasted curiously like a Seidlitz powder, and he set it down hastily.



INTERESTING THE FOREIGNERS IN  
HIS SKINS

Then the mechanism back of him began to rumble, the hand on the dial began to turn, and Jethro felt as if hot irons were searing him. There was no doubt about it: the wrinkles in his skin were smoothing out, his bent frame was filling, his hair was turning a dull brown. Before the critical eyes of science, the transformation to a man in his prime was gradually taking place.

Jethro permitted the savants to crowd around him, feel his pulse and pinch his now firm flesh. With the blood of youth coursing thru him, he felt the equal, in strength, of any ten of these dried-up fogies.

The Gaikwar, too, came in for his share of attention, and soon the enthusiastic scientists crowded around him, quite neglecting the subject.

Jethro saw the opportunity he had been waiting for. The dial indicated that he was now a man of forty. One more good pull at the elixir, and he could just as readily be a boy again.

Jethro seized the glass and, up-tilting it, slowly drained it to the bottom. The mechanism started buzzing again, and the Gaikwar, with a cry of horror, pointed to the empty glass. It was too late. Jethro had imbibed enough for a dozen subjects.

Slowly the hand revolved, and the dial pointed to ten. Jethro sat beneath it, a leggy, awkward boy; then, with the moving hand, an urchin—a toddler—an infant.

The savants held their breath to see what would come next.

Jethro's tiny features coarsened, hair grew on his spine and chest, his forehead receded, and he started to grow in stature again. He became large, powerful, brutish.

When the investigators realized what crouched before them, headed by the frightened Gaikwar, they jostled each other in the doorway and fled from the hall.

No one but the young Irishman remained.

"D—n me if I'll take an ape for a father-in-law!" he said, and he, too, fled.

Jethro looked down at his legs.

They were naked, except for masses of coarse hair; his body, too, was covered with hair, somewhat worn bare across his stomach and sides.

He started to cry out, but only a whining gibberish came from his lips. It was strange, tho; he could think and reason with all the old cunning of Jethro Poor.

He was alone—miles from home—a naked ape!

It was exhilarating, the way he could run, with great, loping leaps and bounds, and he raced thru the empty hall and down the stairs.

A motor-truck, half-filled with posters, lay drawn up at the curb, and Jethro waited until the busy street was free from passers-by. In two leaps he had bounded into the rear of the truck and lay there, trembling.

Presently its motor buzzed, and Jethro realized that it had started. By the greatest of good fortune, it was headed downtown—perhaps to the paper district within a block of Jethro's shop.

Jethro's fiery, red-rimmed eyes peered out until the truck came opposite his street. There was a flash



THE POLICE INTEREST THEMSELVES  
IN THE STRANGE CREATURE



THE CREATURE TRIES TO MAKE ITSELF KNOWN TO MAY AND JACK

of brown, sprawling limbs; a leap in midair, and Jethro landed on all fours on the sidewalk.

In a flash he picked himself up and started running.

Crack! A shot sounded back of him, and a bullet cut into his corded arm. The thud of a policeman's heavy shoes and the shouts of the gathering crowd warned him that the chase was begun.

Men started up in front of him, waved arms, took one close look and melted away.

He was hideous, he realized, and took a savage joy in it. But the terror of being caught, or being caged, perhaps, winged him on and on.

The president of the Extermination Society had his wary hand upon Jethro's front-door knob, when something big and precipitate hurtled against him, crushing his hat far down over his eyes.

Jack Torrance had just time to pick himself up and to uncover his eyes, and in that moment he saw a huge, naked ape rush thru the door and into Jethro Poor's shop. Then a mob of pursuers turned the corner and panted by, crying out and disappearing into the night.

Jack's blood froze to a pasty jelly. The pursued and maddened animal had evidently been attracted by the

wildcat in the window and had entered this supposed lair. Before long he would discover his mistake, come upon the sleeping taxidermist and his daughter, and——

Jack already thought he heard their futile cries for help. It was too much. He turned the knob and groped his way into the darkened shop.

There came a scream—another—a prolonged, girlish shriek, chorused with unearthly gibberish.

Suddenly the living-room door was flung open, and May, her hair streaming in the wind of her passage, dashed out into the shop. Jack's indistinguishable shape caused her to start back.

"It's me," said Jack, "the president of the——"

"Oh, Jack!" she almost sang, "there's something horrible in there. It came in, stared at its beastly face in the mirror, shattered the glass, then fell to digging up father's treasure, under the fireplace.

"When it heard me scream, it turned and made terribly human, imploring gestures, and, Jack, I thought



THE STUFFED BABOON IS NO LONGER IN FAVOR WITH THE OLD MISER

I saw tears come into the thing's eyes. Then I picked up my skirts and rushed out—to you, my savior!”

“Not yet,” admonished Jack, as she crept into his arms. “I’ve never exterminated anything bigger than rats. Great Scott! What’s that?”

From the living-room came the crash of a heavy, fallen object, and myriad tinkles like broken glass.

“It’s the ape—it’s found father’s strong-box!”

In each other’s arms they waited. Low, incoherent, cuddling moans oozed out from Jethro’s room, and the chink of handled coins.

“Listen! it’s counting father’s money!”

The two stood spellbound, unable to move. There was a silence, the soft pad of naked feet, and the ape stood in the doorway, glaring toward them.

Then a pounding came upon the sidewalk, a blown whistle clove the still shop, and the door was violently rattled.

“Police!” gasped Jack—“thank Heaven for that!”

The shop filled with blue-coated, heavy men; some one lit the gas; and Jack stepped forward, pointing to the living-room door.

A rush—a volley of curses—a half-human cry, and, amid the wreck of things, a coil of rope was thrown around the intruder and its arms pinioned to its sides.

Then, with Jack and May standing aloof, with hate and terror on their faces, the police started to drag it away.

At the door the ape turned its head, and it actually stared at them in supplication, the tears coursing down its cheeks.

“May, is that you?—give me your hand, quick!”

Jethro Poor reached out and, like



THE WEDDING-DATE IS SET

a drowning man, seized upon the girl’s hand. The president of the Extermination Society was compelled to let go of her other one.

In the slight scuffle Jethro noticed him, and a wan smile cut across his leathery face.

“You needn’t go, Mister—Mister—president,” he said; “I don’t remember names.”

“May,” Jethro confessed, as Darwin slid to the floor with a sound slam, “I’ve had a most excruciating dream—so confoundedly real.”

The stuffed baboon crouched on its pedestal over the mantel, and in the uncertain firelight Jethro could have sworn that it winked at him.

“I don’t believe in dreams,” he added defiantly, tossing the simian thru the window—“haven’t any heart to take them to. But you and your young man can make up your minds to set a wedding-date.”





## A New Profession for Women

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE



THE other night the writer attended a sitting of the Ed-Au Club, an informal gathering of the Motion Picture studio-men who deal in the artistic phases of the business.

When the dinner-things had been cleared away, and discussion and cigar-smoke wrestled pleasurably for supremacy across the mahogany, the writer suggested that he was working up a magazine article dealing with women scenario editors.

"Why," replied the best-known editor in film stageland, "I myself know of only two, and I've never met either of them. Where are you going to find the others?"

I smiled enigmatically, and this little article is my answer. I am going to send him a copy, and hope he reads it.

As a matter of plain fact, most scenario editors, consciously or otherwise, hide their personality behind pen-names, barred doors and printed, unsigned acknowledgments. Modesty may be the handmaiden for this veil of mystery, but not the *confidante*. The real reason is utilitarian, if anything. When one stops to consider that, to most of the audience, studio people are creatures set apart in a sort of charmed, Arcadian existence, and that admission to the studios is about as difficult as storming a fortress, there is no wonder in the flood of letters that besiege both actors and editors.

Letters are an easy weapon to fling, but not so easy to avoid. The average scenario editor receives about five hundred photoplay scripts per week, each with its barbed personal letter affixed to the dramatic shaft. There are questions and entreaties, rising young hopes and maiden avowals, stern exhortations, and confessions that the author's dramatic soul has at last come into its own. All this without realizing that photoplays are bought strictly upon their merit, not

on the "selling wind" that flutters them in inchoate swirls onto the editor's desk.

Good old Dame Experience teaches that women in professional life have to be more circumspect than men. The personal note *will* creep into correspondence; tradition runs that blandishment captivates the sex. Hence, at every turn and dark literary alleyway misinformed cavaliers are lurking to waylay the fair scenario editors with intermingled guile and dramatic offerings.

Professional women are not prudes. It is a convenient armor, and they wear it in self-protection.

And now to the meat of my story. In the Vitagraph studio yard is a little frame cottage, set apart, and about and around it, like the walls of Jericho, film armies tramp and fight their way into the all-seeing eye of the camera. It is a distracting, nerve-racking atmosphere for a literary atelier, but Miss Marguerite Bertsch has grown used to it, and seems to thrive, Laocoön-like, in the coils of film.

Efficiency demands that a scenario editor must be in instant touch with the studio world—actors, directors, property men, wardrobe mistress, and even the scene-painters. The script must be interpreted from every point of view. Miss Bertsch is, therefore, at many times the poles of a mimic world. The working script is the plans and specifications of the photoplay structure, and each and every principal, cast and all, must consult as to its interpretation.

Then there are hurried changes to make—a thousand and one minutiae—for reasons of policy, market, production, dramatic emphasis, changes in the cast, "featuring," export or foreign interpretation, alterations from exterior to interior, or contrariwise, and so on with endless variety.

The Vitagraph Company looked

over the field broadcast, and when they settled down on Miss Bertsch, they cooped her in the yard cottage, supplied her with a corps of assistants and told her to go ahead. She goes ahead, and has been going ahead ever since she realized that a scenario editor's shoes are not mere dancing slippers.

When Miss Bertsch was eighteen, Mrs. H. C. De Mille was attracted to her by a bit of work—a



MISS MARGUERITE BERTSCH

three-act drama written for the regular stage—and offered to coach her in dramatic production. Other work, school-teaching, hurried Miss Bertsch by the alluring dramatic lane, and it was not until she took up scenario writing outside of school hours that the Vitagraph Studio came to know the cut of her worth. First associate editor, then editor of the Vitagraph Company, is her editorial record.

Some of her personal creations are well known: "A Prince of Evil," "The Wreck," "The Shadow of the

Past," "The Flirt," "The Butler's Secret," are good examples, and she has picturized countless others—"A Million Bid," now running at the Vitagraph Theater, New York, being her latest multiple-reel product.

From the outskirts of Brooklyn to the mazes of commercial Chicago is a far hike, but every photoplay lover knows that the Essanay Company helped to put Chicago on the map.

The writer has not the honor of knowing Mrs. Louella O. Parsons personally, but our business correspondence has been thick and heavy during the past years.

Just after graduating from Dixon College, Mrs. Parsons decided upon a newspaper career. Her first experience was as assistant city editor of a small daily paper in Dixon, Illinois. She tells me she covered everything from society to police news and obituary. When the coroner of Dixon gave her copy he was a nice, kind man, and when he didn't, she hated him.

Dixon grew too small for Mrs. Parsons' rushing ambition, and, when she married, she started in doing magazine stories. Chicago editors were attracted to her work, and she got an assignment to do Sunday "features"

for the Chicago *Sunday Tribune*. Then the call of the city came to her, and she packed up and journeyed on to the portals of the Essanay Studio. She has been the Essanay scenario editor for three years, and the work fascinates her. She knows the craft of script-writing from "cut-back" to "fade out," and, with the weaponry of educated emotionalism, and a broad literary training, takes a keen and masterful delight in her work. She is not reserved, buoyant rather, and her life-loving brown eyes hang no



MRS. LOUELLA O. PARSONS

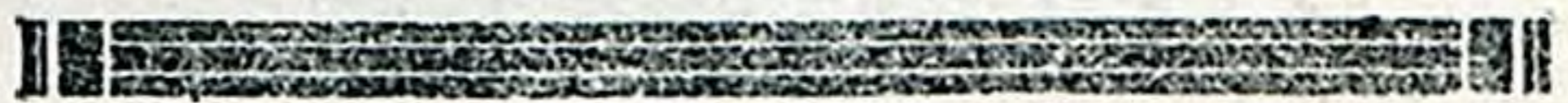
signals of wear and tear. A friend and adviser of beginners who show talent, Mrs. Parsons holds an endeared place in the photoplay world.

Picturesque, staunch-looking, well-featured is the little lady who presides at the Essanay desk away out in Niles, California. Half the time a chair is too tame a saddle for Miss Josephine Rector, and she is out in the open—riding, posing, climbing, “bucking” her cheeks to the color of Oregon apples. For Miss Rector is also one of G. M. Anderson’s leads, and plays before the camera when she isn’t writing or editing. She *ought* to know and feel the real pulse of the West. The first things she remembers were the rush over Chilkoot Pass, the long, frozen trail into Dawson, and the scramble for gold in the creek beds of Yukon. Then back to ranch and mining Montana, where she grew up with just “horse” and men with the bark on.

But she wanted to learn the other world, and cut adrift, to go to 'Frisco—to learn how to “speak” the things she knew.

Her virile Western stories attracted G. M. Anderson, and she shortly afterward joined his company, then at San Rafael, California. Thence to Niles, their present location. Miss Rector confesses she is swinging a lariat from both ends—acting and editing. She doesn’t know which charms her the more. Some of her recent photoplays are: “The Cowboy Samaritan,” “The Heritage of Evil,” “The Last Shot” and “Across the Plains.” Her acting shines out from 'most every Western Essanay release. So I guess the audience will have to stand judge and help her to make up her mind.

In the mission town, Santa Monica, California, is the Vitagraph Western Studio, and here Miss Doris M. Schroeder and Miss Daisy Eloise Smith sit on the same chair, so to speak, both sharing editorial honors. That they are fast friends the accompanying snapshot bears witness.

MISS DORIS M. SCHROEDER AND  
MISS DAISY ELOISE SMITH



BERNARDINE RISSE LEIST

Miss Smith (right side of photo) is a native of Baltimore, and was educated in Washington, D. C., where she spent most of her life. She was always interested in literary work, and has written several magazine and newspaper stories. While living at her country home just outside of Washington, Miss Smith sent several stories to the Kalem Company in New York, all of which were "grabbed up" by them, and she was soon surprised to receive a peremptory summons to wire immediately if she cared to go with a company to Southern California. She foresaw the possibilities, and was soon hurried out there. For over a year, in fact until her health broke down under the steady grind, Miss Smith kept the company supplied with one original story per week, never failing to have it ready in time for production. Upon recovering her health, this versatile young woman came to the Vitagraph Western Company as a reader, writer

and adapter. During the past year, Miss Smith has written and dramatized many successes for this company, and has contributed much toward the success of the Western contingent by supplying "director-proof" scenarios, to say nothing of her ability as a character woman on the screen.

Doris Schroeder confesses to being hopelessly uninteresting, but a record of her studio work flatly contradicts her.

She started literary endeavor on a Brooklyn newspaper, and finally journeyed to the Vitagraph Company. But she writes better than I do, and you may read the pith of her letter over my shoulder:

"After Mr. Sturgeon's departure from the East and Mrs. Breuil's succession to the editorship, I worked under that lady for two years, learning to appreciate just what was wanted, and learning to observe the small things in life that will make a good story. I have written and dramatized, and I have reconstructed and reconstructed, till I cannot remember the number of stories that have passed thru my hands. The latest story I have written has just been shipped to the East for release—a story of Miss Anne Schaefer, of this company. For the both of us, there is no company but our beloved Vitagraph, and we take a very natural pride in the qual-



MISS JOSEPHINE RECTOR



ity of its productions and the appreciation with which they have met all over the country."

We must not lose sight of another brilliant graduate of Beta Breuil's "scenario class" in the Vitagraph's little yard cottage. She is Mrs. Catherine Carr, and her career in photoplaydom is a meteoric one. From writing her first script a year and a half ago to the dual editorship of the North American Films and the Anglo-American Film Corporation is her dizzy climb.

Her plots are suggested by types she encounters in life, and she breathes them into living pictures. "Life Portrayals" spells "Vitagraph," and Catherine Carr's knack of personifying Courtney Foote, Jimmy Morrison and others made hack-writers sit up and take notice. A leading dramatic critic wrote of her:

"Catherine Carr has created a new standard in the writing of photoplays. This charming little Texan, whose life is shared between her two frolicsome boys and her editor's desk, is driving home to us an insight into the humanity of everyday life."

Picture-lovers all know Kinemacolor, but perhaps are not on speaking terms with the personalities back of the colorful pictures. Bernardine Risse Leist is a scenario editor, playwright, critic, space-writer, teacher of elocu-

tion, and, for good measure, an actress of Broadway caliber.

She ran the gamut of 'most everything, she says, before she settled upon photoplay and the Kinemacolor Company. Seasoned playgoers will, no doubt, remember her as Crystal in her metropolitan support of Hearn in "Hearts of Oak." Then in quick succession with Ada Rehan in Shakesperian rôles, and in the "Goddess of Reason," with Julia Marlowe.

Mrs. Risse is a veteran—if I may so call a lithesome, young-looking woman—of the craft of photoplay. She spent several years under that poetic dean of the director's profession, D. W. Griffin, of the Biograph Company; had an important staff position with the Edison Studio, where she adapted many familiar classics, and for the past two years has been in charge of the Kinemacolor editor's desk. Just at present she is bringing her experience to

bear by directing fashion pictures—something new. And, in the near future, she promises a revelation in the type of screen stories for children. To the amateur struggling with the strangeness—perhaps the bigness—of his first scenario, Bernardine Leist is approachable, friendly, I might say almost motherly were she not so decidedly girlish in her manner and looks.

"I know a lassie, a bonnie, blithe-



MRS. F. MARION BRANDON

some lassie"—I can't help humming the old Scotch lilt when I think of her, the winsome, witty, pretty girl who sits at her desk, in the Eclair offices, with the seeming abandon of a débutante at the keyboard of a Baby Grand. I might as well come out with it flat-footed—Mrs. F. Marion Brandon. 'Ware, you soft-hearted bachelors who may chance to receive the shaft of one of her straight-from-the-shoulder, ingenuous, learned, guileless, sparkling epistles. Mrs. F. Marion Brandon, please remember that.

Marion Brandon studied law, and then, instead of taking her "bar exams," with the tender-hearted perversity of women, went and married—a lawyer. Perhaps she got tired of "putting it all over him" in moot cases before the family bar, for, at any rate, she started in for newspaper space-writing.

About this time, prodigal John Wanamaker, thru his little shop, offered a \$1,000 *grand prix* for the best design for furnishing an eight-room apartment. Dynamic Marion Brandon went in for the juicy prize, and won it—thereby shocking her faith in the value of newspaper space-writing. She is thoro if anything. It took her three months to brush up on decoration, furniture, furnishings, works of art, proportion, lighting, harmonization and other things, but, much to her surprise and delight, she got the \$1,000 check.

That started her on her second epoch, an advertising career, and she turned out "copy" for R. H. Macy that brought tears to the eyes of

shoppers with short purse-strings. The Universal Film Company had a suspicion that if she, the youngest woman in advertising, could inject heart-throbs into lingerie "ads," she could do somewhat better in photoplays. So they sent for her, adjusted the salary end satisfactorily upward, and she crossed her dainty boots under their editorial desk.

Last spring, when the Eclair Company began to bulk large as a producing factor in America, she picked up her editorial skirts, whisked into their office, laughed out loud, scattered scripts all about her and started the ball rolling.

She confided to me that in spare time she formerly wrote, as associate editor, their snappy and alluring trade organ, *The Eclair Bulletin*.

Marion Brandon is mercurial—so much so that she has persuaded such authors as Booth Tarkington, Manlove Rhodes and Eleanor Gates to pasture in the photoplay field.

There is never any doubt when she likes a man's work. Her brown eyes sparkle; her breath comes quickly; the script is bought without an instant of hemming and hawing.

She has written plays, photoplays, *grand prix*, text-books, special articles, advertising copy, picturized O. Henry's "Caballeros' Way" and "Stirrups' Brother," so what next?

When Marion Brandon pushes her papers aside and goes home for the day, it's at the end of a busy one. There's temperament in even the way she slips down, with a bang, the sliding cover of her desk.





## What Is the Title of This Picture?

This magazine recently offered a gold prize for the best title and description of this picture. The contest is now closed, and from the thousands of interesting and clever answers received the judges are now engaged in selecting the winners. Varied, unique and curious are some of the titles suggested—for examples: The Percolator, The Cure, The Filterer, He Who Enters Here Leaves All Care Behind, The Self-Forgettery, Sunshine Palace, The Reformer, The Inversion of Spirits, The Magic Magnet, The Rest Cure, Satisfied, The Peacemaker, The Cure-All, Rescued from the Blues, The House of Miracles, Darkness and Dawn, The Place of Optimism, The Human Refinery, Sadness and Gladness, Life's School, The Road to Happiness, The Secret Is Within, The Burden Lifter, The People's Paradise, Anticipation and Realization, The Great Panacea, The Last Copy, The Mill of Good Fellowship, The Change, Two Doors, From Shadow to Sunshine, Sold Out, and The Transformation. It will be observed that all of these titles are appropriate. Miss Florence E. Rice, of 510 Eastern Avenue, Toledo, sends us a medicine bottle with the picture pasted on it, and a verse labeled "The Cure":

They leave care and anger at the door,  
And when it's over wish for more.  
All are smiling as they come out,

Even the baby forgets to pout.  
You will agree, I'm very sure,  
The Motion Picture is the cure.

It is quite clear that the picture shows the following points: 1. Those who are going into the theater are in bad humor. 2. Those coming out are happy. 3. The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is on sale. 4. Two men are wrangling in front of the box-office (perhaps because they can't get a seat, or a magazine, or perhaps because they are cross and quarrelsome). 5. The feature photoplay is "The Rescue." 6. A lame man coming out does not use his crutch. 7. All classes attend pictures—young and old, strong and feeble, rich and poor. 8. Motion Pictures attract crowds. It is for the judges to say whether all of these points should be included in the winning solution, but perhaps the winner will have discovered something in the picture still more worthy of note. While the picture tells a story, it is for the winner to tell that story in a superior way, and, judging from the following clever titles and descriptions that have been drawn at random from the pile, the winning solution will indeed be worth reading about in the June issue.

## THE MELTING POT.

Therein all cares melt into one feeling of good cheer; furthermore, old, young, rich, poor, learned, illiterate, all fuse into common sympathy with the screen folks.

Herein the Motion Picture people learn to realize what mighty powers they possess in influencing humanity for better or worse.

127 Church Street, Watertown, Mass.

MARION K. SQUIRE.

## BEFORE AND AFTER.

Represents "Sadness and Gladness." The story it tells—"Life's Great Lesson." Conquering the Fates, tired out humanity turns from the maddening discord of life, with one accord, to the "balm in Gilead" of the "Movies." "The Rescue" from "Sadness to Gladness"—my beloved magazine and the Answer Man.

327 Fourteenth Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

"LITTLEST GIRL."

## A TIDE OF THE MOVIES.

"Fanaticism," "Excessive Enthusiasm." On the other hand, harmony and peace. It tells a story of a selfish man who cares nothing for others, who is a fanatic, so he gets his ticket. Also of a rather anxious crowd. Moral—Not to antagonize others.

1186 Alakea Street, Honolulu, T. H.

CLAUDE P. PARR.

## THE GROUCH HOSPITAL.

For the cure by the photoplay treatment, assisted by a most pleasant concoction called MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE (prepared fresh every month and on sale everywhere), of all cases of chronic, cranky, crabbed grouch, also the blues, glooms, fits of bad temper, and all similar pessimistic afflictions.

825 Turk Street, San Francisco, Cal.

CHARLES A. HODGIN.

## FOUND—A CURE FOR ALL ILLS.

It tells the story of old and young, rich and poor, crippled and strong, searching for amusement. The crowd entering represent Anticipation; those emerging, Contentment. Moral—To banish sorrow and provoke mirth, read the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and witness the stories on the screen.

Baton Rouge, La.

MISS VALLEE M. SEITZ.

## THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

The above subject seems appropriate, judging from the disposition of those entering, and the renewed life and spirit of those coming out with a copy of your magazine in their hands and having seen the show.

Fairbury, Neb.

EARL R. SIMPSON.

## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

In past ages men lost both hope and life in seeking the Fountain of Youth. Nowadays that fountain is accessible to us all. All may drink deep of its refreshing and inspiring waters.

Yours truly,

95 Chittenden Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

HARRY M. WILSON.

## A MODERN MIRACLE.

The title of the picture is "A Modern Miracle," representing Genius rescuing Fancy from the Realms of the Intangible and restoring her to the world of Realism.

Modern science, as represented by the Movies, actually outrivals Aladdin's lamp, Jules Verne's fancy, and opens new worlds of enjoyment to all.

Lock Box 214, Washington, D. C.

ARTHUR LENOX.

## OUR MIRACLE.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us."

The reel with us! The best with the best! The cinematograph, the world and a perfected industry for a nickel! *We go in with ourselves and come out with the world.* Our miracle—the reel of the unreal real; we see ourselves as others see us!

1144 Carlos Avenue, Wichita, Kan.

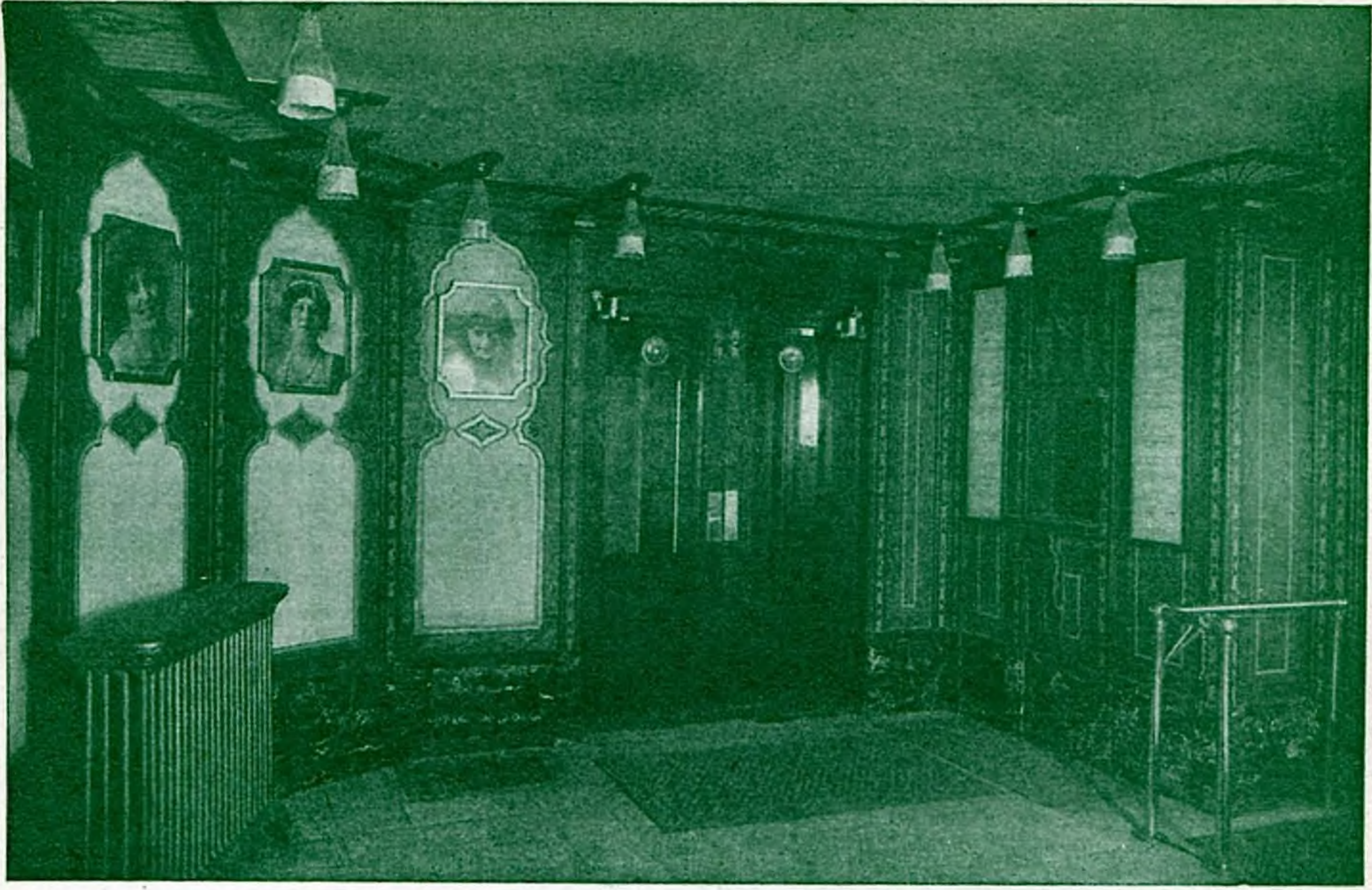
S. RAYMOND JOCELYN.

"The House of Transformation." The people who are going into the Moving Picture theater are cross and worried-looking; the people who are coming out are smiling and happy. Thus it is the house that transforms faces and minds.

Respectfully,

1034 East Forty-first place, Chicago, Ill.

WINONA SPATH.



THE LOBBY AND BOX-OFFICE OF THE VITAGRAPH THEATER

## The Last Word

In the Exploiting and Exhibiting of Motion Pictures

By "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER"

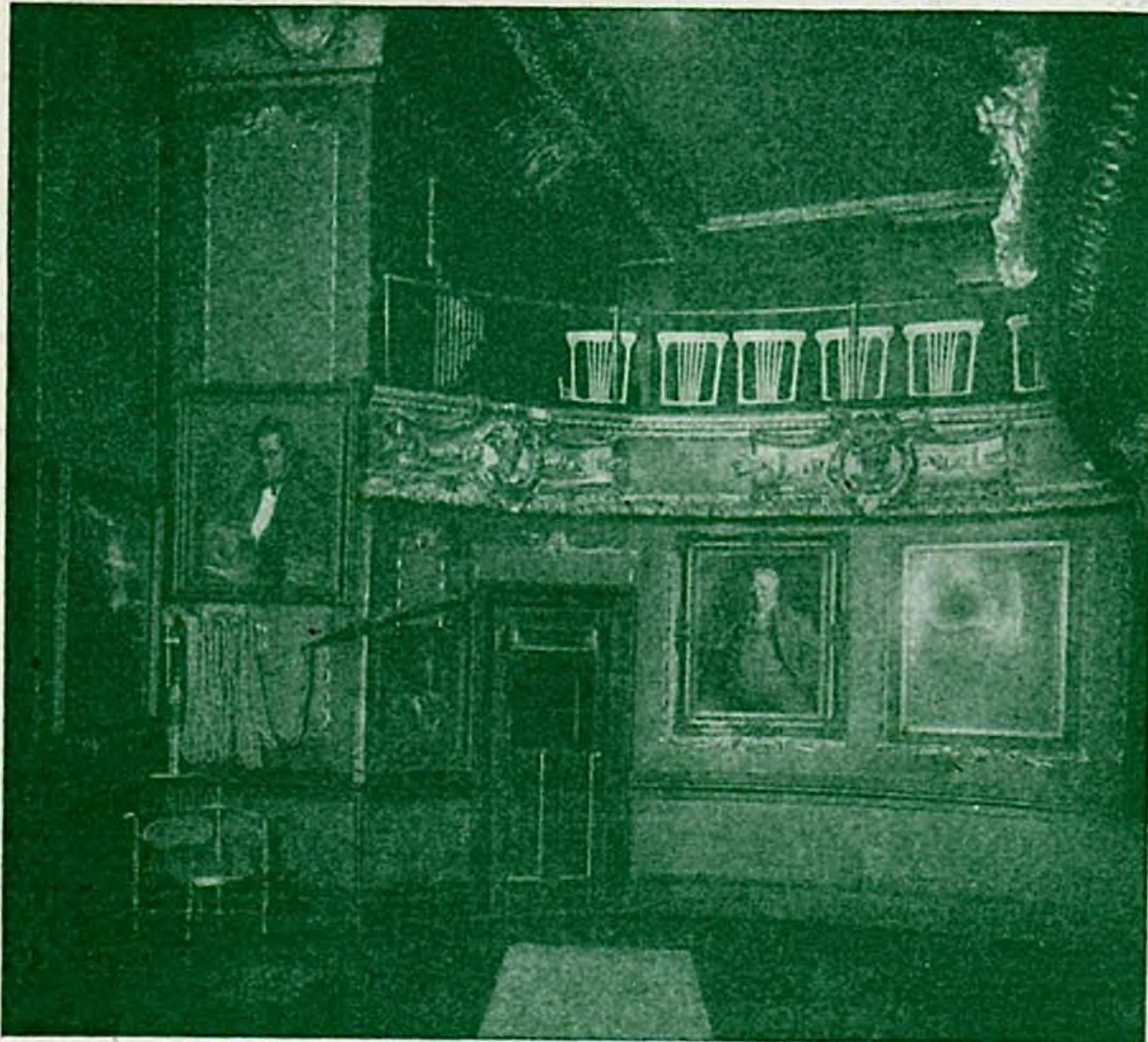
SINCE the appearance, in the March number of this magazine, of a full-page announcement of the Vitagraph Theater, and of the two-page announcement in the April issue, numerous readers have been asking for a description of the new enterprise, and of its aims and objects. While nearly everybody in the big city has been there and found out for himself, and thousands from the suburbs and nearby towns have made up theater parties to satisfy their curiosity, there are millions residing in distant cities, States and countries who are eager to learn about the new venture. To these, this little, descriptive article is addressed.

While Broadway has seen many a photostage, and had many of its regular theaters temporarily converted into Motion Picture theaters, never, until the old Criterion at Forty-fourth Street closed its doors forever on the spoken drama, did New York dream that the photoplay had be-

come a dangerous rival to the stage. For, had not the drama prospered for over 2,500 years? And was not the Motion Picture but a mere toy only ten years ago?

Broadway has for years been the cradle of all great plays in America. Was it a Broadway production?—then it must be something superlative. If it had a run on Broadway, it must successfully run anywhere. In short, the word Broadway is a sort of magic charm that makes a play almost immune from criticism elsewhere. And what is true of the spoken drama may also be true of the silent drama—why not?—and perhaps that is why the Vitagraph people decided to challenge the former to a battle-royal and to beard the lion in his lair. For, if the theatrical world could be shown that a new form of amusement had arrived that was just as artistic, just as dramatic and just as entertaining as the stage, and at lower prices, and

that it could cover more ground in shorter time and more realistically, why could it not make a bid for equal popularity and even for supremacy? And if a photoplay could gain a reputation for having had a run on Broadway, in a theater devoted to the productions of one company only, in the very heart of the great American theatrical center, what would be the effect when that photoplay was shown in the thousands of theaters outside of New York? Would not every theater-goer everywhere want to see it? And if such a photoplay



THE FOYER AND CLOAK ROOM

could have a run on Broadway, why could it not have a run in every large town in the world? Again, what would be the reputation of a company whose pictures were good enough to support a Broadway theater all its own? Would it not place that company in a class all by itself, and would it not be a good thing for the whole Motion Picture business? And would it not tend to show that the photodrama had risen to a plane far above that of the old nickel-odeon, and that it could now appeal to the élite with plays written and acted specially for the more critical audiences?

This may have been the business

view of it, but there was more than business in the inspiration. There was art. J. Stuart Blackton and Albert E. Smith are more than business men—they are artists. They were not content merely to make artistic pictures—and money. They desired to present those pictures themselves, to exhibit them in their own artistic way. Like a painter who, when he has produced a masterpiece, does not desire it to be shown in an ill-becoming frame and in a cellar, the Vitagraph artists insisted on a proper setting and environment for their creations. This is probably the real reason why the Criterion is now the Vitagraph Theater.

And now let us take a look at the playhouse itself. Those who have not seen Broadway at night, between Madison Square and Central Park, known as the Great White Way, doubtless know that it is almost as bright as day, with its thousands of mammoth vari-colored electric signs done in fantastic designs and made to imitate motion; and it seems that these electric Moving Pictures were the forerunners of the kind that are now invading Broadway. Long before Forty-fourth

Street is reached, we see the familiar Vitagraph eagle flapping its brilliant wings, and a dazzling, ever-moving cluster of lights that spell the word "Vitagraph" so graphically that perhaps our neighbors on Mars may read. The entrance is inviting, even alluring, and we enter. The lobby is done in a color scheme that we have probably never seen elsewhere. It is a rather small room, but we note that the large crowd is handled with ease. This is not the place for us to tarry. We purchase our tickets (\$1 each for the best seats, in the evening), and join the impatient procession, past the gaily attired receiver of tickets, and into the foyer. This is a more com-

modious room, elaborately furnished and decorated, and it has an atmosphere of art and luxurious comfort. It is really beautiful, exquisite, charming. We note a little balcony at one side, containing a few chairs, doubtless for the accommodation of those who are destined to wait for the rest of their party—and a pleasant wait it must be! We linger and enjoy the charm of this cozy room, and our attention is attracted to numerous pastel portraits of Vitagraph players that adorn the walls in this room and in every other part of the theater where there is wall space, and all these are really artistic both as to their coloring and handling, as well as in their framing. They were all done from life, and are more than life-size.

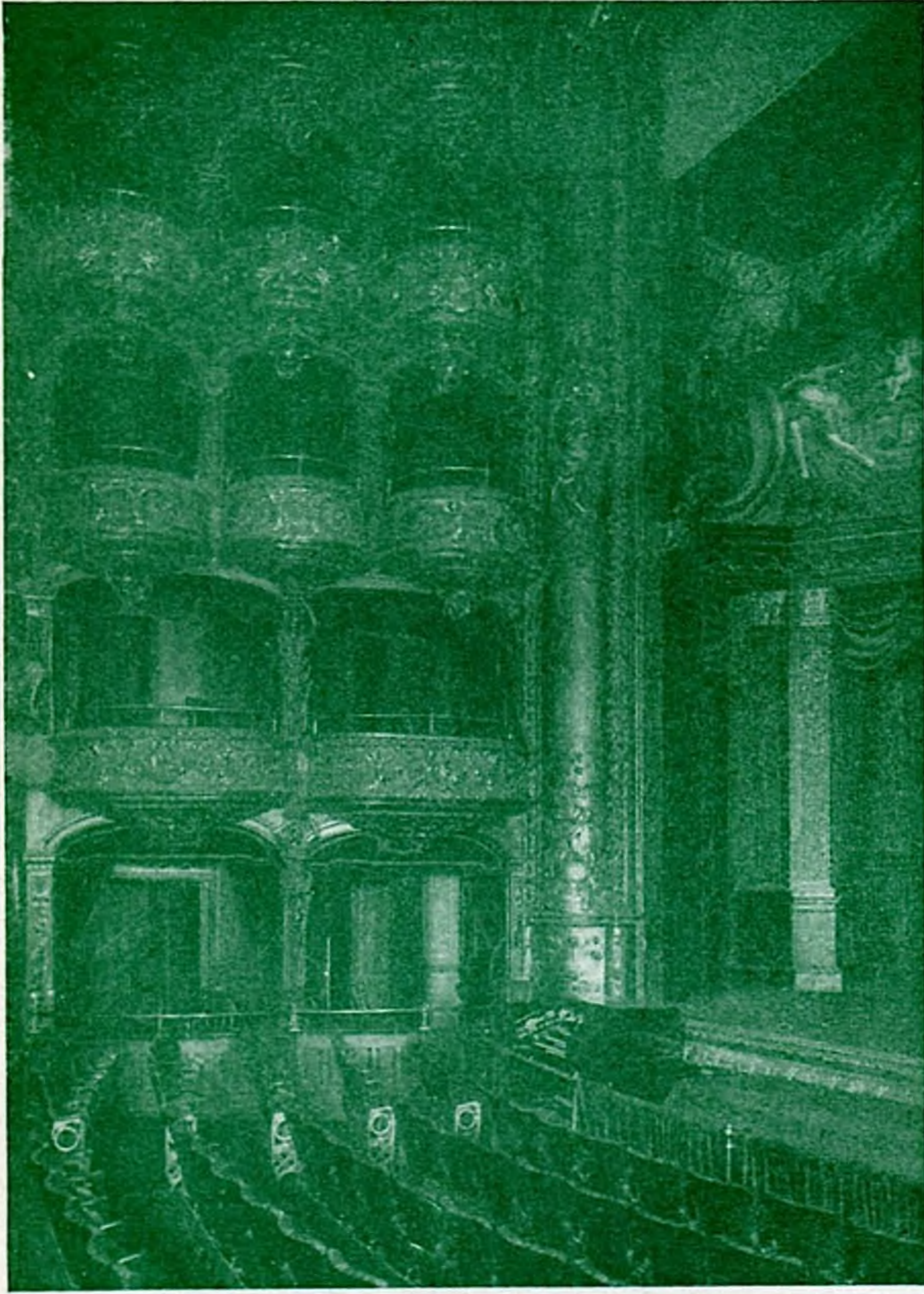
Entering the theater itself, the first thing that impresses us is that we are not in a Motion Picture house at all, but in a real Broadway theater, and that it has the same character of elegance and taste that one expects to see in the Metropolitan Opera House, and in other playhouses that are patronized by the so-called "Four Hundred." There is no sign of flashiness nor of paint—the proscenium arch, the boxes and the balconies look as if they were chiseled out of solid bronze. Anybody would remark, "What a pretty little theater!" We say *little*, for it seats less than a thousand, and for Broadway this is not large. In fact, it is unfortunate that it is not larger, for "standing room only" has been the rule from the start, and often there is not even that. We note the class of people sitting around us, the well-to-do; some are in evening dress. Neatly attired young-lady ushers show us to our seats.

The great asbestos curtain goes up as we hear the strains of the wonderful orchestral organ, and we listen to the music, entranced. There is nothing mechanical about it, and we would never know but that a full orchestra is playing, and playing well. Then the big regular curtain rises, and we look for the screen.



THE BALCONY STAIRWAY

None is in sight. Instead we see a beautiful setting, a sort of studio, or ballroom, exquisitely done, and in the rear we see a large French window, with a silken, draped curtain drawn down. The lights in the theater have been turned off, and now we see the window curtain raised, and thru this wondrous "Window of the World" we get a fine view of New York harbor—it seems to be the harbor itself, but, of course, it is only an illusion.



A CORNER OF THE STAGE AND TIER OF BOXES

It is apparently late in the afternoon, and we see the sun setting. Then the blue haze of dusk succeeds the pink and violet of twilight, and we see the numerous windows in the houses and office-buildings being lighted up gradually, until we realize that it is dark. Just as the moon sheds its mellow light on the scene, another curtain falls, this time a plain white one, and then the camera-man has the stage. We have seen Motion Pictures before, but we must admit that we have never seen them shown quite so realistically and under such favorable surroundings. They seem to be larger, clearer and more natural. There is no pause between reels, and we do not know where one ends and another begins. It is not the purpose of this article to describe the pictures or to comment on them, but we must not forget to mention the

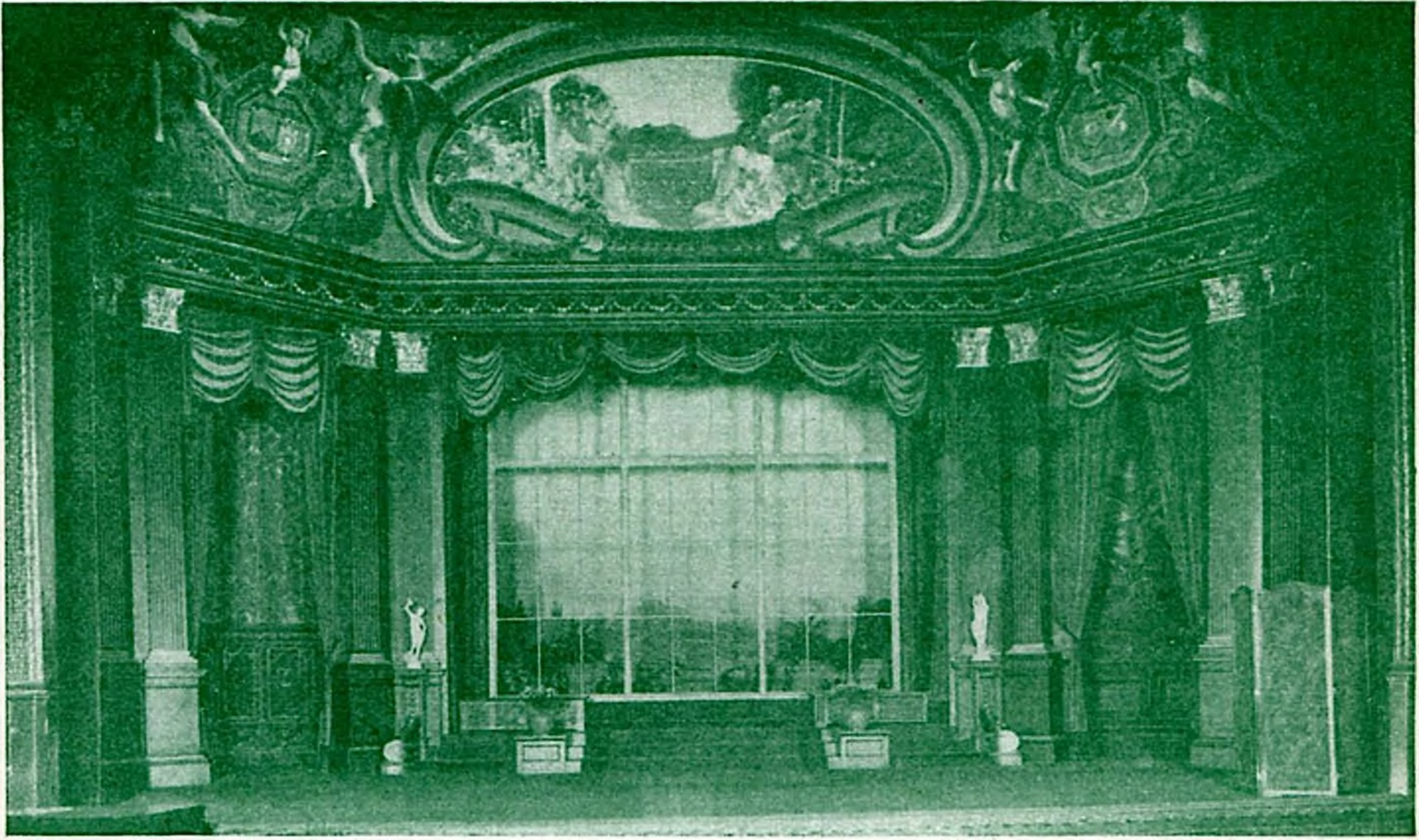
decidedly unique and admirable way in which the Vitagraph players are introduced, each player coming forward and doing something characteristic, while making his or her bow to their friends in front—all in pictures.

As the first play comes to a close, the curtain is gracefully drawn over the screen, the front curtain drops to the stage, and the lights all over the theater are simultaneously turned up. We now have an opportunity to look around. Gazing upward, we note the many tiers of boxes that rise to a dizzy height on either side of the stage, and the rows of white chairs that relieve the somber tone of the color scheme. The orchestra chairs are of dark leather, and the floors are richly carpeted. But, no doubt, the accompanying pictures will describe the theater much more accurately than I could.

A brief wait and the curtain rises again. We are now treated to something new. It is a silent drama in reality, for not a word is spoken by the three characters, who appear in the flesh and go thru all the motions of a play, but without a word. They are Mary Charleson, James Morrison and John Bunny. All do excellently, and it proves to be a most entertaining novelty. Mr. Blackton is the author. It is not pantomime exactly, it is acting, and the same kind of acting that is done when a Motion Picture is being taken, except that they do not open their mouths.

After this we are treated to another scene thru the "Window of the World," and then we devote the remainder of the evening to witnessing a remarkable photoplay, "A Million Bid," which has been spoken of so highly by all the New York critics.





THE PERMANENT STAGE SETTING, SHOWING THE "WINDOW OF THE WORLD"

As Alan Dale said, it is not possible on the stage to produce such realism as that wreck scene, and, for that matter, no stage could have shown one-twentieth of these several hundred scenes in one evening. It is quite clear that the screen has numerous advantages over the stage, and now that a Motion Picture company has a

theater of its own, we may expect to see other film companies follow suit, and to see still greater wonders than we have seen at this first performance. All things considered, the Vitagraph Theater is, perhaps, the most charming of its kind in the world, and it is indeed the last word in Motion Picture exhibition.



## A Wondrous Picture Show

By CHARLES H. MEIERS



here's a gladness most divine  
 In this oft-tried heart of mine,  
 And I'll tell you, if you really care to know,  
 That it's just because, last night,  
 I discovered, with delight,  
 A remarkable and wondrous picture show.

It was not the pictures shown—  
 That is, not just them alone—  
 That invoked new happiness into my heart,  
 For the pictures on the screen  
 Were not quite the best I've seen,  
 But the cause for joy was chiefly at the start.

There was not a string of "ads"  
 About bargain sales and fads  
 Forced upon me while I waited for the show;  
 And I do not hesitate  
 To quite positively state  
 That my heart was permanently cured of woe.



"ANOTHER TICKET, PLEASE"



## ARTHUR HOUSMAN, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

"I WAS born in New York and educated there," began Arthur Housman, readily, and, with a relieved sigh (for I saw that this was going to be an "easy" one), I began taking notes in what a certain person, well known to me, disrespect-

in a pantomime act with another fellow. I have been with the Edison Company for four years, and like it much better than stage-work, for it is, in a way, easier; there's no night-work, and it's more interesting, for on the stage you play the same part for a whole season, and sometimes more, when in 'movies' you have a new part handed you every week, and sometimes two.

"The greatest photoplays? 'Quo Vadis?' and a Biograph, put on some time ago by Director Griffith, 'The Last Drop of Water.' My favorite parts? Don't ask me to name the characters, for I can't remember them, but I like 'boob' parts pretty well. I've had a lot of them to play, and I like them. I like any comedy part, tho. One of my parts that I liked was the hero opposite Miss Fuller, in 'When the Right Man Comes Along,' and a series of pictures that we started back home, of the adventures of a country 'boob' called 'Joey.'"

He says he is an American, and is proud of his title of a true son of Gotham-town. He was homesick the evening I met him, and when I asked him if life were worth living, he responded quickly with:

"In New York it is," from which we may gather that he is not exactly in love with the Sunny South, especially this part of it.

"I don't care for reading much, altho I do read every copy of the good old MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. I think my favorite part of it is the Answer Man's department. Isn't he great? That's the first part I read, and then I look for a story by Courtney Ryley Cooper or Dorothy Donnell. They are your best writers, according to my way of thinking."

He looked warily at the question



fully calls "Pitman pot-hooks." "When my mother wanted me to go to college, I went out and got a position so I'd have a good excuse to get out of more education.

"I have been on the stage, in musical comedy such as 'Queen of the Moulin Rouge,' and in vaudeville

list which I was endeavoring to conceal, and then, reaching over, he very masterfully helped himself to it, and looked down the list, with lips pursed into an inaudible whistle.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed; "am I to answer *all* of these?"

"Yes," I answered gently; "and those on the other side, too."

He pretended to swoon, then recovered and set about it briskly.

"Yes, I have written a few scenarios. Had 'em turned down, tho. No, I haven't any favorite novelist or poet, or anything of that sort. My hobby is hunting. I do a great deal of that when I have a chance. My great ambition? Oh, to have a few million dollars and a chicken-farm. I mean a *regular* chicken-farm like the Kimballville, there in Atlanta." (Atlanta papers, please copy. Mr. Zimmer, please note.) "I weigh about one hundred and sixty-five, I guess, and am five feet eleven inches from the ground. Say"—turning suddenly to me—"what color is my hair?"

"Why, brown," I answered, surprised.

"All right, then, brown it is," he said, and read on for a moment. Then, anxiously, "What color are my eyes? What color do you like best?"

"Your eyes are blue," I answered severely. He seemed greatly relieved.

"I don't study my parts, for I seldom know what we are going to play until I reach the studio. Do we rehearse? Oh, my! Ask Mr. Williams, our director, or Miss Trunnelle, or Mr. Prior. *Do* we? We DO!"

"My diversions? Theaters, clubs, all that sort of thing, you know. That's also the way I spend my evenings, so I answered two questions with one answer. Oh, yes, I enjoy photoplays, both dramas and comedies; but I don't care for educational, except some of Pathé's, such as 'The Life of a Snake,' 'The Story of a Butterfly,' and things like that."

When I asked whom he considered the greatest living statesman, he said gravely:

"I'm sorry, but I stayed home from school that day."

Since nicknames are an evidence of popularity, it goes without saying that he has one, two, in fact—"Joey," from the series mentioned before, and "Chick," for no reason that concerns either you or me, evidently, for he failed to give a reason.

He lives with his parents, up in Harlem, and he is proud of it. He has never been in public print, has never done anything heroic, and doesn't like to be away from the Great White Way when night-time comes. And that's all he told me!

PEARL GADDIS.

## HELEN LINDROTH, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

I HAD long been very much interested in Miss Lindroth, and when Alice Hollister, that charming little lady, very kindly offered to introduce me to Miss Lindroth, you can probably imagine my delight and gratitude. And so it was in the pretty sitting-room of Miss Hollister that I made the acquaintance of Helen Lindroth.

She is a lovely woman, with a sweet, gracious manner that instantly endears her to every one who is fortunate enough to meet her. She claims the distinction of having made

the longest trip ever made by a player from one company to join another. She went from Jacksonville, Florida, where she was playing with the Southern Jacksonville Company, to join the El Kalems in Palestine—which was quite some trip, according to Miss Lindroth.

"I was born in Providence, Rhode Island," said Miss Lindroth, pleasantly, "and was educated there. Yes, indeed, I have been on the stage for a number of years. I played with Mabel Taliaferro in 'Polly of the Circus,' with Emma Dunn, and also in vaude-

ville in a sketch called 'The Baby.' I have been in pictures three years, and have never been with any company except Kalem, and never want to be. I love the Kalem Company," she said, with a flash of perfect, white teeth. And, believe me, Kalem reciprocates this love. They all swear by her.

I asked Miss Lindroth to name some of her favorite parts, and she sighed.

"Oh, that's a hard question," she replied. "For all my work has been character work, and so you see, one week I may be called on to play a 'young' part, while the next week I may be an old woman. So you see it's rather hard to have a preference. But I think I like my work as the society woman in 'A Victim of Heredity,' and also in 'The Octoroon.' Which isn't surprising, is it?"

Miss Lindroth is not a suffraget, but she believes firmly in a number of the suffrage ideas. In fact, she says they are not mere beliefs, but firm convictions with her, and she thinks the Woman Suffrage Movement is doing a great thing, and should be helped instead of hindered. She has no patience or sympathy, however, with the Militants, but added hastily that their methods may be justified by their circumstances.

"My favorite photoplayers? I don't think I care to answer that," she told me, "for I really don't know enough of them to judge. King Baggot I have seen on the screen but once, and some of the greatest photoplayers are those whose faces I don't even recognize. Anyway, I think it much safer to avoid personalities. The greatest photoplays? Well, that's easier. My favorites are 'From the Manger to the Cross,' an unforgettable picture, and 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' which was wonderful. What! Am I married?" and she laughed delightedly, while I squirmed inwardly. I expected her to call a servant and have me shown the door, but instead she displayed a lovely set of dimples and a row of pearly teeth, as she said saucily, "No, I'm single, and happy," which was unnecessary, for one has only

to look at her to know that she finds life very much worth living.

When I rose to go, she shook hands heartily and extended a cordial invitation for me to come out to the studio and see the Kalem Company at work. Am I going? Well, what would you do in my place? And that's exactly what I am going to do!

PEARL GADDIS.



# YESTERDAY AND TODAY

BY HARVEY PEAKE



Where are the pioneers of old,  
The "Forty-niners" in search of gold?  
Moving across the picture screen,  
The pioneers of old are seen.

Where is the redman of days gone by,  
Painted and feathered, with war-club high?  
Go to the Motion Picture show,  
And you'll see the savage of years ago.



Where are the gallants of yesteryear  
With the powder and patches and sharp rapier?  
Go to the Motion Picture Play,  
And you'll see the gallants of yesterday.

Where are the heroes of ancient myth,  
Men of might we've been happy with?  
Go to the Motion Picture place,  
And you will meet them face to face.



Where are the fashions of bygone days;  
Crinolines, balmorals, six-inch stays?  
Follow the crowd, if you would know,  
Into the pantomime picture show.

Where are the customs once thought polite?  
Gone for aye from our wondering sight;  
Scarce will it hap that you'll see them again,  
Except in the "movies" at five or ten.





# The Final Word on Censorship

By JOHN COLLIER

General Secretary of the National Board of Censorship

A supplementary article to those of "The Great Debate" between  
Canon Chase and President Dyer on Censorship

A HUMOROUS lecturer tells a story of travel in the Far East. He was in Palestine, or Egypt, or some Old Testament country, and his guide spoke English. "Sir," said the guide, "on this very spot David with a sling killed Goliath."

"How do you know that?" said the traveler.

"Why," said the guide, with vehemence, "I can prove it. Here is the very rock David threw."

Canon Chase reminds me of this guide, or of the queen of France who asked why the angry mobs were breaking down the walls outside. She was told, "They are clamoring for bread, your Majesty."

"Then why dont we give them bread?" she asked.

"We have no bread."

"Then let us give them cake," said the triumphant queen.

Motion Pictures are not perfect; there are many abuses in the film business; films are at present not really just what they should be for anybody. Therefore, says Canon Chase, censor them with a legal pre-publicity censorship.

But Canon Chase ought to show how a legal censorship would cure the specific ills he complains of. I

claim that legal censorship would have no effect whatever on the evils Canon Chase is attacking. Also, as to many of Canon Chase's statements of fact, "I have me doots." For example, if seventy out of seventy-one members of the New York Board of Aldermen favored legal censorship, why did they not pass legal censorship over Mayor Gaynor's veto? Only a two-thirds vote would have been necessary. In fact, the seventy aldermen who voted for an ordinance with a censorship clause tacked on, voted knowing and desiring that the mayor would veto this ordinance, and when he vetoed it that was the end of the matter.

Again, has Mr. Robert O. Bartholomew, of Cleveland, really forbidden fifteen per cent. of the films exhibited to him in Cleveland? If so, he is a record-breaking censor.

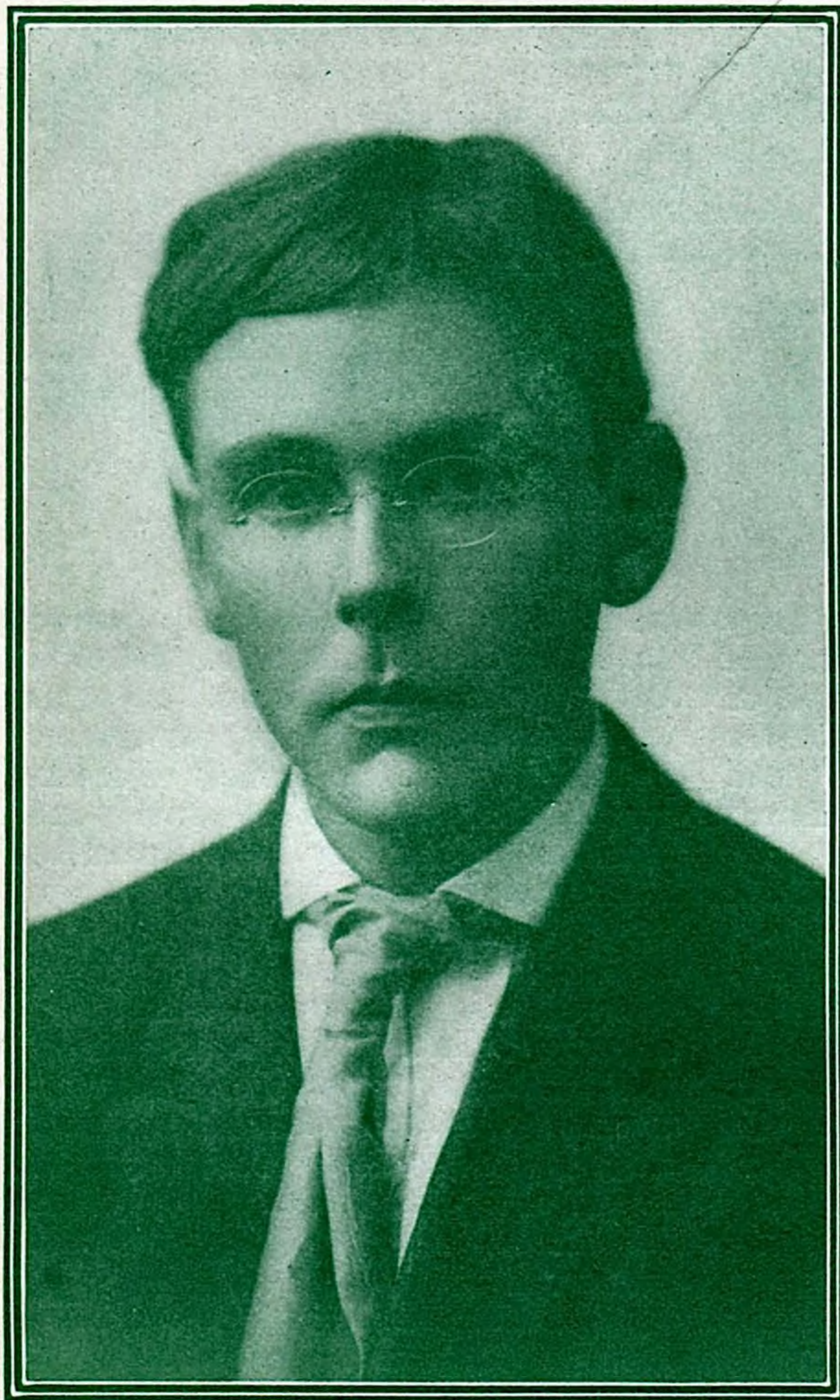
Again, where did Canon Chase get his figures to prove that crime is decreasing in every great Christian nation except the United States? As a matter of fact, crime is increasing thruout civilization; but what bearing has the question on film censorship, inasmuch as Moving Pictures are more censored in the United States today than they are in any

other Christian country, unless it be Germany and Russia?

Finally, Canon Chase repeats a transparent error when he says that the volunteer members of the National Board of Censorship are not free in their decisions, because their expenses

one of fact rather than opinion, I may be excused for taking space in the matter of facts. But underlying Canon Chase's argument is a real condition, and it seems to me that President Dyer does not do full justice to this underlying condition, for it is true that the programs of films are not what they should be, whether from the standpoint of the adult audience or of the child audience. They are not morally what they should be. This is no reason for legal censorship, any more than the hunger of the Paris populace was a reason for giving them cake. But if we hunted we might find some other way to reach a real condition and a real evil.

What I refer to is the fact that the same film goes everywhere, to all kind of audiences, and to young people and old, and that America is practically without children's Motion Picture theaters. The manufacturer is helpless to make his picture what it should be, for he is bound to violate either the child-nature or the adult interests, and the censor, be he voluntary or legal, is at the mercy of this very condition. The manufacturer is compelled to make films, and the censor is compelled to censor them for an imaginary *genus homo* who represents an average of the qualities of babes and octagenarians, immigrants



JOHN COLLIER

and the salaries of secretaries are paid by the film manufacturers, so that they censor unconsciously for their friends, the film-makers. If the volunteers of the National Board of Censorship are this kind of people, why does Canon Chase call them "high-minded"?

As this whole question ought to be

and Americans, cultured and ignorant, black and white. In every other department of art, literature and life, the commodity is adapted to the man, the neighborhood and the class of people who are going to consume it. The highbrow can read Epictetus, and the ordinary man can read Theodore Roosevelt; the child can read Ander-



sen's Fairy Tales, and you or I can read Rabelais, if we want. But in Motion Pictures everybody must read Epictetus, or everybody must read Theodore Roosevelt, everybody must read Andersen or Rabelais, everybody must smoke either Havana cigars or Pittsburgh cheroots; everybody must wear either velvet or gingham. At the best, all the producer or film exchange or exhibitor can do is to give each member of the audience a composite dose of Epictetus and Roosevelt, and of velvet and gingham.

The trouble with Motion Pictures now is that the whole art is on a sort of horizontal dead-level plane. There are no heights or depths to it. Silly people cannot get what they want, and wise people have to get a mixture of the silly in every program.

This is a real condition; but how on earth is censorship — any possible censorship — going to remedy it? Motion Pictures are already pressed down to a sort of

drab average of everybody's likes and dislikes and wisdom and foolishness, and Canon Chase proposes to cure this condition by running a rock-crusher or lawn-mower of legal censorship over the film business, to flatten it or crop it still more.

This is a curious situation, for Canon Chase is voicing only what a million or more people are thinking and saying. The very conditions which make censorship futile and foolish are the ones which excite a cry for censorship. Because the same film goes to everybody everywhere, thoughtless people say, "Give us a censorship." But because the same film goes to everybody everywhere these same or other people will say, "Down with the censor!" as soon as he begins work. A censor can work efficiently only if he can specify that a given film must go to a given audience, and nothing that Canon

Chase or any other advocate of censorship has ever proposed will give the legal censor this power.

Now, Canon Chase, and perhaps President Dyer too, will turn the question on me. They will say, Does not the same argument put your National Board of Censorship out of court? For the National Board of Censorship has no more power than any legal censor to say that this or that film shall go to this or that audience in particular. It, like a legal censor, censors the same film for everybody everywhere.

Now, a careful thinker will suddenly discover, just at this point, the reason for the existence of the National Board of Censorship, and the reason why it is of value to the public and to the film art.

**"Legal censorship would reduce every Motion Picture to the level of the youngest child—they are already pressed down to a sort of drab average of everybody's likes and dislikes."**

In the first place, be it understood that the National Board of Censorship does not try to do what Canon Chase thinks a legal censor ought to do, namely, to reduce every Motion Picture film to the level of the youngest and most morally unstable child in the audience. The Board deserves Canon Chase's criticisms, or would deserve them if it agreed with his standards of censorship. But the Board fundamentally disagrees with such standards, and insists that, so long as Motion Pictures are going to everybody everywhere, they must be censored not for the exceptional, unstable child, but for the vast audience of wage-earning men and women, the eager adolescents and the normal children who attend the shows with their parents.

The National Board, being free from political interference, is in a position to continue this work, even tho a fairly large and noisy minority of the public disapprove it. This noisy minority has to be simply borne with by the National Board of

Censorship. They do not understand censorship or the film situation, or what the National Board is trying to do, and they will not try to understand; so that is the end of it.

The National Board, being free from court review, is thereby free from even its own precedents. It is free to register public opinion in as delicate a way as possible, and it is free to accommodate to the developing phases of the Motion Picture art itself. It is free not only to condemn, but to suggest constructively—not only to chide, but to advise. There are three or four rules which the Board is able rigidly to abide by, and these rules are

sufficient. Crime represented for crime's sake is forbidden. Films dealing with highly problematical questions, like the social evil, the drug habit, etc., are censored from a positively educational stand-

point, the Board demanding that they must make good in a definitely educational way or they will be prohibited. Of course, obscenity is prohibited, or would be, for there is rarely an obscene film shown in America. Criminal libel in Motion Pictures is forbidden. But controversy is not only allowed by the Board; it is invited. The Board holds that Motion Pictures have a place to fill in public discussion as large as the editorial page of any newspaper, and that free speech must not be abridged in the Motion Picture any more than in the press or pulpit.

The above simple rules, conscientiously interpreted by a body of intelligent people, who are not held down by statute or precedent, are

fully sufficient to cover the censoring of films. The one hundred and fifty members of the National Board are certainly disinterested, certainly devoted to their work, for they work hard and are paid nothing for their time, and are distinctly above the average of intelligence. They are free, and they have a power more real than any power which could be given them by law. If they make tyrants of themselves, or if their consciences go to sleep entirely, they can be disbanded on a day's notice, whether by the concerted action of the film producers on the one hand, or by a refusal on the part of the public officials

and civic bodies to accept the Board's advice with reference to the moral control of films. The Board exists only because of a consensus between the film trade and the enlightened public, and if either party to this arrangement

wanted to break the Board down, it could do so without trouble, nor would the Board resist such action. For the Board has nothing to gain other than a sense of public duty done, and there are some members of the Board who grow weary at times with the innuendoes and misstatements of fact which are thrown at them.

Let me repeat, that the National Board suffers under one general limitation, which besets every official board, namely, no censorship can censor except for everybody everywhere. The abuses that Canon Chase has in mind, in so far as they are real abuses, grow out of this fact, and legal censorship would make them worse not better.

**"The one hundred and fifty members of the National Board of Censorship are certainly disinterested, certainly devoted to their work, for they work hard and are paid nothing for their time."**



# A Day With Earle Williams

Including EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY

By "THE TATTLER"

"Go down to the Vitagraph and get me something about Earle Williams; I don't care much what it is, anything would be interesting about that player — get something, anything—about two pages, and don't come back till you get it."

All good soldiers obey orders without questioning the wisdom of the order, and it is so in a magazine or newspaper office, so I bowed a "Yes, sir," to the managing editor and started out. Please observe that I was not to *try* to get something — I was to *get* it. Further, if I did not get it I was not to return. Not wishing to join the New York army of the unemployed, thus making it 40,001, according to the latest statistics, I set out. The Brighton Beach "El" soon landed me at the door of the Vitagraph, and my card was sufficient to get me past the Cerberus on guard and into the heart of the little village. It was 9.30 A. M., and I met my victim just coming out of his dressing-room. I made known my mission, and Mr. Williams smiled.



"Go as far as you like, but I haven't the least idea what you want or what I can do for you," he said, at the same time taking from his pocket a black leather book and writing something in it. A moment later I saw in gold letters the word "Diary" on the book, and that inspired me with a brilliant thought. I must get hold of that diary!

"Beg pardon," I said, "but I came to interview you, but you seem to be interviewing me. If not too indiscreet, might I inquire what you are writing?"

"Indeed—you—can—not," he muttered, between pencil-strokes; "this is a private matter and would not interest you. In fact, it is my diary, and it is intended for only

one pair of eyes—my own. It is a complete record of myself, my thoughts, my heart, my doings, my motives, my impressions, and all that, and you can see that it would never do to——"

He was cut short by the call of a director, who came up impatiently and asked Mr. Williams to hasten to a

scene. I was invited along, and the rest of the morning was spent watching the rehearsing and taking of a scene. At noon, Mr. Williams invited me to luncheon with him, and I, of course, accepted, my mind still on that diary. About twenty-five Vitagraph players have formed a little club, and the members dine at a boarding-house about two blocks away. I observed that Mr. Williams is a moderate eater, and, in fact, temperate in all things. For luncheon he ate about half a plate of chicken soup, about a child's portion of beef stew, and half a piece of apple pie. I noticed that he ate slowly, as all people should, and that he did not devour his food as if he were starved, as did several other players at the adjoining table. His manner is quiet, and he is very polite and kind to everybody. When he speaks to you, he expects you to look him in the eye. I kept alluding to that diary every chance I got, and told him how happy he could make a million people if he would let me make a few extracts from it. But he was quite sure that it could never be, and he said that a diary was the very last thing that should ever be published. After dining we lit cigars and strolled around the block and then back to the studio.

That afternoon was a busy one, and I could hardly get a chance for a word. I observed one thing: Mr. Williams likes to think over and contemplate before going in a scene—a sort of mental preparation. I asked him once what he was thinking of. He looked up as if in a daze, and said that he was trying to get into the spirit of the character he was portraying.

"That is one of the hardest things about photoplay—sometimes we take the last scene of a play first, and then one from the middle," he added, "so you see it is sometimes difficult to remember just where you are at, and to keep your work true to the part. Sorry, but you will have to excuse me."

"Might I hold your diary while you are playing?" I asked.



IN "THE LOVE OF JOHN RUSKIN"

"No, thank you, kind sir," he laughed.

I waited around all that afternoon, without getting anything more, then telephoned my office that I would not be back. At five o'clock, when Earle



IN "THE VENGEANCE OF DURAND"

Williams stepped on the platform of a Brighton Beach car, he found me standing on the same platform.

"And the villain still pursued—" he said good-naturedly.

We sat in the same seat on the trip downtown, and had a fine talk. I found Mr. Williams a very interesting talker. He is well versed in general topics, and has opinions on about everything which he is free to express. The diary question came up several times, and on this he had a very strong opinion. I was not to see it. Just opposite us sat two young girls, and they had discovered the identity of my companion, as evidenced by their giggling and frequent glances in our direction. Mr. Williams was not annoyed, but he was far from pleased, and he confided in me that he would much rather not be recognized when out in public.

At the Court Street station Mr. Williams arose, and I did likewise. He invited me to his quarters and I gladly accepted. His bachelor rooms are modest, neatly furnished and com-

fortable. The walls are well covered with pictures, mostly photographs that he has taken himself. A number of curios and relics are intermingled, and there are some book-shelves. The first thing he did as he entered, after removing his hat and coat and placing a box of cigars before me, was to take out that much-coveted little black book and place it on the shelves by the side of several others of uniform size.

"I'll just take a plunge and change my clothes," he said, "and then we'll go over to the big village and have a bite. Make yourself at home, look over my curios, dip into the books, or amuse yourself any way you like for about fifteen minutes." With that he went into the adjoining room.

"Dip into the books, amuse yourself any way you like!" were not those his words? He made no exceptions. Had I not the right to select those diaries? Perhaps not, but the temptation was too strong, and I did. I took a hasty glance thru several of the little books, and then quickly made



IN "THE CHRISTIAN"

some extracts from the 1913 book, as follows:

**TUESDAY.**—Arrived at studio at 9.30. Did three scenes for "Love's Sunset." This ought to be one of my best. I really feel the part. Clara Young is fine. Like to play opposite her. She and Edith Storey are best for me. Left studio at 4.30. Called on Harry Morey in evening and played cards. Hit bed at 11.

**WEDNESDAY.**—Twenty-three letters this morning, all flattering. Only three silly ones. My work is being appreciated. Got an offer from — company for more money. Don't think I will leave Vitagraph. Dined at Hotel Martinique and went to see "Within the Law." A strong play—the best of the crook plays. Well played. Bed at 12.

**THURSDAY.**—A dull day. Rained all day. Nothing to do till 1. Did one scene. Wish they would give me more work. Poor part. Too bad I can't get another "Vengeance of Durand." Mr. Blackton told me I was cast for lead in "The Christian." Fine! I know that part well and I am glad. Called on M. L. She sings divinely. A very intellectual girl. She is very sensible. To take her to opera next Friday. Retired at 11.

**FRIDAY.**—Another bad day. Had nothing to do worth while. Will they ever learn to give me only good parts? They have ten men who could have done that as well as I. Stayed home and read. Asleep by 11.30.

**SATURDAY.**—Pay-day, and I found my salary has been increased \$25. Good! It all helps. I may be good for only ten years more, and I must provide for the rainy day. Wish the other boys could learn to save. Some of them spend as fast as they earn. Did four scenes and was off at 3. Went to N. Y. Saw six photoplays, mostly poor. Dinner at

Imperial with E. T., and then saw Henri Kraus in "Les Miserables." He was great. Too bad they all can't be like that. Hit bet at 11.

**SUNDAY.**—Had a fine loaf today. Wrote twenty letters. I must get a secretary. I should be out getting fresh air. Sent my regular weekly check to mother, bless her heart. I should be very thankful that I can do this every week. And, brother, what's the good of living if we can't be of use to somebody? And my savings-bank accounts are growing, too. Called on Mr. & Mrs. R. and had tea. They are fine people. Looked over my wardrobe. Must get a fresh supply.

**MONDAY.**—Arrived at 9. Very busy. Did eight scenes. Pretty tired. Ordered two suits at tailor's and bought half-a-dozen ties and shirts. This makes a big hole this week. Must economize for a week or so. Received large mail and some fine letters. Glad that Answer Man said I did not like to get love-letters. Don't get so many now. Long letter from father. All well. I am very happy. Called on—

Hearing a noise in the adjoining room, I started like a thief. I was about to replace the book quickly, then changed my mind and decided to put on a bold

front and tell the truth. But it was a false alarm. Quickly opening the precious little book again, I found these October notes:

**WEDNESDAY.**—Still in Boston, doing "The Christian." Boston people are not used to seeing photoplayers. They did not know what to make of us. Kent and I were dressed as priests, and a policeman came along and touched his cap, saying, "Good-morning, Father." Going to the coast tomorrow. I have nice



IN "LOVE'S SUNSET"



Perhaps the snow-bound condition of the country accounts for the additional volume of appreciation, poetical and otherwise, this month—but whatever the cause, the effect has been copious and exceptionally meritorious. It has been hard to discriminate; and just to prove our mental poise, we disregard the heroines and begin the department with lines to Julia Swayne Gordon, “The Vitagraph Villainess”:

I've seen you oft upon the screen  
 In rôles that people criticize,  
 But long ago I knew the truth—  
 That all those parts were just a guise.

Your greedy, scheming, vampire ways  
 Are just a mask you're forced to wear,  
 But I have looked beneath—and found  
 A hidden store of sweetness there.

Your lovely eyes, your graceful ways  
 Have won my heart, I must confess;  
 So with this rhyme I send three cheers  
 To you—my charming “Villainess!”

1023 Almond St., Chicago, Ill.

FLORENCE STEINER.

Helen Costello has a loyal little friend in St. Louis, Mo., who signs herself Helen Mintner, 1509A South Ninth Street. We are unable to print the verse accompanying the letter, but this is part of what she says:

I am a little girl ten years old. I have written these few verses to my little favorite, Helen Costello, to show her how we all love her around here. We would like you to print Helen Costello's picture again, as we all think she is so pretty and sweet. Also her little sister Dolores Costello's picture, too.

"F. H." sends honest tribute to Laura Sawyer. We quote in part:

TO LAURA SAWYER.

I love to sit and watch a scene  
And study faces on the screen;  
Some lovely maids are pictured there,  
With laughing eyes and wealth of hair.

There's one of whom I wish to sing,  
Whose smile is like the breath of spring;  
'Tis Laura Sawyer, movie queen,  
The gentlest face e'er on the screen.

Oh! lucky mortal, thus to be  
Graced with a face so fair to see,  
Bedecked with such a charming grace  
That fleeting years will not efface.

I've sung my song—I'll say adieu,  
Kind greetings I extend to you;  
I'm not in love—I have a wife—  
But I admire the fine in life.

Strange things happen in Texas, according to one who writes us as follows:

DOWN IN TEXAS.

The greenbugs are the greenest  
Down in Texas,  
Boll-worms are the meanest  
Down in Texas;  
The picture shows are grandest,  
The politicians blandest,  
And fakers the fimflamdest  
Down in Texas.

The sun is always shining  
Down in Texas,  
Nothing done in small ways  
Down in Texas;  
Photo fans yell loudest,  
Of Kerrigan we're proudest,  
Folks behind you talk the broadest  
Down in Texas.

The moonlight is the brightest  
Down in Texas,  
Cotton is the whitest  
Down in Texas;  
Fanatics are the thickest,  
Triggers pull the quickest,  
Wrong-doers look the sickest  
Down in Texas.

We love our Motion Pictures  
Down in Texas,  
They all have such grand fixtures  
Down in Texas;  
We all love Tommy Moore,  
And Wilbur's pretty pompadour,  
And our favorites we will fight for  
Down in Texas.

Anonymously.

A TEXAN.

Margaret Goldstein sees beneath the outer surface, and appreciates the art that gives a character birth. She verifies this in her lines:

TO EVELYN SELBIE.

You have read praise to beautiful girls,  
To their eyes, their dimples, their smiles or curls;  
But you never, never read praise to that class  
Of character actors who looks surpass.

They may not seem beautiful in their parts,  
But their acting comes straight and true from their hearts.  
So here's to the character actors, I say;  
Here's to Evelyn Selbie, of Essanay!



Not to neglect the outer manifestations, which, after all, are not to be slighted, let us print this eulogy from one W. R. C. It deifies a dimple:

ANITA'S DIMPLE.

In the Lyric I was sitting, watching divers films a-flitting,  
 When Dan Cupid took his little fling at me;  
 I felt my heart a-going, unconsciously, not knowing  
 What the dickens was thus causing it to flee.  
 I was looking at a reel on which a girl genteel  
 Was displaying all her beauty and her charm,  
 But what had she to offer to me—a confirmed scoffer,  
 Who considered that his heart was free from harm?  
 Sez I: " 'Tis not her purity—her face proves that a surety—  
 And not the way she fixes up her hair;  
 'Tis not in her ability, nor yet in her agility,  
 Which I'll admit are both beyond compare."  
 This new-found love of mine had now reached a point divine,  
 But to which of her fair charms could I construe it?  
 Could it be those dear, dark eyes had chanced to hypnotize,  
 As in other plays I've often seen them do it?  
 Altho I loved it so, 'twas not her Cupid's bow,  
 Nor yet her pretty brows that caused all this;  
 'Twas not her classic nose and nothing in the pose  
 Of this exquisite, charming little miss.  
 I was driven near distraction, when—oh, the satisfaction!—  
 The elusive thing I found, and it was simple;  
 Dont question my veracity—just then, with quaint audacity,  
 She smiled and disclosed it—in her dimple!  
 Turn your head now while I kiss it—I know she'll never miss it,  
 For I'll steal it from her photo on my dresser.  
 Yes, I'd like to hug her, too, and so, no doubt, would you,  
 But let's end this simple rhyme with just "God bless her."

Toast to Frank E. Montgomery (Kalem), toastmaster at the Wednesday Dinner of the Photoplayers' Club, on the occasion of a notable dinner at which the hall was furnished with Indian relics, and at which there were Indian dances, etc.:

Him paleface chief from the tribe of Kalem,  
 Bring um redskins—so we hail 'em.  
 (Kalem—hail 'em—Gee! that's rotten,  
 But I must write it the way I've got 'em.)  
 No need bring um white police,  
 Big chief bring um pipe of peace.  
 Call um pow-wow, you and me,  
 Big feast in the chief's tepee.  
 Eat um cow and drink firewater,  
 Injun drink, tho didn't oughter.  
 Redskins bury tomahawk deep.  
 'Cause we like each other heap.  
 Tomahawks just made to knock.  
 Hit um paleface on the block.  
 Catch um Injuns knock—Lord help um,  
 Good club Injuns quickly scalp um.  
 Lots good Injuns can be found  
 In *our* Happy Hunting Ground.  
 Bring um glasses, sing um song,  
 Smoke um pipe and beat tom-tom.  
 The warpath never may he want—he  
 Heap good Injun—Glendale Monty!

We believe in contrasts—hence the rapid transit from the strictly sentimental to the apt pen of the humorist. These comic quirks are a new form of appreciation—and they are apt indeed:

“DAFFYDILS” IN PLAYERDOM.

If Carlyle Blackwell admires Alice Joyce, doth Arthur Johnson think Blanche Sweet?

If Crane Wilbur is thirty and Augustus Carney thirty, too, is Clara Kimball Young?

If John Bunny owes Earle Williams twenty dollars, how much does Maurice Costello?

If Gene Gauntier often goes boating, does James Cruze?

If Florence Lawrence has golden hair, what has King Baggot?

If Earle Williams is an excellent painter on canvas, what is Ethel Grandon?

If Edna Payne is dark complected, is Pearl White?

If Van Dyke Brooke is bald, is Robert Grey?

If Lillian Walker lost her diamond ring, would Irene Hunt?

A letter comes to us from Marlow, Okla., and it is signed “A Mother.” We quote in part only because we are unable to do so in full:

I want to say a word in praise of one of the players—Jack Warren Kerrigan. I read his chat in an early spring number and, later, the statement he made to the public in such a frank, fearless manner. It touched the hearts of thousands of women the world over.

The theatrical profession has been much abused in its time, but now that the stage is coming into its own, I think the profession very fortunate in having as a representative a character like Mr. Kerrigan's.

I think the rising generation might take him for an example, and I am sure that if my own boys grow up to love, honor and respect me as Mr. Kerrigan does his mother, I will feel my work in their behalf has been appreciated. I sincerely hope Mr. Kerrigan's days will be long upon this land, and that his influence will be far and wide.

Come fluent, feeling lines from one signed “The Understudy.” They are tributary to Alice Joyce:

To see or not to see!  
Some time ago  
I stood outside a Movie show and tried  
(One lonesome little dime  
Held close to me)  
The all-absorbing question to decide.

And then I saw her face!  
’Twas but a glimpse—  
The door swung to, the living screen to hide:  
(Ah, Alice dear,  
Your captivating grace)  
I handed out my dime and went inside.

So what care I,  
Tho I cant get  
The stamps to send to editors my stuff,  
(I’ve spent my dime;  
The last I had, by Jove!)  
I’ve seen Sweet Alice play—and that’s enough.



## HELEN MARTEN—THE ECLAIR CAMEO BEAUTY

Recording a Fad, a Fancy and a Fact

By F. MARION BRANDON

**S**IT up, boys and girls; for I'm going to disclose a *tremendous* secret. At last you will have a chance to see little Helen Marten at her best—elusive, evanescent, elfin, flitting thru *six* reels—count 'em—of a film version of that very wonderful French refugee novel, published last summer—"The Kangaroo." It is estimated by those few who have been privileged to view this photoplay privately, that little Helen's stock will go up another hundred points! Her part is that of a boy—"the saft one of the fambly." The brilliant, scintillating action of the entire six reels is strung upon the silken thread of this

witching girl's personality. (Mary Pickford, 'ware your laurels!)

"I've read a whole tantalizing paragraph, and dont know yet what she really is like!" is, I suppose, your impatient comment. Well, I shall establish myself immediately in your good graces by recounting in detail this young lady's charms. She is small, slim, graceful, imperious. Her beauty is delicate—cameo-like. Nose straight and short; lips, cheeks and chin exquisitely molded; eyes, blue-gray, wondering, wide-set under straight, brown brows; hair, a profusion of softly coiled or curled, shining nut-brown strands. Last item—



very important—a deep-set chin-dimple, wherein lurks alluring danger to all mankind.

On one of my recent visits to the Eclair studios, I noticed a group of children frolicking, from whose midst a slightly larger “child” detached itself laughingly.

It was Helen. I stopped her on the run to a scene that had just been struck.

“Helen, let me straighten this eye-brow before you go on.” She became unnecessarily suspicious at my sudden interest in her personal appearance.

“What do you want? Another ‘autograph photy-graft,’ as Harry Lauder would say?”

“No, Helen,” I answered reproachfully; “not a thing, really. Er, by the way, that last batch of photographs you had taken were so successful that we’ll have to send them to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE; and, Helen, I do wish you’d help me out on copy just a little. A fad and a fancy will do,” I hastened to add, as Helen eyed me severely with an “I gotcha Steve” expression.

“Well, then,” she temporized, “if you can wait until I get thru this scene, you shall have a fad, a fancy, and a fact to boot.”

I gracefully draped myself upon a heap of props and proceeded to enjoy the wait. Helen has adapted herself so successfully to Indian-girl parts that she has become known as “The Little Indian of the Eclair-Universals.” However, this clever girl is

rapidly acquiring great versatility; almost every week finds her winning honors in an entirely new type of characterization. This scene was part of “Big-hearted Jim,” and Helen played a heart-hungry wife (ridiculous! she’s barely out of the nursery herself!) who was mothering a neighbor’s children. Six of them! And a litter of kittens, besides. But little Helen had done her hair up into a huge Psyche knot for the occasion, and, believe me, Mawruss, she lived up to that Psyche knot and wifey look in a way that brought tears to the eyes of her impromptu audience.

The best part of daylight was past.

I helped Helen wriggle out of the trailing “mother” dress and into her own boot-top-length trotteur. Then we ran frantically to catch the car—for cars have a distressing way of passing but once every twenty minutes or so in Fort Lee. Back in New York, we made for the comfy inglenook of a certain tea-room (I refuse to give its name or location) where feminine stars of the spoken and silent drama congregate daily.

Here, at last, is the fad Helen disclosed to me over the fragrant Oolong: she just *dotes* on “stockings to match.” To the masculine mind this probably means nothing. To the feminine mind it means heavenly visions of sacheted, rose-tinted dresser-drawers just *cram-full* of cobwebby silken hose in every imaginable hue and gradation of hue; for what woman, in this era of slashed skirts and *thé dan-*



sants, would not give much to possess "stockings to match" every gown in her wardrobe! Then, "for special," Helen confided, one silver pair of hose, one gold pair—not "really truly gold"—of course not; one fish-net pair meshed with tiny steel beads, and a well-nigh-priceless pair of silk-lace stockings, embroidered with tiniest seed pearls which—whisper it—she is saving for her trousseau! (Then she's *not* married? No, boys, I saved this for a surprise.)

Then, here is the fancy. Miss Helen Marten didn't tell me this. I got it from other sources. Every now and then, when she has a spare afternoon, Helen goes off to a crippled children's or blind babies' or other home where she can find unfortunate youngsters, and sings for them; or cuts paper dollies; or feeds them goodies; or does any other thing that can possibly make the poor little ones forget their misfortunes. Isn't this being a real Lady Bountiful? Helen fancies this as a pet diversion.

Now, then, we are getting serious, for we have reached the fact: Miss Marten's mail includes very many letters from girls all over the country who want her assistance in "acting just as you do."

The apparent ease of it appears to be its appeal to them. I shall let her speak of this for her diminutive self:



"Since the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE reaches at least a million people, surely many of the girls who have written to me will see my answer here. I want to tell them

collectively what I would tell each one individually if my time permitted. Being a film actress is far from being 'the easiest way' to earn a livelihood. It requires almost super-human effort to get an opportunity to enter the field; it requires daily action which has every element of physical danger; and, above all, it requires constant study, not only to keep pace with the growing demands of the camera, but ahead of the horde of competitors who push every actor, great or small, for his place. I, like most co-players who have succeeded in attaining a film personality, owe it more to mere chance than to the hard apprenticeship I served. The theatrical profession, whether on the stage or behind the camera, is so thoroly subjected to chance, that I cannot sincerely advise any girl, blinded by its glamour, to



leave the security of her home environment for the hard fight and bitter disappointments which would beset her path as an actress. You may wonder, then, why I am here; and the others with me. Frankly, I think most of us saw dazedly, blinded by the glamour then, as you are now. And none could see the unceasing struggle that tomorrow held for us. Money could not compensate us for the dangers we must undergo. It is your appreciation, as it comes, oftentimes in a simple, sincere note, that tells of the happiness our work—my work—has given you; how it has helped you forget, for awhile, dark care as it bestrode your shoulders."



## Provide for the Repeating of History

By C. LEON KELLEY



NOTHING is more fascinating to most of us than man's history, the intricate story of his growth from the earliest times known of up to our own age. No narrative will ever excel the account of his stern struggle. In the vast future, further on than one dares to imagine, the human race will continue to be fascinated in the events which have led up to its state of existence. By then, our own period of life will have already become an old part of history. But their method of visualizing the past may differ immensely from our own. Probably the Motion Picture, or some advanced adaptation of it, will present duplications of today's and of subsequent historical incidents. That is, it *may* be so if we of today provide for it by photographing these happenings and placing them safely away for this future use.

What a perfect means of such a record the Moving Picture affords! Surely, all previous methods are incomparable to this one. Indeed, what a small development such methods have made—almost as laborious as the very history they have enrolled!

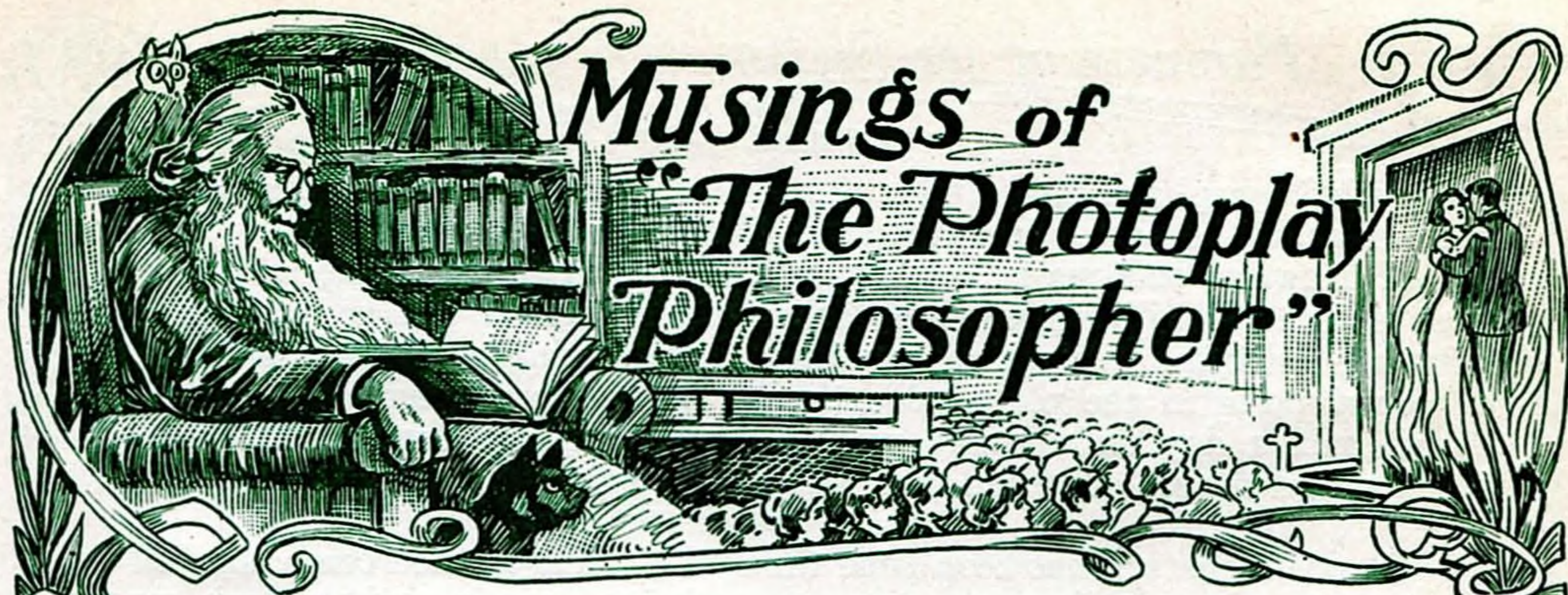
At first, in Babylonian and Phœnician ages, the brief, disconnected records of history were cut, in hieroglyphic figures and letters, into the stones of monuments and of temples. The earliest Greek inscriptions were made on columns, pillars and statues, in Thera and Crete. Later, more convenient marble tablets were formed; and lettered impressions were made, also, in sheets of lead. The Romans had still an easier method, that of inscribing records on bronze; and the hasty scratchings of the persecuted Christians of Rome made in the soft walls of the Catacombs have preserved much historical treasure. With expanded conquest and increased instruments of living, easier ways were established, until, by many successive

steps out from the crude, our modern presses have been perfected to prepare elegantly printed summaries and collections of the contents of the whole.

But even our modern method can be excelled; only, however, by the use of the Motion Picture.

Within the past several years, that class of Moving Pictures which may be termed to include history-making events, has extended rapidly. The greatest factor in this work is, perhaps, the news-weekly, which makes it a business to catch world events with its boundless eye. Many pictures were taken of the recent Balkan war, and others are being taken in Mexico. Many of the leading nations' eminent men and women pose before the animated camera. What truer manner of biography-making than to take the very scenes of the subject's life! Such expeditions as Scott's Pole-dash and Rainey's jungle explorations all have their camera-man. Motion Picture manufacturers are readily accessible to most universities and other institutions in order to record unusual products of intellectual activity and scientific discoveries. One company specializes in catching views of big athletic events of universities at which world's records are often broken. In short, the camera's eye sees every stratum of the world's tide of life and is trained especially upon those things which will influence history.

It remains, then, only for a movement to be set in motion that will organize a systematic collecting, compiling and preservation of Moving Pictures of historical events to inaugurate a new method of history-recording that will make future study and reference of history a visual delight to the brain and an actual future reproduction or repetition of the history itself.



**D**R. JOHNSON once said, "I am a friend of public amusements because they keep the people away from vice." It is pleasant to note that whereas a few years ago there were many reformers and societies whose main ambition was to abolish Motion Pictures entirely, they now realize that the pictures have their redeeming qualities. These good-intentioned persons now see that the saloons are not so well patronized as formerly, that bad literature is not so common, that the lurid, immoral melodramas of the "blood and thunder" order are disappearing from the stage, and that gambling in all its forms is not so popular with our youths as formerly. There are a few who still maintain that certain classes of Motion Pictures exert a bad influence on the young, but even these have come to the conclusion that if it were not for the pictures the young would be beset with temptations still more alluring. Looking at the Motion Picture as a pure source of amusement, it deserves to survive the attacks of its enemies. But it is more than this; it is a source of profit. Aside from those pictures that are purely educational, and these are numerous, we must not forget that even those photodramas which deal with crime and immorality have their good points that usually outweigh the bad. Nobody would deny the young the privilege of reading or witnessing the Shakespearean plays, yet these abound with murders and other atrocious crimes. Nobody would deny the young the privilege of reading history, yet history is little else than a record of war and crime. But few would deny the young the privilege of reading the daily papers, yet these are replete with true records of the evil deeds of our contemporaries. And there is this great advantage of the pictures over history and news: they nearly always point a moral; they show vice in all its hideousness accompanied by its just deserts, while virtue is clothed in all its brilliant and inspiring garments. Bar-room brawls, gambling, murders, and other degrading scenes are seldom shown in the best Motion Pictures; but when they are there is always a motive behind it, and it is never a demoralizing one. When the people cease to enjoy harrowing scenes and stirring episodes, then will all Motion Picture manufacturers cease to make them. The most refined and sedate of us enjoy excitement now and then, and it is not always harmful. That there is too much of it in the pictures, there is no doubt; but we cannot hope to please all the people all the time. When that is accomplished it will be the dawn of the millennium.

In a candid spirit of bettering the photodrama, I again suggest drastic improvements in the lithographs of films that now hurt one's eyes in front of the theaters. Both the science and art of lithography have made wonderful strides in the past decade—the three-color process, the inventions of Bendé, the refinements of artistic handling, have vastly improved the theatrical poster;

## MUSINGS OF THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER

yet the lithographs of most of the film manufacturers are the crude and painful messes of the past, when lurid melodrama held its sway. Poorly colored, out of drawing, hideous in conception, cheap and tawdry, they repel rather than allure. I will suggest only what improvements can be made by substituting black and white, line drawing, wash drawing and photo reproduction of actual poses in the plays advertised. Let the progressive manufacturers spend half a day in a smart printing establishment devoted to theatrical display, and the scales of bad taste and old fogginess will drop from their eyes.

Classic literature has been gone thru with a fine-toothed comb, and all the great masterpieces in literature have or are being done into photoplays, among which I might mention Homer's *Odyssey*, Dante's *Inferno*, *Vanity Fair*, *Tale of Two Cities*, *David Copperfield*, *Pickwick*, *Les Miserables*, *Lorna Doone*, *Don Quixote*, and *Faust*, and even the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, which has been given the distinction of being one of the greatest things ever done, yet it was made from the few verses of Julia Ward Howe. Jack London is doing his stories into photoplays, and Rex Beach, George Oppenheim, Will Carleton, Sir Gilbert Parker, and Hudson Maxim have also appeared in the field as writers of photoplays.

Not only this, we have several companies devoted to making pictures of the great events of the world; among which films is Pathé's *Weekly*, now issued twice a week. These films show pictures of contemporary history, such as the launching of a battleship, the unveiling of a monument, an inauguration of a President, the World Series of baseball games, impeachment proceedings, important parades, great funerals, etc. And other companies vie with one another in making films of all great events, such as the late crowning of England's new king, fires, floods, and earthquakes, and these films are sometimes shown at regular theaters at fifty cents admission, with nothing else on the program. And I want to make a plea for the recording for preservation of all these films of contemporaneous history. Every city and state ought to have a department for this sole purpose; to collect all documents, papers, phonographic records and films of important things and events. Public officials should be taken in the act of signing important documents or making important speeches and announcements, and all these things should be preserved for future historians. While films are being made of all our great men, these films are taken by private parties for private reasons, and without regard to their retention by the authorities for public record. They take whom they please, and how they please, and when they have had these films on the market for a short time they disappear, and the world never hears of them again. Many pictures have been made of Roosevelt, Bryan, Taft, Wilson, Gaynor, and other public men, but nothing whatever is being done to preserve those films. Would it not come within the province of this magazine to take this matter up, with a view to having historical departments organized by the state, city and nation, in which films of public men and events are to be preserved?

And think of the benefits to us and to successive ages had the ancients known the art of Motion Photography. What do we know of Homer, of Hannibal, of Xerxes, of Philip of Macedon, of Alexander the Great, of Pericles, of Plato, Socrates,





## MUSINGS OF THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER

Cicero, Demosthenes, Nero, the Cæsars, Charlemagne, etc.? How little we know of how these men really and truthfully looked, of what they wore, and of their habits and customs. Our historians differ, and every now and then some new historian comes along and says that Nero was not a bad emperor, that Hannibal was not blind in one eye, that Homer was not a beggar, that Æsop was not a negro dwarf, etc. And how easy it would be to teach history by means of pictures. History is really only a record of the great men who have lived. They mark the way like milestones on the road to progress—from Alexander to Cæsar, from Cæsar to Constantine, from Constantine to Charlemagne, from Charlemagne to Napoleon; and how easy it would be to tell the whole story of the birth of civilization by means of Motion Pictures. Think of the volumes that have been written about the battles of Waterloo and Gettysburg, no two alike, and how easy the story could have been told by a battery of cameras under Red Cross protection.

The *Morning Tribune*, of Tampa, Florida, seems to have an Answer Man who ranks close up to our own, as witness the following question and answer that appeared in a recent issue of that paper:

Q.—During the year just ended 6,380,000,000 nickels were spent in this country at the Moving Picture shows, or \$319,000,000. This vast sum would have purchased 390,000 homes for people in ordinary circumstances, or nearly 80,000 good-sized farms. How about it?

A.—Yes, and, on the other hand, those 6,380,000,000 nickels would also have bought 2,126,666,666 drinks of whisky, which would have caused sorrow to 5,000,000 mothers and unhappiness to 3,000,000 wives and deprivation and suffering to 10,000,000 children—if they had not been spent at the Motion Picture shows, where they bought clean, wholesome and educational amusement and made millions of men, women and children happy.

Goethe asks, "Is not the world full enough of riddles already, without our making riddles too out of the simplest phenomena?" They say that poor old Homer died of chagrin because he could not expound a riddle propounded by a simple fisherman: "Leaving what's taken, what he took not we bring." Poor Homer—no wonder he died. Aristotle and Philetas were also painfully perplexed about the famous sophism called, by the ancients, "The Liar": "If you say of yourself, 'I lie,' and in so saying tell the truth, you lie. If you say, 'I lie,' and in so saying tell a lie, you tell the truth." That reminds me of an experience: I rented one of my rooms to a young lawyer who promised to pay me \$200 for the year as soon as he won his first case. I waited a long while, and, finding that he did not win any cases and did not intend to pay, decided to sue him, reasoning thus: "If I win, the judgment of the court will be in my favor and he must pay. If I lose, he will have won his first case, and must pay, according to the terms of his agreement." On the other hand, the young lawyer reasoned thus: "If I win the case, the judgment of the court will be in my favor, and I will not have to pay. If I lose, I will not have won my first case, and hence need not pay." This is a strange piece of logic, and quite seductive. The smartest men in any community are those who live on their wits. Only the very smart can get along on such small capital.





# Big Stage Salaries

## History Will Not Repeat Itself

By ROBERT GRAU

Author of "Forty Years' Observation of Music and Drama," "The Stage in the Twentieth Century," etc.

**B**ECAUSE of the overwhelming and constantly increasing change of environment from the speaking stage to the film studio, on the part of famous players as well as the rank and file of the older calling, one is not surprised to hear many theatrical managers express the belief that history is likely to repeat itself, in that the same evolution which transformed the old-time variety show into the gold-laden modern vaudeville is about to convert the Motion Picture art into the most lucrative field of endeavor for stage talent that the amusement field has ever known.

But these gentlemen, wise in their generation, are assuming that the same craze for big names that caused the so-called "legit" invasion of the vaudeville stage, increasing salaries tenfold in an effort to tempt the celebrity into the two-a-day theaters, is due almost immediately in filmdom as a result of the epidemic of "feature photoplays" and the almost complete capitulation of the theatrical play-producers to the lure of the camera-man. And these experienced showmen are shaking their heads ominously, even going so far as to predict that the one great menace confronting the film industry—the mania for "headliners"—is certain to create the "four-figure weekly salary," and the resultant effort will be to bring about a condition that will end the prosperity of the big producing concerns and cause a big boom for the smaller ones.

For the purpose of establishing the difference between the stage and film callings, the writer, having started the "legit" invasion in vaudeville, is enabled to quote figures with accuracy. For instance, the Four Cohans were paid by the writer \$175 a week, when they presented the same act that a few years later caused \$3,000 to be enclosed in their pay envelope. A more amazing instance was the case of Elsie

Janis. In the spring of one year, for a "turn" of imitations, \$125 was meted out to Elsie. In the fall of the following year, the same Elsie, having scored on Broadway in musical comedy, asked and actually received \$2,500 a week (and she has had \$3,000 since). B. F. Keith paid McIntyre and Heath \$150 a week to do ten turns a day in Boston, and the Ethiopian duo were the envied of their colleagues on the same program. Yet it is a truth that this team recently returned to the same city, under the same management, in precisely the same specialty, but instead of ten turns a day but two were required; instead of \$150 Mr. Keith forked out 2,500 "iron men" every Saturday night, with clock-like regularity.

Eva Tanguay was just as clever when she was granted \$30 a week as now, when, because she cant have \$3,500 a week, she has her own show on tour. Gertrude Hoffman actually had to barnstorm because she could not induce the vaudeville managers to pay her \$50 a week, but she had her revenge when, only four years later, the latter agreed to pay her \$105,000 for thirty weeks. Sam Bernard had a hard time inducing the same men who now gladly pay him \$2,500 a week to allow him a single hundred, a decade and a half ago.

For three years Victor Moore played his present-day sketch at the munificent salary of \$125, out of which he paid his company and expenses. Today the same managers fall over each other to pay him ten times as much. I recall when Rose Stahl, already well-known as a star, had to beg to be allowed to play gratis at Proctor's Theater in "The Chorus Lady"; later, \$350 a week was paid to Miss Stahl, but when Broadway hailed Rose in the full play expanded from the sketch, she refused \$3,500 a week.

May and Flo Irwin at \$125 a week was indeed a bargain, yet the late Tony Pastor paid the greatest of all sister teams that honorarium for years. Now May asks and gets \$3,000 a week alone.

One is tempted to continue in this strain indefinitely, but the editor restricts in the matter of space, so there is only room here to state at present that these vaudeville changes are hardly likely to be emulated in the Motion Picture field, for the reason that fame is not, and is not likely to be, the compelling factor in alternating the public to the photoplayhouse. It is true that the favorites of the screen are a powerful magnet and are recognized as such by the producers and the exhibitors alike, but their strength at the box-office is due, not to their achievements on the speaking stage, but entirely to such artistry as they have revealed before the camera, and one may name a score of youthful men and women who entered the film studio unknown and unsung who represent far more today to the men who pay their salaries than the \$3,000 a week "headliners" of vaudeville.

Moreover, it is absolutely certain that neither the producing managers (I can't express myself concretely by calling these gentlemen manufacturers) nor the millions of photoplay patrons would willingly exchange their idols on the screen for the celebrities named.

Excepting Mrs. Fiske, whose "Tess" revealed her as a truly great exponent of silent acting, I do not believe that there is an actress today in New York's playhouse zone for whom the intelligent film-producer would grant unusual financial inducements to become a permanent stellar member of his stock organization.

One must hear seasoned playgoers discussing the film stars to grasp the different conditions existing in the new art. I have heard nothing lately in the hotels and theater lobbies but eulogy of two young film stars, Anita Stewart and Clara Kimball Young, both of whom have tied *blasé* New Yorkers by the thousands to their

apron-strings, as a result of the advent of the Vitagraph Players in their Broadway playhouse.

Ordinarily these young ladies would quickly be induced to sell their newly made fame, but the lure of a temporary big salary is not likely to be effective with either, and this fact explains why no great upheaval is likely in filmdom. Thru any craze for celebrities, I do not believe Charles Kent could be induced to leave the Vitagraph Company under any circumstances. Sidney Drew is happier today than he has ever been in all of his career. Mary Pickford, Mary Fuller, Lillian Walker, Rosemary Theby, Alice Joyce and others equally famous today credit their achievements to the science and art of the film studio, and I believe they and their kind will be held fast by those factors indefinitely. Hence, while the financial reward will, of course, materially increase, the day is not yet in sight when the selling of fame to the highest bidder will find favor in filmdom. In other words, the vaudeville "gold bricks," now known as "the Monday stars," are not a necessity in the film studio, and the old-time showmen, who predict that the advent of the theatrical managers as film-producers is to create a demand for famous players at "four figures" weekly salary, are wholly mistaken. If the "four-figure" weekly salary is to become popular, the reward will go to the young and enthusiastic players of a rising generation, whose genius finds sole expression in the great new art that has changed the amusement map of the entire world.

One need observe only the career of the brothers Ince, sons of a patriarch of the speaking stage, who did not live to see their triumphs as representative exponents of the modern art of public entertaining. Such as they are the "headliners" needed, and they have nothing to fear from any ill-advised movement that the "old showmen" may inaugurate with the idea that the "has beens" of a non-scientific theatrical era will add honor to screen productivity.



### A FEW SIMPLE LESSONS IN THE ART OF BECOMING A PHOTOPLAYER

1—Borrow an untamed bronco from any Wild West show. This is always a good lesson to start with. If he is full of action, your day will not be wasted. 2—After you have mastered the art of riding, allow the bronco to toss you on your ear until you can land without disturbing your anatomy. 3—The next step is to hire a dress-suit and make love to the prettiest girls in your vicinity. Clasp them firmly to your bosom until it can be done without breaking the shirt-front. 4—Find a lake or river in which numerous cakes of ice are floating. Plunge in and practice pushing the ice around for several hours. If you survive this, you are ready for lesson number 5. 5—A racing automobile can be purchased for a few thousand dollars, and with steady application can be run at a record clip. Being able to do this will make your services more valuable to any film company. 6—When the circus comes to your town, persuade one of the animal-trainers to allow the most ferocious beast to chase you ten or twenty miles. At this distance it is good practice to climb a tree and see how many days the animal can keep you in suspense. With these few accomplishments and a handsome face, there is little doubt but that you will be much sought after.



# GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS  
FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Now that the big Manhattan Opera House has been given over to Motion Pictures, and several others of New York's famous playhouses, what more is needed to convince you that the photodrama is just as popular as the other kind?

Anna Little has left the Kay-Bee and Broncho companies for the Universal. They say there is not an animal on four legs that she cannot ride—except a kitten.

Biograph's funny man, Charles Murray, has joined the Keystone funny people.

Vivian Prescott and Charles De Forrest are no longer Imps, but sparkling Crystals.

The Famous Players Company announce William Farnham in "The Redemption of David Corson."

Please take notice that from now and henceforth Anita Stuart will be Anita Stewart.

On Charles Kent (Vitagraph) has been conferred the degree or title of "Dean of the Screen."

Here's an example of quick work: On Monday a leading film company telephoned our Photoplay Clearing House for a certain kind of script, which it must have the following day. The P. C. H. had none of the kind on hand, but promised to write one. They did so. They telephoned the synopsis. It was O. K. Next day the company started doing the first reel, and before night the other two reels were delivered.

Edith Storey, with William Taylor opposite, has just finished a five-reel Western Vitagraph that has not yet been named.

There seems to be no end of Stewarts at the Biograph studio. Maurice Willcox Stewart, late of the Maude Adams Company, has just made it the "Five Stewarts."

Alice Joyce makes her début as a dancer in "The Cabaret Dancer."

All the critics seem to agree that Edith Storey in "The Christian" comes pretty close to being the finest ever done before a camera.

Louise Glaum is again playing opposite "Universal Ike" Carney in some very funny comedies.

Elsa Lorimer, formerly of the Kinemacolor, has joined the Western Essanay Company, to play opposite Mr. Anderson in society comedies. Marie Dressler, also, probably.

Carlyle Blackwell has a new, seven-passenger Cadillac, and Mona Darkfeather has a snow-white limousine.

## GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Edna Maison will play opposite Edwin August in Gold Seal features, with Hal August in the juvenile parts.

Neva Gerber seems to be Carlyle Blackwell's present leading woman.

Kate Price appeared at the Vitagraph studio on St. Patrick's Day attired in an emerald green gown and wig, and every other player, to celebrate the day, turned green with envy.

Marguerite Fischer and Harry Pollard were recently ejected from a theater in which their own pictures were being shown. They were laughing, and the usher, not recognizing them, thought they were making fun.

Wont it seem funny to see G. M. Anderson playing "dressed-up" parts in society dramas and comedies?

Among the many novelties at the International Exposition (June 8-13) at the Grand Central Palace, New York City, will be a practical working studio in which will be shown the making of a Motion Picture from start to finish, and leading photoplayers of all companies are to participate.

Wilfred Lucas has Cleo Madison as leading woman, and her first masterpiece is "The Mystery of Wickham Hall."

William Lord Wright has been engaged by the *New York Dramatic Mirror* to conduct a photoplaywright department.

Ralph Ince, Abraham Lincoln's double, is building a beautiful little castle on the banks of the main canal at the "American Venice," Brightwaters, L. I., and his sister-in-law, Anita Stewart, will visit him twice a year, staying six months each visit.

The Itala Film Company have engaged Thomas Bedding to look after its American interests, in which they show very good taste.

The janitor of the Essanay Western Company was recently seen using a new style of feather-duster. Inquiry developed the fact that he found it after a visit of a theatrical company, and it proved to be an \$85 aigrette.

Those who have seen Warren Kerrigan in "Samson" at the Republic Theater, New York City, are remarking about his Hercules-Adonis shape.

Arthur Mackley has joined the Irene Hunt-Courtenay Foote branch of the Mutual Company.

Mary Charleson and James Morrison, who have been appearing personally at the Vitagraph Theater for the past month, have resumed their regular film work with increased laurels.

Edwin August has returned to the West after his brief visit East.

Robert Ellis, or "Bob-for-Short," is the name of that handsome young chap who plays opposite the still handsomer Irene Boyle.

Ray Gallagher, formerly with Méliès and Lubin, has adopted the Gold Seal as his trademark.

Josephine Rector has resigned from the Western Essanay Company, and is now at Haywood, Cal.

Since the Western Essanay Company have decided to have a revival of successful old plays, you may expect soon to see playing opposite Mr. Anderson, Gladys Field, Edna Fisher and the lamented Vedah Bertram.

Among the press notices from "the Slope" is one announcing that Carlyle Blackwell refuses to boost himself in a certain contest now being conducted by a woman's magazine. He says he refuses to make a business matter of something that ought to stand on its own merits.

Joseph De Grasse (formerly Pathé) will now direct for J. Warren Kerrigan.

Francis Ford and Grace Cunard burnt midnight oil in plotting "The Mysterious Hand," and they are now at work making the film.

Now that "spring is come," the Long Island roads are being burnt up by the following auto enthusiasts: John Bunny, Ralph Ince, Van Dyke Brooke, Maurice Costello, Edith Storey, Darwin Karr, Gladden James, George Baker and William Marston—the two latter are directors.

Walter Miller has resigned from the Biograph Company "for a much-needed rest," and has not yet made plans for the future.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "A Princess of the Desert." Second prize to the author of "The Ghost."

We'll all be there in June at the second annual "International Exposition of the Moving Picture Art," and be glad to meet you there. Put it down: Grand Central Palace, New York City, June 8 to 13.

Mary Pickford is as charming as ever as the ragged little squatter in "Tess of the Storm Country," and perhaps a little more so.

And now cometh Weber and Fields to the films, and with them will probably be Lillian Russell, William Collier, Sam Bernard and William Faversham. And the cry is, Still they come!

What purports to be, and perhaps is, the last word on Motion Pictures is Robert Grau's new book, "The Theater of Science," soon to be published.

William Garwood will hereafter be Vivian Rich's leading man in the American Company.

The Eclair studio at Fort Lee burned to the ground last month.

Ladies and Gentlemen: We have with us this evening Crane Wilbur (page 48), Bryant Washburn and E. H. Calvert (page 56), Francis X. Bushman (page 59), Mary Fuller and Marc MacDermott (page 61), William D. Taylor and Marguerite Gibson (page 68), Grace Cunard and Francis Ford (page 44), Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport (page 30), Dolly Larkin and William E. Parsons (page 31), and "Old Rip" (page 133).

G. M. Anderson has moved his trunk from San Francisco to Niles, and this means that Western Essanays will be better than ever.

Pearl White has gone back to the Pathé studio.

And now, as a supreme and fitting climax to his wicked career, popular Jack Richardson is to play the greatest villain of all—Judas Iscariot in "The Last Supper" (American).

H. B. Warner is Charles Frohman's latest Famous Player, and he will be starred in "The Lost Paradise," the great capital and labor play.

According to the always truthful press reports that come from the West, Ford Sterling is getting a salary of several million dollars a week, and Director Griffiths is getting that much a minute. The Golden West is certainly prospering.

Little Marguerite Courtot is Kalem's youngest star and champion tennis player.

When you see "The Master Rogue," you will feel quite sure that George H. Melford has a twin brother, but he hasn't; it's he leading a double life.

Marguerite Clayton, the first and only, is still denying rumors that she intends to quit the Essanay Company for the stage.

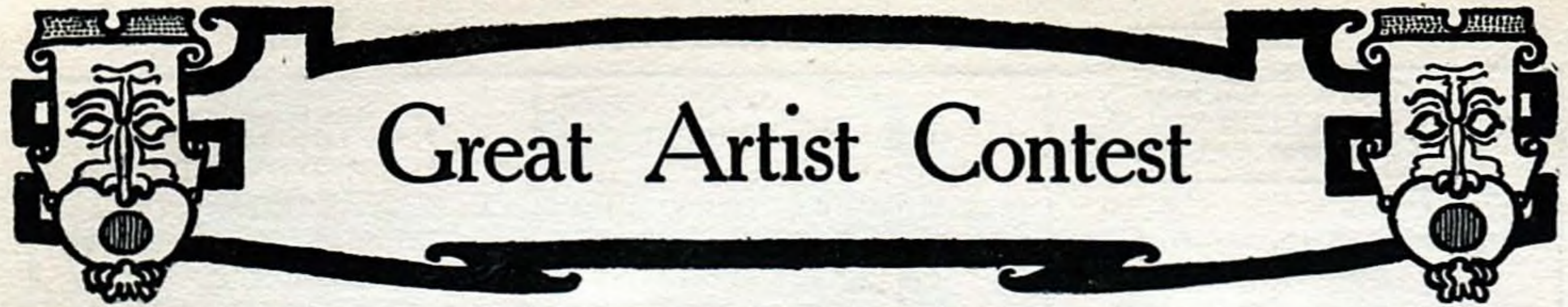
Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop" is Lorimer Johnson's latest.

Friends of Francis X. Bushman are saying that he has done his very best work in "Shadows."

Harold Lockwood is to play opposite Mary Pickford. Since one is about six foot three and the other about three foot six, it will be a fine case of "the long and the short of it."







# Great Artist Contest

ASK anybody you meet "Who is the most popular photoplayer?" and you will probably get a ready answer; but ask "Who is the greatest photoplay artist?" and you will find great diversity of opinion. Who is the greatest artist? It is a much-mooted question. No two seem to agree. There is much to be said in favor of any one of a hundred different players. If you say: "Kerrigan's work in 'Samson' stamps him as the greatest artist," you will be answered: "Oh my! but you couldn't have seen Earle Williams in 'The Christian!'" And you will hear similar arguments about Ruth Roland and Lillian Walker, Guy Coombs and Henry Walthall, Jessalyn Van Trump and Pauline Bush, and so on. And that is why this GREAT ARTIST CONTEST was started. We and our readers wanted to have the matter threshed out. And it is being threshed out. For three months the ballots have been pouring silently in, and now see what story they tell! The three columns on the opposite page tell the story, but not conclusively. There are thousands and thousands yet to be heard from. Besides, we are going to give you a chance to state "why" with your votes. Next month we shall set aside a few pages for short letters, not more than fifty words each, in which the voters may state why So-and-so is the greatest artist. This will be done for two reasons; first, it is due to both the voter and the votee; and second, it may influence others by calling attention to certain plays that might have been overlooked. For example, a letter something like this appears: "I vote George Cooper the greatest artist because his characterization in 'Mills of the Gods' was superb, and he expressed every shade of emotion." Now, you may have forgotten all about this play and that player, and, now that your attention

is called to it, you may decide that he is entitled to your support. This sort of "electioneering" is perfectly legitimate. Therefore, it behooves you to get busy and *give your reasons*, so that your favorite artist may have the benefit of your eloquence. But please remember that we cannot print *all* letters that come in. We shall select what we consider the best only, and the others we shall forward to the players at the close of the contest. *Please be brief!* Enclose your ballot and your friends' ballots with your "why" letter.

## THE RULES OF THE CONTEST

Each reader is entitled to vote once a month, on the printed coupon, for the

### GREATEST MOTION PICTURE ARTIST

Each vote must contain the name of a male player and the name of a female player, and may also contain a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity, good looks, personality, etc., and they may excel in drama, tragedy, comedy, villainy portrayal, or anything you please. A good critic can recognize artistry in a comedian or in a villain just as in a player who plays heroic or emotional rôles.

*While no valuable prizes will be given, the winners of this contest will be awarded the highest honors that can come in the theatrical profession—the stamp of public approval.*

At no time will there be offered any extra inducements to the voters in the way of votes for subscriptions, etc., nor will there be any coupons printed different from the one that is printed in this issue, on another page. The winners will receive a handsome, engraved certificate, but nothing more; hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players or companies.

The first prize for ladies will be awarded to that female player who receives the largest number of votes, and the first prize for men will be awarded to that male player who receives the largest number of votes. Furthermore, we intend that the most popular "team" shall play in a great drama to be written especially for them by our readers. This will be

accomplished in this way: it will readily be seen that the winning female player may not belong to the same company as the winner of the male prize, and it might be impossible to bring them together; hence, we may have to select the second player of the winning team from the same company in which the winner plays. Thus, if Arthur Johnson is declared the greatest male artist, the female player of the same company having the greatest number of votes will be elected to play with him in the

**ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR PRIZE  
PHOTOPLAY**

in which the winning team is to play. After this contest has run a short time, we shall offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best scenario, and the story of the same will be published in this magazine.

Do not send in your scenario yet! Due announcement will be made concerning this phase of the contest, which is in reality another contest entirely. You may vote, whether you compete for the scenario prizes or not. We shall select, say, twenty of the best scenarios and submit them as "Prize Scenarios" to the different companies, offering them at "usual rates," in which their players who receive the highest number of votes shall play, and the amount received will be awarded to the writers of the scenarios. Thus, there will probably be twenty prizes or more instead of one. The Photoplay Clearing House and the Scenario Department of the winning company will act as the judges. Thus, if Earle Williams and Edith Storey

should win first prize, the Vitagraph Company are to have these players play in the prize play. And if James Cruze and Marguerite Snow should be next highest, the Thanhouser Company may have second choice out of many thousand selected scenarios, and that company may choose a play at its own price in which to feature those players.

But, just now, you are concerned only in the contest of determining who are the greatest Motion Picture artists.

*Not only will a specially selected and admirable play be used as the medium to present the Greatest Artists as such to the public, but the studios, the newspapers at large, the theatrical reviews and the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will unite properly to feature them and to perpetuate a record of their talent.*

Please send in your votes at once. Find the coupon on another page, fill it out and mail it to "Great Artist Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." You may enclose two or more coupons in one envelope, provided each is signed by a different person. *Nothing but coupons will be counted!*

Remember that you may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, or any other kind, and it is not necessary that they *now* play leading parts. If any of these win we shall see that they *get* leading parts. Don't forget that a great play could be written for such unlike players as Warren Kerrigan and Flora Finch, or for Mary Fuller and Roscoe Arbuckle. Send in your votes *now!*

**THE GREAT ARTISTS AND THEIR VOTES TO DATE**

Last month the leading team was WILLIAMS and FULLER, with KERRIGAN and PICKFORD second, and JOHNSON and JOYCE third. This month the count shows WILLIAMS and PICKFORD in the lead

Earle Williams ( <i>Vita</i> )	160,385	Tom Moore ( <i>Kalem</i> )	12,890	Billy Rhodes ( <i>Kalem</i> )	4,080
J. Warren Kerrigan ( <i>Victor</i> )	152,125	Edwin August ( <i>Pow</i> )	11,615	Earle Metcalf ( <i>Lubin</i> )	4,015
Mary Pickford ( <i>F. P.</i> )	130,485	Owen Moore ( <i>Mutual</i> )	10,940	Marguerite Courtot ( <i>K</i> )	3,615
Mary Fuller ( <i>Edison</i> )	124,670	Benjamin Wilson ( <i>Ed</i> )	10,850	James Morrison ( <i>Vit</i> )	3,600
Arthur Johnson ( <i>Lub</i> )	96,950	Leah Baird ( <i>Imp</i> )	10,750	Bessie Eytton ( <i>Selig</i> )	3,450
Alice Joyce ( <i>Kalem</i> )	90,730	Gertrude McCoy ( <i>Edi</i> )	10,695	Sidney Drew ( <i>Vita</i> )	3,415
Carlyle Blackwell ( <i>Kal</i> )	70,310	E. K. Lincoln	10,590	Harry Carey ( <i>Bio</i> )	3,410
Crane Wilbur ( <i>Pathé</i> )	68,230	Mabel Normand ( <i>Key</i> )	10,505	John Bunny ( <i>Vita</i> )	3,250
Francis Bushman ( <i>Es</i> )	66,515	Beverly Bayne ( <i>Ess</i> )	10,475	Walter Miller	3,075
Marguerite Clayton ( <i>Essanay</i> )	62,095	Rosemary Theby ( <i>Lub</i> )	10,430	Wallie Van ( <i>Vita</i> )	3,070
Edith Storey ( <i>Vita</i> )	58,285	Pearl White ( <i>Pathé</i> )	10,395	Betty Gray ( <i>Bio</i> )	3,065
Clara K. Young ( <i>Vita</i> )	56,150	Julia S. Gordon ( <i>Vit</i> )	10,360	Muriel Ostriche ( <i>Prin</i> )	3,040
Florence Lawrence ( <i>Victor</i> )	48,265	Romaine Fielding ( <i>Lu</i> )	10,070	Octavia Handworth ( <i>Pathé</i> )	3,035
Florence Turner ( <i>FT</i> )	40,455	Leo Delaney ( <i>Vita</i> )	10,015	Phillips Smalley ( <i>Rex</i> )	2,970
Lottie Briscoe ( <i>Lub</i> )	36,085	Augustus Phillips ( <i>Ed</i> )	8,685	Helen Gardner ( <i>HGCo</i> )	2,845
Maurice Costello ( <i>Vit</i> )	34,455	Jessalyn Van Trump ( <i>Majestic</i> )	8,245	Yale Boss ( <i>Edison</i> )	2,640
Anita Stewart ( <i>Vit</i> )	30,365	Anna Nilsson ( <i>Kalem</i> )	8,125	Mabel Trunnelle ( <i>Ed</i> )	2,545
Blanche Sweet ( <i>Mut</i> )	28,070	Kathryn Williams ( <i>Sel</i> )	7,005	Chester Barnett ( <i>War</i> )	2,090
True Boardman ( <i>Ess</i> )	22,845	Marguerite Snow ( <i>Th</i> )	6,920	Lois Weber ( <i>Rex</i> )	2,080
Lillian Walker ( <i>Vita</i> )	20,285	Dorothy Kelly ( <i>Vita</i> )	6,870	Ethel Grandin ( <i>Univ</i> )	2,070
G. M. Anderson ( <i>Ess</i> )	20,065	Irving Cummings ( <i>Th</i> )	6,625	W. Chrystie Miller ( <i>B</i> )	2,070
Vivian Rich ( <i>Amer</i> )	18,835	Guy Coombs ( <i>Kalem</i> )	6,270	William Russell ( <i>Bio</i> )	2,000
King Baggot ( <i>Imp</i> )	18,020	Wallace Reid ( <i>Nestor</i> )	6,215	Jane Gail ( <i>Universal</i> )	1,900
Norma Talmadge ( <i>Vit</i> )	16,400	William Shay ( <i>Imp</i> )	6,185	Mary Charleson ( <i>Vit</i> )	1,895
Pauline Bush ( <i>Maj</i> )	16,085	Ruth Roland ( <i>Kalem</i> )	6,120	Edward Coxen ( <i>Amer</i> )	1,885
Ethel Clayton ( <i>Lubin</i> )	14,890	Jack Richardson ( <i>Am</i> )	6,090	Ford Sterling ( <i>Key</i> )	1,870
James Cruze ( <i>Thanh</i> )	14,695	Frederick Church	5,865	Marguerite Fischer ( <i>Beauty</i> )	1,810
Ormi Hawley ( <i>Lubin</i> )	14,510	Marc MacDermott ( <i>Ed</i> )	5,830	Lillian Gish ( <i>Mutual</i> )	1,670
Florence LaBadie ( <i>Th</i> )	14,470	Henry Walthall ( <i>Mut</i> )	4,810	Barbara Tennant ( <i>Ec</i> )	1,660
Harry Myers ( <i>Lubin</i> )	14,060	Mary Maurice ( <i>Vita</i> )	4,480	Alice Hollister ( <i>Kal</i> )	1,650
		Claire McDowell ( <i>Bio</i> )	4,100	Rogers Lytton	1,650
		Harry Benham ( <i>Than</i> )	4,080		



MURIEL OSTRICHE



PHILLIPS



WALTER MILLER



JACK WARREN KERRIGAN



TOM MOORE



WILLIAMS



LESLIE  
ELHOFF

MAUDE FEALY



JUST A BUNNY

JACK  
FALLAGHER  
'14



FLORENCE LAWRENCE



FLORENCE  
LABADIE  
(THANHOUSER)

Geo. H. Jones

IS THE WORLD GROWING BETTER?



THE PHOTOPLAY VIGOROUSLY COMBATS ALL THESE EVILS. WHY THEN DO NOT THESE MEN DESIST FROM THEIR UNFAIR CRITICISM OF THE PHOTOPLAY AND TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO THE REAL PROBLEMS?

AS MOTION PICTURES GROW BETTER, SO WILL THE WORLD



# ANSWER DEPARTMENT

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 early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses 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 use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

**HOPE P.**—Yes, "A Million Bid" is one of the great photoplays. Isabelle Lamon was with Reliance last. Following companies belong to Mutual: American, Apollo, Beauty, Bronco, Domino, Kay-Bee, Keystone, Komic, Majestic, Thanouser, Reliance, Princess and Mutual Weekly.

**HELEN L. R.**—Rita Bori is the name given on the cast for that Vitagraph. Guy Oliver was the husband in "The Mistress of the House." Arthur Ashley was Thorne in "Dr. Polly." Mrs. C. Jay Williams was the leading lady in "The Beautiful Leading Lady" (Edison). William Carpenter was Prince of Allah in "The Adventures of Kathleen."

**R. A. F., ST. PAUL.**—You refer to Roscoe Arbuckle in that Keystone. Ford Sterling directs the Keystones. Dont know much about that part of the country, but dont think you will have much trouble.

**ADELE, 15.**—Thanks for the pressed flowers. Harold Lockwood is playing for Famous Players. Yes. Tom Powers is lecturing in England. The reason Lubin use a bell for their trademark is perhaps to give tone to their films.

**GLADYS, DETROIT.**—Harry Beaumont was the secretary in "False to Their Trust" (Edison). Fritzi Brunette was Lady Margaret in "The Militants" (Imp). You want King Baggot to fluff his hair a little. He will no doubt take the cue.

**MISS D., NEWBURGH.**—Kempton Greene was the lover, and Arthur Macklin was the fairy in that Lubin. Robert Walker was the husband in "Her Husband's

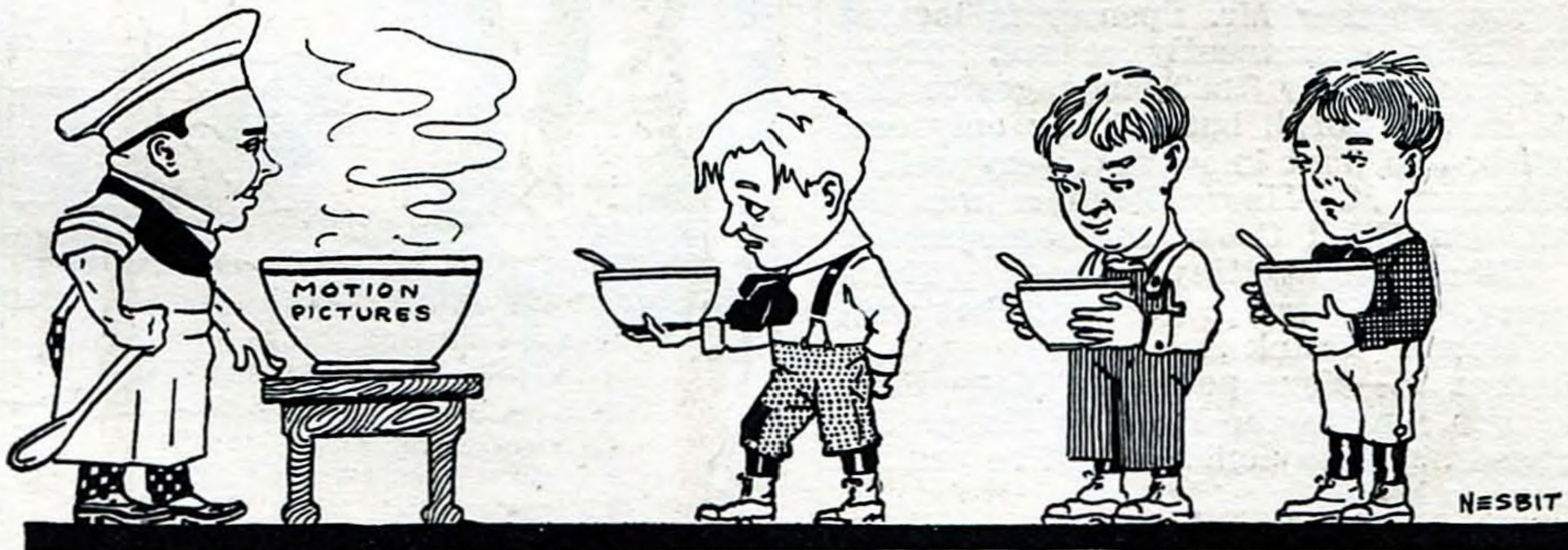
Friend" (Kalem). E. K. Lincoln has left the Vitagraph. Thanks for the large fee.

**MERCEDES VON B.**—Velma Whitman and Albert Hayes in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin). Edgar Jones was William in "Treasures on Earth." There is to be an International Exhibition at the Grand Central Palace, New York City, in June. Thanks for your kind words.

**MURL S.**—You should be guided by your admirations rather than by your disgusts. Your shorthand is not correct. Study up on your upward "r."

**MRS. L. T. M.**—That is an interesting pastime you have invented. You say you go out and buy two dozen postals and answer advertisements from our magazine on them, and that you enjoy receiving the numerous catalogs, maps, circulars and samples. I know lots of people who send out a few cards that way each month, but never so many as two dozen. No, I think the advertisers dont mind it, even if you do not buy.

**CORRINNE D., DAYTON.**—Ormi Hawley is now in Betzwood, Philadelphia. Yes. J. W. Johnston was Governor Allen in "The Governor's Veto" (Eclair). Bessie Eyton in "Until the Sea" (Selig). Long e. Biograph produced "Enoch Arden." Alice Reardon was the mother in "Her Wayward Son" (Lubin). Margaret Prusing had the lead in "The Coast of Chance" (Selig). Ada Gifford was Daisy in "Pickles, Art and Sauerkraut" (Vitagraph). Sadie Harris was Marion in "The Day of Days" (Famous Players). Eleanor



SO SAY WE ALL OF US—"I WANT SOME MORE"



A STRANGE CHARACTER APPEARS

Kahn was Ruth in "Hearts and Flowers" (Essanay). You're welcome.

LOTTIE D. T.—Dont you know that the more a thing costs, the more we like it? Irene Hunt and George Morgan had the leads in "The Other Woman" (Reliance). Harry Morey and Anita Stuart in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). James Cruze and Marguerite Snow in "Joseph in the Land of Egypt" (Thanouser). A manufacturer is known by the company he keeps. Marguerite Joslin and Augustus Carney in "Alkali Ike's Motorcycle" (Essanay).

H. F.—Myrtle Stedman was the daughter in "Good Resolutions" (Selig). She and Kathlyn Williams are two different persons.

PAUL G. G.—Ada Gifford was Ann Judson in "Local Color" (Vitagraph). Louise Glaum in "The Masquerader" (Kalem). You must not hate anybody. Hatred is nothing but settled anger.

DOROTHY E. F.—Yes; George Spencer in "The Lion and the Mouse" (Lubin). Cant tell you whether Mr. Spencer is located with Lubin permanently or not. There are approximately 3,500 languages or dialects in the world, but I know only one, English, and dont know that very well.

FLORENCE M.—Harry Benham was the clerk, and Ethel Cooke the stenographer in "What Might Have Been" (Thanouser). Shall try to get that chat with Tom Moore. Thanks.

LENORE P.—Your poem for Mary Pickford was sent to the Popular Player Department, and no doubt it will be printed or sent to her.

MARGARET W.—Thanks for the poem. It is clever. You may join the club any time. The largest waterfall in the world

is the Grand, in Labrador, which is 2,000 feet high.

J. T., St. Louis.—Several have made the same complaint. They think that we should not award prizes in the puzzle contest to those whose manuscripts are done on satin, etc., but what are you going to do if there are two or three hundred correct answers, all neatly written?

MARTIN, 13.—Ruth Roland and John Brennan in "The Fickle Freak" (Kalem). Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Evil Eye" (Lubin). Eleanor Parker and Lamar Johnstone in "Thru the Telescope" (Eclair). Ormi Hawley and Edwin Caréwe in "When the Doors Opened" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley and Guy D'Ennery in "The Lost Note" (Lubin). Norma Phillips is the "Mutual Girl."

A. A. S.—Harry Millarde was Scudder in "The Octoroon" (Kalem). Yes, "A Modern Portia" (Pathé) was taken in France. Thanks.

VENUS, AVONMORE.—Keystone answered all of our questions, excepting who Professor Bean was in "Professor Bean's Removal." I am very sorry, but perhaps Professor Bean will see this and help. Harold Lockwood is so tall that when he stands on the curb waiting for a car people come along and lean against him, thinking that he is a lamp-post.

HELEN L. R.—Siegfried Shulz was the son in "His Grandchild" (Edison). Ollie Harbuval was the girl in "At the Eleventh Hour" (Selig). Bobby Connelly was the little boy in "Sonny Jim in Search of a Mother" (Vitagraph). Yes; Helen Holmes, not Helen Richards. I like your letters.

OLGA, 17.—Lillian Drew was the sweetheart in "The Other Girl" (Essanay).



HE CREATES SURPRISE





ALSO CURIOSITY

Sorry you are poor, but what do you care if you have not much and want nothing more? Surely \$25 a week is not bad for a miss of your age. You could afford to support a husband on that.

LOTTIE D. T.—Are you here again? Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "Fate's Round-up" (American). Lamar Johnstone and Belle Bennett in "The Padre's Sacrifice" (Majestic). Florence LaBadie and Harry Benham in "Their Golden Wedding" (Thanouser).

JONNIE X.—Visitors are not allowed at the studios, as a rule. Clarence Elmer and Justina Huff in "A Son of the Father" (Lubin). Her time will come for a chat. Guy Coombs is still with Kalem.

EDWARD E. B.—Thanks for the card, also the Holland half-cent piece. Haven't that Biograph player. Sorry.

L. P., LACONIA.—I believe you refer to Biograph plays, but our cards do not go back to five years. I take off my hat to you, sir, as a critic without superior.

JOSEPHINE K. F.—Ormi Hawley had the lead in "From Out the Flood" (Lubin). That's it—when young we have all we can do to keep from laughing when we shouldn't, and when we are old we have all we can do to laugh when we should.

MARIE T.—I am sorry you complain, but all the questions you ever asked were answered. Just send in some and see if they will be answered.

BURTON J.—Ruth Stonehouse and Beverly Bayne in that Essanay. "Not according to Hoyle" means against the rules. Edmund Hoyle published a treatise on whist in 1743, which became the authority on that popular game.

EXY, CHICAGO.—Yes, about the players.

Of course Earle Williams is not married. L. Rogers Lytton was Dacius in "Daniel" (Vitagraph). Warren Kerrigan with Western Victor. Clara Williams was the girl in "The Salem Witch" (Domino).

POLLY, 13.—Tom Forman was Andres in "His Excellency" (Lubin). Gladys Brockwell was the girl in "When Mountains and Valleys Meet" (Lubin). Dont think Mrs. Maurice ever played for Biograph.

ABRAHAM L. J.—Larry Peyton was John Doan in "The Shadow of Guilt" (Kalem). Albert Hayes was Albert, and John Harvey was Walter Smith in "Out of the Depths." Nellie Quinn was Alice. Thanks.

W. PENN L.—Louise Glaum in "The Masquerader" (Kalem); also in "Out in the Rain" (Kalem). She has left Carlyle Blackwell. His present leading lady is unknown. The troubles of Carlyle! Your last question is away off.

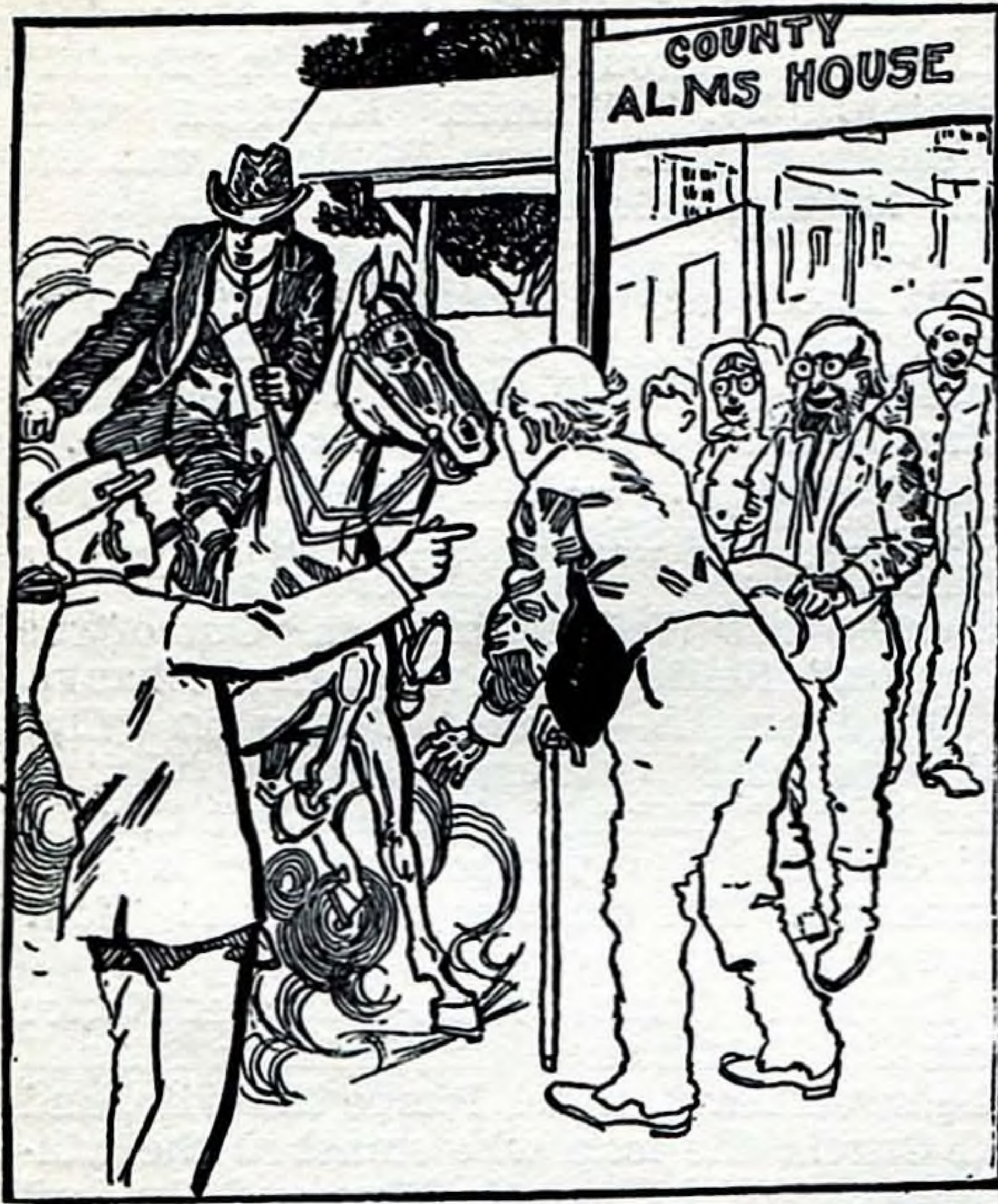
RUTH H., GLENS FALLS.—Harriet Notter was the light-haired girl, William Stowell the sweetheart, Ethel Pierce his wife, and Al Garcia the man who smashed the windows in "With Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Please ask the questions by giving the titles. Fred Church is in California, but not playing.

L. A. H.—It was an error—canes were first used about 400 years ago. They originated from the shepherd's crook, the palmer's staff, the wand of office and the royal scepter. Ruth Stonehouse in that Essanay. Thanks.

LOTTIE D. T.—Mona Darkfeather and Arthur Ortega in "An Indian Maid's Strategy" (Kalem). Arthur Ashley was the life-saver, but you had the wrong title. Gladys Hulette was the lead in that Edison. Benjamin Wilson had the lead in "The First Adventures of Cleek" (Edison).



ALSO SYMPATHY



ALL WANT TO HELP HIM

Marguerite Courtot and Harry Millarde in "The Octoroon" (Kalem). Harold Lockwood and Mabel Van Buren in "A Message from Home" (Selig). Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Clod" (Lubin).

MISS DEAN LEX.—You enclosed no name or address for the envelope. Charles Ray had the lead in "The Quakeress" (Broncho). Thomas Chatterton and Hazel Buckham in "The Open Door" (Broncho). Richard Stanton was Danny in "True Irish Hearts" (Domino). Mr. Standing was the other rival. Anna Little was the girl in the above.

PEG OF MY HEART.—Ruth Stonehouse and Lillian Drew opposite Francis Bushman in "The Other Girl" (Essanay). Stella Razetto was Maggie in "The Heart of Maggie Malone" (Selig). Write Film Portrait Company, 127 First Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., for their catalog of postal cards.

VI, BOSTON.—Marguerite Courtot was not on the cast for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Kalem). Ethel Davis was Lygia in "Into the Lion's Den." Betty Gray was Betty in "The Merrill Murder Mystery" (Pathé).

SMILES, TACOMA.—You refer to Mabel Normand. Margaret Prussing in "The Way of Life" (Selig). Harry Gsell was Dick in "The Greater Influence" (Crystal). So you think that Harry Myers's silk hats are too large for him and that he should not wear them so far back on his head. Perhaps he thinks that this style is more sketchy.

HAZEL G. R.—That was Adelaide Lawrence in the Kalem. Yes, she is a very bright child. X-ray photographs can now be taken with a Motion Picture camera.

MARAQUITA, RARITAN.—Ethical plays are those that pertain to the science of right conduct. Anna Little was the girl in "The

Belle of Yorktown" (Domino). William Ehfe was the bully, Clara Williams the schoolmistress, and Alfred Vosburgh was Jim in "The Bully" (Kay-Bee). Peggy O'Neill was Molly in "Breed of the North."

ANASTACHIA.—Tut, tut, none of that; don't say that you would marry Carlyle Blackwell if he asked you. Think it over. Thanks for the copy of the song, "Old Hundred." I hope I shall sing it when I am that old. Eiffel Tower, Paris, is the highest structure in the world—984 feet. The Woolworth Building in New York City is next—750 feet.

GERTIE.—Douglas Gerrard opposite George Gebhart in "Stolen Inheritance" (Pathé). Franchon Lewis was Beth in the above. Clara Smith was the neighbor in "The Man and the Hour" (Essanay). James Cooley was the son in "For Her Government" (Biograph). William Bailey was the worthless brother in "Man and the Hour" (Essanay).

JOHNNIE F., COVENTRY.—Betty Gray was the girl who sold her curls in "A Bartered Crown" (Biograph). Romaine Fielding was chatted in June, 1912.

MARJORIE S.—Lionel Barrymore and Betty Gray in that Biograph. "Janet of the Dunes" (Edison) was taken at Montauk Point, L. I. Louise Huff in "The Enemies Aid" (Lubin).

ETTA C. P.—Lamar Johnstone had the lead in "The Man of the Wilderness" (Majestic). Helen Badgely in that Thanouser. James Cooley in "Beyond the Law." Harry Carey was the husband's rival in the above. Sherman Bainbridge was Woodward in "The Water War."

RAE L.—As I have said before, you seem to love to dictate; you should marry a stenographer. Louise Vale in "The Fallen Angel," and Glen White was the artist.



A HOME FOR HIM AT LAST



AND EVERYBODY IS HAPPY

Richard Stanton in "The Heart of Kathleen" (Domino). Harry Beaumont was Walter in "Alexri's Strategy" (Edison). That was Guy Standing as Patrick in "True Irish Hearts" (Domino).

RAE K., NEW YORK.—Macaulay reckoned Othello the best play extant in any language, but he had not seen some of our modern photoplays. Marguerite Risser in "The Millionaire's Ward" (Pathé). Charles Clary was Prince Umballah in "The Unwelcome Throne" (Selig). Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner in "The Two Cowards" (Lubin). Lottie Briscoe was the girl in "The Voice of Angelo" (Lubin). Florence Hackett was Florence Randall in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Lillian Orth in "The Troublesome Mole" (Biograph). Beatrice Clevengen in "Kenton's Heir."

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—Louise Huff was Mary in "Her Supreme Sacrifice" (Warner's). Mildred Manning was the girl in "Concentration" (Biograph). Look it up in the dictionary. I prefer 20 above to 20 below zero. There are about 17,017,393 miles of telephone wires in the U. S.

WILLIAM G.—Mildred Gregory was the fiancée in "The Doctor's Romance" (Lubin). Blanche Sweet in "The Sentimental Sister" (Biograph). Gertrude Robinson opposite her. Elsie and Vera St. Leon in "Whimsical Threads of Destiny."

ELFRIEDA B.—Robert Walker and Alice Hollister were man and wife, and Tom Moore was the friend in "Her Husband's Friend" (Kalem). Betty Gray and Lionel Barrymore in "The Bartered Crown" (Biograph). "Mona Lisa" was a painting by Leonardo da Vinci.

ELEANOR M.—Flora Nason and Vera Hansly were the Swedish girls in "Traffic in Souls" (Universal). Robyn Adair and

Laura Glaum in "The Impostor" (Broncho). Lafayette McKee was the society thief in "The Cypher Message" (Selig). Charles Arling was Harry in "The Joy-Ride" (Pathé).

ELFRIEDA B.—As ye sew, so also shall ye rip. Thomas Chatterton in "The Open Door." Alfred Vosburgh and Margaret Thompson in "The Sign of the Snake."

MARY M.—Anna Little and Richard Stanton in that Domino. Barney Sherry in "Devotion" (Domino). Walter Stull was Walter in "The Drummer's Narrow Escape" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood with Famous Players. Marguerite Risser in "The Depths of Hate" (Pathé).

WILMA, OCEAN PARK.—Lillian Gish had the lead in "The Woman in the Ultimate" (Biograph). Brevity is the soul of wit—also of a ballet skirt. Anna Little and Richard Stanton in that Domino. George Periolat the rival in "Tale of a Ticker."

CORALIE.—Wrong. Buddha's period began somewhere around 624 B.C. Buddhism is professed by nearly one-third of the human race. Alfred Vosburgh in "The Pitfall" (Kay-Bee). Anna Nilsson and Guy Coombs in "Shipwrecked" (Kalem).

A. N. T., MERIDEN.—How many times must I repeat that this is no matrimonial bureau? However, I will say that you should choose for a wife a girl whom you would choose for a friend were she a man. Harry Benham in "Frau-Frau" (Than-houser). Wrong; of the fifty-five principal countries of the world, only six are under absolute monarchy and twenty-five are republics.

J. E. W.—Arthur Ashley was the husband in "Two Aristocratic Penitents"



BUT IT WAS ALL A TRICK OF A FILM COMPANY TO GET SOME REALISTIC PICTURES

(Vitagraph). Norma Talmadge will be chatted soon. Arthur Johnson in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin). Edwin August in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). Mabel Normand in "The Gypsy Queen."

A. L. H., 16.—Charles Ray in "The Exoneration" (Domino). Dorothy Davenport in "The God of Chance" (Domino). Carl Levinas was the detective, Florence LaBadie the girl, and David Thompson the clerk in "The Message to Headquarters."

DOROTHY H.—Yes, I think they are overdoing the Feature Film. The old-style one-reel play will never die. Leland Benham was Jack in "Jack and the Beanstalk" (Thanhouser). Irene Howley in "The Elemental World" (Biograph). Harry Carey and Mildred Manning in "For Her Government" (Biograph). Doris Hollister was Little Eva. Jack Standing was the son in "Kenton's Heir" (Pathé). E. Carlyle was the heir.

MIRIAM, 18.—Yes, that was George Spencer. Thanhouser is the only company Harry Benham has been with. Owen Moore is in California with Mr. Griffith for Reliance. Guess again.

PAUL I. C.—I got the two dots. Keystone did not answer your questions. This building is four stories high, has sixteen rooms and the magazine owns it. We don't do the printing and binding in this building. My cage is second-floor-front-hall-room, no admittance.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Great chat you had with me. Thanks, but I wouldn't know you from the side of a barn. Harry Carey and James Cooley were brothers in "Concentration" (Biograph). Claire Mc-

Dowell was the mother. Stella Razetto and Guy Oliver in "The Woman of the Mountains" (Selig). J. J. Clark was Jerry in "Come Back to Erin" (Gene Gauntier). I thank you, kind sir.

OWL, NEW YORK.—The Spartans were physically the most perfect specimens of mankind the world has yet known, their grace, ability, strength, vigor and courage never having been equaled. Helen Holmes in "The Explosive D" (Kalem). Florence Hackett was the stranger in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin). Gertrude Robinson was the younger sister in "The Sentimental Sister." Thanks for the remedies.

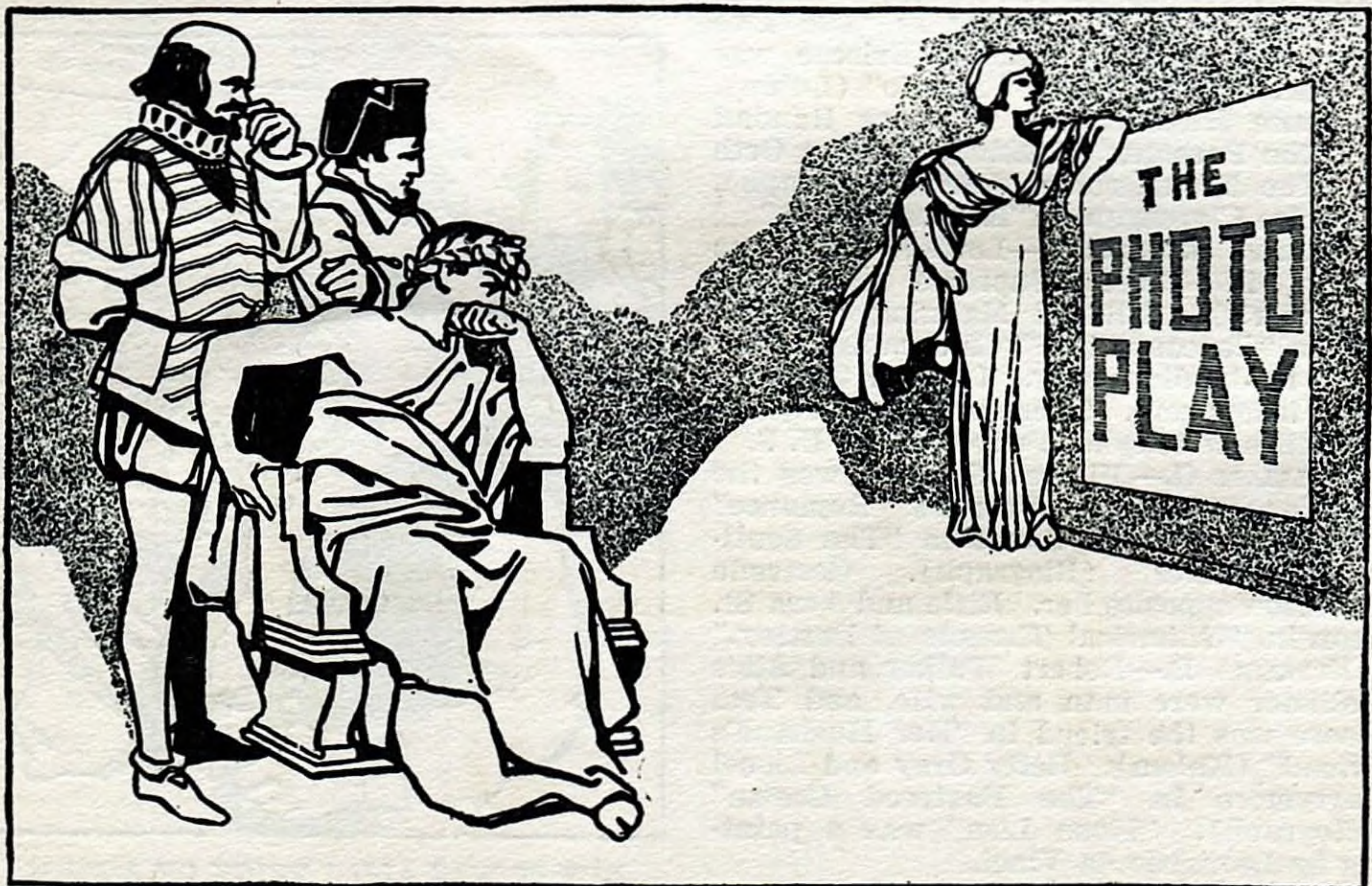
PASQUINET.—Your verses are fine, and I have added them to my collection. I wish I could have them all published, somehow. Thomas Chatterton and Anna Little in "The Primitive Call" (Domino).

Jos. L.—Thanks for the fee. J. Haggerty was Cæsar in "Zuza, the Band Leader" (Keystone). Your poem is very good and, no doubt, will be used. No, I don't use Nestlé's Food.

VALERIE J. K.—Thomas Chatterton in "The Primitive Call" (Domino). That was a trick often adopted by fortune-tellers; they have a habit of pulling the wool over your eyes, so they can fleece you.

D. M. B.—Will E. Sheerer was Great Bear in "Over the Cliffs" (Eclair). That was Lottie Briscoe. Yes, a reputation for fine acting is sometimes obtained without merit and lost without deserving.

HERMAN.—Yes, the Universal and the Mutual are great rivals, but which is the better I would not undertake to say. The following are Universal companies: Crys-



Julius Cæsar (to Shakespeare and Napoleon): Gee whiz! those camera fellows have got us down fine, haven't they?

tal, Eclair, Frontier, Gold Seal, Imp, Bison 101, Joker, Nestor, Powers, Rex, Victor and Animated Weekly. Licensed houses may show Independent pictures also.

**LOTTIE D. T.**—Frank Newburg and Adele Lane had the leads in "When May Weds December" (Selig). Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "A Momentous Decision" (Lubin). Florence LaBadie and Mr. Beaton had the leads in "A Peaceful Victory" (Thanhouser). I have heard about "non-inflammable film" for three years, but I have not seen any yet. John Dillon was the rich man in "His Last Bet" (Thanhouser). Billie West and Lamar Johnstone in "The Love of Conchita."

**SPENCER T. K.**—William Stowell was Donald in "Equal Chance" (Selig). Claire McDowell was the girl in "The Abandoned Well" (Biograph). Charles Murray was Skelley in "Skelley's Skeleton" (Biograph). You want to know in which year my 100th birthday will come? Figure it out; I am 72. San Francisco is 3,186 miles from New York City.

**JOYCE, CARLYLE.**—Gaston Bell was Harold in "The Third Degree" (Lubin). Yes, red hair. Romaine Fielding in "The Harmless One" (Lubin). Gladys Brockwell and Romaine Fielding in that Lubin. Yes, I would like to have that souvenir.

**HAZEL A.**—Richard Stanton was leading man in "The Harp of Tara" (Domino). Mildred Manning the girl in that Biograph.

**WALTER C.**—James Cooley was Frederick, and Lillian Gish was the wife in "So Runs the Way" (Biograph). Ernest Joy was Robert Burroughs in "The Greater Love" (Majestic). Mr. Franz had the lead in "The Peril of the Plains"

(Warner). Jeanie MacPherson was leading lady in "The Rugged Coast" (Powers). Ford Sterling has left Keystone and is now with the Universal Company.

**MRS. L. B. A.**—The Kinemacolor Theater (formerly Mendelssohn Hall, New York City) was opened October 14, 1911. Claire McDowell opposite Harry Carey in "The Waifs" (Biograph). T. Jefferson was the shoemaker, and Rosanna Logan the little girl. Thomas Santschi and Adele Lane in "Cross Purposes." Yes; Clara Young. Your letter is so interesting.

**MILDRED AND MEREDITH.**—I guess I was not feeling well when I wrote that. Dr. Johnson says every man is a rascal when he is sick. Dorothy Davenport was the woman in "The Revelation" (Kay-Bee). We counted the verses that came in that month. Yes, you can put the same couple as your second choice in the contest.

**HERMAN, BUFFALO.**—The show known as Punch and Judy is derived from Puccio d'Anaello, an Italian vintager who had a tremendous nose and grotesque appearance. He went on the stage, and then he was impersonated everywhere. In England the name became Punchinello and was finally shortened to Punch. Marie Weirman was with Vitagraph last.

**HEAVENLY TWINS.**—William Garwood and Francelia Billington had the leads in "Bashful Bachelor Bill" (Majestic). William Russell was the hotelkeeper in "The Haunted Hotel" (Thanhouser), not Crane Wilbur. Lamar Johnstone was the hunter in "The Mighty Hunter" (Majestic). Thomas Chatterton in "The Open Door."

**BERTHA R. M.**—Wheeler Oakman was the lawyer in "The Master of the Garden"



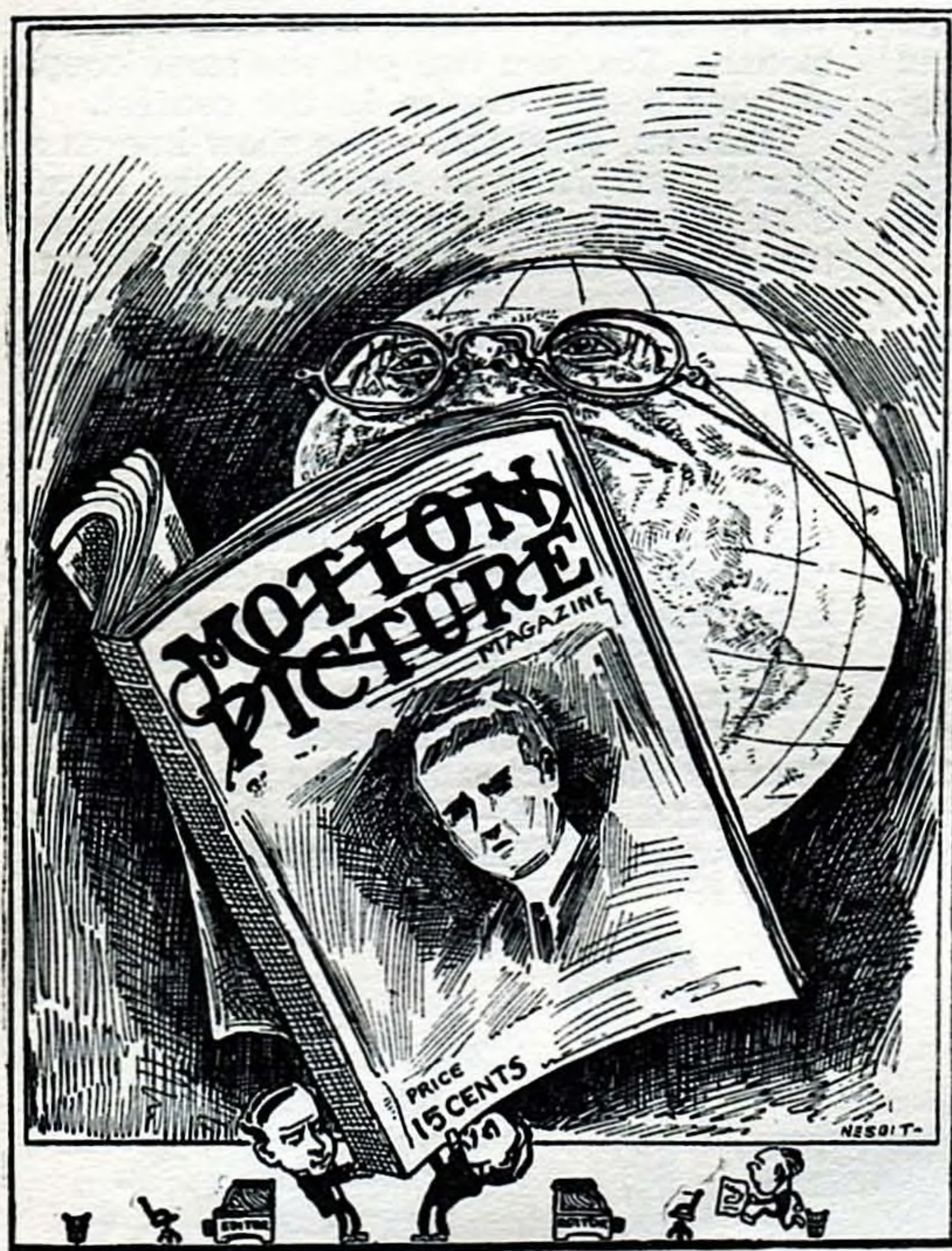
Tom and Phyllis, all alone,  
Found it rather dull at home;  
Tom proposed that they should go

To a Motion Picture show;  
Phyllis smiled and answered "Yes"—  
So would any girl, I guess.

(Selig). Harry Carey and James Cooley were the sons, Mildred Manning the girl, and Claire McDowell the mother in "Concentration." Irving Cummings and Eleanor Woodruff in "The Finger of Fate."

E. M. W., AVERNE.—Yes, that was Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. You say Florence Lawrence's face doesn't look the same as it used to. I believe Mabel Normand is better in comedy.

KALEM KRANK.—Thanks for that correction. Mistakes will happen in the best regulated families. About a month is long enough to pass upon a scenario. Robyn Adair was the English boy in "The Heart of Kathleen" (Broncho). Thanks much for the last paragraph.



THE WORLD'S CHIEF AMUSEMENT—SEEING IT ON THE SCREEN AND READING ABOUT IT IN THE MAGAZINE

MARIE, OF J. W. K.'s.—Ford Sterling in "Zuza, the Band Leader" (Keystone). Yes, I miss W. T. H.—he doesn't write me any more. There was no bride in Byron's "The Bride of Abydos," for in the original poem the heroine dies unwedded.

MAMIE H., ROCHESTER.—Broncho Company is on Allesandro Street. The reason that so many companies make their winter headquarters in Los Angeles is to be found in the wide range of scenery within easy reach. City streets and mansions are close at hand, while within fifty miles are to be found the perpetual snows of mountain-tops, arid deserts and foliage of tropical luxuriance. The companies do not

confine their work to the immediate vicinity of Los Angeles, but merely make that city their base of operations.

GEORGE H. F.—See above for the different companies belonging to Mutual and Universal. Warner release pictures of several different companies, which are independent from the above-mentioned. Your letter is very interesting.

V. H. G., AUSTRALIA.—Marguerite Snow has never been chatted. Florence LaBadie in January, 1913. Lottie Briscoe in May, 1912. Edward Coxen and George Field in "Step-brothers" (American). The salaries of the players range from \$30 up to \$300 and more a week. You can obtain the back numbers of those magazines.

PATTY, 16.—Yes; Joe King in those Bronchos. Walter Belasco was the traitor. Margaret Thompson was Hazel, Leona Hutton was Fannie, and Alfred Vosburgh was Jim in "The Pitfall" (Kay-Bee).

IDA G.—Alfred Vosburgh was the lieutenant in "The Sign of the Snake" (Kay-Bee). That was Irene Howley in that Biograph. There are no favorites of the Answer Man; he tries hard to be impartial and fair. Total population of the United States in 1910 was 93,402,151 (the one on the end is I).

ISABEL D.—Warren Kerrigan's brother is with the Victor also. Barney Sherry was George, and Richard Stanton was Colonel Gordon in "The Belle of Yorktown." Leo Maloney was the hero in "The Battle of Fort Loraine" (Kalem).

WALTER C.—Adele Lane was Emma in "The Quality of Mercy" (Selig). James Cooley was the brother in that Biograph. Art Ortega the son in "Indian Blood."

V. L. K.—Mabel Normand in "Mabel's Strategy" (Keystone). The editor refuses to print the cast of characters, because it makes the magazine look like a trade paper. Stories are not supposed to have casts. Florence Turner's plays have been and are being released. Yes; that was Marguerite Snow in that Thanouser. No.

MAMIE H.—Fire away, ask all the questions about Kay-Bee you like. E. J. McGovern seems to be the only live-wire Kay-Bee ever had. Thomas Chatterton in "The Heart of a Woman" (Domino). Lee Beggs in "A Terrible Night" (Solax).

CLARIBEL.—The fact that you are a movie fan cannot enable you to become an actress. I cannot advise you. The greatest depth of the Atlantic Ocean is 27,366 feet—about five miles deep.

LINCOLN C. P.—Of course you can get Selig players on postal-cards. See ad. in back of magazine. Alma Russell in "The Stolen Heart" (Selig). Eugenics is the science of race-culture.

J. P., MIAMISBURG.—Too much kissing in the films? Bless your heart, yes, but isn't there too much everywhere? As long as there is love—, etc. Dorothy Davenport was Kathleen, and Robyn Adair her lover in "The Heart of Kathleen" (Domino). Leona Hutton the first lover, Walter Edwards her first husband, Chas. Ray her lover in "The Buried Past" (Broncho). Marcia Moore the girl, Ray Taidlan her lover in "Her Legacy" (Kay-Bee). Margaret Risser in "Too Many Tenants" (Pathé). Dollie Larkin, and Fred Walick was Tom in "When the Well Went Dry." Belle Bennett in "Vengeance."



Ezra Punkinseed (as bow-legged camera-man passes)—Gosh all hemlock! That box must be some heavy to make his legs bend like that!

M. B. B.—Never noticed Arthur Johnson's Adam's apple. The origin of that expression is in the superstition that a piece of the forbidden fruit stuck in Adam's throat and caused the swelling. Your letter is very fine.

FRED S., NEW ORLEANS.—Charles Wells opposite Helen Holmes in "Explosive D" (Kalem). Mary Ryan is on the stage. Yes; Kalem have revived "Colleen Bawn," released March 16th. You think the picture of Alice Hollister, March gallery, is the best picture we ever used?

CHARLOTTE C.—John Halliday is not Edwin August. The former is on the stage. Yes, to Number 3. Mme. Massart

was Ida Bianca in "Thief of Hearts." (Pathé). Dot Bernard was the girl in "Female of the Species" (Biograph). Florence Hackett was the other girl in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Anita Stuart was chatted in December, 1913.

MAD.—Whittier wittier than I? How dare you? No, my wife and mother-in-law are not proud of me, for I haven't any. Remember this: the real can never equal the imagined, and it is easy to create ideals, but difficult to realize them. There are more yellow people (Mongolians) than those of any other color—685,000,000 of them.

VYRGYNIA.—Y dont you get a few more Y's in your name? Henry King was Walt in "His Last Crooked Deal" (Lubin). Anita Stuart and Harry Morey in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). Yes, it was a real wreck. Alan Hale was the younger brother in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Ethel Davis was Lygia, and Iva Shepard was Dacia in "Into the Lion's Pit." William Brunton was Billy in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). James Cruze was the husband in "The Woman Pays" (Thanouser). Love that player if you wish, but better love all. The life of love is better than the love of life. Your letter is a gem.

MARGARET MC.—Ethel Cooke was the girl in "What Might Have Been" (Thanouser). All letters are delivered to the players when addressed to the companies.

G. E. H.—Remember that there is a warm, life-giving sun behind that cloud, and that it must break thru some time. Cheer up! Sidney Drew had the lead in "Pickles, Art and Sauerkraut." Your letter is bright.

MARGARET K. T.—Bertie Pitcairn was Eugenie in "The Master of the Mine" (Vitagraph). William Russell in that Biograph. Helen Holmes was the Oriental girl in "A Million in Jewels."

WILLIAM F.—Joe King and Mabel Van Buren had the leads in "The Touch of a Child" (Selig). Charles Wells and Helen Holmes in "The Peril of His Life" (Kalem). Al Filson was Brock in "The Supreme Moment" (Selig). Harry Lonsdale and Adele Lane in "The Quality of Mercy" (Selig). Kempton Greene was Bob in "The Special Officer" (Lubin). Eleanor Barry was Mrs. Young in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin). George Middleton was Kenton, and Harry Davenport the doctor in "Kenton's Heir" (Pathé). Roy Watson the old man in "When May Weds December" (Selig). Lafayette McKee was the butler.



ALFRED W.—William Russell and Louise Vale had the leads in "The Dilemma" (Biograph). Nothing doing on the second. Perhaps you refer to Marion Leonard. It now remains for some M. P. company to capture Maude Adams and Billie Burke.

GLORIA.—We do not sell portraits of the players, only scenes in which they have appeared. Charles Ray was Jack in "A Military Judas" (Broncho). Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. We have never printed Harry Pollard's picture.

JEANNE.—Miriam Cooper was Dora in "The Octoroon" (Kalem). Lillian Orth was the blonde girl in "The Faddists" (Biograph). Please remember that photo-players, if playing to blind people, could not do their best.

EMILIE B.—Anna Nilsson in "Shipwrecked" (Kalem). John Brennan in "The Good Old Summertime" (Kalem). Blanche Sweet and Walter Miller had the leads in "Oil and Water" (Biograph). Harry Myers was the artist in "Memories of Youth" (Lubin). Francelia Billington was the wife in "The Boomerang."

JESS, OF MEADVILLE.—Belle Bennett in "The Pitch That Defiles" (Majestic). Stella Razetto was the girl in "The Dangling Noose" (Selig). Justina Huff in "Thru Flaming Gates" (Lubin). Helen Holmes in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Dixie Compton was the doctor's daughter in "A Woman Scorned" (Pathé). Glad to hear that the club is prospering. One hundred and eighty paid members, and one hundred dollars in the treasury? Hooray! Greater London is still the biggest city in the world.

PHOEBE C.—Edwin Carewe is no longer with Lubin. No. Isabelle Lamon in that Lubin. Richard Travers was with Lubin, but now with Essanay. Edwin Carewe in "A Miracle of Love" (Lubin). Yes; Mary Fuller played in that Vitagraph a long time ago. Jack Mower was Jack Bellew in "The Return of Jack Bellew."

JERSEY CITY.—Thanks for the clipping showing that M. P. theaters are replacing saloons in your city. It is so everywhere. Now that we see less drinking in the saloons, let us hope that we shall soon see less drinking in the pictures.

ELIZABETH A. S.—John Webb Dillion was the sheriff in "Robin Hood" (Thanhouser). Guy Standing was Father O'Neill, Richard Stanton was Danny, and Anna Little was Rose in "True Irish Hearts" (Domino).

LOTTIE D. T.—Goodness gracious! Only five pages this time? Don't you feel well? Anna Laughlin was Agnes, and Harry Spingler was Harry in "The Bracelet" (Reliance). That was Ruth Stonehouse in "Requited Love" (Essanay). It takes twenty shillings to make a pound, and only five to make a crown, in English money.

OWL, 4.—Velma Whitman was Mildred, Walter Smith was John, and Nellie Quinn was the half-wit in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin). Margaret Prussing was the daughter, and Jack Nelson the husband in "The Conversion of Mr. Anti" (Selig).

SNOWBOUND.—Much that I say is intended for fools (I have a few among my correspondents). I try to win fools first, because they talk much, and what they have once uttered they always stick to. The Rex Company, with Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber, has combined with the Nestor Company, of which Wallace Reid is director, for a Universal all-star production of a powerful psychological drama in three reels, "Barter of a Soul."

MISS B. R. M.—Harriet Notter was opposite Thomas Santschi in "King Baby's Birthday" (Selig). You refer to Arthur Ashley in that Vitagraph. The Biograph girl is unknown. Mrs. George Walters, formerly of Lubin, is now with Biograph.

V. C., NEW ORLEANS.—Romaine Fielding has been only with Lubin. We expect to get a new set of Biograph pictures, and then we shall print Claire McDowell's.

ARETCHIN.—Owen Moore is with Mutual, and Mary Pickford with Famous Players. The latter is not Mutual. That's right; keep moving, even tho you are in the stationery business.

LETTY, AUGUSTA.—Thomas Chatterton was Patrick, Richard Stanton was Danny, and Anna Little the girl in that Domino. It wouldn't be right for me to express my opinion as to who was the greatest player. Your letter was interesting.

MURL S.—Flossie does not write in any more. Thomas Chatterton was the Rev.



Walton in "The Open Door" (Broncho). I absolutely refuse to give you the name of the hair-restorer that I use.

HORTENSE, BROOKLYN.—Anita Stewart is not a blonde. Dorothy Kelly in that Vitagraph. Dont know of any brother of Carlyle Blackwell, and, besides, that question is against the rules. G. M. Anderson is no longer producing the Broncho Billy plays, but comedies and dramas.

EVA M. C.—Harry Myers was the mayor in "A Question of Right" (Lubin). The office of this magazine is nearer to the New York City Hall and Wall Street than are Union and Madison Squares, and we can get to it in ten minutes.

MAX C.—Louise Glaum was Mildred, and Jane Wolfe was Sybel in "The Masquerader" (Kalem). Paul C. Hurst was Dan Brent in "Trapped" (Kalem). No answer on the Majestic. Elizabeth Burbridge and J. Arthur Nelson in "Slim and the Dynamiters" (Frontier). Victor Potel was the bartender in "A Gambler's Way" (Essanay). Harry Morey opposite Edith Storey in "The Barrier That Was Burned" (Vitagraph). Yes, the Nash twins are no longer with Vitagraph.

MACK.—Harold Lockwood was the lighthouse-keeper in "The Child of the Sea" (Selig), but he wasn't the lighthouse. Yes, that was a fine play. Kathlyn Williams was the girl.

HAROLD C.—Barney Sherry and Marcia Moore in "Devotion" (Domino). Myrtle Stedman usually plays in Westerns, and Kathlyn Williams in dramas. Carrie Ward had the lead in "Pride of the Force."

LARRY, 17.—I have sent your letter to our Circulation Department. Kathlyn Williams with Selig. Why do you doubt my word when I say that I am 72? Most people lie the other way. The first issue of the magazine is out of print.

MILDRED S.—George Cooper was Jack in "Getting Up a Practice" (Vitagraph). Norma Phillips was Margaret in "Our Mutual Girl" (Reliance). Hal Clarendon was Brown in "An American Citizen"

(Famous Players). Tom Powers has left Vitagraph long ago. Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Man from the West" (Lubin). Myrtle Gonzalez in "Salvation Sal."

MARIE E.—Your letter is one of my finest. Thanks. No, she does not play in the pictures.

EVELYN F.—Lillian Gish was the young mother in "The Mothering Heart" (Biograph). She is now with Mutual. Yes. Florence LaBadie in that Thanouser. I dont know which is the most dangerous ship to get into—partnership or courtship.

RUTH SHERWOOD.—Yes, both of those plays were taken at Ithaca. Florence Turner's films can be shown in either Licensed or Independent houses. Bessie Eyton took the lead in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). No studio at Rochester.

LAURENCE & Co.—Your poem is good, but there is no hope. Louise Huff was the girl in "Between Two Fires" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley in "The Story of the Gate." E. K. Lincoln was Ed in "The Call."

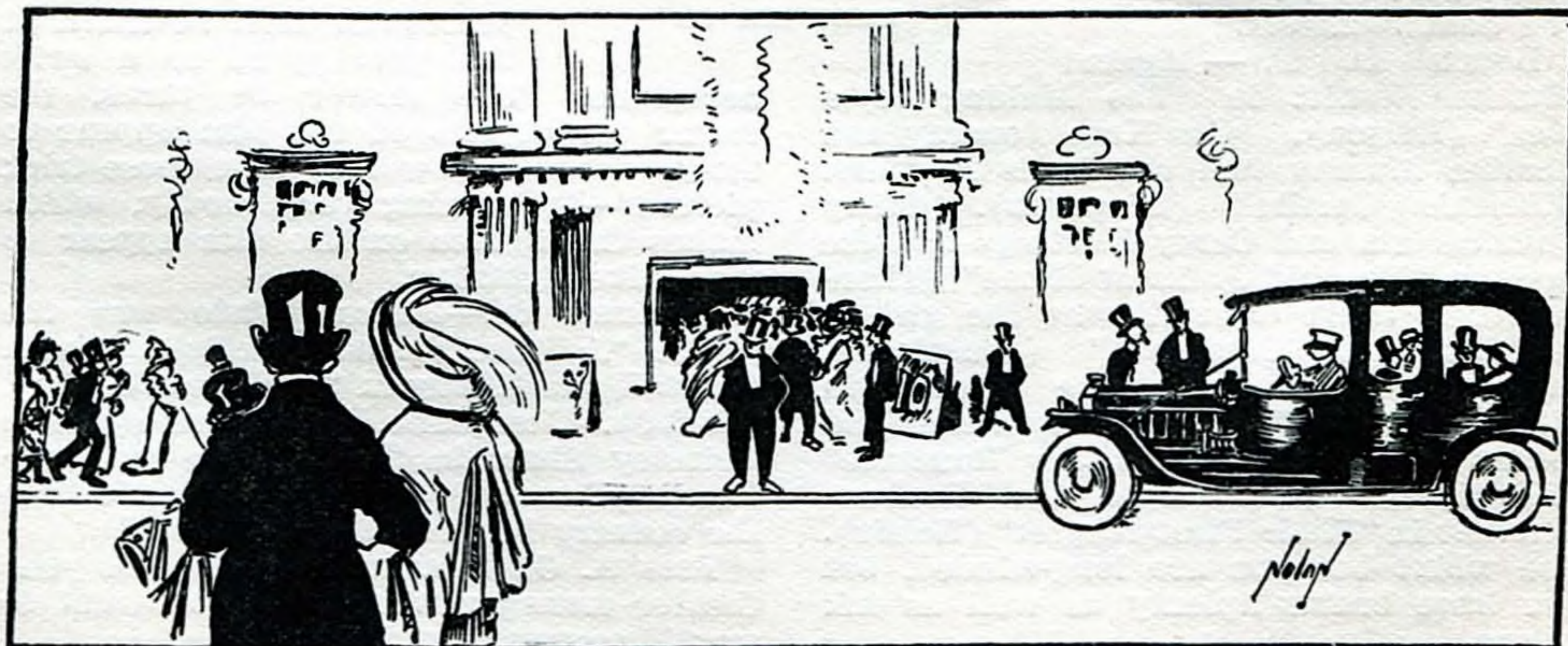
HELEN L. R.—Thank you for the clippings. William Carpenter was the banker in "A Colonel in Chains" (Selig). Haven't heard where Messrs. Mason and Bailey are at present. Ray McKee and Frances Ne Moyer in "Getting Even" (Lubin).

IDA HO.—Louise Glaum in "The Invisible Foe" (Kalem). Carrol Halloway, Justina Huff and Clarence Elmer in "The Windfall" (Lubin). Ethel Phillips was Beryl in "A Victim of Deceit" (Kalem). Mary Pickford in "Hearts Adrift."

WIRELESS, SAN FRANCISCO.—That, no doubt, was a trick picture. Talbot's book, "How Motion Pictures Are Made and Worked," tells about it.

MAPLE LEAVES.—Henry King was Tom in "The Tenderfoot Hero" (Lubin). Ray Myers was the brother in "The Battle of Bull Run" (Bison).

MURL S.—Thanks for the picture, also the fee. The editor says that he has decided to publish a regular picture of the Answer Man. His idea is to have me sit for a photo, have a half-tone plate made



A MODERN MOTION PICTURE THEATER AND ITS PATRONS

from it, cut the plate up into many small parts, print all those parts, and let those who want put the parts together.

**HELEN OF TROY.**—Thanks for your remembrance. In Florida now? Hope you enjoy yourself.

**LOTTIE D. T.**—Carlotta De Felice and Rogers Lytton in "Heartease" (Vitagraph). Joseph De Grasse and Velma Whitman in "Her Boy" (Lubin). Crane Wilbur had the double rôle in "The Compact" (Pathé). Andrew Clark had the lead in "Greedy George" (Edison). Henry Jewett had the lead in "Sir Highwayman" (Warner). Marion Leonard is back with Warner now. And now I have tarried with you as long as I can—adieu.

**OLGA, 17.**—Yes, come right along, and you will meet Mr. LaRoche. You wonder if the Kay-Bee prisons furnish silk socks for their prisoners. That was an oversight; excuse it, please. Your letters are always bright.

**EDNA S.**—There is nothing the matter with Lillian Gish. You say she goes about like one in a trance. Perhaps she is entranced standing before so many critical people. Glad you like Mary Pickford. Yes, New York is a musical city—full of flats and sharps.

**EDITH E. T.**—You must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and not the stamp alone, if you want your reply by mail. We have no casts for the plays you ask about.

**M. A. D.**—I agree with you that Marguerite Clayton is versatile and always plays naturally. Your writing is all right. Don't know how you can retain your sweetheart's love—unless you don't return it.

**LOTTIE D. T.**—Again! Miriam Nesbitt in "The Making of a Man" (Edison). Miss Kate Toncray and Charles Murray had the leads in "Mrs. O'Brien's Gorilla" (Biograph). Riley Chamberlain and Carey Hastings had the leads in "The Old Folks at Home" (Thanhouser). Julia Courtell was the girl in "Crooks and Credulous" (American). Stuart Holmes and Jane Travis in "Ramo's Wives." Mabel Normand and Henry Lehrman in "A Muddy Romance" (Keystone). O. C. Lund and Barbara Tennant in "Their First Nugget" (Eclair). Gee whiz! but you are long-winded, but you have brains aplenty as well as ink galore.

**VYRGYNIA.**—Henry King was Walt in "His Last Crooked Deal" (Lubin). Anita

Stewart and Harry Morey had the leads in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). Alan Hale was the younger brother in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Ethel Davis and Iva Shepard in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). William Brunton was Billy in "The Runaway Freight." James Cruze was the husband in "The Woman Pays."

**AISY, CHILLICOTHE.**—Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner had the leads in "The Great Discovery" (Lubin). Lillian Mulhearn was the other girl in "The Diver" (Vitagraph). Alec Francis and Belle Adair had the leads in "The Good in the Worst of Us" (Eclair). John Ince and Rosetta Brice had the leads in "The Price of Victory" (Lubin).

**CINCY JO.**—Louise Glaum was the girl in "Chasing the Smugglers" (Kalem). If you write Alice Joyce, she will, no doubt, answer. Thanks.

**HERMAN.**—You say you are in debt and want to get married and settle down? I advise that you stay single and settle up. Ray Gallagher was the actor in "The Squire's Mistake" (Lubin). House Peters was the theatrical manager in "The Bishop's Carriage."

**KATE AND SNOOPY.**—Robyn Adair was Percy in "The Man from the West." Haven't Brinsley Shaw's present address.

**BEATRICE C.**—Francelia Billington was the girl in "The Perilous Ride." James Cruze was the husband in that Thanhouser. Earle Foxe was Bob in "The Spender."

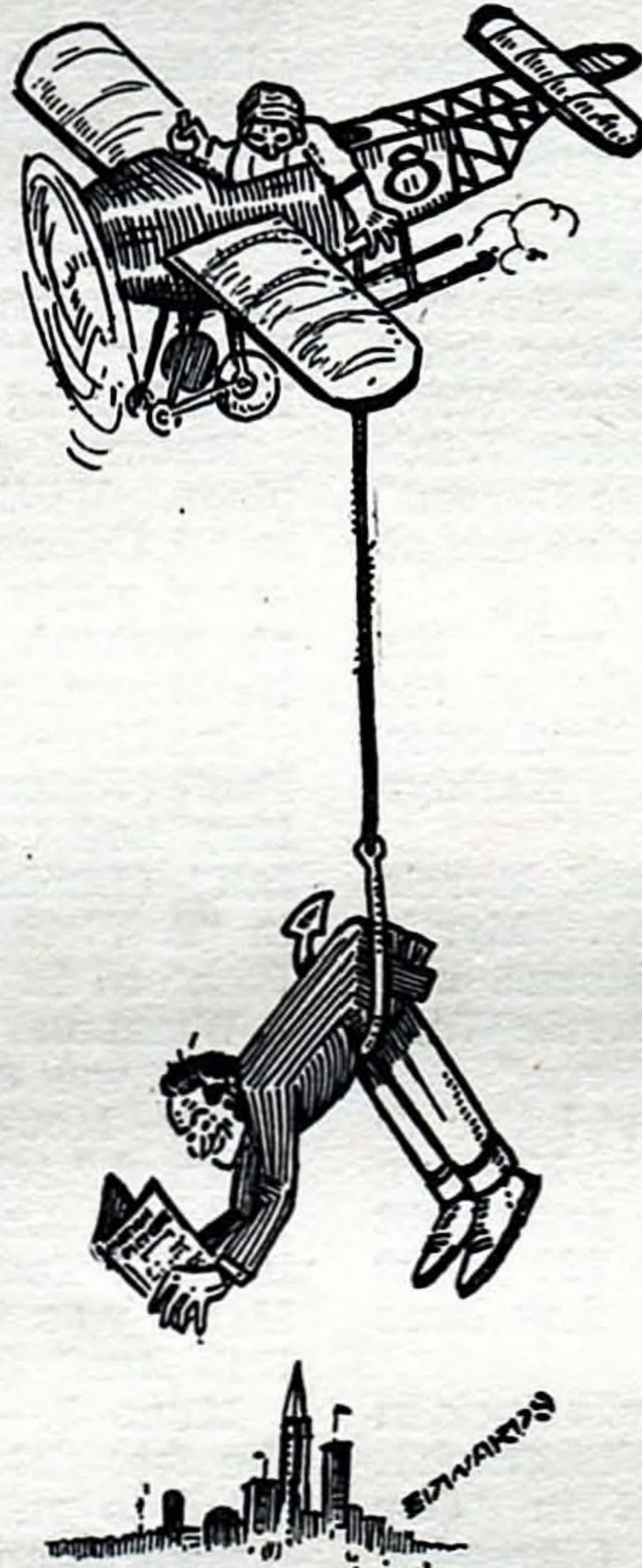
**H. S., KANSAS CITY.**—A good camera-man must, above all things, turn the handle of his camera at uniform speed, and this is no easy matter to do. A funeral procession must be taken at the same speed as a swift

aeroplane. The slower he turns, the faster the objects on the film appear to move. That is how they take those trick pictures—by turning very slowly, which makes the figures on the film appear to move like lightning.

**DOROTHY M.**—Lillian Wade was the girl in "A False Friend" (Selig). Joseph Graybill was Harry in "A Woman's Way" (Pathé). Josephine Rector was opposite Brinsley Shaw in "The Dance at Eagle Pass" (Essanay). Harry Millarde was the country boy in "The Vampire."

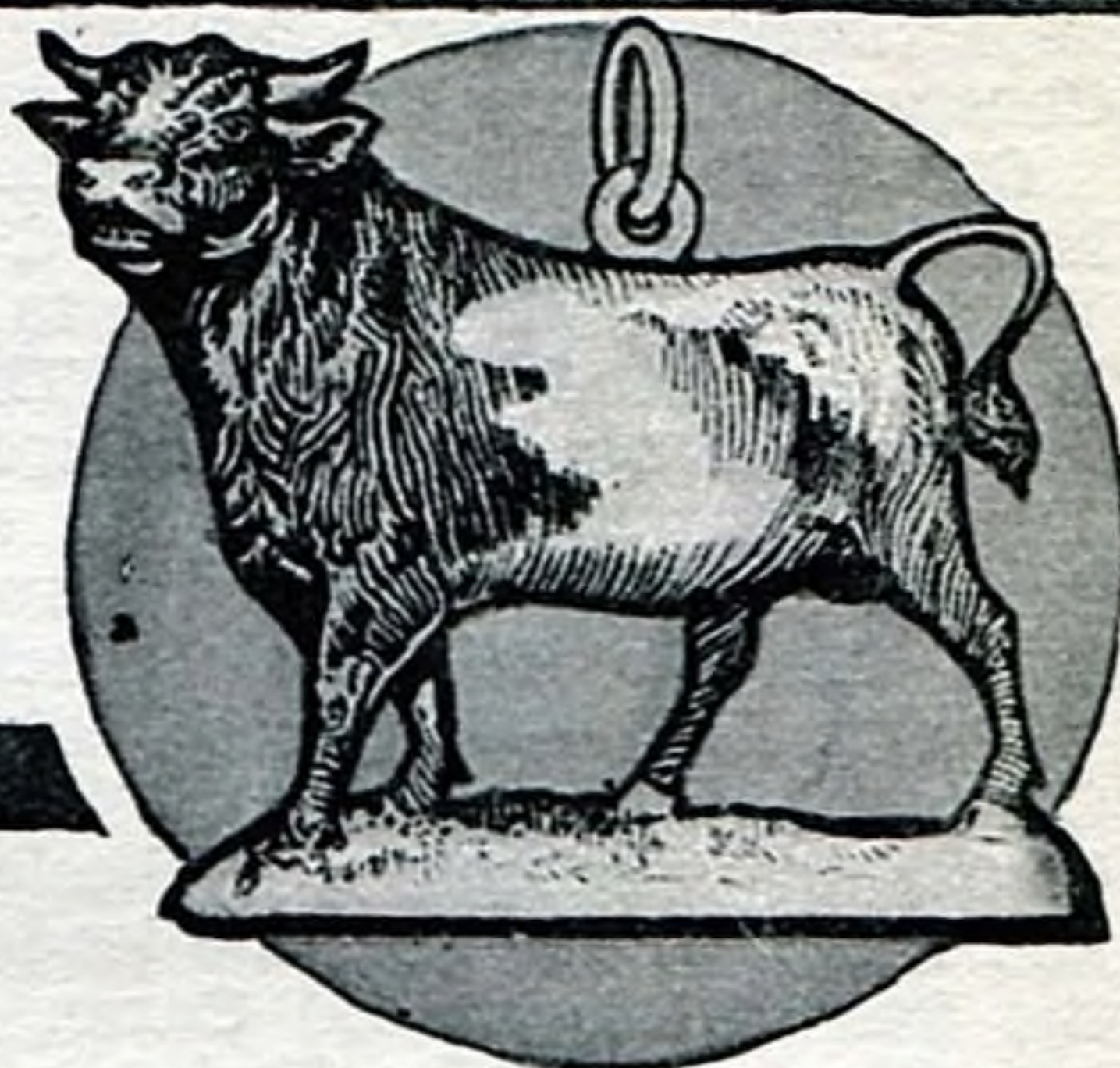
**TESS A. G., SAVANNAH.**—Just tell your theater manager what films you want to see; if necessary, write to him.

**MYRTLE A.**—The reason your questions were not answered is because they are



WHEN THEY ONCE GET  
HOLD OF IT, THEY  
WONT LET GO

# FREE



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This Watch Charm is unusually attractive in appearance and design. It is *14K gold plated*, and will prove a decided ornament to any Watch Fob or Watch Chain. We are making this unusual Free Offer in order to induce more smokers to try "rolling their own" fresh, fragrant, hand-made cigarettes from world-famous

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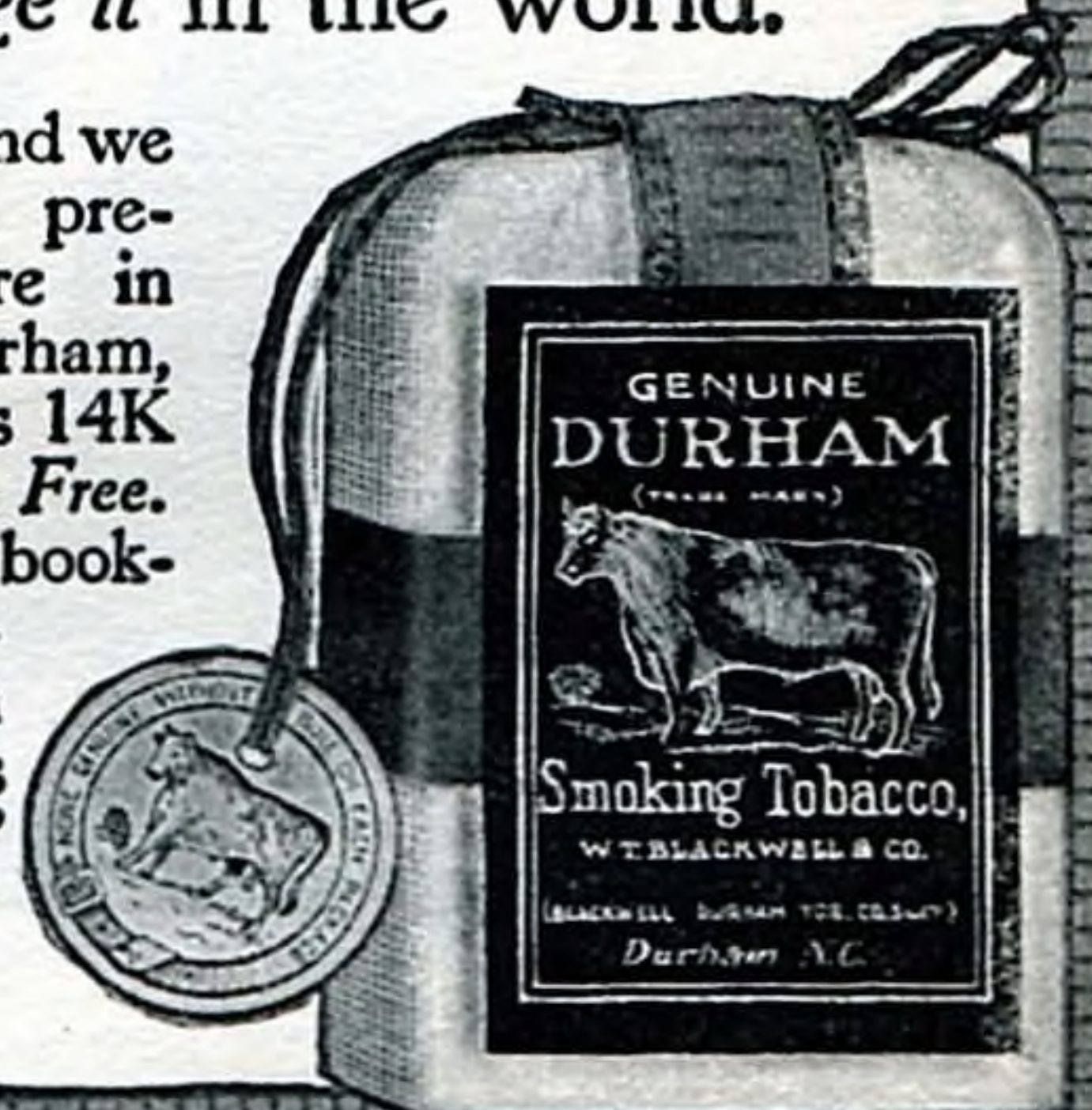
(Enough for forty hand-made cigarettes in each 5-cent sack)

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out of order. See rule at the head of this department. Harry Benham and Lila Chester in "Baby's Joy-ride" (Thanhouser).

OWL.—Edgar Jones and Louise Huff had the leads in "The Reward" (Lubin). Yes; Muriel Ostriche. No, to all three. Yes, watch out for Rosemary Theby.

OLGA.—Either will do, stamps or silver. Thanks very much. You ask what made me bald-headed? That's easy—want of hair. Besides, hair is too much trouble.

LOTTIE D. T.—Margaret Joslin and Fred Church had the leads in "A Snakeville Courtship" (Essanay). Wheeler Oakman and Bessie Eyton had the leads in "Until the Sea" (Selig). Ed Coxen and Charlotte Burton in "The Shriner's Daughter" (American). Vera Sisson and William Garwood in "The Ten of Spades."

KERRIGAN KLUB.—Denton Varre was Harry in "The Strike" (Kalem). Sidney Drew married the widow in "Pickles, Art and Sauerkraut" (Vitagraph). Florence Hackett the sweetheart in "The Parasite."

ME.—William Russell and Louise Vale had the leads in "The Dilemma" (Biograph). Charles Clary was the Hindu prince in that Selig. Thomas Santschi was Bruce.

E. W., WASHINGTON.—Thanks for the information. Violet Heming is traveling with George Arliss. Would be glad to see you the next time you are in New York.

VERA E. S.—Robyn Adair was Captain Warrenton in "The Belle of Yorktown" (Domino). Charles Ray had the lead in "The Witch of Salem" (Domino). James Cooley was the rich young husband in "Diversion."

JOYCE-MOORE.—Marguerite Courtot was the girl in "The Octoroon" (Kalem). You think that Guy Coombs and Harry Myers darken their eyes too much? Better thus than that somebody else darken them. Henry Otto was Tony in "Tony and Maloney" (Selig). Alma Russell and Jack Nelson had the leads in "The Stolen Heart" (Selig). Louise Huff in "The Vagaries of Fate" (Lubin).

MIRIAM.—If I answered your impertinent questions I doubt if its meaning would penetrate your thick skull. (Now dont get angry, my dear.)—Muriel Ostriche in "The Vacant Chair" (Princess). Audrey Berry called at the office today, and she is a very sweet child. She was in my cage quite some time. Winnifred Greenwood and Ed Coxen in "The Return of Helen Redmond" (American).

LOTTIE D. T.—Billie West and Eugene Palette in "The Helping Hand" (Majestic). Maude Fealey and Harry Benham in "An Orphan's Romance" (Thanhouser). Sydney Ayres and Vivian Rich in "Destinies Fulfilled" (American). Dave Thompson in "His Father's Wife."

PATTY.—Why dont you get in touch with our Photoplay Clearing House? See ad. in magazine.

R., BINGHAMTON.—Florence Hackett was Florence, and Lottie Briscoe was Lottie in "The Parasite." Harry Carey and Claire McDowell in "For Her Government" (Biograph). William Brunton was James in "Gilt-edge Stocks" (Kalem).

MAD.—I believe that I am the oldest and biggest specimen of Answer Man in captivity. Lillian Orth was the girl in "Mixed Nuts" (Biograph). Phyllis Stuckey was the barmaid in "Keepers of the Flock" (Edison). Miriam Cooper was leading woman, and Harland Moore the detective in "The Railroad Detective's Dilemma" (Kalem). Richard Stanley was the poor man in "Divorced." Charles Ray was the son in "The Open Door" (Broncho).

CURIOSITY.—The origin of "gallery gods," as applied to those who sit in the top balcony, originated when the old Drury Lane Theater, London, painted its ceiling to represent a blue sky with clouds among which were cupids and other gods flying in every direction. Then those who sat "among the gods" were called "gallery gods." Billy Nolls and Nolan Gane in "The Farmer's Daughter" (Thanhouser). Mignon Anderson had the lead in "The Plot Against the Governor."



She—You cowboys are so picturesque.

He—Yep; nearly all of us have been actin' fer th' movies so long we just cant help it.

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---

DO you see all the Edison serial films? Each is so distinctive and so supreme in its own field that you ought to see them all. We have gone into serial films more extensively than others, because we were the first to realize the greatly increased interest which the public has manifested in films of this kind.

There are now six Edison series current, the brief details of which are as follows:

Mary Fuller in "Dolly of the Dailies," by Acton Davies. Twelve newspaper stories.

Marc MacDermott in "The Man Who Disappeared," by Richard Washburn Child. Ten thrillingly dramatic stories also appearing in *Popular Magazine*.

Ben Wilson in "Cleek," by Thomas W. Hanshew. Twelve detective mysteries published in *Short Stories*.

Barry O'Moore in "Octavius," by Frederic Arnold Kummer. Twelve amateur detective comedies published in *Pictorial Review*.

William Wadsworth in "Wood B. Wedd," by Mark Swan. Adventures of a love-sick bachelor.

Andy Clark in "Andy," by Mark Swan. Chapters in the life of a real boy.

If your favorite theatre is not running all these series, speak to the manager about them. If you search the whole photoplay world over, you will not find anything more delightful than these Edison series.

---

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Thomas A. Edison

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144 LAKESIDE AVE.  
ORANGE, N. J.



Tommy (climbing from under sofa)—Gimme a nickel for the movies, Mister Jinks, and I wont tell that I saw you kiss sister.

GEORGE, 25.—Alma Russell was the girl in "The Stolen Heart" (Selig). William Taylor was the stranger in "The Brute" (Vitagraph). I'll have to give yours up: Which came first—the hen or the egg? For if I say the egg, you will ask where the hen came from who laid it; and if I say the hen, you will insist that she must have come from an egg.

LOTTIE D. T.—Dorothy Davenport had the lead in "The Revelation" (Kay-Bee). Robert Grey and Billie West had the leads in "Flesh of His Flesh" (American). Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "Good Resolutions" (Selig). Ben Higgins was the father in "The Spirit of Christmas" (Vitagraph).

OWL.—Your verses would have done justice to Homer: "Oh, subtle one of mystery, I'd love to know your history. I'm wild to know the pretty name of one with such a witty brain. And of your eyes I always think; are they blue, brown, gray or pink? And then your hair—oh, dearie me, whatever color can it be? And tho you claim to be a sage, I'm sure that I can guess your age. (Not more than thirty.) I'd love to see your handsome face, and on your brow a kiss I'd place—if I were a girl; but, being I am a man, I would like to know who the dickens you are, anyway."

GLADYS E.—E. K. Lincoln and Gladden James were the two husbands in "The Call" (Vitagraph). Address all players in care of studio. Darwin Karr was the first lover in "Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph). Buddy Harris was the little boy in "The Little Bugler" (Vitagraph).

F. M. BLACKWELL.—Where is Brooklyn?

Well, it is bounded on the north by Long Island City, on the east by Jamaica, on the south by Coney Island, and on the west by the United States. You know we put the O K in Brooklyn. E. K. Lincoln and Anita Stewart in "The Right and the Wrong of It" (Vitagraph). Francis Bushman and William Bailey were the brothers in "The Man and the Hour" (Essanay). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "Between Two Fires" (Lubin).

ROQUA, OKLA.—Linda Griffith was Hester in "The Scarlet Letter" (Kinemacolor). Gaston Bell was the lover in "The Husband's Story" (Kinemacolor).

JUDY R. E.—Harry Loomes was the Union general in "Love of '64" (Lubin). Yes, call me anything you like; "Old Rip" seems to be the most popular nickname.

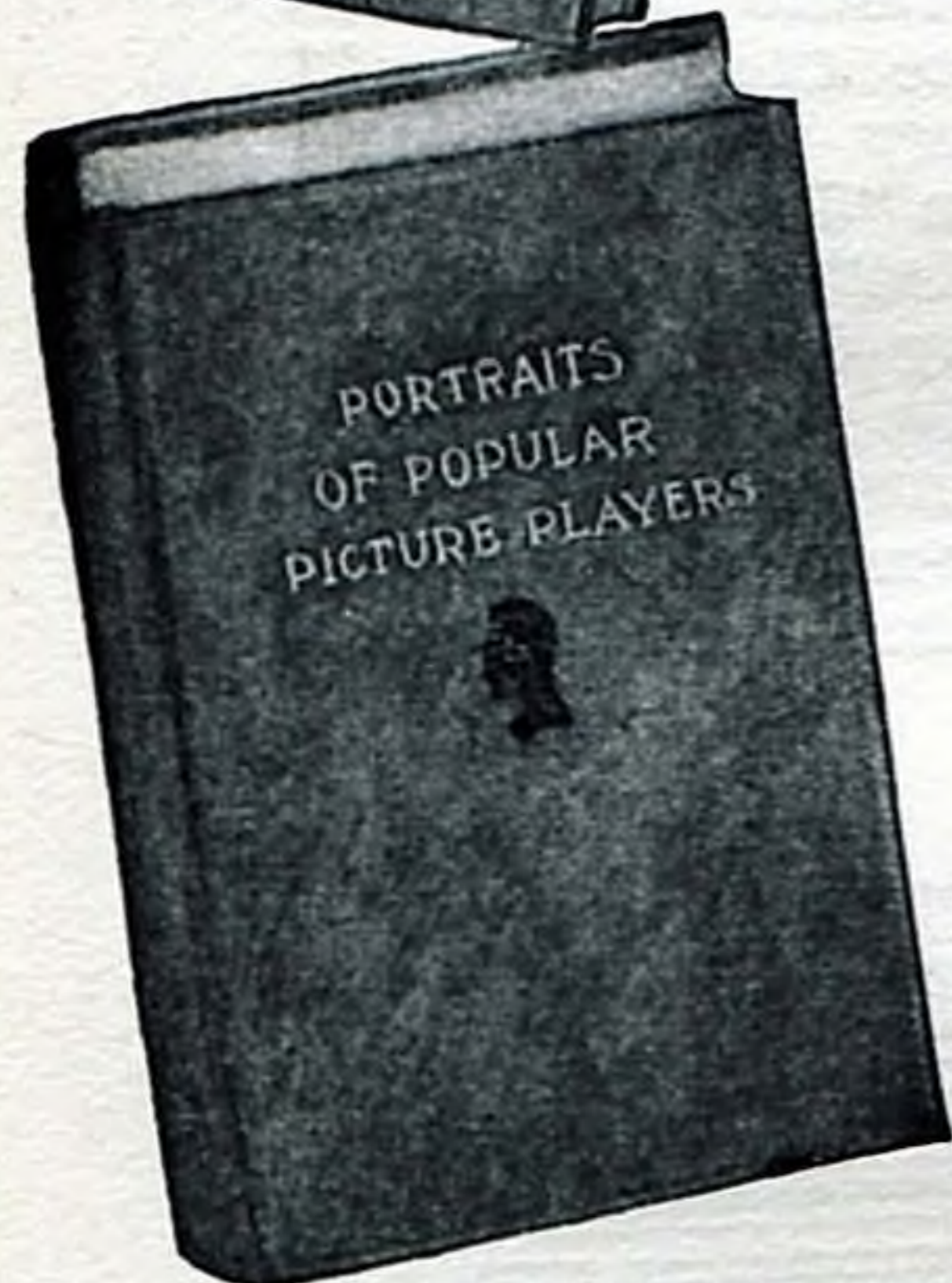
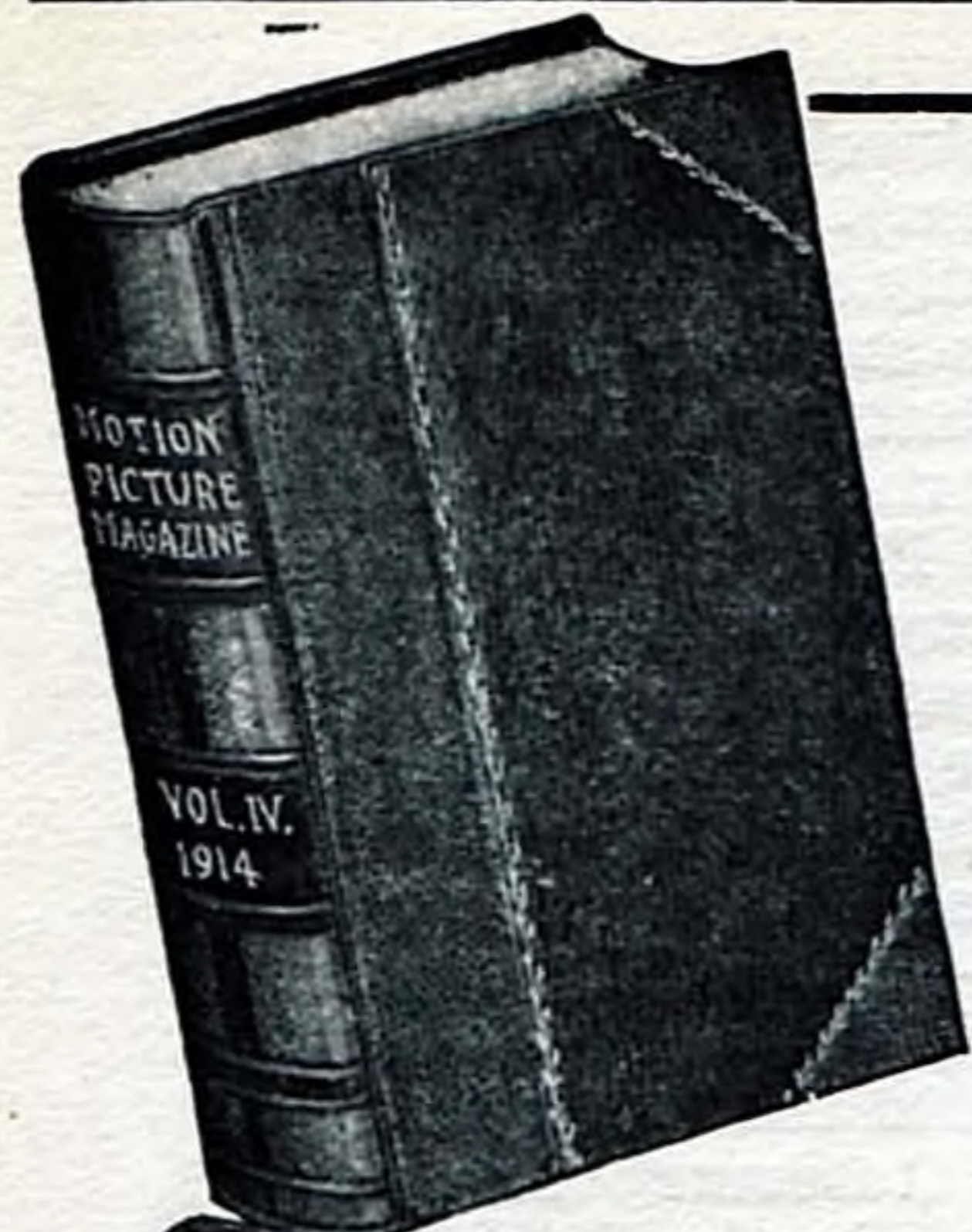
MURL S.—I saw that clipping. Ernestine Morley was the fashionable woman in "Fashion's Toy" (Lubin). Ford Sterling was the lead in "In the Clutches of a Gang," and Roscoe Arbuckle in "Fatty."

LOTTIE D. T.—Francelia Billington and Lamar Johnstone had the leads in "The Baby" (Majestic). Marcia Moore and Ray Taidlau in "Her Legacy" (Kay-Bee).

OLGA, 17.—That was Victor Potel as the bartender in "A Gambler's Way" (Essanay). Yes; Yale Boss has grown quite some in the last year. He will be playing old men soon.

MERIDITH.—Henry King and Dollie Larkin had the leads in "The Mysterious Hand" (Lubin). Tom Forman was Andres in "His Excellency" (Lubin). You refer to Paul C. Hurst in the Kalem pictures.

M. C. E., VALLEJO.—Thanks for the plug tobacco, but none of us use the weed



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You can save money by subscribing for the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** by the year. Bought at the news-stands it costs you \$1.80 per year. A yearly subscription is only \$1.50,—thirty cents saved.

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## MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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When answering advertisements kindly mention **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.**

in that form. Ned Finley and Edith Storey the leads in "Children of the Feud."

TEXAS M. H.—Owen Moore is in California. Also Mary Pickford. Gaston Bell was Jefferson in "The Lion and the Mouse." Francis Bushman and Ruth Stonehouse in "The Hour and the Man."

BETTY, OF C. H. S.—The reason that name appeared so many times is because she enclosed a fee every time, and those letters have preference. There was no Selig play by that title.

ELFRIEDA.—How much does John Bunny weigh? I dont know; we have no hay-scales in Brooklyn. Belle Adair was Cherry in "The Case of Cherry Purcell" (Eclair). Helen Marten had the lead in "Over the Cliffs" (Eclair). Robyn Adair was the husband in "Prince." Jessalyn Van Trump was Maggie in "The Ring."

L. B., CHICAGO.—Frank Newburg and Adele Lane had the leads in "Cypher Message" (Selig). Marshall Neilan was the artist in "The Sentimental Sister."

ROBERTS.—Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "Fitzhugh's Ride" (Lubin). Octavia Handworth was leading woman in "The Yellow Streak" (Pathé). James Cooler in "The Stopped Clock" (Biograph). Yes, that's the trouble with woman—you cant fall into her arms without falling into her hands.

ALTHEA H. O.—I believe that was a real fire in a factory in that play. Velma Whitman and Henry King had the leads in "Turning the Table" (Lubin). Harry Beaumont was the cashier in "Alexisa's Strategy" (Edison). Yes; Jack Standing in "The Exile" (Lubin). Billie Rhodes

opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem).

ANON.—I dont usually answer unsigned questions, but yours is an exception, for I want to inform you that there is no hope for you at this end of the line. But cheer up. Remember what Pope says: "There swims no goose so gray but soon or late she finds some honest gander for her mate."

ZELMA.—Earle Foxe opposite Florence Lawrence in "The Influence of Sympathy" (Victor). Yes, any one can join the club.

BENNIE'S ADMIRER.—Harry Morey was Ishmael in "The Vampire of the Desert" (Vitagraph). "Dear Old Girl" (Essanay) was taken at Ithaca. Rosemary Theby in "The Moth" (Lubin). Bessie Eyton was the leading lady in "Adopted Daughter."

PATRICA, 16.—Ethel Cooke was the girl in "An Amateur Animal Trainer" (Thanhouser). Jane Bernoudy was Lasca in "Lasca" (Bison 101). Adele Lane in that Selig. Laura Sawyer was Violet in "An Hour Before Dawn" (Famous Players). Francelia Billington was the girl in "A Perilous Ride" (Majestic). Elsie Greeson was Helen in "Just a Song at Twilight" (Majestic). When you feel blue, take a bath—it may wash off.

TILLIE, THE FIRST.—Dollie Larkin was the wife in "When the Clock Stopped" (Lubin). Barney Furey was Ben, and Adele Lane was Alice in "John Bousall, of the U. S. Secret Service" (Selig). Mildred Gregory was Amy in "The Scapegrace" (Lubin). Louise Vale and Glen White in "The Fallen Angel."

LOTTIE D. T.—Lawzy-massy, sister, you write long ones! William Tedmarsh was



KEEP YOUR EYE ON THIS "STILL LIFE," AND YOU WILL SEE IT BECOME A MOVING PICTURE



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By slight pressure at the loop end, clean rubber is fed down until used; its narrow edge allows a letter or line to be erased without injuring another. Two rubbers of best quality are made; one for typewriter and ink, one for pencil.

*Handsomely finished; Easy to Operate and "They Always Work"* EVERYBODY should have this NEW ERASER, Price 10¢. Refills, Typewriter and ink, or Pencil, 5¢ each. *Your Stationer.*



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**June 8th to 13th**

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PHONE No. 344 MURRAY HILL

the butler in "The Tale of a Ticker" (American). Norma Talmadge and Leo Delaney in "Fanny's Conspiracy" (Vita-graph). Jack Conway and Lucille Young in "The Trail of the Lonesome Mine" (Majestic). Charles Ray and Laura Glaum in "For Mother's Sake" (Kay-Bee). Henry Walthall with Reliance.

LAURENCE.—Thanks for the card from Paris; have never been there. Yes, what is home without a—phonograph?

N. B. MOREHEAD.—Louise Glaum in that Kalem. That film showing the growth of a flower was not taken by means of trick photography. It is done thus: Place the camera in position before the flower, give it one exposure, turn the film forward, wait one minute (or one hour, according to the rapidity of the growth of the flower), then make another exposure, and so on, until the plant is full grown. Mechanical contrivances are now made by which the exposures are made automatically every ten seconds, or minute, or hour, as required. When the film is complete, it may be run off on the screen so as to give the impression that the plant, which took days to grow, grew all in five minutes. Artificial light is usually used because it is more steady and constant than daylight, which is ever changing.

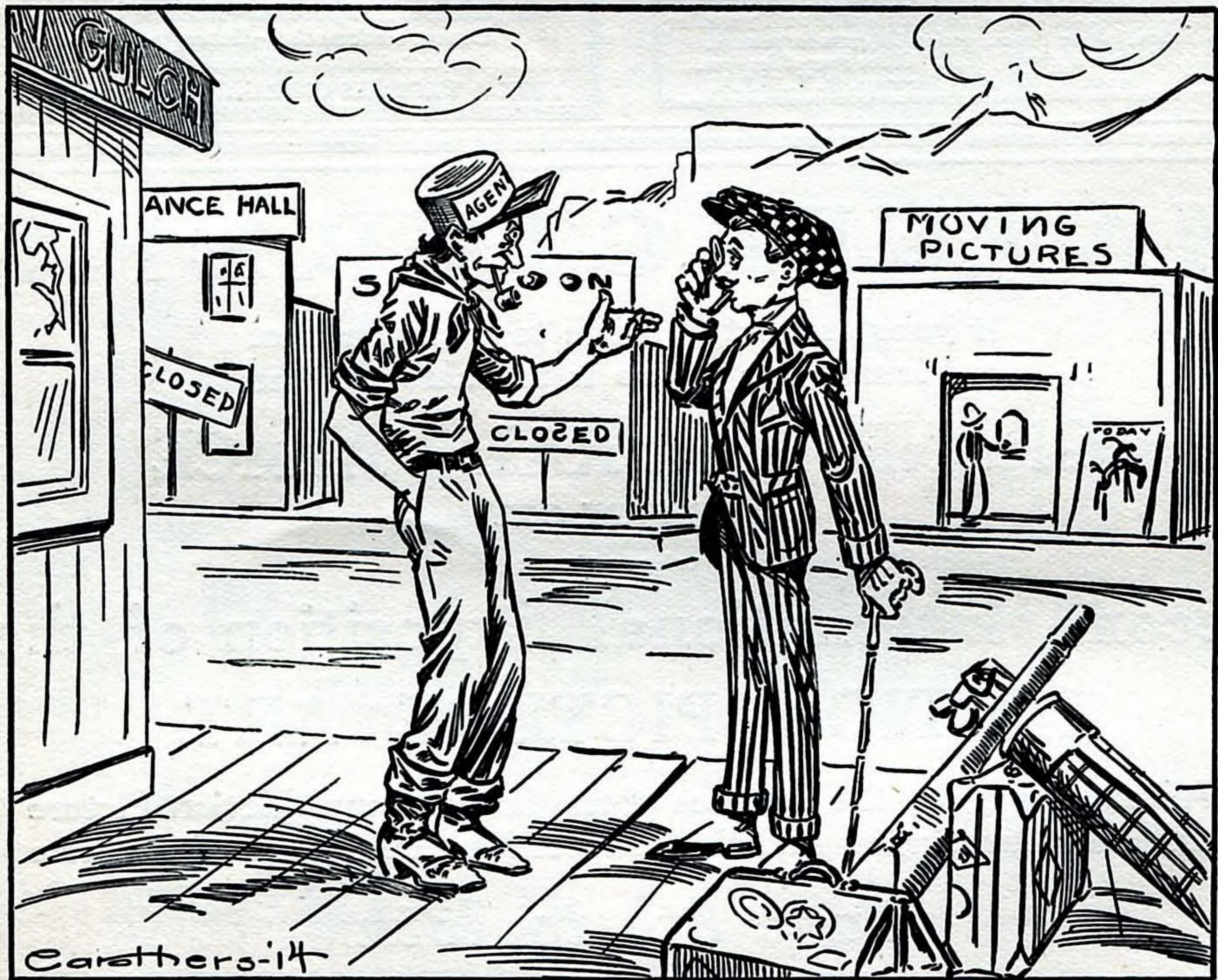
JEAN-ETTE.—Adele Lane and Edward Wallock had the leads in "Conscience and the Temptress" (Selig). Clara Kimball Young was the wife in "The Perplexed Bridegroom" (Vita-graph). Thanks for the fudge. Oh, fudge!

ALLEN L. R.—Except in the Universal branches, and then the photoplayers change from one company to another. Louise Huff was the girl in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin). Dollie Larkin was the unmarried sister in "When He Sees" (Lubin). Norbert Myles, William Funn and Ethel Phillips in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem).

IDA S.—I confess that I cannot answer your question, Why are there three times as many widows as widowers in this country? The player is not on the cast. Eleanor Dunn was the little girl in "The Inspector's Story" (Lubin).

ELSIE R.—Richard Stanton, Thomas Chatterton and Anna Little in "True Irish Hearts" (Domino). Sydney Ayres in "The Power of Light" (American). E. K. Lincoln had the lead in "The Swan Girl."

ME.—Robert Burns was Ben in "Her Present" (Lubin). Benjamin Wilson was Paul in "All for His Sake" (Edison). William Nigh in "A Turn of the Cards" (Majestic). The Nash Twins in July, 1913.



Tourist—My good man, could you tell me wheah I might find some of those jolly, rollicking cowboys I've read about?

Native—Sure; right over there in that 'ere pitcher show—they've all left this part of the country to act for the movies.

# The Dangerous Business of being a Baby



Dangerous, indeed, when we see the tiny little bodies menaced by dirty dairies, by sick cows, by ignorance, by disease; and dangerous, indeed, when we know that one baby out of six—last year—died. But the danger grows less—Doctors and Scientists have learned much about how to keep our babies; and now the mothers of the nation have joined in the movement for “Better Babies.”

“Better Babies” means first, healthier mothers; second, mothers who know.

It means mothers who know that their baby’s food is of most importance—who know of the dangers for little babies in cows’ milk—who know that the Government Inspectors found only eight clean dairies in every hundred and that in one State alone—under strict laws—there are 200 000 infected cows. Who know that even when cows’ milk is pure it is too heavy in curd for little babies.

# Nestlé’s Food

is nearer to mother’s milk than any other diet you can give your baby. In NESTLÉ’S the curd of the milk is rendered soft and fleecy as in mother’s milk. The best cows’ milk is the basis of NESTLÉ’S FOOD—the milk from clean, healthy cows, in sanitary dairies that are carefully inspected. Then to it are added other food elements your baby needs, and that cows’ milk does not contain.



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 Please send me, FREE, your book and trial package.

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

EDITH C. W.—Dan Mason was the minister in "Why Girls Leave Home" (Edison). William West was Eccles, and Gertrude McCoy was Ester in "Caste" (Edison). Blanche Sweet and Gertrude Robinson were the sisters, and Marshall Neilan the artist in "The Sentimental Sister" (Biograph). Hal Clarendon was John Oxen in "A Lady of Quality."

TILL.—Anita Stewart and Norma Talmadge are about of the same age, under twenty. Clara Young is a little older. We do not give ages.

N. D. P., ANTIGO.—Dollie Larkin and Velma Whitman were the girls in "When He Sees" (Lubin). Lillian Orth was the girl in "How the Day Was Saved" (Biograph). Mr. Vinci was the son in "The Smuggler's Son" (Cines-Kleine).

GERALDINE W.—Among the famous stage favorites who have appeared in Motion

Pictures might be mentioned Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth," Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Tess," Nat Goodwin in "Oliver Twist," Lily Langtry in "Our Neighbors," James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo," Henry E. Dixey in "Chelsea 7750," Rose Coghlan in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Henri Krauss, Cissie Loftus, Charles Hawtrey, Ethel and Jack Barrymore and James K. Hackett. James Cooley in "Beyond All Law."

MIRIAM O. H.—I am not an authority on how to run a husband, but there are two recognized methods: 1. Let him think he is running you; 2. Feed the brute. O. C. Lund was Lieutenant Byron in "Lady Babbie" (Eclair). J. W. Johnston and Edna Payne in "Into the Foothills" (Eclair). Mona Darkfeather and Art Ortega in "The Medicine Man's Revenge" (Kalem). Stella Razetto in "Memories."

(Continued from page 108)

rooms here at the hotel, all by myself. Vitagraph always makes us comfortable. We have a Puliman for tomorrow. Saw picture show tonight. Several recognized me. Sent out a few cards to friends and one to mother.

THURSDAY.—Bad day. Could not take any pictures. Loafed all day, played cards, and wrote a few letters. Too bad the weather man is not more kind to me. I want to work.

THURSDAY.—Had an exciting experience today. A young lady—

That was as far as I got, for just then the door opened and Earle Williams came over to the table where I sat. I looked up, embarrassed, making no attempt to conceal the truth. He looked at me curiously, and I could not tell whether he was angry or just sorry. For a moment neither of us spoke.

"I see you are copying from my private book," he said quietly, then sighed.

"But you said I might look at all the books and do anything I liked," with a pretense of wounded pride.

"Did I?" he said thoughtfully. "Perhaps I did—I never thought of those—how stupid of me! Well, I guess there's no harm done; but you wont print any of it, of course?" he added, looking up anxiously.

"Well," I said apologetically, "I certainly would not make all these extracts for any other purpose, Mr. Williams. Please remember that you are a public character and that your suc-

cess and popularity are due to the public. They want to know about you—about the man they have helped to make—you owe it to them."

"I never thought of it in that light," he replied; "perhaps I do owe the public something."

"Indeed you do," I retorted passionately. "I have made no extracts that could possibly do you any harm; please let me publish them."

"Well, we'll talk it over on the way. Come along. We'll go over to the Imperial and have a bite, and then take in a show."

"Is it necessary to go over to New York to get something to eat and to see a show?" I asked, being a loyal Brooklynite.

"Oh, no; I frequently dine in Brooklyn, and sometimes in the cheap restaurants," he replied; "and, if you say so, we'll patronize home industries tonight."

And we did. And—would you believe it?—I did not say a word about diaries all evening, and neither did Mr. Williams. He probably forgot. He is such a whole-souled, generous, good-natured, sensible fellow that it would be a pity to take advantage of him. Perhaps I should not have handed in these extracts from the diary of one of the greatest photoplay artists on earth, and probably the most popular one. But Mr. Williams did not tell me not to, did he?

# EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Just glance over the following list of articles that are to appear in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and decide for yourself whether you can afford to be without it:

## MOVING PICTURE TOYS

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

This article shows the evolution of Motion Pictures so clearly that a child would understand. Mr. Fryer has made drawings of various toys and devices that were once in use, and these will be used to illustrate this interesting article. Fathers and mothers will want to read this to their children, and, if they have none, they will want to read it themselves.

## ROYALTY AND THE MOVIES

By ERNEST A. DENCH, of London

This is a remarkable article. After reading it you will never be ashamed to tell your aristocratic friends that you are a "movie fan"; for, if kings and queens and princes attend Motion Pictures and enjoy them, it is certainly no crime for us ordinary mortals to do so. This article will be handsomely illustrated with half-tone plates, made from original photographs, which we obtained at considerable expense and trouble, including the following: Prince Alexander Ferdinand of Prussia, the Princess Augusta, King Manuel, King Alphonso, the ex-Queen of Portugal, the Queen of Spain, the President of Brazil, Lady Beryl Le Poer Trench, Prince Wilhelm, Queen Sophia of Greece, Kaiser Wilhelm and the entire Royal family, and, last but not least, King George of England and his consort Queen Mary. This will certainly be an article worth preserving. Everybody should read it, and every theater owner should frame it so that the proud ones can see that the best people in the world are not too good for the pictures.

## MARY FULLER'S DIARY!

We don't intend to tell you how we got possession of this very interesting book, but we did! Wait until you see what happened to Mary every day! Then we have others, too, and they are choice!

## OLD-TIME MARINE FIGURE-HEADS

By Mary Taylor Falt. An interesting and instructive illustrated article, similar to "Old New England Wall-Papers," which supplies another link in the chain of Motion Picture evolution.

## MOVING PICTURE AUDIENCES

By Beth Haskar, giving a clever analysis of the different kinds of people who regularly attend the picture theaters.

## GREAT ACTORS OF THE PAST

In this, Charles Sutton, of the Edison Company, recalls some interesting stage experiences, and comments on the powers of McCullough, Ada Rehan, Ward, Coudoc, Stoddard and others.

## MOTION PICTURE INFLUENCES

This long and well-illustrated article, by R. H. Pray, shows the wholesome influence of a good Motion Picture theater on a community, and the evil effects of a poor one. The author relates personal experiences in Chicago and elsewhere in a highly entertaining way. All reformers and church-workers should read this article, as well as every father and mother.

## ALL THE PLAYERS IN CARICATURE

Those who remember our Christmas Tree Drawing and a later one, each containing the portraits of sixty or more popular players, will be pleased to learn that we have another, which will appear in the June issue. It contains about 75 portraits, and is entitled "The Motion Picture Picnic." It is very funny.

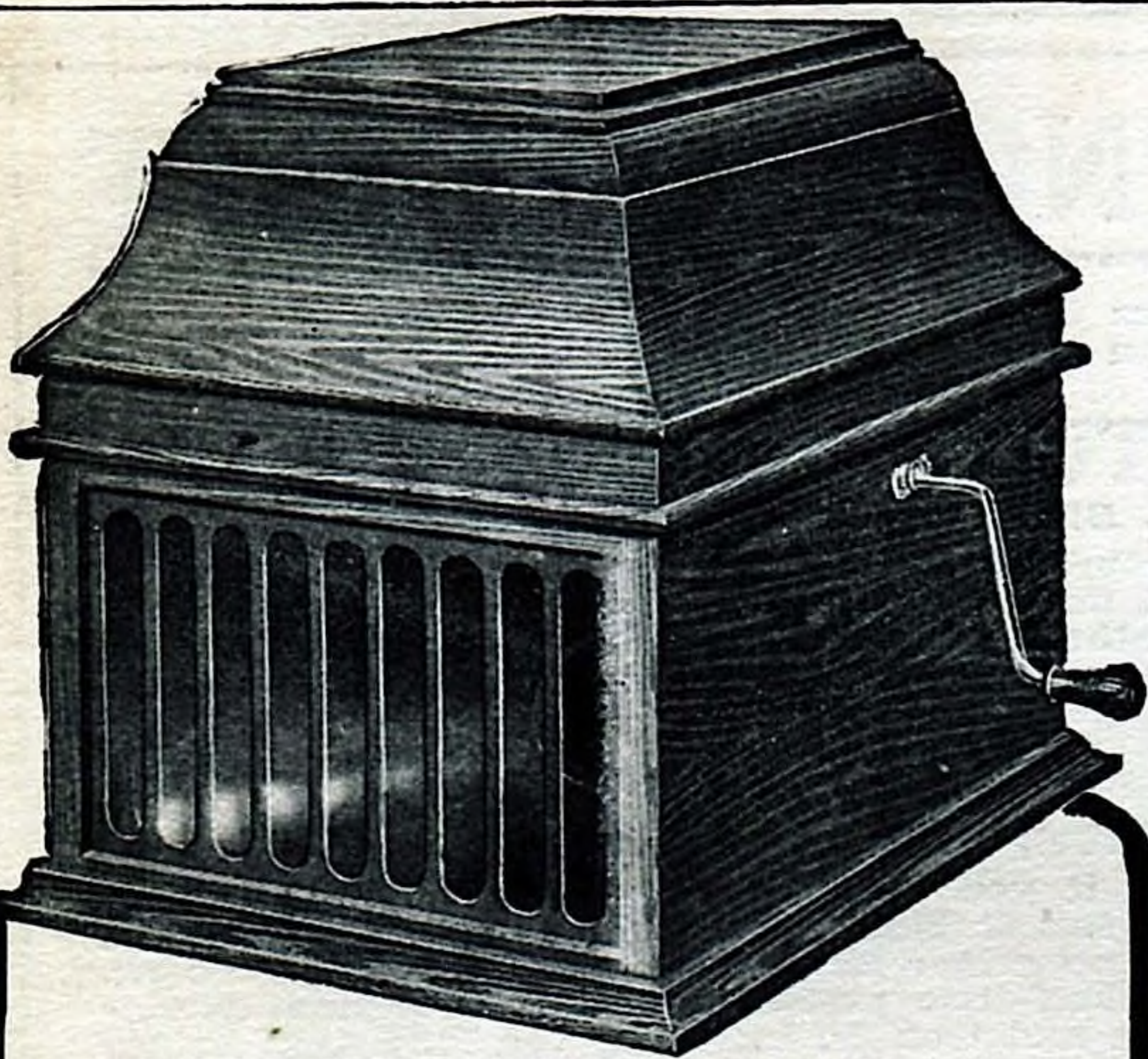
## THE LURE OF THE CINEMA

By Ernest A. Dench, showing how persistently unfitted applicants pester Motion Picture companies. EDITH STOREY, ETHEL CLAYTON, MIRIAM NESBITT, JUSTINA and LOUISE HUFF, WARREN KERRIGAN, MARY PICKFORD and others have been chatted, interviewed, walked with and interrogated for the edification and pleasure of our readers, and these are only a few of the many features that we have obtained to help make the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the most wonderful magazine on earth.

P. S.—And don't forget the "Great Artist Contest!"

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R. E. L., LANCASTER.—I do not recognize the pictures you enclose. Dont think they are with any company.

DANNIE MAC.—Isabelle Lamon was with Reliance last. Wallace Reid has been with Vitagraph. You think Crane Wilbur is too theatrical? Yes, but he is artistic, is he not?

TOMMY.—Just send along your questions in your letter, and they will be answered.

(Continued from page 36)

beauty in which he felt no inconsiderable pride, was badly marred. He was the one "heavy" the company boasted, and another such was not to be had at a moment's notice. Therefore, his complaint to the director met with the desired result—the dismissal of the assaulting general cleaner.

When Christian Marck knew that he must go—that the dusty trail, the fierce heartache were his again for aye—he knew, too, that his uttermost capacity was reached; that, tho it be in scorn and shame, he must hear "father" from the lips of his little girl. And so, as he was leaving the studio building, his well-worn carpet bag in horny hand, he stopped at the door marked "Amelie Reine."

The girl opened to his timid knock. Followed an awkward pause—then Christian produced a battered tintype from the pocket over his heart. He glanced at it a moment, then at the young face before him in the life. What were the years—what were pride, fear, hesitation? She was his baby—his flesh and blood and bone. Her tiny fingers had clung to his great palm for first protection. Her first, lispd word had been his name.

"Amelia!" he broke out, dropping the old bag. "Oh, liebchen—liebchen—say you know your father!"

Amelie Reine did not act that day. When Mr. Daniels, the suave director came in search of her, he found her on the knee of the general cleaner, both arms twined close about his neck.

And when she saw him she drew to her feet, and led Christian to the door.

"I've found a father, Mr. Daniels," she said, and her voice was glad and proud; "and you've lost your general cleaner—to me!"

MRS. J. H. MOORE, EL PASO.—Thanks many for your interesting pictures and films. I know all about the Ridgelys. They had a hard time of it. So you have a company of your own taking pictures of the Mexican revolution. You are ambitious. Your picture of the Mexican who was shot thru the back of the neck, the bullet coming thru and carrying away his jaw, is grewsome. So he now has a silver jaw, and you have the bullet? Quite a treasure! The picture of this silver-jawed man will be carefully preserved in my collection.

ASBURY PARK CURL.—Louise Huff was Chispa in "The Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). Robert Graham was Harry. Belle Adair was the granddaughter in "The Diamond Master" (Eclair).

M. C. H.—"The Sacrifice at the Spillway" (Kalem) was taken on an old canal in New Jersey. William Stowell was the lead in "Hilda of Heron Cove."

GUSSIE J., TEMPLE, TEX.—Yours must be a great town if all you say of it be true: "There is a man in our town who sits behind your seat, and everything the actors say he thinks he must repeat. There is a man in our town, our goat he's surely got; he knows everything about the show, and 'specially about the plot. There is a man in our town, and he is full of prunes; he's got a rusty phonograph and never changes tunes. There is a man in our town who's even worse than that; he's teaching tango dancing on the floor above our flat. There is a man in our town, a pest you doubtless know; no matter what a picture is he says, 'I told you so!' There is a girl in our town as silly as can be, and I think if I'm not mistaken that little girl is me." Very clever for the girl in your town.

J. H. E., NAPIER, N. Z.—I think you are wrong when you say that Muriel Ostriche is known in New Zealand as Daphne Wayne. You refer to Blanche Sweet, because that is the name Biograph gave her in foreign countries. Mary Pickford was known abroad as Dolly Nicholson. You might write to Mary Pickford, care of Famous Players, N. Y. City, for an autograph photo, and perhaps the "angel beauty" will not refuse an admirer who is standing on his head on the opposite side of the sphere.

MOLLY AND PEGGY.—Ray Myers was the son in "Blood Will Tell" (Kay-Bee). Kay-Bee are playing in California. Owen Moore and Mary Pickford in "Caprice."

HARDY.—Gladys Hall tells me that she is using your clever contribution in the June issue. John Collier is the man who put the sense in censorship.

BEACON, NEW YORK.—Glad to hear you are boosting the magazine. Thanks. Your letter is very fine. The editor doesn't seem to be cutting me down.

J. A. A., SYDNEY.—Sally Crute was Beth in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison). Your letter was very interesting. Thanks.

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**BROWN EYES.**—Victor produced "The Girl and Her Money." Louise Fazenda is with Joker. Edgar Jones in that Lubin. Brinsley Shaw was Caroll in "Uphill Climb" (Selig). Wheeler Oakman as Frank Cameron.

**VYRGYNIA.**—To wish champagne to your real friends and real pain to your sham friends is not generous in either case. Thanks for your love-ly letter.

(Continued from page 42)

Haywood began, with the pathos of a strong man down under a grip he could not loosen.

"There! there you go again, 'but-ting' things—that's cute of me, isn't it?"—and Hester laughed as she broke eggs into the little frying-pan cheerily sputtering its butter in the near vicinity.

"What are you doing, Hessie?" demanded Haywood, with the weakness that comes to a fellow who is longing to use his hands and arms, but just cant.

"Doing what I expect to do to the end of our joint days—frying your breakfast eggs, and making your coffee"—stirring the steaming pot.

"Hessie, do you mean that, dear?"—and John Haywood rose tensely from his chair, turning toward her.

"Why, I never meant anything else, Boy o' My Heart"—and suddenly she was lost in his embrace, bandaged hands and all.

"But, Hessie," he cried again in despair, standing back an instant, dropping his arms at his sides, "I just cant be dependent on you!"

"You must, just for a little while, dear," she pleaded, again on his breast; "and you cant refuse to let me help that little while. And, besides, I need you, John. The world is full of Starkings, and I am very little and my art blinds my eyes, sometimes, and if I have you I shall feel so safe, and——"

But the rest was smothered in his coat, as, his two bandaged hands pressing her head sharply to his heart, and his lips upon her hair, he promised the care and the protection she craved. "God giving me strength in my two hands again," he fervently prayed.



GEORGE, MONTREAL.—I think you have that booking agency correctly sized up. After a picture has been run thru the projector, it has to be wound upon its spool or reel again, so that it can be run again. Otherwise it would run backwards.

THELMA.—Thanks for your very interesting letter telling me of your travels thru Japan and Switzerland. I wish I could print the whole letter. You are quite fortunate to be able to see so many countries.

CANARSEE MERIMADE.—Sorry you complain. Wallace Reid had the lead in "Way of a Woman" (Nestor). Haven't heard Billy Mason's whereabouts as yet. Yes; Crane Wilbur will have his diary stolen pretty soon.

MOVING PICTURE FAN.—That was Myrtle Stedman, and not Kathlyn Williams in "Good Resolutions" (Selig). No; Thomas Santschi was Bruce in the Kathlyn pictures. Your letter is fine, and I thank you.

KATHLEEN E.—Sorry you did not get a prize; several others are complaining also. Many persons guessed the Telegram Puzzle correctly. Marguerite Clayton seems to be about as satisfactory a leading woman for Mr. Anderson as he has had.

LOTTIE D. T.—Harry Von Meter and Vivian Rich in "His First Case" (American). Alec B. Francis and Belle Adair in "Good in the Worst of Us" (Eclair). Alexander Gaden and Ethel Grandin in "Love's Victory" (Victor).

LOUISE E.—Write to Leah Morgan, 831 Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., about joining the Correspondence Club. There are about 200 members, and several of the players are honorary members. The editor of the *News*, John Chase, is doing well.

H. P. M.—Write to our Circulation Department about changing your address. Dont ask about nationality.

HELEN L. R.—Thanks for the pretty remembrance cards. Sorry to hear of your accident. House Peters was the manager in "The Bishop's Carriage" (Famous Players). Mabel Van Buren was the Egyptian princess in "Thru the Centuries" (Selig). Edythe Auderton in "That Terrible Kid" (Lubin). Charles Bennett the father in "Tainted Money."

THE PEST.—So you like the way Doc Travers' clothes fit him? So Mary Fuller would not write in your album, and then you tore all her pictures up? O cruel, impetuous, impatient One! You dont realize how busy she is.

OLGA, 17.—Your German letter received. I agree with you in everything you say.

OWL, 6.—Rosetta Brice was the girl in "The Price of Victory" (Lubin). Marshall Neilan was the artist in "Sentimental Sister" (Biograph). Tom Carrigan was the son, and Frank Weed the crook in "A Modern Vendetta" (Selig). No, the editor has gone over that matter many times, and he will not put in a Photoplaywright department.



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JOSEPHINE R.—Thanks for the picture. Make the best of everything, think the best of everything and hope the best for yourself.

GRUMBLER.—Thanks for the watch-fob. It is much appreciated. Ogden Crane and James Gordon were the fathers, Ernest Truex was Wally, Boots Wall was Edith, and Owen Moore was Jack in "Caprice" (Famous Players). So you think the following applies to my picture: "Little head, big wit; big head, not a bit"?

V. CATHERINE.—Harriet Notter was the wife in "Bringing Up Hubby" (Selig), Thomas Santschi was the husband. The great dancers of the present time are Isadora Duncan, Pavlowa, Mordkin, Genée, Nijinski, Priobrajensky, Kasarvina, Ruth St. Denis, Jaques-Dalcroze, Maud Allen, the Sisters Wiesenthal, Myrthis, Napierkowska, Artemis Colonna, Santen, the Indian Mahara, Tortajada, Margaret Morris, Vernon Castle, Jewel Hilburn and Tom Lambert—but I have not named all.

EMMY LOU.—Yes, I have preached many times about painted lips, but I think it will take more than this department to stop them. Your letter is interesting.

PAUL C.—Leo Maloney and Helen Holmes in "The Battle at Fort Laramie" (Kalem). Much obliged for the mirror, but what am I to do with it?

CUPID.—Thanks many times for the copies of the *News*. I was indeed glad to get them. I have something which you never had, which you would not have if you could, and which I would not part with for a million dollars—a bald head. I am very proud of it. You should not flaunt but envy me.

PIERRE T.—Alfred Vosburgh was the lieutenant in "The Sign of the Snake" (Kay-Bee). Bessie Eyton and Wheeler Oakman had the leads in "An Uphill Climb" (Selig). Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "The Catch of the Season."

VIOLIN, AUSTRALIA.—Mr. Serena was Petronius in "Quo Vadis?" (Kleine). That was Rose Tapley as the wife in "Better Days" (Vitagraph).

JNO. V. L.—Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Man from the West" (Lubin). Roscoe Arbuckle is the correct name. Keystone and Crystal are the only companies that prefer the synopsis only rather than the complete photoplay. William Clifford's picture appeared in July, 1913.

R. G., FLAGSTAFF.—Yes; Carlyle Blackwell is directing mostly now. Haven't heard of his present leading lady.

W. J. D.—Martin Faust was the crook in "Hamilton Cleek" (Edison). There was an awful blunder in that other play. That man who was crossing the desert took out his watch. Later he died of thirst. Now, how could he die of thirst when he had a spring in his pocket? (Stand a little back, reader, these things are apt to happen any minute.)

MRS. L. E. S.—Please don't ask for theatrical information. Jane Wolfe was the adventurer's wife in "The Masqueraders" (Kalem). Velma Whitman and Walter Smith had the leads in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin). "St. Elmo" was done by Vitagraph some time ago. Sarah Bernhardt! The hearts she has moved by her powers! Their united throbbings might almost shake the world. And our Little Mary may some day be a Bernhardt. And we may have still other Bernhardts growing.

D. D. D., MEMPHIS.—Oh, there will always be multiple reels and features, but there may not be so many as there are now. It seems to be a fad just now. The small houses seem to prefer single reels mainly, and the big theaters desire an occasional two- or three-reeler. Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in that Lubin.

FLOWER E. G.—Did I neglect to say that your letter was bright? Then I forgot a courtesy that you richly deserved. Pardon, madame, I enjoy all good letters, but I haven't room to say so each time.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—Harriet Notter and Frank Newburg in "Hilda of Heron Cove" (Selig). Yes, I saw that play. *Entre nous*, they are losing a lot of their best players, and that, no doubt, accounts for it.

PANSY.—Wait until you see your Jack in "Samson." Harry Millarde was Kenneth in "The Hand-print Mystery" (Kalem). M. Noel was Billy in "Billy's Ruse" (Princess). The brother was not cast in "The Heart of the Hills" (Rex). The pins are going to be beautiful.

W. H. T., CHICAGO.—Your brilliant and welcome epistle came too late for attention in this issue. Many thank you.

EDNA C.—Herschel Mayal was the general in "Heart of a Woman" (Domino). Tom Carrigan and Alma Russell in "The Modern Vendetta" (Selig). Tom Carrigan and Mabel Taliaferro, his wife, are playing in Chicago with Edith Taliaferro. Walter Edwards was Jeff in "The Secret Lode" (Broncho). Leona Hulton was leading woman in "The Woman" (Kay-Bee). Clara Williams was leading woman in "Divorce" (Kay-Bee).

MARY LOVE.—Could get no information for you. The letter is written all right. Marion Leonard is back with Warners. Neva Gerber is now playing leads for Carlyle Blackwell. She was with his company before.

GOLDEN LOCKS.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan in "The Schoolmarm's Shooting-Match" (Selig). Mr. Borzage was John in "New England Idyl." Miss Mitchell was leading lady.

ELFRIEDA.—Mignon Anderson had the lead in "The Plot Against the Governor" (Thanouser). Leona Hulton and Herschel Mayal had the leads in "Out of the Storm" (Kay-Bee). Jackie Kirtley was Rachael in "Rebecca's Wedding-day."



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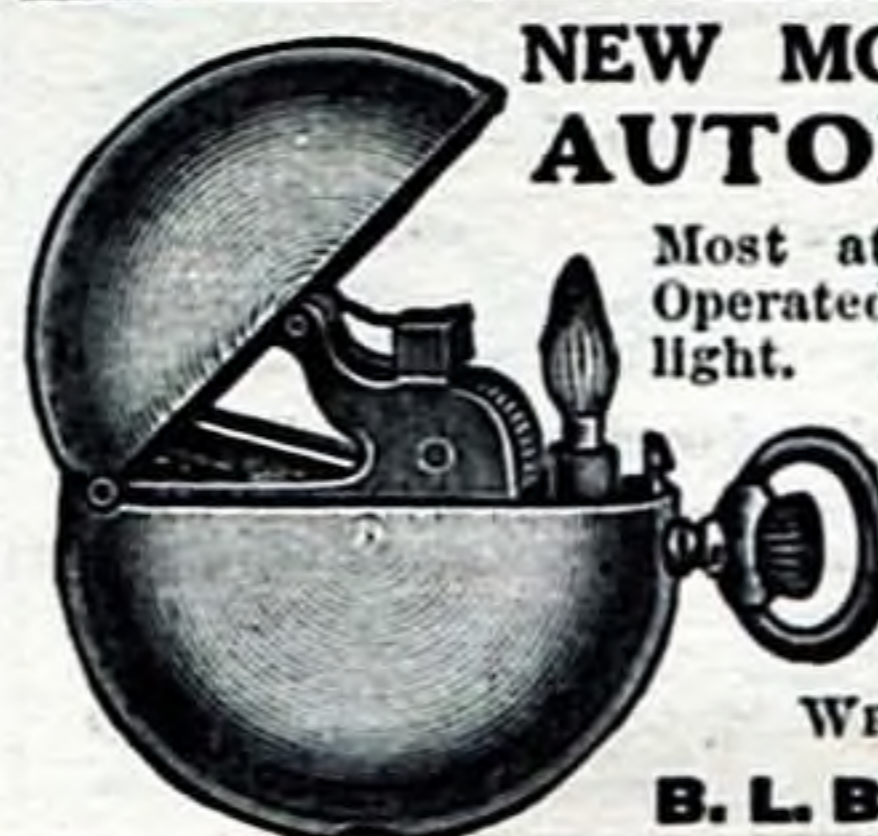
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JOHN R. B.—Do not know what kind of revolver G. M. Anderson uses—whether it is a Colt or a full-grown horse-pistol. Ned Finley and Edith Storey in "Children of the Feud" (Vitagraph). Ruth Roland and George Larkin in "Too Many Johnnies" (Kalem). Margaret Fischer and Harry Pollard in "The Wife" (American Beauty). William Shay and Leah Baird in "The Price of Sacrilege" (Imp).

WILFRED H. S.—James Ross was Tully in "An Unseen Terror" (Kalem). Rex Downs was Huntley in "Her Indian Brother" (Kalem). Art Ortega was Red Hank in "Red Hank's Sacrifice" (Kalem). John Smiley was the father in "The Inspector's Story" (Lubin).

EDNA MAY.—Robyn Adair and Barney Sherry were the two brothers in "Military Judas" (Broncho). Sydney Ayres in "The Power of Light" (American). Edward Coxen was the agent in "The Lost Treasure" (American). That there play was taken in California.

LILLIAN M.—Earle Williams plays opposite Edith Storey and Clara Young. Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "On Her Wedding Day" (Lubin). Henry King had the lead in "By Impulse."

BLANCHE L.—You think Carlyle Blackwell is not a success as a pickpocket? Well, that's a business where you have to get your hand in. Velma Whitman and Ray Gallagher in "In Mysterious Ways" (Lubin). Ollie Harbuval was the girl in "At the Eleventh Hour" (Selig). M. L. Pardee opposite Henry King in "The Power of Print" (Pathé).

THOMAS J. F.—Norbert Myles and Ethel Phillips in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem). William Finn was the villain. Your puns are like a broken pencil—they have no point.

NANAIMO GIRL.—Winnifred Greenwood was Enid in "The Ghost of the Hacienda" (American). Edward Coxen opposite her. Mabel Normand was the girl, and Wilfred Lucas the lover in "The Champion."

M. M.—Your verse for Earle Williams is good. Lottie Briscoe was the wife, and Florence Hackett the other girl in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin).

DOTTY DIMPLE.—Boyd Marshall was the young man in "The Vacant Chair" (Princess). No; Leah Baird is not Mrs. King Baggot. Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "The Other Girl" (Essanay). Lillian Drew was the rich girl.

A. D. C., DEADWOOD.—We have a recreation-room in our building, containing a piano and books, and during the noon hour the employees of the magazine make good use of this room. Charles Ray was Dinnis in "Eileen of Erin" (Domino).

PANSY.—Your letter is so very interesting. Mutual did not answer about that country boy. That was Henry King in "His Excellency" (Lubin). Wallie Reid is in California. Hal Reid, his father, is in New York, I believe.

C. A. P.—Probably the Powers. The Nicholas Power Co. (90 Gold Street, New York City) manufacture about 70 per cent. of the Motion Picture projecting machines used in this country. The Vitagraph Theater, the Palace Theater and Hammerstein's use these machines.

FAITH L. F.—Yes, to your first. Velma Whitman was the wife in "Magic Melody" (Lubin). Gertrude McCoy was Fanny in "All for His Sake" (Edison). Where, oh where, is my W. T. H.?

M. A. D.—Thanks for your interesting letter. So you cant *express* your admiration. Well, send it by freight.

NOKOMIS.—Sorry, but I could not obtain that information.

MARJORIE FROM CHICAGO.—Did you ever notice that when two persons get married on the screen how *unspeakably* happy they are? Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "When the Leaves Fall" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood was the lead in "Northern Hearts" (Selig). Leo White in "Speak No Evil." Louise Beaudet was the mother in "Sawdust vs. Salome."

THELMA S.—The Seven Bibles are the Christian Bible, the Koran, the Eddas of the Scandinavians, the Try Pitikes or Tripitaka, the Chinese Five Kings, the Three Vedas of the Hindus and the Zendavesta of the Persians. Ray Gallagher the lover, Henry King the unsuccessful lover, and Velma Whitman the leading woman in "The Eternal Duel" (Lubin). Rosemary Theby in "The Moth" (Lubin). Robert Frazer is back with Eclair.

THANVIT CLUB.—Marshall Neilan in that Rex. Francelia Billington was the girl in "The Van Warden's Jewels" (Majestic). William Garwood was the husband in "A Turn of the Cards" (Majestic). Lillian Drew was the girl. The original Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a Miss Letcher, who afterwards married General Kennedy. Most of the other characters were taken from real life by Mrs. Stowe.

KRAZY KAT KLUB.—Ruth Roland and George Larkin, and John Brennan and Ruth Ritter in "Emancipated Women" (Kalem). Harry Fisher and Dixie King were the other couple. James Morrison is back with Vitagraph. You say in reading the magazine you have discovered several blockheads, such as Greenwood, Kirkwood, Haywood, Lockwood and Garwood. And you have discovered ten tons, such as Clayton, Killington, Lytton, etc. And about thirteen Moores.

FAYE C., HOUSTON.—Warren Kerrigan is at Hollywood, Cal. Yes, while you are having flowers and trees in bloom, we have dirty snowbanks along the sidewalks. "Oh, the beautiful snow!" Tell your father he's a pretty good judge.

MRS. J. B. D.—The votes you send in every month are counted. You are not wasting your money. Your marvelous mélange of humor and fantasy appreciated.



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JUNE B.—Crane Wilbur still plays at the Jersey City studio. Dont think he has much time to correspond. Thanks.

ROSE GIRL.—It's according to what you're after—Emerson said to aim high, while General Jackson said to aim low! Frank Newburg in "Hilda of Heron Cave" (Selig). Irene Bowley and Donald Crisp in "The Blue or the Gray" (Biograph). Earle Williams and Clara K. Young had the leads in "Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph).

LOUISE ORTH.—I am sorry I have been calling you Lillian, but that is the way we got it from the Biograph. Hereafter, you shall be known as Louise Orth, the beautiful Biograph blonde. I also wish to state that you played the leading part in "Troublesome Mole," not Miss Pardee. Accept my compliments, felicitations and thanks. May we have your photo?

EDNA W.—Larry Peyton was the young doctor in "Trapped" (Kalem). Paul Hurst was Dan, and Marin Sais the doctor's wife. Velma Whitman the girl in "The Eternal Duel" (Lubin). Mae Marsh was Anne in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Jane Wolfe was Sybel, and Louise Glaum was Mildred in "The Masquerader."

PAKALA MAORI.—No doubt if you write to Julia S. Gordon she will do as you request. Your letter is very entertaining.

MRS. D. G.—You ask my advice, madam, as to where to let your children attend the photoplay. I am sorry that I cannot advise you. The plays are now written for the average. Some are too heavy and suggestive for children, and some are not enough so to please the older folks. The only solution is to have theaters and plays especially for children. That would do away with the questions of censorship. As a rule, however, you are safe in allowing your children to attend almost any photoplay that is given in a high-class theater. Good managers seldom let a really bad play get on their screen nowadays.

GRACE E. H.—House Peters was the theatrical manager. Sidney Drew was Blunt in "Beauty Unadorned" (Vitagraph). Jose de la Cruz was the president in "His Excellency."

DELLA S.—Ethel Davis was Lygia in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). Flora Mason and Vera Hansey in that Universal. Frances Nelson was the sister in "So Runs the Way" (Biograph).

MELVA.—Your letter is full of good judgment. Clarence Barr was Bill in "From Father to Son" (Rex). That picture was taken in California, and the animals are tame.

ESTHER K.—We expect to chat Crane Wilbur soon again. Charles Chaplin in "Mabel's Strange Predicament."

WILLIAM H. P.—Wilfred Lucas played opposite Mary Pickford in "A Pueblo Legend" (Biograph). He is now with the International Films. Mr. Vosburgh was the young reporter, and William Ehfe was his friend in "A War Correspondent."

**VYRGYNYA.**—Eleanor Woodruff was the daughter in "In the Mesh of Her Hair" (Pathé). Mary Ruby was Little Sister in "Captain Jenny" (Gold Seal). Herschel Mayal was the governor in "The Mystery Lady" (Domino). Anna Little was leading lady. Harry Millarde was the brother in "The Hand-print Mystery" (Kalem).

**MARIE C. P.**—You seem to think that the shortest road to my affections is thru my stomach, and so you send me fudge. Well, it reached my stomach, all right, but I haven't observed any other effects. Thanks.

**HERMAN.**—Wrong! I work hard, but not for a woman. You have been reading Kipling: "Till we are built like angels—with hammer and chisel and pen, we will work for ourselves and a woman, forever and ever, Amen!" Norma Phillips is the Mutual Girl.

**MARION H.**—Margaret Thompson was Loxie in "A Kentucky Romance" (Kay-Bee.) Hal Clarendon was the captain in "The Port of Doom" (Famous Players). Ernest Truex was Wally, and Bryant Washburn was the college friend in "Caprice." Harold Lockwood is playing for Famous Players.

**MRS. E. H. S.**—Now, dont call me a kidder; too old for that. No, I dont know where you can buy medicine to keep your ink-well. Phyllis Gordon opposite William Clifford in "The Water War" (Bison). Herbert Rawlinson in "For the Freedom of Cuba" (Bison). Walter Edwards and Margaret Thompson in "Conscience" (Broncho). Clara Williams and Alfred Vosburgh in "The Informer" (Domino). O. C. Lund in "The First Nugget" (Eclair). Herbert Rawlinson and Mary Ruby in "One of the Bravest" (Gold Seal). Anna Nilsson and William Dunn in "Perils of the White Lights" (Kalem). Marin Sais in "The Chinese Death-Thorn" (Kalem).

**MILDRED AND MEREDITH.**—Crane Wilbur gives lectures in theaters. Cant tell whether he dances the maxixe. Yes; Pearl White is back with Pathé again. Thanks. May the clouds that bring the rain bring the rainbow after.

**ORSON JUNE.**—Frances Ne Moyer was the beaut in "The Beaut from Butte" (Lubin). Gordon Griffiths was the little boy in "A Chip of the Old Block" (Keystone). Selig have a studio at Tucson, Ariz., and one at Edendale, Cal. William Duncan was the ranger in "The Ranger's Horse" (Selig). That was the battleship *Connecticut* on which "A Romance of the U. S. N." (Thanouser) was taken. Clara Young was Edna, Leo Delaney was Harris, James Morrison was Chester, and Lillian Walker was Helen in "The Volunteer Strike-breaker" (Vitagraph). William Duncan in "Buck's Romance" (Selig).

**EVA S.**—Benjamin Wilson was the oldest son in "Marnet" (Edison). Harold Lockwood was the first lover in "The Love of Penelope" (Selig). Louise Glaum in "The Convict's Story" (Kalem).

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| "The Red Trail" . . . . .            | Biograph    |
| "Insanity" . . . . .                 | Lubin       |
| "The Little Music Teacher" . . . . . | Majestic    |
| "Sally Ann's Strategy" . . . . .     | Edison      |
| "Ma's Apron Strings" . . . . .       | Vitagraph   |
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**FERVENT FILM FAN.**—Charles Ray was the lead in "The Black Sheep" (Broncho). Richard Stanton was Dan in "Widow Maloney's Faith" (Domino). Dick Cummings was the old man in "Always Together" (Majestic). Herschel Mayal was Carlo in "A Venetian Romance."

**ANNIE D.**—Thelma Slater was the child in "The Harvest of Sin" (Broncho). She is about six years old. Right. As Voltaire says: "Man is the only animal that drinks when it is not thirsty and makes love at all seasons of the year."

**NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.**—Haven't heard where Fred Church is. Come right along, fair one, and I will greet thee. Your letter is very interesting.

**LOTTIE D. T.**—If a man continues to stare at you in the theater, you should complain to the manager. But remember that if you merely catch his eye, it is not necessary to return it. Carrie Ward and William Nigh in "A Warm Welcome" (Majestic). Lila Chester was the mother in "The Children's Hour" (Thanouser). Belle Bennett and Lamar Johnstone in "The Frame-up" (Majestic).

**E. SMITH, CLEVELAND.**—Boyd Marshall and Muriel Ostriche in "Her Right to Happiness" (Princess). Charles Murray and G. Gregory in "Skelly's Turkey" (Biograph). Louise Orth in "A Desperate Hero." Thanks very much for the coin. I have never seen one like it before. What a shame I cant spend it!

**WEE WILLIE.**—Thanks for the beautiful, blue necktie. Now if you had also sent me a blue wig, I'd be right in style. Harold Lockwood in "Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players). Ernest Truex had the male lead in "A Good Little Devil" (Famous Players). You say our magazine seems to improve when improvement seems impossible? Thank you.

**G. V., MICHIGAN.**—The Rex Company will not give us that player's name. Harry Carey and James Cooley were the sons in "Concentration" (Biograph). Fred Lucas was Baffles in "Baffles, the Gentleman Burglar" (Keystone). Edwin Coxen was Ed in "The Money-Lender" (American).

**LESTER C. W.**—Thanks for your excellent printed letter. Oh, yes, it was written perfectly. You refer to Wheeler Oakman opposite Bessie Eyton in both those plays. Your letter is one of my finest.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

Miss Orra Johnson, of Des Moines, makes the mistake of assuming that her interesting letter was to be read only by the office-boy. Here is her letter in full:

I have long wanted to write one movie fan's thoughts, and I have a chance. Today I mailed a 50-word "title and explanation" to prize picture in your last issue and gave only my street number and forgot "Des Moines" (a trick I have). It ended with the



words "cherubim and seraphim." I gave the title as "The Last Copy," and I venture you will have hundreds of entries giving it "The Last Copy" it seems so clearly that. Back to my idea—I know how little editors wish letters from the "dear" public—I know something about them, for I have read proof on their editorials for ten years, and I know how simple and unassuming they are and what poor spellers and how they appreciate a little praise from just some one who understands, and I know what really kind, brotherly hearts they have. And if this is turned over to an associate editor (the proof-reader generally edits them on our paper) it may call to their mind, if they are of the Photoplay Clearing House staff, one of my plots, that has been yearning, praying almost to come to life, "The Tattooed Picture on J. Warren Kerrigan's Broad Arm," that has been struggling to reach the Victor scenario bunch. Kerrigan is one of the things I want to say something about.

But first I want to speak of the wonderful Moving Picture age. You said in your editorials not long ago what I've been prophesying several years, so I'll not say that. It is torture to sit thru the best-talked play of three hours' duration by an all-star cast if the auditor tells the truth. And I don't like the dramatization—I mean the arrangement for photoplay of talking plays. They are as dummies compared to some of the best one-reel plots. But it's a bait to catch the playgoers, who will not break away from the aristocratic \$5 a seat playhouse for anything else. I don't believe in censoring photoplays. The censor is always crucified for his pains. What I want to say about the future of the movies is too big for my vocabulary. I'm going back to Kerrigan.

Whenever I see Kerrigan I want to burst forth into talk—to ye editor—to some one who understands. This isn't a mush note. The varied comments of the people who see him awakens this desire. "It seems like I knew him," a young man says. "No other seems so; I like lots of the actors and actresses awfully well, but after the picture I forget, and after seeing Kerrigan I remember and think about it and want to see him; I feel as if I already know him. Must be his personality, I suppose. Why, in that 'Matrimonial Brander,' or whatever it was, when he got mad, he looked like an educated beast; just like a beast when he twisted that red-hot iron; strong, he's like a giant, a Samson, and I do hope he comes here in Samson." From one of the lady reporters, confidently, "I think it's because he is a composite of that sport's poet, once my best beau, the cowboy milkman, that looked just like him, only more so, delivered our milk one summer, and that tramp feature writer and printer combined we were all in love with—that I admire him so." "When he made love he kissed the girl square on the mouth," the tired dressmaker with two boys and a husband who isn't loving, explained. "Square on the mouth! Gee, it just made you homesick," she explained. I don't suppose another living person is so well known and beloved. Children call him everything—"Jack," "Warren," "Curly," "Kerrigan, the man who rides like a bird." For myself, I have studied out why I like him, and, as the young man, seems like I knew him. He acts the part assigned to him, but he puts in it the personality of Warren Kerrigan, all of it, without stint. I'll venture he drawls his words, Southern style, and his natural motions are slow; but when there's action required, it's double-gear'd electricity, as in the pictures. I don't think it's a good thing for the public to have him act in plays like the mine foreman, tho it ends all right; the part where he is brutal is so alluring it is bad for the rising youth. I don't like to see him die in some of the plots. It's too real to his friend voters in the coming contest. The people like to think of their hero as still heroing.

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That's another thing: in mercy's name cant we have still less; in fact, no plots ending or having deaths pictured? Couldn't leaders and letters explain sufficiently? I'm almost "editing"—asking questions, and I've wasted all evening that I should have used studying technique and growing plots from copy-germs saved from my proofreading. Please remember this, Miss Associate Editor, into whose hands I guess this will fall, and mark parts of it for Mr. Editor to read and hand it back to him.

Mr. O. Michel Pérès of New Orleans, La., writes thus:

Am availing myself of the opportunity to state my opinions of plays and players. Whether they are worth stating is left to your decision.

I have steadily watched the growth of the Moving Picture industry. Those film companies which are the greatest need not be named. The following plays, tho, deserve comment:

"The Power of the Cross," "The Motherly Heart," "The Parasite," "The Vampire," "Self-Convicted," "Partners in Crime," and the "Mary Series."

As to our best players I must refrain from mentioning names. But the temptation is too great to withhold the names of my favorites, Arthur Johnson and Alice Joyce. Fortunately, Mr. Johnson has rôles fitting his abilities, but Miss Joyce, strange to say, plays rôles that do not reveal her hidden talents.

The plays to which Miss Joyce is best fitted are the great novels of F. Marion Crawford. This author's works portray strong, noble women—women able to combat with human difficulties with such unique powers that mankind in general feel satisfied that there are some who are worthy of being endowed with the grand title "woman."

I hope the day is not far distant when Kalem will realize this—and, too, hear of Kalem's transporting a troupe to Europe and the Orient to film the novels of Francis Marion Crawford.

This is from Mrs. Alta Stevens, of Springfield, Mo., one of our contributors:

In due course I received your check for "My Favorite Magazine;" later a card with the information that the verse would appear in the February number, and last the beautiful magazine with its illustrated page and verse reached me.

I wish to thank you for your kindness and consideration, and hope some time to be able to send you something else that you may deem worthy a place in your pages.

Please say to your artist that I am delighted with his work, and the whole makes a pleasing and attractive page.

I like your change of name, for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is more artistic. Every number of the magazine seems an improvement over the previous one, and it is today the ablest exponent of the Motion Picture world.

May your efforts be crowned with success, and may you be enabled to eliminate every objectionable feature from the Motion Picture screen.

Mrs. Frank Berley, of Dallas, Tex., writes critically as follows:

For several months I have been a most enthusiastic Motion Picture fan, also an interested reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and I doubt if there is any one who knows as many of the players on the screen as I do. I don't notice the players alone, however, as most people do who attend the

photoplay, but I notice and study the play and every small detail, therefore I wish to make a few criticisms as well as a few words of praise.

First—I think your Answer Department takes up too much room in your splendid magazine; should be cut down to a few pages, or what would be better in my opinion, to just print a few casts each month and do away with so many foolish questions such as "What kind of cigarettes does Warren Kerrigan smoke?" and "How much per yard does Ormi Hawley pay for her silk?" Such questions as those are positively ridiculous and should be ignored by the Answer Department.

Another absurd thing is writing verses and love-letters to the players. I am sure the players themselves do not appreciate it, so would it not be much better to write honest praise or criticism to the players? For the rest of your magazine I will say that it is the very best I have ever read, and were it issued four times instead of once a month I would buy every copy.

While every one does not write and express their desires to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE I believe that what people want most is good, clean comedy or society plays. I am especially interested in the Greenroom Jottings and Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher and hope they will continue to occupy a good, large space in your magazine.

Miss Edna C. McCann, of 337 West Twenty-second Street, New York City, makes an interesting suggestion, and one which we may adopt:

As a constant reader of your magazine I am naturally much interested in your department. I approve most heartily of its policy and I think it has done a great deal towards popularizing the players and uplifting the silent drama.

But there is one improvement I would suggest, and I hope it is such as may meet with your approval. Do not always print tributes to the "stars," but help the lesser deserving players up the ladder by printing a few lines to their credit. Perhaps there are fewer verses written to this class I mention (for instance, E. K. Lincoln, Norma Talmadge, Gladys Hulette) and that is why glowing tributes to Costello and Mary Fuller decorate your pages so frequently. To start the good work along I enclose a little "pome" to my favorite, E. K. Lincoln, and hope that you will give it your kind consideration.

I would also like to suggest a little plan for benefiting your department. Why not offer a place of honor and the title "Month's Best Poem" to the person sending in the best verses and make arrangement with the players that the one to whom the prize poem is written shall send his (or her) autographed photo to the writer? This would arouse the readers to greater efforts and might bring out some embryo genius.

In conclusion, I would again state that your department has my deepest interest, and I consider it the finest department in the finest magazine in the country.

Miss M. Rhea Meiers, of 183 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., makes some timely remarks on censorship and other subjects:

Please allow a little voice to speak a few words. I want to say I agree with Jean Libby, Birmingham, Ala., in regard to the Board of Censorship. It keeps the pictures unnatural, because of a certain moral they have to show, keeping them narrow and to a sameness. If we have to give our Motion Picture plays to a board of censorship to protect feeble-minded persons, then the press all over the country should be subjected to the same censorship. Nothing

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They see the probable things happen from their backyard by neighbors every day.

Improbable things made possible by Motion Picture photograph trickery have made the hit. Plays out of the ordinary, drawn ahead of this present time by people with an imagination, draw the crowds.

I am in sympathy with the letter of Curtis L. Anders, of Commerce, Tex.

A sight I saw: Four runaway box cars, a man on a moving freight train—to face the camera he jumped after these four runaways. I am a girl, but never worked on a railroad. I was shocked; am still wondering how he caught the four runaway box cars.

Let it be natural, even if a couple back into a camera. Natural action, and not a face, is needed.

One more suggestion. The editors seem to think dramatic action must be in every foot of reel; they appear to think to please the public they cannot have a family scene without a jealous husband making goo-goo eyes. To see a happy family scene is in itself a pretty sight, and you will hear "Aha's."

Another fault. A man meets a lady. Next scene he marries her. The "natural between" is left out. The prettiest play I ever witnessed, the most satisfied audience I was ever among, was a play that had the "natural between" left in. That is one reason dramas are in demand; they pay attention to the small parts. Many people have not the imagination to fill in the gaps. A girl will run away from a country town home to New York City; her country beau follows hours later (happens) to rent a room adjoining hers. It would be more interesting to see him stumble around in that "small city," "where no two houses look alike," "and everybody knows everybody else," before showing he has found the object of his search. This wonderful invention has made marvelous strides in the last five years, and some day it will be as it should, and the directors will learn it is not necessary to have a knockdown or drag-out to every foot of film to please the masses.

I am very enthusiastic; movies are my hobby. I am very observing. I like to watch the faces of an audience receiving a picture play, many times more interesting than the play. I hope to become a real live author of Motion Picture plays.

Wishing you success, I am a great admirer of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Hope my suggestions get a hearing, or at least you find they are worth reading. I have many more, but do not want to take up your valuable time.

Mrs. W. L. K. writes the following breezy and entertaining comments:

After reading the magazine from cover to cover—as I thought—I was looking over it again and came across my own letter from Birmingham, written four months ago.

I thought it had long since found its way to the waste-basket.

Thank you for printing it; I appreciate the courtesy and feel encouraged to write again.

I am getting deeper and deeper into the love of the Motion Pictures and all connected with them, and as a source of amusement and study they rank, in my estimation, second only to the high-class plays and the best books.

Everything is improving. The stories are showing more character, the players are playing better, directors are giving more attention to detail, and photography is growing more beautiful all the time.

The companies I see are enticing much good talent from the stage, and I hope they will keep it up, for people want the best now in Moving Pictures, and the demand for them is constantly growing.

Let me say a few words about a picture I saw not long since. It was Edison's "The Great Physician."

I have not superlatives enough in my vocabulary to express my appreciation of that picture. It was exquisitely beautiful, and, I believe, made a greater impression than any picture I have ever seen.

Such pictures as this one and Reliance's "Success" start one to thinking, indeed. One a most beautiful lesson in submission and resignation, and the other a startling lesson in the awakening of a conscience.

Edison, Reliance and Vitagraph are constantly giving us some fine things. Vitagraph's "feature" plays are distinctly forceful and finished.

Now, can I have a little more space for a few wishes? Thank you.

I wish that Vitagraph would "feature" oftener in comedies. I wish they would bring back to the screen Dorothy Kelly, William Humphrey and S. Rankin Drew. Lately we have looked for them in vain.

These six—Earle Williams, Edith Storey, E. K. Lincoln, Harry Northrup, Mrs. Mary Maurice and Clara Kimball Young—are my Vitagraph favorites.

I wish that Irving Cummings had not left Reliance. I wish that King Baggot, Leah Baird and William Shea would "feature" in plays of the present time. I wish that Edwin August would stay in one place—he keeps one continually hunting for him.

He ought to "feature" in Shakespearean rôles, he is so intensely dramatic. But then he is perfect in everything. I wish that Kinemacolor would show pictures independent of vaudeville, and oh, I forgot to say I wish that Vitagraph would not use the half-colored "posters," the "black and white" are so much more genteel. Don't you think so?

Now, "If wishes were horses, etc.," but why not start a "wishing page?"

Here is some expert information on how to carry a pistol, by Joel H. Knight, of Santa Barbara:

I am a constant reader of the magazine and see that it has offended Mr. Curtis L. Anders, of Commerce, Tex., at the way cowboys carry their pistols. First, a pistol is portable and is so made that it can be carried where it is the most convenient to get it. The left hip is convenient to a rider, as it does not interfere with him in any way in getting on and off a horse and is much easier drawn hurriedly from the left hip but forward than it is at right hip but to the rear and hang to reach backward to get a grip on it. As to his way of mounting I don't think he has ever had anything to do with a horse. I know of several horses in the movie game that he or any one else can't mount using his method unless he has three arms and hands. A cowboy invariably catches a horse by the bridle check with his left hand and his saddle-horn with his right hand. His way is all O. K. if he has never learnt the old and easy way of mounting. I do not think people should pass judgment upon things they know nothing about. Texas is full of cowboys, and he should know better by this time. Hoping he has found the way to mount by now, if not come to Santa Barbara, Cal., and take some lessons, as there are several Texas boys here in the Moving Picture game now.

Please use what you think advisable of this or all. The boys all join in sending best wishes to the editor and staff of the magazine.

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# ALAN DALE

*The Celebrated Dramatic Critic, Writes in the  
New York American of Sunday,  
February 15th, 1914*

I had an awfully good time at the opening of the **VITAGRAPH THEATER**. It seemed like a new experience, with a certain piquancy to it. Nothing to do but look! Plays were there, without voices, and the very silence was enjoyable. Then one's imagination was allowed to work so agreeably. I prefer my own imagination to the "words" that are cast on the screen. Sometimes these words, banal and trite, spoil the illusion. In pictures one can imagine such a lot! I love them when they don't dot the i's and cross the t's. The Vitagraph pictures were certainly very beautiful ones, **without a flicker in them.**

Alan Dale is right:—

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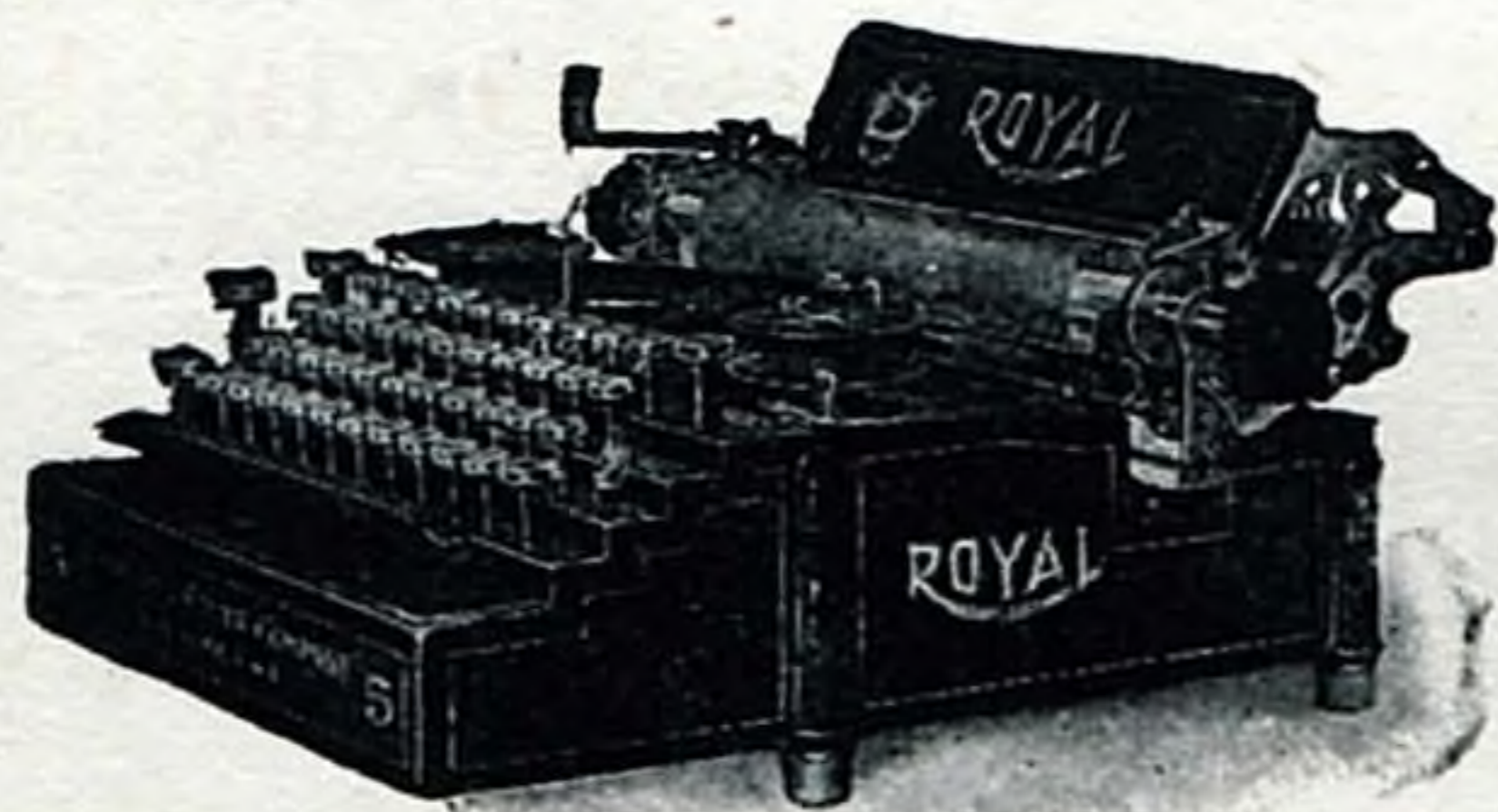
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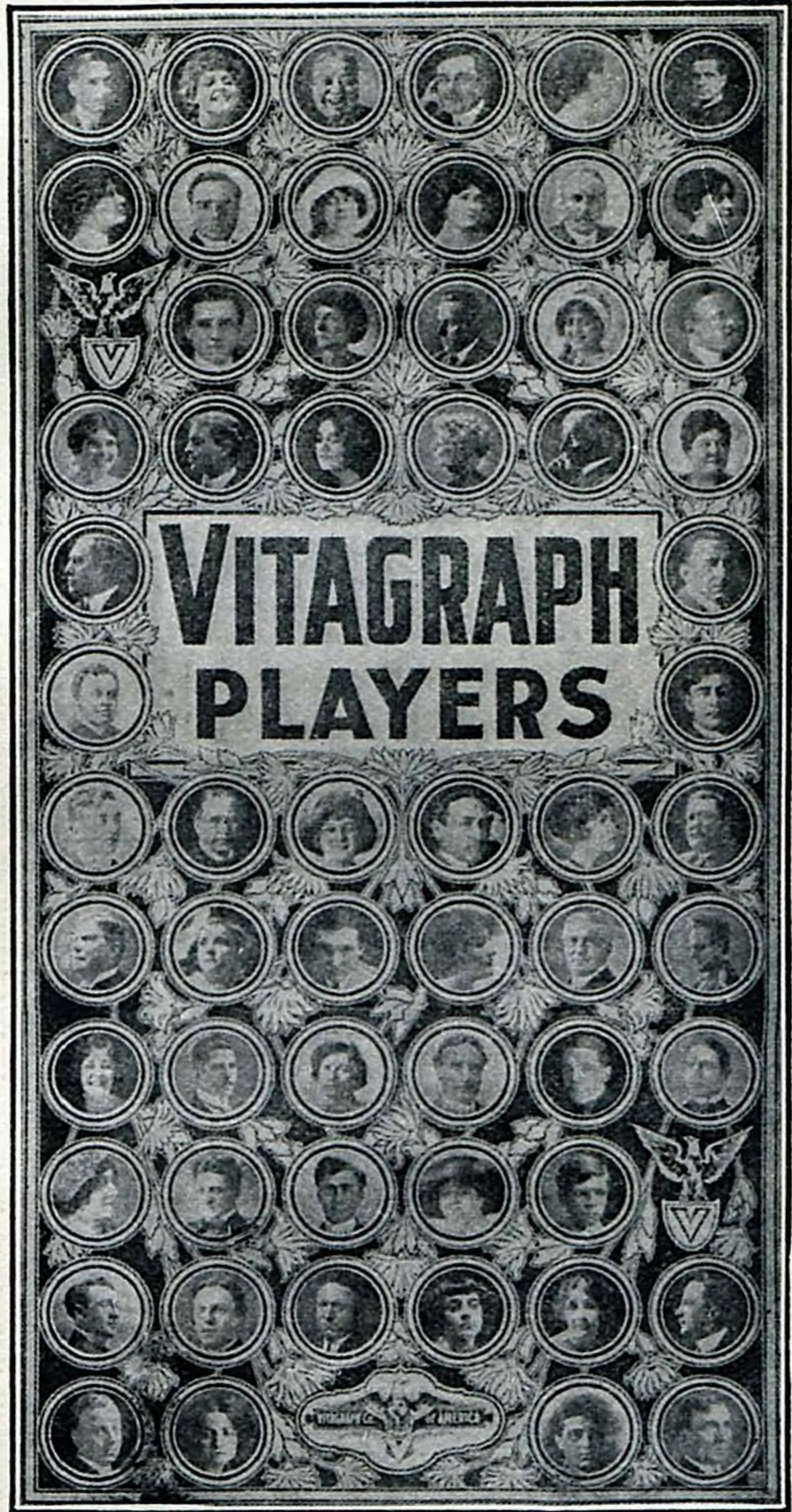
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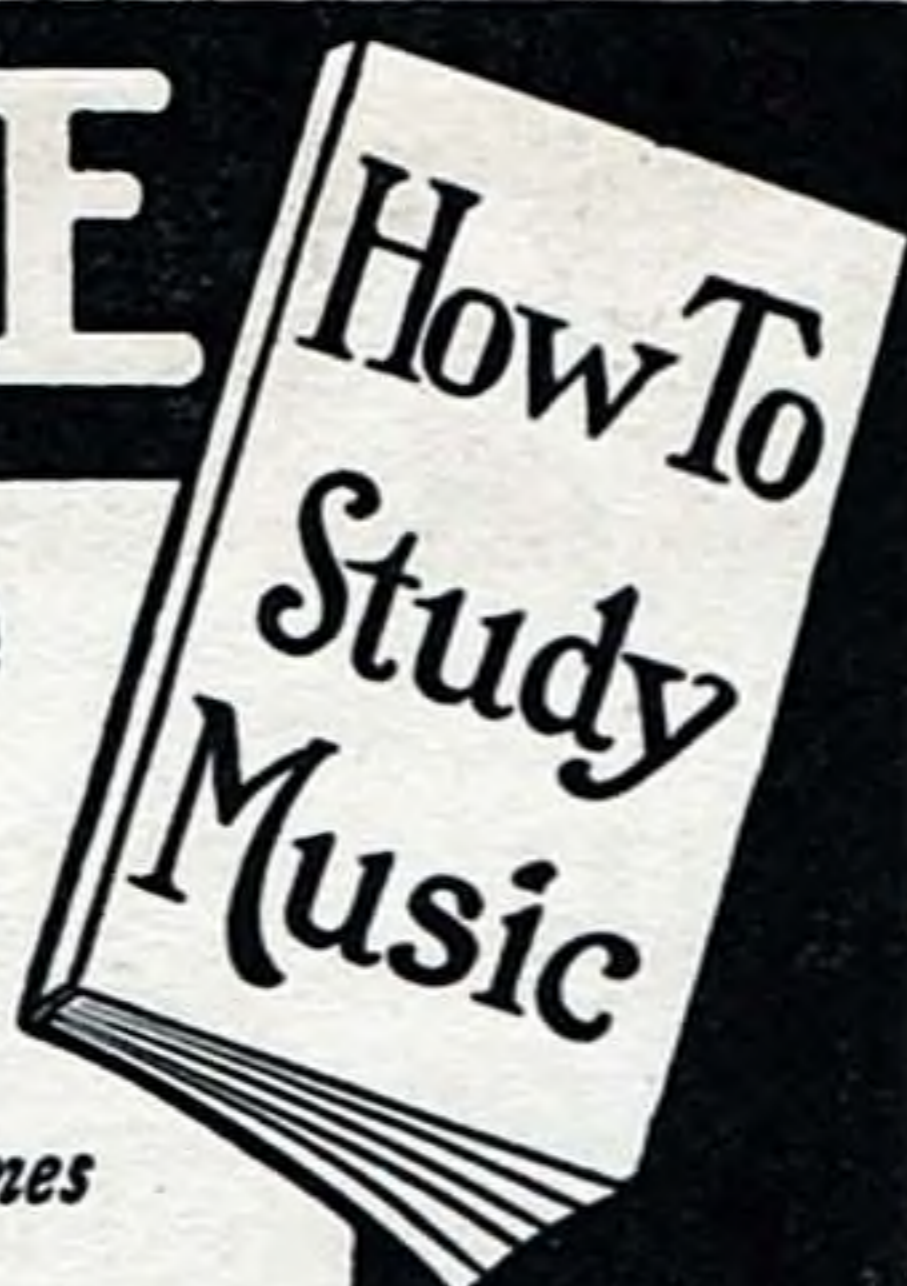


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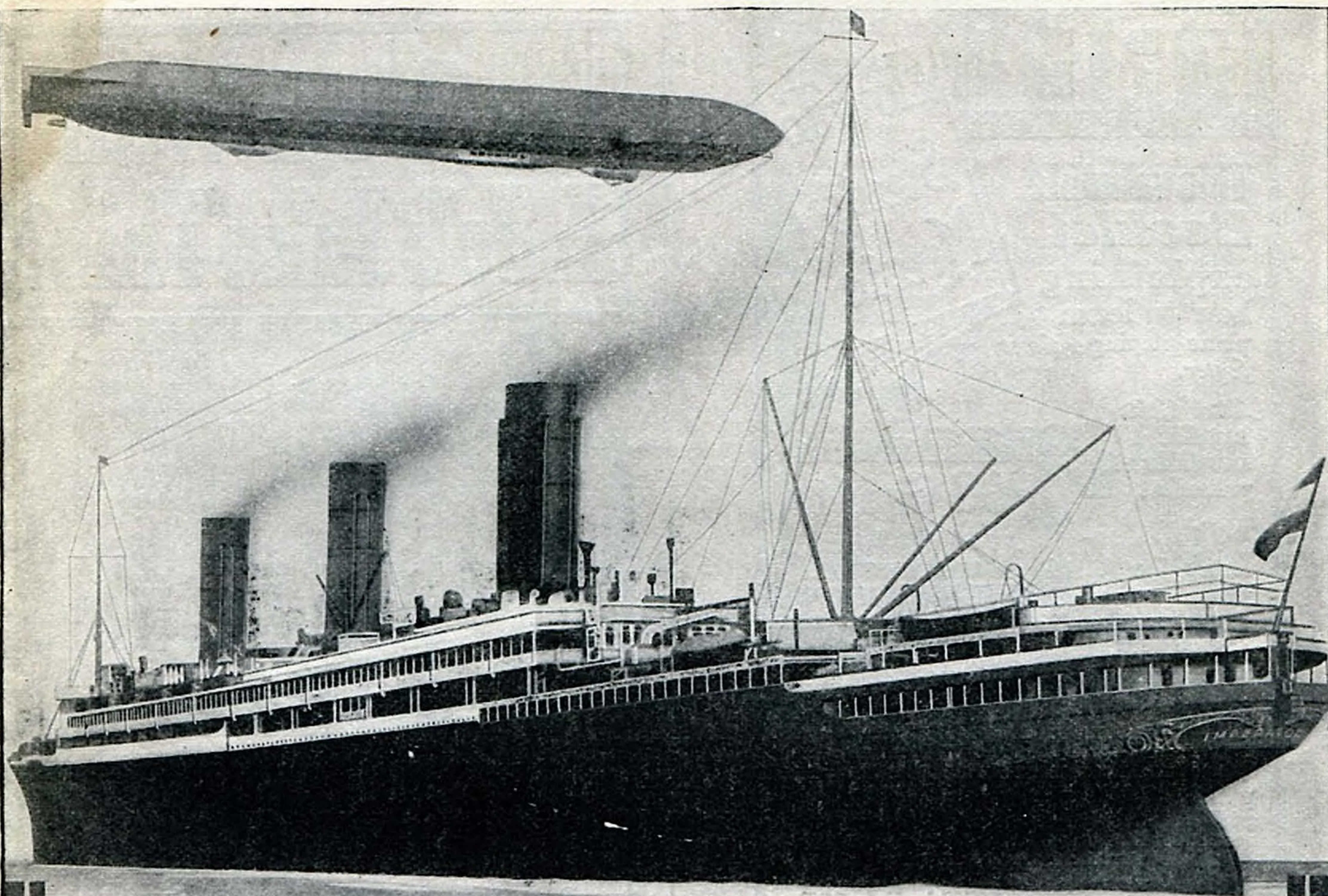
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Gentlemen:

Have been selling splendidly and am beginning to have orders, dealing directly with directors and prominent players. Twenty reels sold and three uncertain but still going. Is that a good record, since June was my first "appearance"?

I have mentioned the "Clearing House" to several embryo scenario writers, giving it a personal recommendation and adding that my brother Phil, of Majestic, had bought from it.

Best wishes to you, and I am glad to see your fine magazine is so well thought of.

Yours very truly,

ELIZABETH LONERGAN.

130 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Photoplay Clearing House:

Your Photoplay, "The Wager," pleased me immensely. I will have to make some slight revision to suit the double role of mother and daughter to my own interpretation, and, perhaps, will change the title.

It delighted me that you could supply such an original and peculiar three-reel script on such short notice as the 'phone gives.

Believe me sincerely,

GENE GAUNTIER,  
Gene Gauntier Players.

Gentlemen:

I am in receipt of your check for \$270.00 for my four last photoplays. You are certainly a live wire as an agent.

WILLIAM McLEOD RAINES.

4433 W. 29th St., Denver, Colo.

Gentlemen:

The Crystal Company has purchased my scenario entitled "Complications Galore" for \$10.00, and the Edison Company has bought "Shattered Hopes Repaired" for \$50.00. Please send me the bill for your services in these transactions.

Trusting we may do further business together, I am,  
584 East 167th St., New York City. CHAS. E. RISSE.

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, 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 schools to select from.

Fee for reading, criticism and filing, \$1.00 (multiple reels, \$1.00 per reel), but to readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script; for multiple reels, 50c. per reel. For typewriting, a charge of \$1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. Return postage should be included, and foreign contributors should allow for U. S. exchange. Enclose P. O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

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

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THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,  
J. Stuart Blackton, Vice-President and Secretary.

Dear Sirs:

I take pleasure in enclosing money order for \$3.70 in payment for your services in placing my script, "His Sob Story," No. 2988, with the Thomas A. Edison, Inc., for the sum of \$35.00.

Parsons, Kans.

Yours truly,

REYNOLDS KNIGHT.

Dear Sirs:

I have renamed "A Young Girl's Adventure in Alaska," listed as No. 4634, "Alaskans," and have revised it as you suggested. Am enclosing it herewith for relisting. Am enclosing another script, "Mother-Love." Am very well satisfied with your criticism of No. 4634 and hope I have profited by it. Your criticism sheet is a correspondence course in photoplay writing in itself. Hoping to receive your criticism of "Mother-Love" as soon as possible.

1238 Palo Alto St., Pittsburgh, Pa. H. J. MELVILLE.

Dear Mr. La Roche:

I am holding for further consideration the photoplays entitled "The Debt Repaid" and "The Saving Story," which are the ones that are available of the last you sent.

"The Shame of Man" has got the punch that we want in most of our stories, and that is the kind of a story we want—something with a big punch, or with the element of "run to the rescue" in them.

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Yours truly,  
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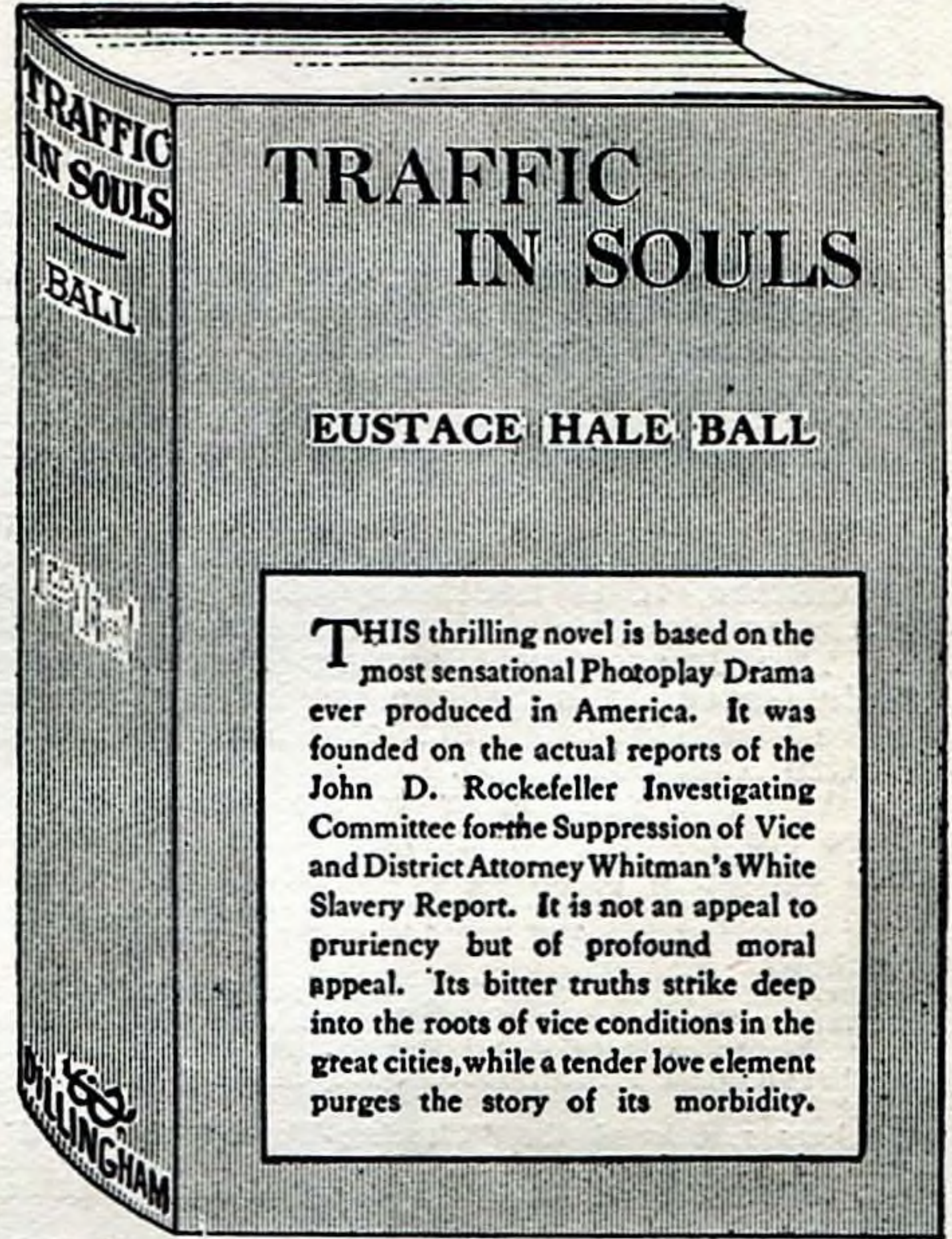
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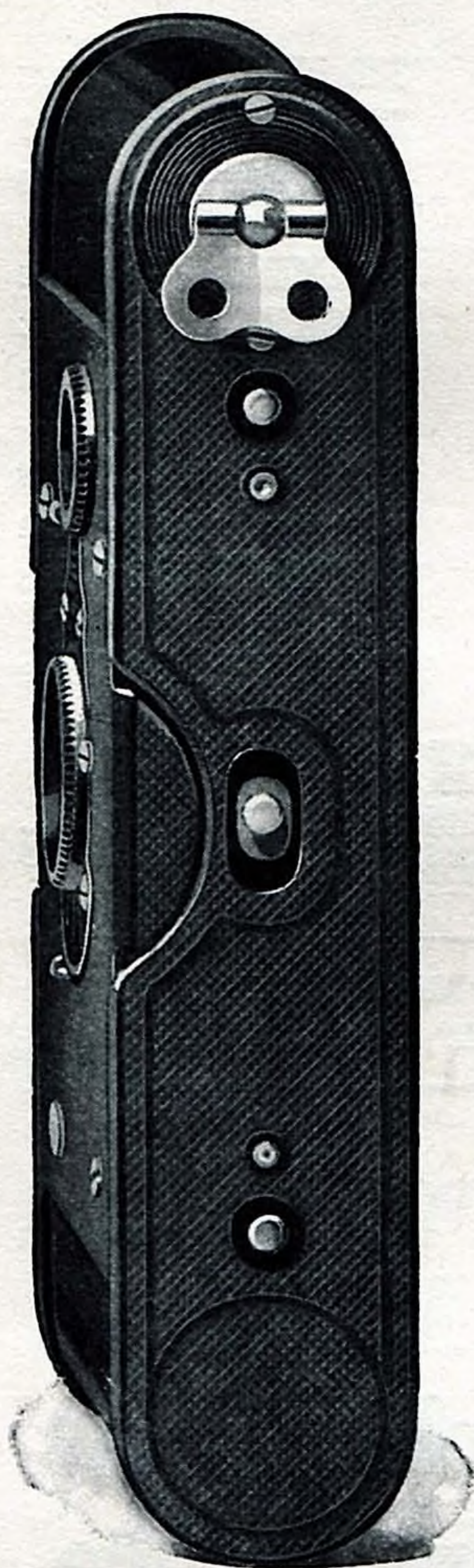
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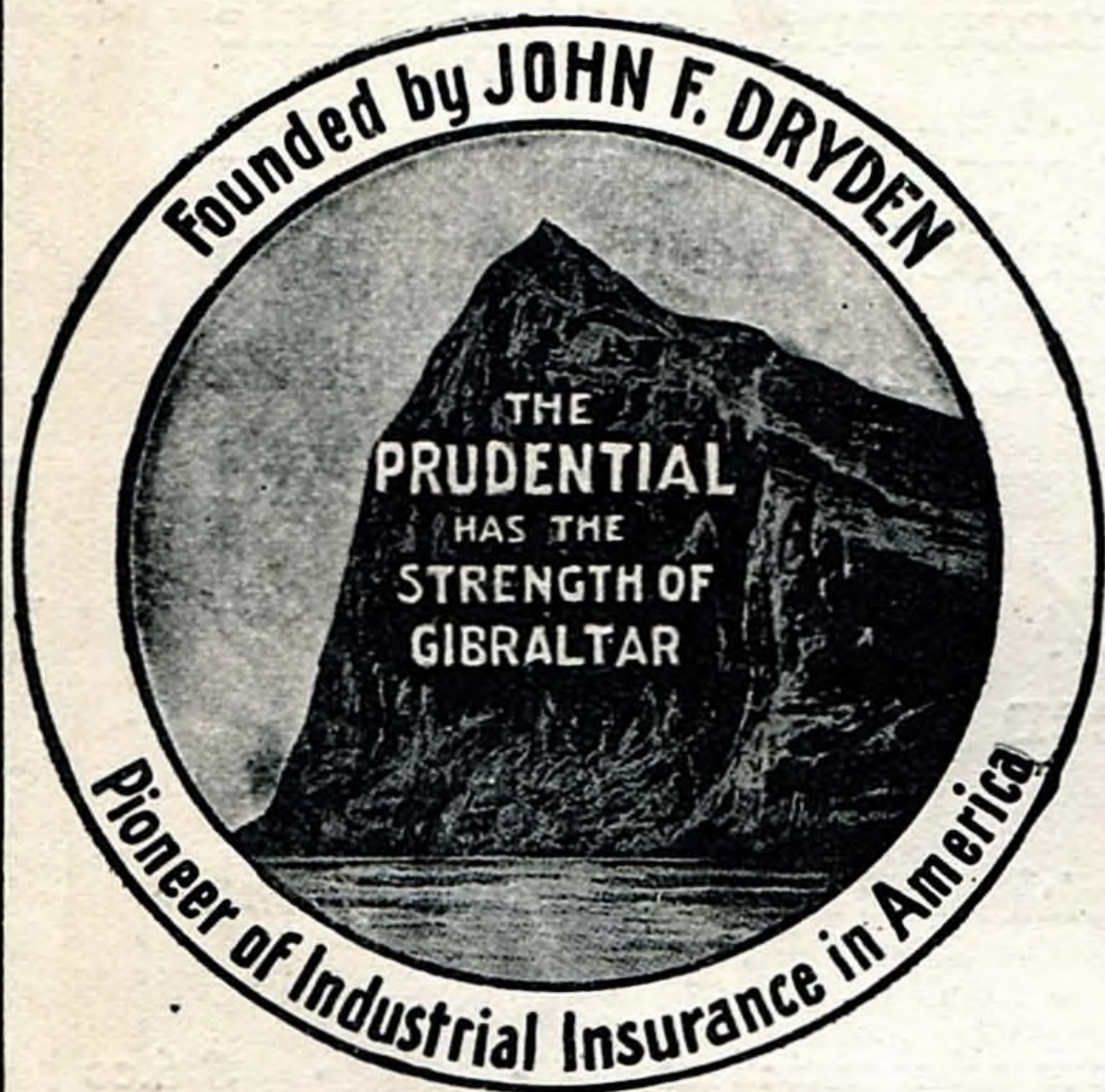
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