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The December

# MOTION PICTURE

— STORY MAGAZINE —  
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Scene from "The Informer" (page 74)



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# THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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## THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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**THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

After reading these stories, ask your theater manager to show you the films on the screen!



# GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



Alice Hollister

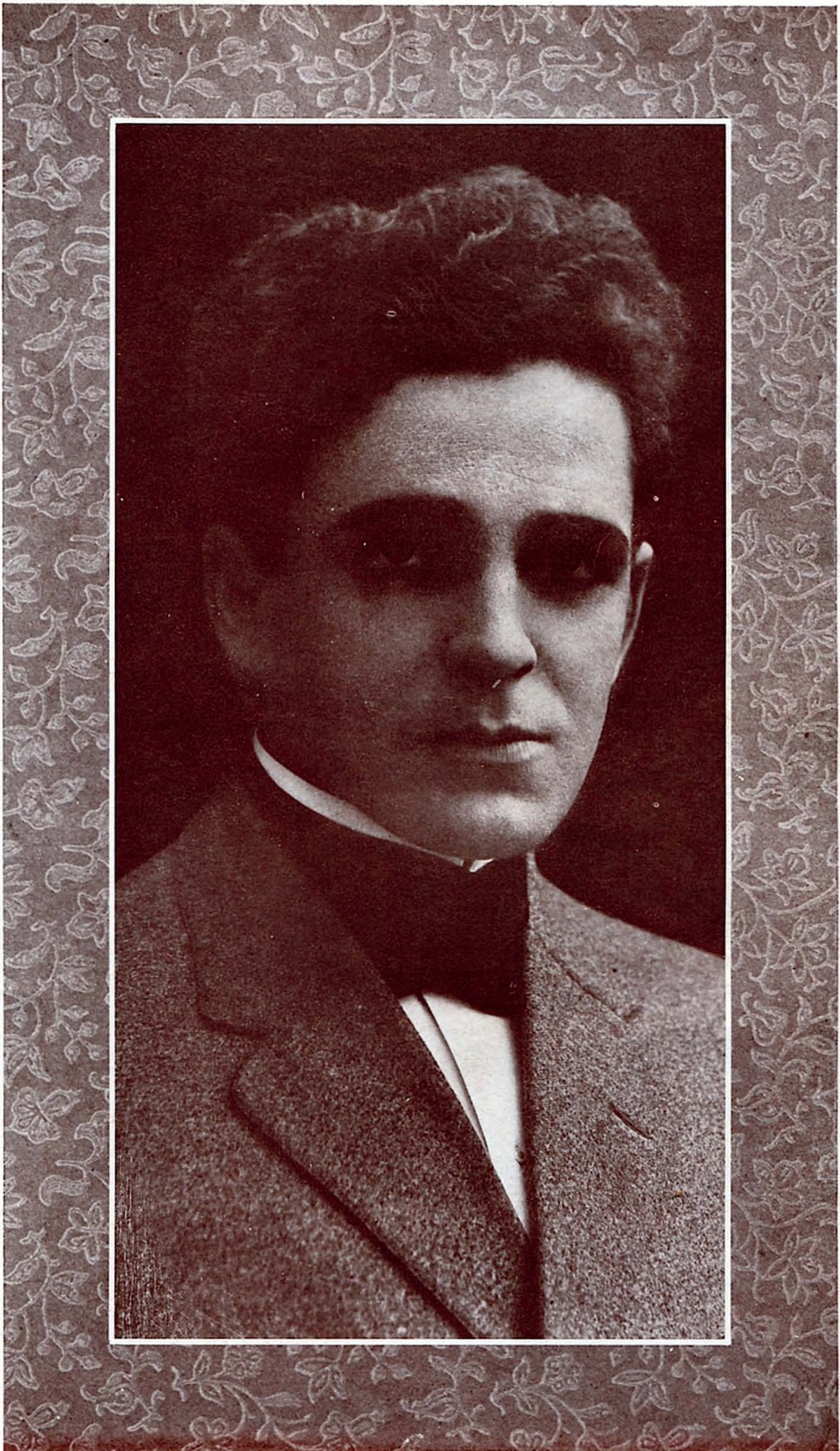
(Kalem)





ADELE LANE  
(Lubin)





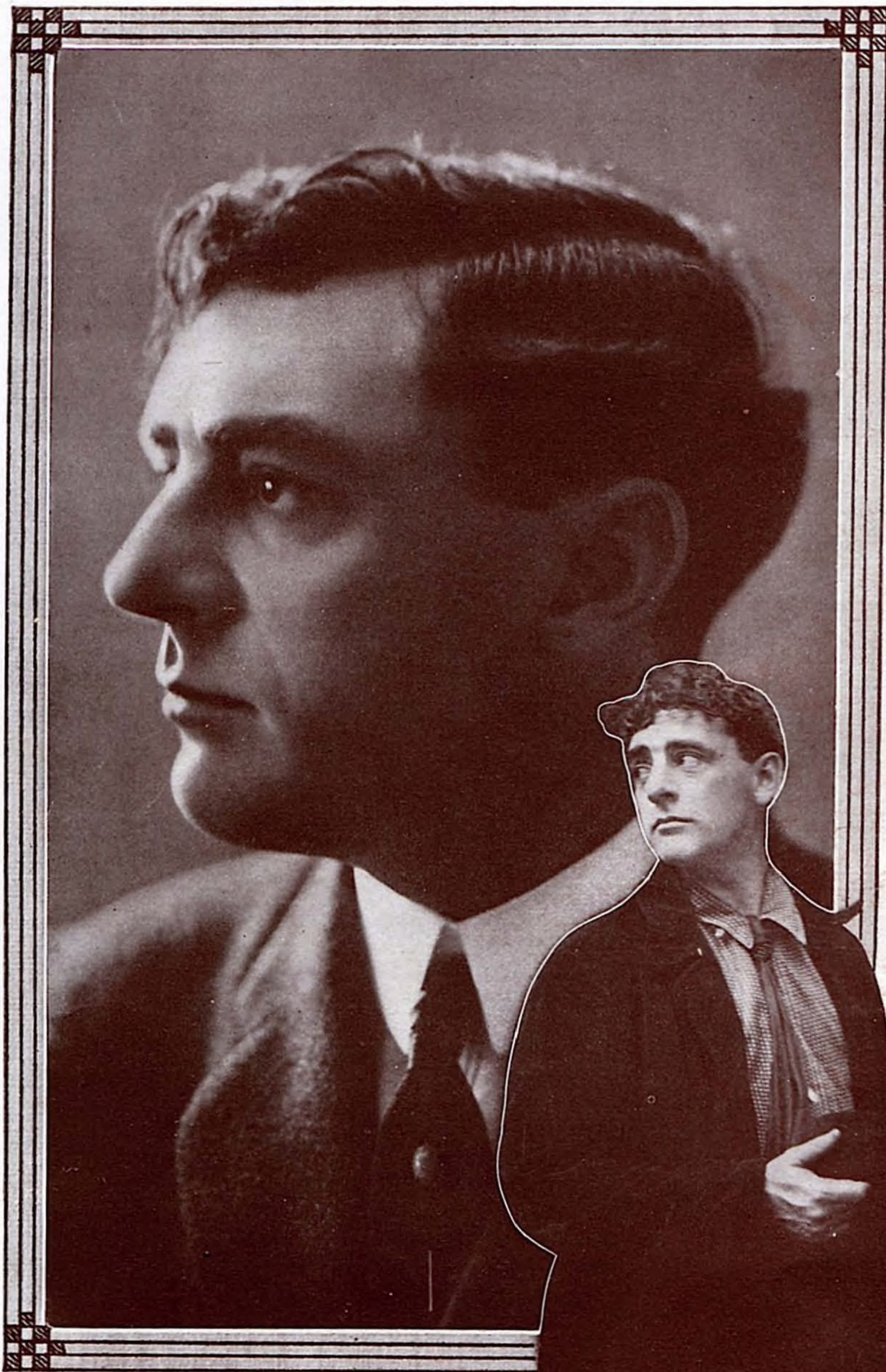
CRANE WILBUR (Pathé Frères)





FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN  
(Essanay)





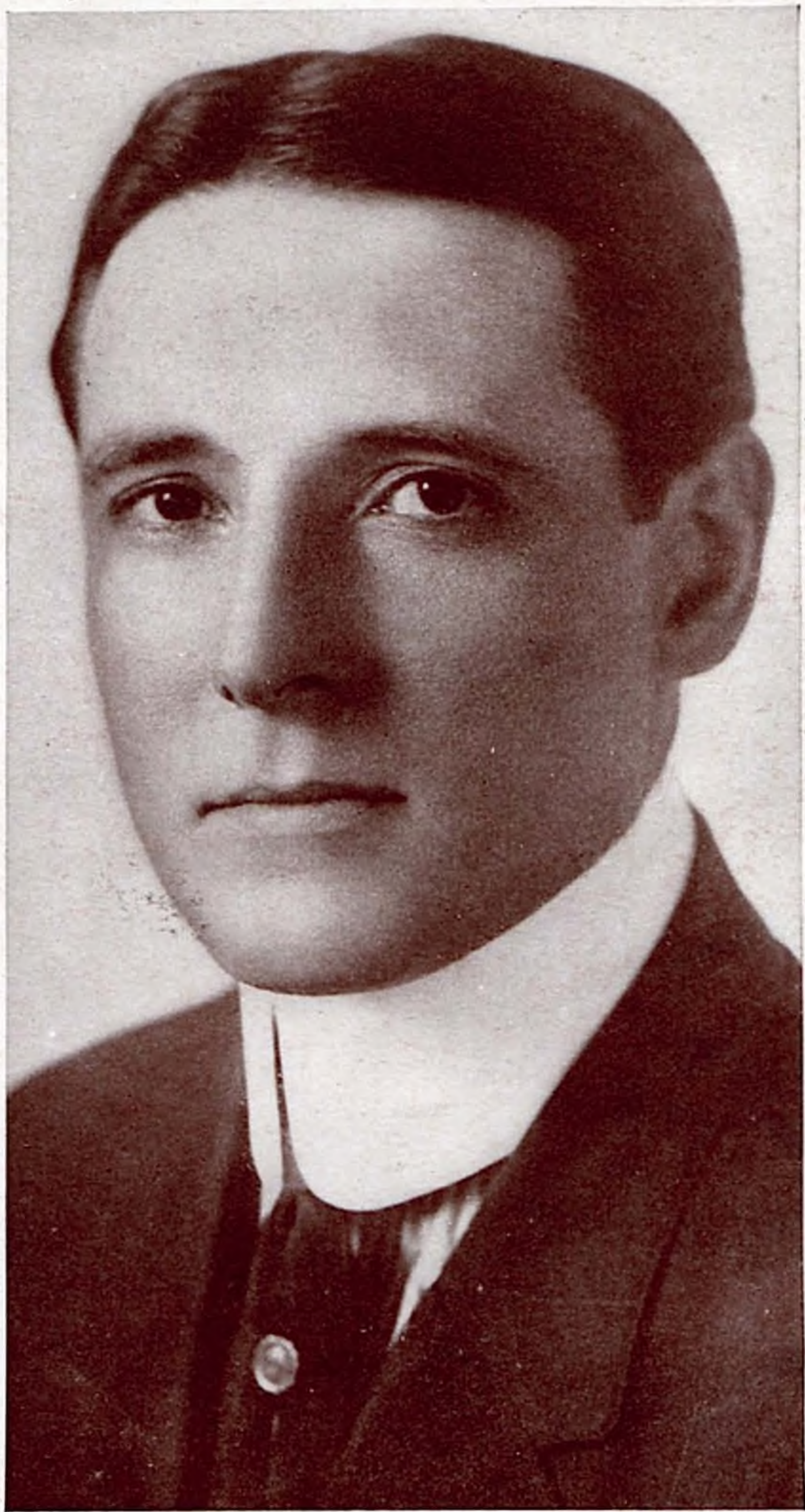
LEO DELANEY  
(Vitagraph)





LILLIAN WALKER  
(Vitagraph)





JACK J. CLARK  
(Kalem)

FRANK

MERRITT





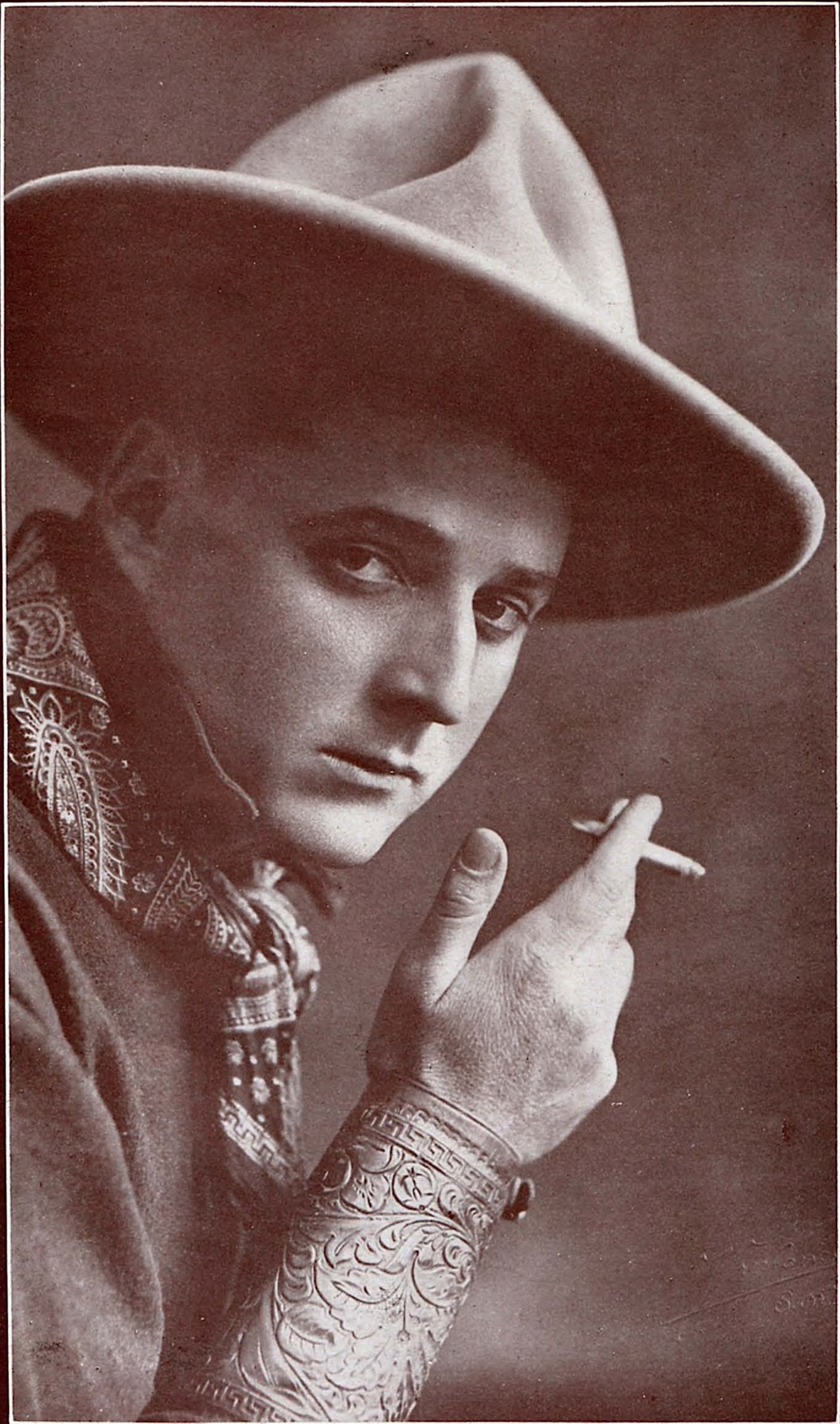
ANNA Q. NILSSON (Kalem)





RICHARD MEILL  
(EDISON)





JACK WARREN KERRIGAN (American)





RUTH STONEHOUSE (Essanay)





FLORENCE LABADIE (Thanhouser)



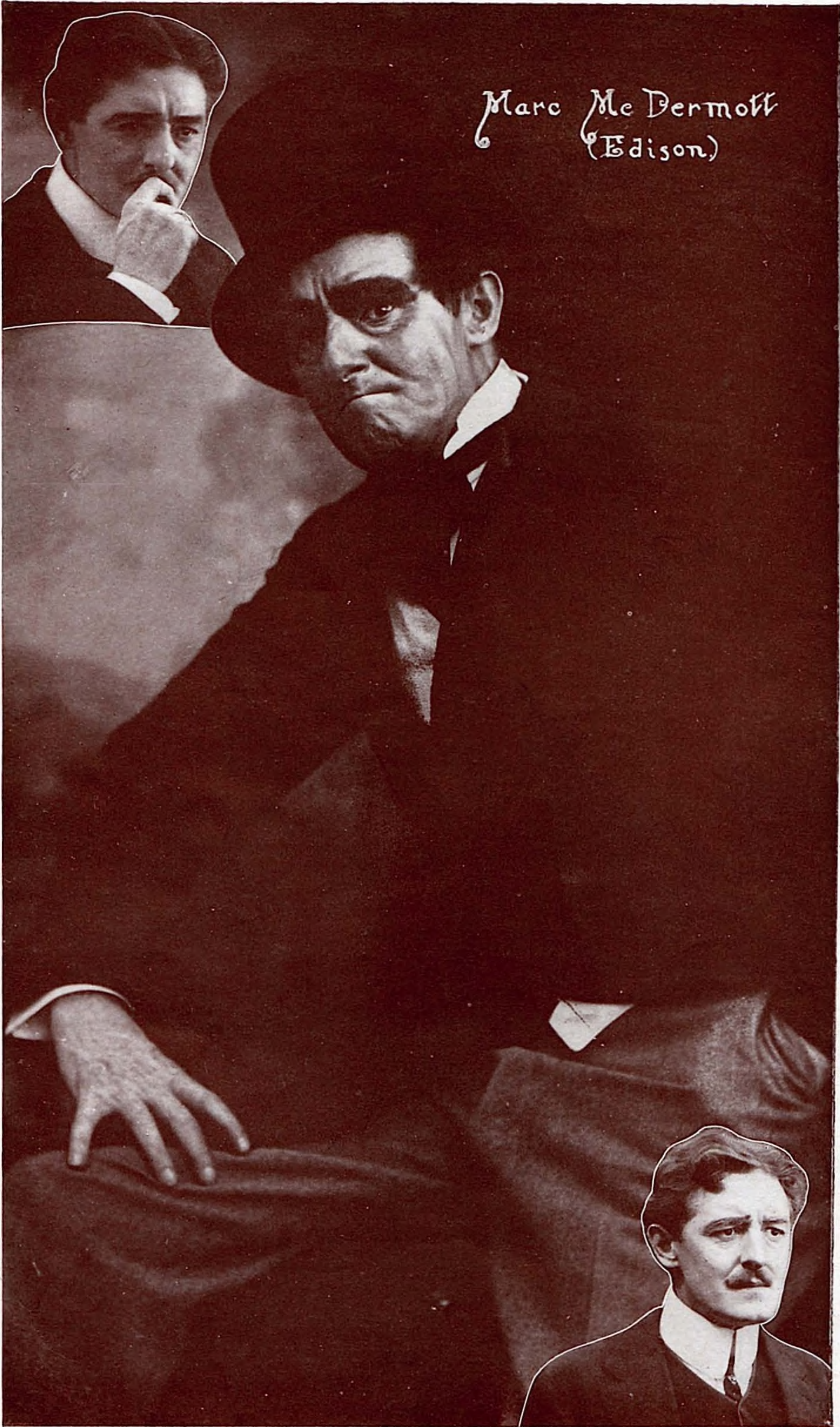


LOUISE GLAUM  
(Universal)





Marc Me Dermott  
(Edison)







FLORENCE LAWRENCE (Victor)





DOROTHY KELLY  
(Vitagraph)







Volume IV

Number 11

DECEMBER, 1912

## The Country Boy

(Pathé Frères)

By GLADYS ROOSEVELT

From the play of H. Handworth

**H**ERALDED by a great cloud of dust, and a cracking and snapping of a mighty horse-whip, the High Valley stage-coach swept around the gulch on two wheels, and drew up before Old Pete's ranch-house, with a prolonged whoa. Not that Stage-coach Sandy had taken the whole trail at that speed—far from it, in these civilized days, when stage-coaches are held up only by daring damsels from the East in search of adventure denied them at home—but the latent daredevil spirit within him could not resist bringing forth frightened gasps from the pale-cheeked girl who was his only passenger.

She sat huddled in one corner, surrounded by numerous bags and coats and bundles, her feet and elbows braced against the swaying of the

coach, her lips pressed tight in an effort to suppress her fear, which, however, found outlet thru her wide, startled eyes.

This was Betty Williamson's very first trip to the wild, much-storied, pictured, aye, Motion-Pictured, West, and she was forced to make it alone, and for her health. The doctor had promised that a few months in the clear, dry air of Colorado would restore the vigor to her drooping spirits, so her father had written to an old college friend, who had settled on a ranch, and made arrangements for his daughter's comfort.

The railroad journey from New York had been much to Betty's liking, but the loneliness of the long trail over plains and mountains, and thru canyons, now hot and flat and dusty,



now between dark-timbered passes, now narrow and winding, clinging closely to the mountainside, while precipitous cliffs dropped away into the gully hundreds of feet below—all wore on the girl's shattered nerves. She started at each crack of the whip, and each lurch of the coach set her trembling; the sight of the narrow passes and the bottomless chasms struck terror to her heart. Small wonder, then, that when Sandy drew rein before Pete's ranch-house, Betty was almost too weak to stand.

The unaccustomed gusto and speed of the lumbering vehicle's entry drew a crowd at once, and Betty alighted into the midst of High Valley's curious citizens, a timid, trembling object, gazing with frightened eyes into a host of unfamiliar faces. At last, from out the mass, the features of her father's friend, "Old Peter," met her eye, bronzed and aged, to be sure, but still wearing the same smile as in the class-day picture she knew so well, and so she placed her hand trustingly in his, and began to feel a little less forlorn.

Behind him stood a young man, also tall and bronzed, who exchanged a smile of friendly greeting with her, and then busied himself with her luggage. Betty felt that it might not be so bad out in Colorado after all, if cowboys and ranchmen were all as well-mannered as these.

"For my old friend Jim's sake, welcome to High Valley, and to Old Peter's ranch!" was Pete's greeting, once they were within the shack-house. "And for your own sake, too, for I guess we're pretty much in need of a girl around these diggings, to brush up our manners. How about it, Bob?" he questioned, turning to the young man, who was following with the luggage.

"This, Miss Williamson, is my right-hand man, and right-hearted friend, Bob Saunders," he added, slapping him affectionately on the back. "And this, Bob, is the young lady I warned you was coming to improve our etiquette."

"We certainly are glad to have you

come," Bob said, simply, clasping her hand firmly, and looking squarely into her eyes. "It is well for you that Pete warned us, tho—I sewed up the sleeve of this shirt this morning in honor of you."

Betty laughed brightly. The novel informality of the place was getting into her veins already, like a tonic.

"Here's Aunt Sally!" announced Pete, as an old negro woman shambled into the room. "She's our salvation. Whatever good is left in us is due to her. Aunt Sally, here is your new charge. You've got to look after her, and see that she gets strong and well."

"Lor!" she exclaimed. "Ah reckons that'll be th' easiest job ah done had sence ah been here. Aint nothin' th' matter with them cheeks, they's as pink as that there table-cover."

And Betty suddenly realized that she was not at all frightened, but was really enjoying the novelty of new ways and new people.

Her assurance was short-lived, however, for, turning around to note the queer, rough furnishings of the room, she was startled to find a Chinaman standing behind her, calmly inspecting her dress.

"Dont be alarmed, Miss Betty," Pete interposed, seeing her evident distrust of the man. "Hop Lee is perfectly safe; he is our cook, and he will make you some of the most wonderful dishes you ever ate. Wont you, Hop?"

Hop Lee continued to regard Betty with imperturbable expression for a moment, before vouchsafing a reply.

"Makee like fun," he retorted, at length, and departed noiselessly, his hands tucked up inside his wide sleeves, his pigtail bobbing with each abbreviated step.

Betty was nonplussed.

"He isn't exactly polite," she ventured.

"Oh, that's just his way of saying 'With pleasure!'" Bob assured her. "He's painfully polite, really. Why, he has more manners and customs than all the rest of us put together."



Betty was not quite convinced as to the race in general, but she knew that she did not have to be afraid of that Chinaman, anyway.

"Now take me around and show me all the things I've read about, cow-boys and bronchos and your wonderful scenery. I think I shall enjoy it more, now that I feel I'm in safe hands."

And Pete, noting the eager expression that lit up Bob's face at the

his frank, free manhood, broad-thinking, plain-speaking, true; she, rich in her woman's intuition, gentle, winsome, sincere.

So, thru the afternoon they wandered. He took her to his favorite haunts of forest and cascade, found rare flowers for her, pointed out strange birds. When she exclaimed over the invigorating air, and threw back her head to enjoy it, he showed her how to draw in deep breaths of it



OLD PETER WELCOMES BETTY TO HIS RANCH

suggestion, promptly detailed him to be her escort.

So the two started out, but, if the truth be told, the scenery had not their undivided attention. For, after all, what in Nature is as wonderful as human nature, and what road more interesting than the road to friendship? While they looked down from the heights of the mountains, and watched, with enthusiasm, a typical round-up in the valley, they looked across from the heights of their ideality, and found their eyes on a level, each measuring up to the standard of the other: he, strong in

correctly, till the canyon rang with their laughter over her quaint efforts, and the demon of illness knew that his doom was sealed.

It was the flaming face of the sunset that recalled to them the hour, and sent them back to the ranch-house, where they said good-by, with the promise of more delightful climbs to come. Bob lingered at the door-step, after she had gone, and pledged himself to the task of making her strong and well. But the boys, hovering near-by, could not know how worthy were his thoughts; they could judge only by appearances, and when a



man stands stock still on a door-step, and stares at a door which has just closed on a girl, there is only one interpretation in the cowboy mind. So poor Bob, not being in the humor to stand their jokes, speedily took himself off to his shack.

The passing weeks flew by, with walks and climbs and pleasant talks, and, daily, Betty's health grew better, daily the bond of comradeship grew stronger—until, at last, she was quite well, and her father sent for her to come back to the handsome home in New York which so sorely needed her, and to her merry circle of friends. And Bob awoke one day to find himself standing in the middle of the road, a cloud of dust in the distance, a merry voice ringing in his ear—"Be sure to write to me," and a little piece of pasteboard in his hand, bearing the inscription:

MISS ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

300 RIVERSIDE DRIVE

But he also awoke to several other things, and straightway went to his favorite mountain haunt to thresh them out. First of all, he loved Betty—loved her with the whole clean, untarnished soul of him—and he had let her go without telling her so. Next he found that Colorado was a barren, sunless, songless land without the glory of her presence. Then, the life of a ranchman and cowboy became unsatisfying; it led to no great heights of achievement, gave no gratification of ambition, no chance for much growth of mind. At last the thought took hold of him, and grew and grew, that if he went to the East, to the great city of opportunity, he, too, could achieve and do and become, for Betty would be there.

He came down out of the mountain, the light of a great determination on his face, and the very day that saw Betty welcomed home, by friends and family, saw Bob mount the old stage-coach out in High Valley, with his comrades bidding him God-speed, and faithful Pete shouting admonitions after him.

One wonders what a Westerner, bred in the vast rolling expanse of Nature's building, where mountains rise thousands of feet and roll down infinite depths, only to rise sky-high again—one wonders how the new Pennsylvania Station in New York, which seems so great a work to Easterners, impresses such a man. One wonders how the city of opulence, its hurry, its sham, strikes a man who has lived all his life where every stone rings true, and every man is known for what he is, rather than for what he has.

But one must keep on wondering, for Bob's attitude will not enlighten him, owing to undue influence. I really doubt if he ever saw the station, or heard the noise in the street, for the picture in his eyes and the singing in his heart. As straight as steel to magnet, he was drawn to her house, and, as he approached it, she came down the steps with her mother and father. Genuine glad surprise shone in her face as she greeted him and presented him to her parents. Her handclasp bespoke the same good-fellowship as before, but Bob was to meet his first rebuff in the indifferent attitude of the girl's father, the coldness of her mother, and in the call of social duty, which forced them to step into the waiting motor and drive off, leaving him standing, alone, on the sidewalk.

Alone in a great city, hemmed in by high brick walls! Alone, with nowhere to go, and Betty speeding out of sight! Alone! And the joy of return, and meeting and being together, past!

For many blocks he walked on, dazed, until he came to a fire-house, into which the firemen were trying to back an engine. Instinctively, he offered to help, and, when he got his hand on the powerful machine, he found a satisfaction in pitting his strength against it. It seemed to take the pressure from his mind.

"I believe I should like to become a fireman," was his unexpected reply to the men's word of thanks.

A man looked him over critically.



"You'd do," he declared. "You've got the build for it. Why don't you take the civil service examination? Here's a card that will tell you all about it."

And so it happened that Bob became a fireman. And how he achieved fame, and what he dared and did, we shall see.

It is a bright, sunny morning, some weeks later, and Mr. Williamson is seated in the window of the factory office, the sun streaming down upon his desk, examining some textiles under a magnifying-glass, when Betty bursts in, and begs him to show her around the new building. Reluctantly, he puts down his work, and goes with her, showing her the new machinery, and introducing her to the foremen.

Now, it happens that the magnifying-glass has been laid on a piece of paper, and directly in the sunlight. Before many minutes have passed, from the magnified rays there springs a little tongue of flame, which twists and turns and gropes and reaches out, quickly consuming the paper. Unsatisfied, it spreads to other papers, crackling them in its grasp—and now the cloth—to the woodwork of the desk—growing stronger with each new article it feeds on. Soon the whole desk is burning, and the flames have spread to the rug, the floor, the walls, consuming hungrily, insatiably, everything they touch. Smoke begins to fill the building, men rush for chemical extinguishers, girls flee to stairs and fire-escapes, while the fire gains greater headway, roaring, sputtering, hissing, in its greediness.

Fireman Bob is sitting in his quar-

ters, in a thoughtful, almost dejected, attitude, which has become almost habitual with him, except when called to action, when the alarm rings. He is on his feet and into his boots in an instant, and slides down the pole a full minute ahead of his fellows. The alarm shows the fire to be in the center of the factory district, a fact which is enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart. Another half-minute, and they are speeding to the rescue.

Meanwhile, the smoke in the building has become blinding. Betty, separated from her father by frightened factory-hands, has been driven to the top of the building, by the ever increasing heat and smoke. She makes her way to the window, stifled for a breath of air. She leans out, in an effort to call, but no sound comes from her throat.

Below, men are shouting orders, the fire-engine has arrived, and the men are

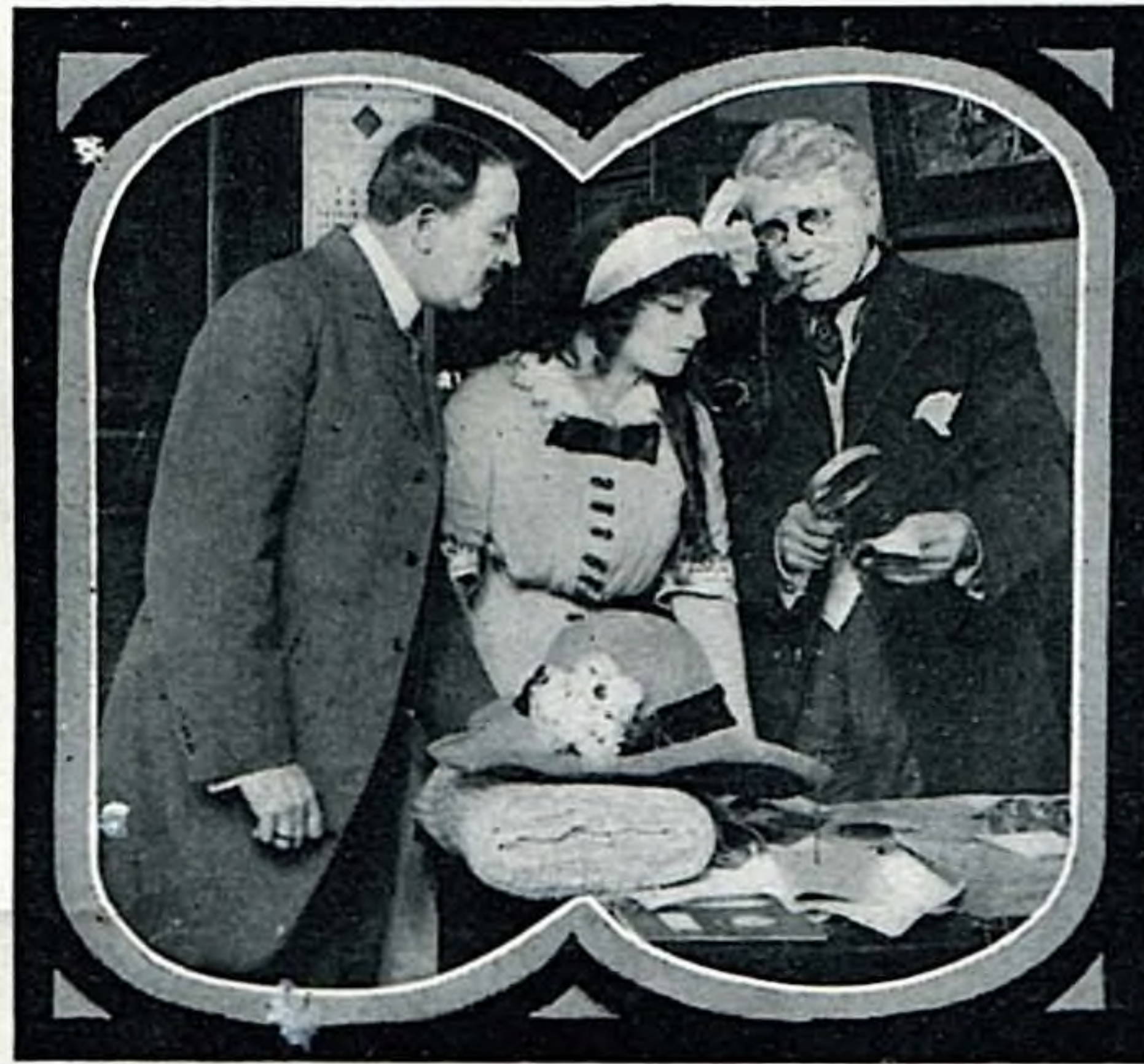
playing the hose and adjusting the ladders. A frenzied man—people say he is the owner of the factory—cries out: "My daughter! Save my daughter! She must be on the top floor! We were separated! Who will save her?"

Bob, who has kept his head in this, his first great fire, has seen a girl lean out of the top-story window, and then stagger back. With iron nerve, he adjusts the ladder and makes his way up. The flames roar at him in fury, the dense smoke all but suffocates him. At last he reaches the window, and climbs in.

"Betty!"

"Bob!"

Then for her, blessed oblivion!



EXAMINING THE TEXTURES UNDER  
THE MAGNIFYING-GLASS





For him, the realization that for this has he been called out of his native West; for this has his spirit yearned to be strong and to achieve. For a moment, the exaltation and the glory of it fires him. Then the agony of the situation sweeps over him, and fear assails him for the first time in his life—fear for his so precious burden. Hesitation, doubt, mistrust of his own prowess wring him thru and thru, only to give way before the power of his tremendous will, and, as

he steps out upon the ladder, he is once more the fireman—calm, cool-headed, unflinching, answering the call of duty and of humanity.

The picture seems to fade. I cannot see distinctly, for the smoke that's in my eyes. And yet I feel, I *know*, that all is well.



# The Kerry Gow



(Kalem)

By LULU MONTANYE

(This play was purchased from Mr. Joseph Murphy, the original author, and produced in Ireland by the Kalem Company, under the direction of Sidney Olcott.)

“Now listen to me, Miss Nora; are ye goin’ to mind what I’m sayin’?”

“Not if you’re goin’ to be cross, Alice.”

Nora Drew laughed roguishly at the exasperated look that Alice Doyle fixed upon her, and, when Nora laughed, the twinkle, that always danced in her Irish-blue eyes, leaped forth into quivering, dazzling lights that made her irresistible. In spite of herself, the older woman smiled at the sunny face.

“Cross, is it?” she said, hastily. “Faith! is it me that ye call cross? No one ever saw me cross but Dennis, and, sure, if a woman cant get cross at her own husband, there’s no use gettin’ married at all, at all!”

“Now, Alice, dear, sure it’s little you mean what you’re sayin’.”

“Dont I? Mind me now, Miss Nora; a married woman has some experience in life, and that same ex-

perience teaches her not to waste her temper on outside parties, when she’s a husband at home who needs the benefit of it.”

“Well, then, dont be scolding me for teasing Dan a little.”

“Dan’s a fine lad, and it’s time enough to be teasin’ him after ye get him, tho it’s true that men are a desavin’ lot, and a woman’s not to be blamed for distrustin’ ’em. Whin a man axes for your heart, he’ll kneel at your feet and sigh, but whin he’s got it sure, he buttons it up in his breast-pocket, and forgets whin he bruises it!”

“That’s a terrible reputation you’re giving the men, Alice; I dont think I shall ever marry at all. But, look, who is that coming?”

Both women leaned forward, looking at a solitary horseman who was dismounting beside the low hedge that separated the farmyard from the smooth country road. He was in



military dress, and, as he came forward, doffing his cap respectfully, his eyes lingered, with evident pleasure, on Nora. Her cheeks were flushed a trifle with the excitement of greeting a stranger; her brown curls were ruffled by the crisp breeze, and the blue eyes, that met his so frankly, were very pleasant.

"May I trouble you for a drink of water?" the stranger asked. "I am exhausted from a tramp over your green hills, and I will repay your kindness by presenting you with a brace of birds."

"In Ireland, sir, we don't take pay for hospitality," replied Nora, but Alice interposed, offering a brimming mug of water, while she stretched out a hand for the birds.

"Arrah whist, Captain, never mind the girl. Sure, she don't like to touch anything that's dead. She has given ye the sentiment, but I'll take the birds."

"For shame, Alice!" cried Nora, impulsively, but Alice, laughing, ran off with the birds, and Nora was left, perforce, to entertain the stranger.

"A pretty place you have here," he said, his eyes taking in the quaint beauty of the prosperous homestead, with its comfortable cottage and dairy, its wide-spreading trees and well-kept gardens. "And is this your brother coming?"

The quick blush that spread over Nora's face, as she turned to greet the stalwart young man who was hurrying toward her, was proof that the newcomer was not a brother, even before she spoke, with winning shyness.

"Oh, no, sir, this is Dan."

"And who might Dan be?" he queried, laughing at her shyness.

"I'm called about here the Kerry Gow," replied Dan, speaking for himself, good-naturedly, as he saw nothing but honest friendliness in the stranger's eyes; "and you, sir, are the Captain of the soldiers."

"Right you are, my lad, but what does Kerry Gow mean?"

"The Kerry blacksmith, sir."

"Oh, then you must be Dan

O'Hara," said the Captain, looking at Dan with new interest. "Well, I've heard you well spoken of, and I doubt not you'll present a clean record when my men call at your shop."

"There's no man in County Kerry with a cleaner one, sir," was the proud reply, and, as the Captain, with a last admiring glance at the pretty Nora, rode away, Dan looked down at Nora with an adoring smile. "Sure, it aint his min that are troublin' my heart," he said softly, "it's a slip of a teasin' girl, and ye know her name, Nora, dear."

"Whatever did the Captain mean about the soldiers comin' to your shop, Dan? It scares me! What's it about a clean record—what's the trouble?"

"No trouble for me, my darlin', at all. But you know there's troublesome times in Ireland just now, and the Government is searchin' all over the country for concealed arms and the likes of that; so I suppose they're comin' to my shop to see if my work is honest, and no swords or pikes around my forge."

"Pikes are what they fight with, aint they?"

"You're right; that's what the boys in Ireland use when they discourse politics with the Government."

"What could they do with a blacksmith if they found him makin' weapons?"

"Hangin' is the penalty; for one blacksmith could arm hundreds of rebels. But you've no cause for fear; Dan O'Hara niver works in the dark, and they're welcome to all the pikes they can find in my forge. But, Nora, dear, niver mind all that now; tell me, when are you goin' to say yes, and marry me?"

Nora's face settled into wistful lines, and the twinkle fled from the blue eyes, at the serious tone.

"I'd like to say yes, Dan," she whispered, "but you haven't got father's consent yet, and I can't talk to you until you do. You see, my mother's dead, and he's no one but brother Raymond and me to comfort his old age, and, since Raymond went



off to school, father seems to depend on me more and more. But now that Raymond's come home, I'm thinkin' he will help us out, for he likes you, Dan. Sure, here comes father now, with Raymond and Major Gruff, and they all look as serious as the priest on a Sunday. You'd better go, Dan; I'm thinkin' it's no time to be arguin' with father just now."

With a quick pressure of his sweet-heart's fingers, Dan obeyed her suggestion, and she turned to the approaching men, asking, anxiously, about the cause for their grave faces.

"It's just this, Nora," the Major said. "Your father is in sore trouble, and I've proposed a possible way out of it, but he wont listen to me, and it's angry at me he is for even mentionin' it."

"What is the trouble?" Nora asked, anxiously.

"The girl needn't be bothered with it," Patrick Drew began, angrily, but Raymond interrupted him.

"Yes," he said, "Nora must know; it is better for her to be prepared, than to have trouble come unexpectedly. You see, Nora, father mortgaged the farm to get money for my college education. I never knew it until today, when the Major told me, against father's wishes. In two weeks the mortgage falls due, and there is no money to pay it. It seems that we will have to leave the old home."

"Leave the old home!" Nora echoed, her cheeks whitening. "Oh, surely, there is some way to raise the money—what can we do?"

"There's just one thing could be done, Nora," declared the Major, "but your father wont listen to reason. There's to be races here soon, and I've been tryin' to get him to allow Raymond to run his horse—there's a good purse up, and the money would save the place. But your father dont believe in racin', and he wont consent."

"No, I wont," declared Patrick Drew, turning an angry face to his son. "I dont believe in horse-racin', boy; ye know that. It's the edication of a gintleman I've given ye, and I'm

not sorry I mortgaged the place to do it, even if it's causin' me bitter trouble now. Somehow, it'll come out right. But mind what I'm sayin'—ye've a fine horse, but whin the races come off, ye'll leave that horse to eat his oats in peace in his own stable."

"Who holds the mortgage?" asked Nora, suddenly. Her eyes were fixed on a man who was coming up the road, and there was a look of startled dread and fear in their blue depths.

"Hay, the land-agent—and there he comes now," Raymond exclaimed, his eyes following his sister's.

There was an evil smile lurking on the land-agent's face as he greeted the little group, with elaborate politeness, and requested a few words with Patrick Drew, alone. Nora looked after them with troubled eyes, as they went into the house, and, as she walked slowly down to the hedge and stood leaning on the little wicker gate, she wondered, sorrowfully, if her brother had told her all the trouble. Somehow, she felt sure that he had withheld something, and the dread in her eyes deepened as she thought of Hay's evil smile. A step sounded on



CONCEALING PIKES IN DAN'S SHOP



the grass, and Hay stood close beside her, bowing low, as he spoke in smooth tones.

"How fortunate I am, Miss Nora. I feared I should not have a chance to speak to you."

"Please let me alone," begged poor Nora. "It's come out here I have to fly from sorrow; don't pursue me with it."

"That's the farthest from my intentions, pretty one. Hasn't your father told you that I bought up the mortgage on purpose to save you and yours from trouble—that all you have to do is accept my suit, and I give the papers to him?"

"So that's the part they wouldn't tell me!" cried Nora, her cheeks blazing. "And you think I'd sell myself to you! You were never more mistaken, Mr. Hay. The Drews ain't that kind of folks."

"Ah," he sneered, "then it is true, as I heard. You prefer the blacksmith—that poor, ignorant lad."

"Poor he is, but not ignorant—nor is he black-souled like yourself! Between you and him there lies a gulf you can never bridge. It's me that will share poverty with him, if need be!"

"You'll talk differently, my pretty lady, two weeks from now, when you see your old father leaving his home," Hay growled, angrily, as he climbed into the smart trap that awaited him by the roadside. "Just think it over till I see you again—perhaps your precious blacksmith won't look so good to you, then."

Rage burned in the land-agent's heart, as he drove homeward, his feelings tingling with the fearless girl's rebuff.

"If it wasn't for the blacksmith, it would be easy," he muttered. "Somehow, I've got to get rid of him! Once he's out of the way, she will give in, rather than see her father suffer."

But the blacksmith had no intention of getting out of the way. On the contrary, his sympathy and devotion in their time of trouble won favor from Patrick Drew. Every day Dan came to the Drew homestead with

some word of cheer or some new suggestion, and the old man learnt to look for him with kindly eyes.

"Ye're a good lad, and I appreciate your kindness; it's like another son ye seem to me," he said one day, and Dan looked up quickly, his eyes kindling. Now was the chance for the question he had so dreaded to ask.

"Arrah, and that's just what I'd like to be, Mr. Drew," he said, his honest face flushing; "if ye'd let me be a son to ye in real earnest, there'd be two sons, instead of one, to work for ye, in case things go wrong."

Then, as Nora came forward, slipping her hand into Dan's, and looking, pleadingly, at her father, he suddenly understood.

"What—rob me of my Nora, now, when I'm losin' everything else?" he said, sadly. "Ah, Dan, it's another sore trouble you're bringin' upon me."

"Ah, no, sir," cried poor Dan; "don't say that—sure, we love each other, and it's far from me to be wantin' to take her heart from ye. There's room in it for us both, and we'll both be good children to ye."

"Well," consented the old man, slowly, "it's a sore trouble to give her up, for it seems like puttin' your heart between hers and mine. But she's lookin' up in my face with her mother's eyes—and I can't say no. Take her, Dan; thank God, you're a good, honest man."

With a cry of joy, Dan caught Nora in his arms, and there was a moment of perfect happiness. Only a moment, however, for, to Dan's amazement, a heavy hand fell on his shoulder, and a stern voice said:

"I believe you told me your name was Dan O'Hara?"

It was the Captain who had made their acquaintance a week before, and Dan looked at him wonderingly as he replied: "I did, that."

"Then I am very sorry, but my duty compels me to make you my prisoner."

"Now, did any one iver see the like of this?" cried Dan. "What have I done to a livin' soul that I should



be a prisoner? What's the charge, Captain?"

"Pike-maker for the rebels. Information was given; your shop was searched, and a quantity of pikes was found in your forge."

"Oh, Dan," screamed Nora, clinging to him desperately, "it isn't true, is it? Why, it means death—you told me so!"

"Aisy, Nora, dear," said Dan,

it will be found out. Give me a smile now, to take to my prison cell with me."

"Everything shall be done to clear this up, Dan," said Patrick Drew, taking the blacksmith's trembling hand. "Raymond will help you, and the Major. We all believe in you."

"Then I'll keep up my courage," Dan answered. "Good-by, sweetheart, and hope for the best, but if the worst



"GIVE ME A SMILE NOW, TO TAKE TO MY PRISON CELL"

patting her head, as he tried to speak calmly. "Captain," he continued, looking that officer straight in the eyes, "I niver made a pike in me life; I cant understand—who gave the information?"

"I cannot say—it was under seal. I am sorry for you, Dan; I only execute my orders."

"Now, Nora, darlin'," said Dan, bravely, "dont weep like that; it's some mistake that will be set right. Some one is wantin' me out of the way—I dont know who it can be, but

comes, remember that Dan O'Hara was an innocent man, and that he died lovin' ye in his last minute. Be brave, me darlin'."

But, as Dan marched calmly away, between the lines of soldiers, Nora fell, fainting, into her father's arms.

"Ah, well, the days do seem terrible dreary," sighed Dan, sitting by the little table in his cell. "Well, as long as we have soldiers and jailers, they've got to be after earnin' their money some way, I suppose. Society



wouldn't feel aisy unless it had some poor boy under lock and key, and, faith! being locked up in a stone jug like this doesn't improve a man like it does liquor."

"Hello, Dan," a voice interrupted his musings. It was the Captain, who had come in so quietly that Dan had not heard the sound of the door opening. "I hope they are making you comfortable. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Sure, I'm as comfortable as a man can be, penned up like this," the prisoner replied, "and it's kind of ye to be comin' in to see me, sir."

"I've got a nice surprise for you, Dan. Whom would you like to see coming, just now?"

"Faith! I see it in your eyes—it's Nora! Can it be true, sir, and me with my eyes a-hungerin' for her sweet face till it's half crazed I am?"

"Well, keep sane a few minutes longer," laughed the Captain, as he left the cell, and Dan stared after him, listening eagerly for the light footfall he hardly dared to hope for. At last it came—a quick tread—a hasty rush thru the cell door—two arms stretched out to him—a sweet, tear-drenched face upturned to his.

"Oh, Nora, dear," he sighed, "is it yourself? Do I hold you in my arms again, or is it another dream?"

"Ah, Dan, when they shut you up, they put my heart in a vise at the same minute; it echoes every sigh you utter, and, if they send you to the

scaffold, it's two lives they'll be takin', for my soul will be seekin' yours."

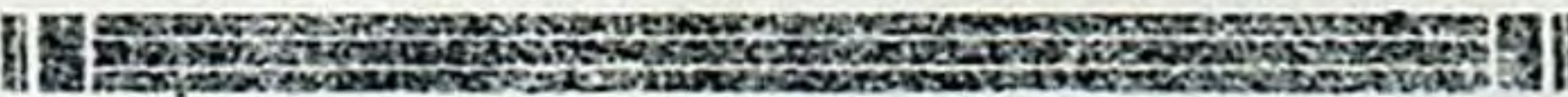
"Aisy, now; dont be talkin' that way. Sure, when the scaffold is built for me it's time enough for me to be complainin' of sore throat."

Dan's old, confident smile accompanied this assertion, and his eyes were so merry and bold that Nora looked up with quick suspicion.

"What do you mean, Dan?"

"Now, darlin', listen to every word, for I have to talk low and quick. Last night I stood up on the cot, and was lookin' out of me window, there, and who should I see but Dinny Doyle, hidin' below, at the foot of the prison wall, waitin' in hopes that, somehow, I'd see him, and he could be after helpin' me. So I took a pin, and pricked a message on a bit of paper, and I told him to go to me shop and find a pair of breeches and boots, just like the ones I have on, and to bring them here in the night. Well, he did it,

and he tied them to a long string, wid a stone on the other end, and threw the stone up till it caught in the bars of the window. Thin, ye see, I drew up the clothes, and I have 'em hid under the bed. Now, tonight, I'll dress up a dummy in the clothes, here by the table, and, when the guard comes in wid my supper, I'll be standin' close by the door, and slip out before he discovers that the man wid his head on the table is only a dummy man. Once outside that door,



DAN UNFOLDS TO NORA HIS PLAN OF ESCAPE



it'll be aisy, for you must have Dinny waitin' for me wid a boat, at the foot of the prison wall. It's only a big dive, and I'm free! Dinny will pick me up in the boat—hist, there comes the guard!"

"I'm sorry to hurry you, Miss Nora," said the Captain, looking at the couple with pitying eyes, "but the time's up. She can come again, you know, Dan."

"Now, dont cry, darlin'," coaxed

work later, now that Dan's in prison, and, what wid the spies a-watchin' him ivery minute, it's hard to get done at all, at all. And how are ye feelin' about Dan by this time? Maybe now ye wont pout at me if I scold ye for teasing Dan—didn't I tell ye that ye shouldn't be plaguin' a man till after ye got him, and now ye may niver get him at all!"

"Oh, Alice," Nora begged, tearfully, "dont talk like that—if Dan



THEY FIND ONLY A DUMMY IN DAN'S PLACE

Dan; "we'll just live in hopes that the truth will come out."

So Nora, hushing her fears at the hazard that Dan was about to run, went away with a lighter heart than she had brought. There had been no time to perfect the plan for escape, but her quick wit had caught the idea, and she knew that Denny Doyle would not fail in his part. Straight to Denny's home she went, bursting eagerly into the little cottage, and asking anxiously for Denny.

"Sure, he's not home from the forge yet," said his wife; "he has to

should go to the gallows my heart will break! But, you know"—she came nearer, looking around fearfully as she whispered—"you know what's going to be done tonight, dont you?"

"Do I know? Faith! the man that can keep a woman from findin' out what she wants to know is more than mortal! Why, Dinny couldn't be readin' the pin message at all, whin he got it! He brought it home to me, and I soon studied it out for him."

"Well, Dan wants Denny to be waitin' tonight, when he dives off the wall of the prison. Oh, Alice, it scares



me so to think of it! Dont you think it's an awful dangerous thing for Dan to do?"

"Less danger than stayin' where he is, waitin' for them to come and hang him," said Alice, grimly. "Niver fear, child; Dinny and me will pick him up and hide him as safe as a bug in a rug."

"Oh, are you goin' with Denny? Then I can go, too, cant I?"

"Not a bit of it; you've to stay close at home, until I come to see ye,

noon, and Nora's face was white and drawn with the long strain of waiting, when she saw Alice running across the field that separated their homes.

"It's all right, Nora, dear, it's all right," she called, breathlessly. "Dan's a free man, and nobody can touch him now, glory be!"

"Hush!" cautioned Nora.

"There's no need to hush, my dear. Wait till I tell ye. Dan got away, just as he planned. Oh, but ye ought to have seen him fling himself off that



THE CONFESSION

some time tomorrow morning. Yes; I know it will be hard to wait for news, but listen to me, me dear. His escape will be known within three minutes of the time he leaves his cell—the first place they'll watch is your house. You must be there, actin' as innocent as a lamb—dont ye see?"

Nora saw, and, tho the night seemed interminable, she stayed quietly at home, praying fervently while the long hours dragged by. With the early dawn, she began to watch for Alice's coming, but it was mid-fore-

wall—it seemed an hour to me before he struck the water and we had him safe in the boat. We got him away, tho they was a-firin' after us before we'd gone far, but they might better have saved their bullets. For, listen to this! The man who hid the pikes in the forge wint and confessed, last night. If Dan had waited half an hour longer, he could have walked out the door, a free man, instead of jumpin' off the wall into the sea—but sure, Dan always loved a bit of excitement!"



"But who hid the pikes? What object did he have?"

"His name is Kiernan; he's a worthless fellow, but when he found his act was goin' to cost Dan O'Hara his life, his conscience would give him no rest, and he owned up. But what his motive was, no one can get out of him; he wont say what made him do

"The mortgage money is due this afternoon," she sighed, "and there's no money to pay it. Hay will take the place, and I dont know what we shall do."

"Niver ye fear; you've your brother and Dan both to work for ye," consoled Alice. "Ye ain't goin' to starve for a long time yit!"



DAN SENDS A MESSAGE TO NORA AFTER THE FIRST HEAT

it. But—now dont breathe a word of this—your brother and the Major and my Dinny have had their heads together, and they think Hay was at the bottom of it. They say he wanted to get rid of Dan, so he could have ye for himself. So just ye keep quiet and watch, and something will be comin' to light yit!"

But the mention of Hay had started Nora's thoughts in a new direction, and she sighed dismally.

"But the dear old home—I love it so," sighed Nora.

In spite of her great thankfulness for Dan's escape, she was very unhappy, as she thought of her father's distress at losing his home.

"Where's Dan?" she asked, suddenly.

"Down to his shop, hammerin' horseshoes as if nothin' had ever happened."

"I'm goin' to run down to see



him," she declared. "I'll feel better when I see him, with my own eyes. You go in the house, Alice, and try to cheer father up—I'll soon be back."

When she reached the shop, Dan was pounding away busily, shoeing a splendid coal-black horse, but he stopped instantly, to take Nora into his strong arms.

"It's good for sore eyes ye are, darlin'," he vowed, "but, sure, ye

"It's everything to ye; Raymond has entered his horse, unbeknownst to your father—and right he is; it's for the old man's own good, and he'll see it whin the money is won to save the place."

"But maybe Raymond wont win."

"You bet he will win, and Dan O'Hara's the man that's goin' to see that he does. Listen, Nora"—he bent close to her, whispering—"do ye



THE CARRIER-PIGEON ARRIVES WITH THE FIRST MESSAGE

dont look as happy as ye ought to, wid me just escaped from the hangman!"

"Oh, Dan, I am happy and thankful—but poor father feels so bad, and the old home has got to go—it seems wicked to be happy when father feels so terrible. You know the mortgage is due this afternoon."

"Cheer up, sweetheart; somethin' else is due this afternoon, too."

"What do you mean?"

"Sure, the races come off this afternoon."

"But what's that to us?"

mind this horse I'm shoein'? Aint he a beauty? He ought to be—he's the famous Starlight, the horse that's never been beaten—and that villain of a Hay has brought him here to race against Raymond this day, and spoil our hopes of winnin' the purse. But that horse will never win—it's Dan O'Hara that's a-shoein' him now, and all's fair in love and war—that horse wont be in shape to win a race!"

Nora pulled away from Dan's arms, suddenly, and looked straight into his eyes.



"You cant do that, Dan," she said, sharply. "That's not fair!"

"Fair, is it? Does he play fair? Have I got a reason to be fair to him? Listen, child; I didn't mean to tell ye yet, but ye can keep a secret. Raymond and the rest of them have found out that it was Hay that made all my trouble—he hired the fellow to hide the pikes in my forge, so I'd be out of

belonged to my best friend. Hay doesn't suspect that I know what horse this is, or he'd niver have sent him here, but he needn't worry—Dan O'Hara will play fair."

"And we'll win, just the same," declared Nora; "just see if we dont—but, oh, Dan, how can I ever wait till the race is over, for the news? You'll all be there, watchin', but I must stay



PATRICK ARRIVES IN TIME TO PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE

his way. Have I got a right to get even? Hay'll be arrested for conspiracy as soon as ever the race is over."

The girl's eyes never wavered as they held her sweetheart's steadily.

"He's a false man, but you're a true one, Dan. We cant win the race at the price of your honor."

For a moment Dan hesitated; then he bent and kist Nora's hand.

"Right ye are, me darlin'," he said. "Sometimes a man sees crooked, and it takes a woman to set him straight. I'll shoe the horse as if it

home with father, eatin' my heart out with suspense."

"No; I've been thinkin' of that, and I've a fine way figured out, to keep you posted. You know your little carrier-pigeons? I'm goin' to take three of them wid me, in a basket, and after each heat I'll let one of them loose, with a note tied to its neck. 'Twill fly straight to ye—and you'll have the news. Now run along, me darlin', and let me finish this work. And pray God that the race may be ours—sure He ought to give ye that reward, when your sweet, honest soul



kept me from a mean, dishonest way of winnin' the prize, and He will. Tonight, at sundown, we'll all be standin' together by the old home, and your father will be thankin' us for disobeyin' him."

And Dan's prophecy came true. The setting sun that night touched a happy group on the green lawn of the Drew homestead.

"I cant hardly believe it, yet," Patrick Drew was saying, his eyes dwelling fondly on his children. "First, when Nora told me the horse was runnin', in spite of my orders, I was mad—then I begun to think what it would mean! Then, when the little

white pigeons begun comin' with their messages, I forgot everything else, and just hung on their wings like an old gambler! Sure, my old grandfather was a sportin' man—there must be some of it in me, after all! But the farm is saved; Hay's in jail for his conspiracy against Dan—it cant be that races are so wicked, after all!"

"Arrah, me old mither used to say, there's a time for ivrything," laughed Dan. "I'm thinkin' this was the time for us to take up horse-racin'. And, thanks to Nora, dear, it was an honest, clane race. Sure's there's a woman at the bottom of ivry good thing!"



## Laura's Birthday Party

By KATHERINE MAXWELL RICHARDSON



Invitations had been issued to the party,  
But mother suddenly was taken ill;  
There was to be no noise, the doctor ordered,  
And Laura's little world seemed cold and chill.  
Mother saw the saddened childish face,  
And wondered how she could dispel the gloom;  
When suddenly a bright idea came to her,  
So she called her little daughter to her room.



She told her when her little friends assembled,  
Instead of fun at home, they all could go,  
In company with sisters Grace and Jessie,  
To a most delightful Moving Picture Show.  
Laura brightened up, and soon the fairies  
Were dancing in her mischievous blue eyes;  
She declared it was much better than a party,  
And would be just like a regular surprise.



And so it proved to be—no gayer party  
Ever passed within a picture theater's doors;  
How they laughed and thrilled in turn at each new picture,  
And with all their might they joined in the applause.  
And when the show was over, they were taken,  
As a finish to the treat, to get ice-cream;  
Between the mouthfuls they kept up a constant chatter  
About the pictures they had seen upon the screen.

They voted it a grand theater party,  
And that night, before Laura went to bed,  
She stole quietly into her mother's bedroom,  
And, kissing her good-night, she softly said:  
"Mother, dear, I'm sorry you were ill,  
And I hope you are not feeling very bad,  
But I'm glad I couldn't have a regular party,  
For this was the *best* birthday I ever had."





# Twist Love and Ambition

BY

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

“WINKIE” DAN had his own private opinion of that story his Uncle John was forever telling him about, “The Lady of the Hills.”

Only once had Winkie Dan expressed his unbiased thought about the tale, and then “Junker”—which was the way he had always got “Uncle John” twisted around his tongue from the first day he began to speak and to notice things—Junker both laughed and *cried almost* at what he had said. Winkie Dan would rather a good sight be locked up in a dark room with “white things” and go without jam for nine million days, than cause Junker’s face to grow one mite sadder than it was already.

But that time when he, Winkie Dan, had hurt Junker by what he had said, was ever present in his mind. Junker had started in, as usual, to tell something about her, when Winkie Dan had merely remarked:

“But, Junker, I’d a good deal rather hear about Injuns, or robbers, or——”

Then Winkie Dan saw that he had

done something to Junker’s feelings; he stopped abruptly, with a hard lump, like a glass alley, in his throat.

“In other words—she’s got to be a ‘chestnut,’ eh? I don’t wonder, Winkie Dan; I’ve told you something about her nearly every night since my dear sister died, and left you to me. I’ll not bother my little side-partner any more. I’ll keep it inside, if it burns a hole clean thru me.”

Winkie Dan was on the point of saying something about offering assistance with the little fire-engine Junker had given him for his sixth birthday, but something told him that the remark was inappropriate. “You c’n tell me about her, if you want, Junker,” he had said, shamefacedly.

But Junker had only smiled and looked down and kist Winkie Dan, with his eyes awful shiny-like.

Then it was that Winkie Dan began to go about really and truly thinking, with an expression on his fair little brow just exactly the same as Junker always wrinkled on his when he took him to the big city restaurant and studied the bill-of-fare.



Then it came over Winkie Dan, for the first time, that Junker had always gone around with an awful unhappy look that got into that part of little boys' insides where the sighs come from. He had felt the same way, he remembered, when his hound pup had died and he had thought of the way she used to come and lick his hand. It was a lump on, or a hole in, one's feelings—which, he was not yet prepared to swear to. But there was something wrong with Junker's feelings, and it wasn't any wobbly hound pup, either.

Then, suddenly, it flashed across Winkie Dan's mind that possibly — "Now don't go an' tell anybody what I say — yet," he told his only confidant, Teddy Bear—that The Lady of the Hills had something to do with it—maybe.

"I'd shoot her with a bow'n-arrer, if she done anything to him!" he vouchsafed many times during the day.

He waited, impatiently, until Junker should come home from his day in the city.

He found it a most delicate subject to broach, when he had snuggled up in Junker's lap before the open fire that evening.

"Well, what can I do for my little side-partner tonight?" asked Junker, on observing his anxious, inquiring gaze.

"I want you to tell me all over again about"—Winkie Dan shifted uneasily; so did Junker, but he kept silent—"about The Lady of the Hills!"

Junker made no immediate reply, but just hugged Winkie Dan tight.

"You're a brick, Winkie Dan," said Junker, at length, tho the latter couldn't see the point of his remark. "Nothing will make me happier than to talk about—her. It's all a fairy story, you know."

Winkie Dan didn't quite agree, but he had special reasons for wanting to hear it all again. "Tell me it all over again."

Junker cleared away all that thick, funny sound that had come in his voice, and then, looking deep into the smoky shadows of the fireplace, he began:

"Once upon a time, there was a most beautiful and sweet girl. A Beggar of a fellow fell in love with this beautiful girl, and asked her to marry him. She said 'Yes,' and the Beggar was very happy. Then there came along a handsome chap who made love to the sweet girl, and, finally, won her heart. Now this chap was really a Prince in disguise, and his name was Music." Junker paused, and



THE POPULAR SINGER

seemed lost in voiceless thought.

When Winkie Dan could stand it no longer, he asked: "But, then, you went around and got the girl, didn't you?"

"Me?" said Junker, a little sharply, looking at Winkie Dan in a half scared way. "You mean the Beggar chap! Oh, yes, he went around to the girl's little home, but he found the sweet girl sitting at the piano, in company—heart and soul—with that chap, Music. Then she told the Beggar fellow that she had changed her mind, and had decided to go off to another land, for she had found



that she loved the other fellow better."

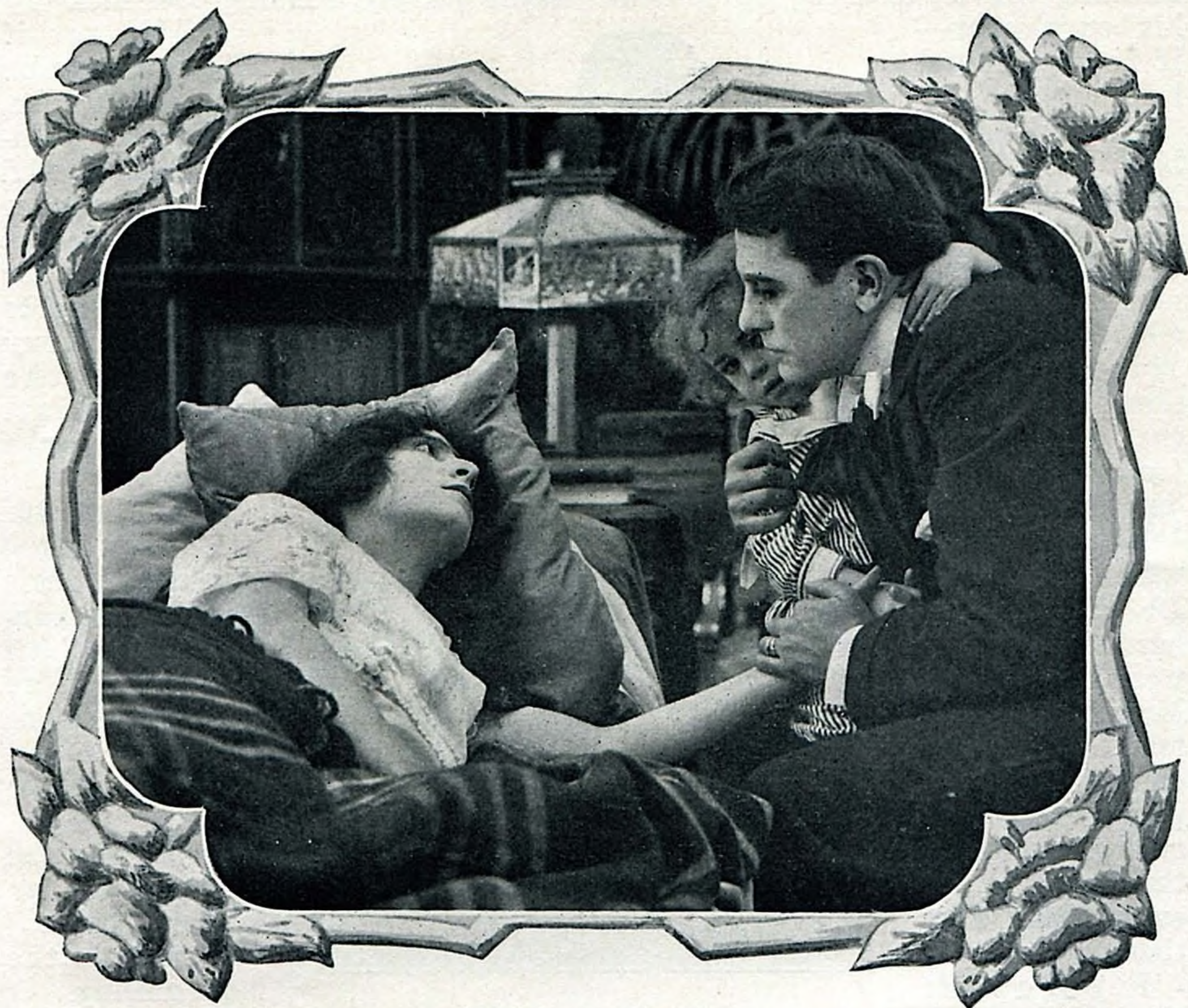
"Junker," burst forth Winkie Dan, wrathfully, "I dont like her a-tall!"

Junker laid his hand gently on the boy's shoulder. "But you would, if you knew her." He always said this, and Winkie Dan had his doubts. "Well, she went off to another land to

Let's call her Marie. Well, Marie's husband soon began to make her very popular in their new land. She won the admiration of kings and queens thru her Prince Charming, Music. Gifts, honors and wealth were showered upon her."

"And what became of—of——"

"Oh, he just went his quiet way. He, too, had found a treasure to



THE DYING MOTHER GIVES HER BOY INTO HER BROTHER'S KEEPING

study. She said she still loved the Beggar—but——"

"She didn't," snapped Winkie Dan.

"I'm afraid you're right, side-partner. Anyway, the poor Beggar fellow loved her with all his heart. He left the big city, and went to the country. But he couldn't get away from——"

"What was her name?" demanded Winkie Dan.

"Oh-h, it makes little difference.

love." Junker's arm tightened about Winkie Dan. "And together he and his little treasure lived in their quiet valley. On the distant hills lived Marie—The Lady of the Hills!"

"Where is she now?" persisted Winkie Dan.

"There is no *now*—or future to fairy stories, little side-partner," said Junker, in a way that reminded Winkie Dan painfully of his hound pup licking his hand again.

"Is she still away in that place?"



"Bless you, no. She is somewhere in the big city."

"The Beggar man's big city?"

"No doubt," Junker said, uncomfortably, and then abruptly: "I think little side-partner better be running up to bed. Good-night, Winkie Dan."

"Good-night, Junker. Thanks."

Winkie Dan fully decided, as he lay for more than an hour that night thinking it over, to shoot Marie with his bow'n-arrer—if he ever found her.

He told this to both Teddy and Miggie the next day. Miggie was Winkie Dan's nurse. She was a good nurse, Winkie Dan thought, because she took cold tea from a bottle, and let him go 'most anywhere while she slept. He could trust her with every word he said, too. Miggie used to take Winkie Dan down to the little park near the river, and spend the larger part of every clear day there.

It was about the middle of the summer that Winkie Dan was asked his name by a very beautiful lady dressed all in white. The lady smelled just too beautiful for words, and, besides, she had about the funniest-looking thing around her wrist that Winkie Dan had ever seen. Miggie had told him to come and wake her at once if any stranger ever spoke to him, and he would probably have done it, had it not been that the beautiful lady in white, seeing his interest in the curious wrist-bag, took it off, and placed it in his hand.

"Winkie Dan," he said, suddenly remembering the question that he had been asked.

"What an odd name!"

There was something about the voice of the lady that reminded him of some musical instrument he had once heard.

"May I sit down here on the bank and talk with you, Winkie Dan?" she asked gravely, bending over him.

"I'll see if Miggie's awake first," said he, prudently. Winkie Dan could never remember having had a stronger wish for anything than to open that funny bag, fast to the lady's wrist. Miggie was asleep.

"Gee, but this is a funny bag," chuckled Winkie Dan, a few minutes later. "It's nearly worth as much as my stone blocks that Junker gave me."

"This was given me by a real live foreign queen," countered the lady, smiling.

Winkie Dan suddenly remem-

bered something that presents from a queen suggested. Unfortunately, he had left his bow'n-arrers home this day of all days. He drew away, and fairly bristled as he asked:

"Are you The Lady of the Hills—an' I aint foolin', either?"

The beautiful lady looked quite astounded for a moment, and then she replied, very softly: "I dont think I am, altho I live on a hill—that's my house yonder." She pointed to a splendid place across the river.

Winkie Dan breathed a sigh of re-



THE FAIRY STORY



lief. He didn't want her to be the hated Lady of the Hills; she was too nice.

"I'm glad you're not her," he said, emphatically. "She's in a fairy story with Junker. She ran away from Junker with a feller named Music, and when I catch her, I'm goin' to shoot her with my bow'n-arrer."

Winkie Dan paid no attention to the funny way the woman acted, because he believed all women were kind of funny, anyway. He might have told her more about the story, for there was something about her soft and sweet that he seemed to have always been looking for, and just found. He never liked to have Miggie hug him, but he sort of wished that this beautiful lady would. But everything was spoiled by Miggie suddenly waking up.

"Miggie, and Junker, too, said I mustn't speak to strangers," he said, regretfully, as he abruptly left her.

There was something in the look she gave him that made him turn several times, thinking she had called him. A few minutes later she walked away to a large automobile that was waiting in the roadway.

It must have been two weeks later that Winkie Dan saw the beautiful lady in the park by the river again. Without even looking to see if Miggie was asleep, he ran straight up to her, with less dignity than he ever remembered having shown.

"Have you been looking for me?" he asked, boldly.

"Yes," she confessed.

"I have been looking for you," said Winkie Dan, and she took his hand, and they walked to a cool, shady spot on the river's bank.

"Tell me the story of The Lady of the Hills—whom you are going to shoot with your bow'n-arrer. Did you bring it with you today, my little Cupid?"

"No, but I can run home and get it while Miggie is asleep," he said, half rising.

She detained him with a hand he wished she would keep there a long, long time, it was so sweet to feel. Even Junker's hand was heavier than that.

Then he sat down, and she held him gently near her, while he told her the whole story of The Lady of the Hills. He tried to put all the gruffness in that Junker did, and added a little for himself. He felt a queer little movement of her body by his side when he had finished, and looked up. The beautiful lady was crying to



WINKIE DAN WANTS TO GO ROWING

herself in her handkerchief!

"I didn't mean to be so rough when I told it. Honest I didn't," said Winkie Dan, taking the beautiful lady's hand, and caressing it, while a sympathetic distress clutched at his own heartstrings in a way that made him hold on tight to keep from crying, too.

"And you dont feel a bit sorry for The Lady of the Hills?" asked the beautiful lady, at length.

"I only feel sorry for Junker. Will you cross your heart, if I tell you something?"





JUNKER HEARS OF DAN'S  
DISAPPEARANCE

"Cross my heart," swore the beautiful lady, solemnly.

"Well, Junker is the Beggar of that fairy story; he can't fool me." Winkie Dan tossed his head the way he had seen Miggie do it. "An' he thinks—"

"Winkie! Winkie!" a shrill voice was calling.

"She'll tell Junker that I was naughty, if I don't go right away," lamented Winkie Dan, as he ran away.

The sun was creeping low in the western hills before the beautiful lady rose, half wearily, and walked slowly back to her waiting car.

Miggie took a different route after that, passing under the bridge and down to the stretch of wharf by the very river's edge. Winkie Dan knew that Junker had expressly forbidden her to go there, but he had lots of fun playing among the bobbing rowboats, so he said nothing. He always was on the lookout for the beautiful lady, and would have stolen back up the bank if he had seen her in the park.

Above all things, Winkie Dan

wanted to confide his adventure of the beautiful lady to his side-partner, Junker. For hadn't Junker confided in him? Winkie Dan would have given his whole boxful of mechanical toys, and been content to let Santa Claus skip him altogether next Christmas, if Junker and the beautiful lady could only meet. Junker was so kind and good and *lonely*. And the beautiful lady was so sweet and beautiful; and that was what would make you laugh—*she was so lonely, too*.

Winkie Dan didn't know just how to tell it, but he was of the opinion that the beautiful lady might take the place of The Lady of the Hills, and so settle this whole matter that made Junker unhappy and Winkie Dan miserable.

Then, suddenly, it occurred to Winkie Dan how he might broach the great compromise—he would tell Junker *his* fairy story!

For five days he made up and made up, but each time gave up in despair. Finally, he decided to tell Junker what he had made up.

Junker was scowling over the even-



WINKIE DAN'S HAT TELLS THE  
STORY





THE LADY OF THE HILL'S POPULARITY INCREASES

ing paper the way you scowl at the cat when she has knocked down a fine house of blocks you have just built.

"Four weeks' triumphal tour!" sniffed Junker, over the article he was reading. "The whole country at her feet! Oh, did you speak, side-part-

ner?" he asked, looking over the top of the paper at Winkie Dan.

"I was going to tell you a—a fairy story," said Winkie Dan, half fearfully.

"I'll be a bad audience tonight, little Winkie Dan. Let's wait until tomorrow night, and I'll promise you



everything. I'm all upset, little shaver. I'm going out for a walk. Good-night!"

Winkie Dan was alarmed. He glanced at the news-sheet belligerently. He sprang towards it with a cry. There was a large picture printed that looked ever so much like his beautiful lady. He went up to bed with the beginnings of a great plan forming in his puzzled brain. He was desperate.

It was about noon the next day that

before his door. A pale-faced servant handed him a note the chauffeur had brought. He read it:

You have probably heard terrible reports about precious Winkie Dan. He has been rescued from the river. He is practically well and safe with his friend. Take the car and come at once.

"My God!" was all that passed Junker's trembling lips.

It was a drive of about four miles across the nearest bridge. The chauffeur



AND THEN WINKIE DAN, HAPPY, WENT FAST ASLEEP

one of the rivermen woke the rum-soaked Miggie to tell her that the last he had seen of her kid he was playing in one of the boats. Now, the boat and the kid were both missing. He was nowhere to be seen on the surface of the water. The tide was fast going out; a squally wind had sprung up. A bend in the river hid the worst part of it from sight. Junker, or John Sterne, her charge's uncle, was due home on a train that arrived in less than an hour!

Miggie fled to parts unknown.

When John Sterne arrived home, he found a big touring-car drawn up

feur made it in something like seven minutes. A hush hung over the great country-house as he was admitted by a butler.

"This way, sir."

With dread, Junker followed him up the broad stairs. The butler paused before the door of a room, softly opened it, and respectfully stood one side, closing it again when Junker had entered. He was about to rush up to the great bed, when he saw, in the subdued light, the form of a woman bending over it, with her arms around his little side-partner, Winkie Dan.



There was something about it all that made him tremble like a flame in the wind. Then the child saw him, and gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, it's Junker! It's Junker!"

The woman sprang up with a little shudder, and turned, and faced him.

In that moment, the boy was forgotten. Neither moved until his little voice piped up: "Junker, this is the beautiful lady of *my* fairy tale. I

wanted you to take her instead of that old Lady of the Hills!"

Then it was that she moved forward, and gently took his hands in hers.

"I have come back," she whispered. "Seven lonely years have I spent in fairyland."

"Marie!" was all he said, folding her tightly to his hungry breast.

Winkie Dan, the author of the pretty tale, had gone fast asleep.



## The Picture Show

By SYDNEY RUSSELL

(Age 14 years)

Oh, what is the thing whose praises all sing?  
Where every one can go;  
What is it brings joy to every girl and boy?  
Why, the picture show!  
That's where I have learnt all my geography;  
That's where all my favorite players I see.  
Oh, there's no other place where I'd rather be,  
Than the picture show.

What is it brings joy to every girl and boy?  
A place we all well know;  
Where you'll have a good time for a nickel or dime,  
Why, the picture show!  
What is it whose memories none can erase?  
Which, sooner than you think, will be the one place  
Which will be patronized by the whole human race.  
Yes, the picture show.

*The talkative couple behind you!*







**H**AD not a blanket of fog hung over the island of Niihau, these events would never have happened. If the ship's carpenter had not been fitting a new combing to a life-boat, dropping his tools when the *Perdita* shoved her nose on the reef, after-events would have probably come out very differently. But if the Rev. John Grangor, a retiring missionary, coming home from China, had not been on board, there would be absolutely no after-story to tell.

The trade-winds from the northeast had cooled the steamer's decks all the way across from Hongkong, but, as she neared Hawaii, they suddenly died down, and a hot, damp wind came up from the southwest, smelling of the equator.

Presently, close off Kaula, the fog set in, and the air became thick and breathless; the *Perdita* slowed down to half speed, and nosed along blindly, grunting her whistle like a pig in a sack.

Second Officer Edward Willard was shaving his chin by the light of a bracket-lamp when the *Perdita* struck—it was as if something big

had risen out of the Pacific and slapped the steamer a resounding buffet, the way she quivered and groaned—and, almost at the same time, pandemonium broke loose.

Willard had barely run to his station, in the stern, when the mob from the stoke-hole burst on deck, and, cursing and howling, started to rush the boats.

It was a man's work, then, holding them back, with a cracked skull or two, until the passengers were lowered over the rail. As each boat was filled, it rowed off southward, for a few strokes, then was swallowed in the fog.

The sea had risen to the *Perdita's* counter when Willard, with the five remaining members of her crew, prepared to lower her last boat—a little one off the second cabin smoking-room. They were tumbling in—not the pick of the crew, the officer noticed—when a girl appeared on deck, leading an old man in the black clothes of a clergyman. He was very feeble, and controlled his feet with the utmost difficulty.

Willard sprang to their side—a



fathom below, the boat's crew were muttering at his delay—and lifted the invalid over the rail.

"Below there!" he ordered; "lend a hand," and the clergyman was eased into the boat. The girl nimbly followed, then Willard, and soon they were putting off, steering west, with a last backward look at the sinking *Perdita*.

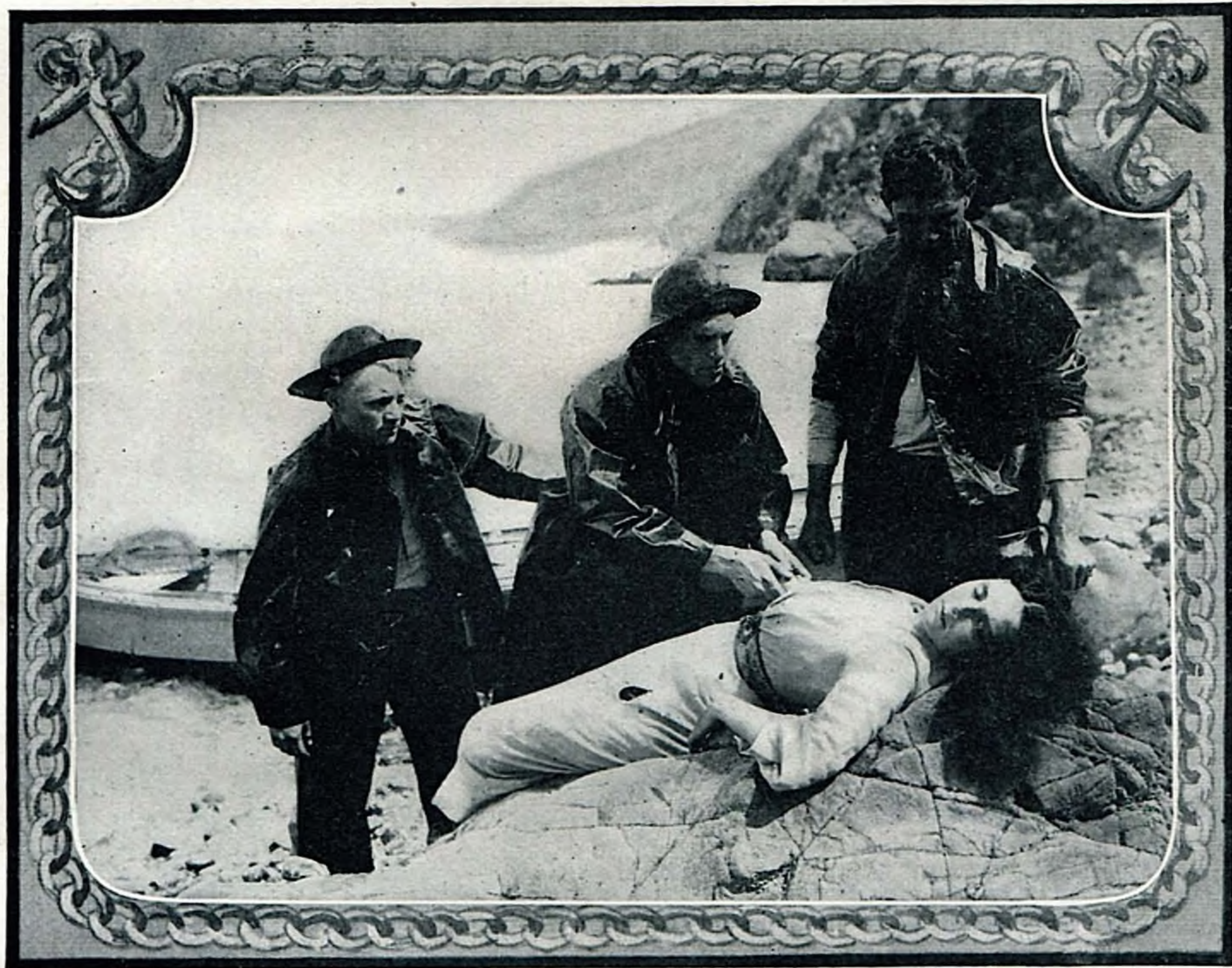
They had been out in the fog some

disclosed an ugly head of high rock within a ship's length of them.

Willard skirted its base, and steered for the lower lying coast beyond.

With the fog still lifting, and the sun coming thru against the foliage of hills back of the coast, the crew put the lagging boat thru the water at a smart pace, and soon had opened up a bit of coral beach.

Here they beached her, and every



FLORA RECOVERS FROM HER FRIGHT AND FATIGUE

three hours, with four men at the oars, and the old man shivering, even in his heavy coat, when Willard distinctly heard the slap of the surf against rocks.

He leaned forward, as if trying to cut thru the gray wall of the sea. "A little to starboard—steady there!"

The boat kept on—an interminable time—until the sounds became plain to all.

"I'm thinking, sir," said one of the men, "it's Niihau."

As he spoke, the fog lifted, and

one got out and stretched, as if at the end of a nightmare journey.

While the girl set her companion upon the beach, where he sat humped up and disconsolate, Willard ordered their little store of provisions brought ashore, and made a careful inventory of them. For, he thought, in his methodical way, this might be the coast of Niihau, inhospitable at best, or, again, it might not be.

The crew, one of them carrying a wicker demijohn, started on a tumbling walk down the beach.



"Here, you!" sang out Willard. "What have you got there?"

The man with the demijohn stopped, and faced about his ugly, blue mug. Willard beckoned for him to return, and, on his obeying, ordered him to leave his burden on the beach. The man reluctantly obeyed—it was evidently rum filched from the ship's stores, in the scramble for the boats—and turned back to join his companions.

Willard glanced at the demijohn,

said in a low voice, glancing toward the old man.

"Danger? None," he assured her, smiling, "save what we may make for ourselves. To tell you the truth," he added, lowering his voice, "I don't half like the looks of the men in the boat's crew that we brought with us."

"But they are under your command." She said this as if he were a species of monarch.

"True," he answered, "but Jack ashore is different from Jack on ship-



WILLARD ORDERS THE CREW TO STOP DRINKING

and was tempted to smash it, then and there, and have done with it. But it was a valuable store, in case of sudden sickness, and he added it to his other supplies.

All this time the girl, sitting on the beach, had been eyeing him boldly, and he suddenly thought of her.

"I don't know where we are, miss," he said, lifting his cap, "and won't know until the men come back. At a guess, I should say we were on the almost uninhabited island of Niihau."

"Then there is no danger?" she

board—especially after a wreck the worst part of him seems to crop out."

"Have you noticed anything wrong with them?" she asked.

"Only little things—but I know the reputation of Hongkong dock-rats and beach-combers, such as these. It's a fist between the eyes first, and after that love and respect."

He turned away, to busy himself with the stores; then, awkwardly, approached her again.

"Would your father care for a little stimulant?" he asked, with an eye on the demijohn.



"Oh, no, thanks," she spoke up quickly; "Mr. Grangor would never think of taking any."

There were several tins of soup in the stores, and Willard set about prying off the covers, and in gathering driftwood for a fire.

Presently the girl joined him. "Cant I be of use?" she asked, and, for the first time, Willard noticed that she was good-looking, with a round, even chin and wide-set, childish eyes.

"Yes," he admitted; "if there's anything more to cooking than making a fire, I'll gladly take further commands from you."

The supper was well under way when the boat's crew returned, and Willard assigned them a place on the beach, with one of them, the man with the blue chin, to wait on the others.

They ate noisily and with relish, with an eye ever on the demijohn.

After the meal, Willard questioned them, at length, on the results of their exploring trip, but not one of them could say, definitely, whether it was an island or not. In fact, they admitted they had not left the beach.

Willard figured that he had at least two hours before sunset to climb the range of hills back of the beach, so, ordering the men to explore the coast to the north of the head, he set out alone.

Like most sailors, he was a poor climber up the rocky, lava-covered slope, and it was almost dusk before he reached the summit. What he saw to the east was beautiful: a rare tropic sun-bath of orange and red streaking the purple sea, but it convinced him that they were upon a small island some distance from the true coast of Niihau.

As he clambered down the slope, now and then he caught a glimpse of the roaring fire on the beach, and, as he drew nearer, the wind blew the sound of boisterous voices to him. There was trouble of some kind ahead for him.

Willard broke thru the fringe of candle-nut trees, and started on a run down the beach. The boat's crew had

ceased singing and shouting, and were standing in a little group by the fire. Quite near them, with the flames playing shadows over her, stood the girl passenger. Her half crouch suggested the action of a big cat at bay.

The second officer drew his revolver, and appeared suddenly out of the night. The firelight showed up the faces of the men plainly: that they had been drinking hard was evident.

"Draw off," Willard ordered, "and build a fire for yourselves farther down the beach. I'll have no drunken trouble-makers in this camp."

Seeing the shining thing in his hand, they silently obeyed, and, a half-hour later, a second fire started into glowing life on the sands.

Willard lay on his back some few yards from his charges, and stared up into the vault of blackness above him. At last, a kind of troubled sleep came over him—a sleep in which visions of sinking steamers, countless demijohns floating on the sea, and a pair of sparkling, wide-set eyes were mixed in chaotic confusion.

He was dreaming that these eyes were staring at him, like pools of reproach, when a light hand upon his shoulder caused him to sit up and to look at these creatures of his dream.

"Mr. Willard," said the girl, "something dreadful has happened during the night."

He sprang to his feet, looked about him, and needed no further words. The store of provisions was gone, the boat was gone; no signs of life appeared on the beach. Only an empty demijohn rolled, lazily, in the shallow, sparkling water. The boat's crew had evidently taken a scant French leave during the hours of his vivid dream.

"Well," said the officer, after a few minutes of slack-jawed gazing, "they're gone, kit and boodle. We cant make any worse start than Adam did, anyway." Then, suddenly remembering that the girl was very much in the position of Eve, he stopped, and blushed fiery red under his sea tan.

"There's breakfast to be thought of," he resumed, "and I'm going



back of the beach to knock down some coconuts."

When he returned, with an armful of the tough-shelled nuts, the girl had rigged a sort of beach-chair for the old clergyman, against which he rested easily. Willard noticed one other contrivance that made him wonder at her ingenuity. It was a silk signal flag, tied neatly to a long pole, but, by its flounce, it would have been recognized as the offspring of a brown silk petticoat by almost any one but an unmarried seafaring man.

After a breakfast on the nuts, which, when fresh plucked, are as tender as porridge, Willard asked permission to light his pipe. He might as well tell them the worst, he thought, and be done with it: that they were a good twenty miles from the nearest inhabited island, and out of the regular path of vessels.

They took the news cooler than he thought—there was no fright, nor complaint, from the girl. It was only the old clergyman who groaned and looked feebler than usual, if possible.

Then the girl told him that her name was Flora Cavendish, and that her guardian, the Rev. Mr. Grangor, was taking her to San Francisco for the first time in her life.

A week passed on the island, but little of consequence happened, except that Willard dug up a patch of kalo bushes, and instructed Flora how to

bruise and bake the roots into a flour—the *poi* of all righteous Hawaiians. Then, too, the clergyman grew feebler day by day, just a natural petering out, and watched their signalling from the head, with an interest of resignation.

One day, as the sun turned their little bay into molten silver, and the coral sand around them sparkled with the luster of pearls, he called them to

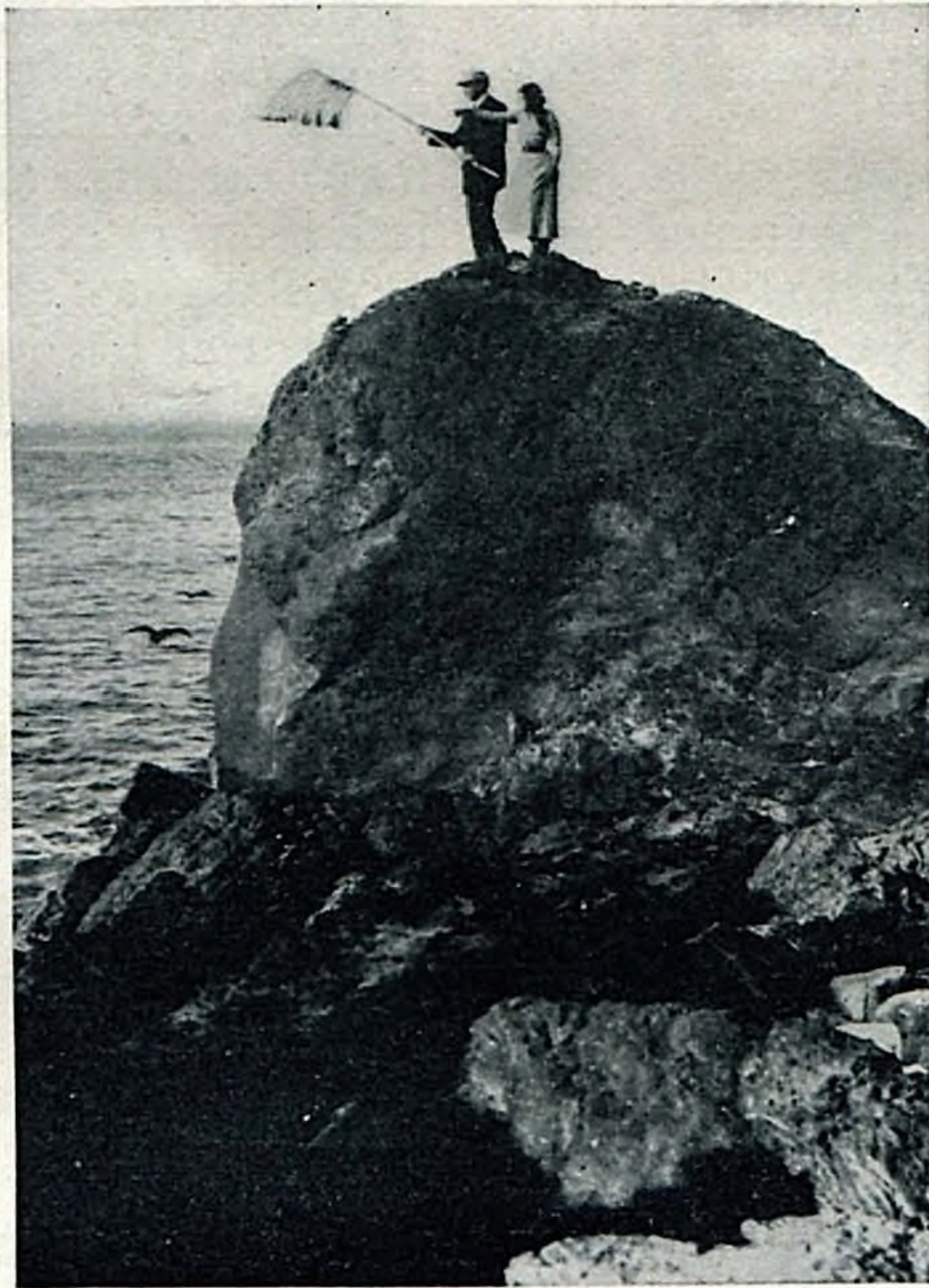
his side, and told them that he did not expect to survive the night. One thing lay on his mind, almost greater than the contemplation of his call to the beyond: it was that he might have the satisfaction of uniting them, then and there.

Such a thing Edward Willard had conjectured in his dreams only, and he could see it came as a sudden shock to the girl. But the old missionary held them, with his filming eyes, and warned them that his duty lay clear and shining before him.

It is only in penny novels that marriage is pro-

posed so suddenly, especially on a strip of uninhabited island in mid-ocean, so it is natural that the principals should have shown signs of reluctance and embarrassment.

But the scarcely lingering old man was insistent: a vision had come to him that they two should spend the remainder of their days on the island, and he, who had had his Christian will with so many stony-eyed Orientals, succeeded in joining their hands,



HOPING TO SIGNAL A PASSING  
VESSEL



if not their hearts, together on the sands in front of him.

Having had his will, some time later in the day he looked squarely into the setting sun, told Flora to pluck out his scanty purse, murmured a blessing, and, folding his hands tightly, passed away, quickly, in the invisible boat that plies wherever a soul beckons from the shore.

From then on, for several days,

where harmony and friendliness had ruled before in the little camp of three, a species of frigid formality hung over the open-air home of the two survivors. As a matter of fact, both these normal young people thought the other had been sacrificed to the whim of the late Mr. Grangor, and, while Flora took to long walks on the beach and among the rocks, Edward developed strong domestic tendencies, and set to work keeping a diary. He soon tired of this child's play, however, and, one day, throwing down his notebook, set out upon a trip of exploration down the beach.

While this model of domesticity was absent, Flora came back to the little patch of velvety sand, misnamed home, and spied his diary, thrown carelessly upon the beach. She picked it up, and, with pardonable curiosity, ran thru its pages. It contained a dry and unromantic record of the set of the winds, tides, and a seaman's carefulness for dates. The passage that caused her to groan miserably,

however, and to cast the book back on the beach, ran something like this: "Thursday, April 28th. Wind N.N.E., back in the trades. Minister is dying. He insists that I should marry Flora, this little girl. If I ever see you again, Evelyn, remember that I loved you——"

At almost the same time that this domestic tragedy was being acted, Edward ran down the beach to some

rocks on the water's edge with a hoarse shout of discovery. A native boat, but slightly damaged, lay wedged in the grip of two boulders. He looked it over, almost tenderly, with a lump rising in his throat, and realized that, with a little repairing, it would serve to escape with, from the island. What a providential thing, he thought, feeling the little boat's broken ribs, that the *Perdita's* carpenter had left his tools in the lifeboat, and that the boat's crew had cast them on the beach. In a day or two at most—

He broke into a mellow bass care-free song.

Before the stars had paled the next morning, he shook himself awake, and was off down the beach, carrying his tools. What a stupendous surprise he had in store for his wife, when he should come, rowing the little boat up to their front door, so to speak. Visions of a smooth, swift passage to Niihau, a two days' trip to Honolulu, and then San Francisco, shot thru his brain. It was glorious!



THE DEATH OF MR. GRANGOR



He stripped himself down to his shirt, and set to work, feverishly, on the damaged boat, which, to him, looked as fine as a Pacific liner, in the rising sun.

It must have been about noon, with

nod, and soon he was sleeping as only a man in the open can, soundly and serenely.

Again came dreams, or were they half reality? For, he thought, a trim young girl, with wide, hazel eyes,



EDWARD DREAMS OF FLORA AND THEIR HOME-GOING

the sun riding hot overhead and blistering his naked feet on the beach, that he knocked off from his work, and ate a giant's portion of gummy *poi* and cocoanut meat. Then, something in the monotonous sound of the slap of the sea against the head, and the cries of sea-birds, caused him to

came softly to his side, and looked long and brokenly at him. A sound of bitter weeping mingled with the slap of the sea, but he could not raise an arm, to put it about her and to check the sobs.

Presently he awoke, with a start, rubbed the uneasy vision out of his



eyes, and set to work again. Had he been less of a sailor, and of a more observing nature, he might have taken notice of the little footprints in the sand by his side, which the rising tide slowly obliterated.

As the sun was unblushingly preparing its bed in the west, he pushed the little boat into the sea, and rowed, with lusty, impatient strokes, toward their camp in the sand-carpeted bay.

As he neared the spot, Flora was not in sight, but some of her things strewn around told him that she was not far away.

The first thing he noticed was her jacket, then her saucy little chip straw hat—then her shoes. Strange; was she bathing at this hour of the day?

But she was nowhere in sight. A panic seized upon him, and he ran up the beach, calling her, frantically, by name. Only the waving palms gave back a mocking echo.

In the semi-darkness, he explored the treacherous rocks of the head. He thought even of setting out to circle the island, but the last blood-red ray of the sun, vanishing suddenly from the sea, warned him of its futility.

For two days, and two nights, he waited, sleepless and without food, on the beach; then he seemed to realize that she had passed away from him, probably into the sea, and he put out, rowing southeast, in a dazed, miserable sort of way. Two days afterward he reached Niihau, without mishap,

and from Honolulu took a steamer for San Francisco.

It is hard to fathom why Flora did such a desperate, foolhardy thing as to flee from the man that she really loved, but, as she leaned over his sleeping body in the little boat on the beach, she must have felt that, with rescue near, she stood between Willard and the girl he loved back in

the States. He had done a heroic thing in marrying her, out of a sense of honor, and, suddenly, she thought that her sacrifice should measure up to his. She determined, as by inspiration, to place all her clothing, but what was absolutely necessary, on the beach—it was a sure token of her death by drowning—and to flee deep inland into the woods. He would be free to work out his own destiny, then.

For two nights she came down to the fringe of palms, and watched him sitting, hunched up,

by the fire. Now and then, he dejectedly put fresh wood on it, but, tho the sobs swelled and strangled in her breast, she stuck bravely to her resolve, and did not warn him of her presence.

A week later she saw an incoming, native schooner off the head, and promptly signalled it. The schooner's people saw her, and sent a boat ashore. By paying out half of her scanty store of money, they agreed to take her direct to Honolulu. She arrived



FLORA FINDS EDWARD ASLEEP



in time barely to miss the steamer on which Willard had sailed. Two weeks later, she booked a passage, under an assumed name, for San Francisco.

The years passed by—two of them—in which Flora became a milliner's assistant in a smart shop on Market Street. Everybody liked the pretty little girl, who dressed always in the severe black of mourning; it is even rumored that she sternly rebuked the attentions of a purse-proud, fond mamma's only darling son, and that she opened his eyes, wide, upon the first thing that had ever been refused him—but that is a different story.

She lived, frugally, in a compact, sunlit room, with a canary, and was in a fair way of becoming an old maid, or, rather, a contented grass-widow, if such a thing is possible.

In the meantime, when his ship was in, Edward Willard, a Simon-pure widower, dwelt with his sister, Miss Evelyn Willard, in a snug little cottage, not three squares away. There! my secret is out, and Edward is not a villainous bigamist at heart, but only a simple, home-loving seafarer, without a wife to bless him. It was said of him that he was good-natured, very shy with girls, and that, curiously, he never left his cabin when his steamer passed the islet, Kaula.

On his return from his last trip, he had stopped at a milliner's, and ordered a stunning hat sent home, as a surprise for Evelyn. To show that the Fates were unkind to him, he must have missed Flora by inches, for she had just stepped out.

But he never knew, and, back at home, dozed the afternoon away in a steamer chair. The slap of the sea against rocks, and wide, haunted eyes, always came close to him then.

He did not hear the bell ring, nor a girl in black enter, with a box as big as a trunk.

Evelyn met her, finger on lip. "Ss-sh!" she whispered; "do not wake up brother."

Flora, for it was she, glanced toward the sleeper in the steamer chair. Something about his bigness, and the sprawl of his legs, looked familiar, and her eyes traveled upward to the bronze-bearded face.

She gave a little cry, reeled, and dropped the hat-box with a thud.

Edward slowly opened his eyes—

and saw his sister, with her arms supporting a trim figure in black.

A pair of flashing, hazel eyes—not dream eyes this time—met his.

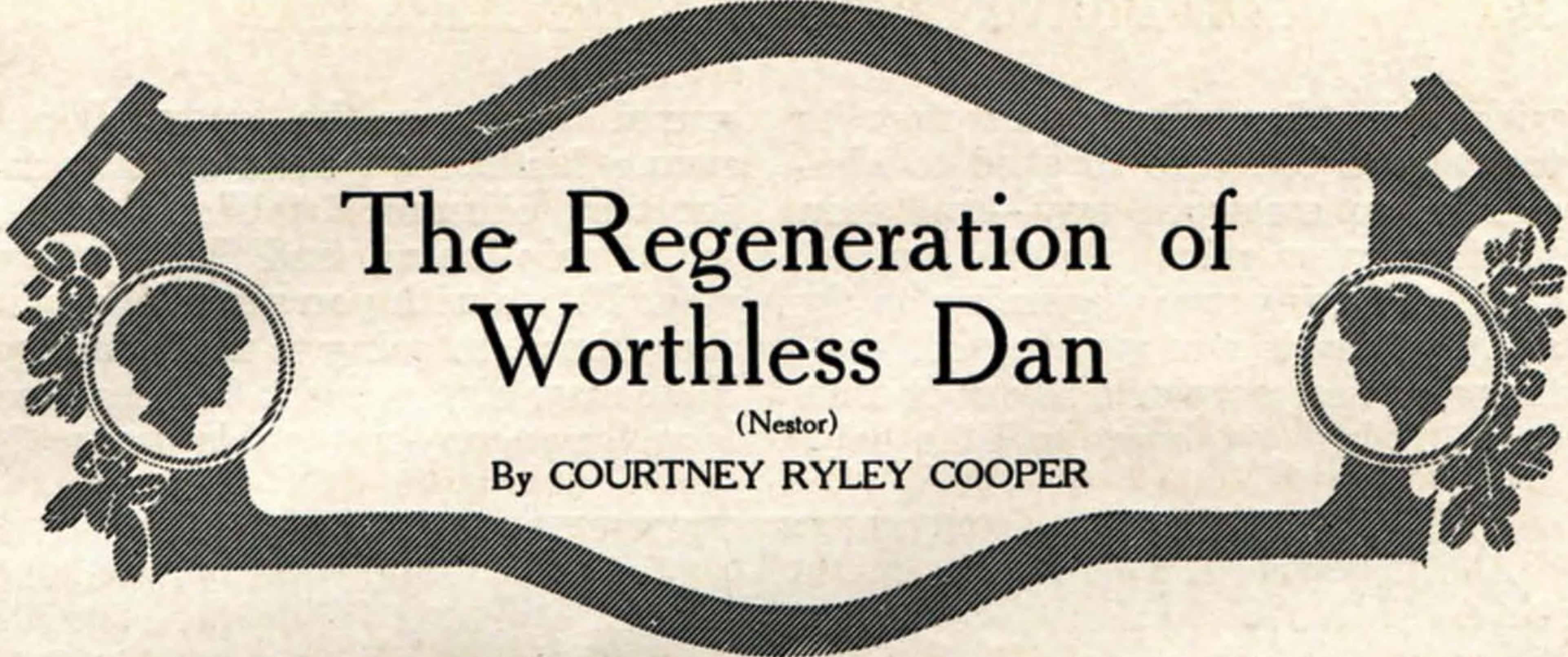
"Evelyn, sister," he called, excitedly, "it is she—my wife!"

He fully expected to have Evelyn say, with a hand on his shoulder: "You are dreaming again, Edward," but, instead, she led the girl in black gently toward him.



THE MEETING OF FLORA AND EDWARD, AND THE RESULT





# The Regeneration of Worthless Dan

(Nestor)

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

**B**LACK FABER, horse-thief, lay forward in his saddle, and grimly swung his head to survey the paths which led from the forks in the trail. His eyes were glinty and near-closed against the bite of the shrill wind, his lips had formed themselves into a straight line of aggressive hatred. One arm hung useless. Frozen blood was on his sleeve.

"No; I'm not going any farther!" he burst out, at last. "Do what you please, Sam—go on or come back. I don't care—if you want to act yellow about it! Hear me?"

There was an ejaculation from behind. The implication of Black Faber was not pleasing. But that person did not seem to hear. His eyes had suddenly opened, and he was looking far down to the trail, to where a traveling form showed on horseback. His jaw shot forward. He grinned, evilly.

"After the sheriff, eh?" he growled. "Well, when I get thru, there'll be something to need a sheriff for! Sam Stern!" he commanded, as he wheeled his horse, and faced his companion, "are you coming back or not? Are you going to let a pard get winged, and then not help him? Are you—huh?"

Sam Stern, tall, angular, weak-faced, vacillated.

"Who's that down the trail?" he asked, in variance to the other's question. Black Faber frowned.

"Allison's wife," was his crisp answer. "She's going after the sheriff to inform him that two very respectable hoss-rustlers are needing lynching, and that one of 'em's

winged, likewise her husband. That's why I'm going back, Sam Stern!" he muttered. "Allison winged me, and I'm going to finish him for it!"

"Finish him—why, he's got it, too; saw his left arm drop as you shot, Blackie. What do you want to act pizen like this for? Cant you—"

"Coming—or going to show your yellow streak?" Black Faber's voice was as cutting and cold as the wind which swept up from the canyon. He spurred his cayuse. He was gone.

An hour later, watching, in the growing dusk, the form of Black Faber, as that individual of crime and hatred faded into the shadows, Sam Stern crept forward toward the ranch-house of Jim Allison. He had seen the sneaking approach of his fellow "rustler." He had heard the shot, the cry, the falling thud of the body—he had known that the revengeful nature of Faber had been satisfied. One glance thru the window, and he discerned the lifeless form of Allison on the floor. Another glance—and Sam Stern turned pale.

"The pore little son-of-a-gun!" he broke forth, and hurried for the door; "the pore little son-of-a-gun!"

For there had showed, beside the form of the dead man on the floor, the tiny figure of a creeping baby—a baby which crooned and wondered, and touched the still face of its father with non-understanding hands; a baby who might suffer and hunger and cry in vain for food in the long hours that would intervene before Mrs. Allison, who had left after the first skirmish between the ranchman and the horse-rustlers, might return



with aid. Sam Stern felt that he trembled a bit. He laughed to himself in an awkward way—and then his face grew grim. In the gray of dusk, the snow was beginning to fly a bit. The air was growing colder—the wind had more of a bite to it than ever. It is not so brave to kill a baby

mured again, as he mounted and swung his horse's head against the growing blizzard. "We've got a tough trip home, and Lord knows what I'll do with you when I get you there, but I'm going to make the try. Your maw aint going to be here for a long, long time—not in this blow-up!"



THE DISCOVERY OF ALLISON'S DEAD BODY

by suffering and hunger as it is to kill a man with a bullet. Sam Stern hesitated but a moment more; then, swinging open the door of the ranch-house, with clumsy, trembling hands he lifted the baby into his arms, and wrapped it well against the cold without. Then he hurried for his horse.

"Pore little son-of-a-gun!" he mur-

But the matter of what was to be done with the child was settled for Sam Stern by a greater power, when, after hours of battling against sleet and snow and whipping, shrieking winds, he reached his lean-to, far above the canyon. Cramped, with aching limbs, and a head which throbbed from the bitter cold, he thumped his



way into the little one-roomed house. He laid the human bundle he had striven to protect on the bunk; he pulled aside the coverings—then his face went white.

“Pore little son-of-a-gun!” he murmured, with awkward sympathy; “pore little kid!”

And far away down in the valley, a woman, still weak and fatigue-laden from her wild trip for aid, reeled as the sheriff and physician, who bent over her husband’s body, told of his fate—reeled in the realization that her husband was dead, and that her baby was gone, she knew not where. Perhaps, could she have seen a tiny mound of frozen clods, which later showed, far up in the hills, she might have known—but the mound was miles away, and Sam Stern, weak-willed tho he was, had gone, with a vacillating determination in his mind to leave horse-rustling behind, forever.

Determination can last long sometimes. With Sam Stern it lasted nearly eighteen years. The old game of horse-rustling, where bullets and lynching parties went hand in hand, had resolved itself into the more respectable business of horse-trading. Business was growing, too. There had come the time when help was needed. And it was at that moment that Sam Stern, horse-thief of the past, had met Worthless Dan.

“Kid, all that’s the matter with

you,” Sam had said, as he bought the half-starved boy the food and drink he had needed, and for which he had begged, “is that you aint got balance. You mean well enough, all right, but you dont know how to handle yourself. Suppose you come with me, and let me make something worth while out of you. What do you say?”

And Dan Bertram, a wanderer at eighteen, penniless, unhappy, driftwood on the sea of life, looked up happily.

“What do I say?” he asked. “Thanks—thanks—thanks!”

And thus it was that Worthless Dan—they knew him by that name around the horse-yards—became the protégé of Sam Stern. Together they wandered from city to city; together they visited farm after farm, and ranch after ranch in search of horses. Worthless Dan’s clothing was better. There was beginning to be a better color in his cheeks—but there was something the eyes lacked.

“If I could just have a home,” he said one day, as they approached a farmhouse, “a place like that to live in, maybe things ’d be different. I aint bad, honest, Mr. Stern. Things have just been against me, that’s all!”

Stern did not answer. He was looking at the woman who stood on the veranda of the house, and a queer expression had come into his eyes. Some way, his voice had taken on a



STERN INDUCES DAN TO JOIN HIM



queer tone. He did not push his trading as usual. He noticed that the woman looked often at Dan, and that her eyes seemed to carry something of sympathy in them. Quickly he turned to the boy, as they left the place.

"What did that woman say to you?" he asked, shortly.

"Nothing much—why?"

"What was she talking about?"

"Something about her baby," was the answer. "It seemed she lost a little boy about eighteen years ago,

told the story of the mountain fight of years before, of the attempt to save the child's life, of its death thru exposure, of the burial in the high hills, and of the saving of the little brooch as a memory. There was something of cunning in Sam Stern's face as he told the story. It seemed that the memory of other days was re-awakening old desires within him. There was the racing for money—and money which came easier and quicker than by horse-stealing. He reached



MRS. ALLISON SHOWS DAN A PICTURE OF HER LOST BABY

and that he'd been about my age if he had lived, or hadn't been kidnapped, or something of the kind. I didn't pay much attention to it——"

"I knew it!" Stern's voice had broken in. "I thought I remembered that name!"

Hastily he led the way to a cow-stable, and pulled a glittering something from a pocket.

"See that brooch?" he answered. "You've been wanting a home. Here's your chance to get it. Now listen!"

And, as he passed the tiny brooch before the eyes of Worthless Dan, he

forward, and grasped Dan by the shoulder.

"Take this brooch," he ordered; "tell your story. She'll believe you—she'll think you're her son, see? You'll have a good home. All I'll ask is that you'll help me out on a little deal, see? That's all, just a little deal. I'll come back in a month. You'll have the lay of the land by that time—you understand?"

Something had turned awry in the mind of Sam Stern. The old feeling of generosity and kindness, which had caused him to make the fight



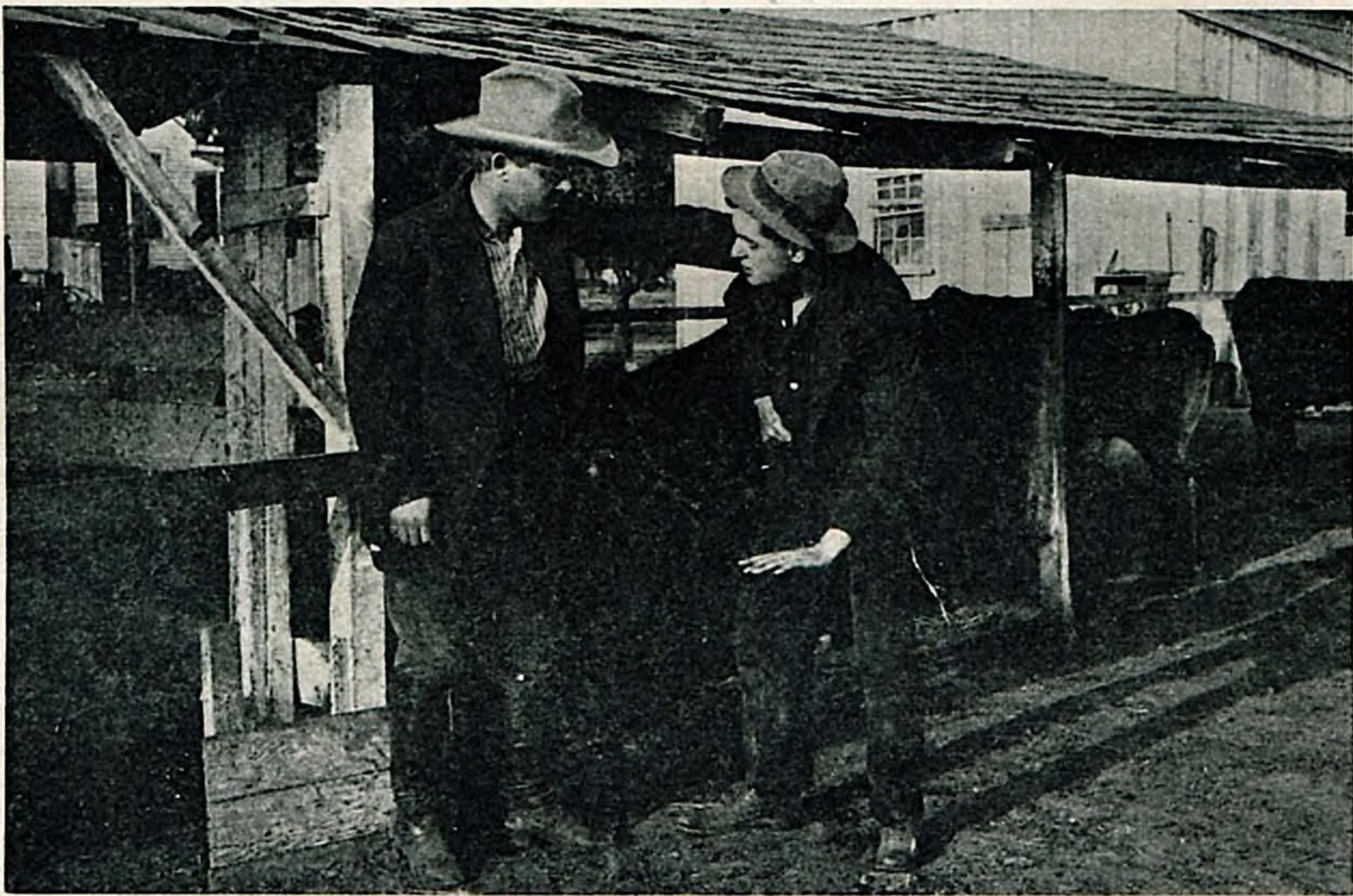
against the blizzard for a baby's life, seemed to have disappeared. Like a Fagin with an *Oliver Twist*, he urged Dan forward. The boy followed his directions. Mrs. Allison, old, lonely, her heart crying out for the child who had disappeared, opened her arms, and received the wanderer as her own flesh and blood.

And so, life for Dan Bertram changed from that of a gypsy existence to a happy life—the like of which he never had known before.

arms of Mrs. Allison were about the form of the boy she believed to be her son. "I just——"

"And I thought I had forgotten how to live," the woman answered.

Then came silence, while the boy and the woman sat before the fire, watching the dancing flames, the glowing coals, the dropping ashes. The big clock on the mantel boomed out the hours. At last Mrs. Allison arose, kist the brow of the boy beside her, and left the room.



DAN INFORMS STERN OF MRS. ALLISON'S INTEREST IN HIM

Here was home, here was happiness. And more than that, here was the something he had wished for all his life, here was the lone something he had longed for and craved—mother-love! To Mrs. Allison, widow, Dan Bertram was a son—a son who had disappeared years ago, who had come back, and who must be made to feel all the happiness of stored-up love and cherishment. Life was good in that home—life was happy.

"I never knew what it was to live before," Dan said, one night. They were standing before the fire. The

"Good-night!" she said, softly.

"Good-night!" answered Dan. He was staring ahead. His thoughts were surging with the realization that this life he was leading was not a truthful one, that he was playing a game of deception, and that, worst of all, he was playing it against a woman.

Long he sat there—then started. There had come the sound of a twisting door-lock. Again it came—again. Dan Bertram whirled, to come face to face with Sam Stern. The house-breaker held up a hand for silence.

"Quick!" he said, "is she asleep?"



Dan Bertram recoiled a bit.

"I don't understand you," he answered. "What——"

"You know what I want!" came the voice of Sam Stern, and the tone was gruff. "You know what I put you in here for. You've gotten the

what you put me here for, was it? You didn't put me here to give me a home, then—but just to act as a tool for you; to help you in a game of robbery! Well, I won't help you, see? Get out of here—out of here!"

His clutching fingers met the other



DAN PROVES MORE THAN A MATCH FOR STERN

combination of the safe by this time, and I want it. It's time for you to be moving on. We've got to have money—see?"

For a moment they glared at each other. Then, with an inarticulate cry of anger, Dan Bertram leaped forward, straight at the throat of the other man.

"Thief!" he cried out. "That's

man's throat. Together, breast against breast, glaring eyes staring into glaring eyes, they struggled about the room, over chairs, bumping against furniture, crashing against the walls. Now and then Sam Stern cursed. More often he strained the muscles of his neck, that the tense fingers of Dan Bertram might not choke him. Again—again—again they struggled about



the room. Then, a wild cry, one final wrench of the form of Sam Stern, the slamming of a door, and he was gone. Dan Bertram, savior of what money Mrs. Allison possessed, turned, and looked into the face of the woman.

"Well," he said, and his voice was slow and strange, "I guess you under-

help him in a game of robbery if he gave me the home here. But—well, I guess I 'preciated the home too much." He crossed the room. He reached for his coat and hat. "If you'll let me get what few little things I have here, I'll come and get them tomorrow, Mrs. Allison." His head



MRS. ALLISON MOURNS THE LOSS OF HER SON

stand now—you see what I was put here for."

"Put here for?" queried Mrs. Allison, still reeling from the excitement of the events which had passed. "Then——"

"I am not your son." The voice of Dan Bertram sank low. "I am no relation to you. Stern had the brooch. He thought I might be persuaded to

was bowed. "I've loved the home I've had here—I used to fool myself into the belief that I really was your son, and that I'd amount to something some of these days. But I don't guess that's possible. I've always been Worthless Dan—I guess I always will be."

He turned the knob of the door. He paused for just one more look about



the place—at the books he loved, at the fireplace, at the face of the woman who had been so kind to him. And there, there instead of the anger he had expected to see, there instead of the frown, there were tears and the smile that means forgiveness. Her arms were outstretched. She had

fought her battle, and had won it. “You have made yourself a son to me, Dan,” she said, simply. A broken sob broke from the boy’s throat. A moment more, and he was on his knees before her.

“Mother!” the boy sobbed, brokenly, “mother! God bless you!”



## The Passing Show

By HARVEY PEAKE

*(As seen by the girl at the ticket window)*



A shuffling man, with a careworn face,  
And a child of most appealing grace,  
A woman with gnarled and knotted hands,  
And a swarthy couple from Eastern lands,  
Seek an hour of joy in their dull, gray day,  
Thru the magical lure of the Picture Play.



The blonde with the jeweled lavallière  
And a dancing gown, is Miss Vere de Vere;  
And the man in the faultless evening clothes  
Is Stoxon Bonds, who, as every one knows,  
Lures her from dinners and dances gay  
To coo in her ear at the Picture Play.



Two grinning urchins are eagerly  
Crowding ahead of a group of three,  
Who came from the rural fields and lanes,  
To be rewarded for time and pains  
By journeys adown the primrose way,  
Via the Motion Picture Play.

So day by day they come and go—  
Never the same is the passing show.  
Some are seeking to find respite  
From a day of worry, or sleepless night;  
Others ask pleasure alone when they stray  
In to the Motion Picture play!







"It might as well be now as any time," he muttered, savagely.

A swift glance from one end of the bridge to the other showed that there were no interfering passers-by to dread. He cast one look at the stars—blinking at him thru a thick pall of fog—another one at the swirling, black water beneath him. Then, his hand was on the rail—his body bent forward—his muscles drawn tense—

"Oh, no, no; you mustn't!" cried a voice, from out the fog. There was a soft rush of footsteps, and a light hand lay upon his. It was very dark on the bridge; he could just distinguish a slender form, in a long, dark ulster, standing close beside him.

"You mustn't!" the voice begged again. "How could you think of such a thing—you, a man, able to fight the world?"

"To fight it, yes; to work with it, no," he replied, bitterness burning in his tones. "That's all I've ever done—fight it! And I'm floored, now, down and out, ready to cry 'enough' and quit it. Why didn't you let me alone? I'd be at rest now."

"At rest?" she questioned, quietly. "Does the soul of a coward ever rest?"

Somehow, I picture it a black, skulking, cringing shadow, driven up and down thru eternity by an unquiet, tormenting fear that forbids peace."

"A coward!" he exclaimed. "You take a great deal for granted—you judge with no knowledge of the circumstances."

"There are no circumstances that justify a man, or a woman, in giving up the fight."

They were walking toward the end of the bridge now, her hand still resting lightly on his arm. He was vaguely conscious that her figure was slender and graceful; that her voice rippled lightly, with trained modulation; that she carried herself with the light, sure poise of the woman he had known long ago.

"What do you know about it?" he demanded, harshly. "What do you know of the world—of poverty, temptation, sin, regret, despair?"

At the fierceness of his question she stopped, drawing him swiftly into the circle of pale radiance from the arc-light at the bridge's end.

"Look at me," she said.

He stared at her, dumbly: at the slender figure, so shabbily clothed; at the holes in the tiny shoes; at the



hands, thin to boniness; at the great braids of dark hair, framing a face so pallid that the big eyes, beneath their heavy lashes, looked like smouldering coals, from which the light had almost died.

"You see," she said, very quietly, "I know all about it—all! Poverty, sin, temptation, regret, despair! But you must keep fighting. The way out,

waiting. At last the line began to move up, irregularly, with much unsteady shuffling. Charles Hutton moved with it, dully, only half conscious of his surroundings. He was faint and sick; his brain was whirling; wherever he looked, he seemed to see black, swirling waters, stars shining palely thru the fog, a slender form beside him in the darkness.



CHARLES RETURNS TO HIS DYING FATHER

for you or for me, does not lie by the river, my friend. Good-by."

She was running swiftly away, into the darkness. He called after her, hoarsely:

"But who are you?"

"One of the submerged," floated back the lightly rippling voice.

The bread-line was an unusually long one that night, a shivering, fog-drenched thread of humanity stretching far down the Bowery. At the very end stood Charles Hutton, grimly

"Here, take your coffee," a voice growled, good-naturedly. "'Taint often youse is last in line; must be you had a date tonight."

"I did—and it was a good one." The black coffee had cleared his brain and braced his flagging energies. "Say, let me see your paper a minute, will you? I want to look at the want ads."

"Sure. Goin' to work, I s'pose," chuckled the lucky owner of a paper, facetiously.

"That's just what I am," declared



Hutton, scanning the page, seriously. Suddenly he gave a quick exclamation, staring at the paper with wide eyes. A moment later he had dropped it, with a hasty "Thanks," and hurried away.

"Now I wonder wot got him?" soliloquized the man who was left behind. He picked up the paper, spell-

The bread-line continued to train its dingy length down the Bowery every night, dumbly patient while it lengthened; then, hitching unsteadily forward, shortening, disintegrating, flinging its miserable fragments of humanity out upon the city's tide again, to drift until another night closed in. The fragments varied in



THE BREAD-LINE—BUT CHARLES NO LONGER APPEARS

ing out some of the "wants" laboriously. "Dont see nuttin' for him to go nutty over," he decided, folding the wrinkled sheet for further perusal on a park bench.

But the paragraph that had sent Charles Hutton off, in such desperate haste, was not a want ad. It was headed personal, and it read:

CHARLIE H.: Come home to me. I am dying. I forgive all. FATHER.

name and birthplace, perhaps, from night to night, but the type seldom changed. Always the dull, discouraged face, the shifty glance, the stolid indifference of the man hardened to poverty and alms.

Round the corner lay Chinatown, quiet by day, awaiting the visits of tourists, philanthropists, and the ever-present social workers, studying "types," making copious notes in leather-backed note-books, as if man's



problems could be cataloged, indexed, filed away, and so disposed of. At night Chinatown woke up; the tourists and social workers continued to come, carefully guided and chaperoned now, but others came, too. Women with yellow hair and painted faces and eyes that showed, beneath their artificial glitter, the pain of world-weariness and despair. Men— young, old, rich, poor, sympathetic, curious, careless—they all came, looked on, amused themselves, and

their presence—they lay in studied attitudes, smoking, and awaiting the inevitable visitors, who seldom failed to leave substantial coin in token of their sympathy.

Into this den stepped Charles Hutton, handsome, prosperous, well-groomed, with a richly gowned beauty clinging to his arm, while she peered around with wondering, amused eyes. Other women in the party looked horrified, or sympathetic, but this girl seemed to see, in the tawdry, miser-



SLUMMING IN CHINATOWN

scuttled away with the first streaks of dawn.

A reeking, noisome opium den on Mott Street stood wide open, one night, for tourists to enter—a certain indication that the loathsome details of the room had been worked out with an eye to the tourist's patronage, rather than for the actual use of Chinatown's habitués. Slant-eyed women in gaily flowered kimonos; narrow-eyed men, with long, slimy braids coiled above yellow faces; others, both women and men, without even the claim of nationality to justify

able scene, only a cause for contemptuous merriment.

"Wake up, Charles," she said, impatiently, noting the dreaminess of his eyes. "You stand there looking as if you had all the sentimental sympathy of my Aunt Nell. See her over there, now, talking to that horrible woman. She looks ready to cry—it's all foolishness. If these folks didn't want to live this kind of life, they wouldn't do it, that's all."

His eyes had turned to her now, with a calm, half accusing scrutiny, which made her flush, impatiently.



"Are you quite sure you know what you're talking about, Dolores?" he asked.

"Certainly," she flashed back, positively. "I told father, tonight, where we were going, and he said it was all right, if you came with us, but not to let my sympathies carry me away, for all these places are fixed up to impress sightseers and get money out of them. And he said these people could be decent, if they wanted to."

was her right to know. But, was he to marry her? He glanced down at the beautiful face again, and a flood of doubt swept his heart. A few hours ago he had been sure that he loved her. He had tried to propose to her, first in the conservatory, then, when an interruption came at an inopportune moment, he had led her out to the balcony, away from all her guests, to try again. But again an interruption had come, and then the pro-



CHARLES IS ABOUT TO PROPOSE, BUT—

But Charles Hutton made no response. He was thinking of the vast difference between his life tonight and the life he had been living two years ago, when his dying father's message had called him home, to receive his blessing and share in his vast fortune. He felt a sudden impulse to tell this girl all about the follies that had sent him from home; the pride and rebellion that had kept him living on, in abject poverty and despair, only a few miles distant from his home; the message that had called him back. If he was to marry her, it

posals for a slumming party banished his chances of further tête-à-tête for that night. Was it fate? Her heartless attitude toward the miserable beings she was looking upon made him vaguely uneasy.

"Nonsense!" he said to himself, with an impatient shrug. "I'm getting too critical. How can I expect Dolores to understand? She's had no experience with life."

She had left him for a moment; now she came dancing back, her lovely face glowing like a flower in the sordid surroundings.



"We're going down on the Bowery, to see the bread-line," she said. "Uncle says it's great fun."

"Fun for the bread-line, or for the spectators?" he asked, cynically, but, in the bustle of departure, she did not notice his question.

The bread-line! Yes, there it was, just as it had been two years ago. The same slinking, shuffling file of outcasts, waiting for the scant portion which would put a little warmth into

spirit, he was walking a long, dark bridge, with an arc-light flaring dimly thru thick fog, in the distance. Beside him walked a slender, dark-cloaked figure. A chill wind was cutting their faces, a dank mist was floating up from the black waters beneath. The girl was speaking to him, in a rippling voice, and her hand was resting lightly on his arm. In a flash, Charles Hutton realized what it was for which he had been vaguely hunger-



CHARLES IS AGAIN INTERRUPTED

their starved bodies. Somehow, he had never realized before that the bread-line was still forming every night; that while he lived in luxury, the rest of them were there, living the same old life. His thoughts were interrupted now by Dolores, who put a delicate hand on his arm as she leaned forward, pointing.

"See, what a lot of them there are," she said, "and they all look alike, don't they? Isn't it funny!"

Funny! What was it that swept over him with the touch of her hand upon his arm like that? Suddenly, in

ing, thruout the long months; why it was that he had felt unsatisfied with life, unsatisfied with Dolores, doubting his love, not knowing his own mind, and, with the realization, came a great wave of thankfulness that he had not committed himself, that he was free to seek her—the girl whose name he did not even know, the girl who had saved his life and fled away into the darkness.

"It is time to go home," he told the party. "The best part of the show is over, now that the animals are fed," and they laughed, not noticing the



irony of his voice. And, while they made their way homeward, flying up the long avenue in cozy limousines, his mind was asking, over and over: "How shall I find her—not even her name to help me? Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the river, where she found you, before," some inner voice seemed to urge, and, for want of a better suggestion, he acted upon this one. Bidding Dolores good-night, at her own door, he ran down the steps, and gave a hurried direction to the chauffeur. In another moment he was speeding toward the river.

The bridge was dark and silent; a gray mist was rising from the water, obscuring the stars. It was very late, and no one had crossed the bridge for a half-hour, when a slender form crept softly out from the shadows and peered cautiously up and down the dim length of the structure. No one was in sight; no footstep was approaching. She caught her breath in a strangling sob, and turned her face, for an instant, toward the stars, but the fog hid them—there was no tiny ray of light. She leaned far over the rail, looking down into the swirling water.

"It's cowardly," she whispered, softly. "I hate myself for doing it—but I must have rest—I must have rest!"

For an instant, she stood motionless, watching, listening. Then, her hand was on the rail—her body bent forward—her muscles drawn tense—

A rush of heavy footsteps, a horrified cry, in a man's strong tones, a hand upon hers, closing over it, drawing her back, with firm grasp.

"You mustn't do that, you know," he said, and his tones were shaking. "I was just in time, wasn't I? There, there, don't cry, now. I'm going to take you back to my car, and take you where you'll be cared for, until you get on your feet again. Wasn't it lucky I came? You see, I am looking for some one—some one that I'm terribly anxious to find, and I just thought she might possibly be walking

in this direction. But I'll see to you first—then I'll look for her again."

He was patting her hand, and soothing her, as one soothes a wayward, frightened child, but she did not speak. She only sobbed and shuddered and pulled her worn scarf closer about her face.

"Walk back to the end of the bridge with me now," he went on. "My car is there. And don't take it so hard. Let me tell you, I was all ready to take that dive myself, two years ago, and I was stopped—stopped by a slip



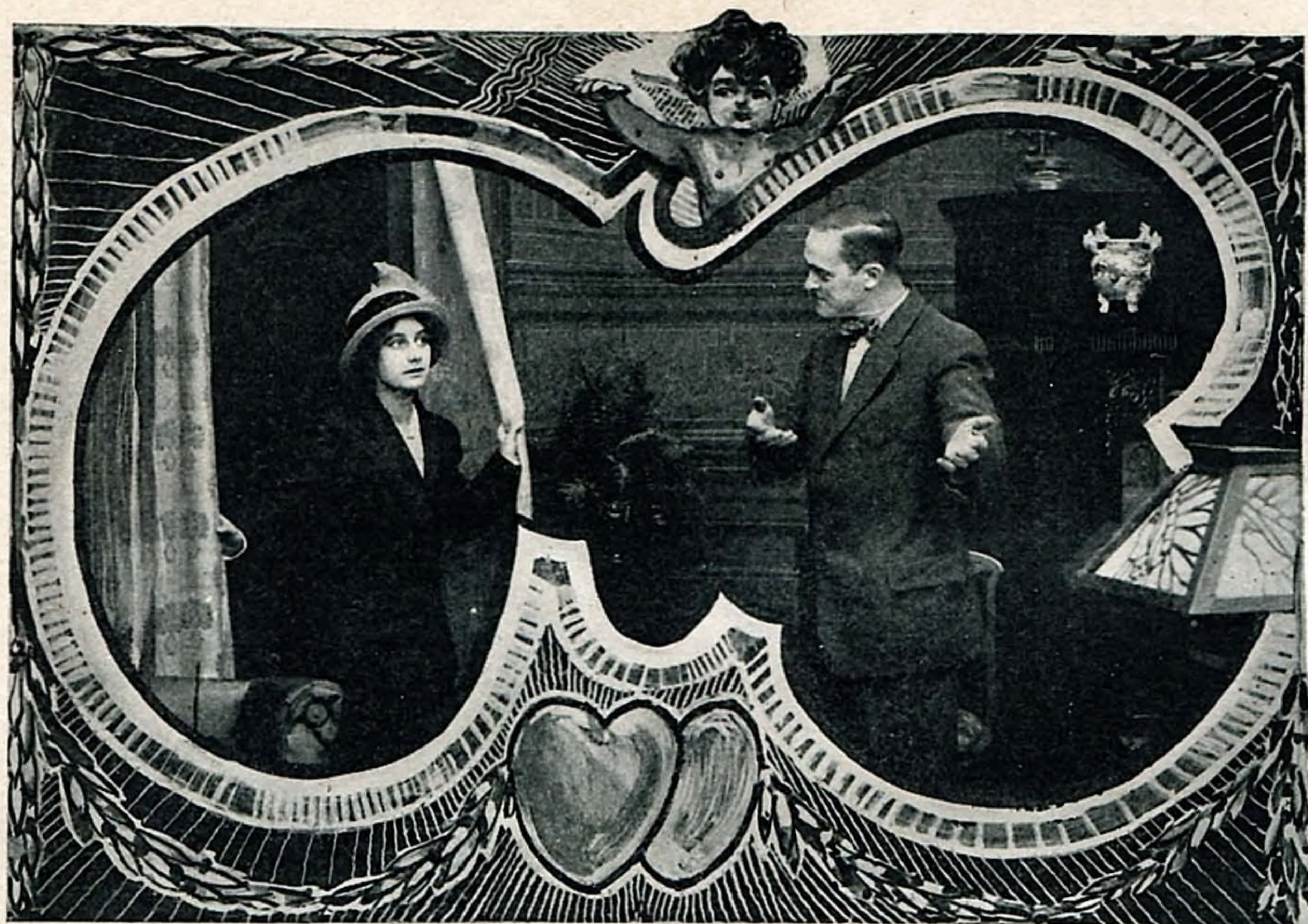
ONE OF THOSE MINISTERS WHO ARE ALWAYS READY

of a girl, who ran away into the darkness, and I never saw her again. But I'll find her, if it takes the rest of my life. She'll be your friend, too, after I find her; we'll be friends to all the unfortunates—the submerged,' she called them."

They were walking toward the end of the bridge now, his hand beneath her arm, but still she did not speak. They came out into the glow of the arc-light, and he beckoned to the waiting chauffeur.

"Drive close here," he said; "the lady is faint."





WELCOMING THE BRIDE

Then, as he would have lifted the slender form, to place it upon the soft cushions of the car, the light fell full upon her face, and he gave a sudden cry of joy and wonder.

"You!" he cried. "You! is it possible? And I was just in time! A moment later, and—my God!"

His arms closed around her, and she yielded, with a long sigh. For a time there was silence—a silence tense with gratitude and love and hope.

Then he turned to the chauffeur, who was discreetly watching the river.

"Dan," he said, "do you know where one of those ministers live who'll perform the marriage ceremony at any hour?"

"Yessir," said Dan, promptly, his face betraying no emotion whatever; "I've taken many a couple to one."

"Then take us, immediately," ordered Hutton.

"Yessir," said Dan.



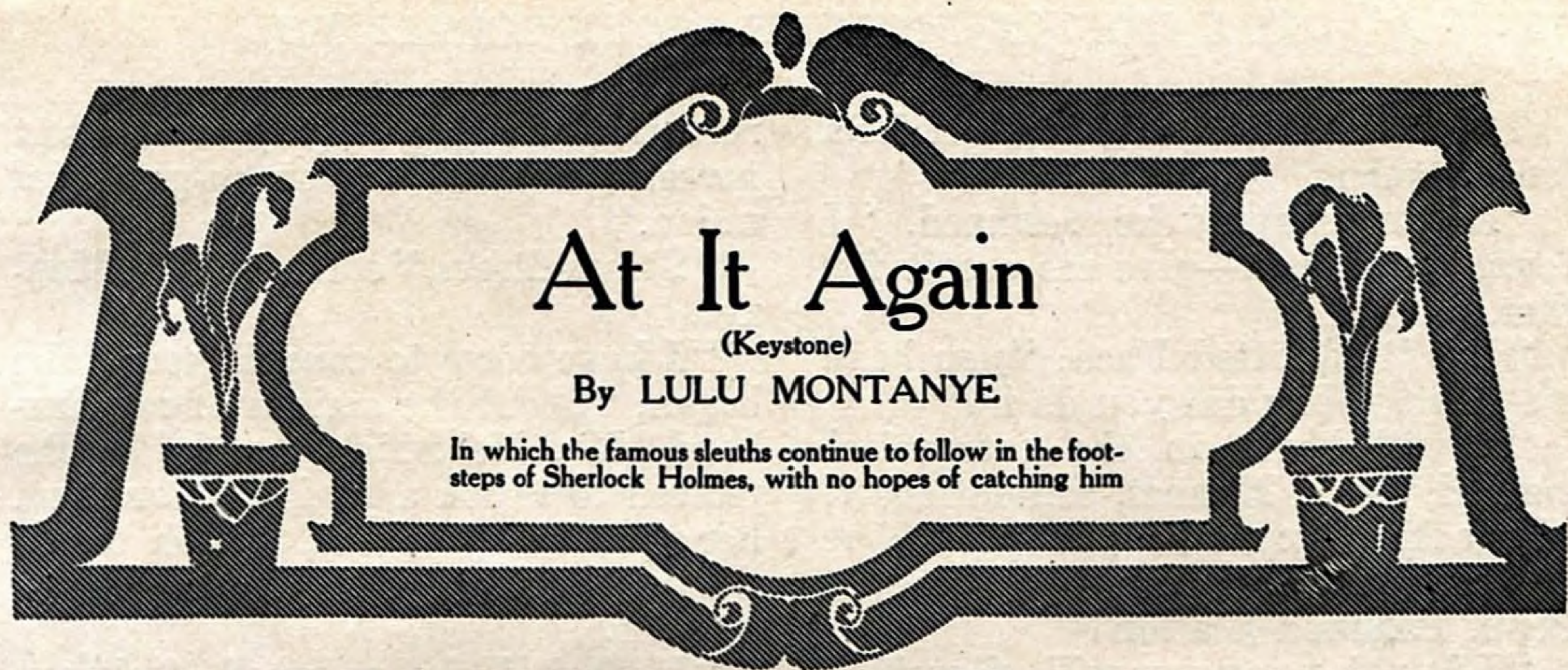
## Sevens

By LALIA MITCHELL



EVEN times one this week I've seen  
 Pictures thrown by the deft machine.  
 Seven times two the films I'd view  
 If they'd show the number I want them to.  
 Seven times three the actors gay  
 I've learnt to watch for in picture play.  
 Seven times four were those in the row  
 Ahead of me tonight at the show.  
 Seven times five the times I clapped  
 My hands at a climax deftly capped.  
 Seven times six the friends I've known  
 Whose admiration is like my own.  
 Seven times seven the times I'd go  
 With you if I could to a Picture Show.





# At It Again

(Keystone)

By LULU MONTANYE

In which the famous sleuths continue to follow in the footsteps of Sherlock Holmes, with no hopes of catching him

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Myred Face.....*Fred Mace*  
 Sack Mennet.....*Mark Sennet*  
 Mrs. Smith.....*Mabel Normand*

NOT the least bit put out by the sudden termination of his dazzling, but, on the whole, unsuccessful career in New York, Myred Face, gentleman detective, crossed the Continent to Los Angeles, and opened offices there for the detection of crime and of baffling mysteries in those intricate cases that were so often woodenly handled by the police.

As he had settled deep in his ulster in the Pullman, he had realized, with delight, that his inseparable side-partner and fellow sleuth, Sack Mennet, was not his traveling companion. The fact is that he had deliberately shook him.

They had worked out together their first famous cases, braving the perils of high society and the underworld, but then, suddenly, had come reverses. They had bungled some highly important cases, and, henceforth, Face, the more daring of the two, had decided to start a clean slate, alone.

He had barely established himself in his new quarters, when a tall, thin man, dressed as a steam-fitter's helper, presented himself, and started belaboring his office radiator with a hammer. It was in August, and melting hot, with the windows thrown open, and Face stood the mechanic's pother as well as he could.

Presently he got up softly, crossed over back of his peace-disturber, and looked fixedly at the kneeling man's

shoes. They were of a stylish last, but caked with mud on the soles.

"Ah!" said Face, in an even tone, "it is Sack Mennet, and no other."

The noise on the radiator ceased, and the tall mechanic turned a sheepish, injured face toward the speaker.

"Yes," he admitted, slowly, "it's me—but how did you spot me, Myred?"

"It was the acme of simplicity, bonehead," answered Face. "The noise at the radiator apprised me that some one was in the office, the inappropriateness of a steam-fitter in August warned me of a disguise, and I had only to notice the caked mud on your soles to complete the discovery."

"I had first thought of appearing as an iceman," began Mennet, somewhat sadly, "but that rôle has been done to death.

"Tell me, Myred," he burst out eagerly, "what the mud on my soles——"

"Nothing more simple. That particular kind of mud is found in quantity only around the excavation of the New York subway. As soon as I recognized it——"

"But I've brushed my shoes repeatedly since then," protested Mennet.

"It makes no difference," said Face. "Why argue? With your lack of theory and imagination, you will never make a great detective."



The late steam-fitter was silent for a long moment.

"At any rate," he resumed, "I found you again—give me credit for that."

"Yes," admitted Face; "you have me there. How did you do it?"

"I will begin in the categorical method," said Mennet, sententiously, "by asking you: Do you remember the chauffeur who drove you to the Penn. Railroad Station?"

"I do not, nor never will. I *walked* to the Central."

"Oh, punctures! Have it your own way. Do you happen to remember the organ-grinder who followed you on foot, then?"

"Yes," said Face, puffing excitedly on his calabash. "Was it you?"

"Certainly, fathead!" cried Mennet, triumphantly, "and the hand-organ was nothing but my trunk, ready packed. I had but to jump on the Pullman, change clothes——"

"S-s-h!" said Face, suddenly. "Did you hear a step on the stair?"

"Let me investigate," said Mennet, his instincts aroused.

"No; by the time you have found a clew on the stairs, the person will have moved either up or down."

It was as Face had predicted. The sound of hurried feet continued on up the stairs, and, presently, a knock came upon the door.

"A woman," said Mennet; "no one else would knock on an unlocked door."

Face seated himself at his desk, rustled some documents sharply, then called out: "Come in."

The door opened, and a diminutive young lady, with a very flushed face, advanced timidly into the office.

"Is this the office of Mr. Myred Face?" she inquired.

"I am he," said Face, with a slight inclination of his head.

She looked wonderingly at the easy attitude of the steam-fitter in a Morris chair.

"Pray be seated," said Myred, hurriedly, "and do not be embarrassed at the presence of my co-worker, Mr. Mennet, who has just

returned from a highly important investigation of the organ-grinders' union."

"Steam-fitters," corrected Mr. Mennet.

"I have come to consult you," she began, "about the actions of my husband, Mr. Nehemiah Smith." She paused to brush a fugitive tear from her peachblow cheek, which made the steam-fitter sigh in a hollow manner.

"Mother," she resumed, "always wanted me to marry a middle-aged man—she said I was too romantic—so I finally fell for the attentions of Nehemiah, who was the proprietor of the swellest barber shop in town. All went well—Nemmy was a model husband, until he decided to increase his business by carrying a line of theatrical wigs for chemical blondes. From that day," she faltered, "Nemmy has not been the same."

"Calm yourself," said Face, gallantly. "It is shockingly cruel—I, too——" He left off abruptly, his head bowed with memories.

Mennet came to his rescue. "My colleague's researches," he began, "in the field of chemistry have been profound. She was the dearest old lady!" he exclaimed, and ended, as Face glowered at him fiercely.

"What made me decide to consult you," said the little lady, abruptly, "was the receipt of this unsigned letter, which intimates that Mr. Smith has transferred his affections."

Face took the sheet of scented note-paper which she held out to him, and scrutinized it closely thru his magnifying-glass.

"To the profession which honors me," he said, "this simple missive whispers a hundred little stories; but, first, let me ask you: Have you consulted the police department?"

She shook her glossy curls emphatically.

"Then," advised Face, "there is no time to be lost. In the detection of crime—or in this case, let us hope, only a passing fancy—there is nothing so inconspicuous as the conspicuous. We will, therefore, proceed to track your



husband in a touring-car, in which vehicle he would not be likely to notice you."

"Why not use a fire-engine?" breathed Mennet, ironically, but Face's pretty client began to appreciate his cleverness. "I'm so glad I came to you," she said, demurely.

She was rather frightened, tho, at the elaborate preparations of the detectives for their trip. The roomy pockets of their tweed ulsters seemed

and a well-preserved man, in his shirt-sleeves, came out, and walked slowly down the street, shaking his head in perplexity.

Mrs. Smith almost screamed as Face grasped her arm. "It's my husband," she panted; "tho what he is doing at home——"

"Silence!" said the detective. "I was unable to see his face; but what I have noticed convinces me that the man is a consummate actor: his slam-



ON THE WARPATH

to swallow an armory of revolvers, brass-knuckles, and even handcuffs.

As the car bowled along, too, toward her bungalow in the suburbs, with the two determined men in fore-and-aft caps on either side of her, she decided that she was become heartily sorry of the peril she was invoking for Nemmy.

But it was too late to revoke. Already the car had drawn up to the curb, a few doors from her home, and the inexorable men at her side were watching it.

Presently the front-door slammed,

ming of the door, his perplexed manner, and his coatlessness."

"I should deduce them in his favor," said Mennet.

"You tyro! of course you would," sneered Face. "You reason from the evident. The whole thing was a fine bit of acting to disarm suspicion."

Mrs. Smith was now convinced that her husband was in the clutches of unerring justice. Still she hesitated, as she descended from the car, in leaving him altogether to the mercy of his pursuers.

"Whatever happens," she said, the



tear coming on her cheek again, "do not use those horrid things in your pockets."

Face and Mennet bowed impressively.

"It is only in extreme cases——" began one.

"When the bearded lamb becomes a lion——" commenced the other.

But the chugging of the motor, as the car started, cut off their fateful conclusions.

Under Face's direction, the car trailed along at a snail's pace, keeping just within sight of the unconscious Nehemiah. For the first time, they noticed that he was carrying a small, white box. Presently he turned into a side street of small shops, and was lost to view. The detectives stopped the car, and, ordering the chauffeur to await their return, immediately followed their quarry.

As has been said, it was a piping hot afternoon, approaching dusk, and the sleuths cannot be blamed for the extraordinary events that now occurred.

It had so happened that, at the solicitation of his buxom wife, Nora, the celebrated Police Captain Larkin, also in his shirt-sleeves, had gone around the corner to a little shop for a box of ice-cream, tho, personally, he preferred the contents of a two-quart pitcher. It was Nora's birthday, and he had made up his mind to go right home.

Thus it was, as Face and Mennet turned the corner and opened up the side street to their view, that they came almost face to face with their supposed victim, carrying his little, white box.

Face, with rare presence of mind, took out his calabash, lighted it, and stared at space with the vacuity of an English tourist. Mennet sank deep into his ulster.

Captain Larkin, however, humming a bit of a song, had no sooner turned his own corner than they were after him like hounds.

The happy officer ascended his steps, and was greeted by Nora, in the doorway, with a boisterous hug. Per-

haps he had never come home with such a harmless package before.

"Trapped!" said Face, his eyes glinting, "and now to business. I had thought at first of engaging rooms across the street, disguised as a teacher of music, and of weaving the net from there, but, now that the husband is caught *flagrante delicto*, we have but to make the arrest and notify his wife."

"Whatever that is," murmured Mennet. "By the way, my part is to notify wifey."

"Not at all," said Face; "send the car back for her."

"You dont mean that you're going?" demanded Mennet, paling. "Smith looks like a peevish person, when aroused."

"Nonsense! We will make the arrest together—Mrs. Smith having stopped at the station-house, and bringing up reënforcements in the car."

"I see. If Smith proves an ugly customer, the sight of his wife and a flock of policemen in the car should cool him somewhat."

"Yes—after we have held the spotlight, they can do the dirty work."

Face, being a man of action when the time came, drew his revolver, and stealthily approached the house. Mennet ran around the corner, whispered to the chauffeur, and returned.

Even as Face held his finger on the button, in a long, sickening ring, he could see, thru the parlor window, the husky, faithless Smith fold the woman to his breast again.

As the chain was slipped from the door, Face and Mennet stood tense, with leveled weapons. The joy of the chase shone from their refined faces.

The culprit stood cowering before them.

"What the d——" he said, and started to close the door. But Face stuck his foot against it, and flashed his badge in the hall-light.

"Silence!" he commanded. "Come with me—in five minutes she will be here to view your shame."

Mennet succeeded in slipping the



slide of his bull's-eye, and its beam caught the Captain full in the face.

He made passes, as in a nightmare, then lowered his hands, with resignation, before the battery of weapons.

Face slipped the handcuffs over them, and led him out to the street. It is true that Nora Larkin kept up a running fire of mixed abuse and entreaty from the parlor window, but they treated her as a fallen angel, and proceeded firmly on their way.

Not so with Captain Larkin. At sight of the bluecoats and waving nightsticks, his chest expanded, as does a South American generalissimo's before his army.

"Casey, O'Reilly; this way!" he shouted.

With a final chug, the car slowed down, and the bluecoats shouldered a path thru the crowd. Before the handcuffed prisoner they halted, saluted, and became men of bronze.



AS USUAL, THEY HAVE BAGGED THE WRONG GAME

A crowd collected, and impeded their progress in this hour of triumph, even as far as the corner. At the self-same instant the musical humming of a high-power car could be heard coming down the asphalt, with three policeman leaning far out of the tonneau. A pretty, young woman, with a tear ever on her cheek, was sandwiched in among them.

At sight of her, a shirt-sleeved, middle-aged man in the crowd stared till his mild eyes were popping from their sockets.

Mennet looked at Face, and his features became convulsed with bitterness, as he noted the Roman grandness of his pose and expression.

"Wake up," he said; "the ball's been knocked over the fence again."

"*Flagrante delicto*," said Face, imperturbably, "which means——"

"To the cooler with them," roared Captain Larkin, in unconscious interpretation.

In the tonneau, the middle-aged man was kissing the tear from the peachblow cheek.



# THE Informer.



Biography

BY ALLEN STANHOPE

**T**HE Trysting Garden, they called it. And in all the sunny Southland there had not been a happier or more beautiful spot for nearly a century past. The garden lay just outside the prosperous village of Arden, looking over one of the fairest valleys in all Tennessee. It was reached thru a friendly walk of lilac bushes, just high enough and thick enough to hide the soft murmurs and gentle caresses of amorous swains.

It had been said that they who wood here never knew sorrow.

But that was before the days of '61 and the years that followed.

The sun was setting on a spring afternoon in the year '62. Three pairs of lovers stood together—yet each alone in the tumult of their own hearts—wistfully gazing off toward the northwest. There the sky, as if in prophecy, was bathed in crimson, with a host of gray clouds pursuing and closing in on a patch of blue sky.

Each of the young men wore a

uniform of gray. They could see the bayonets of their newly formed regiment flashing fire at the descending sun yonder in the valley.

At length, two of the pairs departed, leaving the garden alone to Harvey Dixon and Mary Dexter.

"It is not as tho I were leaving you alone, to the possible ravaging and pillaging of our enemy," said Harvey, comfortingly. "Either my brother or I had to remain home to hold our acres. He was more fitted for the task than I. He, Mary, will protect you and your mother, and watch over you with the same care as I. Why do you shudder, dear?"

Mary did not reply at once.

"I value your care more, Harvey."

"Naturally," he said, smiling.

"There! I hear the bugle calling 'assembly'; you had better ride along." Her voice was strong, yet she clung to him dissuadingly.

"I understand that our regiment is to be stationed near here, and carry on a guerilla campaign until——"



She was looking at him strangely. Then, without a word, she threw her arms about his neck and wept. The bugle called again, and he gently disengaged her arms, and slowly made his way down the hillside, with a heaviness of heart he had never before known.

The girl lifted her eyes and watched him until he mounted his horse and rode out of sight. "Good-by, good-by," she sobbed.

Less than a year before, three of her uncles had ridden away—never to return. This was the thought in Mary Dexter's mind.

This thought grew as the months passed by and Harvey's regiment was driven farther and farther from Arden. No word came from Harvey, but, already, seventeen of Arden's young sons had been brought home to sleep forever in the village burying-ground. It was well known that many more had been killed.

The sacred Trysting Garden was now used as a park for a vicious Union battery that menaced the home-coming of any but the dead.

Stephen Dixon, Harvey's brother, gave ample attention to Mary and her mother. In fact, his attitude was that of one having assumed not only the duties but the privileges of the other. He never failed to speak of his brother except in terms of bereavement, and always supplemented his lamenting by soothing Mary in the most personal and intimate way.

One day the girl was so incensed over his insinuating manner and comforting caresses that she turned on

him with: "Now, look here, Stephen; I don't want you to take such liberties, as you are doing more and more every day, until your brother—but——"

Stephen flushed crimson at first, and then said contritely: "I have every reason to fear that my brother is dead, Mary. You rebuke me, yet I am doing nothing more than he asked me to do. You know what a great, unselfish heart he had, and what his dearest wish was?"

She shook her head; already she was sorry for her impulsive words.

"While he lived," he continued, speaking in such a way as to impress the idea that Harvey really was dead, "his dearest wish was that you should become his wife. But should he die—he has told me so many, many times—above all things he desired that I might——"

"No, no, Stephen; I shant listen to more of this. He is not dead, I tell you; he is not dead!"

But Mary's words and her

heart did not agree. She believed that he was dead. But the weeks wore into months, and, at length, the months grew into a long, weary year.

Arden had become a pivot of action. The outposts and scouts of both armies were camped on its outskirts. The village was suffering great hardship that brought its inhabitants into a closer communion than they had ever before known. They were as one heart with their bleeding South. They prayed and wept and clung to each other closer than brothers and sisters.

Stephen had been obliged to abandon the Dixon plantation temporarily, and he was welcomed to share the roof





of the Dexters by both mother and daughter. His daily acts of thoughtfulness soon won him a close place in their affections.

And soon Mary caught herself drinking in the many little tricks of gesture and speech that belonged to her lamented Harvey, and trying to reconcile them and her heart to Stephen. As for Stephen, his line of attack was never allowed to waver or pause for a moment. He first won her sympathy, then preyed upon it in the name of him who had passed away forever.

"Oh, if I only knew," she mourned one day, after Stephen had taken her in his arms and let her weep out the bitterness in her heart. He had done nothing more than that, yet there had been, in this manly strength to fall back on, a comfort that she scarcely dared acknowledge. And it was *his* wish, she told herself.

They were constant companions now. Stephen's burning passion for the girl had now risen to a pitch that frightened her. He no longer hesitated in declaring his love.

"Harvey has been dead more than a year now," he urged. "God knows how sincerely we have both mourned him. Let us unite our griefs. Accept my love and my proposal of marriage, and let us leave our pillaged lands and aid the Cause on a foreign shore."

There was neither promise nor refusal in her words. "I must *know*, before I shall ever think of anything or any one else but him." Yet, half in despair, she knew that the very roofs would probably be soon burned

over the heads, so fierce had become the struggle to possess Arden, the bone of contention. Both sides had sworn to demolish it.

Stephen left Mary that day, his face reflecting anything but the sweet patience of his words. He went to his room, and gave a private exhibition of his pent-up feelings. A few pieces of the furniture were smashed in the process. Then he went away, leaving a note saying that he would be gone for several days on a matter concern-

ing his late brother. As a matter of fact, Stephen secreted himself and stayed for three days in the old Dixon homestead, which had been closed.

Mary was frantic with unrequited anxiety. This was heightened by the fact that there had been a great deal of desultory fighting around and about Arden, which grew fiercer each day. Strangely, she found herself anxious now lest Stephen, too, had met the invisible fate that

she no longer doubted was Harvey's.

Her anxiety was relieved, in a great feeling of thankfulness, on the afternoon of the third day, when Stephen returned, looking very much as tho he had been on a rough campaign. He had, too, in some measure, for an outpost of Union soldiers, in search of an escaped prisoner, had routed him out of his old home and given him a lively chase that bid fair to end fatally.

"Oh, you are safe!" cried Mary, giving free vent to her feelings. "I had feared——"

He had actually drawn her closely to him. "No," he said, "but I had a narrow escape, and I have news."





She drew away from him, and looked, searchingly, into his eyes.

"Yes," he said quietly; "my brother Harvey is—dead. He was killed—in battle. I have seen—his grave." He enumerated these particulars as tho they were indeed hard to utter.

She did not weep. But, turning to him a very pale and solemn face, she spoke quietly: "I shall go to my room a little while."

eyes, unconsciously, sought the window of Mary's room. She, too, was looking out in alarm, and beckoned for him to hurry in.

They met in the parlor.

"They seem actually to be fighting on Rocky Mound, right on our own plantation. There is some sort of disturbance going on there. As much as I hate to do it, I can see that we shall soon have to desert the dear old place."



When she turned, he had taken a step toward her, as if to make some further statement. Had she paused, he, no doubt, would have said something calamitous.

Stephen then turned his attention, with no little apprehension, to the warlike situation now developing on every side of the Dexter plantation. He saw, with alarm, that a small body of Yankees had quartered themselves between the farm and the town of Arden. The town itself seemed to be in the hands of Confederates. He seemed to view this latter fact with even greater apprehension, and his

"Mary," began Stephen, taking both her hands. She looked up at him, and resignedly followed the pressure of his arms. "I can protect you better now," he said, "my wife-to-be."

There was a fusillade of shots now, not two hundred yards from the house, several of the bullets splintering the shingles.

Stephen frowned at this sinister interruption. Mary had drawn away and was listening for the recurrence of a sound that had taken all the blood from her face, that had been crimson but a moment before.



From the window they could see a party of Yankees running hither and thither, as tho they had lost something. Next they were conscious of some one having entered the house, and heard Dave, their young slave, speaking in a voice that was full of tears. Then the door of the room, in which they stood, was cautiously shoved open. A face peered thru that was half covered with blood, and next a man, with his tattered clothing covered with mud, half fell forward into the room, with a groan.

Stephen was truly looking the part that he no longer played. His face had become cruel and savage under the weight of his keen chagrin.

*The man was his brother, Harvey Dixon.*

Mary, with tears streaming down her face, had fallen like a crushed flower at the soldier's feet for a single moment. Then she became the capable woman that Harvey had learnt to love. She dragged the wounded man to a near-by settee, all the while calling assistance. Soon there were her mother and old Mammy Cindie and her boy, Dave. Stephen had stepped out of the door and stood leaning against a post, like a man who had suddenly lost his sense of comprehension.

Mary came rushing out to reconnoiter. Unspeakable disgust came into her eyes at the sight of the man who had tried to steal her love.

"If I were a man, I'd shoot you!"

Stephen turned at this rebuke, with an evil fire smouldering in his eye. Whatever his intention may have been, he did not carry it out, but walked away without a word.

Mary went back into the house, where she found Dave looking on with saucer-eyed wonder. "Here, Dave, quick! You follow Master Stephen. He's going to do something wicked that will maybe kill us all. Use all the brains you have now."

In the meantime, thru the tender and efficient treatment he had received, Harvey Dixon had considerably revived.

"You haven't much time to lose; they'll be after me again. I got away from them two days ago, and they will hound me to death. Oh, Mary, I can die now that I have had a sight of you once more!"

"Come, Cindie! You take hold of Master Harvey's other shoulder; we're going to take him to your cabin and hide him there."

The plucky girl and the old mammy supported the wounded man to the cabin. They had just deposited their burden and had begun to screen him in a way that he would never have been discovered by the casual looker-in, when, at that moment, Dave came running, his face ashen.

"Massa Steve's done gone an' tole dem good-for-nothin' Yankees we got Massa Harvey heah, an' dat we gwine to stow him 'way in duh cabin heah!" he whispered to Mary.

"They know you are here, Harvey."

"It's no use," groaned Harvey. "Load my pistols and leave me to have it out with those fellows. I'll get more than one of them before they get me. Oh, God, I can hardly breathe!"

"Dave." There was a note in Mary's voice that made all present turn to the girl in abject obedience. "I want you to get to the village, even tho you lose your life in the attempt. Our men are near there somewhere. Go the back way, even if it is a mile farther. If we are not rescued, we mean to die here in this cabin. Now fly!"

All three watched him run cautiously thru the orchard, and thence down the fence that skirted the lane. Hardly a minute later there were several puffs of smoke from the hill-top, and the boy was seen to roll over and over. The onlookers groaned with chagrin. All except Cindie, who gave a chuckle. "Dat aint nuffin' but dat nigger playin' 'possum—you doan' know dat coon."

Sure enough, a few seconds later, they saw him crawl out of sight over the weed-grown crest of the hill.

Harvey was shaking his head. "I dont like to disappoint you, but the



Yanks have a cordon for a mile about this place, on the lookout for me. They'll have Dave before he gets much farther." The next instant, almost, they heard shots, and four or five Union soldiers appeared, with their muskets ready for immediate use.

Mary's face paled. "Close the door—quick!" she cried. "Now, mother, you devote all your attention to Harvey. Get down as low as you can. Come, Cindie, help me barricade the door and all the windows but this one.



If they think they are going to take us easily, they will find themselves mistaken!"

Harvey had half risen, trying to load one of his pistols. But he fell back with a cry of anguish. Mary's mother was obliged to give immediate attention to his bleeding wounds.

"There, Cindie," commanded the girl, "are two heavy boxes of ammunition, where we hid them in case our men came. Get out the two pistols and the muskets, and load everything up."

The four soldiers were approaching, with little or no caution. Mary went to the door, one of the big pistols in her hand. "We women are here alone, and don't want to be molested."

The soldiers gave a laugh of derision, one of them raising his musket menacingly.

"I will shoot the first man who

takes a step nearer," she warned them, darting inside and leveling the pistol thru the open window.

All four of the men advanced with a shout. None of the plucky girl's first shots took effect. The soldiers dropped down and began to fire, still approaching. All of a sudden one of them threw up his hands and fell back, shot thru the head. As tho she had found her range, another met the same fate the next instant. The remaining two fled.

One of them was seen, a minute later, signalling from the top of the hill for his companions. A dozen blue coats appeared, and there was an exciting colloquy, with frequent gesticulations in the direction of the cabin and the two prostrate forms before it.

Mary turned, panting, and blackened with powder. Harvey was too weak to do much more



than smile, but it was the proudest smile that can come to a man's face. That the attacking party had increased to two score men was nothing to her now. It would make her service all the more glorious. Only once did she show emotion—that was when she saw the form of Stephen slinking about among them. It provoked her to fire the pistol point-blank into their midst. She thought she saw Stephen fall.

This brought an angry shout and



an immediate attack. The men surrounded the cabin for the distance of a quarter of a mile, stealthily advancing in squads of four and five. Soon the cabin was riddled with bullets, and that any of its inmates escaped being wounded was something of a miracle. On the other hand, seven soldiers now lay outstretched on the level plateau before the cabin.

Mary was nearly exhausted, and could scarcely lift to the ledge the

were loaded, and then turned her attention to the door, that was being furiously assaulted.

A minute later, a young officer burst in, sword in hand. When he saw the lone girl defender, he fell back in amazement and admiration. But his men had seen the prostrate form of Harvey. A minute later, they were taking him away, dealing gently with the women who had attacked them so furiously.



muskets and pistols that Cindie regularly loaded for her. At length the faithful darky sank back with a cry, swooning under the pain of a slight wound. Mary sat down limply, with tears of desperation in her eyes. Harvey looked on with helpless admiration. Mary's mother was washing Cindie's hurt.

There had come a lull. Then, suddenly, there rose a shout from all sides. Mary wearily rose and discharged the remaining weapons that

But this victory was short-lived. A troop of Confederate cavalry had been informed by the intrepid Dave. They had swept across country, and met the victors off guard as they were emerging from the cabin. Their force was overwhelming against the handful of men in blue, and there was nothing to do but surrender.

It was an important victory just at that time, and Mary Dexter's valor was responsible for it. She learnt,  
(Concluded on page 156.)



# THE DEBT

BY  
MONTANNE  
PERRY



"BUT I've loved you all your life, Beatrice; it doesn't seem possible that you don't care for me!"

"I do care for you, Paul; you're the dearest friend I have, but I don't love you—not that way—I can't, don't you see——"

She broke off, stammering, her gaze fluttering away from his ardent eyes, while the rosy color flared, suddenly, in her face. An amazed, incredulous wonder crept into Paul's eyes, and his face paled a trifle.

"Why, Beatrice," he urged, "tell me what you mean; it can't be possible that there is any one else——"

The blue eyes met his beseechingly, now; tears were trembling on the dark lashes, as if to quench the fire of her cheeks.

"Haven't you noticed——" she began bravely; then she paused, tilting her fair head quickly to listen. Footsteps were crashing thru the brush, a man's gay voice was calling: "Beatrice—oh, Bee—where are you, anyhow?"

"Here I am; come on," Beatrice called, and, as he saw her face brighten, and heard the note of unconscious gladness in her voice, a sudden, appalling realization swept over Paul Warren. It was Jack whom she loved! Jack, his careless, handsome, lovable, young brother, who had never had a wish thwarted, nor a

desire ungratified. For a moment, he stood stunned by the revelation that destroyed his fond hopes, but, with quick command of himself, he forced a smile to meet Beatrice's anxious eyes.

"There, children, run along now," he said lightly. "This tree needs trimming up, and I'm going to do it before I go back to the house."

"Come on, Bee," laughed Jack. "Paul's grumpy; he doesn't want us."

Hand in hand, they ran down the wooded path, their light laughter floating back to the man, who watched them out of sight, his eyes filled with bitter longing; then his head dropped against a low, friendly branch, and he stood very still.

The branches of the encircling trees parted, softly, and a slight figure stole warily toward Paul. It was a young and very beautiful girl, black-eyed, with a mass of straight, black hair, and a complexion whose clear, olive tints needed a second glance to proclaim her an octroon. As she stood now, looking down at the bowed head, her features were distorted with a passion of rage, blended with fear and dread. Twice her lips opened, as if to speak, and closed again; once she stretched out a slender hand, as if to touch the bowed head, but the hand wavered, hesitated, and was



withdrawn. Turning, she crept softly away, along the green forest path, unseen and unheard by the man, who still stood motionless.

"What shall I do—what can I do?" she sobbed, as she went on. "Oh, why couldn't she have loved Paul? Maybe Jack would have married me, then! But she is not to blame—poor, innocent little Beatrice!"

Jack Warren, whistling idly, as he sauntered down the path, after leaving Beatrice, came to a sudden stop, and his face darkened with a frown as he saw the sobbing girl who was waiting for him.

"Well, what's the matter now, Zelma?" he demanded, impatiently.

"Please give me a few minutes, Jack," she begged. "I must talk to you."

"Well, come back here, then, out of sight of folks," he growled, leading the way, sulkily, "and make it short—I've got a date in half an hour. And, for heaven's sake, cut out the weeps!"

The girl conquered her sobs, and stood for a moment looking, pitifully, into Jack's angry eyes. When she spoke, her voice was tensely subdued.

"Jack," she said, "are you going to desert me and marry Beatrice?"

"I'm certainly going to marry Beatrice," he declared. "We may as well have an understanding right now, Zelma. I'm not deserting you; I'm not really your husband, and never will be. Haven't I told you I'd provide for you? I'll give you plenty of money. If you're so afraid of your brother finding out, you can go away from here."

"But, Jack—" she had sunk to her knees now, and was clutching desperately at his unwilling hand, "—you promised to marry me—and I love you so! What can I do? Think of the awful trouble for me—you have no right to marry Beatrice—she would not have you, if she knew—you *must* marry me, in the regular way, Jack—before a minister."

But he flung her away, savagely. "Marry you?" he sneered. "Why

should I? You were a fool if you ever expected me to."

"But you promised, again and again," she pleaded.

"Oh, drop it," he snarled; "you knew I was a white man, didn't you? Here"—he thrust a roll of bills into her hands—"take this and go; I'll give you more, any time, if you'll be sensible, but you ought to know that I can't really marry one of your kind!"

With a bound, she was upon her feet, flinging the money savagely into his face.

"Take your accursed money!" she shrieked. "I wouldn't touch it if I starved! God never made one law for white and another for black. Under your white skin, your soul is as black as night. Marry Beatrice, but remember this: your children and hers will pay the debt of your sin, just as the child that is born to me must pay the debt of mine! The sins of the father will rest upon the children—it is God's law!"

With this, she was gone, running desperately, like some hunted animal, across the fields to the pretty cottage where she lived with her brother, Jim.

When Jim entered the cottage, after his day's work, Zelma was bustling about the kitchen, heavy-eyed, but outwardly composed. He eyed her keenly for a moment before he spoke.

"Did you know Paul Warren's going away, to stake a claim in the new diggin's?" he asked, suddenly.

"Paul going away?" Zelma repeated. "Oh, you don't mean he is going to *stay*?"

Her thoughts were of Paul as she had last seen him, in his bitter disappointment, and her eyes filled with sympathetic tears. To her brother, who had been struggling against suspicion of his sister for many days, her agitation came as an agonizing corroboration of his worst fears.

"What's it to you?" he demanded, suddenly catching her by the shoulder, and turning her terrified face up to him with a strong hand. "Why



should you be so worked up if he has gone to stay?"

"Why, we—we've always been friends," she gasped. "You know the Warrens have always been good to us."

"Friends!" he repeated bitterly. "A nice kind of friendship—do you think I don't know, girl? I've known for weeks, only I wasn't sure, till now, who it was. I suppose this is the result of poor mother sending us to school with them, and bringing us up like white folks! I'm glad mother's dead! But I'll find him, wherever he's gone, and I'll kill him like a dog—mind that!"

Then, as the girl stood sobbing, the door opened, and Paul stepped in.

"Hello, Jim," he said, "I just dropped in to say good-by. I'm off for a long stay." He stopped as he came nearer and saw Zelma's agitation. "Why, what's the matter—can I do anything?"

"There's a lot wrong, as you know very well," roared Jim, his control snapping at what he thought was heartless hypocrisy, "and there's just one thing you're going to do about it, and that's to die—right here and now!"

In an instant, he had whipped a heavy revolver from its shelf and leveled it at the astonished visitor, but Zelma sprang forward, clutching the weapon desperately.

"Dont, Jim, dont—you're wrong—it isn't Paul—it's——"

A sharp exclamation made all three turn, sharply. There, in the doorway, stood Beatrice—pretty, tender-

hearted Beatrice, who was adored by every one on the ranch.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" she asked, coming forward slowly, her cheeks paling before the shining weapon. "Oh, Paul, what is it?"

She looked from Paul to Jim, from Jim to Zelma, and back to Paul's face. A terrible doubt began to form, vaguely, in her innocent mind, as she spoke to Paul appealingly.

"Tell me what it means."

All the horror of the situation passed thru Paul's brain like a flash. He saw Beatrice, whom he loved better than his own life, crushed, heartbroken, her confidence in Jack destroyed, her love and happiness blighted. He saw his young brother's life wrecked, saw him stretched dead by Jim's vengeful hand. Only a moment he hesitated, then, with a meaning glance at Jim, he took up his burden.

"It was a mistake of Jim's," he said calmly. "Jim thought I was going away and leave Zelma, but I'm not. I'm going to marry her, and take her with me."

For an instant, Beatrice stared into Paul's set face. Then she shrank back, shuddering.

"Oh," she said, "and I had such confidence in you, Paul, and you said you loved me—you dared to ask me to marry you, when you had this guilt on your soul! No wonder you did not come to say good-by to me! And I ran after you to say it, because I thought you were grieving for me! Oh, Paul, how could you?"

Without waiting for any reply, she



ZELMA PLEADS WITH JACK



left the room, and Paul stood staring at the spot where she had been. Then he turned to Jim.

"I'll sleep here tonight," he said quietly, "so that you wont worry about my running away. In the morning, I'll marry Zelma, and we will go. No, be quiet, Zelma"—as the weeping girl tried to speak—"I know best; obey me."

But when Jim, after a watchful, sleepless night, knocked at Zelma's door, her room was empty; her bed was unrumpled, but a tiny note was pinned to her pillow:

DEAREST JIM: I cant let Paul make such a sacrifice. I have gone forever.  
ZELMA.

"Well, I cant kill you—you were willing to marry her, and that clears you, I suppose—now get out!" were Jim's only words to the man, who, without reply, took up his sorrowful way across the mountains.

A year had passed, when Paul left the rude cabin on his claim one morning, and took the trail to the settlement. As he paused for a moment, at a spring, a faint, wailing cry came to his ears.

"A baby!" he exclaimed. "It cant be possible!"

A few rapid strides around a bend in the trail, and he paused in utter amazement. For there, on the green grass beside the trail, crouched Zelma, her head pillowed against a mossy stump, a tiny babe clasped close to her breast.

"Paul!" she exclaimed, as he bent over her. "God has sent you—I am dying."

"But how—" he began, but the weary voice interrupted.

"Never mind how; it is fate. I wandered far—into the darkness and the unknown—now I shall rest. Take my baby, Paul. Care for her—see how fair and white she is—my Minna! But she must pay the debt—the sins of the father——"

The voice trailed into silence; there was a gasp, a struggle—then a great silence.

Late that night, Paul Warren,

with the babe in his arms, knelt beside the newly made grave near his cabin door.

"The sins of the father," he whispered. "God grant that I may avert the penalty."

But his brooding vision pictured not the dark-eyed woman who lay so quietly beneath the fresh earth, but a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, shrinking away from him with reproachful, horrified eyes.

It seemed that the tiny stranger brought luck to the new claim. A paying streak of silver ore was discovered soon after her appearance, and Paul's fortunes prospered. When Minna was old enough for school, they moved to the nearest settlement, and there, happy in Paul's love and protection, she grew into a lovely, joyous womanhood. No hint of her parentage ever darkened her life. To her, Paul was her devoted father, and the lonely grave back on the mountainside held her mother, who had wished that her last resting-place beneath the pines should be undisturbed.

And to Paul, Zelma's child was the reason for his living; the comfort for his lonely, misjudged life. Thru all the years, he had remained silent, not once communicating with the old home.

"It is better for them to think I am dead," he had decided. When old memories, poignant with pain, swept over him, he looked at Minna, and was comforted, trusting that his faithful care of her might atone for his brother's sin. Often he pictured Beatrice, happy with Jack and the little son, of whose birth he had heard, and, tho his eyes darkened with pain, his heart was serene, knowing that he had saved her from sorrow.

At last the time came when Minna was sent East to study, and he waited anxiously for news from her. She had been so unwilling to go; at the last she had clung to him, sobbing.

He thought of her clinging arms, and of her tear-stained face, now, as he waited for the mail-carrier, and his eyes were very tender.



"Perhaps I was wrong to let her go," he mused; "she is a good girl, and so tender-hearted—suppose something should happen to make her unhappy 'way out there alone? Suppose she should meet some one who knew about her mother? But that's impossible—there's not a soul in the wide world but myself that knows the secret. I've kept my trust, and it isn't possible for any complications of that kind to hurt her now."

Not possible? No mortal can foresee the strange and sudden turns of Fate's handiwork. Twenty minutes after Paul had made his confident assertion, he was staring, with horrified eyes, at a letter from Minna. The sentences, written in the pretty, girlish handwriting, seemed too grotesquely improbable to be believed—and, yet, they must be true; he was not dreaming:

DEAR DADDY: I have so much to tell you, and I must make it very short, or I won't catch the mail. There was a dreadful wreck of our train, and the car I was in got the worst of it. Not a person was saved in that car, except myself and a young doctor named Robert Warren. He pulled me out thru a window, or I should have been burned to death. And, daddy, he took me to his home, which was not far away, and we are very much in love, and are going to be married at once, so he can bring me back home to you, for I can't go on to school now, after such a shock. I know you will not object, when you see him—they are the loveliest people. His mother is the sweetest woman in the world—her name is Beatrice. Isn't it strange, their name being Warren, just like ours?

With heaps of love,

MINNA.

"Going to be married at once," Paul groaned, dropping the letter. "I must stop it; I must hurry—suppose I should be too late? I must tell her—and Beatrice—that she is his sister! There is no other way! Oh, why did I let her go from me?"

There was a swift ride to the nearest railroad station, a telegram sent in advance, a long, nerve-racking ride on a fast express, and Paul Warren was walking up the wooded path, toward the home he had left more than twenty

years before. Old memories swept over him, flooding his heart with yearning pain. Ah, the dear old days—the dear old home—and the awful errand that had brought him here!

"Jack has my telegram before this," he thought. "I wonder what he told them—did he confess the truth? Poor Minna—poor Beatrice! And Jack's son will suffer—it is as Zelma said, his children must pay the debt of his sins."

The house was strangely silent when he reached it. A young man, scarcely more than a boy, was sitting in the library, his head bowed in his hands.

"You must be my Uncle Paul," he said, his voice trembling; "I am so glad you have come—perhaps you can advise us. It is so terrible—we do not know what to do—it seems impossible to think clearly yet!"

"Minna?" questioned Paul, hastily.

"My mother has her, in her room. She will comfort and help her, if any one can; let them alone for a little while. You know it is not twenty-four hours since your telegram came,



PAUL FINDS ZELMA AND HER BABE



It was just in time—the minister was here. In five minutes more, she would have been my wife. Oh, my God—I loved her so—I love her now!”

He threw himself down in an agony of tears, and Paul recognized, in this stricken lad, all the lovable, reckless traits of Jack. He laid a pitying hand on the dark head, not trusting his voice. At last he said: “And your father?”

“I quite forgot that you did not know,” Robert replied. “It has all been so sudden I hardly know what I am doing yet. My father is dead.”

“Dead! How?”

“By his own revolver. Your telegram was given to him, just as the wedding was to begin. Such a look as came over his face—it was terrible. Then he seemed to go mad. He turned, and gave the message directly to mother. You can imagine the effect on us all. I think I was stunned at first. When I realized what was happening, the minister was helping Minna and mother out of the room. Father was in a chair, wringing his hands. Over and over he moaned: ‘The debt, the debt! She said that our children must pay it—the debt, the debt!’ Suddenly he rushed into his room; in a moment I heard a shot. It was all over.”

His voice broke again, and there was a long silence in the room. At last Robert spoke again.

“Tell me, uncle, what shall we do? How shall we take up the threads of life and go on? Mother understands

all the past now; she has pieced it all together: your telegram yesterday, and what she knew of your going away, and Minna’s story of her dead mother. She has told me how noble and good you are. Tell me, now, what shall we do?”

“I must take Minna back home; you must live on here with your mother. In time, my boy, the wound will heal. Perhaps you will be glad to see Minna as a loved sister, some day; if not, your lives must lie far apart. We must go—at once. But first, let me see your mother, alone.”

So, as he waited, faint and trembling with emotion, in the great west window of the library, she came to him. Beatrice, fair-haired and sweet-faced, as in the olden days, so fragile and slender in her trailing gown of black. She held out both her hands, and, for a long moment, they looked deep into each other’s eyes.

“Forgive me for misjudging you, long ago,” she said simply. “You were noble and

self-sacrificing—you carried all the burden, for my sake. I understand now. It is terrible that these children must suffer so—terrible that Jack has died with this burden of sin on his soul; but, thru all this blackness, the strength of your devotion will shine like a golden thread, lighting the dreary days.”

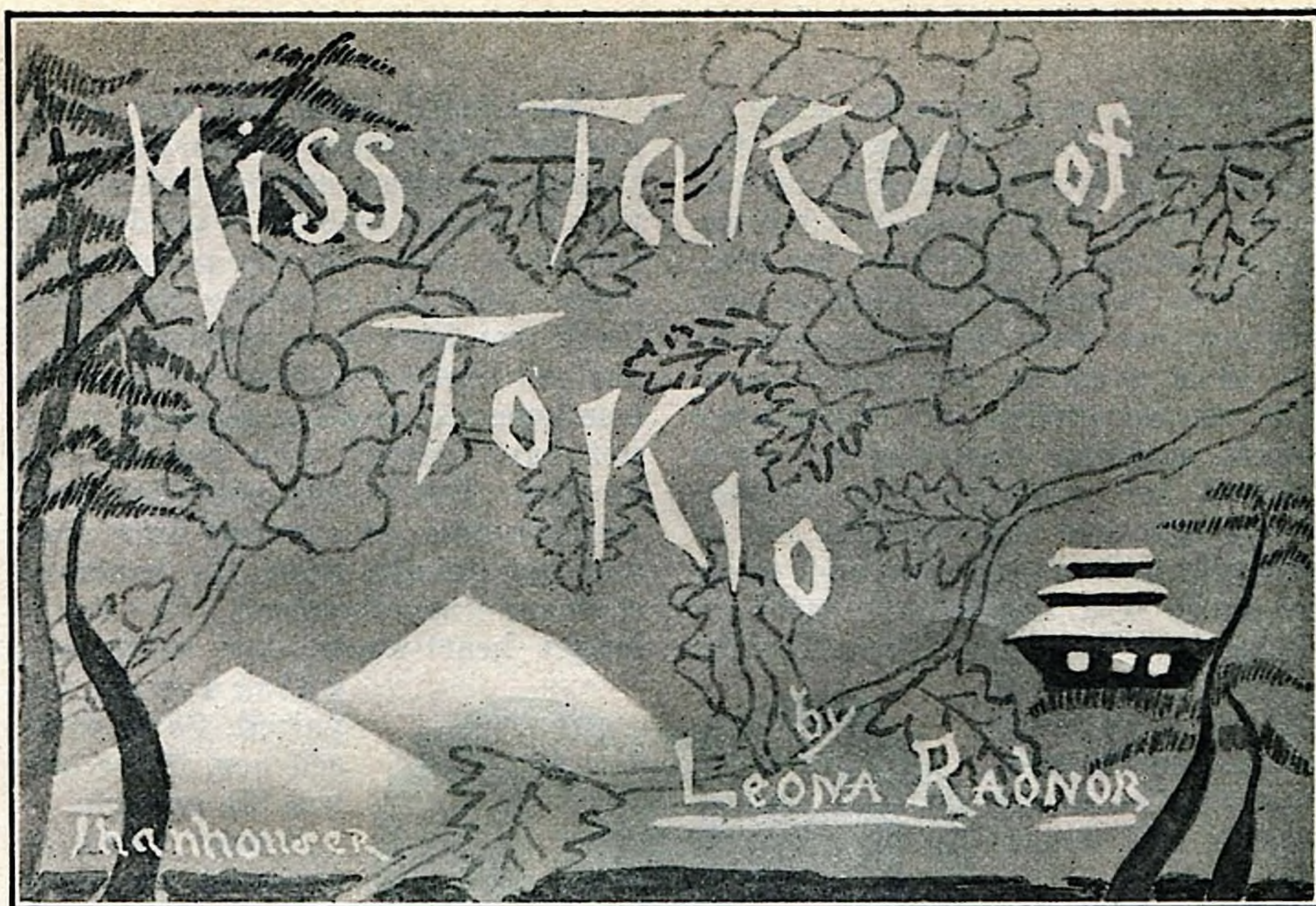
“Some time, when the children’s wounds have healed, may I return?”

“Some time—who knows?” she answered, a tender mist in her eyes.



“SOME TIME—WHO KNOWS?”





WHEN Jack Elwood left his home and his weeping mother, to begin a tour of the world, he was convinced that his heart was broken. He was not looking forward to his journey with any enthusiasm—it was merely a recourse to distract his melancholy thoughts. He felt that he should never experience any pleasure in anything again, and as for women—he was done with them. He had wasted his love on one of them, so now he was ready to condemn them all as selfish and calculating.

As he recalled the incidents that followed his return home from college, he could entertain nothing but gratitude for his mother's objecting to—nay, forbidding, under penalty of disinheritance—his marriage to her companion, Susan Lee. Had his mother yielded to his pleadings and his defiance, the discovery of the girl's mercenary character would have come too late.

"And she looked so sweet and genuine," he murmured, as if excusing his obtuseness. He took from his pocket her farewell note, and pondered over it for the hundredth time since the evening the servant had brought it to him.

"Dear Jack," he read, below his breath, so that the driver in front

should not hear, "you will never see me again. Your mother would disinherit you, and I don't intend to marry a poor man." He tore the note into bits, which he scattered along the road. Then, with a sigh, he leaned back in the padded seat of his car, and drearily pictured a loveless future.

It was evening in the city of Tokio. Among the trees, in the garden of the geisha-houses, lighted lanterns swung gently in the breeze, and from the flower-bedecked balconies of the tea-house came the beat of the *koto*, and the light twanging of the *samisen*. Little figures, in gorgeous, embroidered kimonos, flitted gaily about, posturing, dancing, laughing, and singing in sweet, piping voices. Hara, the master of the geishas, suddenly appeared among them.

"An honorable guest arrives," he told them, as he hastened to the gate.

Jack Elwood entered the garden. Hara met him, with a deep obeisance and an obsequious indrawing of the breath. Then, clapping his hands, he summoned a *mousmé* to bring the exalted stranger a cup of *saké*, and sent another, to command the presence of his star geisha, Taku.

Seated in the garden, with the weird thrumming and tinkling affect-



ing him with a pleasurable sense of anticipation, Jack forgot, for the moment, to brood over his broken heart. Then Taku came, bewitching, smiling, saucy. She danced for him, her lithe, young body bending and swaying, her tiny hands moving in odd little gestures, her small head, with its decoration of bright-hued flowers, nodding coquettishly. Jack watched her with growing delight. He thought her the daintiest bit of humanity he had ever seen, and, when the dance was finished, he tried to tell her so. Taku had little difficulty in understanding him, for she was accustomed to compliments from the English and American visitors. She modestly concealed her face behind her fan, while she thanked him in broken English. They had tea together, and, under the spell of her merriment, the last vestige of his bitterness vanished.

The next evening, and the next, found him in the garden, and, each time, he returned to his hotel more haunted by the flower-like charm of the little geisha. Then, the hours began to drag between evening and evening; he wanted Taku every minute of the time. Not even the vision of his proud mother, nor the memory of his first disastrous affair of the heart, could stem the tide of his thoughts, once they had moved, with his desires, toward Taku.

"Suppose she is of a different race," he argued to himself, "it makes no difference to me, and it's nobody else's business. She's adorable—the sweetest, gentlest, brightest, most fascinating little girl in the world! And I'm going to marry her, if Hara will give her up."

The shrewd Hara had been watching the infatuation of the handsome, young American, and he had decided that he would demand a goodly sum, should it come to the point where Jack would ask to marry the geisha. Taku was his best attraction, and, if she had kept a cool head and heart, as was expected of all geishas, he would not have parted with her for any amount. But he had noted her eager watchfulness, as evening drew nigh, and her delight when the honorable stranger was announced. She was no longer heart-whole; her value as a geisha was impaired. So he would sell her, if the offer was big enough.

Sooner than he expected, the impetuous young American came to him with his proposal. Hara simulated surprise and reluctance, and, finally, named a large sum to release Taku from bondage. Jack instantly closed the bargain, and Hara trotted away to fetch Taku.

"The august foreigner will wed me?" she asked, incredulously.

"Why not?" exclaimed Hara, indignantly. "Have not our own lofty ones, with illustrious ancestors, wedded with geishas? Thou art as beautiful and dazzling as Amaterasu, and thy ancestors were of the honorable *samurai*. Hasten!" he urged, throwing back the sliding screens, and drawing her into the room where Jack was waiting.

She took a few little steps toward Jack, then stopped, overcome with embarrassment. He took her hand, and removed the fan from her face.

"Did Hara tell you, little blossom, that I want you for my wife?"

"Yes," she murmured, "and, in all things, I will be obedient to my lord."



JACK IS REPULSED BY SUSAN



Jack laughed. "I don't want obedience, Taku; I want love. Can you give me that?"

"Yes," she said softly, nodding her charming head. "I will love my noble lord for all of this life, and all the lives yet to come."

A year passed, and Taku was the happiest, gayest of little wives and mothers. The beautiful home that Jack had fitted up for her, had never ceased to be a source of interest and

unusual and precocious child in the world. Jack was still in the thrall of Japan, and, in the happiness and love of Taku, he found life very sweet. But it had occurred to him, repeatedly, that he should have informed his mother of his marriage. His conscience had grown especially insistent since the baby's arrival. So, at last, he decided, boldly, to break the news, and to satisfy a feeling of homesickness that had been creeping



JACK FINDS A NEW SWEETHEART IN JAPAN

wonder. After the simplicity, almost bareness, of the tea-house, the beautiful rooms, with their lacquer-paneled walls, golden matting on the floors, covered here and there with handsome rugs, pearl and ivory-inlaid furniture, and screens that were exquisite works of art, held, for her, a constant fascination and enjoyment.

And, then, there was the baby, Mino, rosy, dimpled, bright-eyed. Taku idolized him, and had quite convinced Jack that they had the most

upon him, by returning to America. Not wishing to shock his mother by too complete a surprise, he wrote briefly, preparing her for his return with his wife and child. He could not forego the malicious pleasure of pandering to the old lady's patrician foibles by adding: "I have married a lady of ancient lineage."

Taku was all in a flutter of excitement, and misgiving, over the prospective journey. Suppose the baby should be taken ill, suppose the honorable mother-in-law should not like



her! Jack laughed at her fears, and, such was her confidence in her big husband, that, when the little party sailed, she looked forward, with the pleasure of a child, to the moment when she could place in its grandmother's arms the wonderful baby.

If Jack, after several weeks of contact with Occidentals during the voyage and the railway journey, had begun to question the outcome of this visit to his old home, he kept his doubts to himself. As they neared their destination, all his efforts were directed toward cheering up Taku, for her confidence was fast oozing away. The bigness of the new country oppressed her. She clasped little Mino tight in her arms, and looked, with startled eyes, at the imposing homes they passed, as they whirled over the road in Elwood's car, that had met them at the station. The car drew up to the house, and a footman came out to assist the travelers.

"Oh, I am afraid!" gasped Taku, clinging to Jack.

"Nonsense!" he laughed nervously, putting an arm about her. "Here, Jenkins, you carry my son." Then, whispering reassuringly to Taku, he led her into the house.

Mrs. Elwood had thought to make Jack's homecoming an event, by inviting a number of his old friends to dinner. They were assembled in the drawing-room when Jack and Taku entered. Hidden, for a moment, as Mrs. Elwood clasped her boy in her arms, the little wife shrank from the eyes that met hers, as Jack turned, and led her before his mother.

He removed the cape and hood, that covered Taku from head to foot. As

the picturesque little figure was disclosed, a look of horror sprang to the mother's eyes.

"Surely, surely," she stammered, "this is not your wife!"

"Yes, mother," answered Jack, firmly, defying the disapproving eyes of the guests, "this is my wife, and"—indicating the baby in the footman's arms—"this is my child."

Mrs. Elwood gave the merest glance in the direction of the infant, and Taku, her heart freezing within her, clung to Jack, appealingly.

"Your wife will, probably, like to go to her room immediately," suggested Mrs. Elwood, coldly.

"Yes, yes!" assented Taku, eagerly, trembling at the unfriendly glances bent upon her.

Alone in her room—a great, hostile room it seemed to her—she laid the slighted Mino upon the bed, and knelt beside him.

"They would not deign to look at the honorable 'baby-san!'" she whispered bitterly. "These lofty ones may despise

me—that I understand, for they are proud, and I was but a geisha. But the honorable child is the son of the esteemed Mr. Elwood, and they should have done him honor!"

She would not go down to dinner with Jack; she remained in her room all evening, and fretted and brooded over her insignificance in the eyes of the "lofty ones" downstairs.

As the days went by, poor little Taku was left much to herself. Her mother-in-law ignored her and little Mino completely, while, seemingly, exerting herself to draw Jack away from his wife. Jack was, at first, very tender and considerate, and assured



PREPARING MINO FOR THE LONG JOURNEY



Taku that his mother and friends would accept his wife as soon as they had become accustomed to the idea of associating with one of her race. But, probably unremarked by himself, he left her more and more to herself, and became absorbed in the pastimes from which she was shut out.

"Perhaps if I wear clothes like theirs," she suggested, piteously, "the exalted ones will not despise me so."

"A good idea!" responded her hus-

evening's merrymaking, she robed herself in her flowered kimono, gathered together her store of money and jewels, strapped the baby on her back, and left, on the desk in her room, these few words:

HONORED HUSBAND: I go back to my people. It was all a mistake. Please forget. TAKU.

Then she went softly down the carpeted stairs, and out into the night.



JACK'S MOTHER REFUSES TO BE RECONCILED

band. "Get yourself some American clothes."

However, the new apparel failed to work the expected change, and little Taku was utterly discouraged and unhappy. Her face grew pale and thin, and the American clothes ill suited her type of exotic beauty. The situation, at last, became unbearable, for she felt that with the eclipse of her charms had disappeared her husband's love. So, one night, when he had gone with a gay party, for an

The next morning, when her flight was discovered, Mrs. Elwood made no attempt to conceal her relief. Jack, after the first shock and anxiety, took a philosophical view of the occurrence. It was, probably, the best way out of it. He had been pulled two ways, in trying to please his mother, at the same time indulging his own pleasure-loving nature, and in making dutiful attempts to give some of his time to Taku. Now he would be free—and back in Japan, well provided for by



his foresight, she would be in a harmonious environment, and would recover her looks and her happy disposition. So, comfortably rocking his conscience to sleep, he plunged into wilder gaieties.

But there is nothing more treacherous than a dormant conscience. It bides its time, and, when its possessor is most wretched, and is savoring the unpalatable facts of boredom and discontent, it springs up broad awake, and stabs and stabs. So Jack Elwood found. He had exhausted every phase of dissipation, and, now that the superficial and vicious pleasures of life palled, his conscience had a trick of unexpectedly bringing before him a vision of the neglected Taku and the honorable baby-san. After a night at the card-table, he wandered into the garden, in the early dawn. A slight breeze rippled over the grass and thru the trees. With his head buzzing from sleeplessness, he seemed to hear the tinkle of wind-bells. Then he could have sworn

that the thrumming of the *koto* and the twanging of the *samisen* were in his ears, and that from the shadows of a feathery fir-tree, a little figure, in a gorgeous kimono, advanced toward him. He rose, with outstretched arms. "Taku!" he cried. But there was nothing there but the drifting mist of dawn and the gentle breeze rippling by. Dazed, he hurried to the house. He called up one of the servants, and ordered him to pack, immediately, sufficient clothing for a long journey. The thrall of the "Flowery Kingdom" was upon him again, and the charm of his little Taku was luring him back to her.

In her beautiful home in Tokio, a sad little mother sat, with her baby in her arms. Now and then she picked up her *samisen*, and, touching the strings, sang to him a little song of her own composing. It told of one who had ceased to love her, but whom she would love thru this life and all the lives to come. The wonderful baby, Mino, gurgled in delight, and Taku smiled, fondly, into his twinkling, black eyes. The curtains in the doorway parted, and Jack looked in. Taku still crooned to the baby, not hearing the quiet step behind her.

Then, Jack sank to his knees, at her side. Startled, she drew away from him, and hard lines appeared in her suffering little face.

"Taku!" he cried, penitently, "I have come back to you. I am so sorry your heart was wounded. I have been very unhappy, and I want you and Mino to love me again!"

"Until some lofty ones again despise us?" asked Taku, indignantly.

"If the lofty ones despise you, they must despise me, too," he answered, "for I am going to stay right here with you—if you will let me."

Such humility from her husband melted little Taku's anger. "Oh, my august lord!" she exclaimed. "If you may! Did not my vows bind me to obedience and devotion for all of this life?"

He took her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart.

"For all of this life?" he asked.

"And all the lives to come," she answered, solemnly.

"Yes, all the lives to come," he echoed, fervently.



JACK RETURNS TO TAKU



## Their Power

By GEORGE B. STAFF

The Photoshow, the Photoshow,  
Where countless thousands spend an hour;  
How rapidly they thrive and grow,  
For they possess the wondrous power  
Of moving hearts to joy or tears,  
And they shall prosper with the years!

## Pictures

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

There are pictures good,  
There are pictures bad,  
There are pictures gay,  
There are pictures sad,  
There are pictures right,  
There are pictures wrong,  
There are pictures short,  
There are pictures long,

There are pictures dim,  
There are pictures bright,  
There are pictures "heavy,"  
There are pictures light,  
There are pictures quick,  
There are pictures slow—  
Oh! you see all kinds  
At the Picture Show.

## From Over the Sea

By FRANK W. STERNS

The' scenes av me choildhood, th' cot I was born in,  
Came forninst me this night; faith, I know 'twas no drame,  
An' me heart sang f'r joy whin, widout an' warnin',  
Me darlint, ould mother to mate me she ame.

She sthepped from th' doorway, her smile soft and tinder,  
As it was on the day we said good-by in tears;  
An' I saw, whin I looked in th' ould cabin winder,  
Th' light that's been burnin' for me all these years.

I called her swate name—fast th' glad tears were flowin',  
I stretched forth a hand to th' vanishin' scene!  
Her eyes caressed mine—it was me she was knowin'—  
She smiled—then was gone from th' dear picthur' screen!

## Winter

By L. M. THORNTON

Cold, did you say, and Jack Frost coming?  
I know the way where bees are humming.  
Let's watch the flowers in beauty springing,  
Or birds thru bowers their courses winging.

Drear, did you say, with snowflakes falling?  
Let's go and play the quails are calling.  
I know a place where rivers glisten,  
And summer sings, if you but listen.

Sad, did you say, and winter-weary?  
I know the way where all is cheery;  
Where picture films can make you jolly  
And picture-play ends melancholy.





**T**HE face of each man in the card-room stood out sharply in the brilliant light from clusters of electric bulbs on the side walls.

At the center table sat the Honorable James Oakley and Vincent Black, leaders of the smartest coterie in the Cocoa Tree Club, which, for a century, had been the most exclusive in London's West End. At the massive mahogany table, covered with soft, green felt, sat two other men, engaged in the after-theater game of whist with Oakley and Black.

"Shall I play, partner?" asked Vincent Black, a tall, rather raw-boned Englishman, so accustomed to formal clothes that he would have looked ridiculous in a business suit.

"Pray do," James Oakley replied mechanically, his mild, blue eyes acquiring an intense look as he glanced at the fellow on his right, a loud-talking chap who had recently been admitted to the Cocoa Tree because of his family connections.

As Oakley played, his lithe, slight body became tense with interest, and several times he passed his hand over his face nervously, and toyed with a plain gold crest ring on his little finger as he watched, narrowly, the uncouth player on his right.

Suddenly, as the man took a trick unfairly, James Oakley threw his remaining cards face up on the table, and pushed back his chair, his cheeks drawn and white.

"I prefer not to play with a cheat!" he exclaimed, with an evenness of temper and display of self-control which his father had passed on to him from a long line of trained gentlemen.

The man at his right grew very red. "You're a cheat, yourself!" he cried, rising to his legs, a little unsteady from over-indulgence in wine.

Oakley's eyes snapped; he sprang at the man's throat, slapped his pulpy, red face with his open hand, and hurled him violently backward. The card-cheat swayed, stumbled, fell across a chair, and toppled, a whirling mass of arms and legs, down the long, polished stairway leading to a dining-room on the floor below.

Oakley, paralyzed with sudden fear, rushed down the steps just as the cheat's head crashed against the newel-post. The body quivered convulsively, and settled down in a heap.

Vincent Black pushed his friend, Oakley, away from the body, and felt,



fumblingly, thru the clothes for a heart-beat.

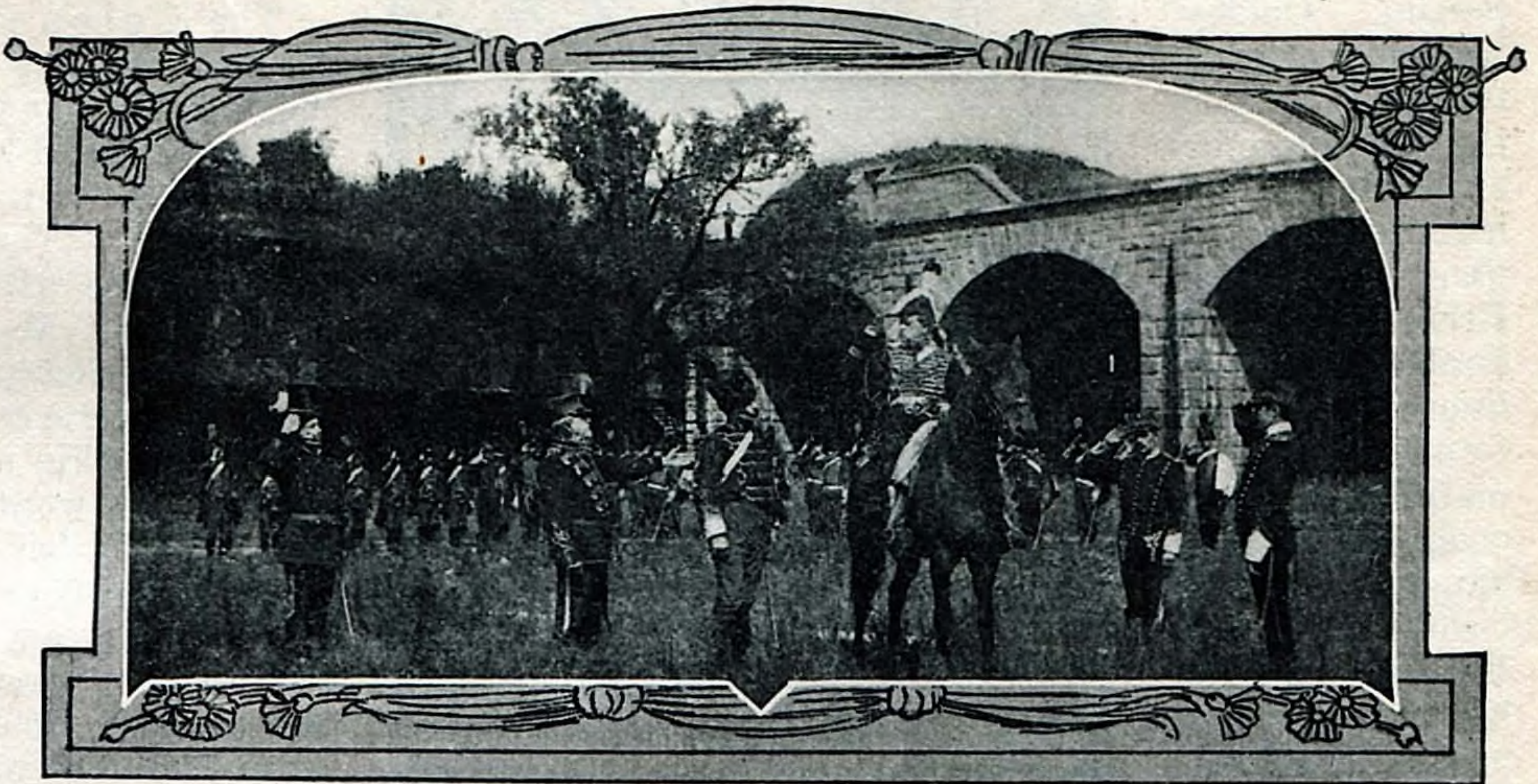
"Dead!" he cried, turning to Oakley, who stood, with slack hands, looking on, his eyes vivid with pain.

"Come—let's get out of this!" exclaimed one of the older members, who had rushed down to the excited group about the body. "You'll not run the chance of imprisonment for this worthless fellow. Black!" he motioned quickly to Oakley's companion, "as quick as you can. Let's get him out of here."

Together they rushed Oakley to the

violence, but, finally, he came to look upon the affair as an unavoidable accident. Purposely, he did not read the London papers, and, for over a month, he lived the life of a modest gentleman of leisure in Paris, carefully avoiding those popular cafés where he might meet traveling Englishmen.

One day he picked up a French newspaper, and read the startling news that the victim of an unprovoked assault in a London club was dying in a hospital; his life had lingered all these weeks. But, as for



OAKLEY JOINS THE FRENCH ARMY

check-room, bundled him into his top-coat, and pushed his silk hat on his head. Then Black took him alone in a cab to the nearest railway station.

"A first-class ticket to Paris," he requested of the ticket-seller, and before Oakley fully realized what had happened, he found himself alone in a compartment of a train bound for Paris, Black's farewell words echoing in his ears: "Dont come back! Live in France! I'll stay here and straighten things out for you. We'll meet again some day, old man. Take good care of yourself, and forget this accident."

For weeks James Oakley could not forget the scene in the club. His breeding had taught him to dislike

Oakley, he hesitated no longer; he impulsively joined the French army, and immediately lost his identity in the baggy flannel uniform of red and blue with which he was furnished.

He was sent to the Soudan in a transport with a detachment under Colonel de Bellechosse, and idled for months in barracks before getting into an active engagement. Meanwhile, he perfected his French, became proficient at fencing, and gained popularity among the non-commissioned officers, working up to the position of sergeant by excelling at drill.

Then, one day, his company was ordered to the frontier, where trouble awaited the French. On the morning



following their arrival, Colonel de Bellechosse's detachment engaged in a sharp preliminary skirmish, and Oakley, having little to live for, threw himself headlong into the battle with that perfect disregard of caution which has distinguished, and saved the life of, many a great army officer.

Colonel de Bellechosse, mounted on a fiery Arabian horse, directed the encounter from a position well in the rear, until, irritated by the tricky methods of the savage enemy, he led a bold charge against them in person. Oakley, his men scattered, followed across the field, close behind his Colonel, leaping ahead of the less zealous Frenchmen, and, finally, finding himself cut off from the remainder of his company, with a handful at the Colonel's side. He had emptied his gun, and had no time to reload; the wily natives were rushing the Colonel, slashing with long, curved swords at the Colonel's small bodyguard, and trying to get at the French leader. The Colonel's horse went down. Oakley charged the enemy with his bayonet; all the savage that had lingered beneath his calm, cultivated exterior came to the surface, and he fought furiously, recklessly, felling a dozen men, and reaching the Colonel's side just in time to run thru, with his bayonet, a villainous, big negro leveling an old-fashioned pistol at the army officer.

The Colonel's detachment rallied, and soon swept to his aid. The natives retreated. Colonel de Bellechosse, in the flush of victory, found

time to clasp Oakley's hand in the open field, and thank him, before the regiment, for his distinguished service.

When the company had returned to camp, Colonel de Bellechosse sent for Oakley, who limped, painfully, to the executive tent, bearing a dozen bandages, and received, gratefully, the profuse thanks of the Frenchman.

"I had my eye on you thru the smoke," exclaimed the Colonel. "Not many men fight as you did. I have saved myself from many narrow squeezes, but *you* saved me today."

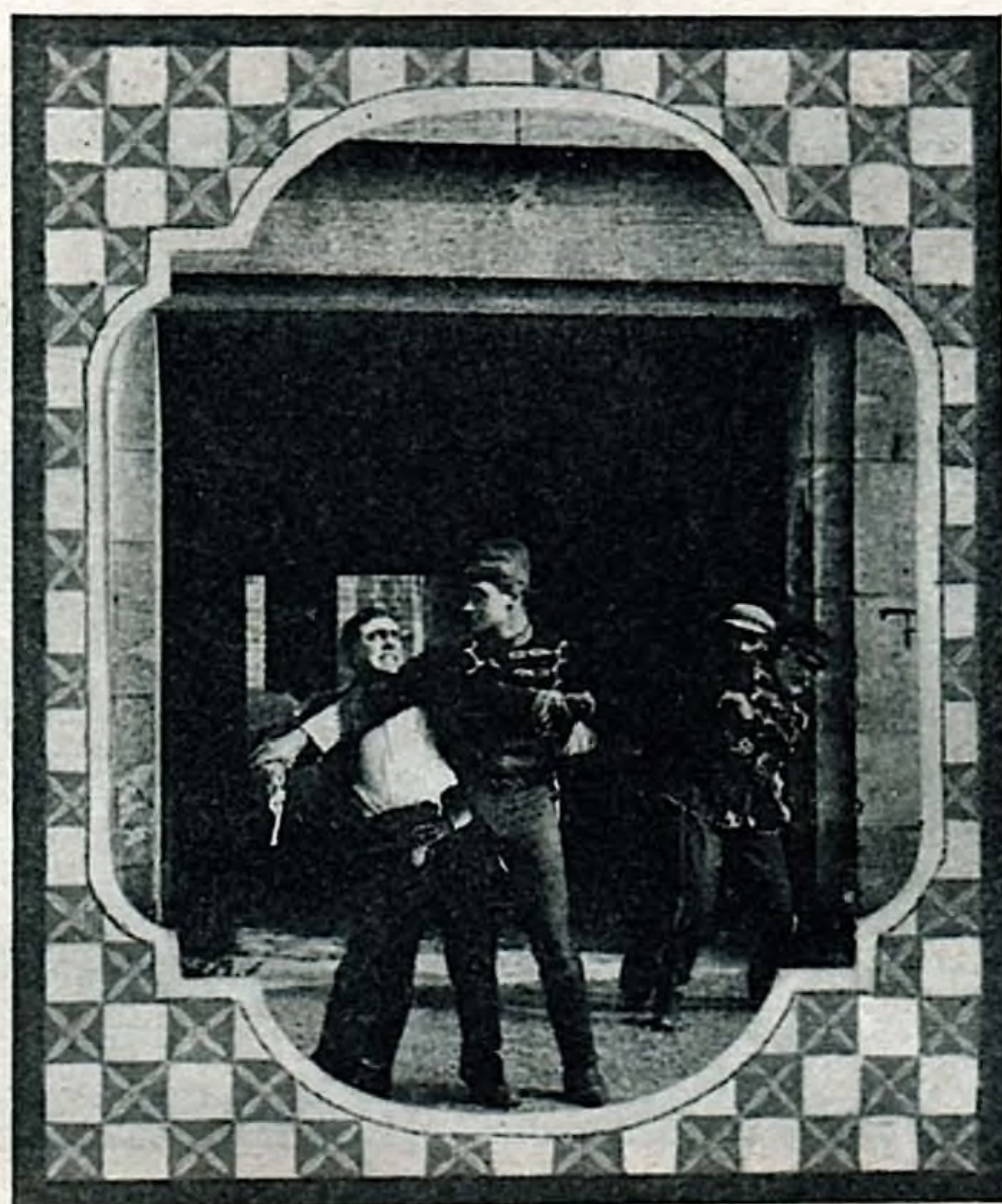
The Colonel paused, and surveyed Oakley thoughtfully. Finally he continued: "The trouble here will soon be over. We will be ordered back to barracks in Paris within a week. You won't enjoy life in barracks as an officer without a commission; you won't have the opportunity to mingle with the kind of people to which I can see you are accustomed. I need a

secretary—if you like, I will appoint you."

"I should appreciate it very much," answered Oakley, promptly.

Within a week the troops were back in Paris, and, in his new position, the Britisher found many advantages. He was thrown into the company of scintillating Frenchmen, and, gradually, took on most of the Colonel's social duties.

At a splendid military ball, he met, for the first time, the Colonel's daughter, Louise, and was attracted by her princessly bearing and piquant, French manner more certainly than he had ever been attracted to



OAKLEY SAVES THE LIFE OF THE COLONEL



any other woman. He danced with her, and flattered himself that he had succeeded in interesting the girl.

After the ball, Colonel de Bellechosse happened to mention to Oakley, in a reflective mood, that Lieutenant de Berg, of a prominent military family, was a suitor for Louise's hand, and that he had high hopes for the match.

This confidence did not deter Oak-

Oakley found himself seated beside Louise in a corner of the garden, lit with thousands of soft electric bulbs. Both were oblivious to the gay throng near them. Oakley looked into the girl's eyes, and saw in them a new light. Their friendship had suddenly blossomed into intimacy, or something better, he thought.

"I wish I had been born a Frenchman," Oakley said slowly. "I've



DE BERG DECLARES HIS LOVE TO LOUISE

ley, however, from improving his acquaintance with Louise. He found many excuses which took him to his superior officer's home, and, within a few months, he was invited to informal dinners by the Colonel, and made much of in private, in spite of the fact that he was a non-commissioned officer.

Oakley missed no social function at which Louise was likely to be present. His fascination finally became a passion. One summer night, at a splendid formal dance in the Colonel's house,

become a Frenchman already—at heart."

"And isn't the heart most important of all?" she asked softly, shyly, her eyes cast down.

"Yes; it is with me. At heart I am French, and it is because of you."

"Because of me? But I don't understand!" she breathed quickly, raising her glowing eyes to his.

"Yes," he said, leaning impulsively toward her, and wishing they were really alone in the world; "you have made me feel that I want to be truly



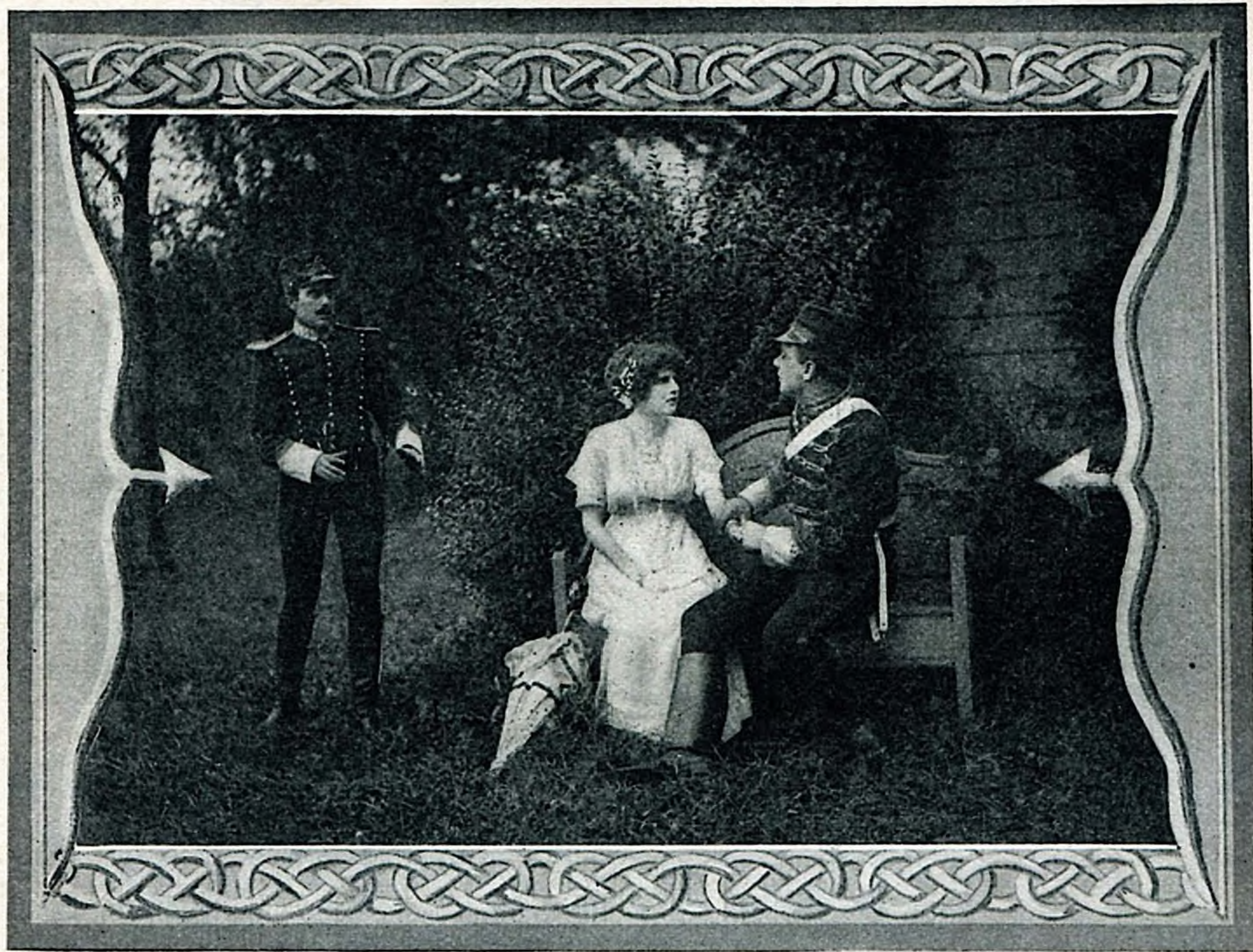
French, so you will understand me fully. I want to be like—well, like what you want me to be.” His tone was very boyish, and he looked at her with serious, big eyes.

“Oh,” she cried, with a thrill, “I like you because you are English.”

“Oh, if I were only French I could tell you why I like you,” he cried. “If I were French I would know how to make love better than the

standing near them, near enough to have overheard their words. As Oakley’s eyes met his, the Frenchman’s white face expressed smouldering rage. He turned abruptly, his hand instinctively reaching toward his sword.

“But, Louise, dear, how about de Berg?” breathed Oakley, turning back to the girl, who sat with lips musingly open.



DE BERG DISCOVERS THAT LOUISE HAS ANOTHER SUITOR, IN THE PERSON OF OAKLEY

blunt, British way. Listen, Louise; I love you because you are yourself,” he finished fervently.

A faint flush burned in her cheeks; she clasped her hands, and drew a sharp breath. “I, too, like you for the same reason,” she admitted, at length.

Oakley quivered with emotion. He reached out to take her hand, suddenly recollected that he was in plain sight of onlookers, and drew back sharply, looking about him anxiously. A tall, slim, young French officer was

She quivered with his first term of endearment, and her eyes fluttered up to his. “He is papa’s choice; not my own,” she murmured musically.

“Ah, my darling Louise! If I could only tell you how much I love you!” Oakley was wild to catch her hands in his, to hug her close to him.

“You don’t have to, dear,” she said softly; “I can read it in your eyes.”

“And it is repeated in yours, sweetest little girl in the——” Oakley’s sentence was cut short by the



clanking arrival of Colonel de Bellechosse, who asked the pleasure of a dance with his daughter, in courtly terms.

Oakley, his whole being aflame with love, darted down a path, determined to take a long walk, to dream of his love and Louise.

As he stepped into a deserted, rose-covered cross-path, Lieutenant de Berg slipped silently to his side, and remarked, in a voice of restrained rage: "I will walk with you, monsieur."

Oakley and de Berg walked down the path together. The moment they

"My seconds will wait upon yours, monsieur, at the Hôtel de Triomphe, tomorrow at nine. They can arrange all details." Lieutenant de Berg handed Oakley a crisp card that glistened white in the street light, and turned down a winding boulevard.

Oakley walked straight on, alone. Half an hour before, he had been radiantly, exuberantly hopeful because Louise returned his love. Now, he was in despair. It seemed to him that love was not the exclusive affair of two people in France. Besides the Lieutenant's opposition, Oakley was a non-commissioned officer, a fugitive



THE DUEL

were out of earshot, the superior officer burst out: "I overheard tonight—about Louise. Perhaps you don't understand French etiquette—I will teach you. Will you fight with the sword or the pistol?"

In a flash, Oakley understood. It was a challenge.

"I shall waive my rank," continued the Lieutenant, excitedly. "Either I withdraw from the field, or you. Which weapon do you prefer?"

"Oh," exclaimed Oakley, "if you demand blood, let it be blood. Your choice of weapons is my choice." Tho' uneasy at the thought of a duel, Oakley was now thoroughly angry with the Frenchman, who could not win a girl's heart, but could gain only her father's approval.

from his own country, with disgrace hanging over his head, and, without a fortune and standing, he could never expect the Colonel to accept him as a son-in-law, even if Louise loved him.

Seized with despair, he sank down in a chair at a sidewalk café frequented by Englishmen, and ordered brandy. He had not been so indiscreet as to show himself at such a popular place since leaving London, but now he thought nothing of that, and sat, in his French uniform, slumped over his glass of liquor, thinking dimly of the dawn.

The fixed gaze of a gentleman sitting at a table opposite finally caused Oakley to look up. He found himself staring into the wondering



eyes of his old comrade, Vincent Black, who had helped him out of England.

With outstretched hands, Oakley rushed toward him, repeating, unconsciously, in French: "Monsieur Black, Monsieur Black! of all people!"

"I thought it was you," cried Black, pressing his hand firmly, "but I couldn't be sure. That uniform, that coat of tan. Why, you even *talk* French."

The reunited friends sat until almost morning, talking excitedly of their experiences since parting. And, with the dawn, Black slapped Oakley heartily on the shoulder, crying: "A man who's to fight a duel must be fresh. I'll see de Berg's seconds at the hotel this morning, and, as for you, go to sleep."

The duel was arranged to take place at sunrise on the following day, in a lonely field on the outskirts of town—a field partly hidden from the road by a row of pines.

Pistols had been decided upon, and Vincent Black, after examining the arms provided by de Berg's seconds, gave the word that his man was ready.

The duellists met in the center of the vacant field, their backs to one another. A gentleman in severe black, with the manner of an undertaker, cried: "One-two-three-four!" and the opponents wheeled, and fired upon each other with almost a single report of the pistols.

An instant later, de Berg's right arm fell to his side, shattered, and his weapon, belching smoke, dropped to the grass.

The duel was over. Oakley had won.

A pair of men in uniform were spied by one of the seconds, skulking along the road at that moment.

"You had better not go back to barracks," cried de Berg, accepting his defeat like a gentleman, and hardly wincing as the doctor bound the tiny hole in his fractured arm. "The regiment will hear of this, and you will be court-martialed for breach

of discipline for duelling with a superior officer. It's for your good I'm suggesting it."

"Yes, yes!" Oakley breathed, impetuously, "but I must see Louise first!"

He was whisked from the field by Black as rapidly as he had been packed off to Paris the night of the trouble at the club.

Black insisted on Oakley's return to London at once. He argued that he could resume his old life, and that his father was failing in health. He assured him again and again, too, that the club members had silenced the gambling scandal, and that the card-cheat had finally recovered.

But Oakley broke from him and rushed boldly to the Colonel's house, tho he was unaccustomed to call so early, even in his secretarial capacity.

He found Louise alone in the morning-room, having just finished breakfast.

"Louise, my darling!" he cried, drawing up a low settee, and sitting beside her, clasping her hands, "I have won from de Berg!—this morning only. Ah, precious, the sun shines sweet on victories like mine. I am free to tell you now how much I love you, adore you, worship you, my darling." He talked rapidly at first, in eagerness, finally lingering over the last words.

She smoothed back his damp hair dreamily, drinking deep of his ardent words.

"And I, too, love you, *mon cher, mon petit!*" she cried, timidly burying her head on his shoulder.

He caught her in his arms, and hugged her close, straining her to him, as he had dreamed of doing for weeks past.

"I love you madly, my darling. I would risk anything—a hundred lieutenants—to tell you how sweet and precious you are to me." He raised her mouth, and kist her tremulous lips.

The silence of love ensued.

Suddenly a sharp ejaculation surprised the pair. They sprang to their feet and faced Colonel de Bellechosse,



purple with rage. He stared steadily, scornfully at them, and then, suddenly, in his sternest military manner, ordered Oakley to return to barracks, and report at his quarters in half an hour.

Oakley withdrew without a word, returning to barracks like a faithful soldier, and refusing to recall Lieutenant de Berg's and Black's advice to flee and avoid consequences.

It is the recommendation of the court that James Oakley be sentenced to five years' imprisonment for breach of discipline in fighting a duel with a superior officer.

V. DE FOREST,  
Presiding Officer.

Oakley listened dumbly as the sentence was pronounced, realizing that Colonel de Bellechosse's discovery in the morning-room had a



OAKLEY IS ARRESTED

Instead of seeing Oakley when he appeared at his office, the Colonel ordered his arrest, and Oakley was dragged to the military jail thru the barracks square, where his comrades were idling.

That afternoon he was court-martialed on the evidence of two common soldiers who had witnessed the duel from the road.

The decision of the military referee read:

great deal to do with the severity of the sentence.

Probably he could have reduced the term if he had been willing to admit the cause of his duel, but on that subject his lips remained closed.

While in prison he learnt from Black, who was allowed to visit him occasionally, that Lieutenant de Berg had been transferred to another post, by way of reprimand.

A month later, Black came to the



prison with glowing face, and cried, the moment he saw Oakley: "I've managed to get de Berg to write a letter. I think I shall succeed in having you released." He showed the following document with pride: "I hereby testify that James Oakley was in no manner responsible for the duel. It was entirely at my instigation. Signed, LIEUTENANT DE BERG."

Again the gallant French officer had shown that he was a gentleman, and, with this letter, and a little political pressure which Black brought to bear, Oakley was finally released.

On the very day that he came from prison, Black took him to the office of a Parisian lawyer, who acquainted him with the fact that he was heir to a large estate left by his father, and that he could now claim the title of Lord Fernborough.

The Englishman, overcome by the sudden turn in his affairs, went at once to the office of Colonel de Bellechosse, and formally asked for his daughter's hand. The Colonel, on whose sympathies Black had been working during Oakley's imprisonment, refused to discuss the matter, but gave his permission for Oakley to call on Louise and tell her of his release.

Louise sat on the lawn as her father and her lover approached. She ran to the arms of Oakley in spite of the Colonel's flaming eye.

"I must take Louise back to England with me!" cried Oakley, in a surge of emotion.

"I will not consent—I will not consent!" the Colonel raged, striding up and down the lawn with hands clasped tightly behind his back.

"But, papa," pleaded Louise, removing her arms from Oakley, to throw them about her father, "you only wanted me to marry Lieutenant de Berg because he had prospects. James," and she pronounced the name so quaintly that Oakley wanted to hug her again on the spot—"has inherited a large estate. Don't you remember the days of the Soudan? You've told me so often of how he saved your life. That was what first made me love him, even before I saw him." She looked shyly toward Oakley, who stepped to her side and pressed her hand.

Colonel de Bellechosse looked down into his daughter's pleading face.

"That is not the only occasion on which Sergeant Oakley was brave," he said slowly, his face very red. "He fought a duel for you, you must remember." It was evident that the mention of Oakley's estate had altered the old man's decision, and that he was glad to be reminded of the Englishman's bravery.

"Then you give your consent?" cried Louise, returning the pressure of Oakley's hand.

"With all my heart," answered the Frenchman, courteously, saluting Louise on the forehead, and he stood wiping the tears from his stern, old face as Louise and Oakley, unabashed, exchanged a long, sweet kiss of success before him.



## The Photoplayers

They give the wide world pleasure,  
Give it freely, without measure,  
Everywhere.

Into lives all sad and weary,  
Into places dark and dreary  
They bring cheer.

Oft, you know, the world goes badly,  
And some heart is aching sadly  
Every day.  
Watching them, the troubles vanish,  
With their smiles they quickly banish  
Them away.

Sometimes, when our fun they're making,  
Their own hearts are almost breaking  
Down with care.  
But we never know their sadness,  
They have only smiles and gladness  
For us here.

And we hope that in life's gloaming,  
When to each there comes the closing  
Of the show,  
All the lives that they have brightened,  
All the weary ways they've lightened,  
They may know.



# LITTLE MINISTER



**L**ONG before this story has point or place of beginning, a gypsy caravan made its jolting way along a country road in high summer. Beneath one of the carts was slung a sort of hammock, often filled with pots and pans, now bellying with a soft lump of a sleeping child—a little girl in her third summer.

The end of the hammock unfastened, and the child slid softly onto the road. The caravan jolted on, over a hill; the child still slept.

Presently she awoke in the sun, and set up a soft, calling cry, which the wind, in the whispering ashes, took up, and carried over the hollow.

The child's call traveled as far as two horsemen in the fashionable redingotes and soft, spurred boots of gentlemen. The elder, a man in his prime, with clear-cut Roman features under quick, gray eyes, turned his horse's head toward the call. The child heard the click and chink of hoofs against stones, and was still.

The riders neared her standing in the hollow, like a speck in the bottom of a bowl. The younger dismounted and pulled her pudgy fists away from her eyes.

It was then that the gray-eyed rider noted two coal-black, fathomless eyes, so big with tears and wonderment that they seemed half a face, staring up at him. At his gesture, his companion swung the child across his saddlebow: a child, and tears and wonder were amusing things in the world of these two. The younger laughed merrily; the elder permitted a smile to cross his small, even teeth.

They turned, and rode back, leaving the country road as blank and sightless a story as of an hour ago.

“It is given to me, Alexander Ogilvy, the schoolmaster of Glen Inharity, to take up this story and carry it to an ending.

“It was on a warm autumn Sunday that the little minister preached his first sermon, and intoned the Paraphrases, for the congregation of the Auld Licht Church. Little was known of Gavin Dishart and his mother, Margaret, before their coming to Thrums, save that he was favorably recommended by the University of Edinburgh, and could preach you straight in the eyes, without notes.



"A stern sect were the Auld Lights, and, had it not been that Mr. Carfrae, the retiring minister, was grown very frail, with a habit of shaking as he walked, as if his feet were striking against stones, they never would have called the little minister to his first parish.

"After the service, when Mr. Carfrae stood shaking hands with the Auld Lights, by Gavin's side, he accompanied him to the white manse house on the hill.

"May you never lose sight of God, Mr. Dishart," he said, in the parlor. "It is like a dream. Only yesterday I was the young minister, Mr. Dishart, and tomorrow you will be the old one bidding good-by to your successor. And," he added hastily, "how do you like Thrums?"

"They told me in Glasgow," said Gavin, hesitating, "that I had received a call from the mouth of hell."

"Cruel words, Mr. Dishart, for our weavers are passionately religious, yet seldom more than a day's work in advance of food. Tho you may have thought the place quiet today, there was an ugly outbreak two months ago—the weavers turning on the manufacturers for reducing the price of the web—and the square filled with soldiers, called from Tilliedrum. The ringleaders were seized and sentenced to jail. Ever since then a watch by night has been kept on every road that leads to Thrums. The signal that soldiers are coming is to be the

blowing of a horn. If you ever hear that horn, Mr. Dishart, I implore you to hasten to the square."

"Mr. Carfrae, once so brave a figure, tottered as he rose to go.

"I begin," Gavin said, as they were parting, "where you left off. My prayer is that I may walk in your ways."

"A week passed—days in which the new Auld Light minister was seen on his rounds in the town, and then a second Sunday came for him to test all his firmness.

"It seems that Jo Cruickshanks, the atheist, had got Rob Dow, the big poacher, cursing, roaring drunk, and had escorted him to the Auld Light Church.

"Gavin Dishart stopped his sermon at the sight of him. 'Come forward,' he said to Rob.

"Rob gripped the pew to keep himself from obeying.

"Come forward!" the little minister cried, "you hulking man of sin; sit down

on the stair and attend to me, or I'll step down from the pulpit and run you out of the house of God."

"And Rob did, believing him a giant stepped out of the Bible.

"And now, on the heels of this conversion, came the fateful night of the 17th of October, and with it the strange woman.

"Family worship at the manse was over, and Gavin was kissing Margaret good-night, when they heard a timid knocking. He opened it, to find the town policeman staring at him,



BABBIE



“‘You’re to go to Rob Dow’s house,’ he said, ‘and if you’re no wi’ him by ten o’clock, he’s to break out again.’

“Gavin knew what this meant—he had feared it—and a brisk walk brought him to Rob Dow’s door.

“Gavin went in by the light of a tree-trunk roaring in the fireplace. When Rob saw him, he groaned relief and left his loom. He had been weaving, his teeth clinched, his eyes on fire, for seven hours.

“Both fell upon their knees. And, when they had finished, Rob said: ‘I’ll drown mysel’ in the dam rather than let the drink master me.’ Gavin took his hand, and was gone.

“Now, there is a path to Caddam called Windyghoul, a straight road in summer, but given over to leaves and pools at the end of the year. The little minister took this path, for the mystery of the woods by moonlight thrilled him. Hard by, on a bare hill, was the place where the wild Lindsays, the gypsy family, made their encampment.

“But Gavin thought not of them, with his fingers close around his stout staff. It was a faint, high sound, as of a woman singing, that perplexed him.

“Presently it rose, sweet and clear, from out of Windyghoul. The singer was not fifty yards away, sometimes singing gleefully, and letting her body sway lightly as she came dancing up the path.

“To Gavin, dancing, and singing unholy music, were devices of the devil, and he put out his arm to

pronounce sentence upon her. But she passed quickly by—he saw only a short, green skirt, the flash of bare feet, and a twig of rowan berries in her black hair.

“‘Woman!’ he called sternly after her.

“She turned, and laughed with her shoulders, and seemed to beckon him on and mock him, but, on his taking to running after her, she sang the more gleefully, and slid into the thickness of the trees.

“And then, suddenly, he lost the power to move. He had heard a horn—the signal that soldiers were coming. Thrice it sounded, each time striking him to the heart.

“He took to running blindly toward Thrums, the admonition of Mr. Carfrae about the soldiers dancing in his brain and tugging at his wind.

“As Gavin reached the schoolwynd, the town drum began to beat. A weaver whom he tried to stop

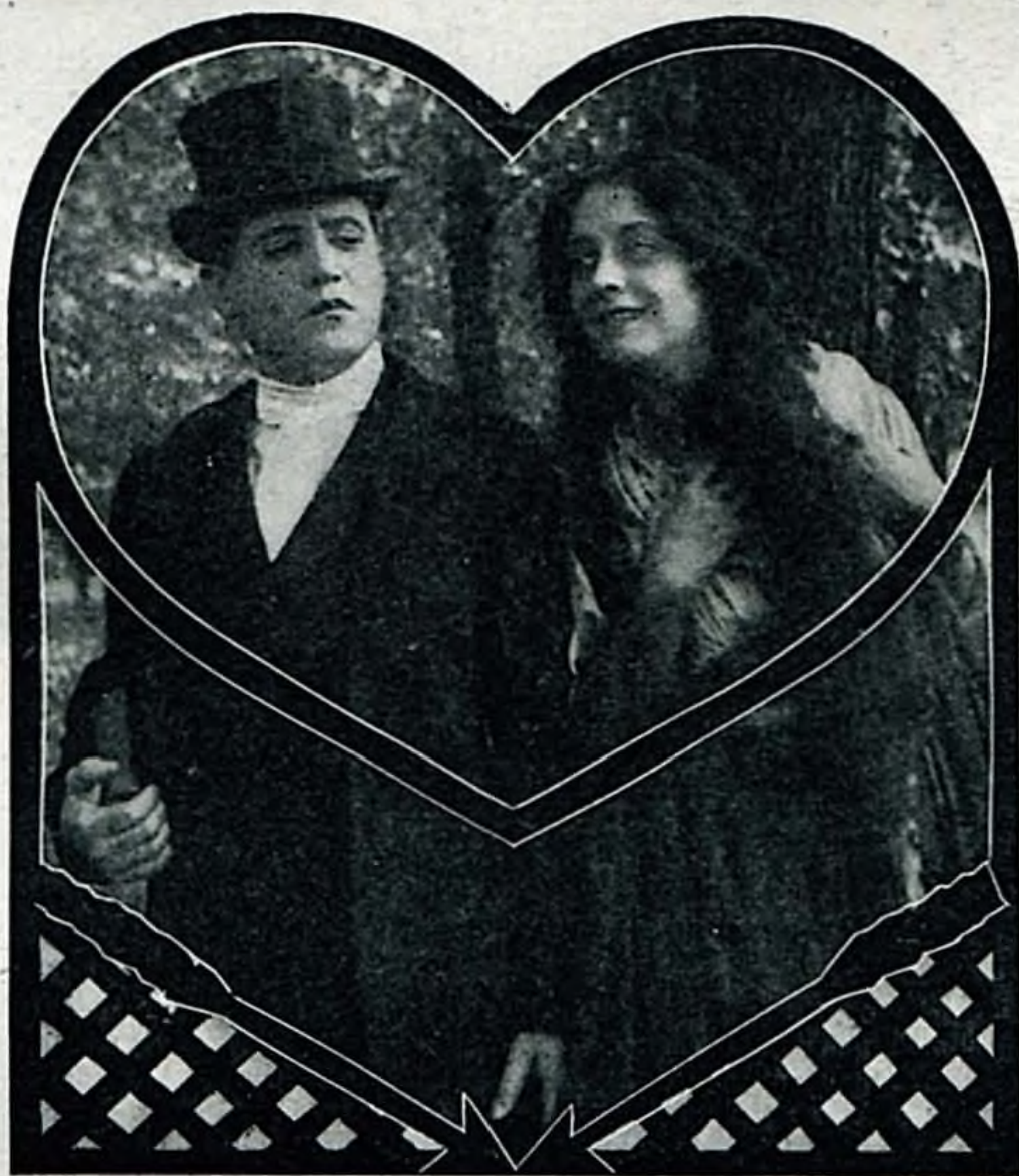
struck him savagely and sped past to the square. Gavin followed him.

“Women were screaming from windows, or crying softly, and on the steps of the town-house about fifty weavers were gathered, many of them scantily clad, but all armed with pikes and staves. An old, worn-out soldier was adjuring them.

“Gavin ran up the steps, and, in a moment, they had become a pulpit.

“‘Dinna dare to interfere, Mr. Dishart,’ shrilled the old soldier.

“Gavin cast his eyes over the armed throng, and ordered: ‘Rob Dow, William Carmichael, Thomas Whamond, William Munn, Henders Haggart, step forward.’



THE MEETING IN THE WOODS



"These were all Auld Lights, and, when they found that the minister would not take his eyes off them, they all obeyed.

"Then the minister, who was shaking with excitement, tho he did not know it, stretched forth his arms for silence.

"O! Thou who art the Lord of

be caught like a mouse in a trap.' She mounted the steps.

"The sojers are coming,' she warned, 'frae the Tilliedrum road.'

"Lay down your weapons,' Gavin cried, but his power had gone.

"The gypsy spoke true,' they shouted; 'dinna heed the minister.'

"Keep thegither and follow me,'



THE LITTLE MINISTER IS HELD SPELLBOUND BY BABBIE

hosts,' he prayed, 'we are in Thy hands this night.'

"Amen, amen!' echoed to the sound of weapons in the square.

"Whaur's the gypsy?' cried some one—the one who gave us news of the sojers.'

"Here.'

"Gavin saw the crowd open, and the woman of the Windyghoul came out of it, and, while he should have denounced her, he only blinked, for once more her loveliness struck him full in the eyes.

"If I were a man,' she exclaimed to the people, 'I wouldna let mysel'

she called, and slipped past him down the steps, even as he tried to seize her shoulders.

"The steady tap of feet in tune—a heavy sound to wives and mothers—could be plainly heard coming down the road. The square filled with soldiers, and emptied itself of town-folk, amid a shower of clods and stones.

"Then the tap of feet was heard from the east end of Thrums. More soldiers—the weavers were hemmed in.

"Under command of resolute young Captain Halliwell, tenement doors



were smashed in, and frightened men dragged out to the street, and, thence, to jail. But the leaders had escaped, and Halliwell, in the round room of the town-house, was not in a good temper.

"'Mr. Sheriff,' he was saying, 'the whole thing has been a fiasco, owing to our failure to take them by surprise.'

"'Well, who warned them? It was a close secret between you and me and Lord Rintoul.'

"'Find the gypsy woman,' ordered the captain, 'and I will find your answer.'

"'A half-hour later, the great door of the room was flung open, and two soldiers thrust the girl into the room.

"'You can leave her here,' Halliwell said carelessly. 'Three of us are not needed to guard a woman.'

"'The room was lit by a single lamp, and the girl crouched away from it, hiding her face in her hands.

"'Why don't you look at me?'

began Halliwell, taking her wrists in his hands.

"'By Jove!' he said to her freed face. 'Where did you get those eyes?'

"'She did not answer, but quickly slid a sparkling ring off her finger.

"'If I tell you all,' she said eagerly, 'will you let me go?'

"'I may ask the sheriff to do so,' he said, with an effort at sternness.

"'You're angry wi' me,' she sobbed. 'I wish I had never seen you.'

"'I am not angry with you,' he said gently. 'You are an extraordinary girl.'

"'There was silence, save for her sobs. He paused, and drew near her. Was she crying? Was she not laughing at him rather? He grew red.

"'Her hand was on the handle of the door. She was turning it, when his hand fell on hers so suddenly that she screamed. He twisted her round.

"'Silence!' he said.

"'The sheriff's step was heard coming up the stair. The door opened, and he entered. As he did so, the girl upset the lamp, and the room was at once in darkness.

"'The captain gripped her skirt.

"'Shut the door.'

"'With his free hand, Halliwell relit the lamp. He was grasping the skirts of the sheriff's coat. There was no Egyptian.

"'Open the door.' But the door would not open; the gypsy had fled, and had

carefully locked it behind her.

"'It was now close on to three o'clock, with the clouds marching past the moon, when Gavin turned his face toward the manse. A cordon of soldiers was posted around the town.

"'He fancied that some one was following him, but was it not only fancy, in a night of alarms? In front of him, he could see the white facings, like skeletons' ribs, on uniforms in the road.



"YOU ARE AN EXTRAORDINARY GIRL"



"He stopped. So did the imperceptible step back of him.

"Then Gavin turned back—there, shrouded in a long cloak that concealed even her feet, was the evil woman. For a moment he had it in his heart to warn her of the soldiers. Then a horror shot thru him. She was stealing toward him. He turned, and almost ran.

"As he came up with the soldiers, in the dim light, a little hand touched his arm from behind.

" 'Stop,' cried a sergeant, and then Gavin stepped out before him—with the gypsy on his arm.

" 'It is you, Mr. Dishart,' said the sergeant, 'and your lady?'

" 'I——' said Gavin.

"His lady pinched his arm. 'Yes,' she answered, in an elegant English voice, 'but, indeed, I am sorry I ventured on the streets tonight. I could do little, sadly little.'

" 'It is no scene for a lady, ma'am, but your husband has—— Did you speak, Mr. Dishart?'

" 'Yes, I must inf——'

" 'My dear,' said the gypsy, 'I quite agree with you.'

" 'Sergeant,' said Gavin, firmly, 'I must——'

" 'You must, indeed, dear,' said the Egyptian, 'for you are sadly tired. Good-night, sergeant.'

" 'Your servant, Mrs. Dishart. Your servant, sir.'

" 'But——' cried Gavin.

" 'Come, love,' she said, and walked the distracted minister thru the soldiers and up the manse road.

" 'You—you—woman!' he finally blurted out. 'Have you no respect for law and order?'

" 'Not overmuch,' she answered honestly.

"She read his thoughts. 'It is not too late,' she said. 'Why dont you shout to them?'

"He walked on to the manse gate.

" 'Good-by,' she said, holding out her hand; 'if you are not to give me up.'

" 'I am not a policeman,' said Gavin, 'but I hope never to see your face again.'

"The next moment he saw her walking away. Then she turned.

" 'There are soldiers at the top of the hill,' she cried. 'I'm going back to give myself up.'

" 'Stop!' Gavin called, but she would not until his hand touched her shoulder.

" 'Why,' whispered Gavin, giddily, 'why—why do you not hide in the manse garden?'

" 'There were tears in her eyes now.'

" 'You are a good man,' she said. 'I like you.'

" 'Dont say that,' Gavin cried in horror, then hurried from her without looking at her again.

"Almost with the birth of morning, the little minister hurried into his garden. The girl was gone, but on a garden bench lay the cloak she had worn, and a spare Bible that he had dropped in the midst of his reading.

"During the day, news came to him that the Egyptian had marvelously escaped the soldiers, in the stolen cloak of Captain Halliwell, and Gavin clutched the telltale thing up and hid it in his attic.

"But of the Bible, there is far worse to say, for on Sunday, as Gavin was to preach on Woman, the church was crowded.

" 'You will find my text,' he had said in his piercing voice, 'in the eighth chapter of Ezra.'

"Then he turned the pages of his Bible, stared hard at them, gave a sort of groan, and half fell against the back of the pulpit. He had read these penciled lines, not written by Ezra: 'I will never tell that you allowed me to be called Mrs. Dishart before witnesses. But is not this a Scotch marriage? Signed, Babbie, the Egyptian.'

"No snow could be seen in Thrums by the beginning of the year, tho a black frost had set in, and every morning the manse path was beautiful with spider's threads. Later on, the shouts of the curlers could be heard, coming up from Rashie-bog. And there was a sound of weeping, too, if any one had listened close, for old



Nanny Webster, with her brother sent to jail on the fatal night, was about to go to the poorhouse.

"She was not of the Auld Licht faith, but Dr. McQueen had, in his rough way, told Gavin of her condition, and these two drove over to comfort her, and to fetch her in a dogcart.

"'There will be broth every day at the poorhouse,' said Dr. McQueen.

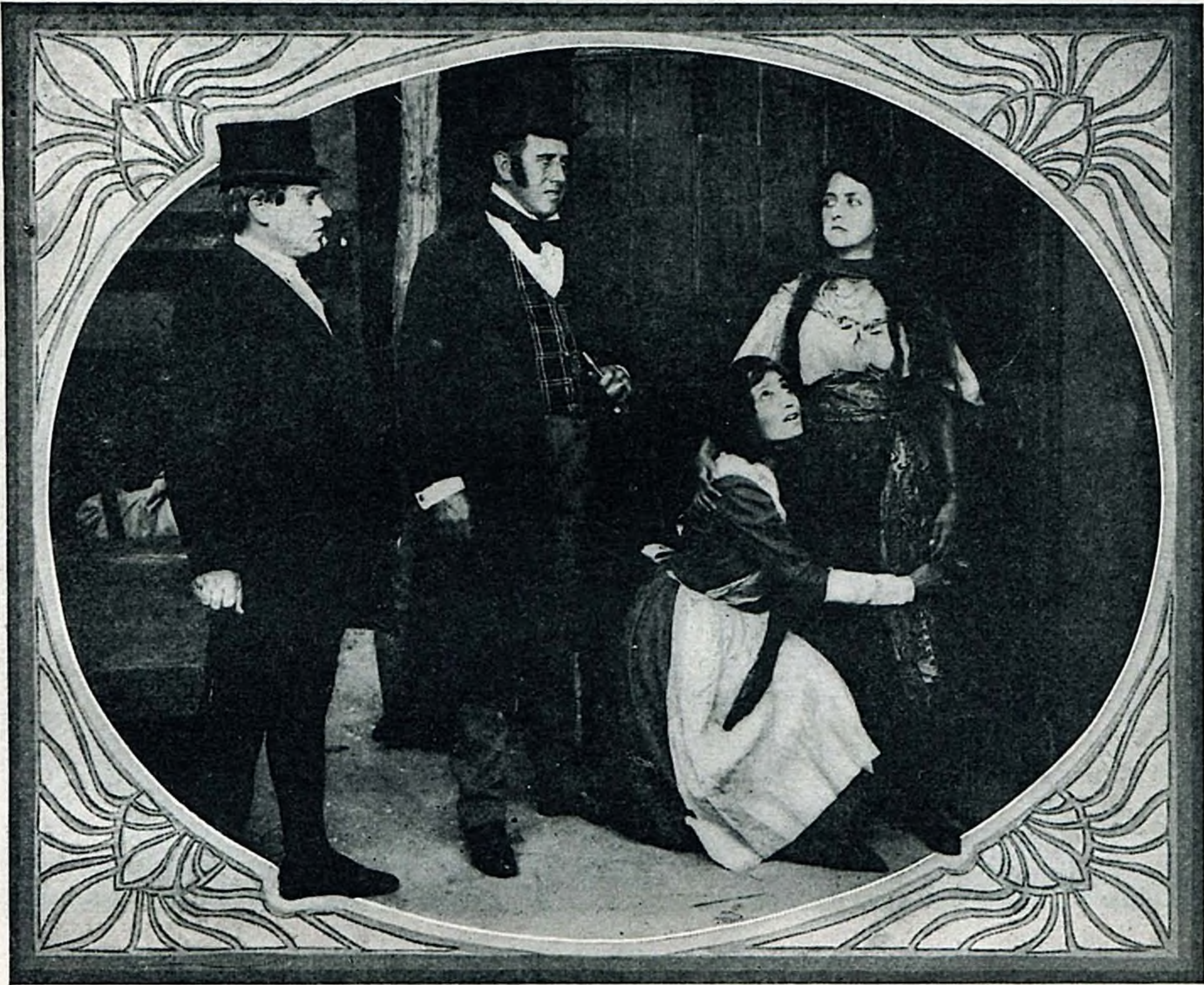
"'It—it'll be terrible enjoyable,'

"'Have pity on her, O God!' said Gavin, stretching out his hands.

"An answer came—a strange one—for the door opened, and the Egyptian entered.

"Nanny fell to crying at her feet, and poured out her story in broken Scotch.

"The girl's arms clasped her. 'How dare you!' she cried, turning to the others, with indignation in her eyes, and they quaked like malefactors.



BABBIE PLEADS THAT NANNY BE NOT SENT TO THE POORHOUSE

said Nanny, and, after a little: 'Are you sure there's naebody looking?'

"The doctor glanced at the minister, and Gavin rose.

"'Let us pray,' he said, and the three went down on their knees.

"They all advanced toward the door without another word. But, in the middle of the floor, something came over her, and she stood there.

"'It's cruel hard,' muttered the doctor. 'I knew her when a lassie.'

"Dr. McQueen, very red in the face, finally explained that Nanny was not an Auld Licht, and that money was not forthcoming for her.

"'Oh! the money,' said the girl, scornfully, and confidently put her hand into her pocket. She could draw out only two silver pieces.

"'I thought so,' said the doctor. 'Come, Nanny.'

"'Stop!' said the girl, blocking the door. 'Tomorrow I will bring five



pounds—no; you meet me at the Kaims of Cushie.’

“Dr. McQueen almost sneered, but Gavin said: ‘I will come; I trust you.’”

“‘Be careful,’ said the doctor, buttoning his coat; ‘your every movement is a text in Thrums.’”

“‘You forget yourself, doctor,’ said Gavin, sharply, but the doctor was gone.

“‘Nanny and I are to have a dish

Her kindness, her gayety, her coquetry, her movements of sadness had been a witch’s fingers, and Gavin was still trembling under their touch.

“A minister, it is certain, who wore a smile on his face would never have been called to the Auld Licht Church, but Gavin smiled repeatedly. It is even reported that, on leaving Nanny’s hut, he leaped lightly over the gate, like any ordinary mortal.



BABBIE SENDS THE LITTLE MINISTER FOR A BUCKET OF WATER

of tea,’ said the girl. ‘Wont you join us?’

“‘We couldna dare,’ spoke up Nanny, quickly. ‘You’ll excuse her, Mr. Dishart, for the presumption?’”

“‘Presumption!’ said the girl, making a face.

“Nevertheless, Gavin did stay, letting the doctor’s warning fall on the grass as he was ordered to draw a bucket of water. The girl calling herself Babbie, whose signature had blasphemed his Bible, played upon him as upon a musical instrument.

“But there was one who had stood back of the firs in Nanny’s garden, had seen all, and whose heart had turned to flint against the witcheries of Babbie. It was Rob Dow, who now believed himself an instrument of God to remove the woman out of the little minister’s path.

“It does not become me to relate the ripening intimacy, which at last became love, of Gavin and the strange girl. Their natures were very dissimilar, yet at the bottom of each heart, as in a well, there must



have been sweetness, or they never would have so cleaved together.

“Gavin met her in the dejected firs of Kaims, with drops of water falling listlessly from them, and, even then, he had not decided which of two women she was at heart. But he came away with two tokens: the money she had promised for Nanny, and something more—a bunch of rowan berries from her hair, that she, at parting, had pressed into his hand.

“Gavin told himself not to go near Nanny’s hut the following day, but he went.

“He found Babbie struggling to lift a heavy stone from the well-cover, and superhuman strength rushed to his arms as he rolled it away.

“‘How strong you are!’ Babbie said, with open admiration, but, in his heart, he felt that he was pitifully weak.

“‘Good-by,’ she said, later, after a breathless hour together.

“The minister’s legs could not have heard him give the order to march, for they stood waiting.

“‘The man I could love,’ Babbie went on, not heeding him, ‘must not spend his days in idleness, as the men I know do; he must be brave; must take the side of the weak against the strong—’

“‘If you will listen to reason, Babbie,’ cried Gavin, ‘I am that man.’

“Here they suddenly ended, and found themselves staring at each other, as if they had heard something dreadful. Then they turned, and hurried out of the wood in opposite directions.

“It must have been the following night that Gavin, seated in the manse study with his mother, thought he detected the flash of lightning, but there was no thunder.

“‘It is harmless,’ he said, going to the window. Then he drew back as if struck. ‘It is nothing, mother,’ he said, with a forced laugh. ‘Let me light your lamp for you.’

“She kist him good-night, and was gone. But something had struck him. It was the flashing of a lantern

against his window, and the face behind it was Babbie’s.

“Only something terrible, Gavin thought, hurrying out, could have brought her to him at such an hour. But, when he had joined her, she was quite calm.

“In his alarm, he kist her, and she knew with that kiss the little minister was hers forever.

“But, of a sudden, she grew shy, and the words that were on her tongue sank back into her bosom. Try as he could, Gavin could find no reason for her coming.

“She promised to tell him all, at Nanny’s, on the morrow. But the morrow was Sunday, which Gavin—poor shepherd—had forgotten.

“At the top of the hill, she took the lantern from him. ‘You must go back,’ she whispered fiercely. ‘If you are seen, all Thrums will be in an uproar before morning.’

“‘I cannot help that,’ said Gavin. ‘It is the will of God.’

“‘To ruin you for my sins?’

“‘If He thinks fit.’

“Then there came a sob, a short scuffle, and Babbie, with the lantern, was running down the hill.

“He stretched out his arms, as if seeking in the dark.

“The church bell was ringing the next morning as Babbie sat by Nanny’s side. The girl’s eyes were moist.

“‘Babbie,’ said the old woman, suddenly, ‘what has come over you?’

“‘Nothing—I think I hear the bell,’ but she was thinking of how, at the top of the hill, a weak man had become strong.

“Later, she wandered out over a bleak hill, and came to a great slab called the Standing Stone. Here she found a little boy, very ragged, crying.

“She put a hand on his shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there.

“‘I’m wishing,’ he blubbered; ‘it’s a wishing stane.’

“‘And what are you wishing?’

“‘I’m wishing about a woman—’



her that sent my father, Rob Dow, to the drink. I'm wishing she was in hell.'

"'What woman is it?' asked Babbie, shuddering.

"'A gypsy woman, who has bewitched the minister, an' should the folks know, they'll stane him out o' Thrums.'

"Babbie held up her hands like a suppliant.

"'Stop your tears, laddie,' she said, 'and run home, for I'm going away, and Thrums will never see more of me.'

"Then Babbie went away—the wondering boy watching her across the hill.

"In vain did Gavin search for her. Months passed by, and he went about his duties with a drawn face that made folks uneasy when it was stern, and pained them when it tried to smile.

"And now comes a certain night in summer, so momentous that it sets my heart to beating wildly, and swings my head dizzily when I think of it and the little part I had to play.

"It was about seven o'clock of the evening, and the Auld Lights had set the night apart for a service of prayer to break the disastrous drought that had palsied our fields.

"As I passed thru Caddam woods, on my way to the service, I could have sworn I saw the flirt of the Egyptian's skirt as she entered Nanny's hut—but soberer things were on my mind. It must have been my mentioning of it to the minister, as we met on the Thrums road, that turned him so white, and made him turn back. But, again, I thought nothing of it.

"The church bell was ringing as I entered, and Thomas Whamond stood, watch in hand, beside the other elders. It was the first time Gavin had been a second late.

"But my story must go back to what happened in Caddam woods.

"Gavin entered Nanny's hut, to find Babbie alone, on her knees. She was praying.

"As she rose, he took her hand, but she pulled it away from him. 'No, no,' she cried, 'I am to tell you everything, and then——'

"When she had finished in the same low tones as contained her confession thruout, the service bell had ceased ringing in the church. Gavin, with his face set between quivering hands, could scarcely believe that she had spoken. Babbie, the girl of the woods, a gypsy waif picked up on the road by Lord Rintoul years ago, and brought up as his ward! And now, in a day more, she was going to marry him.

"'Dont say that you love me still,' she entreated, as he stood in the open doorway. 'Oh, Gavin, do you?'

"'But that matters very little now,' he said.

"The sounds of a dogcart and a barking dog were heard approaching.

"'It is Lord Rintoul searching for me,' she said.

"Gavin took one step nearer Babbie, and stopped.

"He did not see how all her courage went from her, and she held out her arms to him, but he heard a great sob and then his name.

"'Quick,' he said, 'out with the light—we will be married tonight in the gypsy camp on the hill.'

"At almost the same moment three things happened: The elders solemnly closed the church, locked it, and set forth down the Caddam road for the manse; the dogcart stopped at Nanny's hut, its occupants found it deserted, then, under the guidance of the dog, followed where he led; Rob Dow, in the grip of drink, the pitiless instrument of the Lord, rose from behind the firs and followed his minister.

"Under the feeble light of the stars, Gavin and Babbie were married by gypsy rite. They had stood, hand in hand, over the tongs, on a bare hill, as the strange ceremony was performed.

"A prolonged, vivid flash of lightning revealed to them, as if cut out of silver, the tall figure of Lord Rintoul in his dogcart, within a few paces of them. He sat immovable, and, by his



side, the group of elders was staring, as in a death glare, at the scene.

"'There is Lord Rintoul in the dogcart,' Babbie whispered, drawing in her breath.

"'Yes, dear,' said Gavin; 'I am going to him. Have no fear—you are my wife.'

"In the vivid light, Gavin had thought the dogcart nearer than it was. He called Lord Rintoul's name, but got no answer. Instead, there were shouts behind, dogs barking and running, but only silence in front.

Babbie off. He meant to drown her in Nanny's well, for witches fear only fire and water.

"As they neared Windyghoul, the wind came shrieking thru the glen, wrapping sheets of rain about them. But Rob carried her to the side of the well, his face set in a frenzy to do his clear duty.

"He set her down, and, as he lifted the mossy stone from the well-top, a wall of rain blew between them.

"Babbie heard an awful crackling sound above her, a thud on the earth,



BABBIE AND THE LITTLE MINISTER ARE MARRIED BY GYPSY RITES

"'Is that you, Gavin?' Babbie asked just then.

"For reply, the man, creeping up behind her, clapped a hand over her mouth. Her scream was stopped midway. A strong arm drove her into the woods.

"And then the prayerless rain came down like iron rods. Gavin, half blind, heard the stifled cry, and turned back. The hill was naked of its dwellers, and Babbie was gone. He staggered after the sound of retreating carriage wheels down the road.

"It was Rob Dow who had carried

and then a groan. A heavy branch had fallen upon Rob, and pinned him down.

"In an instant, she was on her feet, and running blindly thru the wood toward the manse.

"It must have been an hour after dawn when Gavin came out on the cliffs overlooking the Inharity. The river tumbled, below him, angry and swollen from the cloudburst of the night, and a rumor had filtered into Thrums that a man and dogcart, crossing the bridge that led to Spittal Castle, had gone down in the flood.

"Even now, a shepherd and a



handful of weavers were running along the cliff.

"Presently they crouched down, and pointed at something below. Gavin followed and peered down thru the mist.

"There, on a tiny bit of island, lay Lord Rintoul, washed up by the flood.

"'Is he alive?' asked Gavin.

"'Ay; he moved a minute since.'

"'I'm going to jump for him.'

"'No, no,' said those nearest to

servant, Jean, I leave a book. I give to Rob Dow my Bible with the brass clasp.'

"The water had worked up to his shoulders.

"'The weekly prayer meeting will be held, as usual, on Thursday, at eight o'clock, and the elders will officiate.'

"He stopped, for the water lapped at his face.

"'Now I ken,' said Cruickshanks,



THE ELDERS ARE RECONCILED TO THE MARRIAGE

him, but, even as they spoke, he jumped.

"There was a cry in the gorge; those above thought it the minister's death-cry, but it was the echo of their own.

"'He's landed safely, praise God.'

"'No, no; he's slipping, I tell you.'

"'There's no rope to save them.'

"But, suddenly, Gavin's voice came up to them clear and strong: 'If you hear me, hold up your hands as a sign. The bit of land is sliding away fast—we may survive a few minutes. When you find me, give my watch to Mr. Ogilvy, the schoolmaster, as a token.

"'To each of my elders, and my

the atheist, 'that it's only a fool who says in his heart: "There is no God."'

"Again Gavin's voice came up to them. 'Let us repeat the fourteenth of Matthew, twenty-eighth verse: "But when Peter saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and, beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord save me. And Jesus immediately stretched forth His hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"'

"Once more the mist settled.

"'O Lord,' cried an Auld Licht man, 'lift the mist, for it's mair than we can bear.'



"The mist rose slowly, and those who had the courage to look saw Gavin praying with Lord Rintoul. Many could not bear to look, and some of them did not even see Rob Dow jump.

"For it was Rob, the man with the crushed leg, who saved Gavin's life, and flung away his own for it.

"My pupils have a game," said Mr. Ogilvy, wiping his eyes, "that they call 'The Little Minister,' in which the two best fighters insist on being Rob Dow and Gavin. I notice that the game is finished when Rob dives from a haystack, and Gavin and the earl are dragged to the top of it by a rope which he brought. So much is all true, and wonderfully well done.

"Then there is another scene which is only a marriage, which the girls play, making the boys take the part of Auld Licht elders, which they hate to do.

"This scene is intended to represent the formal wedding of Babbie and the little minister; for, I might



THE FORMAL WEDDING

add, the elders consented, and there never was such a happy wedding in all Scotland."



## To the Photoplayers

By EDITH MYERS LATTA

When playing in a comic part,  
I wish you all the bliss  
Of knowing that your audience  
Enjoys it just like this:



Or when pathetic rôles arise,  
And happiness you miss,  
May friendly tears dim watching eyes,  
Until they look like this:

But, oh! no matter what you play,  
I hope they do not hiss,  
Or stiffly rise and turn away,  
Or sit and look like this:







# Great Mystery Play

## A Prize Contest for All

Fill in the missing scenes successfully and win a prize  
of \$100 in gold



**I**N the November issue, we published, in full, the details of a contest absolutely unique in idea. We printed a photoplay in which a man had invented a machine for manufacturing diamonds, which machine was mysteriously destroyed, a large diamond was stolen, and the inventor missing. We did not divulge the facts concerning the crime, but left several scenes blank, which scenes, if given, would have told the whole story down to the detection of the guilty one or ones. The police and a great detective proceed to solve the mystery, but, again, we leave out the scenes describing how it was done. We ask our readers to solve the mystery by filling in the missing scenes.

To be one of the winners, a contestant need have no literary experience; need not be familiar with photoplays or players, and does not have to guess wildly, or express preferences: it is, rather, a fascinating game, dealing with human beings and their motives, which you, the contestant, must feel, and work out to a logical conclusion. In other words, a story, in photoplay form, is told you; the necessary characters introduced; the interest and characters surrounding the invention, and, finally, the theft of a magnificent diamond and invention, are told in detail. Who did it? And why? That is what we want to know.

A study of the absorbing story cannot help but arouse interest to conjure up what is missing. Its help, too, in writing future photoplays will be invaluable to the reader. One of its interesting features is that the more it is discussed in the family, or among friends, the more the interest grows. As fast as the answers come in they are filed, to be submitted eventually to the judges—*not one manuscript will fail to have a reading*, both in the editorial office and before the judges.

At the present writing, we might state that sufficient interest is being shown to make the contest an assured success. Besides, we have received several hundred letters, some of them from abroad, complimenting the magazine on the human interest and originality of the idea.

For the benefit of the readers who have not read the story in photoplay form, we repeat the following simple rules, and print a synopsis of the photoplay—ample information for new contestants:

- (1) Any person is eligible to compete.
- (2) We do not insist on perfect technique and construction.
- (3) The best solution of the mystery is the main essential sought for.
- (4) No person may submit more than one solution, and each manuscript must contain nothing but the missing scenes, the cast of characters (if desired), and the name and address of the contestant.
- (5) It is not necessary to fill in *every* blank scene.
- (6) You may not change, add to, or take from the scenes already given: they must stand as they are, except that you may finish the incomplete last scene.
- (7) The contest will close on December 31, 1912, but all letters post-marked on or before that date will be accepted, if received at this office before January 5, 1913.

(8) If desired, the contestant may write simply the name of the person, or persons, who committed the crime, stating the circumstances and motives. All manuscripts submitted must be considered our property, and none will be



returned. This photoplay, when completed by the first prize-winner, will be called *The Mystery Play* of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and will be produced by the Vitagraph Company, with full credit of authorship to the contestant submitting the best solution. All communications should be addressed to "Editor the Mystery Play, M. P. S. Magazine, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N.Y." We cannot undertake to answer any inquiries regarding the contest. The complete photoplay (all but the missing scenes) was published in the November issue, and it will not be published again. A copy of that magazine will be forwarded to any person desiring it, for 15 cents, in stamps or cash. The judges will be announced in the next issue. For your convenience, a synopsis of The Great Mystery Play is here given:

### THE DIAMOND MYSTERY.

Jonathan Moore, inventor and chemist, is down to his last dollar, but, assisted by his daughter, Violet, and against the wishes of his wife, he persists in fitting up their living-room as a laboratory and continuing his researches. Olin, in love with Violet, enters, and shows his jealousy of Phelps, the son of Moore's best friend. After repeated experiments with his formula and crucible, Moore succeeds in making a large, perfect diamond, which is seen by all.

Phelps slips out to his father's diamond shop, and, with consternation, tells him of the discovery. Olin, too, is troubled, as its results may place Violet beyond his reach. Meanwhile, Firestone, the diamond merchant, calls on Moore, and is shown the beautiful stone. He leaves, dazed, believing the process will ruin his business.

The inventor cautiously hides his diamond and formula, cables the result to the International Diamond Syndicate, London, and asks for an offer. Bloodgood, the English manager, receives cablegram, and notifies his N. Y. agent, Rollins, not to make a move till he comes.

Meanwhile, Phelps receives a sure tip on the races thru his reckless friend, Bill. They both are broke, and Firestone refuses to advance money. In desperation, Phelps goes to Olin, who loans him money and takes a receipt. Their horse is a bad loser, and Phelps, disheartened, calls on Violet. Believing him half sick, she tenderly cares for him, but Olin overlooks the scene and summons Phelps into the hall. Olin, in a jealous rage, demands his money. Phelps is destitute and puts him off, to return to Violet. Thru artless questions, he finds out from her the secret of the invention, and suddenly leaves to tell Bill the cheerful news, and claiming that he himself is the inventor.

Bill is convinced and takes Phelps to the room of some counterfeiters. Phelps draws plans of his supposed invention, and, finally, sells it to them for a considerable sum. The next day he pays his debt to Olin.

In Bill's presence, the counterfeiters construct the diamond-making machine, and find it inadequate. Bill promises to find Phelps and to fetch him there. He goes to Firestone's shop, and is directed by him to the Moores' house. He enters the laboratory, sees the invention, denounces Phelps, and leaves as Phelps tries to explain things to Violet. The success of the invention looks blue, as no word has come from England. Mrs. Moore is sarcastic and miserable, but Moore and Violet still hope against hope. In the meantime, the swindled counterfeiters hold Bill responsible for the trickery of Phelps.

The unexpected day comes when Rollins, the syndicate agent, calls on Moore, to do business. Phelps, Violet, Olin and Rollins watch Moore make a diamond. They show great interest and, finally, consternation as Moore refuses an offer of \$1,000,000 for his process. Rollins leaves, with a sneer.

Mrs. Moore tells of her husband's obstinacy, to her lady friends, who start by sympathizing and end by plotting with her. Violet enthuses over their



prospect to Phelps, who puts his arm about her. Olin leaves the house in a blind rage. He has barely gone when Bill enters and, asking to see Phelps alone, accuses him of knavery. Phelps breaks down, and Violet rushes to his relief. She listens to his confession. As she and Bill plan to save him, Firestone enters and realizes his son's guilt. He denounces him and sends him away, finally seizing on Bill to help him plan a scheme to save Phelps's reputation.

Meanwhile, in Rollins' office, Bloodgood states that something must be done at once—if the invention comes out their diamond fields are worthless. They leave for a drinking-place to plan further—at the same time the baffled counterfeiters, in their room, twist and turn about the useless plans of Phelps.

In the drinking-place Rollins sees the broken-spirited Phelps. Rollins thinks he may be of use, and introduces Bloodgood to him.

On the evening of the same day, the inventor cautiously closes his laboratory, puts out light, and retires on cot in corner. (What happens next is to be supplied by the contestant—scenes 46, 47 and 48.)

Thru open window an indistinguishable figure or figures climb in and flit about room. There is an explosion where the diamond machine was. Violet enters with light, sees wrecked machine, and discovers that the diamond, formula and inventor are all missing. Telephones police.

The police captain sends an officer, who, after taking notes, reports it a baffling case. The captain decides to call Lambert Chase, the famous detective, into the case, and telephones him particulars.

Chase almost immediately appears at the Moores' and makes an inspection. The following day, having ordered every one concerned to be present, he seats them all—Olin, Phelps, Bill, counterfeiters, Firestone, Rollins, Bloodgood, Violet and her mother—at a table in the laboratory, and places an instrument, connected by wires to numbered charts, on their wrists. It is the pulseograph, or pulse-writer. Suddenly he places, successively, a miniature machine like the inventor's, a formula and an imitation of the diamond, on the table. Suddenly there is an explosion of the machine, and the diamond and formula are made to disappear. The detective then inspects the charts, and dramatically raises his hand to name the guilty one—— (The rest of the play is omitted, and the contestant is required to fill in the missing part of scene 57 and all of 58 and 59. This need not be done in scenario form. Simply a narrative of what happened before the theft, and after the final meeting, would, perhaps, do, altho we would prefer the scenes in photoplay form.)



## A Leap-Year Valentine

By MARIE EMMA LEFFERTS



**O**N this lifeless bit of paper,  
Dear sir, I'm sending you  
A heart that's looking for a mate,  
And thinks that you will do.  
I'm glad it's leap year, for you see  
I now can choose a beau,  
And pick a rich proprietor  
Of a Moving Picture show!  
Altho I do not care for wealth,  
I love the photoplay,  
And so, kind sir, if you'll agree,  
I'll name the wedding day.  
Our honeymoon we'll spend abroad;  
You'll have sufficient means,

To take a trip around the world  
Via the changing screens.  
We'll view the Cathedral of Milan,  
St. Peter's Church, in Rome,  
And Egypt's pyramids we'll see  
Without our leaving home.  
To Nankin I should love to go,  
Where stands the Porcelain Tower;  
Just think where we could travel  
Within one golden hour!  
Please let me hear from you at once,  
And if you're to be mine  
Enclose a ticket for the show—  
Your leap year valentine.




CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS


**CLARA WILLIAMS, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY**



**I**t is hard to astonish the professional interviewer, who meets the unexpected at every turn, but when Mr. D'Arcy, of the Lubin Company, said: "This is Miss Clara Williams," I caught my breath in a surprised gasp that was genuine. I had heard of her as a favorite in vaudeville in New York; I had seen her many times on the screen as the leading lady in Mr. Grandon's Western company—and still I was quite unprepared for the girl who rose to meet me as Mr. D'Arcy spoke. For this girl, who was looking at me frankly out of clear, dark eyes, has the fresh, unspoiled look and manner of some schoolgirl who came from the West but yesterday. Nothing about her suggests the lights and glare of the cities where she has won her triumphs. The dark hair beneath her broad panama hat seemed to have been tossed into curls by the winds of the prairies, and surely that lovely, rich coloring came from the Western sun. Her eyes, which are very large and dark, seemed filled with the spirit of youth and gladness—the eager, half-wondering look of a child who gazes upon a new world and finds it full of interest. Success seems to have showered its blessings upon this girl without exacting any of its usual tolls.

When Mr. Lubin came to New York to engage a new leading lady for his Western company, he was looking for a type. "I want a girl who looks the part," he declared, and he surely found her. Not only does she look the part, but her acting is superb. She is an enthusiastic, conscientious worker, putting all her

life and personality into the part she is playing. Of course she is an expert swimmer and a perfect rider. The Indian pinto pony that she rides was bought specially for her, and no one else ever rides "Appelucia," who is a wonderfully intelligent pony, loving Miss Williams devotedly, and responding instantly to her slightest suggestion.



"My work began in California, where I played with Mr. Anderson, of the Essanay Company," she said. "Then I left the pictures for the regular stage and vaudeville, but I came back to the pictures. Yes, I love the work. It is fascinating—always something new, and boundless opportunities for improvement."

Recently Miss Williams has played the leading part in a Mexican picture, "The Divine Solution," and her fine work shows to great advantage here. "The New Ranch Foreman," "The Minister" and "The Outlaw" are among her recent plays, but the one she likes best is "Parson James," where she takes the parts of both mother and daughter.

"No, I do not care for the East," she sighed. "I am praying for the snow to fall early, for then we shall go to California. I long for Los Angeles, my home city, and for all the West—there is nothing here to compare with it. I'm terribly homesick, all the time."

And, as I saw the longing look creep into those eyes, I resolved to pray for an early snowfall, too, that this charming girl of the golden West might return to her homeland.

THE TATTLER.

## TEFFT JOHNSON, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

A VILLAGE of thatch huts, palm and plantain trees, naked savages with murderous spears—in fact, Darkest Africa, the heart of Somaliland—greeted me as I worked my perilous way thru the Vitagraph yard to the little clubhouse wherein the male players, when not posing, often gather for a game of cards.

Tefft Johnson, he whose tremendous shoulders and biceps are rendered harmless by his kindly blue eyes, was the one I sought, and I found him, pipe in mouth, watching a pinochle game.

"Let's go over to another table," he suggested, rising a good six feet, and stretching his two hundred pounds, "and swing our legs under it in comfort. Now, fire away!"

"But, I've come to hear you talk," I protested.

"Pooh! the life of an actor—you know what that is: dreary days on the road, or grinding the treadmill in stock companies. You don't know how good the little, domestic drama that I have played at home with my wife these past four years feels, do you? If not, you've never been an actor, as I have been.

"Yes," he resumed, with a refilled pipe, "four uninterrupted years with the Vitagraph Company, and a season with the Edison, has been my record, and many a Photo-player I've seen come and go, and many changes in this quick-fire art.

"No, I'm not thinking of retiring," he protested, "in spite of my reminiscent attitude, but if I did it would be to a farm with broad meadows, plenty of sheep and cattle, and a good fishing stream nearby. These are my hobbies," he checked off his fingers: "The country, lots of stock to raise and grade and doctor—I once was a young medico, you know—and, by all means, good fishing.

"There is no place around here," he asseverated, "like the Raunt of Jamaica Bay for a run of weakfish, but the land around it is all bog and salt meadow." He sighed from an inexhaustible chest at the unfitness of things. I was afraid that the chat would get no further. "How did you first come to go on the stage?" I asked.





"Nothing simpler," said the big fellow. "I had come on to New York in search of adventure, and a friend told me that David Belasco, then a struggling, young manager, was getting together a company. I bearded him straightway in his office.

"'Could you take the part of a daredevil, blundering army sergeant?' he demanded sharply.

"'As for the blundering, yes,' I promised, and I forthwith became a member of his company, to remain under his management twelve good years.

"Afterwards, I played 'John Oxen' opposite Eugenie Blair in 'A Lady of Quality,' and the lead in 'The Heart of Maryland.'

"All this time I was pining for a home, and, at last, the chance came in photoplay work, and I seized upon it, as only a peace-loving citizen can.

"In four years one does a quantity of posing," he resumed; "it is an art in miniature, for much has to be done, or suggested, in seconds of time, but I should say, off-hand, that my work as Henry VIII in 'Cardinal Wolsey,' as Tammas in 'Old Lang Syne,' and as the unfortunate chum in 'Foragers' are as good bits as any I've done.

"If you remember 'Foragers,' my chum (Costello) and I separated, each to go his way after the Boer War. He became prosperous and famous, and I, luckless devil, went down and down, until I was doing pick-up jobs by the wayside.

"One job was putting in coal, and, just at the time, the studio happened to be laying in the winter's supply, so the scene was cast in front of the Vitagraph coal-hole.

"'Are you ready?' ordered the director. 'Shovel!' And shovel I did with a right good will. First I put in a ton or so of small coal, while the camera clicked the scene, then, as the camera-man and director still watched me, I tackled a heavier size.

"Down the hole it roared for a full fifteen minutes—I had never done more realistic nor faithful work. At last I straightened up. Camera-man and director had disappeared. I afterwards learnt that only my first few shovelfuls were photographed, at all; the rest was charged up to coal-heaving, pure and simple.

"There was a time, tho," he continued, "during my early days of photoplaying that every one in the company lost his temper, including myself. I was cast as a diver, to do one of those deep-sea fights with a rival, in the bay off Fort Hamilton.

"Everything being in readiness, we put off in our launch, and my rival disappeared to his lair under water. When my turn came, and the camera was merrily recording the scene, I put my feet into the water, and started for the bottom. But I popped right up again, much to the dismay of everybody. A second time I tried it, with the same ridiculous result. 'Keep him under for a few seconds,' roared the director, 'if you have to stun him with an oar,' but my buoyancy finally routed all their efforts.

"When I, at last, clambered into the boat, blowing like a grampus, the cause of my acting was discovered by every one—I had forgotten to put on the diver's heavily weighted shoes.

"The sad part of the spoilt picture is yet to come," said Tefft, puffing ruefully, "for even to this day when I am cast in a 'heavy' part, the incident is thrown up to me."

"Ever been featured in the press—heroism or accident?" I asked.

"Yes, most certainly—had the whole studio in mourning about it, too. It happened in this way. We were doing 'field work' in a country town, and a country painter named Tom Johnson fell off our hotel roof and broke his neck.

"Some busybody immediately telegraphed the studio and the newspapers, and for a whole day I got the credit for it—read the most beautiful things about my work and my devotion to duty, too. The next day I had to wire in and ease their minds, however, and be just plain Tefft Johnson again."

PETER WADE.

## EDWIN AUGUST, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

Father calls me William,  
Sister calls me Will,  
Mother calls me Willie,  
But the fellers call me Bill!

So sang one of Mr. Riley's small boys, and I think Mr. Edwin August must have a kindred feeling for this youngster. For his real, truly name is—just take it slowly—Edwin August Phillip Von der Butz, and "the fellers" call him Jack! But this is not all of the story about his names. In London he is known to the great, picture-loving public as Montague Lawrence; in Australia, as Wilkes Williams; in Ireland, as John Wilkes; in France, as Karl Von Busing, and in the Orient as David Cortlandt. All this is due to the fact that, before going to the Lubin Company, he was leading man with the Biograph Company, which, as every one knows, refuses to reveal the identity of any players; hence, the different exchanges abroad fitted names to his pictures to suit themselves.

When Mr. August was a very small boy he started stage life in "Little Lord



Fauntleroy," but cruel destiny took him from the stage and put him in school until he graduated from the Christian Brothers' College in St. Louis—the town where he was born. For a time he was leading man in stock at the Imperial Theater, St. Louis; then he went with Otis Skinner and afterwards with Mrs. Leslie Carter and Digby Bell. He was with the revival of "Shore Acres" in New York, and in the original cast of "Going Some." "The Climax" came next, following "William Lewers" at Weber's, in New York.

One day Mr. August was walking down Broadway when he met Robert Carness, and they stopped to chat. During the conversation Mr. Carness put the query, "Why don't you do something in Motion Pictures?" It was a new idea to Mr. August, and he was inclined to look at it as a joke, but, finally, he was persuaded to go up to the Edison studio and meet Mr. Plimpton. An immediate engagement followed, and for some time he alternated the pictures with his regular stage work. Then came a season when he was rehearsing with an all-star cast for "Diplomacy." Regardless of the play's suggestive title, all the stars got into a fight, and the play was abandoned. It was then that, attracted by the big salary offered, Mr. August went to the Biograph Company, where he was leading man until he went to the Lubin's six weeks ago. His first release from Lubin's will be "His Life," to be followed by "A Bond of Servitude," "At the Rainbow's End," "The Players" and "The Good-for-Nothing."

Mr. August is a student, reading constantly the best things in literature. He has written many scenarios, among them "The Bearded Youth," "The Sorrowful Child" and "The Mender of Nets," released by the Biograph, and "The Song of a Soul," one of the most beautiful productions of the Edison Company.

"Do you like Philadelphia?" I asked him.

"Well—it's only a little way from New York," he replied. "I can run over every week, you see."

Unlike many of the photoplay stars, Mr. August makes no attempt to conceal his profession in his private life. In the fashionable neighborhood where he lives, he is known and pointed out to the visiting stranger. He is very fond of society, and loves dancing, so it is small wonder that he is a bit stiff and tired after his weekly visits to New York. He is fond of baseball, also, but his great hobby is chicken breeding, and he owns an up-to-date chicken farm in California, where he is experimenting with the problem of featherless chickens.

In appearance, Edwin August is the rather quiet, self-possessed type of gentleman, with a courteous ease of manner that makes even the inquisitive interviewer feel comfortable. He has very dark hair and a pair of fine, constantly changing eyes, which keep one guessing about their color. As nearly as I could determine, they are hazel—when they are not black or brown or gray or some of the shades between. He has a splendid voice, strong and well-modulated, and his enunciation is perfect. It seems a pity that his pictures cannot talk! His clothing is absolutely correct, and "matched up" to the last detail.

No, I did not ask whether he is married. What's the use?

THE INQUISITOR.

### MISS VIVIAN PRESCOTT, OF THE IMP CO.

Picture to yourself a merry little elfin creature, bubbling all over with childish glee, from her bobbing black curls and her dancing black eyes to the tips of her tiny twinkling feet, and you have a picture of Miss Vivian Prescott when as a wee girl she danced her way into fame as a little toe-dancer on the theatrical stage in the far West. Now vest this dainty creature with all womanliness, give her fascination, vivacity, charm, mix with childish eagerness the enthusiasm of youth—and you have Miss Prescott grown up.

Of a truth, she is rightly named—"Vivian." Everything about her suggests keen alertness—her bright smile, her cordial manner, her quick walk (which is almost a skip), her impulsive gestures, her vibrant voice, and her unbounded enthusiasm. Almost her first words, as we settled ourselves in her dressing-room for our little tête-à-tête, were, "I love the stage," and the way she said them left no doubt in my mind. Did she talk of motor-cars, it was the same; of riding, rehearsing, Motion Pictures, fellow-actors, hard study—always the same refrain, "I love it."

Beginning her career at so early an age, Miss Prescott was practically "brought up







on the stage," as she expresses it, and soon developed great aspirations, aiming at nothing less than becoming a Mrs. Leslie Carter! Her aspirations are certainly no lower now than they were then, altho they may have changed objectively. Fortunately for us, this longing for the stage was fostered by a doting mother, despite fatherly protests, and the years saw Miss Prescott in many rôles.

Finally there came a summer pause in the theatrical profession, and Motion Pictures were suggested to her one morning by no less an agent than the columns of the *Dramatic Mirror*. A photograph and a friend at court elicited a call from the Biograph Company that very afternoon, and in fear and trembling she went down to the studio, all unbeknown to her family. The disappointment written on the manager's face, as he saw her, caused a corresponding sinking of her heart.

"But, Miss Prescott, you're such a tiny girl!" he exclaimed. "I expected, from your picture, that you would be tall."

She may have been small, but she was not insignificant, as the manager evidently soon saw, for he found a place for her in one of his pictures, and Vivian Prescott,

like so many others before and since, fell victim to the charms of Motion Picture acting, altho in her case it took a peremptory summons and a hurry call with an automobile to finally win her. And now she "loves" Motion Picture work, and couldn't be persuaded to go back to the stage, despite the fact that her family would rather see her there.

For two years she remained with the Biograph Company, playing the athletic girl, the boarding-school girl, the college girl, enjoying the out-of-door life and fun and gaiety the parts demanded, and for which she is so well suited, and, of course, she "loved" it. She declares that she has been a bride "one thousand times," and I suppose she loved that, too. But I'm sure there's only *one* man in the real-life case (and a real-life case there must be, for nobody who so loves to love could escape when all the world loves to *be* loved), and he has a motor-car, and, need I say, he's mighty lucky?

After the Biograph years, there appeared, upon the horizon of her destiny, the Imp. Now imp, with a small *i*, may mean innumerable things, but Imp with a capital *I* means one and only one—Independent Motion Pictures. This purposeful ogre got her in its clutches, and now Miss Prescott is one of the Imps. What particular propensities in that line she showed early in her career I must leave for the Biographers to determine. At any rate, altho she does not love comedy less, she now appears in tragedy more, with "Cigarette," "Fanchon, the Cricket," and "Leah, the Forsaken" standing out especially in her memory. She often writes her own scenarios, and she must be delightful in the Spanish and Gypsy parts she described to me.

Whatever Imp, as a name, may suggest in the way of frivolity, it certainly stands for solid work. There isn't an unutilized space in the studio, a superfluous article, or a spare moment. Here Miss Prescott works and plays, and is an inspiration in herself. And I left her at the close of a hard day's work with her irrepressible spirits unconquered and unclouded.

GLADYS ROOSEVELT.



## Mother Goose Up to Date

By LILLIAN MAY

This merry Christmas day,  
Is it cranberry sauce that makes him so cross  
He wont go out to play?  
He pounds the floor and kicks the door,

Forgetting 'tis Christmas day,  
But see, his smiles come scampering back,  
He has found his nickel down in a crack,  
He's off to the Photoplay.



# Vaudeville in Moving Picture Theaters

By ROBERT GRAU

THREE years ago, the present writer issued a protest against a perpetuation of the policy, then generally in vogue, of presenting vaudeville acts in theaters where the public was originally created and the patronage sustained solely thru the millions of new amusement seekers to whom the Moving Pictures came as a revelation.

It was not vaudeville, nor any part of that phase of the general amusement scheme, which changed the theatrical map. It was the Moving Pictures, almost despised by the vaudeville managers of a decade ago, and often used by them as a "chaser."

Half of New York's playhouses, at some time or other, unable to attract profitable patronage along the olden lines, were made paying visitations thru the medium of the Motion Picture. It is true that the class of theaters known as "Pop" vaudeville houses have prospered amazingly, but eventually we will discover that this condition has come about at the expense of what is known as the "Big Tune" vaudeville theaters—or, in fact, the theaters where the scale of prices for seats is four times as large as at the "Pop" houses.

But—and I cant make the "B" big enough—there is due to come a day of reckoning wherein it will be quickly apparent that it is the persistent improvement in the output of the film manufacturers that has sustained the "Pop" vaudeville houses; and, in many cases, the public protest has been so vehement that all vaudeville acts were withdrawn in scores of theaters all over the country, with an after result wholly constructive.

Marcus Loew understands this condition thoroly; so does William Fox; that is why these two successful showmen are erecting palatial theaters, to be devoted exclusively to the silent drama. Mr. Loew has been impressed

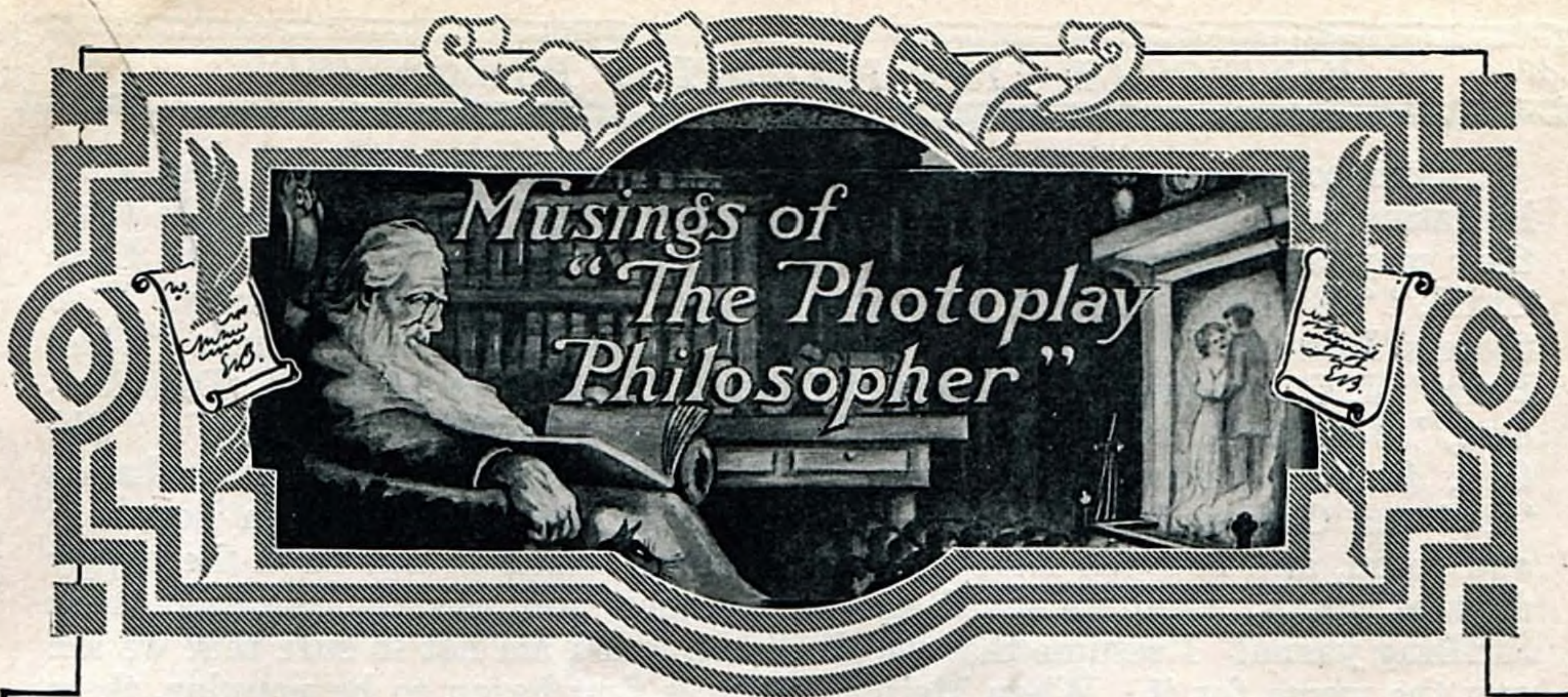
with the outcome of the policy at the Herald Square, Circle, and Royal theaters, where photoplays alone serve to sustain establishments with annual rentals ranging from \$20,000 to \$50,000.

I have observed, too, that in the theaters where Motion Pictures, alone, have replaced the combination policy, the size of the audiences has increased; while the expenses have greatly decreased. Moreover, there are many, like myself, who will refuse to suffer thru two intolerable vaudeville acts to see one good photoplay, and this has resulted in the creation of a vast public that will not enter a theater where vaudeville and pictures represent the offering. In three years this public has grown, until today there are at least two hundred photoplay houses where the policy has been shifted in the manner here advised.

As the caliber of the output on the screen continues to improve, so will the number of these exclusive theaters multiply. In many of these, the price of admission has increased from ten cents to fifteen, and in some to twenty-five cents.

In the next five years, we should witness the advent of a new era for the theater of science. This, in my humble opinion, may come the quicker if managers or exhibitors (why not call them managers?) will help typify the temples of the silent drama by eliminating the player in the flesh from their stages. If they will extend this co-operation to the manufacturers, there is no limit as to the heights Moving Pictures will reach in this new era. Many magazine writers are vigorously demanding the typification of the photoplay house. Let this protest go on. Perhaps, when the new Kinemacolor Theater is ready for the public to enter, we may realize just what it means to typify the theater of science.





**I**N spite of all that has been said, and written, against the too frequent exhibition of photoplays that feature convicts, murder, forgery, drinking, stabbing, kidnapping, burglary and other offenses against the statute and moral laws, we still see too many of these objectionable plays. Among the "unpardonables" is a foreign one that has been the rounds, which features a very smart boy who plays the part of a fast man about town, drinking and doing all the improper things that an immoral man would do. There is no plot to the play, and nothing in it, apparently, that was intended to win our admiration, except the "smartness" of a mere boy who has so quickly matured as to imitate the sins of his elders. The moral effect of this play upon our youths must be anything but uplifting, and if such things are tolerated abroad there is certainly no excuse for showing them here. Again we repeat, let us produce fewer immoral and crime plays, and let our constant aim be to *raise the standard!*



Doubtless many bad boys have been made badder by Motion Pictures, just as they have by dime novels, cheap vaudeville, gambling, etc., but it is just as certain that many bad boys have been made better by Motion Pictures. And it is not only with the boys. Every once in a while we read of some man or woman who has reformed after having seen some impressive photoplay, of some runaway boy who has returned home, of some erring woman who has turned back from her downward course, of some desperate person who had decided upon a sinful deed, but who has now been rectified. Florence Turner says that she once received a letter from a person who said that she was on the verge of doing a desperate and wicked thing, when she saw a play in which Miss Turner did a similar thing, and, seeing the hideousness of it and the consequences, had changed her mind and desisted. In other words, Miss Turner had saved a life, and it made her happy. Ever after, even to this day, she wonders, when she has done a good part, if the play will deter some poor soul from doing wrong, and it is this thought that makes her put so much emotion and reality in her work. Doubtless, other players, and writers of photoplays, feel as does Miss Turner, and, if so, it is plain that even if some harm comes from Motion Pictures, there is also a vast amount of good.



It is sad to see a friend come to borrow money, for we know that either we shall lose the friend or the money. Bless the man who *will* lend me money, but not the man who *does*. A friend in need is a friend indeed—perhaps!—it depends on how much he needs!



## MUSINGS OF "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER"

Somebody has said that the Motion Picture companies have gone thru literature with a fine-tooth comb, in an effort to get plots. If that be true, they may have to resort to "Old Sleuth, the Detective," "Chip, the Cave Child," "Evil Eye, King of the Cattle Kings," and the Beadle Library. Then there's Edward L. Wheeler's "Deadwood Dick," Harold Payne's "Thad Burr," J. C. Cowdrick's "Gilbert of Gotham," Albert W. Aiken's "Dick Talbert," Joseph E. Badger's "Frank Lightfoot," William Harbaugh's "Old Cap. Collier," Edward Manning's "Rustler Rube," Prentiss Ingraham's "Arizona Charley," William G. Patten's "Old Burke of Madison Square," and so on, and how the mere mention of these names brings back the happy days of youth, when we saved up our pennies, and secretly devoured those thrilling yarns! I assume that we all did it, and I am not so sure that we are any the worse for it. When Motion Pictures first began to be popular, these were the types and plots that were most demanded. Now, since there has been such a hue and cry raised against Motion Pictures, we are beginning to see Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott, Cooper, and even Homer, on the screen. Of course, it is a change for the better, and a change that will perpetuate the Motion Pictures as a means of popular amusement, but, nevertheless, I'll wager that the best of us would like, if we own up to it, a little of the old-time "blood and thunder" tales once in a while. Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Zach. Chandler, Stephen J. Field, Senator Hoar and many other great men got the dime novel habit early in life, and it clung to some of them till their death.

If not too indiscreet, might we inquire if you have observed the various announcements of our business friends who have favored us with their advertisements? Please remember that by helping them, you help us, and that by helping us, you help them.

"The Motion Picture, as Thackeray might say, now has his ambassadors in every part of the world. They enter the cabinets of kings, and turn their telephotographic lenses on coronations and durbars. Royalty pauses before them in procession, troops fight sham battles, cowboys ride in pursuit of rustlers, and burglars ply their trade for their benefit. They catch the pick-pocket in the act, and the public speaker in his choicest period. Their cameras reproduce conflagrations, and depict railroad collisions, and if there are as yet no films showing the discovery of the North and South Poles, it is really remarkable."

We all appreciate wealth, and most of us are struggling to attain it, but there are two things more precious than wealth, and but few of us pay any attention to them—Time and Health. While time is money, how little do we value it and how carelessly do we squander it! We are all apt to be penny wise and pound foolish. We save time in one way and squander it foolishly in another. Did you ever go into a barber shop and see how the patients of the tonsorial artist save time? The victim of the rush of business sits down in the chair, with a newspaper in one hand and a manicurist holding the other. A chiropodist works at one foot, while a bootblack works at the other. As the barber fills his face with lather, and his ears with words, the poor man's mind is beset with thoughts, lather, words, chiropodist, manicurist, news, bootblack, and business. Poor man! Poor mind! Poor business! Such economy of time is marvelous, for an hour later this very man is sitting for hours, after the theater, playing cards and drinking cocktails.



## MUSINGS OF "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER"

Did you ever see a near-great photoplay, and then, when it was over, take a deep breath and say, "What a shame that a fine thing like that should be spoiled by such an apparent inconsistency!" Such things happen often, but all we can do is to keep on criticising and complaining. After all, there is nothing good, anywhere, that is not mixed with the bad. It is hard to pluck a rose without getting pricked, and it is hard to gather honey without getting stung. The good and the beautiful things are surrounded with safeguards, and they all have their equivalent in evil.



Automobilists are not the only people who have "tire trouble." Lots of other people have it. Algernon, take your foot off that brake!



"Let well enough alone" is the lazy comment of the conservatist. If everybody said this, there would be no improvement. Necessity is not the mother of invention, because most inventions have come thru the desire to improve, and not thru compulsion. There is scarcely a single invention which could not even now be dispensed with, and certainly it is harder to dispense with a thing to which we are accustomed than with one which has not yet come into general use. The mind that fears change, and which does not critically observe conditions with a view to improving, is a drone in the hive. Nothing is "good enough" unless it is the best. Change is the law of life and the eternal program of evolution. To let things alone is to let them decay and to baffle progress. The one unchangeable law, is the law of change.



If you keep a record of the photoplays you see, you will find it a pleasant recreation, and a helpful one. Here is an idea: buy a note-book, rule it and title it thus:

Title	Company	Date	Classification (Comedy, drama, etc.)
Leading characters	Principal players		Plot
Principal scenes	Comments		Merit per cent.

If the play has appeared in this magazine, make a note of it, and of the date of the issue. A good way to mark a play as to merit, is to use numbers from one to ten, one meaning extremely bad, or worst; ten meaning very fine, or perfect; five, medium; nine, very excellent; two, very bad, and so on. The book should be carried to the photoshow, for it is necessary to write the titles as soon as they appear on the screen; otherwise, they will be forgotten. Your criticisms and other details may be written later.



## MUSINGS OF "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER"

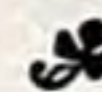
Look over the list of popular players, and you will discover that nearly every one has a pleasing smile. Very few become popular who have not a pleasing personality, and nothing gives a pleasing personality so much as a sunshiny countenance. A good smile, and the battle for popularity is half won.



If you think that our language should not be simplified in spelling, just ask a foreigner to read aloud the following:

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,  
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue.

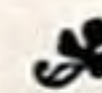
It will be observed that *ough* is therein pronounced in seven different ways: *o, uff, off, up, ow, oo* and *ock*.



The photoplay's the thing! It can do all that the drama can do, and do it in less time. Furthermore, it can do it all over the world at the same time, and with the same players. It can amuse, entertain, uplift, enlighten, educate, stimulate and ennoble. It can bring a tear, a sigh, a groan, a laugh, a frown, all in a half-hour. It can tell a whole book, chapter by chapter, scene by scene, all in an hour. Yes, the play's the thing, as Shakespeare says, and yet some managers insist on adulterating their programs with cheap vaudeville. Such managers must be in their second childhood. A child will often discard beautiful, educating toys, such as blocks, books and dolls, for an old tin pan and a spoon, and these managers imagine that sensible people would prefer to see painted women and effeminate men playing coon songs on sleighbells, pots, kettles and jew's-harps, to photodramas by our master companies. Shades of Thespis, Aristophanes, Shakespeare and Edison!



He who is pleased to find fault, is usually displeased to find perfection.



The first dramatic representations known in Europe were devotional pieces, acted by the monks, in the churches of their monasteries, representative of the life and acts of the Saviour and of His apostles. And now comes the Kalem Company with "From the Manger to the Cross." History repeats itself.



There is one thing that American actors and actresses need more than anything else, and it is something that is apparently not taught in this country, and not learnt. I refer to grace culture. The foreign players have it almost to excess. They are all action, all movement, all gesture, all grace. They move about, and bow, and walk, and sit, and make gestures with an easy grace that seems born in them. We Americans have not yet learnt the art of gracefulness. Somebody has said that grace is the outcome of inward harmony; but whether so or not, it is certain that most of us could easily and quickly learn to express grace outwardly, whether we have it inwardly or not. A beautiful face or form is much, but without grace of movement they are very much like an unfinished, unframed painting. The libraries are full of books on grace culture, and if our players would read them more, perhaps they would soon take on that outward appearance of elegance that so distinguishes the foreigners.



# A Tale of the French Settlers

The prize puzzle contest closed on the second of October, as was announced, and, as usual, the last week brought a flood of entries. It has required many hours of careful work to read the thousands of answers that came in, and to tabulate the results, but the satisfaction we felt in knowing that so many of our readers have been interested in the contest has made the task a pleasure.

The prize-winners are as follows:

FIRST—LOUISE L. PACKARD, 83 LANCASTER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.  
SECOND—GRACE MOOR, 710 HICKORY STREET, NILES, MICHIGAN.  
THIRD—E. SISSINGH, 406 43D STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.  
FOURTH—SOPHIE NORTHROP, 1812 PRINCESS STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.  
FIFTH—C. M. ANDERSON, 808 MACON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.  
SIXTH—MARY HULL, 116 S. HOPKINS STREET, SAYRE, PA.

The following contestants deserve honorable mention, their lists having come very close to the winning lists:

Kate C. Young, Aurora, Ill.; Elmer Lawrence, Dansville, N. Y.; J. W. Summers, Youngstown, Ohio; M. G. Jones, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dorothy Reichenbacker, Honesdale, Pa.; Rose M. Bliss, Niles, Mich.; Clarice E. Patterson, Bangor, Me.; Louise Steinberg, Washington, D. C.; W. W. Warner, Oakland, Cal.; May B. Martin, Baltimore, Md.; Nellie Overend, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Charlotte Wheeler, Crown Point, Ind.; Gladys Calhoun, Kent, Wash.; Helen Emerson, Yonkers, N. Y.; May Law, Philadelphia, Pa.; Herman W. Hickler, Buffalo, N. Y.; Ethel Fawcett, Avalon, Pa.; Herbert Spitz, New York City; Thos. L. Wheelis, Orlando, Fla.; Ray Parker, Staten Island, N. Y.; Mary Stover, Wilmington, N. C.; Maurice Phipps, Reading, Pa.; Edith Seaver, Mansfield, Miss.; Adelaide Blake, Portsmouth, Ohio; Beulah Pomeroy, Edgerton, Wis.; Ruby E. Stanley, Frewsburg, N. Y.; Edythe Gittinger, Pikesville, Md.

Next to these is a list too long to print, as it contains the names of nearly a thousand contestants who came within five names of the prize-winners.

So it will be seen that the race was a close and a merry one. From hundreds of contestants came letters stating that the fun derived from puzzling over the baffling blanks was ample reward for their effort.

Steve Talbot, of Philadelphia, Pa., sent in a dainty little booklet, containing the prize story in typewritten form, with the picture of an actor or actress pasted into each blank space. This was so neatly and cleverly gotten up that we are awarding it a special prize, altho the number of spaces correctly filled did not place the story quite in the winning class.

We extend to the winners our hearty congratulations on their clever work; to all the other contestants, our thanks for their interest and a hearty invitation to join in the new contest.



## I Only Saw Her Hat

By ARTHUR BENTLEY



I paid my dime and took a seat,  
But there before me sat  
A lady with an ostrich plume—  
I only saw her hat.  
I think the first was comedy;  
The second was "Wild Pat";

The third, I think was Pathé's—but,  
I only saw her hat.  
The fourth was one of Dickens, and  
The people spoke of Nat;  
The fifth, I did not see the name,  
I only saw her hat.



# The Tremolo Touch

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

THE Tremolo Touch is an inherent emotionalism essential to success in Literature, Music, Art and the Drama. It is the plaintive appeal that twitches the heart-strings of audiences at Moving Picture theaters, and, hence, the Tremolo Touch is longingly sought for by director, actor and photoplaywright.

The Tremolo Touch nestled momentarily to the heart and mind of the director who staged Vitagraph's "Vanity Fair." The Touch was welcomed in the "big scene," a situation that in convincing emotionalism, and dramatic tenseness, in my estimation, has never been surpassed in Film-land. Unsophisticated Rawdon Crawley went home. He saw Becky Sharp in the arms of Lord Steyne, fiction's bird of prey. Was it hypnotic power that compelled the senile lord to gaze spellbound at the apparition there in the doorway? Was it an unseen hand that turned Becky's lovely head and fastened her horrified gaze upon the accusing figure of her husband, whom she had believed behind prison bars? No, it was the Tremolo Touch!

Slowly, Rawdon Crawley comes forward; slowly the guilty couple arise from the seat. The hypnotic eyes never waver. Here is a tense situation, a realistic atmosphere, surcharged with dread possibilities. It's the Tremolo Touch—the indefinable something so elusive, but so welcome to the artistic sense and soul.

The scene continues inexorably to its logical end. There is no diversion, no reaction. The action is beyond power of direction; the principals in the cast are now living that situation. What will Rawdon Crawley do? Actors and audience know, but they are carried along, breathlessly, to the conclusion. They are all under the sway of the Tremolo Touch, and all would have it so, for they recognize its presence and welcome its temporary power. And, when the "big scene" is done, there is a long, audible sigh.

Upon three occasions have I heard the fluttering, sobbing sigh greet the scenic ending. The tension is over; the play is logically concluded; the audience cares little for what follows, because the Tremolo Touch has vanished.

Many Photoplay stars, whose work you admire, have the Tremolo Touch to a more or less degree. It is the secret of good Photoplay acting. Acting is a mystery. It cannot be taught, and it cannot be learnt. Fine acting produces a certain effect—just as a certain effect is produced by an artistic painting, or an appealing refrain. Why? No one can explain. Actors will tell you, sometimes, that they know how it is done; that a certain cause in a Photoplay produces a certain effect. They think they know, but do they? Do they know why some inspired action makes a certain scene convincing and gripping, when the best efforts of director and actors in many other Photoplays go for naught? No one knows. It's the Tremolo Touch. What makes great musicians, painters, writers? Not the tools with which they work; countless other men work with the same tools in vain. It's the intimate, personal touch. Call it genius, or insanity, or what you will, I call it the Tremolo Touch, the power to endow the particular medium through which you are trying to express yourself, with truth, sincerity, conviction and sympathy. And, even behind all these, another ingredient enters—a sixth sense which is given to no mortal to perceive.

When a Photoplay rouses some original thought in your mind; when, unconsciously, tears spring into your eyes, or you are incited to an unaffected laugh; when you leave the Moving Picture theater with heart and mind intertwined—just believe me when I assert that another Photoplay has "gone over," and that you have been entertaining the Tremolo Touch unawares!



# APPRECIATIONS AND CRITICISMS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS BY OUR READERS

THE popularity of this department far surpassed our anticipations. So many of our esteemed readers have favorite plays and players to write about that we have decided to enlarge the department. Even now, we cannot hope to publish a one-hundredth part of the verses, appreciations and criticisms that we receive, but we shall do the best we can. Neither can we acknowledge receipt of them, nor return those that are unavailable, nor pay for those that we accept. Those that we do not publish will not be wasted, however; they will be sent to the players themselves, so that they may enjoy them as we have.

Many original and interesting ideas for contests have been received. From D. S. Alves, of San Francisco, and Alina M. Parisette, of Brooklyn, come requests for a Beauty Contest, while Miss Esther Gordon, New York City, puts in a plea for the boy and girl actors to be given a chance to prove their popularity. A Picture Players' Name Contest, the prize going to the "fan" sending in the longest list of names, is suggested by George H. Hackathorne, of Pendleton, Ore. H. K. Cramer, Lexington, Ky., suggests that the readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE be permitted to select an All-Star Cast for a Photoplay to be selected by this magazine and published therein, the players to be picked for his or her ability to play the part. Mr. Thomas Graves, Helena, Ark., sympathizing with the Inquiry Editor, suggests a contest of Foolish Questions, favoring, as a prize, a fool's cap and bells. Miss Annie French, from her home in Winthrop, Me., sends kindly and complimentary lines on the pleasure she derives from this magazine, and suggests a contest, featuring the couples who do the best team work, mentioning Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell as an example. Miss Estella A. Geiger, Buffalo, N. Y., wants a chance to vote for the "most expressive actors," while the unknown "Extras" (Supers?) have a champion in Mrs. Helen Moore, of New York City. Alfred Weirs, 115 Chambers Street, New York City, writes that he would like to vote for "the best story that appears in the magazine for a certain number of months, and then the writer who has the greatest number of votes, after the votes be added together, receive the prize."

From far-off Auckland, New Zealand, Mr. Arch Burns writes an interesting letter, telling us, among other valued bits of information, that in New Zealand the American-made pictures are esteemed more highly than either the English or European films. Mr. Burns thinks a contest to determine the popularity of the different film companies would prove popular.

We regret that limited space prevents the publishing of many worthy contributions. Tributes have been received for the following favorites: Miss Marion Leonard and Miss Marguerite Snow, from Sampsen Ternent, Lonaconing, Md. Arthur Johnson, from Flo Newstadt, Brooklyn; Miss Mamie Hipple, Columbia, Pa., and Rhoda Wright, Yonkers, N. Y.

Miss Beverly Bayne, from "Tomie."

Mr. Guy Coombs, from Miss Virginia Whitney, Norwich, Conn.

Alice Joyce, from Bud Lang, San Francisco; Miss Lydia Anton, N. Y. C.;



Francis Hutchinson, Washington, D. C.; Allen Spencer, Miss Beatrice Altemus, Philadelphia, and Miss Helen Bowbin, Chicago.

Miss Edith Storey, from John Tapley, Jackson, Miss.

Frank E. Maxey mounts Pegasus, and soars into rarefied air in an enthusiastic ode to "The Photoplay."

Carlyle Blackwell is announced a favorite by Ruby Garing, Flagstaff, Ariz., also by Harold H. Hanson, Gloucester, Mass. The latter, in company with Florence Mahon, San Francisco, and Laura E. Knox, Wakefield Junction, Mass., eulogizes Maurice Costello.

Gene Gauntier receives poetical applause from Clarence Festerly, Canton, O., as does Gilbert Anderson from V. L. K. and "A Jersey Admirer"; Yale Boss from Miss Mary Deacon, San Francisco; James Cruze from Miss Mary Herzig, Roxbury, Mass.; Mary Fuller from Vera Gilfgott, Boston, Mass., and Mr. Kerrigan from E. M. K., Tarentum, Pa.

Mrs. H. C. Edwards, Muncie, Ind., proclaims Bunny, Alice Joyce, Lillian Walker, Adele DeGarde, Florence Turner and Mary Fuller her choice.

The following verses speak for themselves—and for the writers thereof:



M stands for Meyers, McDermott, too,

A is for Anderson, always true blue;  
U for Urelle, with Gaumont he plays,  
R for George Reehm, a favorite always.  
I is for Ince, a fine Abe in the show,  
C stands for Carlyle—Blackwell, you know;  
E that is Earle—it is Williams we mean;

C is for Chapman, oft seen on the screen.  
O without doubt it is Olcott you see,  
S stands for Santley; Fred quite pleases me.  
T tell me, pray, now which is the best?  
E easy? No, let us leave all the rest.  
L look now, and find, pray, my Photoshow treasure,  
L look, he's an actor who's fine beyond measure;  
O h, it's a puzzle to pick out this fellow,  
Read top to bottom—you have it—Costello.

Selma, Ala.

EVELYN FARRINORE.



### TO THE MOTION PICTURE QUEEN.

By a Motion Picture Fiend.

'Twas in the merry month of June,  
The hour was twelve—precisely noon—  
Sweet Alice Joyce was going away,  
Our skies seemed cheerless and cold and gray.

The gay town of Los Angeles,  
By her presence had been blessed.  
She was leaving for New York town;  
Even there she had won renown.

Dear, sweet, beautiful Alice,  
You are fit to reside in a palace,  
And until you return to this beautiful State,  
We'll anxiously your arrival await.

Los Angeles, Cal.

C. M. PELLEGRIN.



### TO FRANCIS BUSHMAN.

When on the magic sheet  
I catch his eye's bright beams,  
I soar above this world of sighs  
Into the land of dreams.

For there, before me, moves  
An actor, fine and brave;  
Each part he plays with skill—  
The happy, sad or grave.  
New York.

How gentle he can be  
With children small and bright!  
And how he scores the villain  
For his lapses from the right!

Who is this wondrous actor,  
Who steals our hearts away?  
His name is Francis Bushman,  
And he plays with Essanay.  
ANNA WRIGHT.





Miss Lula M. Lumbert, Hyannis, Mass., calls attention to the fact that the Photoshows provide entertainment for youths who formerly idled about the streets:



I've often been out on the streets at night,  
And, to my surprise, would see such a sight.  
But now, since the Photoshow came into town,  
The boys have improved—they no longer hang 'round;  
They go to the Photoshow 'most every night,  
And sit 'til the manager bids them good-night.



Charles W. Sullivan writes entertainingly from New Orleans of his experiences while visiting picture shows in the South. He tells of going to a Photoshow with a gentleman, who, after watching the screen in silence for a time, remarked: "I reckon they must have people act for them, as I've seen that girl's face before." He imagined that the strenuous camera-man simply chased down exciting incidents, photographing them as they occurred.

Out of a score of verses indited to charming Mary Pickford, we offer:



We watch the poster every day,  
And often feel contrary,  
Because we do not see the name—  
Our favorite, little Mary.

South Bend, Ind.

D. B. P.

"Violet" sends greetings to "Mr. Maurice Costello, king of them all, who captivated the people years ago, and still holds them in his thrall. Stars may come, and stars may go, and we care not, so long as we have Maurice Costello, who is able to please both the high and the low. He who can make the millionaire envious, and can make the poor forget their troubles."

Isn't it fortunate that, "having eyes we see not," as others see?—else would the laurel wreaths all be placed on one brow, to the discomfort, doubtless, of the owner of the brow. "Mina" prefers Mr. Richard Neill above all the other favorites, tuning her harp in Toronto, and sending in these lines to "dashing R. R. Neill":

The cleverest man that can Edison claim  
Is Richard R. Neill, of Photoplay fame.  
In Vancouver I've seen him, and also in Maine,  
And I hope that some day I shall see him again.



Pittsburg has some picture "fans" as well as smoke and millionaires:

Florence Lawrence is quite charming, with her manner sweet and shy,  
And Alice Joyce is pretty, this no one can deny;  
Dolores Cassinelli is a beauty, as I live,  
And think of sweet Ruth Roland, and the pleasure she can give.  
And there is Mary Fuller, with her naughty, little frown,  
I go to see her every time I hear that she's in town.  
But there is one girl that I know, with her none can compare,  
With her soulful eyes and wistful, and her wealth of raven hair;  
She has loveliness appealing, and the sweetest face I've seen,  
Her name is Florence Turner; she's my Motion Picture queen.

Pittsburg, Pa.

MISS H. CLAIR.

FOR DEAR MISS MARGUERITE SNOW.

Dear, sweet, lovely Marguerite Snow,  
Not one can compare with thee, I know;  
With face so divine, you all graces combine,  
May God keep and bless thee, sweet Marguerite Snow.

Bellville, Ont.

HILDA ACKERILL.

(Continued on page 162.)



# He Forgot That They Were Only Motion Pictures



THE LACK OF TALKING AND NOISE IN THE PICTURES IS SOMETIMES MADE UP BY A SURPLUS OF TALKING AND NOISE IN THE AUDIENCE





# Answers to Inquiries



This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to matrimonial and personal matters of the players will not be given. A list of all film makers will be supplied to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. No questions answered relating to Biograph players. Those who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. Write only on one side of paper, and use separate sheets for questions intended for different departments of this magazine. Always give name of company when inquiring about plays. If subscribers give name and address and write "Subscriber" at top of letter, their queries will be given a preference.

M. M. H.—We'll find out for you right away whether Earle Williams can swim; wait a minute.

J. L. H., GARDEN CITY.—The Edison Home projection machine is now on the market. The price ranges from \$60 upward, according to the form of illumination employed, these being acetylene gas, Nernst lamps or an automatic arc, the last two taking current from the usual house-wiring. The films cost from \$2.50 to \$5, according to length, and are exchangeable at the factory on payment of a small fee if in good condition. In time it is probable that exchange stations will be provided thruout the country. The standard width film is used, but on this width are three rows of pictures, so that a subject running as long as a standard thousand-foot reel occupies only about 80 feet of film. Standard film cannot be used, both on account of size and the different manner of perforating. A picture four feet wide by three high can be thrown by the arc.

PATRICIA.—The prettiest Biograph player was not killed about a year ago. Persistent rumor had it that way, but we insisted upon saving her life. Give the name of a part the Edison player has acted lately and we'll fit a name to him, but "sometimes plays the villain" is a bit too vague with six companies to pick from each with one or more villainous actors.

K. C. B.—Miss May Buckley, now in "He Fell in Love with His Wife," is the former Lubin player.

KALEM ADMIRER.—There are no special release days for certain sections of the Kalem or other companies. There may be two Glendales one week and none the next. It is understood that Mr. Blackwell will remain with the Glendale section.

FLOSSIE.—We appreciate your change to illustrated postcards for stationery, but we hope there is no hidden meaning in your choice of subjects. Since the Answers Man recently admitted matrimony in these pages your choice of orange blossoms and lemons might be regarded as inspired. Your questions are all answered above.

L. A., NEW YORK CITY.—We do not know of any Western section importing its riders from New York. No chance for you. Miss Snow is in Thanhouser pictures "any more." She was doing some specials and appeared in but two in September. In October she is in five. It happens that way in all companies. "The Texan Twins" is an exceptionally fine piece of trick photography. Mr. Wilbur played both twins. Henry Walthall and Miss Jane Fearnley had the leads in Reliance's "The Yeggman." We cannot name Gaumont players. It is a foreign company.

PIGY W.—"Saved by the Telephone" and the "Suffragette Sheriff" are Kalems. Miss Alice Joyce played the leads. We do not know Mrs. Costello's maiden name.

M. V. C.—Reliance was working in Palenville this summer. We believe the Vita was made in and near the home studio. Laura Sawyer had the lead in "For Valor."

M. S., MOBILE.—See answer to Flossie. Miss Mayme Kelso was Mrs. Burleigh in "The Street Singer." She was not in the cast of "Human Hearts." We have not Miss Snow's stage record. Miss Jane Wolfe had the title in Kalem's "Norma of Norway."

M. P., PHILADELPHIA.—We told Bunny what you said about his taking a bath in those tiny English bawth tubs and he denied, with a pained smile, that it was that which drove him back home.

MISS T., NEW YORK CITY.—Of all the foolish lies about photoplayers that we have heard circulated, the one you inquire about is the worst. The rumor is unfounded.

FLOSSIE.—The reason Crane Wilbur doesn't act with Miss Pearl White any more is that she is working in Crystal films, after having been placed, by rumor, with Comet. Miss Frances Cummings was in Lubin's "Lost Dog." You dont have to sign your letter "From a Fan." We know it by now.

F. J. S., PITTSBURGH.—The exhibitor who gets nothing but commercial film is usually paying the commercial price. He is not supposed to show Méliès films with an Independent program, but some exchanges have a number of old Licensed subjects that they use to fill out with. Sometimes these are purchased in England and shipped back, sometimes some dishonest employee of a Licensed exchange or Licensed house takes them, or they may have been on the market before the Patents Company was formed.



**J. S., KEESEVILLE.**—Possibly Robert Burns would let you have one of those curls if you asked him, but we doubt it. He is with Vita in Los Angeles. You cannot get Licensed and Independent subjects on the same program.

**QUITA, MOLINE.**—Glad you've gotten acquainted with us at last. You've missed a lot, meantime. The Thanouser Kid is Marie Eline. Miss Mabel Trunnelle was the girl in Majestic's "The Moth and the Butterfly" and "The Game of Chess." Her opposite was Herbert Prior. Both are old Edison players. John Adolfi was in Eclair last we heard. Jack Conway was Jim in Nestor's "Hard Luck Bill." Miss Vivian Rich had the title in the same company's "Maude Müller." If you want to know "lots and lots more" let's have it on the instalment plan, please, and always let us have company as well as play and part.

**C. H. E. A., FALMOUTH.**—William Todd and Frederick Church were the two Mexicans in "The Sheriff and His Man." We do not know the nationality of Mr. Anderson's forebears. The magazine is out about the 15th or 20th of each month. John Bunny is about five feet six or eight (tall, not wide). Victor makes one release a week, on Fridays. We get no casts for C. G. P. C., which are of foreign origin.

**FLOSSIE.**—Charles Clary had the title rôle in Selig's "Officer Murray." We have absolutely no opinion as to the beauty of James Morrison's nose. We don't even recall whether it is a pug or an old Roman. That "darling" Lubin man is Edgar Jones.

**PAT FOR SHORT.**—The "cute fellow" on page 59 of the October issue is Charles Compton. We do not give addresses, but if you hang around the gate of the Selig studio long enough you're likely to see Al Ernest Garcia.

**H. H. S., COLUMBUS.**—The Answers Man appreciates your kind words. We don't know that Flossie ever wrote a photoplay, but if she ever does we bet she puts Crane Wilbur in it. The Motion Pictures shown in Cuba, to which the article in *The Theatre* makes reference, are mostly produced in France, Germany and Italy. There is no censorship abroad, and some of the films shown in public in Germany and the Latin countries are unbelievably vicious. The Biograph has never offered an official explanation of its unwillingness to give the names of its players. Your suggested explanation is plausible. We are in sympathy with your plea for more pictures of American cities and places of interest, but the exhibitors want photoplays, so the exchanges demand them, and the manufacturers meet the demand. We were talking the other day with B. Nichols, who handles Biograph, Kalem and Lubin for Europe, and he gives the gratifying information that abroad there is a growing demand for three and four-hundred-foot scenics that inevitably must find reflection over here.

**C. R., PALESTINE.**—In Thanouser's "The Merchant of Venice," Miss Flo La Badie was Portia and Miss Mignon Anderson Jessica. Miss Horne was not cast.

**J. G. L., YONKERS.**—Miss Edna Fisher was opposite Mr. Anderson in "The Oath of His Office." Miss Lawrence heads her own company, "The Victor."

**FLOSSIE.**—What, again? The matter of photographs was explained on page 144 of the October issue, as you probably have seen, but remember that we are trying to please all. We are willing to admit that Ray Gallagher is simply adorable if it adds to your happiness. By the way, do you know that you are getting quite frequent?

**HINKY DINK.**—We refuse to believe that you are a regular actor. You spoil that statement by adding that you have money in the bank. The Mace Keystone films started releases September 23d.

**C. McC., BUFFALO.**—Frances Ne Moyer was Sally in Lubin's "Won at High Tide."

**WANTED.**—Can any reader tell Mrs. J. H. P. about "The Vampire," an old film?

**MRS. J. H. P., KELSO.**—Miss Jennie Nelson is with the home section of the Lubin Company in Philadelphia. The reason you see no California Lubins is that none are made there now. The Los Angeles studio turned only out three or four.

**D. P., DALLAS.**—We have not the information you desire.

**H. E. M., ROCHESTER.**—King Baggot has no double. You refer to a recent picture in which he played two parts thru double exposures.

**J. SAM, NEWPORT.**—It was the late Mace Greenleaf who played in the Reliance with Miss Jane Fearnley.

**R. P. T.**—We do not place the player you ask for. We were informed that Miss Gladys Field was going to join the Kalem Company, but we do not find her name in their casts. Ask something easier than when will Biograph questions be answered. It would be easier to name the next President.

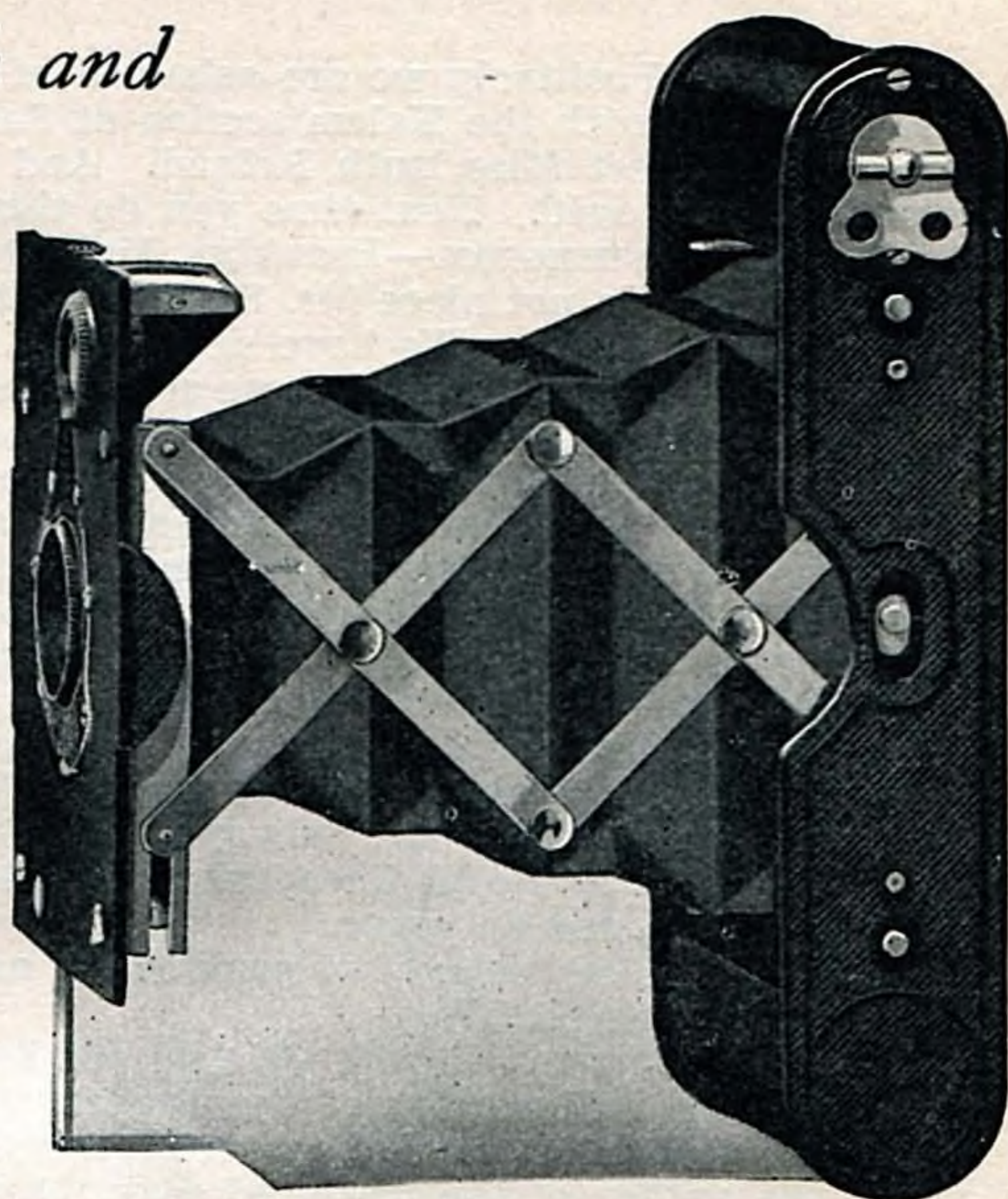
**N. H., NEW ORLEANS.**—Had not heard of Mr. Anderson's tenth anniversary before. It looks like a local press scheme. Possibly it's his tenth year as a photoplayer. We do not know that Miss Mignon Anderson, of the Thanouser, is his relative. There is no lieutenant cast in Bison's "The Lieutenant's Last Fight." William Clifford and Francis Ford had parts as officers.

**ESTHER, ST. LOUIS.**—In Thanouser's "Treasure Trove" the banker was William Garwood and the sweethearts were Miss Mignon Anderson and E. J. Hayes. We do not know where it was made. James Cruze was the minister in Thanouser's "The Finger of Scorn." We have not the cast for the American. Phillips Smalley has left Rex. So have Miss Weber, Miss Ridgley and Miss Leonard.



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tells the story better.*

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And the Vest Pocket Kodak is efficient. It is small, almost tiny, but the carefully selected meniscus achromatic lens insures good work; the Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with iris diaphragm stops and Auto-time Scale give it a scope and range not found except in the highest grade cameras. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges for eight exposures. Having a fixed focus it is always ready for quick work. Has reversible brilliant finder. Made of metal with lustrous black finish. Right in every detail of design and construction. Pictures,  $1\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Price \$6.00.

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Size*

**EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.***



**FLOSSIE.**—Positively we are ashamed of you for asking a Biograph question. Miss Marin Sais is with the Kalem section at Santa Barbara, where you will have to go if you wish to meet Miss Ruth Roland. And on top of that Biograph you ask about a man in a gray suit! Next time you do this to us we shall limit you to one question.

**R. Q., WASHINGTON.**—Franklyn Hall was the husband in Lubin's "The Two-Gun Sermon." We do not place Mr. Sherwood at present. The enclosed picture did not get to the Answers Man. We have said before that Owen Moore is with Victor.

**J. E. T.**—If your inquiries are as courteously phrased as your letter you need have no fear of being made ridiculous. When the very evident intention of a correspondent is to have fun with the Answers Man he returns the compliment, but he is more sinned against than sinning. Just as one example, if you could only read some of the weak imitations of Flossie that come in you would understand. Flossie seems to be sincere. The others are merely copy acts and unfunny because insincere. Ask all the questions in reason and we'll be delighted to reply.

**SANDCRAB.**—We give the news as it lies at the moment. Last week Hal Reid was directing for Champion. This week he is at the head of the Universal Weekly. We have not seen Wallace Reid cast lately. William Humphrey, the Napoleon of "The Bogus Napoleon," does not "always" play Napoleon, but he has made a hit with the character much as Ralph Ince has made Lincoln his other self. We do not think the two Cassinellis are the same.

**FLOSSIE.**—The "fellow" is some class, as you suggest, but we cant place him from that half portion picture.

**J. J. C., CENTRAL FALLS.**—We do not keep track of the authors of photoplays, but Shannon Fife writes most of the Buster stories for the Lubin Company. We do not place the author of the Pathé. As a matter of fact it is seldom that the author is really the author of the produced play. By the time the editor and director are done little is left, and more than once an author has seen his play and has not recognized it. Leaders and letters are taken by a special camera. There are several ways. A printed card may be photographed for a negative, or the card may be photographed as a positive, in which case white letters appear black, or vice versa. Some companies make a lantern slide and make the insert from that. In any case the material is cut into the proper lengths, the scene is cut and the inserted part cemented in with acetone cement. As a general thing photoplay theaters run three or four reels at a performance, tho some houses offer as many as ten. We think that five reels should be the limit. We saw 5,800 feet the other afternoon and it tired us. Eight without a stop is almost a torture.

**BERT A.**—Julia Swayne Gordon and Tefft Johnson were the two players you mean in "Lady of the Lake" (Vitagraph). Helen Costello is about twelve. There were several girls with Alice Joyce in "Rube Marquard Wins." Howard Missimer played opposite Eleanor Blanchard in "Cupid's Quartette." The child in "Broncho Billy's Gratitude" is not in the cast. We do not know whether Francis Bushman plays a violin or not. Of your eleven questions, the last one is the most difficult. In spite of our complete card index system, colossal files, we are unable to say whether or not the favored Flossie C. P. would be willing to correspond with a "black-haired young man like yourself."

**F. L. G.**—Instead of "The Price of Vanity" you mean "The Lure of Vanity." Ralph Ince had the lead.

**T. G., MUSKOGEE.**—Ruth Roland was Tillie Temple in "The Beauty Parlor of Stone Gulch." Wallace Reid was the city lover in "The Course of True Love."

1093 B.—Donald Mackenzie was the father in "The Little Wanderer."

**H. E. M.**—Virginia Chester was the daughter of the sheriff in "The Frenzy of Firewater." Pathé wont tell. Mae Marsh was the sister to Bob in "Kentucky Girl."

A 1040-10, **BROOKLYN.**—There is a first-class Independent Theater on Fulton Street, near Flatbush Avenue.

**H. H., WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.**—Bessie Eyton was the Island Maid in "The Love of an Island Maid" (Selig).

**A. L. COPELAND.**—Mrs. Arthur Mackley was the mother of the child in "The Littlest Sheriff." The child is unknown. Pauline Bush was Mary Waldron, Marshall Neilon was the cripple brother in "The Will of James Waldron" (American).

**A. U.**—King Baggot and Jane Fearnley were Amy and Jim in "Old Tennessee" (Imp). Mildred Bracken is Mary, and Florence La Vina is Frances in "The Will of Destiny." Mildred Bracken was Bee in "The Cowboy Kid." Crane Wilbur played in "A Ranch Romance."

**LA PETITE.**—Jane Fearnley played opposite King Baggot in "A Cave Man's Wooing."

**G. G. G., CINCINNATI.**—Pathé Frères will not give us the information.

**PAULINE F.**—Guy Coombs was the son in "The Spartan Mother." Romaine Fielding was the half-breed in "The Half-breed's Treachery."

**AN AMERICAN LOVER.**—Jack Richardson was the bandit, Pauline Bush was the girl, and Warren J. Kerrigan was the lover in "A Life for a Kiss" (American).

**M. F., CARLYLE.**—Helen Costello is the older of the two. Other questions answered.

**S. L.**—Marie Eline (Thanouser Kid) was Alice in "The Cry of the Children."



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Address PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT, VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA  
E. 15th STREET and LOCUST AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



- D. E. R., N. Y.—Mr. Joseph Gebhart was the leading man in "The Wooing of White Fawn."
- P. A. E.—Charles Clary was Jack in "The Girl and the Cupola."
- L. G. ELKINS.—Harry Benham was the country sweetheart in "Blossom Time."
- MOVIPHAN.—The camera is at fault. You are right in your presumption. Your Biograph and Pathé questions we cannot answer.
- FT. DODGE, LA.—Lubin cannot tell us who Tonio was in "The Señorita's Remorse."
- VIOLETTA.—Flo La Badie and Harry Benham had the leads in "A Portrait of Queen Anne" (Thanhouser).
- DOROTHY K.—Lillian Walker is with Vitagraph, and Francis Bushman is with the Essanay Co. Paul Panzer was the escaped convict in "A Stern Destiny." We do not think any girl has killed herself for Harry Myers yet. The clipping is not of Harry.
- MOLLIE T., BRONX.—It was not Alice Joyce that was operated upon for appendicitis, but Anna Nilsson. Both are acting for the Kalem Co.
- PORT, O.—Jane Wolfe was Mrs. Summers in "The Wandering Musician." Other questions answered above.
- H. J. CORSON.—Write to Benny of Lubinville as to why Lottie Briscoe never wears her hat on straight. Your other suggestions are good.
- M. ALEXANDER.—Ray Gallagher was the leading man in "The Cowboy Kid." Dolores Cassinelli plays in the Eastern Essanay Co. Other questions above.
- HELEN.—The rather "short man with the black hair and short, black mustache and a very high nose" must be Arthur Mackley.
- "NOBODY."—The picture you send us is Lillian Walker.
- RUBY G., ARIZONA.—"Herod and the New-born King" was made by the Eclipse Co.
- J. H. PECK.—Romaine Fielding was the mail-carrier in "In the Drifts," and he also played in "The Soldier's Return." We cannot place the player you mean.
- E. M. FLORY.—Robert Gaillard was Big Bill in "The Barrier That Was Burned." Laura Sawyer was Helen in "Relief of Lucknow."
- A. JOEA.—"A Tale of Two Cities" was in the May, 1911, issue.
- M. E. H., BROOKLYN.—The reason we do not publish the pictures of people who pose for song slides is that we have all we can do to take care of the people who pose for Moving Pictures.
- E. B.—Joseph De Grasse was Ralph in "Jealousy on the Ranch" (Pathé Frères).
- F. H. E. T.—Guy Coombs was Joe in "Soldier Brothers of Susanna." We do not sell photographs.
- W. C. E.—Arthur Johnson still acts, and he also directs.
- FRANK P.—Send \$1.65 for a Talbot book, "How Moving Pictures Are Made and Worked." See ad.
- V. L. K.—Dwight Mead was the dissatisfied clerk in "The Legacy of Happiness."
- INEZ N., BROOKLYN.—Dont worry about over-taxing my generosity. John Bunny is the only real name he has. No information whatever on Biograph.
- MARY C.—Alice Joyce is not married to Rube Marquard. You shouldn't be asking such questions, anyway. Harry Morey was Dick in "The Barrier That Was Burned."
- P. STONE.—May Buckley is on the stage again. Mrs. Costello acts once in a while.
- C. N. B.—Your questions all went in the waste-basket. We are pleased to state that Mrs. J. Arthur Mackley played the part of the mother in the following: "The Loafer's Mother," "Broncho Billy and the Girl," and "The Story of Montana."
- C. H. 902.—The only engagement we know of at present that Alice Joyce has is to the Kalem Co. Signorita Francesca Bertini was Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet."
- A. E. E.—Leonie Flugrath and Robert Tansey had the leads in "The Street Beautiful" (Edison). You can secure back numbers. December, 1911, the first chat.
- J. A., GAL.—Florence Turner is not married. See chat in October issue.
- MR. JOSEPH.—We dont know where you may secure passes to visit Motion Picture studios. Cannot help you on your other question.
- THE 'RAH 'RAH GIRLS.—Get United States stamps.
- "UNKNOWN."—Please sign your name. Mary Fuller was the daughter in "An Insurgent Senator."
- 1044 J.—Number, please? Send stamped, addressed envelope for list of manufacturers. Miss Lawrence has light brown hair.
- 145 X., LANCASTER.—"S." stands for Spoor, and "A." for Anderson" (Essanay).
- HIMMELHEIMER.—Dont know how many Indians Bison 101 has. Others out of order.
- E. C. H., ST. LOUIS.—Edgar Jones was the minister in "The Two-Gun Ceremony." Fred O'Beck was the bartender. Bryant Washburn was the young man in "Out of the Depths." Marion Leonard had the lead in Rex's "Thru Flaming Gates." Edward Coxen had the lead in "Thru the Hills."
- P. W. F.—Winnifred Greenwood had the lead in "The Blonde" (Selig). Edna Payne had the lead in "The Half-breed's Treachery."
- H. W., BROOKLYN.—Ralph Mitchell had the lead in Kalem's "A Mardi-Gras Mix-up."
- MARG., M. G.—William Todd was the sheriff in "The Story of Montana." Alice Joyce was the colonel's daughter in "The Gun Smugglers."



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"The Lineman's Hope" . . . . .	Essanay
"The Mysterious Caller" . . . . .	Vitagraph
"The Schoolmaster's Courtship" . . . . .	Vitagraph
"Small Things They Forgot" . . . . .	Edison
"The Soldier's Sacrifice" . . . . .	Vitagraph
"The Proving of a Coward" . . . . .	Selig
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J. H. H., GOLDFIELD, NEV.—Red Wing is a real Indian. Other questions answered.  
 GIRLIE UMBIECH.—Your other questions were probably answered before. Francis Bushman has no particular leading lady.

C. P. W.—Arthur Johnson has been on the stage before acting in Moving Pictures.

V. B., PITTSBURG.—Vitagraph did not produce "The Prize Essay."

LESLIE STUD, TUCSON.—Jane Wolfe was the gypsy in "Fantasca." William Clifford was Smiling Bob in the play by that title. William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman had the leads in "Double Cross."

C. H. SELMAN.—"Rice and Old Shoes" was produced by Lubin Co.

ANXIOUS FANS.—Marguerite Snow was Barbara Drew in "East Lynne." Warren Kerrigan and Pauline Bush had the leads in "The Marauders."

ELIZABETH BAKER.—Phyllis Gordon had the leading part in "The Lake of Dreams."

E. J.—Carlyle Blackwell was Jack Bernard in "The Daughter of the Sheriff." Harry Benham was the young man in "Big Sister." Darwin Karr and Fannie Simpson had the leads in "The Equine Spy" (Solax). Pathé wont answer.

TEXAS TWINS.—We have heard nothing of the kind about Vitagraph Company, and think the report is false. You should not ask questions about relationship. Raymond Hackett was the child in "A Child's Devotion" (Lubin). Bridget was John E. Brennan, Mrs. Clark was Ruth Roland in "Queen of the Kitchen" (Kalem). Ruth Roland and Marin Sais were the daughters in "In Peril of Their Lives."

J. H. D., PORTLAND.—The play you mention was a trick picture. They are done in different ways by various directors. If you have a copy of Talbot's book "How Moving Pictures Are Made and Worked," you will understand how almost anything is possible. Many manufacturers do not care to have the public know how they do these trick pictures.

E. G., CHICAGO.—We cannot help you or any one else to get a position in any of the Moving Picture companies. We are afraid there is not much chance for you.

LLOYD LA VERGE, L.—We do not know the reason Alice Joyce left Carlyle Blackwell; suppose Kalem wanted her in New York studio. We shall chat Warren Kerrigan soon. We'll also try to get a different picture of Maurice Costello.

MARBLEHEAD.—The Imp Co. has always been an Independent Co. Vedah Bertram died of appendicitis. We haven't the name of the company that took the fall round-up on the Y-6 Ranch.

SOUTHERN LASSIE.—Edgar Jones and Clara Williams were the leads in "Trustee of the Law" (Lubin).

R. C., BLOOMINGTON.—It would take up too much room to give you the list of plays you ask. Edwin August is Ormi Hawley's leading man now. William Humphrey and Clara Kimball Young had the leads in "The Money Kings" (Vitagraph). Leo Delaney is not with the Helen Gardner Company.

B. R. M.—Clara Williams had the lead in "The Renegades" (Lubin). She formerly played opposite G. M. Anderson.

K. B. E., WORCESTER.—Vivian Prescott had the lead in "Leah the Forsaken" (Imp). We only answer questions pertaining to Motion Pictures, not to the regular stage. Florence Turner and Maurice Costello, as a rule, play opposite.

FLOSSIE.—Texas Twins would like to correspond with you. Carlyle Blackwell has had several leading ladies; try to think of the name of the play. We are glad you like some one else besides Crane. Yes, Augustus Phillips is "a fine player"; you must not go "crazy about him."

J. R., WILMINGTON.—Since you are a beginner, you had better learn the rules. Dont ask questions about marriage, relationship of players, ages, and Biograph questions.

M. A. S., NORTHAMPTON.—John R. Cumpson is with the Imp. Co.

SYLVIA S., CHICAGO.—We do not answer questions about the relationship of Florence Lawrence and Adelaide Lawrence. Because their names are alike, it does not follow that they are sisters.

BOBBY P. B., BALTIMORE.—Vedah Bertram was the girl and Brinsley Shaw was the heavy in "Broncho Billy's Narrow Escape."

KENNETH L., HARTFORD.—Raymond Hackett is the child you mean. He is a regular Lubin player. The proprietor of the theater in your town selects most of the pictures he wants, from the exchanges.

C. E. I., MOBILE.—Most fire scenes are of real fires. You mean Mary Pickford.

S. E. H., SEATTLE.—The criticism you mention about "The Pink Pajama Girl" is well taken. Inconsistencies often "get by" the best directors.

L. C., STATEN ISLAND.—We cannot help you get a position.

E. R. M., BROOKLYN.—We have no Leah Winslow with the Vitagraph Co. Irving White played opposite Ormi Hawley in "The Deceivers." Eleanor Blanchard has never been with the Pathé Co.

BERT BUNNY & Co.—Baby Nelson was the child in "Together" (Lubin). Max Linder is with the foreign Pathé company, and William Cavanaugh is with the Western Pathé section. It is not known whether there are more Licensed or Independent theaters, but the best information is that there are more Licensed.





## GREAT CROWDS GREET THE RIDGELYS ALL ALONG THE LINE

DICK RIDGELY AND CLEO RIDGELY, who left Brooklyn, N. Y., August 26th, as representatives of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, on a horseback trip to San Francisco, Cal., are meeting with tremendous success in all cities which they visit. Those theaters in which they appear are crowded to the doors, and they are always given an enthusiastic reception.

On date of writing, October 25th, they are at Pittsburg, Pa., and during the next two months they will probably pass through the following cities:

PENNSYLVANIA	OHIO		INDIANA		
Pittsburg	Youngstown	Millersburg		Olinville	Effingham
Allegheny	Washingtonville	Coshocton	Richmond	Danville	Altamont
McKees' Rocks	Lisbon	Frazeysburg	Centerville	Greencastle	Vandalia
Coraopolis	Hanoverton	Newark	Germantown Sta.	Knightsville	Mulberry Grove
Aliquippa	Minerva	Pataskala	Milton	Brazil	Smithboro
Freedom	Malvern	Columbus	Connersville	Terre Haute	Keyesport
Rochester	Waynesburg	West Jefferson	Glenwood	<b>ILLINOIS</b>	Shattuc
New Brighton	Mineral City	Springfield	Rushville	Vermillion	Central City
Beaver Falls	Canton	Osborn	Manilla	Paris	Centralia
Ellwood City	Massillon	Dayton	Shelbyville	Kansas	Hoyleton
New Castle	Dalton	Brookville	Franklin	Charleston	Nashville
Sharon	Fredericksburg	West Alexandria	Greenwood	Mattoon	Coulterville
		Lewisburg	Indianapolis	Neoga	Sparta
		New Paris			Evansville

Those exhibitors in the above-mentioned cities who desire to make arrangements with Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely to appear at their theaters, can do so by writing to us direct.

**THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE**  
26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK



G. F. D., OHIO.—Thomas Moore was Kotten, Jr., in "The Girl Strikers." Lottie Pickford was the girl. Gregory Doyle is not connected with this department. Alice Joyce is expected to remain in New York.

H. A. W., SAN FRANCISCO.—See chat with Edith Storey in November issue.

D. M. J., COLFAX.—Harold Lockwood was the player you mean in "His Message" (Bison 101).

E. M. C., NEVADA.—Hal Reid is directing for Champion Co.

A. G. M., PORTLAND.—The two jockeys were Harry Wulze and Lew Harkness, the girl was Mae Marsh; Colonel, William West; banker, Knute Rahm, in "Kentucky Girl."

MRS. MOORE, ROCHESTER.—Pauline Bush is with the American Co., but we cannot give personal addresses.

JIM A.—You will have to write Kalem and ask how much they paid Mr. Marquard, the baseball player, and how much the film "Rube Marquard Wins" cost them. Perhaps they will answer, and perhaps they won't. Why should they? Harry Myers had the lead in "What the Driver Saw." Peter Lang was the driver. Other questions answered.

SUSANNE WEBER.—Charles Clary had the lead in both "The Girl with the Lantern" and "Officer Murray." Edna Payne was Madge in "A Girl's Bravery." Earl Metcalf was Harry Tennant. Frederick Santley was Kalem's Bertie, and not Edward Coxen. Joseph Bebbart had the lead in "The Hand of Destiny." You can get all the magazines for 1911, except February, July, August and September.

EMMA L., LITTLE ROCK.—We are glad to have your opinion, but we are trying to please everybody. You probably know that other people do not all agree with you.

PLAISIE 300.—William Clifford was Donald Maynard in "A Stolen Gray." Frederick Church is the player you mean in Western Essanay. Wallace Reid was Joe in "At Cripple Creek." We will consider your idea about printing the casts.

EVA, MONTREAL.—We simply will not answer Biograph questions, that's all. We have no Bargain Days, on the magazine. It's easy enough to tell that you are a woman.

ANNIE LAW, BRIDGEPORT.—Jane Fearnley is with the Imp Co. Mace Greenleaf has been dead for some time.

E. T., CLEVELAND.—Howard Missimer was the Wild Man in Essanay's play by that name, but, usually, he is quite tame.

F. M., HONESDALE, PA.—"Release date" means the date that the manufacturer assigns for the film to be released by the exchanges. The film is made many months before it is shown to the public. The film exchanges have them in advance, but they are not allowed to give them out until the release date. Your other questions cannot be answered by this department; you should address the Technical Bureau.

LEE LASH Co.—There are several unions and organizations of exhibitors and operators in nearly every city and State. We cannot give you the addresses of them all. We do not think they have any "house organ."

V. FONTANA, NEW ORLEANS.—Marion Leonard had the leads with Rex last year.

L. C., NEWARK, N. J.—Mabel Trunnelle was Mrs. Vale in "Thorns of Success."

LITTLE VERA.—Write Kalem for portrait of Carlyle Blackwell.

M. A. G., SAN FRANCISCO.—Look at Alice Joyce's chat in August issue.

GENEVIEVE, LOS ANGELES.—Bliss Milford was the lead in "The Grandfather." Mildred Bracken had the lead in "A Romance of Catalina Island" (Méliès). Mabel Trunnelle was formerly an Edison player. We shall have pictures of Earle Williams and Maurice Costello soon.

VICTORIA L., BROOKLYN.—Carlyle Blackwell and Belle Harris had the leads in "The Frenzy of Firewater." Frances Ne Moyer had the lead in "A Lover's Signal" (Lubin).

MISS JULIA, ST. LOUIS.—What advice do you want about our magazine? Be more definite. Jack Halliday has left Lubin.

A ST. JOSEPH READER.—We cannot tell the name of the plays from the description.

C. V. R., WORCESTER.—We cannot print pictures of Biograph players without using the names. Thank you for the suggestion.

M. D. I., CHICAGO.—Please give the name of the company.

H. O., WESTERLY, R. I.—Mabel Normand is posing for the Keystone Co. Ormi Hawley is still with Lubin. No Biograph ???

M. NORTH, MONTANA.—Herbert Prior was Mr. Vale in "Thorns of Success."

F. F.—Mary Fuller formerly played with the Vitagraph. Mrs. Costello has played in only two releases.

CELESTE W., MUSKOGEE.—Edward Boulden was the clerk in "Cyntha's Agreement" (Edison).

L. A., PITTSBURG.—Gladys Hulette is now on the regular stage. Kenneth Casey is not a girl. The little sheriff is unknown; Lewis was Fred Church; his father, William Todd; mother, Mrs. Mackley, and the sheriff, Arthur Mackley, in "The Little Sheriff."

ANXIOUS B. G.—Benjamin Wilson was J. B. Randall in "The Passing of the J. B. Randall Co." (Edison). Shall print the pictures you ask for soon.

SOME ALAMEDA FANS.—Vedah Bertram's picture in August, 1912.

IOWA GIRL.—Read the back numbers. Send your subscription to the same address you sent the inquiry (26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.).



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G. R. H., BAYFIELD, WIS.—Joseph De Grasse and Miss Mason were husband and wife in "A Redman's Friendship" (Pathé). Just address the "Answers Man," care of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

G. K., BROOKLYN.—We do not use Selig pictures. Ray Gallagher was Dick in "The Cowboy Kid" (Méliès).

SALLIE K. W.—William Barley's picture has never appeared in this magazine. William Clifford is with Nestor.

MARJORIE M., MONTREAL.—Please dont ask us how you can get in the pictures. There's no hope. Rosemary Theby is not with Selig, but Vitagraph. The letters that are written in the pictures are usually photographed and filmed after the whole play has been taken, as are the subtitles. Gilbert Anderson's permanent leading lady has not been announced as yet.

ELSIE, WASHINGTON.—The girl in "The Arizona Woman" is now unknown to Essanay. Alice Joyce has not left Kalem.

GWENDOLYN, ILL.—We cannot answer Bison questions, because no information about their players could be had during the recent lawsuit. Jack Richardson is always the villain in the American, and a good one—or, should we say a bad one? The American Company inform us that there is no Richard Kerrigan with their company. "A-B" stands for American Biograph.

I. M. INQUISITIVE.—Master Paul Kelly was only a special in the Vitagraph.

BOBBY P. B., BALTIMORE.—"Mammoth Life Savers" was taken at Coney Island by the Vitagraph Company. John Stepling has returned to the Essanay.

JIM A. & BERT A.—Frederick Church is the curly-haired man in the Western Essanay. G. M. Anderson takes all kinds of parts. Vedah Bertram was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Narrow Escape." The girl in "A Wife of the Hills" is unknown. It was a real fire in "Fire at Sea" (Pathé). But when we say a real fire, we do not necessarily mean that the whole ship or building burned down. Most manufacturers do not care to explain how trick pictures are done, or whether they are trick pictures or not. Newton Smiley was Raven, and Hazel Neason was the girl in "The Lair of the Wolf" (Kalem).

L. V. D. HOLDEN.—Julia Mackley and Edna Fisher were the mother and sweetheart in "The Sheepman's Escape" (Essanay).

EDITH.—Bertha Blanchard was the wealthy lady in Thanouser's "That's Happiness." William Garwood was the son. F. Foster was David in the first reel, and Edward Genung was David in the third reel in "David Copperfield" (Thanouser).

A. C. STERLING.—William Garwood was John Henderson in "A Six Cylinder Elopement" (Thanouser).

No. 666, ST. LOUIS.—Burt King was the detective, Adele Lane the sister, and Romaine Fielding the brother in "Detective's Conscience." Frank Tobin and Kathlyn Williams were the leads in "The House of His Master." In "The Reporter Girl's Big Scoop," Natalie Carlton was the heiress, and Stuart Holmes the count. Ormi Hawley had the lead in "Betty and the Roses." You mean Frederick Church in "Alkali Ike Plays the Devil." Mrs. Wm. Todd was the girl. Francis Bushman had the lead in "White Roses." Florence La Badie was Undine in Thanouser's "Undine." Marguerite Snow was Berthalda. Anna Nilsson and Hal Clements had the leads in "The Grit of the Girl Telegrapher" (Kalem).

"DIGHY READER," DIGHY.—Leo Delaney was Nello in "The Answer of the Roses."

NUNCY, NEW ORLEANS.—You will have to learn that the players change from one company to another for various reasons, and that is why you see Biograph players with Imp. Louise Glaum was Mabel Jones in "Those Love-Sick Cowboys" (Nestor).

F. WILLARD, CAMBRIDGE.—Harry Wulze played Shorty in "Kentucky Girl" (Kalem). Edna Payne the daughter in "Moonshiner's Daughter" (Lubin).

INTERESTED.—Joseph Gebhart was Bull Moose in "The Penalty Paid" (Pathé).

"MANY THANKS."—William Duncan was the son in "The Cowboy Mother."

T. S. DE SOTO.—We have not Dorothy Phillips' whereabouts. Winnifred Greenwood was not in the Edison play you mention. Edythe Lyle was the wife in "The District Attorney's Conscience" (Reliance). Frances Ne Moyer and Roy McKee had the leads in "The Lover's Signal." Roswell Johnson was Buster in "When Buster Went to Dreamland." Mrs. B. F. Clinton was Earle Williams' mother in "One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Kin." The name *Vitagraph* was very appropriately thought of and aptly applied: *Vita* (Life), *Grapho* (To write) equals Life Writings. Use any kind of paper when sending in your questions.

R. R. P., CONN.—Nothing doing with the Bison question. They are either too busy with the lawyers, or else they are copying Biograph.

F. M. G., CHICAGO.—Lottie Briscoe had the lead in "The Spoiled Child."



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**E. T., THE MOVIE GIRL.**—Edwin August and Ormi Hawley had the leads in "The Players." Myrtle Stedman and Wm. Duncan had the leads in "The Cattle Rustlers." Henry Walthall was the son in "Mother" (Reliance). Carl Winterhoof had the lead in "Into the Genuine" (Selig). Yes, Mr. Bushman is with the Chicago Essanay.

**FLOSSIE C. P., CINCINNATI.**—Madam, you are deceiving me. You are not the original Flossie. Florence Barker is with Powers. Dorothy Phillips was Dorothy in "A Burglarized Burglar" (Essanay). Mable Moore was Mable in "A False Suspicion." Ormi Hawley was Ruth in "The Cure of John Douglas." Carlyle Blackwell had the lead in "Fantasca, the Gypsy." John Halliday was Tomasino in "My Brother Agostino."

**L. R.**—James Morrison was the cowboy in American's "The Greaser and the Weakling." Other questions elsewhere. The Rex Company will not give out any information about "The Ghost of a Bargain."

**KITTY W.**—Earle Williams is not at all "stuck-up." He has lots of admirers. Darwin Karr is with the Solax Company. Arthur Mackley was the smuggler in "The Smuggler's Daughter." Thanks for the "Yankee Dime."

**E. S. C., STATEN ISLAND.**—Edgar Jones was Bob in "A Trustee of the Law." In Thanhouser's "Her Secret," Harry Benham was the husband, and Mignon Anderson the wife. Alice and Hall were Blanche Cornwall and Darwin Karr in "The Wooing of Alice." Jack Richardson played the ranger in "The Vengeance That Failed."

**GERTRUDE.**—Alice Joyce was the daughter in "The Gun Smugglers." Beverly Bayne was Becky in "The Return of Becky." Clara Williams was the lead in "Circle C Ranch's Wedding Present" (Essanay). Leona Flugrath was Rosa in "The Street Beautiful" (Edison). Kate Winston was Mary in "An Apache Renegade." Leo Delaney should have been in the place of Charles Kent in the cast in the magazine under "As You Like It." Brooks was Brooks McCloskey, and Henrietta was Henrietta O'Beck in "When Buster Went to Dreamland." Lola was Gene De Lespin in "The Thorns of Success" (Majestic). Edna Hammel the child, and Bliss Milford the mother in "The Grandfather" (Edison). Ormi Hawley had the lead in "The Deceivers."

**TOMMY ROTT, CAL.**—In Victor's "The Winning Punch," the boy that was presented with the winning punch is not in the cast. F. A. Newburg was Rowland in Vitagraph's "Written in the Sand."

**R. G., NEW YORK.**—Warren J. Kerrigan was the cowboy in "Outlaw Colony." Republic does not answer on "The Girl in the Auto."

**H. T. P. JACKSON.**—Charles Herman and Julia Hurley were the old man and old woman in Reliance's "Cuckoo Clock." Comet is also behind in answering our questions.

**M. C. DAYTON.**—Sorry, but nothing doing on the Rex questions. Their publicity man is not feeling well.

**"BETH," COLUMBUS.**—Flo La Badie was the wife in "A Wrecked Taxi." William Russell was her husband. Gaumont pictures are taken abroad. Will soon be able to answer questions about their players. Did you say Owen Moore and Mary Pickford were married? Shocking.

**H. KAHN, N. Y. C.**—"Love Will Tell" is not an Essanay. Other ?? barred.

**DIANA D.**—Judging from the pictures we see, Harry Myers and Edwin August dance. Neither of them directs plays. The "grand-looking blond man with the darkish eyebrows who plays sort of villainous parts in the Victor" is unknown.

**J. C. J.**—In "Jim's Wife" (Edison), George Lessey and Miriam Nesbitt had the leads. William Duncan was the leading man in "Brand Blotter." Motion Picture films are  $1\frac{3}{8}$  inches wide.

**F. D. OTUMEVA.**—The little boy and girl in Pathé's "Anguished Hours" are unknown.

**UNSIGNED, CHICAGO.**—Please sign your letters. The Thanhouser question has been answered before. Lubin does not know the cast in "Señorita's Butterfly." And the Rex question cannot be answered, for reasons hereinbefore set forth, as the lawyers say.

**W. J. K.**—William Garwood was Bertie in "Under Two Flags." William Russell was the colonel. We don't know whether the "Virginian" has been done in pictures or not. Your other questions cannot be answered at present. See Warren Kerrigan's picture in "Gallery."

**H. E. R.**—John Adolphi's whereabouts are not known.

**L. M. A., TEXAS.**—The date on the calendar in the pictures is not necessarily the day on which the picture is taken. Your second question is not clear. Vitagraph's "A Tale of Two Cities" is over a year and a half old.

**CHARLOTTE D.**—Frederick Church was the artist in "A Moonshiner's Heart." Jack Halliday was the doctor in "Betty and the Doctor." He is not with Lubin now. Edgar Jones was the deputy in "A Deputy's Peril" (Lubin). G. M. Anderson is not of Swedish parentage. Carlyle Blackwell had the lead in "The Frenzy of Firewater."

**M. E. A. & F. E. A., TAMPA.**—"Her Secret" was a Thanhouser, not Nestor. Mignon Anderson was the daughter.

**MAYBELL MARIE.**—Harry Benham was Tom in "Why Tom Signed the Pledge." "Inquiry Dept." is not necessary on the envelope, but advisable. If the inquiry gets in the wrong department it soon gets to the Answer Man's desk.





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L. D. OXNARD.—See Rex answers above.

E. L. B., CLEVELAND.—Florence La Badie and James Cruze had the leads in "Called Back" (Thanhouser). Nestor's information bureau is out of order.

"HAPPY," BROOKLYN.—Grace Scott is with Lubin. We cant give her stage career.

HOPE AND FAITH, SAN FRANCISCO.—Frederick Church was the loafer in "The Loafer's Mother." Ask editor Brewster for a G. M. Anderson chat.

E. J. D., CHICAGO.—Martha Russell was the leading lady in "Twilight" (Essanay).

DIANA D., HOT SPRINGS.—We presume Harry Myers and Edwin August are good friends. Why not? Edwin has left Lubin, but Harry stays. Pathé Frères will not answer any questions about their leading ladies.

AN ASBURY PARK CURL.—Cines pictures are made abroad, and we cannot give you the cast you ask for. Frances Ne Moyer was the daughter and Thomas Aiken the captain in "The Smuggler's Daughter" (Lubin). Vedah Bertram was the daughter in "The Smuggler's Daughter" (Essanay).

DOLLY W.—Cleo Ridgely is not acting for any company. She is riding across the continent on horseback with her husband at present. See "Greenroom Jottings" for latest news about Mary Pickford.

FLOSSIE.—Dont know, Flossie, why Van Brook plays such mean parts. I'm glad you like his name. Some prefer Van Dyke Brown. You haven't given up Crane Wilbur for Ray Gallagher, have you?

L. LA VERGNE L.—No, there are not two Harry Myers; one is Charles Arthur. Jack Standing is in California playing on the stage.

LOLA B. B.—Oh, no! we never get tired of questions. Dolores Cassinelli is not ill, nor is Florence Lawrence. Flossie C. P. evidently lives in Los Angeles, altho that question is not in our line.

F. C., N. Y. C.—The information you ask is not obtainable.

J. H. FITZ, LA FAYETTE.—Thanks for your lengthy and interesting letter.

PAULINE E. C. P.—Mabel Normand and Fred Mace are with Keystone. Adele De Garde became a member of Vitagraph because of her talent, we suppose. Look elsewhere for other ???.

ABBIE R., PENN.—May Buckley had the lead in "Betty and the Doctor." Lillian Christy is Carlyle Blackwell's leading lady. George Lessey was the lead in "Tony's Oath of Vengeance" (Edison). He also had the lead in "Corsican Brothers." Lillian Walker is still with the Vitagraph.

MARIE, ST. LOUIS.—Guy Coombs is still with Kalem, and as for Mary Pickford, she has left Biograph; and now, you want to know about Henry Walthall? We cant tell you! Understand?

HELINE, N. J.—Gilbert Anderson is stationed at Niles, Cal. We accept only players' pictures from the companies to which they belong.

MARY P., ALLEGHENY.—Maurice Costello's father was Spanish-Irish, and his mother Irish. Write to the company for players' pictures.

L. R. T.—What company? We dont know what you mean.

MABELLE G. F.—Barbara Tennant was the girl in Eclair's "Robin Hood." Whitney Raymond is with Essanay. Helen Gardner has not released her first picture as yet. Tiresome waiting, isn't it?

ORRIE L.—Alice Weeks was Thelma in Reliance's "Thelma."

HELEN OF PERU.—Lucille was Marguerite Snow; Constance, Mignon Anderson; Matilda, Florence La Badie in "Lucille." The address of Thanhouser is New Rochelle, N. Y.

G. A. J., DALLAS.—Norma Talmadge marries Leo Delaney in "The Extension Table."

V. S., LOS ANGELES.—We may be able to print Mary Pickford's picture some time, but we cant just say when. We cannot go into the detail of how the pictures are taken. Why not get Talbot's book?

WINNYE.—You will have to go to California to get acquainted with Warren Kerigan. My name? It's Answers Man at every meal. Carlyle Blackwell has already been interviewed in the July, 1912, issue. No, we do not agree with you; Crane Wilbur is not a "perfect lady."

MARJORIE, NEWARK.—No, Carlyle Blackwell was not in Newark, in the Elite Theater, on Saturday, September 28th, at one o'clock. At that particular minute he was in California, but we are not sure about the particular spot.

FLOSSIE.—Margaret Loveridge is with Keystone. Her interview will soon appear. You say you live on the same street with her? You were born under a lucky star.

C. Mc., N. Y. C.—John Bunny is with the Vitagraph, and not with the Essanay. That was Joseph Allen as the Boob's father in "Adamless Eden." Florence Turner is acting every day.

L. LA VERGNE L.—Mabel Normand was the lead in "A Water Nymph" (Keystone).

J. W. S.—You have the Imp Company placed correctly.

G. I. Y., CAL.—Leona Flugrath was Rosa in "The Street Beautiful." Owen Moore had the lead in "The Chance Shot." Mabel Trunnelle had the lead in "A Game of Chess." Augustus Carney is Alkali Ike. No Biograph questions, please. Why persist?



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A. F., BROOKLYN.—Send stamped, addressed envelope for list.

SMITH, NEW JERSEY.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leading parts in "The Wayfarer."

PICTURE FAN, DANBURY.—Pathé Frères took pictures of the World's Championship ball games.

THE TWINS.—Martha Russell was Rose in "The End of the Feud." Margaret Joslin was the girl in "Love on Tough Luck Ranch." Mildred Weston was Billy Mason's opposite in "Cupid's Quartette." Charles Clary and Winnifred Greenwood had the leading parts in "Under Suspicion." Harry Myers and Charles Arthur are still with Lubin. Hazel Neason was the lead in "The Thief," Marion Cooper and Guy Coombs the boy and girl in "A Railroad Lochinvar," Adelaide Lawrence the child in "The Little Wanderer." J. P. McGowan was the lead in "Winning a Widow." Edgar Jones was the doctor in "The Physician of Silver Gulch." And—the last—Jane Gale was the girl in "Stubbornness of Youth." It's a good thing you are twins!

F. S., MASS.—Jack Richardson is the American villain.

VIRGIE, NEW ORLEANS.—Gladys Wayne was Betty in "Betty Fools Dear Old Dad."

BLANCHE L., KANS.—We cannot help you place scenarios. See "Ghosts" in October issue for form. List of manufacturers, if you send a stamped, addressed envelope.

H. M., GA.—Bison 101 pictures are taken in California.

NUNCY.—Earle Metcalf and Edna Payne had the leads in "A Girl's Bravery."

AN INTERESTED READER.—Your questions have been answered before, and you should not ask about relationship.

I. M. P., CHICAGO.—Adrienne Kroell had the lead in "Into the Genuine."

R. W., HOT SPRINGS.—J. P. McGowan and Gene Gauntier had the leads in "Captured by Bedouins." Lottie Pickford was with Kalem last. We never see the players' envelopes, so cannot tell you who the highest salaried player is. Probably Florence Lawrence and Maurice Costello. Kate, in Champion's "Sisters," was Barbara Tennant.

F. H. W., LOUISVILLE.—Thomas Santschi was Tom Byrne in "Sergeant Tom Byrne of the N. W. M. P." William Duncan was Billy in "An Equine Hero" (Selig). Thank you for your information.

BOBBY P. B.—Mary Fuller was Eliza, Carlyle Blackwell was Shelby, and Topsy was Florence Turner in Vitagraph's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

R. R. P., BOSTON.—The wife in "The Wife of the Foothills" is not known. Vedah Bertram was the Indian maid in "Broncho Billy and the Indian." Alice Joyce was the sheriff in "The Suffragette Sheriff." William Clifford was the sheriff in "The Sheriff's Roundup" (Nestor). Gene Gauntier was the girl in "The Bravest Girl in the South." Clara Williams was the daughter in "The Sheriff's Daughter" (Lubin). Baby Audrey was the child in "The Child of the Purple Sage."

"BILLIE," PIQUA.—Charles Elder was the doctor in "The Will of Destiny" (Méliès). Burt King and Adele Lane had the leads in "The Detective's Conscience." Martha Russell was Mr. Bushman's wife in "Her Hour of Triumph." Gertrude Robinson was the lead in "Grandpa," and Charles Herman was the son-in-law. Zena Keefe had the lead in "Gambler" (Vitagraph). Hal Reid was Rip Van Winkle, and Sue Balfour was his wife in "Rip Van Winkle" (Reliance). George Periolat and Louise Lester were the father and mother in "An Evil Inheritance" (American).

J. W., DULUTH.—Billy Quirk is still with Solax. He had the lead in "The Professor's Daughter" (Pathé). He has had stage experience.

C. C., ROCHESTER.—Miss Glahm and Joseph De Grasse had the leads in "The \$2500 Bride" (Pathé). George Beatty was just hired for the occasion. Marion Cooper was Undine in "Saved from Court-Martial." Mr. Kimball is correct, not James Young, as Senator Carter in "A Vitagraph Romance."

COPE, ROCHESTER.—Bertram R. Brooker wrote the Lambert Chase stories. "The Mystery Play" was written in our office. Cleo Ridgely did not go thru Rochester.

D. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—Kate Winston played opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "Apache Renegade." Edgar Jones was the detective in "The Sheriff's Daughter." Carlyle Blackwell was chatted in July, 1912.

M. J., BROOKLYN.—Read the index page about accepting stories.

J. G., DANVILLE.—Charles K. French is with Pathé Frères.

G. M., HARTFORD.—The players receive from \$25 a week up.

PHILLIPS, CAMBRIDGE.—The two characters were played by Crane Wilbur in "Texas Twins." It is called "double exposure" and has been explained in back numbers.

E. L., BROOKLYN.—Carlyle Blackwell was Simple Sam in "Suffragette Sheriff."

E. S. A.—P. C. Hartigan was Pete in "The Mine Swindler." Nancy Avrill was the girl in "Country and Church" (Edison). Hazel Neason was Millie in "How Millie Became an Actress" (Vitagraph). The spinster sister-in-law was Jane Wolfe in "The Suffragette Sheriff."

D. B. HAMMOND.—Victor releases one picture a week.

E. R., CHICAGO.—Essanay did not produce "Alkali Pete's Wife."

E. J.—Pathé Frères did not produce "Indian Idyll."



# EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The next number of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE will come out about a week before Christmas and will be called the

## HOLIDAY NUMBER

It will contain several poems, stories and drawings appropriate to the holiday season, including a Christmas Tree, drawn by A. B. Shults, containing the portraits in miniature of many popular players.



MONTANYE PERRY



LEONA RADNOR



EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL

Among our noted contributors to this superb number will be:

MONTANYE PERRY  
LEONA RADNOR  
EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL  
EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER  
HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS  
ROBERT CARLTON BROWN  
GLADYS ROOSEVELT

and many others

As these writers are well known to our readers and to the general public, they will need no introduction. We are constantly striving to get together the best staff of fiction writers in this country. Among the stories promised for the near future are one by **REX BEACH**, and one by **WILL CARLETON**.

The **Holiday Number** will be a very large edition, but the prospects are that it will not long remain on the stands. Thousands of newsstands **sold out** our November number before it had been on sale a week, and they could not get any more magazines because the edition was exhausted. History will probably repeat itself on the **Holiday Number**, so you had better **order now** from your dealer. Or, better still, **subscribe!** Read elsewhere how to do it, and of the advantages of being a subscriber.

## THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE



A. M., ON A VISIT.—Thank you. "Buy Me Some Ice" was an Essanay. The real title was "The Ice Man."

I. M. A., MINN.—Your questions have all been answered.

M. E. R., CHICAGO.—William Duncan was "Jim" in "The Brand Blotter."

BERT, BUNNY & Co.—Joseph De Grasse was the husband in "His Wife's Sweetheart." Robert Burns was the husband in "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse." It would be out of order if "Bunny's Kids" were not fat like himself. In the first place, is he married? Flora Finch does not take daily exercises to keep herself thin. And Mildred Weston was the blonde in "Pa Trubell's Troubles," opposite William Mason.

C. T. B.—Thomas Moore was the bookkeeper in "The Bookkeeper" (Kalem). Priscilla and John Casperson were the children in "A Child's Prayer" (Lubin).

C. H., AUBURN.—In "The Polo Substitute" William Santschi was Smart, and Hobart Bosworth was Probyn. Sorrento, the outlaw, was Romaine Fielding, and Burton King was Bonita in "The Ranger's Reward." Clara Williams and Edgar Jones had the leads in "The Deputy's Peril." Brinsley Shaw was Broncho Billy's pal in the play by that name. Van Dorn was Guy Coombs; Frost, Hal Clements; and Charlotte, Anna Nilsson in "The Siege of Petersburg."

LOTTIE D. F., GOLDFIELD.—Edgar Jones was Manuel in "The Divine Solution." Robert Burns was Bob in "His Vacation." Helen Gardner is not back with Vitagraph.

BETTY W. B.—Earle Foxe was Karl in "The Street Singer." The smaller of the two girls in "A Mid-Winter Night's Dream" was Helen Martin. Don't ask Pathé questions, if you can possibly help it. Laura Sawyer was the sister, Guy Hedlund the brother in "His Secretary" (Edison). Bryant Washburn is still with the Essanay. "The beautiful Tillie with the swell hair-dress" was Ruth Roland in "Tillie Taylor's Beauty Parlor."

D. H. "THAN-PHAN."—In "His Father's Son," Gene Darnell had the lead, and in "Only a Miller's Daughter" Grace Nile had the lead. We have not heard of Marion Leonard's whereabouts.

C. M.—Paul Panzer played the title rôle in "The Desperado" (Pathé).

BRIDGEPORT READER.—Sorry we cannot accommodate you by printing the pictures of Selig players. We do not cover that company's pictures. William Duncan was Billy in "The Fighting Instinct." Helen Gardner's company will be Independent. There can be no more Licensed companies.

HELEN D., SCHENECTADY.—Wallace Reid is with Universal. The Champion is slow giving information; therefore your question remains unanswered. Sorry.

SOPHIE N., WILMINGTON.—Mildred Weston was Ruth in "A Record Romance." Juanita was Clara Williams in "The Divine Solution." Mabel Trunnelle was Patience in "The Little Quakeress."

E. J., NEW YORK.—Phyllis Gordon and Tom Santschi had the leads in "Lake of Dreams." Mr. Johnson was the villain in Pathé's "Saved at the Altar."

R. M., MUNCIE.—Phillip Smalley and Lois Weber had the leads in "The Greater Christian" (Rex). Yale Boss did not play in "Treasure Island." Crane Wilbur is still with Pathé. Alice Joyce played Jean in "Jean of the Jail." Please write your questions on a letter and not on postals.

I. B.—Florence Hackett was the teacher in "Spoiled Child." "Paid in His Own Coin" was not an Edison. Herbert Prior had the male lead in "The Little Quakeress." You mean Ormi Hawley. A poor way to describe her. The play was "Physician's Honor." No! we do not answer Biograph questions.

GERTRUDE.—Jack Richardson was the gun man in "The Gun Man." Signorita Bertini was Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" (Pathé). Laura Sawyer was Helen in "The Relief of Lucknow." Mrs. Maurice Costello was the telephone operator in "Diamond Cut Diamond" (Vitagraph).

"THREE LOVE-SICK GUYS."—You have our sympathy. Ormi Hawley is well, thank you.

OLGA 16.—The confederate was Guy Coombs in "The Confederate Ironclad." His sweetheart was Anna Q. Nilsson. Slivers was E. H. Calvert in "The Redemption of Slivers" (Essanay). Mrs. Costello is never featured. She is not a regular player.

M. M. M.—We shall print Helen Costello's picture soon. The little girl in "Broncho Bill for Sheriff" is unknown.

I. F., BUFFALO.—Look above.

DOTTIE C. B.—We cannot supply you with the Pathé information.

S. S. G., MCKEESPORT.—Yes, Edwin August was with Biograph. Edwin Carewe was John in "A Girl's Bravery" (Lubin). Thomas Moore had the lead in "The Thief."

C. C. S., BELLEVILLE.—T. J. Carrigan was the prince in "Cinderella." In "Back to the Old Farm," William Bailey was George Randall, Frank Clayton was E. Calvert.

E. A. P.—G. M. Anderson is not dead.

E. E. M., NEW YORK CITY.—Bliss Milford was Julia in "The Grandfather" (Edison).

T. A. M., SAN FRANCISCO.—James W. Morrison has brown eyes. Edith Storey is still with the Vitagraph Company. John Halliday is in Cleveland, on the stage.

E. J. C., LINCOLN.—Your questions are not permissible.



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A. O. V. B.—The late Vedah Bertram lived in Niles, Cal., while playing with the Essanay. She died of appendicitis. George Reehm had the lead in "All in the Wash." Marc McDermott was the grandfather in "Sunset Gun."

CHAMPION, WESTERLY.—Helen Gardner was the wife in "The Miracle." Leah Baird owned the "living child." Winnifred Greenwood was the dancer in "The Last Dance." Allan Mathes was the minister.

F. F. A., NEWTON.—We don't answer questions about the stage; all we can do to keep track of Moving Pictures—they move so fast.

A. K.—We believe Florence Turner tries to answer the letters she receives. There are two Costello children.

D. C., MISS.—No, Flossie C. P. does not own any interest in this magazine. We have not heard much of her this month. Too bad. She will be missed.

R. R. P., STAMFORD.—Arthur Mackley was the ranchman in "The Shotgun Ranchman" (Essanay); Jack Richardson the greaser in "The Greaser and the Weakling"; Edna Fisher the girl in "The Tenderfoot Foreman."

A. Z. M. M.—Some of the recent Lubin plays in which Edwin August has appeared are: "The End of the Quest," "The Good-for-Nothing," and "The Players."

M. G., SALEM.—Bobby, in "Bobby's Father," is Dolores Costello. She is the daughter, and not the son of Maurice Costello.

C. J., ST. LOUIS.—Edison Company have taken several pictures abroad. G. M. Anderson is still acting.

VEDAH II.—The first MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE was published February, 1911. Pauline Bush is still with the American, and Harry Myers is still with Lubin.

N. C.—Warren Kerrigan, we believe, has brown eyes.

M. L., NEW YORK.—Yes, Hazel Neason had the lead in "A Political Kidnapping."

SCHOOL GIRL, BUFFALO.—Lillian Walker is not dead; she is playing every day.

F. W. H. S.—George Cooper was the tramp in "Captain Barnacle's Waif." Roger Lytton was Le Roy Farley, and E. K. Lincoln was Harry Weston in "Irony of Fate."

M. D., AKRON.—In "The District Attorney's Conscience," Henry Walthall was Mr. Burr. We have not published Lottie Pickford's photo yet, but soon.

M. W. G., TEXAS.—We have never printed any of the stories you mention.

P. M. R., WESTERLY.—Mrs. Maurice Costello was not the stenographer, but the telephone operator in "Diamond Cut Diamond." Jerold Hevener was the "funny character" in "A Windy Day" (Lubin).

1913, WESTERLEY.—Dear me, no; we did not mean that Alice Joyce and Rube Marquard are married, but that they acted in the same play. Marion Cooper played opposite Guy Coombs in "The Bugler of Battery B." Note—bugler, not burglar.

H. A. W., 1533.—We do not give the private addresses of players. Mona Darkfeather is with Universal.

C. L. M., SALEM.—You evidently want a list of manufacturers.

(Continued from page 80.)

later in the day, at the field-hospital, whither they had taken Harvey, that the boy would soon be all right again after a trifling surgical operation. He was taken to the hospital at Memphis, and soon after rejoined his regiment. There had arisen a stern need for every true son of the South, whether he be but a boy scarcely in his teens or a recruit from the hospital.

The sun was setting on an autumn afternoon in the year of '65. The Trysting Garden was upgrown with weeds and brambles. Its desolation was disturbed by the advent of a sun-browned soldier and a slip of a girl fondly leaning on his arm.

"It is all over now," he said; "nothing is left."

"But the land is still here," she

comforted, grasping his arm a little tighter, "and sleepy, lovely Arden, and most of the dear old folks."

"Dear old Steve," he said, remembering. "I never knew what became of him."

She shuddered.

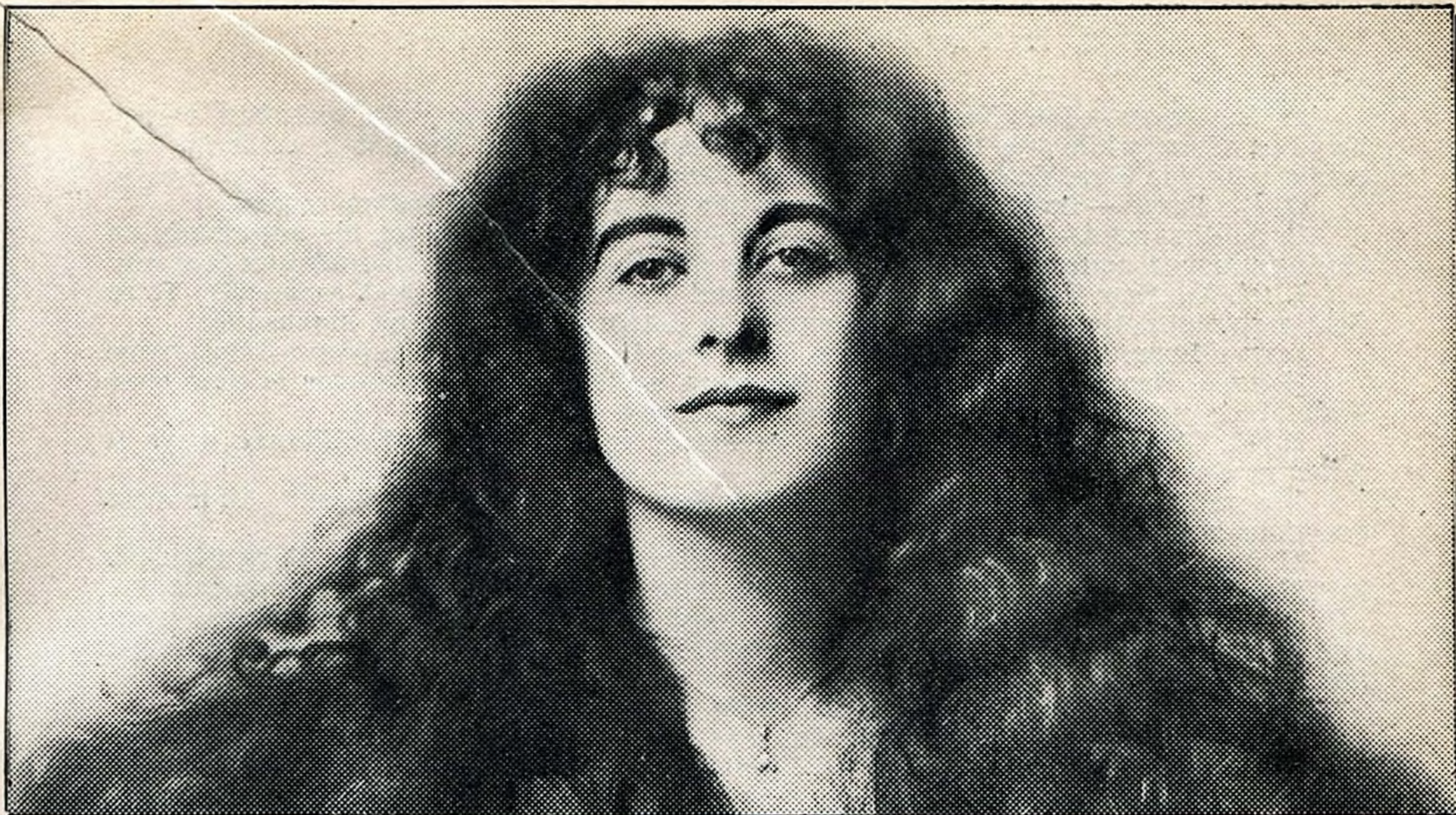
"Are you cold, dear?" he asked.

"I was thinking of that day in the cabin," she faltered, "of how close to death——"

"Never recall it again," he said, almost sternly, then placed his hands tenderly on her shoulders. "After all, dear, do you remember where we are? In the Trysting Garden, where we left off years ago."

"Yes, yes!" she cried, with suddenly radiant eyes; "we are still young, and will build our happiness upon the sweetness and the sorrow of the past."





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P. C., TEXAS.—The New York Motion Picture Company will hereafter release Kay-Bee films, while the Universal will release Bison 101. Francis Ford is in California with the New York Motion Picture Company.

O. B., TEXAS.—Both the Kay-Bee and the Bison have real Indian actors.

B. J. WILLIAMS.—Write to Earle Williams at the Vitagraph for his autograph, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope. He may give it to you. He is awfully nice that way.

L. H. P., NEW YORK CITY.—Did you send a stamped, addressed envelope? If so, send a special delivery asking the company to notify you about your manuscript.

LITTLE ROSE, NEW YORK.—William West was Outlaw Bill in the play by that name.

HAROLD, BROOKLYN.—The season for plays containing winter scenes is now open. Your other questions are for the Technical Bureau.

E. K., BRIDGEPORT.—No license is necessary in order to send different plays to different companies.

VEDAH II.—William Humphrey was Napoleon in "A Bogus Napoleon." Your other questions have all been answered before.

M. P., GA.—Miriam Nesbitt was "Jim's Wife." Kate Winston was Mary Simmons in "The Apache Renegade." Mrs. Mary Maurice is not Maurice Costello's mother.

J. A. G. T.—James Morrison was Aubrey, the artist, in "The Adventure of an Italian Model" (Vitagraph). We don't think Flossie would care to have us give you her address.

B. R., ELMIRA.—Alice Joyce was Papita in "The Street Singer."

L. E. W., TEXAS.—Jack Richardson was the villain in "Vengeance That Failed." Marshall Nielan was the cripple, and Pauline Bush his sister in "The Will of James Waldron." The American Company informs us that Warren Kerrigan's brother is not playing, reports to the contrary, notwithstanding.

ANNA M.—Kathlyn Williams and Charles Clary had the leads in "The Devil, Servant and the Man."

E. D. ASHLAND.—Irving White played opposite Ormi Hawley in "The Deceivers." A theater can have both branches of the Independent companies. In "An Aeroplane Romance," the minister really went up in the aeroplane.

G. A. C., MONTREAL.—We believe both the Kalem and Biograph companies are in the market for scripts.

DIANA D.—Lubin's "Romance of the Coast" was taken in Cape Cottage, Maine. Yes, Edwin August, Ethel Clayton and Harry Myers can swim!

OLGA 16.—"Flirt or Heroine" was taken in Brooklyn. Don't you know, Olga, it's against the rules to even say *Biograph*?

MARIE K., CINCINNATI.—A picture of James Cruze was published in the May, 1912, issue. Warren Kerrigan in December. Mignon Anderson and William Russell had the leads in "Orator" (Thanhouser).

W. P. GIRL.—In Vitagraph's "Thou Shalt Not Covet," the price of the bracelet was \$250, and Bunny paid \$150 for it. Howard Mitchell was the thief in "A Missing Finger."

W. D., LEAVENWORTH.—Eleanor Blanchard was the widow in "A Lucky Mixup" (Essanay). Roy Clark was the little boy in "A Waif of the Sea." Edna Hammel was the girl in "The Little Bride of Heaven" (Edison); Louise Sydmeth was the Polish lady in the same play.

A. B. C.—"Neptune's Daughter" was taken at Lake Superior. In "The Hermit" (Essanay), William Mason was the hermit.

J. A. T., HALIFAX.—Florence Lawrence did not play opposite Arthur Johnson in "Resurrection." The cost of the extra postage makes the magazine more expensive to foreign subscribers.

EVELYN, N. H.—Ruth Roland was Tina in "Fat Bill's Wooing." They were real negroes in "Roost, the Kidder" (Kalem).

BOBBY P. B.—Gwendolen Pates is still with Pathé Frères.

1625, J. A. B.—Charles Arthur was the minister in "The Derelict's Return" (Lubin). "The Motherless Child" was not an Edison.

LILLIAN G.—Mae Buckley was the young woman in "Mother Love."

J. M. S., STAPLETON.—There is no Arthur in the cast "For the Love of a Girl," unless you mean Charles Arthur. Virginia Chester was Dorothy in "The Sheriff's Daughter" (Kalem). Gus Mansfield was Helen's brother in "The Minister and the Outlaw." Al Swenson was Tom in "Betty and the Roses."

DOROTHY, NEWARK.—Gertrude McCoy has never been with the Vitagraph.

S. P., TEXAS.—Martha Russell had the lead in "Neptune's Daughter." Louise Glaum and Donald MacDonald had the leads in "When Is a Lemon?" (Nestor).

ELIZABETH H., No. 15.—Alice Joyce is about twenty-three, if you call that young. Judge for yourself which company has the best players.

N. B.—Nine pages of answers, verses, etc., have been crowded out. They will appear in the Holiday Number. We shall add more pages for these departments in future. Meanwhile, we will supply information by mail, as usual.



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# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE QUESTION MAN



DEAR SIR. PLEASE TELL ME WHETHER THAT WAS MAURICE COSTELLO OR CRAME WILBUR THAT PLAYED OPPOSITE GENE GAUNTIER LAST WEEK. AND LET ME KNOW THE PLAYERS NAMES THAT HAVE RED HAIR. HAS HARRY MEYER ANY RELATIONS IN SQUANTUM. DO YOU HAVE A STENOGRAPHER, THAT'S WHAT I DO. PLEASE ANSWER RIGHTAWAY. I'M A PEACH.



SIR. YOU DIDN'T ANSWER MY FIFTIETH AND SIXTIETH QUESTIONS LAST MONTH. PLEASE ANSWER THESE THEN. DOES PANZER CHEW TOBACCO. HOW DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS. IS CRAME WILBUR 'STUCK UP'. DOES ORMI HAWLEY DRESS HERSELF. I'VE GOT AN AWFUL HEADACHE. IS MARY PICKFORD A PROTESTANT. I'LL WRITE MORE IN A DAY OR TWO FLOSSIE C.P.



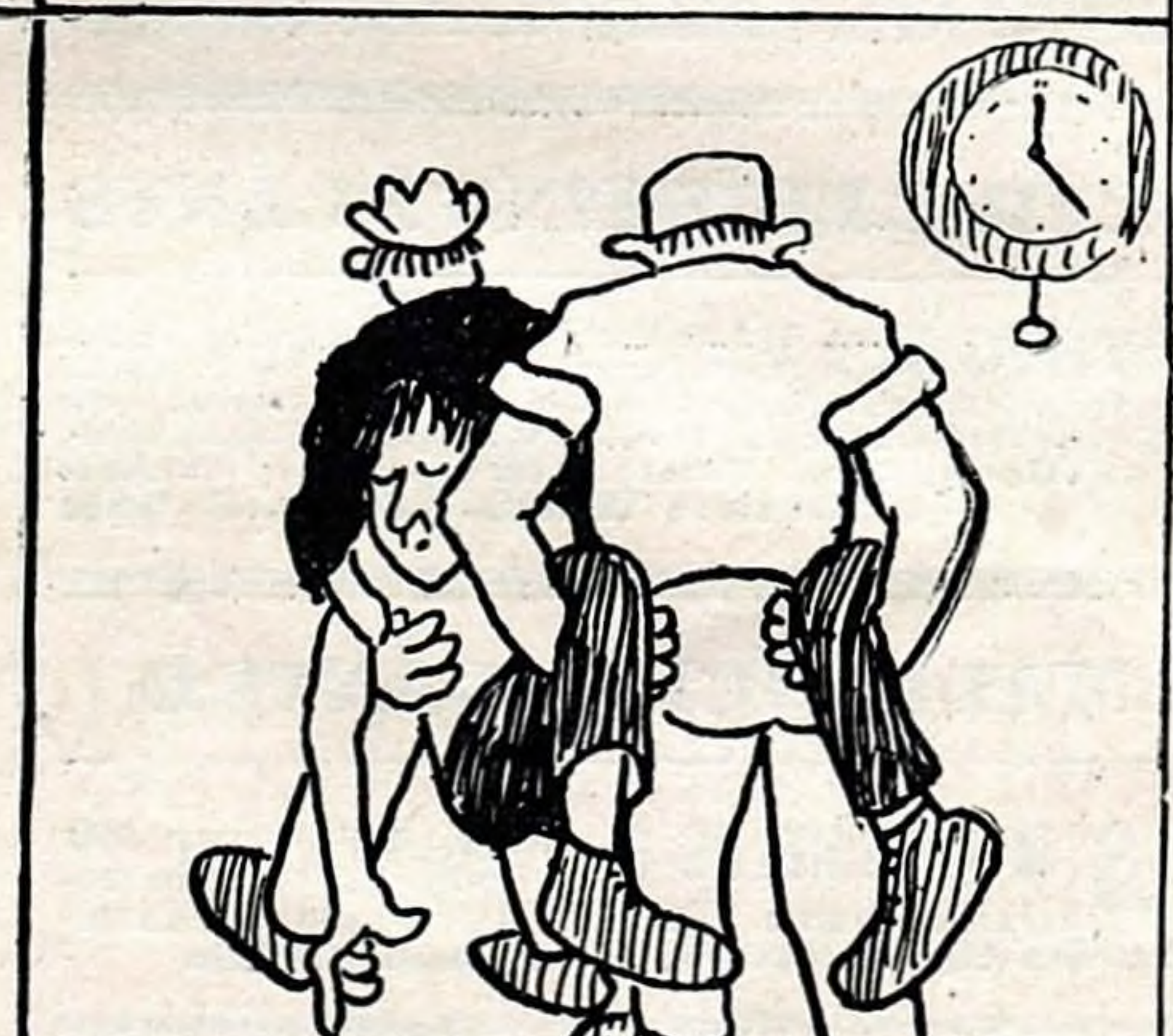
DEER FREN. I AM ABIN YOU TO TOLD ME SOMETHING. SHE HAVE BIG BUILT, ALL THE TIME LOWBODY. NOW YOU PUT THE OUTSIDE NAME. I LAK HIM. WHAT FOR YOU NO PUT SOME MORE BUNNY. IS HE DIE. NO. IS HE MARRY BIG SHINNY WOMANS—WHAT YOU CALL IT—FINCH. GOTYER GESSIN. TOLD ME IN THE BOOK.



SAY YOU LOST LOOKIN' PIECE D' SCENERY, IF YOU BRING IN ANY MORE OF THAT JUNK TO DAY YOUR WIFE WONT KNOW YOU FOR A WEEK. HOMEST I THINK OF YOU AND A MEAT CHUPPER EVERY TIME I SEE YOU.



THIS SHOWS THE 'WORKS' IN MOTION, AT THREE P.M. HE COULD IT IS ESTIMATED, LICK SEVEN, ORDINARY MEN, BITE A DINGE IN A CROWBAR, AND CRACK A WALL TEN FEET AWAY WITH ONE EYE. THE ROOM ALWAYS SMELLS, LIKE SOMETHING BURNING.



AT FIVE P.M. THE JANITOR AND EDITOR PICK HIM UP OFF THE BATTLEFIELD GIVE HIM SOMETHING OUT OF A BACK POCKET, AND BEGIN CHEERING HIM UP BY TELLING HIM HE'LL SOON BE DEAD. "OH THE HERO HE IS!"



# KALEM

JUNE 15th, 1912

KALENDAR



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## All the News of the Kalem Companies

is contained in the KALENDAR, issued twice each month

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**KALEM COMPANY, 235 W. 23d St., New York City**



(Continued from page 133.)

## TO CARLYLE BLACKWELL.

For my favorite player, did you ask?  
I think that is no easy task.  
But I'll describe, and we will see  
If you can guess who it may be.

With a new Venus, Alice Joyce,  
Plays the Adonis of my choice.  
His height and brilliant smile, I ween,  
Will give a clue to whom I mean.



Brooklyn.

Yes, Carlyle Blackwell is his name.  
You do not know him? What a shame!  
But if you want to see him, go  
To any first-class Picture Show.

Now in Kalem pictures seen,  
In the Vitagraph he has been,  
As here you will often meet him,  
But never as a villain greet him.

His hair is of the darkest hue;  
His eyes do match it, very true.  
But, oh! you ought to see him smile,  
And you'd know it is Carlyle.



DOROTHY ROGEN.

I've seen many kinds of girls,  
Eyes of blue and golden curls;  
Laughing blonde and gay brunette,  
Girls of almost every set;  
Hair of darkness, eyes of brown,  
Girls who smile and girls who frown.  
But there's one who cant be beat;  
Just to see her is a treat.  
She has a captivating way—  
My favorite in the Picture Play.

Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.

When she pouts she's quite entrancing,  
When she smiles, my heart goes dancing.  
Every Wednesday night I go  
To see her—in a Photoshow.  
Tho of my life she forms no part,  
I love this girl with all my heart.  
If I'd short hair, instead of curls,  
And were a boy, and not a girl,  
When the time came for a mate for life,  
I'd like Miss Robinson for my wife.

ALICE R. DEVELYN.

The following readers call for the portraits of, praise the acting and charms of, and contribute letters and verses to the players mentioned. We regret that lack of space necessitates doing them more justice; but cheer up, friends—we are promised a voting contest soon: Andrew Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to Flora Finch and John Bunny (Vita); Paul V. Chute, Hastings, Neb., to Edith Storey (Vita); Lena Hiken, St. Louis, Mo., to Owen Moore (Victor); Sylvia M. Born, N. Y. City, to "Jean" (Vita); "B. V. G.," Frederick, Md., to Francis X. Bushman (Ess.); Elsie Clark, Hot Springs, Ark., and Sydney Russell, Boston, Mass., to Florence Lawrence (Victor); "Arizona Kid" to G. M. Anderson (Ess.); "S. A. J.," Jersey City, N. J., to Carlyle Blackwell (Kalem) and Florence Turner (Vita).

Among many other expressions of sympathy, we have received letters and verses to Miss Bertram's memory from "D. W.," "One who feels her loss greatly," Ida M. Strong and Austin A. Lincoln. We will forward them, with others, to her parents.

"A Harrisburger" writes of her interest in the magazine, particularly the Greenroom Jottings. She is an ardent admirer of Gilbert M. Anderson, and, like many others, was greatly shocked when she read of his narrow escape from death during the making of a Broncho Billy film. By the way, we have had a lot of letters about this narrow escape of Mr. Anderson's. Wonder how it feels to know that so many girls are horrified over one's mishaps?

We have had interesting letters, drawings or verse from the following readers, and wish we had room to print every one of them: F. J. H., Motion Picture Fan, H. M. H., Frederick Mitchell, Ruby Dancy, E. C. H., Lillian L. Reiss, S. N., Mert Murray, J. L. Moore, Bessie Starr, Estella Edward, The Jonah Club, R. C. M., Pauline Ettinger, L. R., A. J. Horner, Willie Doolittle, R. G. E. K., The Sandcrab, Mrs. J. H. Peck, D. B.



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Here is part of a letter that came to the Technical Bureau of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE:

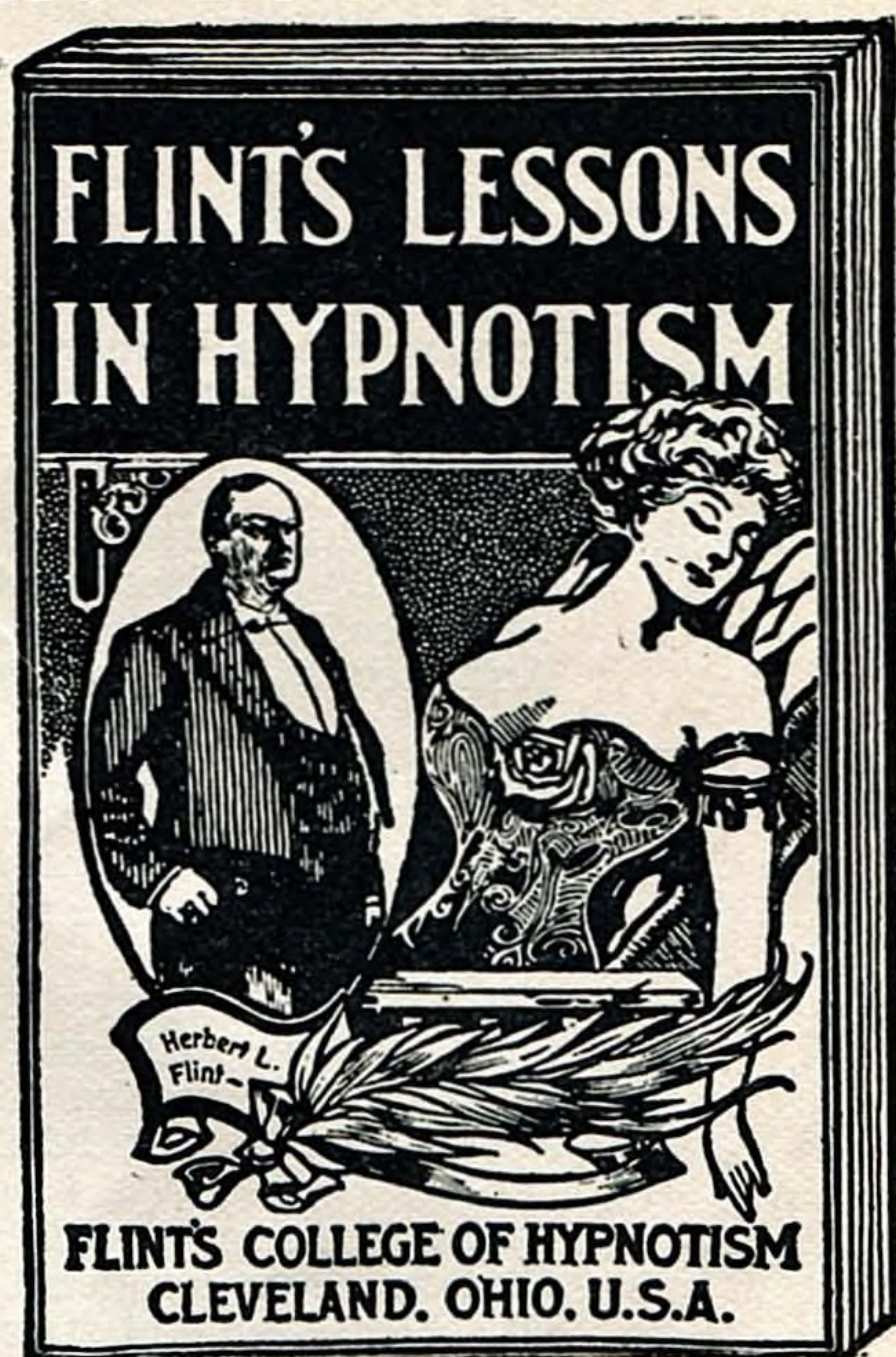
"As your reply to my question of Sept. 21st was very satisfactory, I am enclosing another fee for advice as to how to conduct the new contract.

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See announcement of Technical Bureau on another page. The information they furnish is absolutely reliable.

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THE first time that I saw her on the animated screen,  
It gave me such impressions that ever since I've been  
A slave devoted to the plays which are the picture rage,  
With Lubin's Ormi Hawley in the center of the stage.

When she reformed "Kid Hogan" and made him change his ways,  
The lovely story haunted me for many nights and days.  
And then I feasted on the tale "The Choir of Densmore" told,  
And brought to mind "The Shepherd's Flute," a story never old.

And then I saw her playing in a tale called "Fire and Straw"—  
The most pathetic incident I think I ever saw.  
And then 'twas "Honor and the Sword," in which she fought for life,  
And won the honored title of a worthy lover's wife.

"The Social Secretary" next brought Ormi into fame,  
And "His Mistake" and "Love and Tears" shed luster on her name.  
And then "A Cure for Jealousy," altho a funny play,  
Was charming, and I'd like to see one like it every day.

And still a score of others, all too numerous to tell,  
Give me the recreation I have learned to love so well.  
Oh, charming Ormi Hawley, of all the girls I've seen,  
You are the loveliest of all, "My Gorgeous Lubin Queen!"

Portland, Me.

"FAVORITA."

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If you want to add ten, twenty, or even thirty pounds of good, solid flesh to your bones, do not delay; send at once for a free 50-cent package of Sargol.

All that you have to do is to cut out the coupon below and send it, with your name, address and ten cents to pay for distribution expenses, to the Sargol Co., 438-Y Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

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**PIN THIS TO YOUR LETTER**



Mrs. H. M. Penny, of Jersey Shore, Pa., writes us a cozy letter and, among other things, states that she is going to "put on her old gray bonnet" and drive twenty miles to see Cleo Ridgely in the flesh as she passes thru Camden on her horseback trip across the Continent.

A toast to a talented Vitagraph player:



TO ROSE TAPLEY.

I'd count my life lived incomplete,  
And rail at Fate the while,  
Had I been destined not to meet  
My Rose, and her sweet smile.  
Los Angeles. M. R. W.



Rose's playmate, Clara, has all kinds of eyes but unpopularize:



Eyes, eyes, eyes,  
Eyes that talk to you,  
Eyes that mock you,  
Eyes that laugh at you.

Eyes that  
Tantalize,  
Sympathize,  
Paralyze  
Your tongue—  
Are the eyes of  
Clara Kimball Young.  
Cleveland, Ohio. E. T.

Seven pages of other verses and comments have been crowded out, but will appear in the Holiday Number



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H. A. SPANUTH,  
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Colonel Roosevelt wishes me to express to you his hearty thanks for your kind telegram of sympathy. He is doing well. Love to "Movie." Very truly yours,

(Signed) ELBERT E. MARTIN.  
*Secretary.*

The following statement was filed with the Brooklyn Postmaster on Oct. 3, and is here published as required by law:

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, published MONTHLY, at BROOKLYN, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NAME OF—	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS
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Managing Editor, ".....	"
Business Managers, ".....	"
Publisher, THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.....	"

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per THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.  
EUGENE V. BREWSTER, Business Manager,  
Sec. & Treas.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2d day of October, 1912.  
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My commission expires March, 1913.



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# GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERS'DOM

JAMES YOUNG, of the Vitagraph Company, wrote the photoplay of "The Little Minister." We learnt this fact too late to give him credit on the story. He also played the leading part in that clever piece.

Lily Branscombe, alas, has left the Essanay Company. This will be a disappointment to her many friends. She has not yet made arrangements for the future.

The Thanhouser Company worked two hundred people, including twenty principals, for four weeks, in producing "The Star of Bethlehem," at a cost of \$8,000. They made seven reels, from which only three were selected for the final film.

More bad news. Mary Pickford has left the Biograph Company. She gave a farewell ball at her hotel at Eighty-sixth Street and Broadway, New York City, on October 25th, at which were present a great many photoplay celebrities, who were only too willing to do her honor.

Still more bad news. Edwin August has left the Lubin Company.

The Essanay Company are now selling pictures of their players. We are glad that they have joined the procession at last.

Charles Kent (Vitagraph) has just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia. W. V. Ranous, another director of the same company, has entirely recovered from the same illness. We hope that pneumonia will be less popular at the Vitagraph studio.

Jack Clark and Gene Gauntier are back in America and are at the New York studio. They recently went to Virginia with Sidney Olcott's company to make a Virginia reel. They are now doing international pictures, which are pictures made partly here and partly abroad.

Report has it that Florence Lawrence will return to Arthur Johnson, of the Lubin Co.

The Pathé Frères Company has been making some very picturesque nautical pictures along the coast.

Mary Fuller, Marc McDermott and Miriam Nesbitt came back from London on October 22d, and are now working at the Edison studio in the Bronx, N. Y. City.

Francis X. Bushman (Essanay) came near being a criminal recently. He was playing the part of a Three-Card Monte Man at the fair grounds and was arrested by the constable. He told the constable that he was only playing. The constable said, "Yes, I saw you." At last the constable learnt that he was only play-playing.

Howard Mitchell is the standing joke of the Lubin Company. He is about to get married again (in a picture).

Watch out for "Dr. Bridget," in which John Bunny and Flora Finch are said to be more funny than ever.

Benjamin Wilson and Jessie McAllister (Edison) are one and the same; that is to say, they are married, and in marriage one and one make one.

More bad news. Edna Fisher, of the Vitagraph Western Company, is married. Since she married Mr. Sturgeon, the director, it is probably good news to her.

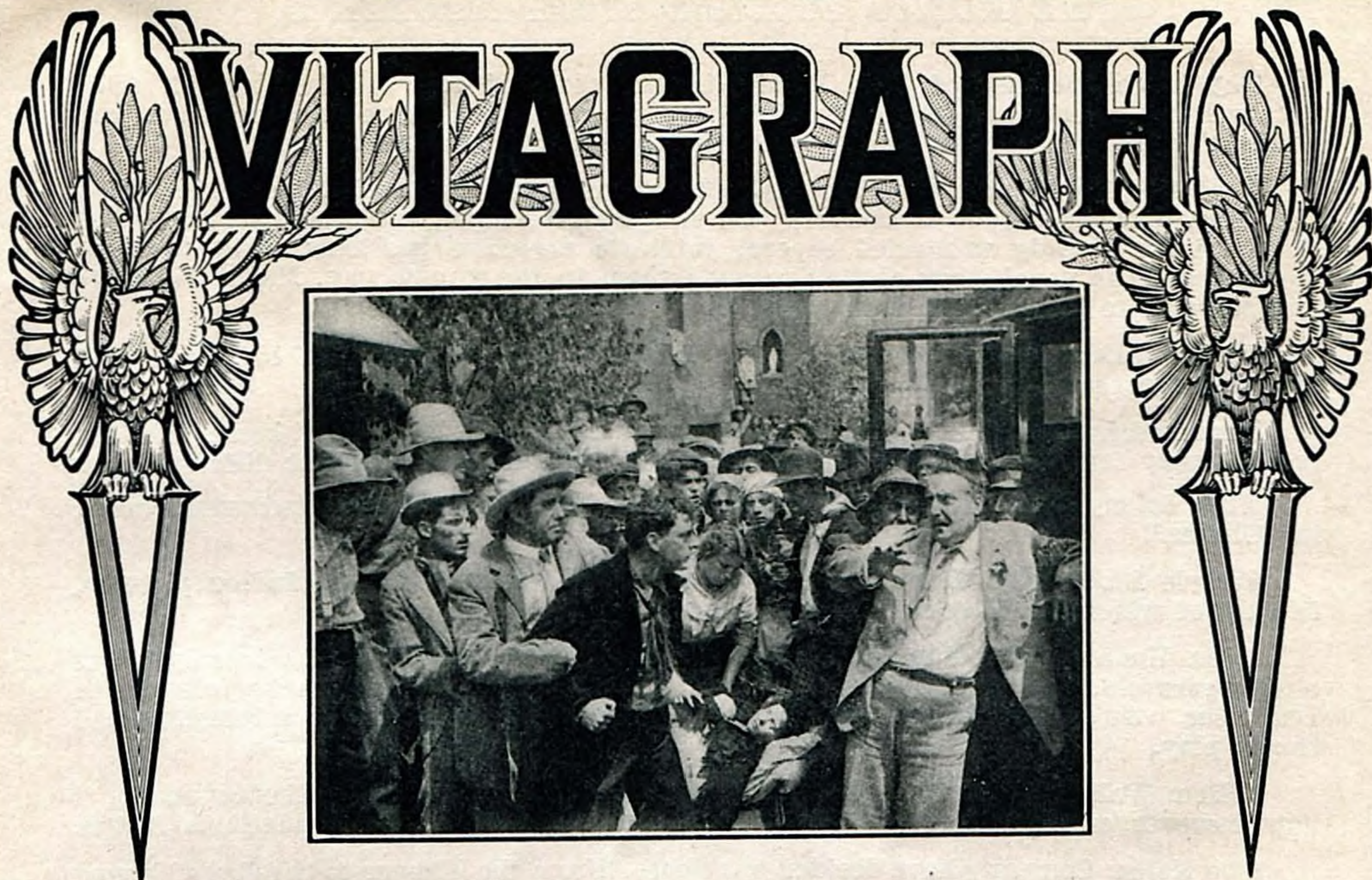
Joe Smiley (Lubin) asks us the following unanswerable question: "As I am Smiley, why is Peter Grimm?"

The Kalem Company, pursuant to their usual policy, have taken Jack McGowan from the players' list and made him a director. He now has a Kalem Company of his own.

Guy Coombs and Anna Q. Nilsson are still with the Kalem Company in Florida. By the way, an interview with Guy Coombs in the January issue.

Edna Flugrath (Edison) has just done a fine bit of work in "Donovan's Division," which is a thrilling railroad play.





# "THE MILLS OF THE GODS"

IN THREE ACTS

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A Modern Drama that palpitates with fire and power. The most vigorous acting by the greatest artists who have ever infused a reproduction of life on the stage or on the screen.

## DRAMA

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**ROMANCE OF A RICKSHAW.** In India.  
**THE ANARCHIST'S WIFE.** A deep-laid plot.  
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**SIX O'CLOCK.** Momentous.

## COMEDY

- THE UNEXPECTED HONEYMOON.** Up in a balloon.  
**THE EAVESDROPPER.**  
**THREE GIRLS AND A MAN.** } Two refined comedies.

## COMEDIES

- SUSIE TO SUSANNE.** What's in a name?  
**ABSENT-MINDED VALET.** Fat and forgetful.  
**THE REINCARNATION OF BILLIKEN.** Among the cannibals.  
**TOO MANY CASEYS.** Real Irish comedy.  
**IN THE FLAT ABOVE.** A neighborly jar.

## IRISH DRAMA

- WILD PAT.** An Irish hero.  
**O'HARA, SQUATTER AND PHILOSOPHER.** A peacemaker.

## WESTERN

- OMENS OF THE MESA.** Drama that grips.  
**UNA OF THE SIERRAS.** Bright and natural.

**VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA**



The large presence of Opie Read will be seen and felt to advantage in "The Starbucks" (American). Since Mr. Read measures six feet three from crown to toe, and almost as much the other way, he will make a fine Jasper Starbuck.

Fred Mace and Mark Sennet are doing the famous detective series, for the Keystone Company, formerly made famous by the Biograph Company. These two celebrated sleuths have already unraveled several intricate detective problems, *à la* Sherlock Holmes, and, as usual, they always unravel them in the wrong way, Mabel Normand and Marguerite Loveridge usually being the victims.

Harold Shaw is not playing any more for the Edison Company, but he is still directing for them.

Siegmund Lubin has invented a device for showing Moving Pictures at home. His idea is that every family should keep a record in film form of its children at different ages.

They do say that Ruth Stonehouse (Essanay) did some of her best dramatic work in "Chains."

Carlyle Blackwell's Kalem Company is now doing some historical Indian pictures, in most of which Mr. Blackwell is the trapper.

Edna Hammel, the star child-actress of the Edison Company, who is only about eight years old, has made quite a hit in "A Christmas Accident," to be released in December. Augustus Phillips also shows to good advantage in this interesting and timely play.

Lillian Walker (Vitagraph) has evidently been saving her money. She is spending it now, however, on a new home that she has just purchased for herself in Flatbush, B'klyn.

The Kalem Company have decided to release "From the Manger to the Cross" 'round about the holidays. They recently gave a private exhibition of this remarkable play to two thousand or more preachers and others in London, similar to the superb one that they recently gave at Wanamaker's, New York City.

Albert W. Hale, formerly of the Thanouser Company, has joined the Majestic forces. Among Mr. Hale's achievements was "The Birth of the Lotus Blossom."

The Kalem Company have added a new star to their already starry firmament. It is Thomas Moore. He now shines as luminously as his brother, Owen Moore, of the Victor Company, which is saying a great deal.

Evelyn Selbie, formerly of the Méliès Company, is now playing with the Essanay Western Co. Her experience and expertness on horseback will now come in very handy.

On October 21st, Hiram Abrams gave a private Motion Picture entertainment for President Taft, at the Dreamland Theater, Beverly, Mass.

Ruth Roland and John Brennan (Kalem), while accomplished dramatic players, are rapidly gaining a reputation as comedians. That's always the way: when we want to be funny, we cant, and when we want to be serious, they wont let us.

The Essanay Company is building a new studio and factory at Niles, Cal., where G. M. Anderson and company are located.

Gertrude McCoy was the leading lady of the Edison Company during the absence of Mary Fuller, Laura Sawyer and Miriam Nesbitt.

Florence Turner (Vitagraph) is still working on "L'Aiglon." She says it is to be her masterpiece. All right; but kindly hurry up—we want to see it.

The Independents were doubtless very happy at the capture of Pearl White from the Licensed forces. The Crystal Company is profiting by her popularity.

Next month, a picture of Jack Richardson and Fred Mace in our Gallery of Players. This is the result of several thousand (more or less) letters to our Answers Man.

Entertaining Edith Storey (Vitagraph) and Young Yale Boss (Edison) will soon be seen in two newspaper stories, the first in "The Scoop," and the second in a comedy, "The Totville Eye."

H. A. Spanuth, of the General Film Publicity and Sales Company, is delighted over the acquisition of the celebrated Charlotte De Felice, a French and Italian beauty of note, as leading lady. She was the model for Edward Boyer's famous picture "The Beggar Girl." Miss Charlotte's pretty picture will appear in our January Gallery.

The latest from the Edison studio is that William Wordsworth has chased Edward O'Connor in a barrel. Wait, and you will see the result.



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When Colonel Roosevelt was shot, H. A. Spanuth telegraphed his sympathy, for which the colonel telegraphed his thanks, and added: "Love to Movie." Very thoughtful, considering that he had a bullet in his breast.

Romaine Fielding (Lubin) has become a real Deputy Sheriff out at Prescott, Ariz. Being a Corsican by birth, and an American by choice, and a fine actor by talent, we can now expect some real live stuff from the Western Lubin Company.

The Universal Company now controls Nestor, 101 Bison, Imp, Crystal, Champion, Powers, Gem, Victor, Rex, Eclair and Milano plays.

Mildred Bracken and the Méliès Company are still making pictures in the South Sea Islands.

Ormi Hawley, noted for her beauty and charms, is known in Philadelphia as the Lubin Queen.

Among the favorite topics in the greenrooms these days is the writing and marketing of photoplays by the players. Nearly every player thinks he or she can write a photoplay, and they cannot understand why each and every one of these plays is not accepted.

Rosemary Theby (Vitagraph) has made a decided hit in an Arabian picture of South Sea adventure, entitled "The Curio Hunters."

In the person of Chester Barnett, the stage has lost a star, and the Crystal Company has gained one.

Hazel Neason (Kalem) likes to write plays and then act in them. While she is a most pleasant, modest and unassuming girl, out of the studio, she makes a typical and excellent rowdy and "poor shop girl" on the screen.

Alice Hollister, who took the place of Gene Gauntier in "The Kerry Gow" during Miss Gauntier's absence in America, surprised herself with her good work. She shared the honors with Jack Clark, the hero.

The favorite topic in the greenrooms, and all over the studios these days, is about the "Great Mystery Play." Everybody has a different solution, and nobody knows who is right.

The Lubin tourists, including Mae Hotely, George Reehm, Walter Stull, the Misses Ne Moyer and about twenty others are again at Jacksonville, Fla., for the winter.

If somebody will state who is the prettiest of the following five pretty women, it will save our Answers Man a great deal of trouble: Evelyne Prout, Dolores Cassinelli, Beverly Bayne, Ruth Stonehouse, and Mildred Weston.

Mr. E. G. Routzahn informs us that he has brought about the introduction of Motion Pictures in the Department of Surveys and Exhibits of the Russell Sage Foundation for "Making cities to be better places in which to live."

The physicians and hospitals in Philadelphia have found that it pays to stand in with the Lubin Company. That company has again made some scientific medical films for the benefit of Science.

When you see Mildred Weston (Essanay) in "The Discovery," you will know that this popular young player has nerve as well as talent. This play required that Miss Weston be knocked unconscious by a swiftly passing automobile.

It is said that Warren Kerrigan (American) likes to receive letters from his admirers, and that he answers them. We wish he would answer a few hundred of those we receive about him.

The famous Alkali Ike, otherwise known as Augustus Carney, has left the Western and joined the Eastern Essanay Company. Since there is never any loss without some gain, we don't care much. As long as Ike is, we do not care where he is. To be frank, however, we wish he would join the Vitagraph Company, or that John Bunny and Flora Finch would join the Essanay Company. It would be a three-base hit.

Maurice Costello and his two charming child-players will soon be seen in an excellent Vitagraph Christmas play.

Leo Delaney (Vitagraph) has dispossessed himself from his Huntington home and has organized a new one in Brooklyn for himself and bride.

David Kirkland is the latest edition to G. M. Anderson's Western Essanay Company.

The Solax Company announces a new play entitled "Flesh and Blood—a film with a punch." We thought prize-fighting films were prohibited.



# Special Features

OCTOBER 28, 1912

## Pathé—FRENZIED FINANCE—3 Reels

Claude Rodgers, a reckless gambler, falls heir to a banking business through the will of his father-in-law. The bank, when he receives it, is staple and secure, but Rodgers immediately launches a "Get-rich-quick" scheme and starts a campaign to get depositors by promises of fabulous interest. The bank soon becomes the largest, although not the safest, in the East. But good things cannot last forever, and with his wife's sickness Rodgers' luck turns. A run on the bank is the next misfortune, and because of Rodgers' extravagance it cannot stand the strain. Amidst a scene of wild disorder at the Stock Exchange, the bank's stock collapses. A mob of ruined depositors storms the home of the banker, pursuing him through the rooms, until they find that a bullet from his revolver has brought his reckless career to a close.

NOVEMBER 4, 1912

## THE MILLS OF THE GODS

VITAGRAPH—3 Reels

Signore Lorenzo, a wealthy and ambitious plebeian, seeks to dethrone Prince Gian of Milan. Lorenzo becomes enamored with Maria, a beautiful peasant girl, who repulses his attentions and is protected by Miguel, whom she soon marries. Through Lorenzo's influence they are driven from home into direct poverty, and Maria's death soon follows. Miguel later acquires wealth, but again falls victim to Lorenzo's treachery, who bribes his servant, Tano, to incinerate Miguel's property. Lorenzo's attempts to steal Miguel's beautiful daughter and usurp the throne are foiled, and he is betrayed by Tano into a vacant house; the place is fired, and his life ground out by the Mills of the Gods, that are inexorable in their ultimate gristing of souls.

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## Selig—KINGS OF THE FOREST—2 Reels

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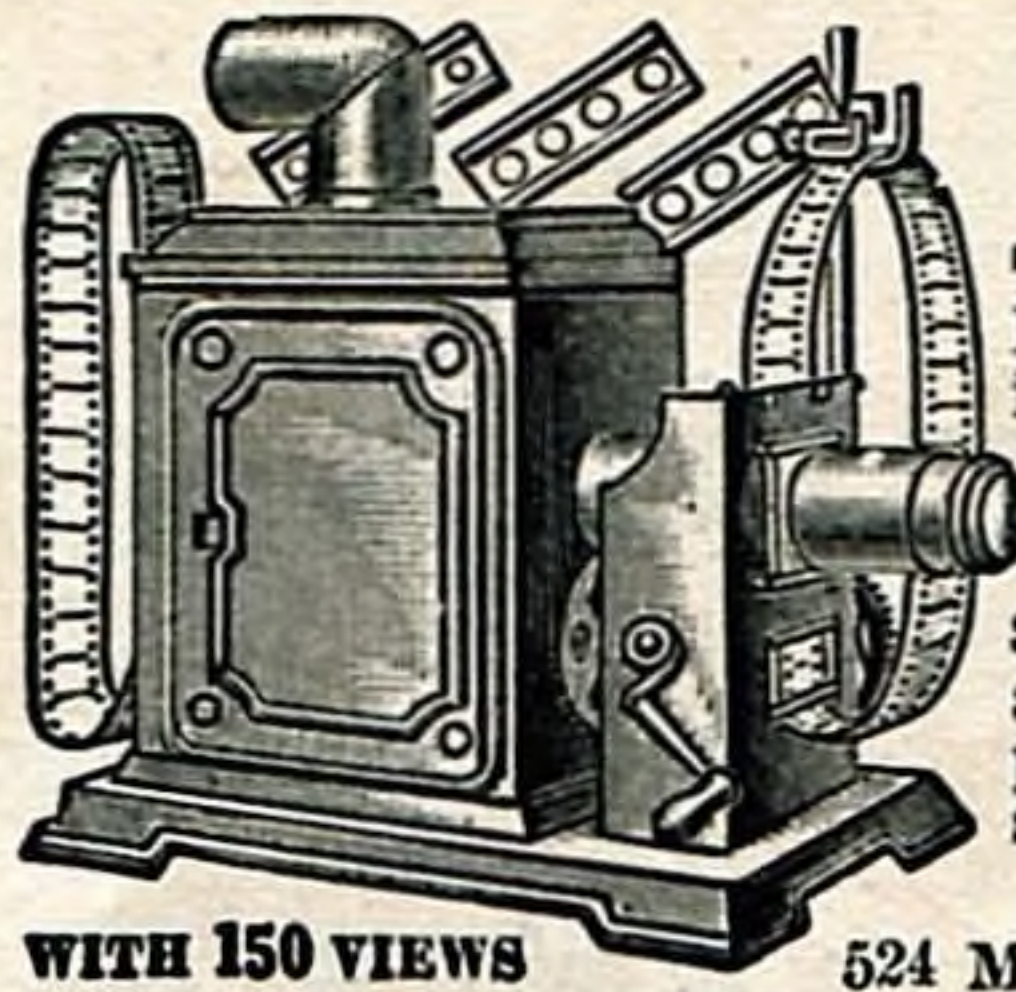
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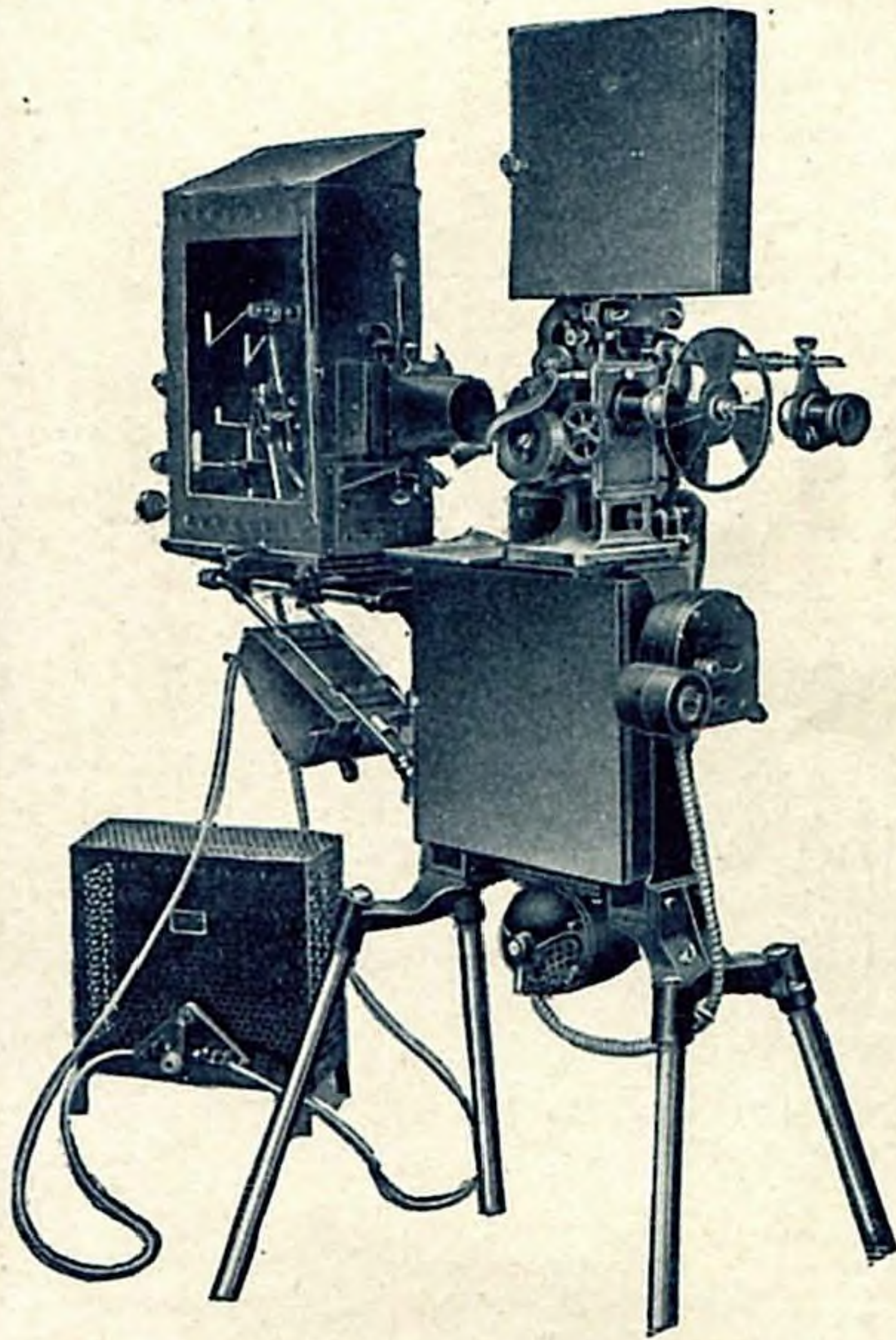
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