

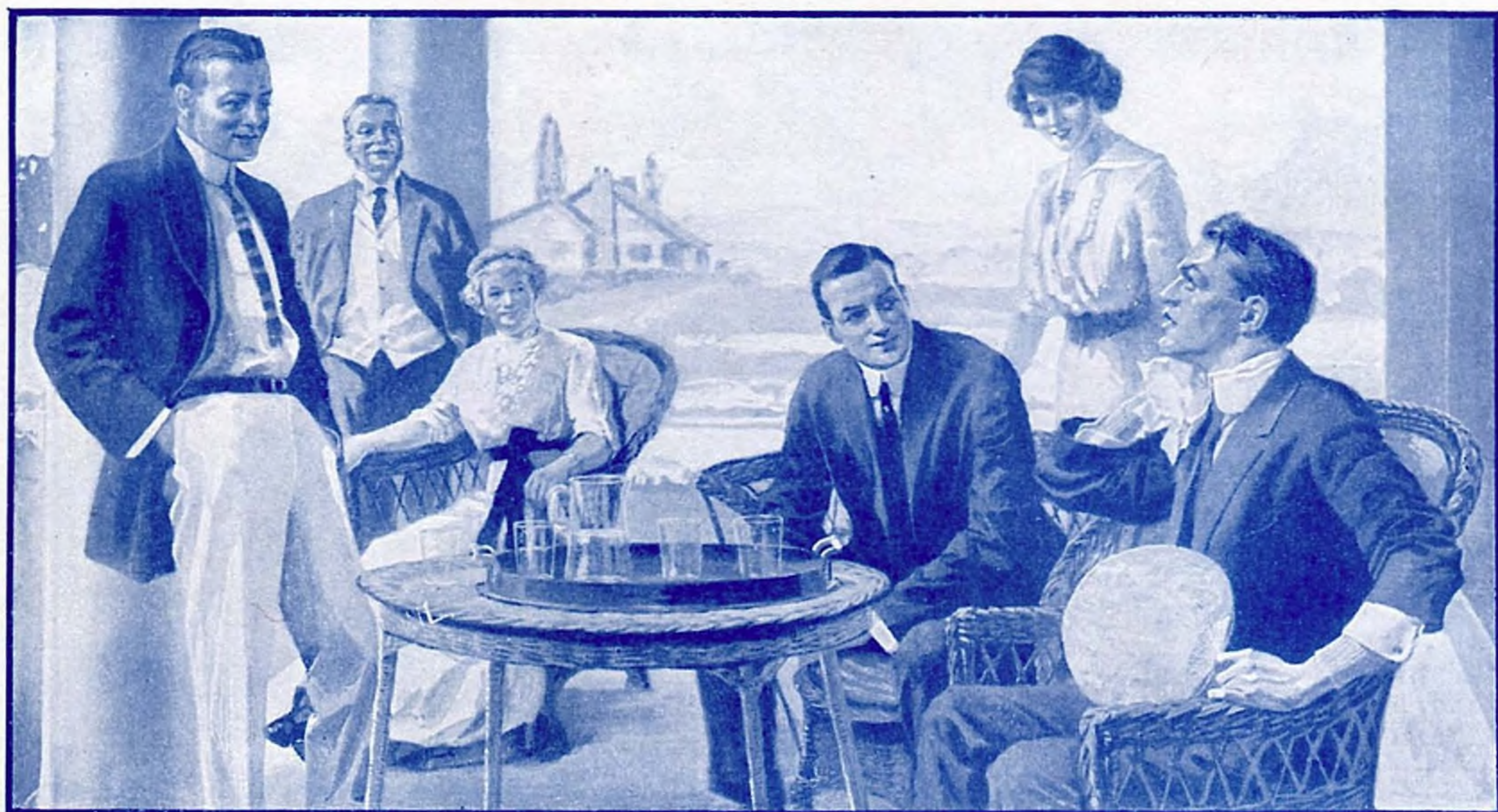
MOTION PICTURE

MAGAZINE



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10



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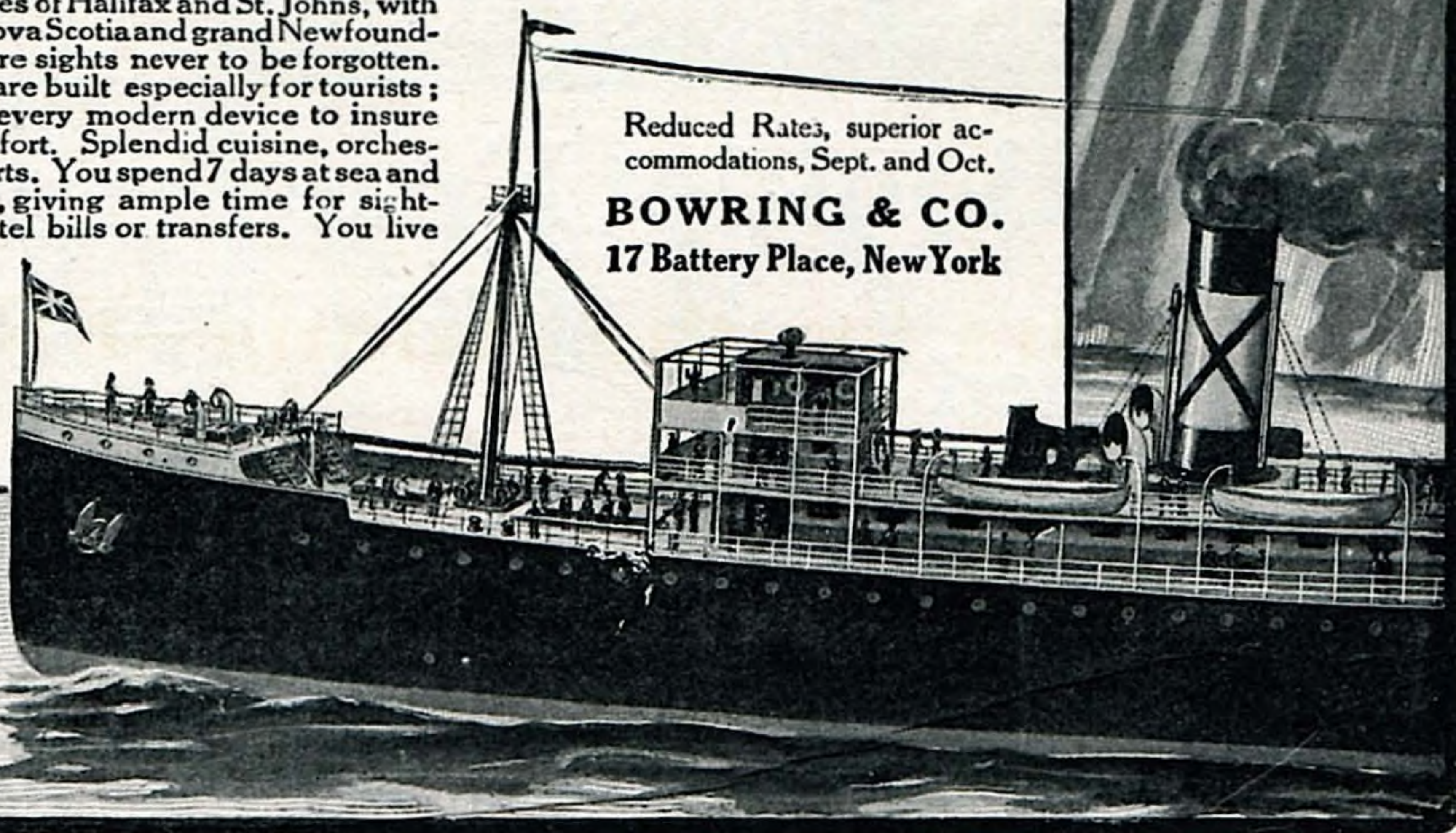
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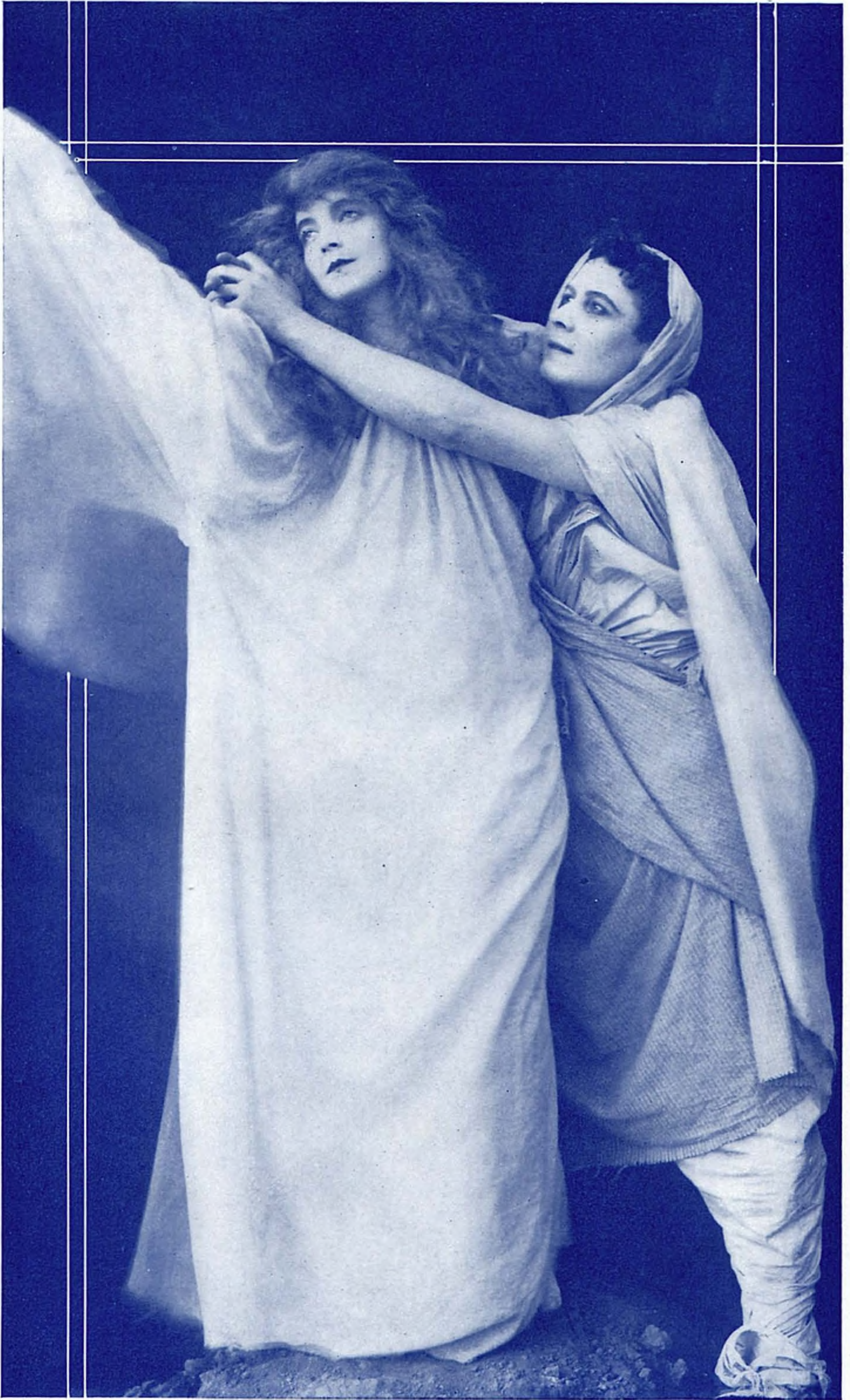
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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

Formerly "The Motion Picture Story Magazine"

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J. Stuart Blackton, President; **E. V. Brewster**, Sec.-Treas. Subscription, \$1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, \$2; in foreign countries, \$2.50. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted (one-cent stamps only). We do not want scenarios, stories and plots except when ordered by us; these should be sent to the Photoplay Clearing House (see advertisement). Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

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AUDREY BERRY, of the Vitagraph Players



The Ethics of the Profession

(Biograph)

By JANET REID

"It brings me back to my college days—this place." Dane Harris, wealthy broker, successful man of affairs, paused for a brief instant to reminisce. Seldom indeed that he permitted himself that luxury. Life, for him, had no Present, held no mellowed Past; it knew only Future—Future, holding in her laden palms the twin boons of Money and Success. His wife, sweet-faced, gently autumnal, smiled at him with eyes that held the wistful look of one who has, all unwillingly, lived her life alone.

"Rum old haunt, I think it," his son declared; "such a seedy crowd—"

"They were not seedy in my day," Harris defended; "the pick of the bunch used to head straight for here every time we hit the big city. I wonder where they are heading for now. I've lost track of them all. I'm beginning to be sorry——"

"Sign of decrepitude, Dad," laughed Ralph.

"You've been so very busy, dear," his wife reminded him, as she had had, so often, to remind herself.

"I beg pardon"—a pleasantly modulated voice broke into the family conclave—"am I mistaken in thinking you——"

"Gordon!" ejaculated Harris, springing to his feet with an unaccustomed agility; "gad, old man, you've come in opportunely. I was talking of college days—and, after all, you were the largest part of them for me—but I'm keeping you; bring your party over here—we'd be delighted. My wife and son, Doctor Gordon."

Gordon's "party" consisted of one—a one palpably dear to him—a slim, warm-flushed girl, with dark, questing eyes and eager scarlet lips. "My wife," introduced Gordon, and the pride in his voice was very evident—glad and unashamed. To one of the party, at least, that pride was a fact easily appreciated. Ralph Harris, sipping a liqueur, thought no eyes he had ever seen had been so tenderly sweet; no smile so fair and gracious.

"You've changed, old chap," Harris was saying, in quite the easy camaraderie of the vanished college-chum days. Gordon's gravely moulded face became suddenly graver, almost stern.

"I've had a life calculated to change a great many things, Harris," he said. "There have been grim battles to conquer—battles not always of the flesh; there have been issues to

face that have demanded the best a man has to give—it has not always been easy. Perhaps it has left its mark.”

“You were always too white for this work-a-day world, Richard,” Harris laughed lightly, feeling his element was not that of the man who spoke so solemnly. “Have there been no compensations?”

“There has been one compensation”—Gordon’s voice lost its stern-

that she was young and fair, and talking, with a certain sparkling vivacity, to Ralph; then veered abruptly to what did interest him—to the passion as strong, if widely variant, as Gordon’s—the Street.

“How’d you like to get in on an easy thing—a sure thing?” he began. “I’ve the inside track, Richard, and I’ll let you in. It’s Combined Steel, a pooled stock, selling at sixty-six and three-quarters now—tomorrow——”



GORDON INTRODUCES HIS WIFE TO RALPH HARRIS

ness and became almost caressing—
“my wife. She has been the ease of life to me, Harris. Sometimes I think I’m too old; that I cannot give her what a younger man could give—a man who has not had to look on the poor, scarred face of Life with her harlequin mask stripped off—but if I have failed, she has never given a sign; and she has had my life’s one love. That’s all that one can give—”

“She’s very lovely——” Harris gazed at the girl abstractedly; he was not interested. He noted vaguely

Long into the evening the old chums talked, while Mrs. Gordon and Ralph laughed and jested, and Mrs. Harris divided her more or less unsought attention between the two couples. Her keen, motherly eyes noted a restless impatience in the dark eyes of the doctor’s wife—and she wondered; and then noted, too, that Ralph was drinking in every word with an ill-concealed eagerness—and she feared.

Two lives, each one an entity, independent of each other, perhaps for-

getful of the other's very existence, will run their separate ways for years; then, quite without preliminary, they will verge again. For what? Is there, then, a preconceived scheme of things? Is the checker-board laid out before this life, and all the moves planned in readiness? Has each man his destiny awaiting him? Are we the pieces on the board? Or are we the captains of our fate? Who knows? Furthermore, oh, merciful Veil, who *wants* to know?

like the way in which a magnet draws a piece of half-resisting steel in Olive Gordon's approach to Ralph. So intelligible is the language of the eyes, so clarion clear is youth's call to youth, that these two met on a footing perilously close at second sight. What did the life-long devotion of a man like Gordon mean, when young, gray eyes looked passionate adoration into hers? What were issues, and spiritual battles, and laurels dearly bought to the wild



“HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GET IN ON AN EASY THING—A SURE THING?”

It was not many days later when, the doctor's office hours over, the maid presented Mr. Ralph Harris' card, and that gentleman was ushered in, gray eyes roving the room, while his lips explained his errand—the delivery of a letter from his father.

“It's business, no doubt,” the doctor said, glancing at the envelope, “and I'm very dull when it comes to the technicalities of the Street. If you'll excuse me, my boy, I'll run into the office and master the contents. Ah! here is Mrs. Gordon—she will play hostess in absence of the host.”

There was something curiously

leap of the blood? What was faith—what was honor—what was the sacramental bond—to this?

“It's wonderful,” young Harris was breathing, as he detained her hand; “isn't it?” Olive nodded mutely and beckoned him to be seated.

“We must see each other often,” the insistent young voice went on—“mustn't we?”

“We cant”—Olive breathed the words fearfully—“you—you must remember—that I'm married—”

“That's all I can think of.” The note of despair was tragical—to one wise in falling leaves, and changing

seasons, and ebbing tides, and loves that wane like the young moon, it would have been humorous.

"Well"—Olive spread out her pretty hands in a little gesture of being rid of the subject, and laughed—"that being the case, there's nothing more to be said."

When the doctor re-entered the library, his face was very grave, very preoccupied. He handed young Harris a slip of paper.

"There is the amount," he said quietly. "I think that is all the answer required." His tone held no warmth of invitation, and, to the two watching him with the keen eyes of guilt, he looked suddenly old and tired. His eyes held the strained expression of one who has worried much, and his lips were tightly compressed.

"Richard, what is it?" Olive's voice was fearful, as Ralph made his departure with something less than his habitual *savoir faire* and the doctor sank into his easy-chair.

"Nothing, dear love"—he drew her to him tenderly—"only that I've had a hard day. Mrs. Grant died this morning—two operations this afternoon—and a horrible slump in steel. It meant dealing out five thousand dollars to cover my margin—that's what young Harris came for. We can't afford to make inroads like that—I should have had a more level head than to begin playing the Street. But Dane was so almighty sure of the proposition, and it seemed so friendly of him to put me on—but I'm tiring you, little love; I'm sorry. You know I seldom or never allow that pretty head to know my private miseries—I must be getting old to forget. Don't think of what I've been senile enough to babble on about—"

Olive rose petulantly. "It was inconsiderate," she complained; "it's given me a headache—I'm going to have a nap before dinner."

The doctor looked after her a second in surprise. She was always so equable, so well-balanced, so unfretted, and—sometimes he regretted it—so emotionless. But he had learnt,

as we who grapple with realities do learn, that there is no perfection entirely without flaw—that sometimes the imperfection is the dearest charm. And he was tired tonight—his head ached, too. He fell asleep, dreaming that he was doling out packets of \$5,000 checks to an Olive suddenly turned to ice—a beautiful, glacial figure.

The country stretched for miles around, a plain all diamond-strewn with snow. The sun shone, and the air, dry, tonic, invigorating, stung Olive Gordon's cheek with an added glow. They had arrived only the night before—she and the doctor. The long years of a work well done, the stress of financial difficulties not clearly understood, the strain and moil of the daily grind had told at last on Gordon's constitution, and a long rest in the mountain air was the only remedy.

As Olive scanned the landscape with misted eyes, she frowned impatiently. "How long, oh, Lord, how long?" she groaned inwardly. "It was bad enough in town, where I could divert myself at will; but here—and Richard an invalid—" In the distance loomed a familiar figure—or rather a figure familiar thru many dreams—Ralph Harris. He was coming toward her with steps that barely touched the ground.

"This is Fate!" he exclaimed exultantly—"now will you believe?"

Suddenly, to the restless girl, the country did not seem so dreary; rather were they the Elysian fields. She looked into the gray eyes all alight, and smiled. "I do believe," she said.

Upstairs, in the suite of rooms assigned to them, the man who had come for a rest was reading a letter, with drawn face and grim lips. The letter meant another \$4,000, or practical destitution—\$4,000, or poverty for the girl-wife who was his heart's blood—\$4,000, or the blur of the ruined speculator on that fair name he carried in his beloved profession. And that \$4,000 he did not have.

"Harris will help me," he thought, "for the sake of auld lang syne."

He had forgot, when they had decided to come to this spot, that Harris had a home here, and that he had spoken of making frequent winter trips to it for rest. When Olive came up, a few minutes later, he failed to note the excitement she was laboring under in the stress of his own anxiety—that anxiety for her.

"Do you happen to know, my dear," he queried, "whether the Harrises are here?"

The girl started. She was young in concealment, and, after all, Richard had been good. "Why, how should I know?" she demanded; "they are your friends, Richard."

"I think I'll phone," the doctor said drearily. "I've got to see Harris—at once. I hate to tell you, dear, but the time has come when you must face a situation that bids fair to become crucial. Steel has gone down again, and I must pay in four thousand dollars more to cover my margin. If I don't—well, the toil of years, financially, is gone. I haven't the money."

Olive's pretty mouth dropped at the corners. "I'm sorry," she said coldly, "but I think you were very foolish, Richard, and very thoughtless of me to begin something you know nothing of—at your age, too."

The man in the chair, weighed under his heavy man's burden, turned white under the heedless words. He was weak and overladen, and she was hitting him in his most vital spot. "I'm sorry, dear," he said, "but you are mistaken in one thing—I did it with you in mind. I've never given you all I wanted to—I've never been able to. I thought I saw my chance. It has failed. Surely, surely, you will not fail me, too—you've been so loyal, little love."

Olive frowned. Downstairs, Ralph was waiting. These words rested heavily on her conscience. She did not think it necessary to say that her loyalty had been of the passive order—that it could not stand under temptation. And so she covered its

decay with a smile and left the doctor alone—to think it out. Here was the flaw: that for the realities she did not care—on the surface of things they stood hand clasped; beneath, they walked apart.

"Well?" Ralph rose to meet her as she rejoined him, eagerly.

"Well—I guess we are ruined, financially." Olive dejectedly faced him.

"Then you know what it means, don't you? It means poverty—pov-



"IT MEANS POVERTY—POVERTY THAT WILL BE WORSE WITH THE YEARS"

erty that will be worse with the years. Gordon is not a young man—he is older than his years because of the strain he has labored under in his profession. He will go down, and you will go with him." Ralph watched her keenly. "You will go down," he repeated, "and that will break his heart far more than losing you now, when you have never known want thru him—and so—come with me, sweetheart, beyond the touch of all these bruising things. We are young and strong now, and life is all before us. It is calling us, and it says, 'Together'—shall we go?"

They went—in Harris' new car. Harris sent a brief, explanatory note

to his mother. Olive left no word. She knew that a parting message would be an insult to the man whose proud name she was smirching. He had been so proud of that name—so proud of her. The two things he held most dear, most sacred—how would he hold them now?

The car seemed to fairly lift from the frozen, rutted ground—it was winged, alive, a sentient thing, keen to the fact of its mission.

dropped—dropped—fathomless distances. A shriek rang out—a shriek of curdled blood and hideous fear; then came a sickening, splintering crash—a moan or two—and, on a gaunt tree overhanging the cliff, the horribly ominous cawing of the crows.

“Doctor Gordon to see Mr. Harris,” the butler announced, and Gordon entered on the heel of the announcement. He was a man of few words.



THE MAMMOTH MACHINE CLUTCHED THE AIR—HURTLED INTO A YAWNING SPACE—DROPPED—

“Ralph,” the girl said to him, as he drove ahead at reckless speed—“Ralph, do you believe in the old saying, ‘The wages of sin is death’?”

“No,” came the laughing answer; “but then, I’ve never sinned, dear heart, so how should I know?”

“But this,” breathed the doctor’s wife—“this is——”

“This!” Ralph laughed triumphantly. He turned to claim her lips. “This, sweetheart, is——” The mammoth machine clutched the air—hurtled into a yawning space—

Swift and clean as his own knife, he cut to the heart of the subject.

“I’m all in, Harris,” he said, as he dropped into a chair; “this loss wipes me out—more, I haven’t got it. What can you do for me?”

“Nothing.” Harris’ voice was crisply business; “I’m sorry, Richard. I thought the proposition a good one. I’m the loser myself. I’d do what I could if it were possible—but I can’t make it.”

“It means just this to me,” said Gordon, slowly—“the clean loss of

all I have—the beginning again at the bottom rung—at my age. It means—it means—Olive——”

“I know.” Harris was sympathetic, firm. “I am sorry, Richard, tho that does not help you—but, really, old man, I’ll have to be frank. I cant do anything for you.”

The doctor leaned forward—his lean, nervous hand grasped the end of the table. “You must know, Dane,” he said grimly, “what straits

They found a note in her hand, clutched as she fell. It read:

I am going away with Mrs. Gordon. She loves me, and I cannot see her suffer in poverty. I have my inheritance.

RALPH.

The doctor unclenched the taut hand and read it first. He read it very slowly. Then he read it again, and again, and yet a third time. Then he handed it to Harris. “I



MRS. GORDON ESCAPES INJURY AND SENDS A BYSTANDER FOR MEDICAL AID

I’m in to trail my pride in the dust and beg this aid of you. That’s what I’m doing now—begging it of you—in God’s name. Remember the old days of share and share alike. You were generous then—fair-minded—on the square. For those old days, Dane, because an old friend asks you, not for himself, but for one who is dearer than life——”

Outside the closed door there came a heavy thud, and a maid burst it open, white of face. “Mrs. Harris has fainted,” she gasped; “come quick!”

think you ought to read it,” he said, with a curious gentleness in his voice.

There came the sharp ringing of the phone, and Harris answered, ashen-faced. Mrs. Harris, slowly reviving, was lying on the couch, and the doctor, eyes still intent upon the note, stood by the window.

“God!” gasped Harris. The receiver dropped, nerveless, from his hand. “There’s been an accident,” he said—“the car—Ralph—Ralph, they think, is——” The final, dread word was lost in the catch of his throat. His eyes sought the doctor’s

face. It was oddly impassive—the face of one who has reached the outermost pits of torture, and is for all time hence immune. “Gordon,” he said breathlessly, “Mrs. Gordon has escaped—my boy—my boy—oh, Gordon, in the name of heaven, dont be ice—dont turn on me. I know your grievance may be a righteous one, but you cant do this thing, Gordon—it’s my boy, my little boy——”

Gordon looked Harris keenly between the eyes; then he met the stricken gaze of the poor mother, whose mute lips had not uttered a sound since the news came. A life

was ebbing out—that life the one responsible for the loss of his little girl. He was a doctor, with the high call of his profession at his back—a life to be saved, no matter whose that life might be—a life to be saved—and the honor of his name. His love was gone, wiped clean from the slate; but his honor, the purchase price of which no one could gauge, remained. He lifted his head. The man was gone—the physician remained—the healer of men’s bodies made potent by the victory of soul.

“I’ll go, Harris,” he said—“please God we’ll save him yet.”



Journalism Taught by the “Movies”

MOTION PICTURES were put to a new educational use recently, when they were introduced into the School of Journalism at Columbia University in New York City, as a permanent means of instructing the students in reporting actual events first hand.

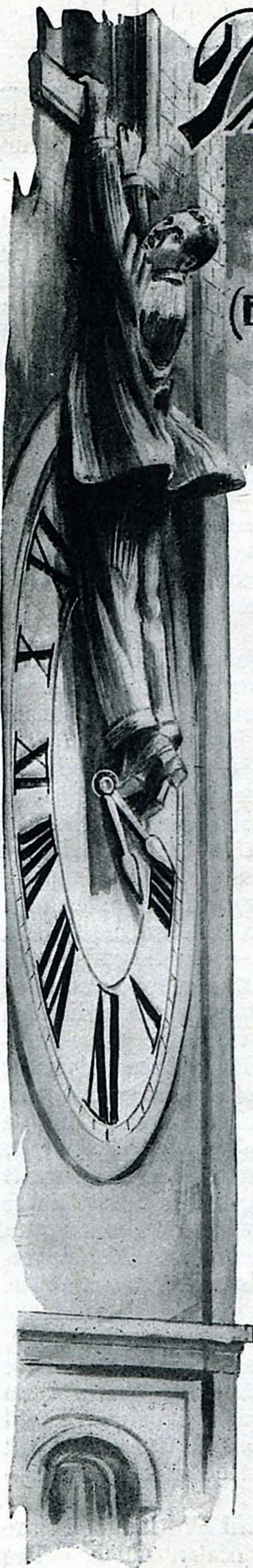
Only those films are to be used which show events of local or historical importance, such as a reporter would meet with in his everyday work. It is planned to hold these Motion Picture shows frequently, which all the students in the school are required to attend. When the show is finished, the students must go to the school’s “city room” and write up their stories under a time limit. In this way it is hoped to put the students under actual newspaper conditions as much as possible.

The faculty of the School of Journalism has been aware of a defect in the system of instruction for a long time, that of having the students report actual happenings in the city. It was discovered that when a student

was sent out on an assignment the instructor had no way to learn whether important facts were omitted or whether certain facts were exaggerated, if not falsified, unless an account of the same event happened to appear in the daily newspapers. It was to remedy this that Motion Pictures were adopted, for now the instructors can become familiar with all the facts of the story, and thus check up the students’ stories.

It is also hoped that the Motion Picture will give the students an opportunity to write graphically and accurately under pressure. The faculty realized that one of the greatest difficulties in reporting quickly happening events was to preserve in the story the proper perspective and sequence of events, especially if written under excitement. By using Motion Pictures the faculty thinks it sees a solution of this problem.

The first series of pictures shown was on the Balkan War, which gave the students an opportunity to act as war correspondents.



The Hand of Horror

(EDISON)

BY KARL SCHILLER

SOMETIMES Stephen Clark wondered whether John were his fault or merely an anomaly. His wife's part in their son he had never questioned; she had given him her own delicate features, her wistful smile, her innocent eyes, deeply lashed; but of her white flower-soul the boy had not a trace. Margaret—that was different. She was the spirit of the dear, dead woman in a different flesh. With closed eyes, listening to her voice, he could have believed Lilas beside him. So far their union had not failed, but the son of it—was it his fault, or whose? For John was wild, a sower of tares, a reaper of tears. Stephen had tried the argument of the birch switch until the boy was grown ridiculously tall; he had tried, in secret, the aid of prayer, and, at last, hopelessly, he had turned him over to Margaret, and she, too, seemed to be failing.

Then there was Frank Henley. Stephen's former trade of steeplejack called for steel-fibred nerves, a will responsive and responsible, and a steady hand and eye. Now he had become a contractor and employed others to do the dangerous work. Frank qualified well and was an invaluable assistant, but a thorn in the old man's soul, nevertheless. For it was John's heritage this stranger lad had taken. Stephen Clark could forgive much to his son—wild adventures, lawless deeds, even actual crime—but he could not condone cowardice. And, in his sick soul, he believed his son to be a coward. He had seen the fear of height more than once in the boy's eyes, had sensed the inward nausea of dizziness, visible only in the dead pallor of the young skin. The easiest jobs went, therefore, to him, while the father writhed in soul to see his assistant climbing nimbly and unafraid where swallows built their airy nests beneath the steeple eaves.

Frank Henley sauntered along the street, whistling aimless fragments of melodies between his teeth. His hands were jammed into his pockets awkwardly. He did not feel really at home upon the solid earth, and his supple fingers, like a musician's hand, were crude when it came to doing common, earthly things. Yet now he was also climbing—a mental steeplejack among the pinnacles of his castles in the air. He had

never in his life felt dizzy on any structure reared by man, but the loftiness of his planning caught his breath and made his brain reel. He was in love, but did not yet realize it. Twenty-eight clean-lived years had taught him none of the symptoms. All that he realized now was a face before him ever—waking, sleeping and yonder on the daily heights he trod. Margaret—what a smile she had!—his heart thrilled to the memory of it—and her small, pale hands like white violets, and her mouth—The boy blushed and stemmed the current of his thoughts resolutely, calling himself a fool—the old tale of the employer's beautiful daughter and the poor apprentice over again. Well, he'd never tell her, anyhow; he'd just beat it for another city and——"

Here Fate took a hand.

Out of a towering loft building stumbled a man, frantic with haste, and on his footsteps a curl of threatening gray.

"Fire!" shrilled the man, hysterically—"fire—fire—fire——"

"Stop, you fool!" Frank was shaking him in healthy disdain. "Why, John!"

The boy wrenched himself free. Across his horror-stamped face writhed another expression, a sort of cringing shame. "Margaret"—he jerked a shaking thumb backward—"inside there—leggo! I'm goin' f'r help." He jerked free and swayed, coughing and muttering, down the street. Frank waited to hear no more. Used to clean, unbreathed, upper air, he strangled thru the murk of the halls—up—up, calling aloud the name that was dear to his tongue:

"Margaret! Where are you? Margaret! Courage, sweetheart, I'm coming to you——"

The tender word came unconsciously, and, strangely, it was the only one she heard as she was slipping out into the darkness of a swoon. At the moment of passing, sudden joy held her back an instant, giving her subconscious mind the will to cry his name aloud. And then he was with

her, his arms about her, and she was no longer afraid. No stranger wooing ever wooed than this—no more terrible background than that stain of wavering red and gray.

"The laces—John was here to steal them. I tried to stop him—his cigaret——" She did not realize that she was confessing her brother's guilt. The woman-instinct to put off the longed-for confession of love was hers even in this place of death.

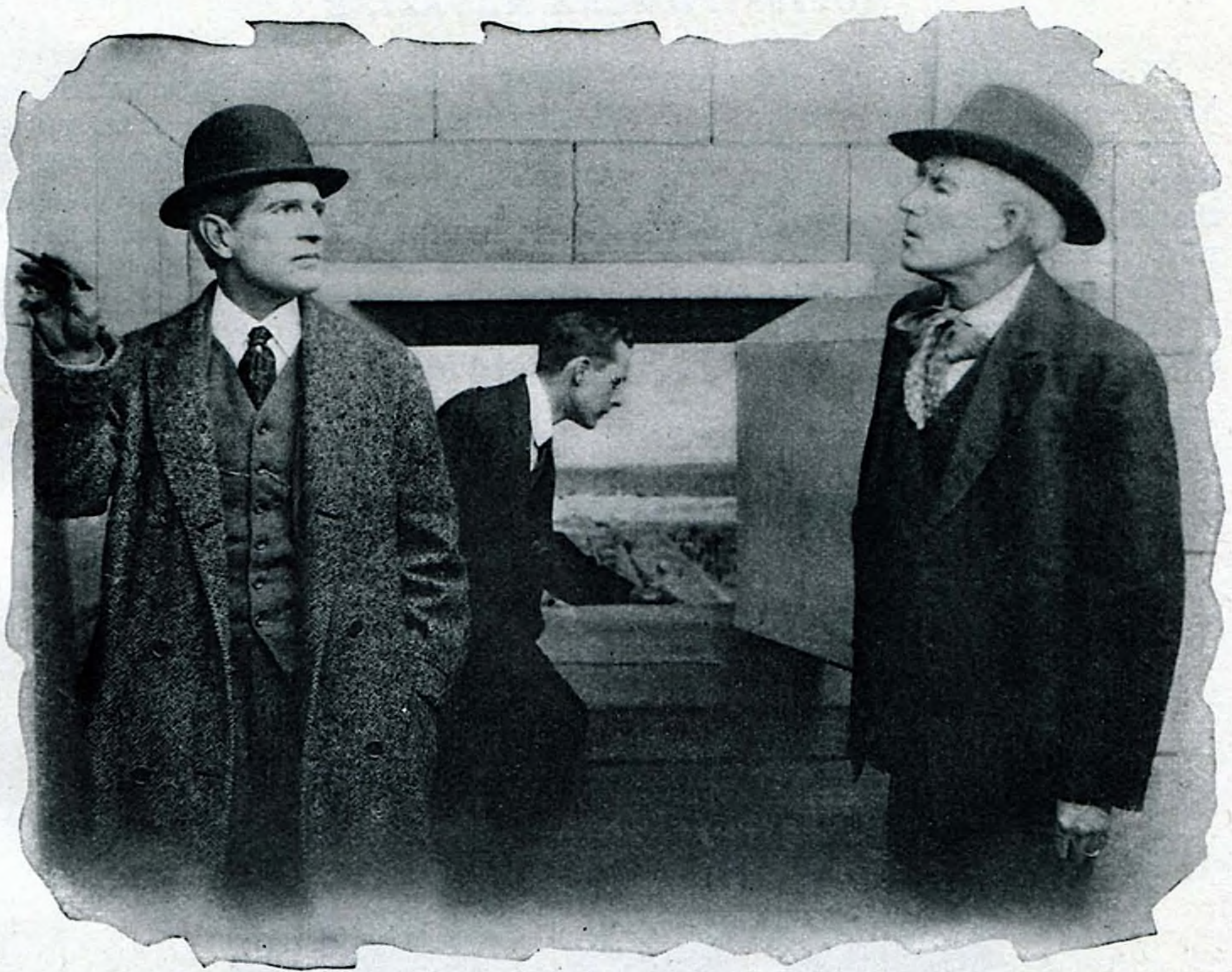
"Margaret!" he cried, unlistening; then, over and over, "Margaret—Margaret—Margaret——" That was all, but enough; and in the midst of the smoke and flame their lips met for one ecstatic moment. Then he swung her to his shoulder and turned to fight a way to the street.

"And I'm to go up this afternoon," Frank cried eagerly. "One hundred advance pay—one hundred more when it's done. Pretty soft, eh? One more job like this, and we'll be able to start housekeeping."

The sure joy of possession thrilled his tone as well as the proprietary hand he laid across the girl's. Stephen looked at the pair pridefully; then his glance caught his son, and he sighed. John sat sullenly, crumbling his bread on the cloth, with no appearance of listening; yet below the heavy lids his eyes gleamed covetously. One hundred already! He glanced slyly at Frank. Perhaps in his pocket this moment! Not all the wealth in the world would have tempted him to take Frank's place astride the steel hands of the great clock in the tallest tower in the city—what good was money to a dead fellow, anyhow? Yet he resented the other's acquirement of the job.

Margaret's eyes were tragic. "Oh, Frank!"—it was a wail of primitive woman-fear—"but the tower's so high. When I was a little girl I used to think it reached to heaven. Dont go—never mind the money. I'm—I'm afraid!"

"Nonsense, child," laughed the lover, easily; "it's a cinch. The superintendent and some of the fel-



FRANK TAKES A LOOK AT THE STEEL HANDS OF THE CLOCK THAT HE IS TO REPAIR

lows and I were up in the clock-room yesterday. I looked out thru the door—it's no job at all, really, honey. The hands are as firm as a railroad bridge. I'll wait till the hour-hand is in easy reach; then one step out, and it's a matter of fifteen minutes or so, and I'm back with a lump of dollars." He jumped up from the table and caught up his coat. "Going to see me off, honey?"

She followed him to the door, lifting her clouded face. "Oh, I hate it—the work!" she cried, against his rough cheek. "Mother all her life lived in the shadow of dread. She was terribly afraid. Every time a knock came on the door she could picture father's body outside—crushed and broken. I know how she suffered now. It's born in us both—the horror of the heights. Father thinks John is a coward, but I understand."

"Dont worry, girlie," he soothed her. "You cant lose me so easy as that."

"Frank!" Her eyes suddenly blazed with resolution—"Frank, I just cant stand it. I wont live mother's life over again. I love you; you know that, dont you? But if you keep on steeplejacking, you'll have to give me up." Her voice changed, trembled. "Come down, dear," she pleaded. "There's lots of work to be found down here—and there's me—I'm here—and I cant ever go up with you, even in imagination. *I'm afraid to love a steeplejack!*"

He looked down, troubled; but in his quiet eyes was no hint of yielding. "Why, you're asking a bird not to fly, honey," he said gravely. "It's in me to climb—I love it—it's my work, and a man's got to do his work in the world."

"Then how about me?" she cried passionately. "Where do I come in, in your life? Dont I count at all?"

"You're everything in the world," he said—"everything; but—why, Margaret, *a man's got to do his work!*"

"I mean what I say," she warned him.

He looked into her eyes, and his heart grew heavy at what he saw there. For she did mean what she said. But he turned.

"Where are you going?"

"To the tower, Margaret," he said sadly; "good-by!"

Below him three hundred feet of

tered a flock of starlings poised on unafraid wings above the cruel space, yet terrified by a single movement of his hand. The work went more slowly than he had reckoned, or perhaps his hand was interrupted by his thoughts. And the steel beam was slanting a little more sharply as he drove home the last screw. He turned the handle of the door that led back to safety; then his brows knit in a sharp frown.



THE GUILTY JOHN GOES MAD AS HE SEES THE HOUR AND REALIZES WHAT HE HAS DONE

sheer stone — down — down — down. The human beings were ants; carriages and cars were beetles; not a sound of the noisy life below came to him, riding the slender steel of the great clock's hour-hand. It was a quarter of four, and the hand stood almost horizontal. He had been in far more peril times without number, and the old joy of the spaces would have filled his heart had not Margaret's words weighed so heavy there. About his head, as he worked, twit-

He shook the door more violently; then, impatience oozing into apprehension, he flung as much of his weight as he dared against it. It held fast. He drew a long, slow breath, trying to realize the meaning of his position. Locked out! In mid-air! On the hour-hand of a clock that was every moment moving downward!

He tried to clear his mind of horror and to steady his thoughts into thinking-trim. In fifteen minutes the hand would slant uncomfortably; at half-

past four it would be out of reach of the door; at quarter of five, if he could hold on so long, he must inevitably fall. He had never before tried to picture what it would be to fall. Shutting his eyes, he could imagine it: the sliding; the clammy fingers, numb from the strain of holding; the last touch of the steel as the fall began—down! past the windows where, perhaps, horrified faces would be staring—down! nearer and nearer,

not die until he must. He stared into the round, glazed, white clock-face, trying to focus his attention. Presently he found himself counting with feverish haste, and laughed grimly. Ten moments of life gone already! What ought he to do? Perhaps he should pray. But the words would not come; only one word—Margaret!

In a flash he was himself again. He clung to the thought of her, sanely, quietly. She had been right. No



WITH ONE SUPREME EFFORT, MARGARET RESCUES FRANK FROM HIS PERILOUS POSITION

watching the stones of the street rise up.

He wondered whether he should be able to think as he fell. Would it hurt when he struck, or would sense be snuffed out, as a candle-flame?

In a frenzy of revolt and insane, physical shuddering, he hurled himself against the unyielding wood. The movement, with the added slant of his seat, nearly dislodged him. He clung, sick with his escape, to the steel before him with hands slippery with sweat. He would be cool. At least, he would

man in his perilous profession should impose upon a woman the agony of a life of strained listening, tense waiting.

“Sweetheart,” he said aloud—“Margaret—you’ll never know how I thought of you these last few, precious moments. You won’t understand that you helped me die like a man——”

His seat was sliding very rapidly downward now. Above his head poised the minute-hand. The quick transfer brought a short respite; then, faster than before, he felt himself

swinging toward eternity. His fingers slipped, caught again. The door was far above him now. Should he go down with eyes open or shut? He must not shriek. He closed his lips firmly. "Margaret!" his soul whispered. One last glance at the door——

"Frank——" It was her voice, or



"HE DIED BEFORE HE REALIZED WHAT HE HAD DONE—MY POOR LAD!"

an hallucination—her face, or his dream of it, and her strong, steady hand, firm on his sliding ones.

"Listen to me, dear," she said clearly. "Don't let go. I am going to help you. Just keep holding on and holding on——"

But it was her next words that gave him the strength to obey.

"I love you, Frank—you just hold on and keep remembering that——"

"It was John," said the old man, brokenly. "God pity him! Tell Frank, Margaret—I can't——"

The bitter truth faltered out between sobs—how John, with thievery in his heart, had followed Frank to the tower; examined his coat in the cloak-room, locking the door for security, and, not finding the one hundred dollars advance money, had gone away. Margaret had come on him half an hour later, in Frank's room, staring at the watch on the table and laughing very low and monotonously. From his wild words and wilder gestures she had divined the truth, and love had winged her feet.

"He was mad—he must have been——" moaned the gray father, over and over. "It was a mercy that he died before he realized what he had done—my poor lad!"

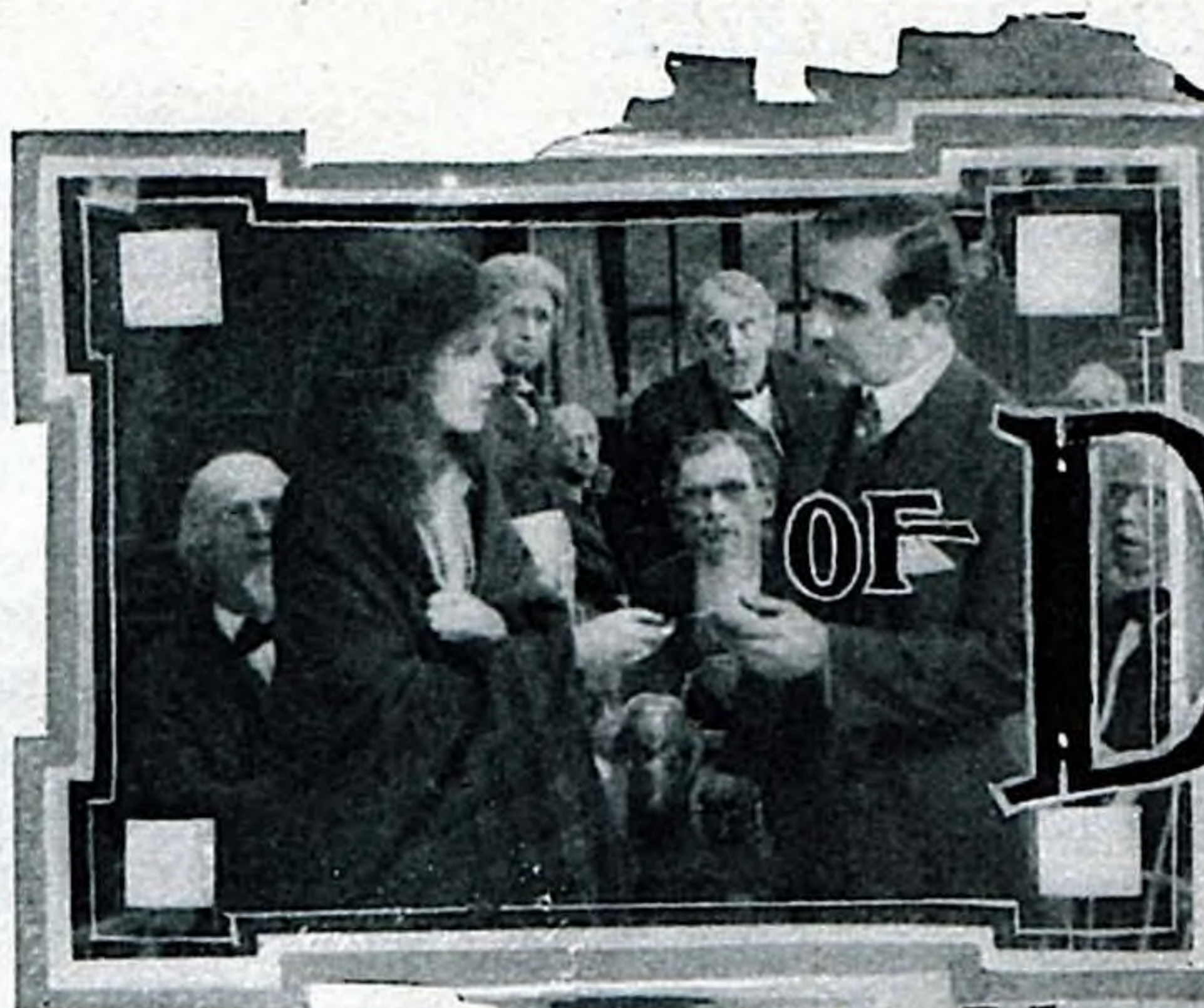
Death is more forgiving than Life! With the erasing of the sinner, it often erases the memory of the sin. Now and always, in his remembering, the father would think of his son as the little, timid toddler with his mother's wide, wondering eyes.

"Margaret," said Frank, slowly, "I must tell you something. Dear, I want you more than I want anything in this world; but I know now that you are right—it would be selfish of me to marry you. If I

could change myself, I'd try to learn another trade, *but I can't change.*"

The girl looked up into her lover's face humbly. And suddenly the meaning of her own womanhood was born in her. Life with Frank would mean hours of torture, early gray in her hair, worry-lines in face and heart; but it would be *life* in all its fullness and deepness. She drew his head down to her.

"I've started in loving you, and I can't change, either," she laughed. But her kiss told him everything she could not put into words.



The House OF DARKNESS (LUBIN)

BY NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from the Photoplay of SHANNON FIFE

JAMES GRESHAM was dead. On all the earth there was no one to mourn him, unless it were tiny Ruth, his granddaughter, shedding weak, little, eight-year-old tears over her doll, and perhaps old Wilks, the butler, who had known his master, good and bad, for fifty years. Many a child left a greater lack behind than he—this silent old hoarder, with his covetous eyes and secretive smile that never parted his lips as tho in fear of letting a secret out or drawing in a breath of human fellowship. For years he had hidden in his dusty, gray home like an old, hoary spider, and for prey. For years, gossip tongues whispered, he had watched the pile of his wealth mount higher by painful, ant-like degrees, until somewhere behind the blank, white face of the house was stored a treasure rich as the fabled Kidd's—gold and jewels, they said, with awed nudges, for the old man would change none of his golden pleasure into dingy bonds or stocks. And now he lay dead in the common democracy of the grave. Not one bright disk of metal should he ever touch lovingly, nor catch, in his dark, narrow home, the warming fire of a single jewel.

"The girl gets it all, whatever it is," yawned Henry Collins. He and his partner—brother John—stooped over the will that named them the legal advisers and trustees of Ruth Gresham until she became of age. "I expect the most of the talk about

Gresham's fortune was old wives' gossip, but we'll have to find out. Did Wilks give you the keys?"

"This morning—yes." John drew them from his pocket. "Funny one, this——" He touched a small, twisted, crooked thing dangling from the ring. "Hang it all, if it doesn't look like the old fellow himself, somehow!"

"The key to his soul—or his strong-box," said his brother, lightly. "There's great talk about secret rooms and chests of wealth, but I wager it boils down to a pretty low figure before we get thru. We'll run up tonight and take a look at things."

"Tonight? Ugh! The old place is gloomy enough in broad daylight," objected John.

"Pooh! You always were afraid of ghosts," laughed the other, affectionately. "And, anyhow, the Bennett case comes up in sessions next week, and we've no time to be digging for buried treasure then."

"Wilks," asked the child, solemnly, "Wilks, is my gran'dad gonied to Heaven?"

The old butler stifled his private doubts on the subject and nodded valiantly. "'Course he is, Miss Ruth," he agreed, "'course he is. He's singing psalms and playing his harp right lively up yonder this blessed minute."

"Gran'dad 'll like Heaven, 'cause the streets 'n' houses is all maded of

gold," said Ruth, with uncanny directness. "How'd he go, Wilks? Thru ve roof? Wist I'd been awake to 've sawn him." With a sudden, eerie veering of mood, she dropped to her knees and clasped her dimple-pricked hands in the devout attitude of an Infant Samuel. "Now pray me, please, Wilks," she directed. "Gran'dad's too dead to hear my prayers tonight."

The brothers felt their way down the graveled walk in silence. The



"NOW PRAY ME, PLEASE, WILKS,"
SHE DIRECTED

rank smell of crushed tansy leaves stained the pure air—or perhaps it was something else. Certainly they no longer walked comradely together as they had come. Life, the Alchemist, has two prime reagents—one is Love; the other, Greed. Either can transform the human soul. In the imaginations of each of these two more-than-brothers flamed the sallow glitter of gold. With what they had seen that night in old James Gresham's secret strong-room, had come Desire, and its twin sister, Hate. They cast sidelong, suspicious glances at one another, which met, wavered, and, finally, met again.

"Well?" said John, with an effort at nonchalance. "Well?"

The other shivered and drew his

hand waveringly over his eyes. "Ugh! think of the old skinflint's spinning such a golden web under our eyes all these years," he said. "The last of his line, except the little girl. You know, they say the Greshams were once pirates and highwaymen, and that old rattle-trap of a house back there has seen more than one queer thing. I'd believe anything after what we saw tonight. Well, the girl'll be rich."

"Yes," agreed his brother, slowly, "the girl *will* be rich——"

The moon shuddered down across faces suddenly distorted with new, cruel lines.

The months dragged by aimlessly in the little village, unconscious of undercurrents of elemental passion. In the grim, gray house on the hill, Ruth prattled over her dolls as joyously as any child, while Wilks pottered drearily around the echoing shell of rooms, refurnishing them with the grandeur of old days and peopling the moth-riddled divans and rat-hunted alcoves with the shades of the long dead. The venturesome boys of the village dared each other to climb the hill at night, while the rooks in the naked elms shrieked hoarsely, like lost souls. Visitors, to rap the corroded knuckles of the front-door knocker, were few—two only, in fact. And, strangely, after that first visit, they came singly, with backward glances of unease. Stealthy footsteps creaked the loose boards of stair and bedroom at odd hours. Shadows, that fled guiltily at a noise, flitted across the bare walls. Now and then a rheumatic lock squealed like a taunting tongue, and the vitals of the house groaned to sly steps. It was inevitable that the sore truth should fester to the surface before long.

"You! I thought so!" sneered Henry Collins, detaching himself from the gloom of the doorway. "And how long, my thief-brother, has this been going on?"

"Brother-thief is better," snarled the other. "I have as much right

here as you. Besides, I was—was only hunting for a paper——”

The two men looked steadily into one another's eyes a moment. Then Henry laughed out, in a sound negative to mirth. “Dont let's pretend,” he said shortly. “We understand each other. We're both after the old man's money. Well, what about it?”

“Hush!” muttered the less courageous criminal, with a slanting look about the mouldy walls, half-revealed by the sooty flare of a single candle. “Dont say such things——”

“Afraid God will hear—or old Gresham?” jibed Henry, bitterly. “If there's anything could bring the dead back, the thought of losing his gold would raise the old miser. Well, are you coming home? I'm not going to leave you here.”

“You dont trust me,” whined John. Suddenly he looked at his brother sidewise, with the effect of peering thru closed eyelids. “And I dont trust you, either, you dirty spy,” he snarled. “Suppose we both come up here to live, then? We can tell people we're settling the estate. Nobody knows how much money there is here, and we can settle it our own way.”

Henry smiled amiably, but in his eyes, had his brother noticed it, was the look of a Cain. “Very well, old man,” he said almost affectionately; “have it your way.”

“Business,” said the brothers, vaguely, to the village curious—“inventories—settlements——”

“Oh, yes,” sympathized the curious—“how unfortunate for you! They say the old place is haunted, you know.”

Behind their backs, heads were shaken ominously. “I dont know what's got into the Collins boys,” they said. “Their law business is a wreck, and they look ten years older in a month. H'm! there's a curse on everything the old miser yonder touched—except Ruth.”

The village was partly right. The house on the hill was haunted—not by evil spirits, but by evil deeds; not by ghosts of men, but by wraiths of

thoughts; not by echoes of voices, but of passions, hate, envy, suspicion, greed. In the hearts of the brothers these emotions smouldered, and the sulky smoke of the hidden fires crept up, strangling all their old, sweet brother-love.

Terrible thoughts become terrible deeds, if dwelt on long enough. One damp, autumn day John, tramping moodily thru the rotten leaves under a sky as leaden as his reflections, heard the sound of a boulder starting up from its hollow on the hillside above him. Before the thought had



HAD COME DESIRE, AND ITS TWIN
SISTER, HATE

formulated in his mind, he leaped aside with the reflex movement of his terror, and the stone, mowing a wide swath of destruction, tore by him down the slope, scorching his very heels. A glance upward revealed no visible cause for its descent, and the man whom death had grazed so nearly went home with murder in his heart, meeting his brother's bland greeting in sullen, inarticulate rage.

It was perhaps a week later when Henry was called from sleep by the crash of his dream about him. He blinked his eyes open upon a room still vibrating to a noise and pungent with the bitter taste of powder. One moment, and the thin trickle of blood

between his clenched fingers brought him, cursing, to leaden, unsure feet. Swaying and blinded by the pain, he crept along the damp hallway to a thread of light below a door, ajar. The desiccated matting complicated his steps; the wall, where in groping he brushed it, was stained sinisterly. In the doorway of his brother's room he paused. Was that crouching figure, terror-shaken, guilt-ridden in every craven line, his brother John, with a revolver in his hand? A quiet came over the wounded man, more evil and threatening than speech.

"In ten years he will be a raving maniac—or sooner," he thought, with satisfaction. "He must stay here—he would not dare carry the gold away if he knows I am alive and watchful. He cannot spend it, nor hide it, nor enjoy it. And then——"

In the morning Wilks, palsied with fright, brought to John a note smeared with bloody finger-prints, which he had found pinned to the gate. Before the lawyer could tear the paper into senseless bits, the butler had read the four words it contained and turned away with chilling veins. So the old house was to know more tragedy, then. For the note had read simply: "Beware. I shall return."

"Poor little Miss Ruth!" groaned the old man, wretchedly. "Lord spare me for her sake till the end o' all this darkness has come."

Perhaps the angels heard and heeded. For the days and months widened to years, and Wilks grew more infirm and feeble, but he did not die. Ruth unfolded to a blossom-girl, all fragile pink-and-whiteness and soft curves and haloed hair. The village youths stared at her wistfully, but kept a distance, awed by the sinister tales of her ancestry and the contradiction of her lovely, innocent face. She was a regal, hot-house rose in a rank garden of leprous growth and rotting fungi, begging mutely for transplanting to a healthier soil. Philip Lane, a young doctor, on a visit to his aunt in the village, found his eyes upon the girl as she drooped

above her hymn-book, on his first Sunday in church; a physician's eye at first, that noted the exquisite moulding of her, the pallor shading off from her cheek to the delicate temples and the timid wistfulness of the young, blue eyes. An aged man was with her who met the stranger's appraising stare resentfully, like a toothless, senile old watch-dog. The next day something more than medical curiosity prompted him to ask the village fathers, gathered for conversational purposes in the village inn, something of the history of the girl. As he spoke her name, a bearded stranger, drinking off a glass of ale at the bar, turned, listening.

"Yep, lives in that rotten, old, gray house on the hill," related the authorities, with relish. "It's a crazy old shack, just holding together like the folks in it, all 'cept th' gal. John Collins lives thar—uster be a lawyer here in th' town, but when ol' man Gresham died, he made him 'n' his brother gardeen o' th' gal, an' th' brother skipped out. Say, you'd orter see th' old fellow! Crazy as a loon! They say he's got a mint o' money hid som'ers——"

"Liars! You're a pack of liars!" shrilled a high voice behind them. A tottering, bowed, shrunken figure stood in the doorway, shaking a shriveled fist above his white head. The face was terrible to see, with its white, seamed glare of greed. He swayed, weak with senile rage. "I've not a cent there—not one—liars—thieves——" Frothing at the mouth, he fell to the floor. Philip knelt at his side, probing skillfully.

"He must be taken home," he said authoritatively. "Where does he live——"

"In the house o' darkness yender," was the awed reply. "That's John Collins, or the corpse o' him."

Very near a corpse, indeed, he was as he lay in the hollow of the four-poster, an hour later.

"I think," said Philip, when, finally, he left the sick-room and descended the stairs to the tattered gorgeousness of the drawing-room,

where Ruth was waiting—"I think that I had better remain within call tonight, if you have a spare corner to put me."

"Is Uncle John worse?" she asked him with grieved young lips. "Will he die like granddad long ago?"

"I hope not," said Philip, looking admiringly into her candid eyes; "but I think—yes, I am *certain*—it would be better for me to stay."

Strange how well acquainted a

has a piano, very old and quavery like Wilks' voice, and boxes of money and things."

"Oh, not *money*," he reasoned gently. "You mean something else, I guess."

"Well, it's all yellow and dusty and hard," she said indifferently. "Uncle John was counting it once and forgot to shut the door at the top of the stairway, so I went down to see, but he got very angry and told



"THEY SAY HE'S GOT A MINT OF MONEY HID SOM'ERS——"

pair of young people can become in a few hours! Ruth, who had never, in her short, lonely life, known a man besides Wilks and old John, regarded the young doctor's well-looking face with the puzzled pleasure of a child shown a new toy. They walked in the garden and talked of sweet, simple things: her flowers; the cat; the birds, and the village life, buzzing below. Only once, and with the naivete of a child, did she touch the fringe of the tragedy that hung like a pall above the ancient roof-tree.

"There's a queer room in the house that no one knows about, except me and Uncle John," she told him. "It

me never to come there again. I don't want to, anyhow. It smells all choky and horrid."

The sick-room brooded in the shadows, silent save for the hoarse rattle in the old, yellow throat on the pillow. A draught of air waved the curtains aside and set the lamp-flame afflicker. The dying man stirred and opened his eyes, groping among the shades for reality. It came like a spectre of Vengeance from among them and stood beside the bed. The lean jaw sagged down, and the spare, white hair bristled with horrid unbelief.



"YOU'VE SAVED ME THE TROUBLE OF
KILLING YOU"

"You!" shrieked, at last, the wretch on his death-bed. "You!"

"Yes, John, I!" laughed out Henry Collins. "Haven't you a better welcome for me after all these years? No? Well, then, listen. I came back to kill you——"

The sick man cowered, gasping on the pillows. "And to take the money that you've saved so carefully for me." Henry's smile deepened. He bent lower. "But you've saved me the trouble of killing you by dying so conveniently, so I'll just take the keys to the strong-box, here under the pillow, and be gone. Good-by!"

As he knelt before the chest and flung back the rotting lid upon the tarnished treasure, he laughed again as Mephistopheles laughs on the stage. "It was clever of me—very—to leave him," he muttered—"only forty-five, and he looks seventy. The devil's been his bedfellow these ten years. And now I may help myself unhindered."

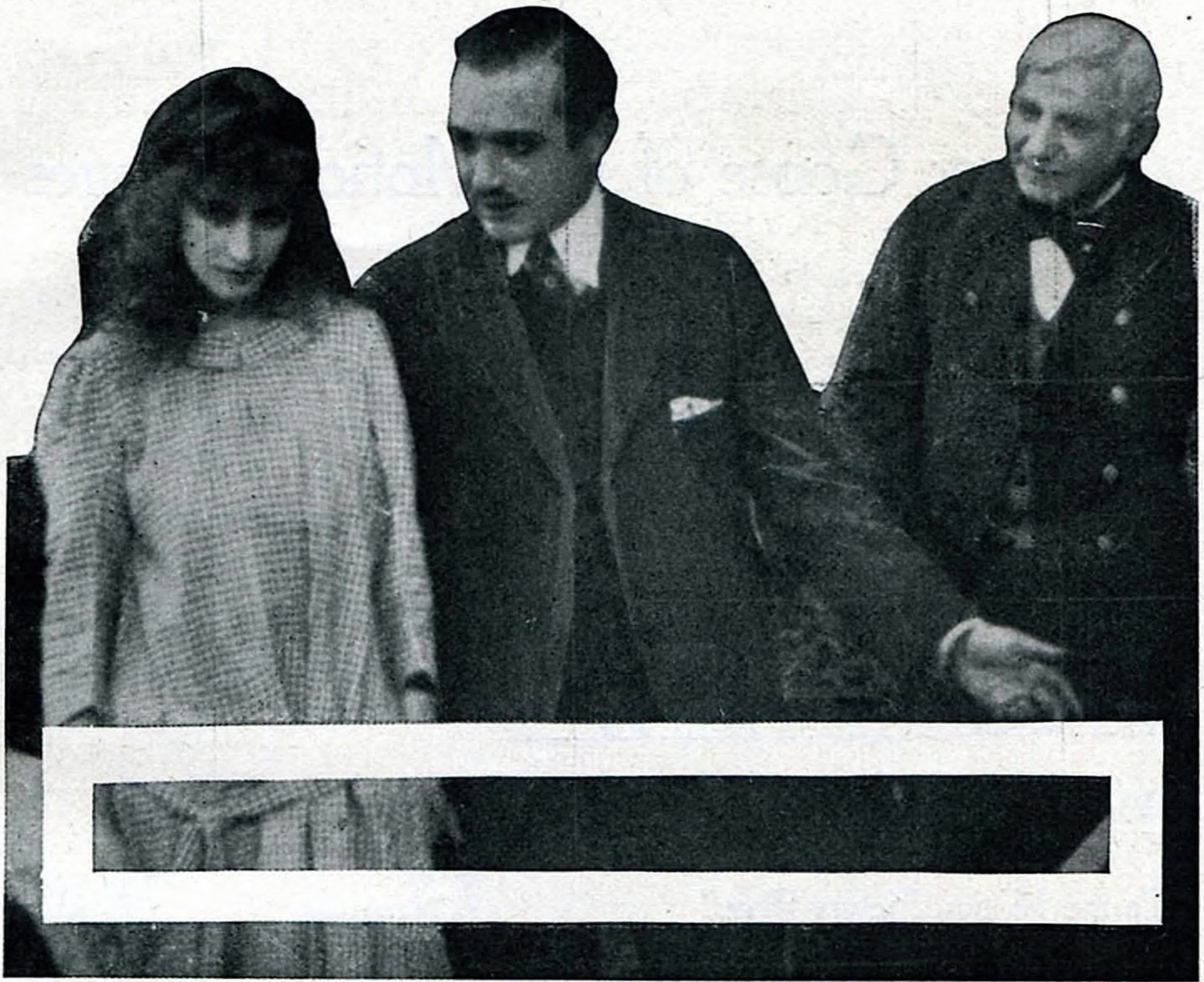
"No!" shrieked John Collins behind him—"No! I'm not so dead as you thought, you see." He rocked with insane mirth, and the lamp he carried fell crashing from his palsied talons and spluttered on the stone spiral of the secret stair. The figure, arisen from its bed, that confronted him was so horrible in its decay and

shroud-like garments that Henry hesitated an instant, and the pause was his death-sentence. The rotted floor beneath his feet fell away, hurling him down steep and slimy walls to a vault far below. As he clawed desperately on the foul stones, vainly seeking an outlet, the horrible face of his brother peered over the edge.

"Dug your own grave," he chuckled, with rasping wheezes for breath. "I fixed the nest for you ten years gone by—trapped! Ha, ha—you're very clever now, aren't you, down there, so snug! Gold? You wanted my gold? Well, here's a little for you. I'll be generous—here—here!" A rain of coins stung the face below. Then came jewels; a merciless, cold fire thru the choking atmosphere. What was the matter, that the wild face above should twist so strangely? Is John, too, dying? The tiny treasure-vault is red as blood—the stairs a mocking spiral of flame from the ruined lamp! Escape is cut off! The miser writhes across his ill-got gold, trying to shield it; then, as the heated metal sears his flesh, ungrateful after all his love for it, he flings himself away and down



IT WAS PHILIP WHO CARRIED RUTH
FROM THE CRUMBLING RUIN



“I HAVEN’T MUCH MONEY, SWEETHEART, BUT——”

into the pit, dragging after him the chest of gold, that buries the two brothers beneath a metal shroud.

It was Philip who carried Ruth from the crumbling ruin of the house and, as the lovely face lay unconscious against his shoulder, dared to touch the full child-lips with his own.

Later, as she came slowly back to life in the shelter of a village home, she opened her eyes upon the tremulous face of old Wilks and the strange look in the eyes of the young doctor bending above her. The butler tried to speak, but could not for the

tremble of his shriveled lips. It was on Philip’s tongue to tell her of the fate of her home, but other words came without his volition.

“Sweetheart—little flower-girl—” He had her in his arms, somehow, and suddenly she was no longer a child.

“Do—you love—me?”

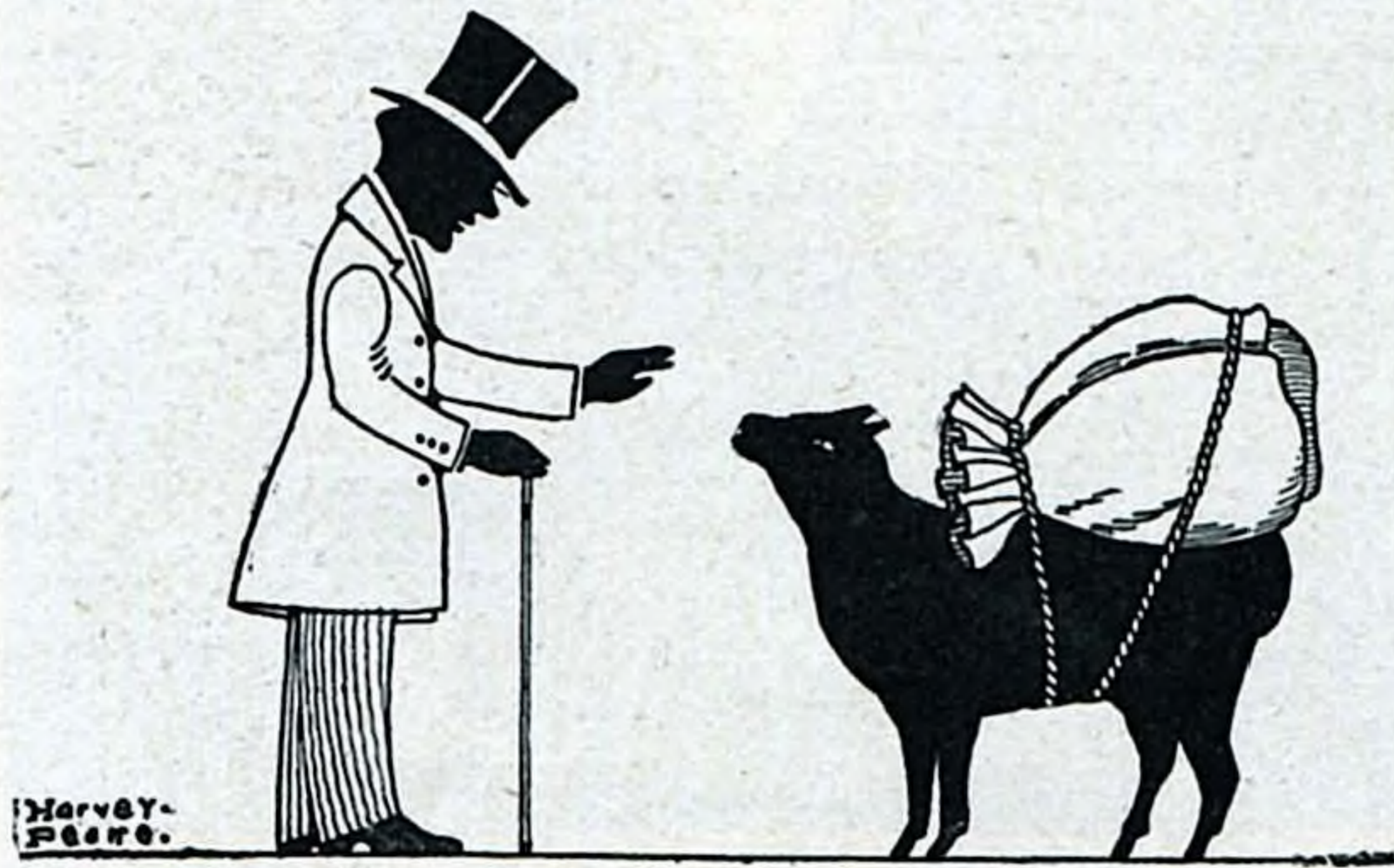
“Always, dear—*always*,” he promised. “I’ll try so hard to make you happy. I haven’t much money, sweetheart, but——”

“Oh, *that’s* all right,” she sighed happily against his shoulder; “I hate money, anyway. It’s so ugly and dusty and cold!”



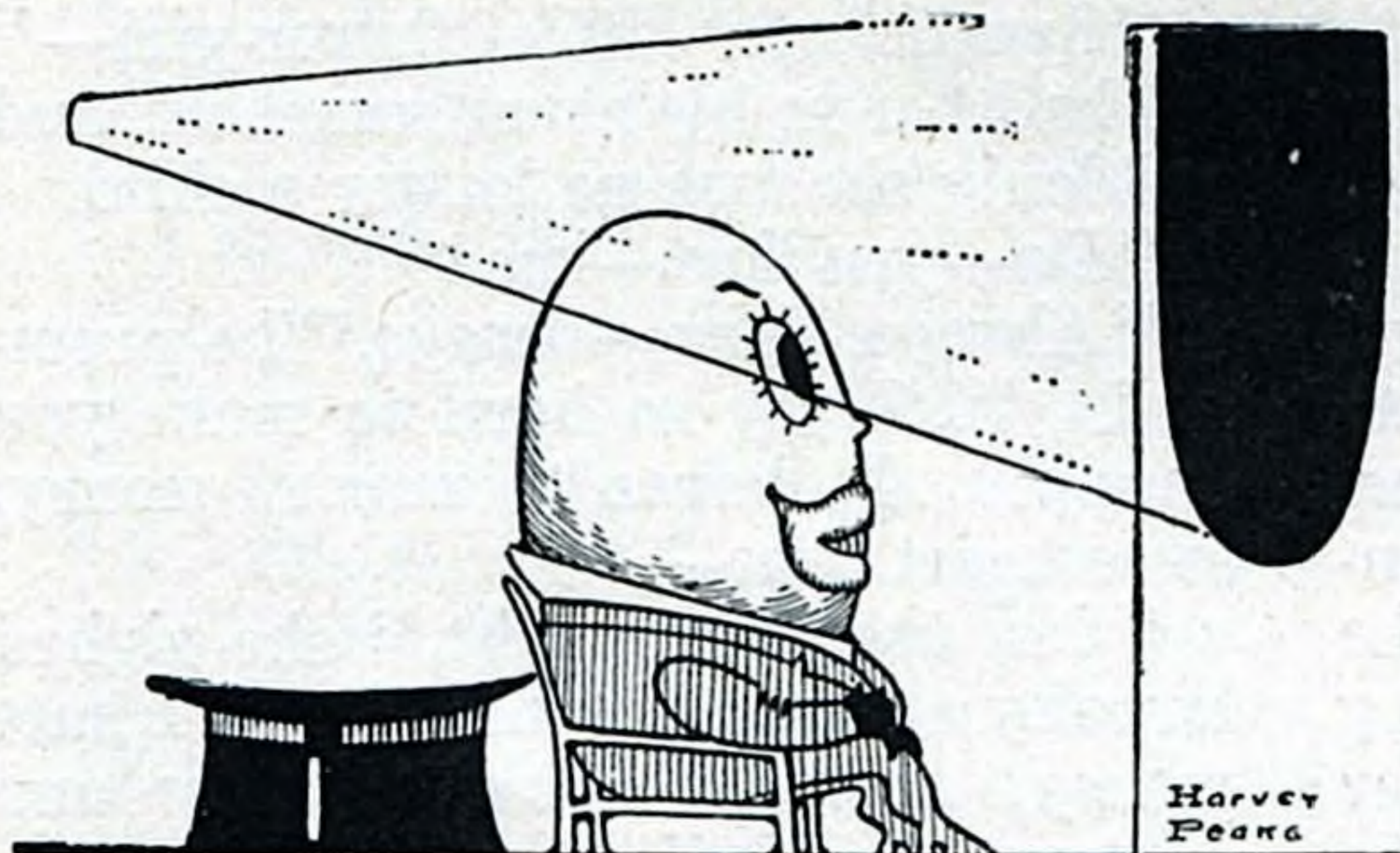
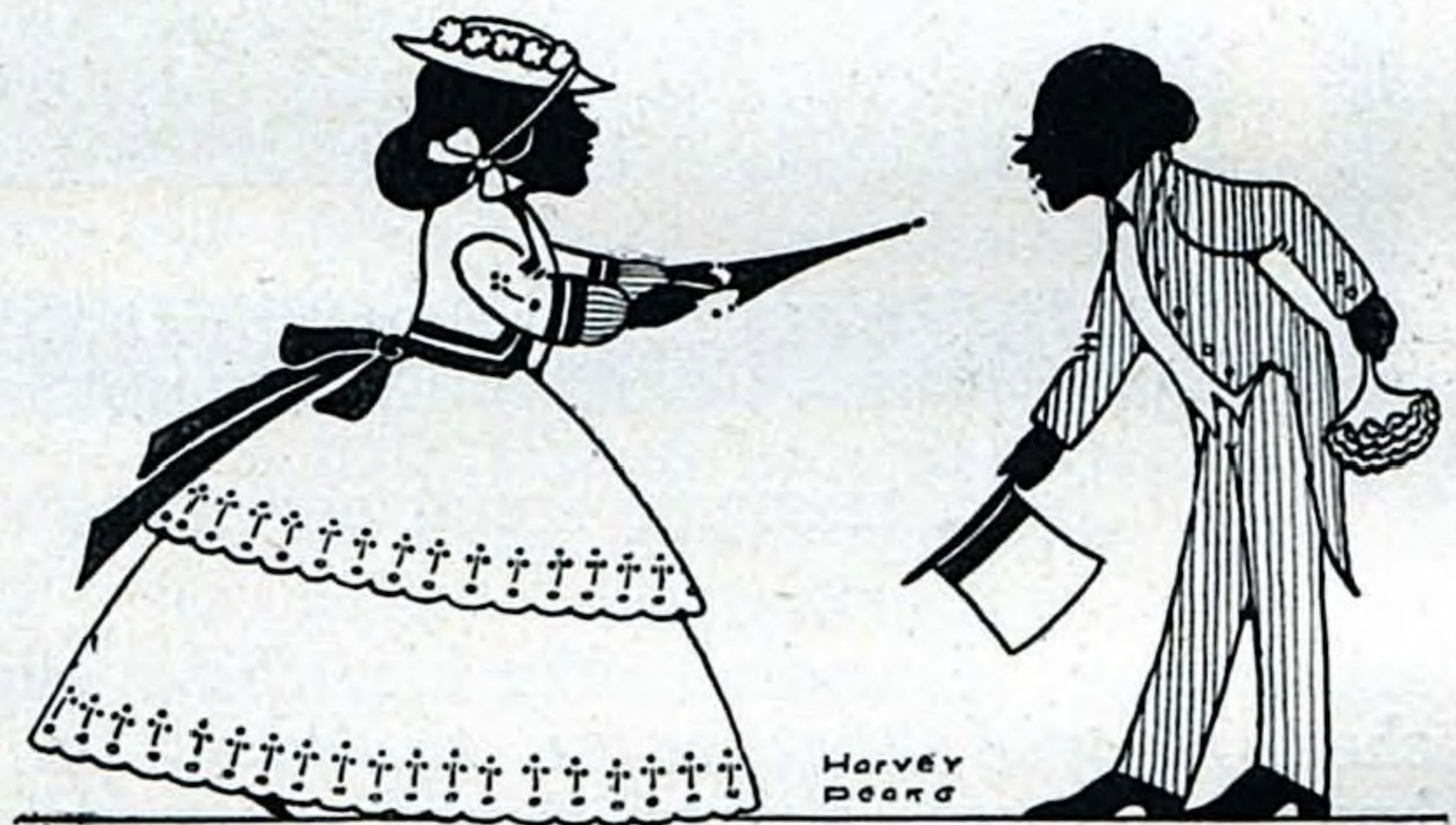
Mother Goose of the Motion Pictures

By HARVEY PEAKE



“Ba, ba, black sheep,
Have you any wool?”
“Yes, sir—yes, sir,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
One for my beau,
And one to change for tickets
To the Motion Picture
Show!”

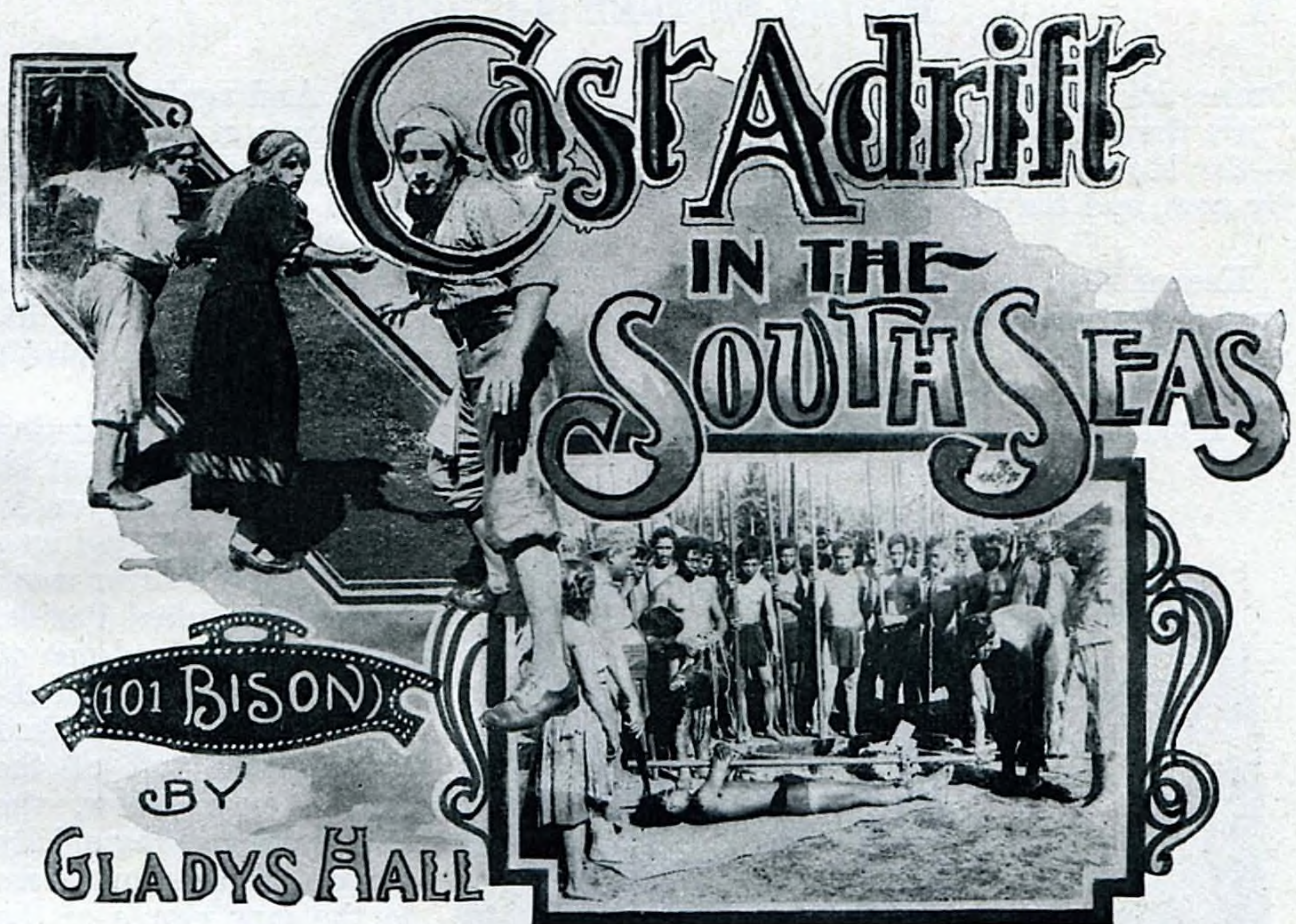
“Where are you going, my
pretty maid?”
“To the Motion Picture Play,”
she said.
“May I go with you, my pretty
maid?”
“If you’ll take me to others, sir,”
she said.



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great
fall;
Now nothing can make him a
smiling face show
But three or four reels at a
Motion Play Show.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
But they both agreed on Picture
Plays
For entertainment clean.





This story was written from the Photoplay of HENRY MACRAE

THE salt air stung the nostrils with its indefinable pungence. A slightly rising, westerly wind stirred and rattled the dilapidated old sign of Ye Red Dog Inn. A bit in the distance, yoho-ing at their work, stood some six or seven of the pirate group. They made a vivid splash of color on the tarnished gold of the day—a gold fast dimming into ugly gray. Drink—the sea—and probably the devil—had moulded them as they were. Open-shirted, brilliantly sashed, capped in pirate fashion, redolent of rum, they were the crew who had sailed many a desperate voyage, pillaged for strange treasure, rioted in human blood, raided the pearl-fishers of the South Seas and sacked the homeward-bound merchantmen, laden with a fortune in silks and spices from the Orient.

Close to the steps of Ye Red Dog stood a knot of three in earnest confabulation. They were the captain of the pirate brig *Eleanor*, the first mate and the captain's daughter. As desperate buccaneers as ever navigated a pirate ship, they had in their bearing a softer aspect—a gentler touch than graced the godless group

laboring with their ship's stores. Maybe it was the girl whose femininity lent to the two rough men that finer touch. Dearly loved daughter of one, eagerly coveted sweetheart of the other, she cast the grace of her womanhood even into the blood-drenched, brine-soaked lives of these two.

"Then I shall go?" The girl raised her flower face and besought her father's scarred, tattooed countenance anxiously. So white was her brow, so delicately coral her cheeks, that Clifford, her lover, inspired by the odd sentimentality that comes to such men as he, called her "Atoll Flower" instead of Marie.

"It'll be a rough v'yage, my little gal," the grizzled captain made reply, "and I'm a'most afraid——"

Clifford laughed. "What, old shipmate, do I hear you say afraid? You well remember how we boarded our staunch brig yonder and scuttled our water-logged schooner?"

"Aye, aye," smiled the captain, "and her lubbery look and honest rig, with the sweet name *Eleanor*, has caught us many a prize."

"I'll take care of Atoll Flower,"

broke in Clifford, with conviction; "it's the thing for her. Let's be off—the boys have their stores stowed by now, and the brig's awaiting us."

Keener than the gleaming or blood-rusted blades of the buccaneer knives, more cruelly cold than the mercilessness of the pirates themselves, are thwarted human passions—jealousy,

turn loved him. And again, in turn, Mansher, second mate of the *Eleanor*, loved her. Presiding, evil-genius-wise, over this tangled skein of loves and hates, sat Betty's mother, nicknamed "The Owl"—perhaps for her cast of countenance—perhaps for the ill-omen reputed to be that bird's significance.

It was the night of the third day out—the dingy-sailed, black-prowed craft, *Eleanor*, was heading S.S.W., and a silver moon bathed the lulled Pacific. At the helm stood one of the pirate group, watching, in hazy, rum-soaked fashion, the luff of the sail. Down below, the crew were trolling a jolly stave. In the bow, close to the lazy ripple of the *Eleanor's* stem, cheek by cheek, sat Clifford and Atoll Flower, dreaming dreams that were not fashioned from a pirate's woof and warp. In the shadow of the deck-house, closely touching also, sat Betty and Mansher, but theirs were the dreams that the pirate ship knew and exulted in—dreams woven and gloated over by "The Owl."

"Do away with that white-faced water-witch—and then I'll marry you," Betty was repeating. In a fitting ray of

moonlight she scanned Mansher's evilly scarred countenance craftily. "Are you loosenin' up on your nerve?" she queried scornfully. "Where is the devil-may-careness of other lassie's sweethearts? What have you ever done for me? When have I ever come in for your share of the spoils? Why should I marry you? Tell me that."

"Precious little of the loot I've laid my fists on," the second mate responded sullenly; "the claw-fingered crew—they get there first——"



"IT'LL BE A ROUGH V'YAGE, MY LITTLE GAL"

ambition and love. On the pirate ship *Eleanor*, bound for the plundering of merchant ships, these three ran rife. Even on the South Seas, on coasts where the refining subtleties of civilization have never laid their intricate touch, loves are born unmasked and fester in the slighted breasts to the breaking point. Cunning greed, parents' ambitions, and scheming for more than gold, abound. Thus it was that while Clifford bore in his heart a clean, loyal love for his Atoll Flower, Betty, daughter of the ship's cook, in

“Yes—and why?” the girl followed up eagerly. “Why are they so greedy? They want it for that girl of theirs—that’s why. If she was out of the way, they’d not care. They’d go halves. I tell you I know they would. And the old dame says so, too.”

The last was a clincher. Aside from his hopeless passion for Betty, Mansher had the seaman’s deep-rooted superstitions. Chief among them was his firm belief in the omniscience of “The Owl”—his dread of her as some sort of evil spirit, despite the fact that she was the mother of Betty. That tender tie did not enter into Mansher’s scheme of things.

“A’right,” he acquiesced, after a brief pause, “I’ll see that it’s done, Betty, and then—may the devil have me if I dont get you——” He laughed harshly, crushed her to his massive chest, and left a kiss on her false lips, that held his heart if it had lost his soul.

Long afterward, Marie knew that she must have fallen asleep and dreamed on after Clifford left her that night. Her dreams were sweet ones—of some lovely, softly tinted, perfume-fanned atoll in the South Seas, sovereigned alone by Clifford and herself, far from the reek of blood and the wild recklessness of pirate bands. Born and bred in such an atmosphere, the heart of the girl had learnt to crave for gentler things. Perhaps love made her wise. At any rate, she was awakened by the gentle splash of water on her hand, and awoke to find herself the sole occupant of a jolly-boat afloat on a sheet of shimmering silver, limitless and apparently unbounded. Followed one of those long stretches of time that seems to the stricken consciousness to have had no beginning and to be without an end. Fright, thirst, hunger, fear, dread of death, and then the far worse dread of life—all these the girl knew. And then, at last, came landfall.

To the girl’s half-glazed eyes but a hazy outline was visible—the curving

beach; the giant palms; the rude native village, huddled, after its fashion, close to the water’s edge; and what appeared to be a confused medley of brown giants, gesticulating and uttering sounds that gave a faint, lulling echo to her ears. As the boat, fast losing its buoyancy, drifted still closer to the shores, Marie roused herself, realizing, with that unfailing instinct of self-preservation, that she was about to be flung on the doubtful mercy of some savage tribe of islanders, and that the sharper her wits were, the safer her skin. She had



THE “ELEANOR”

From the famous painting by Jas. G. Tyler

no idea what island, or group of islands, she had been inadvertently flung upon; but her knowledge of the South Sea islanders in general had taught her that they were inclined to be friendly, easily propitiated, childishly pleased at small favors. However, it was not the pleasing graciousness she was struggling to acquire that proved her salvation. She had not reckoned on the inveterate superstition of the savage—she could not see herself, white-robed, whiter-faced, ethereal, approaching the shores, apparently from out of the Nowhere.

So great was the excitement prevalent on the island, that Marie waded



THE WRECK OF THE "ELEANOR"

to shore unmolested as her boat's keel scraped the shallow bottom, and made her appearance among the half-naked group on the beach. Well that she was a pirate's daughter, born of blood that cannot be quelled, nursed on deeds too dark and fearsome to narrate, else the savage tribe, stripped to their loins, would surely have struck an agony of terror to her heart. To her infinite amazement, her appearance seemed to have the effect of some sudden bolt from heaven. A total silence ensued; then the entire group fell to their knees, uttering an indescribable jargon of sounds and holding forth beseeching hands.

Then, and then only, Marie noted the slim figure of a young savage tied to a tree and writhing in contortions of terror impossible to describe. With the intuitive imagination of her sex, aided by a knowledge of savage proceedings, Marie knew that the boy was about to be done to death, and that she was accorded the distinction of being thought supernatural. Therefore, half-fainting, weary, starved as she was, she made pretext of ordering the lad released; then fell to the ground, a crumpled, beaten, sun-parched little deity.

Long days followed on the unknown isle, kist by the tropical sun and

fanned by breezes heavy with strange perfumes. In lieu of the fright the girl knew she ought to feel toward the giant race, she came to experience an odd, protective pity for them. They were so simple, so childish, so dependent in their brute strength. Marie basked in the sun and lived on breadfruit and cocoanut milk, offered to her in all servility by the women of the tribe. And, thru the long, lazy days, she dreamed of Clifford, knowing surely that he would find her there. No ship laden with rarest silks—no treasure of hidden opium could lure him now. As a pirate loots, as a pirate fights, just in such fashion does a pirate love. Theirs is the love of a strong man's blood, fed on the winds and the tides, nurtured on daring deeds, quickened by desperate adventure and valiant bouts with life and death.

And death drew near to the voyagers on the *Eleanor* even as the stranded girl dreamed of her strong sea-rover.

The pirate brig had captured a trading-schooner loaded with copra, and, on the wings of the trade-wind, was threading her way thru the smilingly treacherous channels of the Southern Archipelago. For days the captain had mourned the inexplicable



THEY WERE STANDING OVER HER AS SHE OPENED HER EYES

disappearance of Marie, and Clifford was well nigh distraught with the mystery. She was missing—dead—the lashings of the jolly-boat lay empty, that was all they knew.

On the dawn of the day of days, a peculiar, fan-shaped cloud appeared on the eastern sky-line and, with a rapid, whirling motion, bore down upon the island home of Marie. The natives stood on the beach in frightened groups, and then, with startled calls, fled far into the brush. No need to tell them of the coming of the death-dealing typhoon of the South Seas.

With all sail spread, straining in every timber to reach the island, the

Eleanor scudded toward the sandy bay. Back of her, whirling in a dance of death, funneled the toiling clouds, with a wall of creaming water whipped along beneath.

The mass of wind and water struck the ill-fated brig within a mile of the island. For a moment she struggled in the unholy grasp of the monstrous seas, then lay back, a sinking, sullen hulk. The bodies of the pirate crew churned and tossed in the tangled rigging, or were swept like litter toward the beach.

One small boat remained, the captain's dory, and a maddened, half-drowned handful rushed for it and lowered it into the yawning gulf. In

an instant the cockle-shell of a boat lay poised above them on a mountainous wave. There was one chance in a thousand for life, and the remnant on the sea-swept deck took it, took it fiercely, swiftly and gladly.

Marie was sleeping just outside her hut. They were standing over her as she opened her startled eyes—her father, her lover and, in the slight distance, Mansher, "The Owl" and Betty. Because her father's pirate

fore Clifford put the fatal bullet thru Mansher's heart, that unfortunate victim of love and superstition fired, wildly amiss. His bullet pierced the heart of Chief Kama's son, and the tribe were turned into hostile cannibals on the instant.

Then followed a running battle fearful to witness—the natives brandishing their long spears, the pirates using muskets and knives with fine indiscrimination. And when Clifford,

Marie and the captain reached the dory at last, they left stretched on the blood-soaked sands the prone bodies of Mansher, "The Owl" and Betty.

In the dory headed for the open sea the weary captain fell asleep, and Clifford and Marie sat together, facing the unknown outcome of the seas.

"What shall it be for us now, Clifford?" the girl was asking. "Must we go on this way—always blood and death and danger?"

The pirate smiled. On one hand lay the wide, uncharted seas, with perhaps a port of Polynesia at the journey's end. They had water, a fair wind and native food to last a few days. On the other hand, a fair, slim girl, with snowy brow and coral cheeks and a wealth of love-light in

her eyes. The pirate smiled again, and beneath the sea-tan and the scars of the sea the smile was passing sweet.

Then, turning to the girl who was as life to him, he softly breathed:

"It shall be a coral reef where the blue Pacific is the bluest, where the air is soft and full of strange, sweet smells, where human blood shall not be spilled and treasure shall rust away; it shall be all these things for us—now—Atoll Flower."



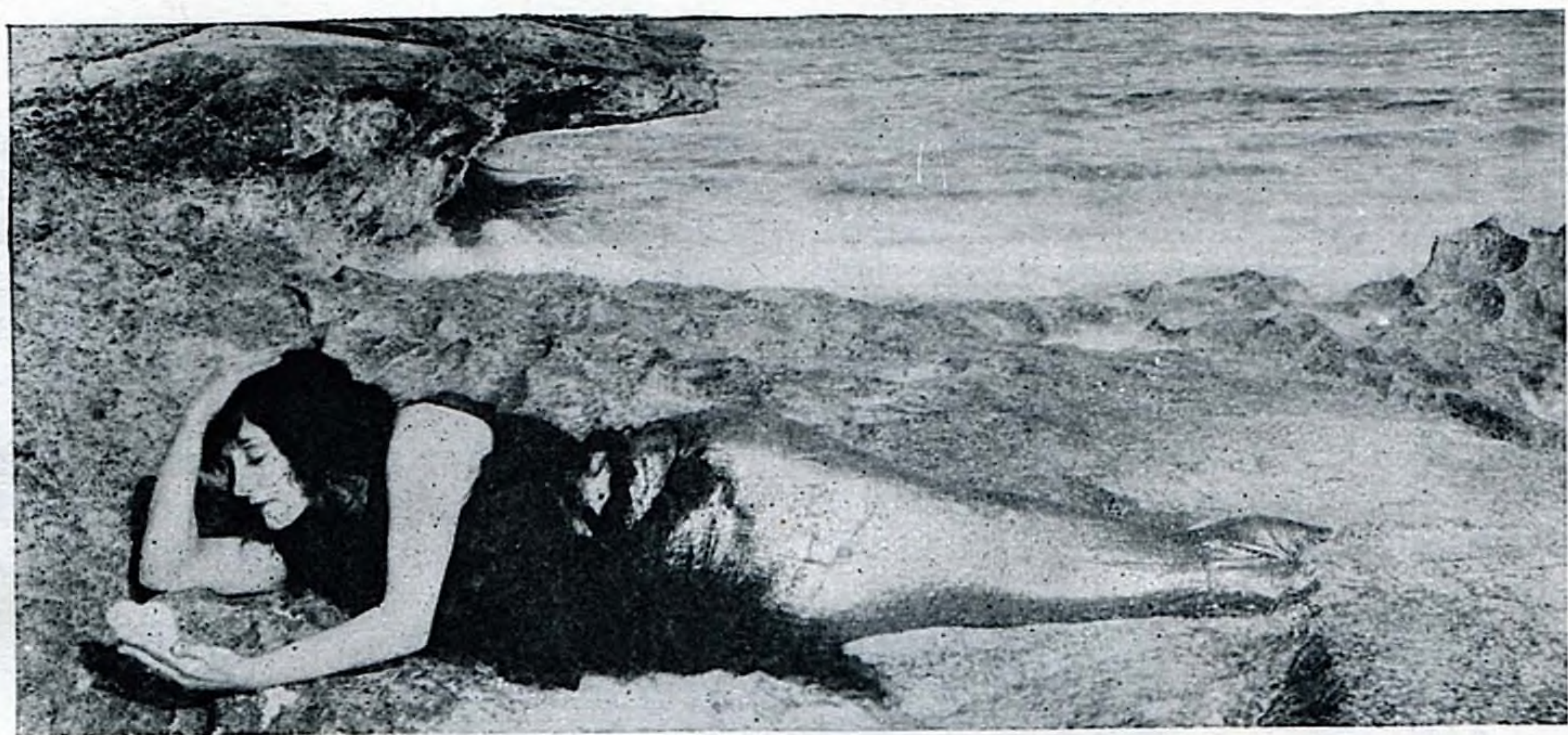
A RUNNING BATTLE FEARFUL TO WITNESS

blood was in her veins, Marie turned on Mansher, whose scarred face was wreathed in a palpably forced smile.

"You did this—you set me adrift!" she challenged, gentle eyes ablaze; "you're fine and loyal to your ship, you are—you—you scum of the sea."

Without a word, Mansher turned and fled for the dory on the beach, followed by Clifford and the lurking natives in close pursuit.

Blood runs hot in the South Seas—friendship is hate in a trice. Just be-



Annette Kellerman as Neptune's Daughter

(Universal)

By WALTER H. BERNARD

FORTY-FOURTH STREET, between Sherry's and the Hippodrome, is a very busy street about eight o'clock in the evening. The clubs empty their silk-hatted members into it, and start them, often unsteadily I fear, on their way to be amused. The Harvard and Yale clubs stand like stern sentinels frowning at each other. The Algonquin welcomes an influx of thirsty mortals, and sends them away again smacking their lips. Taxicabs and cabs rush back and forth, taking and receiving gaily dressed people at Sherry's. In marked contrast, the long, tired line of ticket-buyers crawls slowly to the gallery entrance of the Hippodrome.

In the midst of these surroundings, I entered the Royalton one evening for a quiet smoke in the Brown Club. The rooms were empty and quiet when I went in, but hardly had I lighted my pipe and perched my feet on a near-by chair when the door opened and in walked George Hibbett. "Well, old man," he said, "this is bully; I am glad to find a classmate and some one to talk to, for I'm so lonesome that it seems as if I must confide my troubles to some one. This town is so busy that it has little time to bother with my small affairs, and I confess that I am up against a hard proposition."

I was surprised to hear this from George, as I had understood that he had been doing some dramatic work, and had gained a very creditable reputation as an actor.

"What the deuce is troubling you?" I asked, unable to hide my surprise. "I thought you were starring in one of Belasco's plays, and that all the critics in New York were fairly begging for a few words from you regarding the correct interpretation of Hamlet, or the probable success of an English drama if presented on our coarse and dance-crazy American stage."

"No, this is not true," said George seriously; "I am not yet classed with David Warfield, but I suppose that I have done well. You see I am facing the problem which confronts many actors today. It is the question of how best to maintain the high standards of dramatic art profitably. 'Art for art's sake' is a wonderful thought, but the executed idea does not pay bills. The young actor today must struggle against overwhelming odds to become successful, and must be content with a small income. It is wonderful to conceive the character that one portrays, live the part and transmit it to others in the way that you think it should be transmitted; it is great to feel that you are a part of a

story whose lesson is going to influence the lives of thousands; but the pay for such work is very small indeed, and the competition very keen. The movies have opened a new field for us, however, in which the financial remuneration is much more satisfactory. Somehow, tho, I feel by going into such work one loses the dignity of his profession. In short, I have had

tremendous sacrifice, the hardship the picture actor is obliged to assume? This was impressed upon me when I was in Bermuda this winter. Annette Kellerman was down there heading a large company producing 'Neptune's Daughter.'

"I dont know much about the plot of the play, but it seems that a small child, who is the principal character,



ANNETTE KELLERMAN

an offer from a big Moving Picture company at a large salary, and I do not know whether to take it or not. What do you think about it?"

I was interested at once. "Suppose you consider," I answered, "that I know nothing about art except what I learnt from Pop Poland in college, and suppose I answer by suggesting another version of the question, which may not have occurred to you. Do you realize the danger connected with picture work? Do you realize the

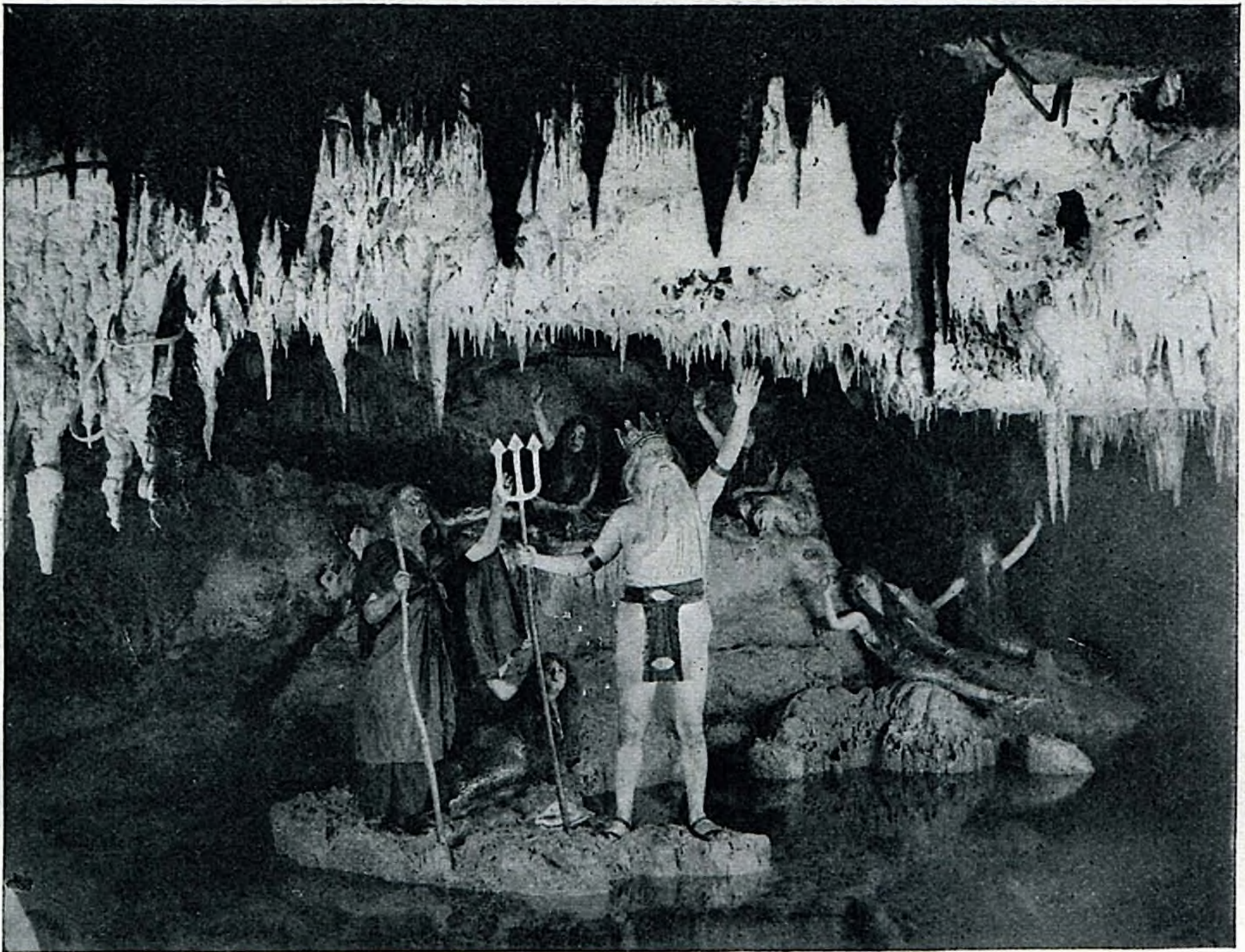
dies and is born again as a mermaid and daughter of Neptune, and thereafter lives under the sea. It seems that while at play she encounters a mortal who kills her. When her father learns of her death, he swears eternal revenge, and bids his other daughters seek the murderer and avenge their sister's death. After a long search, Annette Kellerman, who takes the part of one of the daughters, meets the mortal, fights with him and kills him. The scenes representing

this part of the story were produced in Bermuda. You can imagine the wonderful possibilities for such work there. There are innumerable tiny lakes, caves, heavy foliage, and even the ocean, which can be used to make the pictures realistic.

"Now, the actors did not care to have people watch them at work, so they would get an early start from the hotel in the morning, and drive

free from the clouds, and the air is soft and balmy.

"When we reached the island, we found the company assembled, ready for the scene. Annette Kellerman, who seemed to be very nervous, was pacing up and down the beach, with her arms folded. Her husband, the photographer; Brenon, the manager; Hooper, his assistant, and others in the company were hustling about. All



NEPTUNE SWEARS ETERNAL REVENGE

away into the country before any of us were up. It became a game of hide-and-seek, in which we were usually beaten.

"I remember one day, however, when it was rumored that the most important picture of the plot, the scene where Miss Kellerman kills the mortal (Brenon), was to be taken the next morning on the island where there is an aquarium. We took the hint, and the next morning we sailed from the Princess dock bright and early, headed for the island. It was a typical Bermuda day, when the sun is not quite

attention was fixed on a tank which had been built on the beach. It was square, and open at the top. I should think that its dimensions were about sixteen feet. It looked like a great cube, three upright sides of which were built of cement: one side rested on the ground, one open to the air, and the one facing us, made of glass. This glass was ground so that it was possible to take pictures thru it without blurring the film. It was about an inch and a quarter thick. A covered, canvas passageway was built up to the glass side of the tank, so that

the photographer could take a picture of the action within the tank by placing his camera at the further end of the passageway, and yet exclude all the surroundings. The walls of the passage were covered with blankets, to exclude the light, so that the interior of the tank was the only part of the place that was lighted.

"Every one was rushing about getting rocks, moss and weeds to place in the tank to make a background for the scene, and to make it look like the bottom of the ocean. They carried

to break the glass. He was told, but not convinced I fear, that all was well, and that it was perfectly safe. However, to prepare for misfortune, Hooper and Sullivan bound their arms and hands in bagging and took up their positions on each side of the camera, within the camera passageway. They did this so that if the tank should break they could help Brenon and Miss Kellerman to get out. Should the tank break, however, there was little chance of their ever getting out alive, for their bodies



SCENE FROM "NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER"

from the aquarium a large turtle, fish of all kinds and colors, and dumped them into eighteen tons of water within the tank. The fish swam around among the rocks, and, as one looked thru the glass, the scene represented exactly what one would expect to see beneath the sea. Brenon was everywhere, suggesting, instructing and posing.

"When he had finally finished and was ready for the picture, he called to Miss Kellerman and told her that he thought there was a chance of the glass breaking, and suggested that it be tested. He feared that the displacement of two bodies would cause enough additional pressure, you see,

would be driven by eighteen tons of water thru a hole of jagged glass.

"At last, the photographer took up his position with Sullivan and Hooper within the passage, and the canvas was nailed down behind them to keep out the light. Brenon and Miss Kellerman, in their costumes—which, by the way, were very scanty, exposing much of their naked bodies—prepared to climb the ladder and get into the tank."

"Do you mean to say," cried George, "that those two people, knowing that the tank would probably break, and that they would be cut to death, dared deliberately to climb in there?"

"Certainly," I replied; "it was part of the work, and they never even complained, altho it was evident that Miss Kellerman was exceedingly nervous.

"We just held our breath as they slowly slid into the water. Nothing happened. They grew bolder, rehearsed the scene, and six pictures were taken of it. We could hear the buzzing of the camera as the crank was turned. When they came out for air, after the sixth picture, it was suggested that they go thru the scene

taken by Sullivan and Hooper were useless. Everything, including actors, photographers, assistants and scenery, had been wiped away completely as if by magic. The whole catastrophe was so sudden that for the moment we were stunned. Scattered in the path of the emptying tank was a confused mass of debris, including fish, 'unggling' turtle, rocks, seaweed, all hurled in every direction. Our hearts jumped into our mouths as we thought of the probable fate of poor Miss Kellerman and Brenon. They too had



THE MERMAIDS IN "NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER"

once more so that they might keep a picture for themselves, since it would be one of the greatest pictures ever produced. We saw them take a deep breath and once more go under water. Hardly had they disappeared when there was a 'Boom!' like the echo of a firing cannon, and immediately the canvas passage was swept away, and tons of water rushed out thru the smashing glass. It carried with it the bodies of Miss Kellerman and Brenon, fish, rocks, the turtle and everything else that the tank contained, and swept the photographer, Hooper and Sullivan off their feet and mixed them up with the rest. The precautions

been shot by the force of the flood twenty feet away. Surely they had no chance. They must be killed. Their bodies lay perfectly motionless among the wreckage. We rushed over to them as soon as we came to our senses. They were shockingly cut and bleeding, and we thought them surely dead. Much to our relief, we found them still alive. Thank heaven, Miss Kellerman's injuries were not dangerously serious, altho she was badly cut on the right leg and foot. Poor Brenon was a sight. His left arm was slashed from shoulder to wrist, and he was cut all over his face and neck. It seemed that he must bleed to death.

"Daniel B. Fearing, of New York, however, was the man on the job. He had heard the noise and came out in a launch to the island, carrying in his hand a bottle of brandy. He gave some to Brenon, and in a little while the poor fellow began to regain consciousness. He was delirious, and

side. George arose and went to the door. He returned with a paper. We looked at the front page of it together. Big headlines announced some new facts about the Mexican situation. Further down the page I read this headline: "Moving Picture Actor Leaves Fortune—Estate Esti-



LEAH BAIRD

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE INTERIORS IN "NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER"

began giving orders to proceed with the picture. It was all we could do to quiet him. An inspection of his wounds showed that no arteries had been cut, so by binding a cord about his shoulder the flow of blood was stopped."

My story was interrupted by shouts of "Extra! Extra!" coming from out-

mated at One Hundred Thousand Dollars Left by the Late——" I looked up; George was reading it, too.

He smiled. "Say," he said, "were those pictures spoiled?"

"No," I answered; "the photographer had presence of mind enough to hold the camera out of danger when the water came."

Realization

By L. M. THORNTON

I'd like to sail the broad canals
Of Venice by the sea;
I'd like to scale the crumbling walls
Of China's dynasty.
I'd like to take a trip to Mars,
If I by rail could go;
I'd like to sit all evening at
A Motion Picture show.

I'd like to look into the depths
Of old Vesuvius' maw;
I'd like to stand on Sinai's height,
Where Moses gave the Law.
I'd like to cross Sahara's sands,
But that's too far to go;
So one fond wish I'll realize,
And that's the picture show.

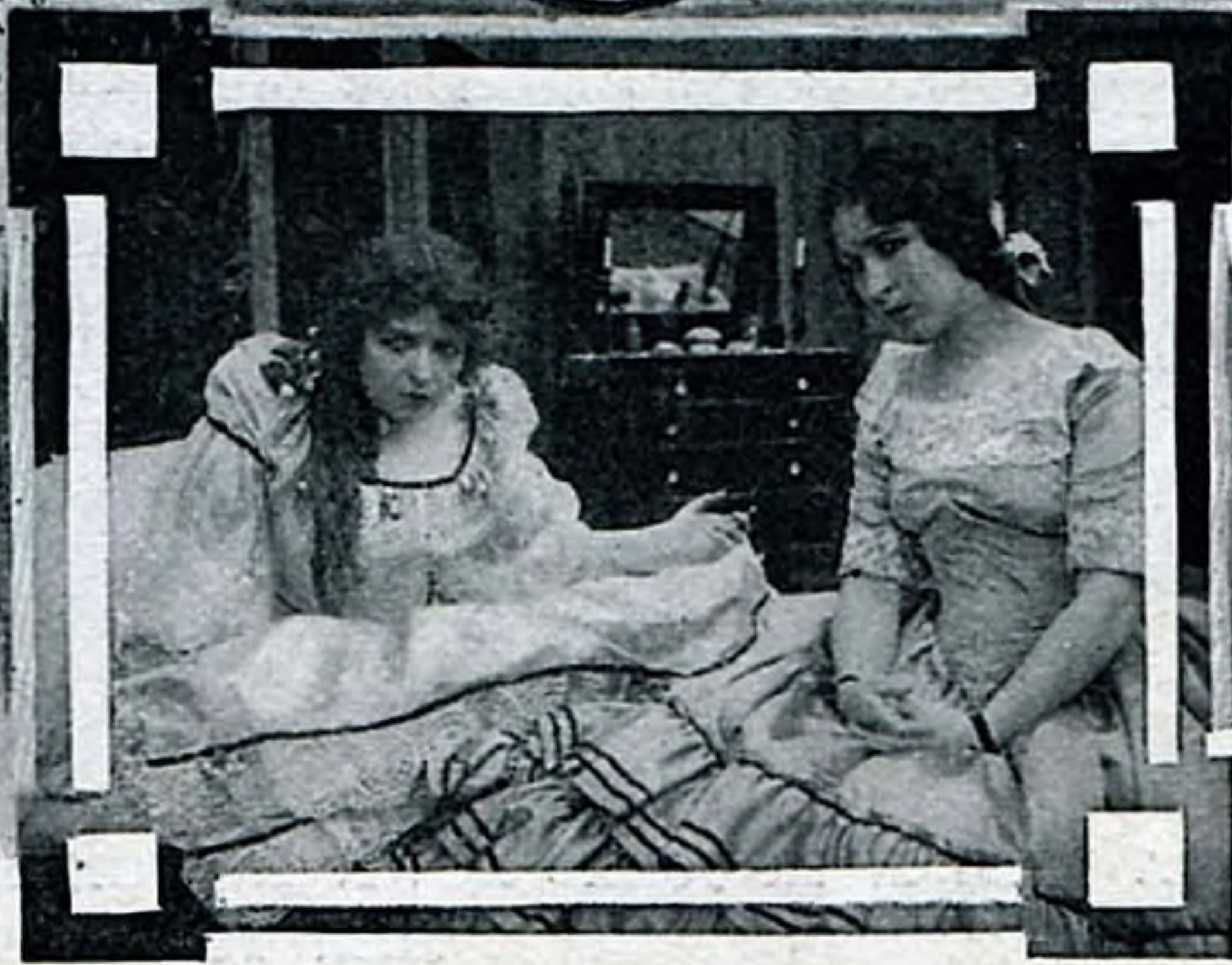


(VITAGRAPH)

BY

DOROTHY DONNELL

Captain ALVAREZ



This story was written from the Photoplay of H. S. SHELDON

THE lazy afternoon drowsed on the low, flat roofs and squat towers of the town. The leprous white of the house-fronts, peering thru black holes of windows like a blind man's stare, made young Wainwright's eyes ache. Everything seemed out of focus, somehow, to a vision that had hitherto been accustomed to the sturdy honesty of Manhattan skyscrapers. This dull, blank, breathless Argentine town was full of sinister silences, and the air taut with an unseen crisis. His soul, too, was out of focus.

"Hang it all!" he reflected, jamming his clenched fists into his trousers pockets and looking discontentedly out into the hard glare thru the window-shutters. "Why, this is a civilization of savages, and the queer thing is that they have the manners and graces of gentlemen. Old tyrant Rosas, now—Spanish-Indian-mulatto—orders his citizens shot down in the street as suavely as he would guzzle a cocktail. That cut-throat, Lirzo, who'd gladly strangle me in the dark—and will yet if he gets

a chance, I wager—begs my pardon for entering a door ahead of me! The outrage this morning was some of his work, I suspect——"

The straight, Anglo-Saxon brows met fiercely at the recollection. A woman knocked down in the broad daylight in the market-place by a squad of Federal soldiers, and not a man to protest! His jaw tightened. If it weren't for one thing, he would beat it back to white people. Business be hanged! But Bonita——

He felt the rustle of her presence behind him now and turned with the ardor of an unconfessed lover. She was the niece of Don Arana, minister to Rosas, and his host, and the young American, in the presence of her slender, wistful-browed beauty, felt poignantly what none of the laughing, lively New York girls had ever made him feel—that she was a woman and made for loving.

"What are you doing here, señorita?" he asked banteringly. "Isn't this the hour of *siesta*—I don't believe I ever saw you in broad daylight before."



A WOMAN KNOCKED DOWN IN THE MARKET-PLACE AND NOT A MAN TO PROTEST

The girl made a languid gesture that spoke many things. In her eyes slumbered a fire—but it slumbered. She was a wire waiting an electric spark to burn into hot life. The tones of her voice were low with vibrant undertones; her skin pale, warm, fragrant. His imagination knew the feel of it, but he had never touched her—yet. Between them was the remembrance of nothing—the possibilities of much.

“I could not sleep.” She phrased the words in careful English, quaintly blurred. “I have very much grief in my mind—my people”—another gesture—“out there, they die for *libertad*—if I were a man——” The hidden flame flared suddenly, then sank hopelessly.

“I am very glad you are not,” he thought. “Yes, señorita,” he asked lightly, “what would you do?”

“Fight!” she cried, the taut strings of her voice a-quiver. “I would fight until the wicked tyrant were without harm; until the peons were free as well as the well-born. I would bleed—die—gladly——”

“Hush!” he said. “It is not safe

to speak of such things. The walls are listening. What would your uncle say?”

“Oh, my uncle!” She smiled secretly and veiled her eyes. “*Si, si*, of course, my uncle. And you, señor—you, also?”

He leaned swiftly toward her.

“What if I were to join General Urguiza and his revolutionists, Bonita? Would you—be glad?”

Their eyes met. Again his imagination bodied the smooth, cool red of her lips to his, but he did not kiss her, nor move. Only his soul swayed toward her. She was a being of fire, to be won by fire.

“Would you,” he begged hoarsely—“would you, Bonita?”

“Yes.”

“And Lirzo?”

“Oh, him——”

Wainwright flung caution and reason aside, as from the beginning of the world Adams have surrendered to Eves. “I will go!” he cried. “Tonight Miguel, the messenger, shall take my pledge of service to the revolutionists’ camp.

“And Mephisto shall go with you,”



CAPTAIN ALVAREZ ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS

she whispered eagerly. "It will then be a little as tho I, too, were fighting; for only you and I of all the world can ride him."

In Latin America the walls *do* listen. Else how did it come that in the darkness of that very night the pocket of Miguel was robbed, as he rode thru the sentient, wily darkness, and the morrow's sunrise looked down upon a twisted, black-tongued face upturned to the brazen sky from a clump of palmetto shrub?

Wainwright, lingering over his adieus at the home of Don Arana, was surprised by the appearance of Lirzo, handsome and evil; Gonzalo, chief of Federal police, and an escort of soldiery.

"I mus' beg great excuse," bowed Lirzo, his white teeth agleam with malice between the curling wings of his moustache, "but Señor Wainwright can doubtless explain—no?"

He was holding out, as he spoke, a folded paper, which Wainwright recognized with a start of horror. His message to Uргуiza! He set his jaws and faced the music like a man. In his thoughts, grimly humorous, he was laughing at himself—"Escaped Yale football, New York traffic—and

now to get shot by a bunch of comic-opera niggers!"

"Ah, ah! Zen I regret, bot we mus' arres' the señor——" Lirzo's small eyes shifted to the face of the girl, white against the dark of her uncle's coat. "Pardon, señorita——"

Wainwright stepped forward angrily. He would make a fight for life, at least.

"You'll have to answer to my country if you harm one of her citizens," he warned.

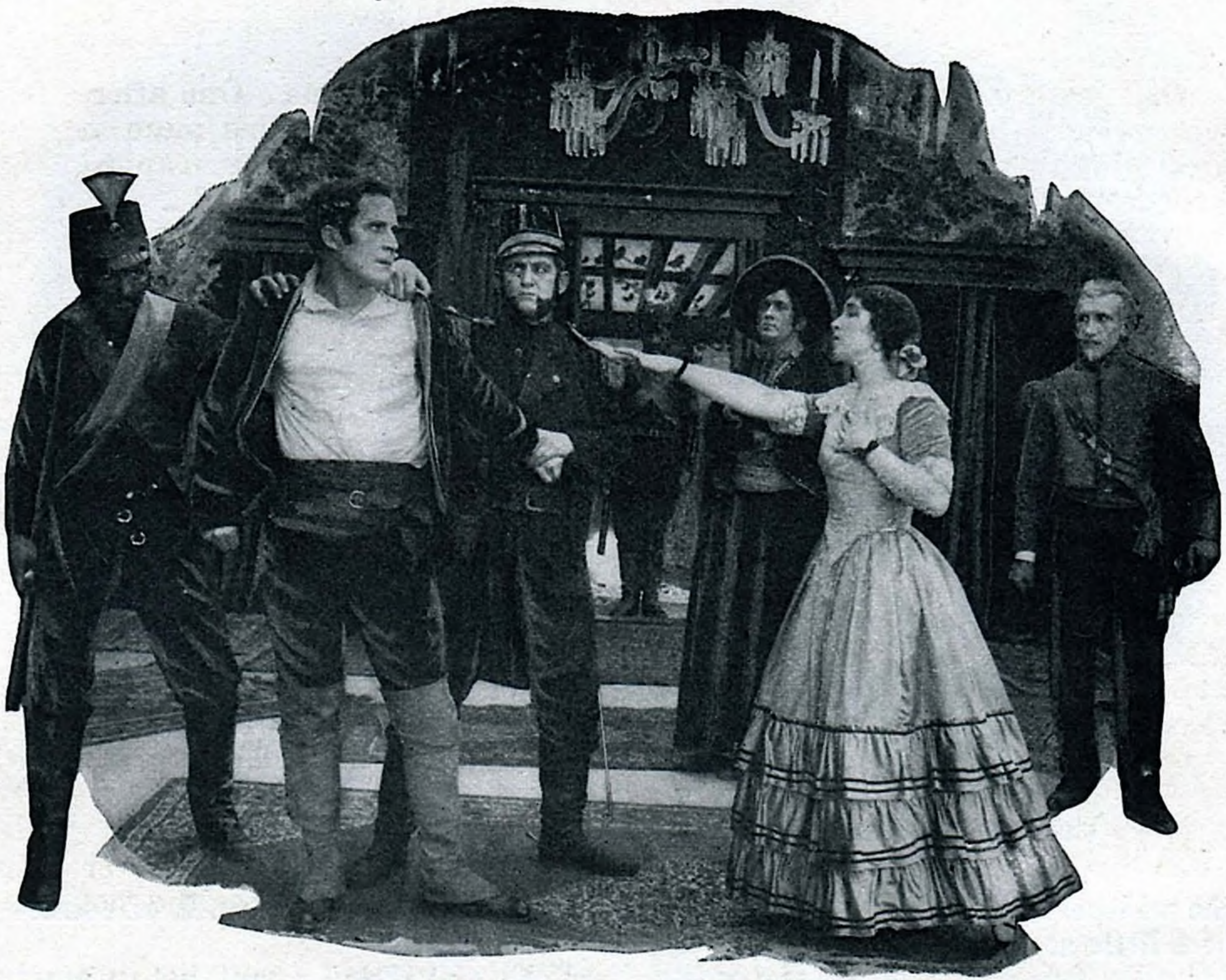
Lirzo shrugged his shoulders and flashed his white, evil smile. "Keel? But no!" he drawled. "On'y Señor Wainwright cannot stay longer here—he mus' depart on the fruiter that sail tonight."

Again his eyes sought the girl, like a snarl of triumph. He gloated on her, with panting breath and cruel lips curled. Wainwright's heart was filled with primitive, male rage, but they were ten to his one. He could help her more *now* by going.

"Good-night, then, Señor Don Arana and Señorita Bonita," he said slowly. "I shall not say good-by."

The feet of the soldiery echoed on the bare, stone stairs without. Lirzo turned to the girl.

"He goes meek as a lamb, the



“NO, NO! I CANNOT LET YOU GO!”

gringo,” he sneered. “It is good that this *loyal* house fall not under the suspicion of our beloved President.”

Treacherous things have a hateful beauty of their own—tigers, swamps, serpents, the flame-and-orange fungi that smear the border of the bog. Lirzo, lithe, shapely, dark, was handsome. He was the type to whom an innocent, lovely girl is a challenge. Bonita was innocent and lovely. And now there was no big, blond, burly brute of a gringo to stand in his way. Well content, Lirzo bowed.

“Our Lady give thee sweet rest, *cara*,” he said—the last word in a whisper—and was gone. Don Arana shook his head distressfully.

“I am sorry,” he said in Spanish to the girl. “Rosas is trying men’s souls very recklessly. It might be that the revolutionists —”

She checked the words with a hasty kiss and went up the winding stairs to her chamber. She felt certain that it was not good-by. The moon sketched the acacia tree without the casement in sharp, black

shadows on the floor. She knelt in the window and looked away into the light that is woven of dreams. The water of the bay flashed on the white sand at the end of the crooked, narrow street—there the sunfish lay in fringed slumber, waiting the dawn to bring out their rainbow hues. There a ship lay at anchor—and America was far away— Would she ever see the blue-eyed gringo again? In the white moonlight she smiled softly. The moments dreamed by into hours. Then a darker shadow detached itself from the shelter of the house-wall. Bonita pushed aside the casement.

“Señor!” she whispered. “But how——”

“It was easy,” answered the Shadow. “My secretary was on board. He sails as Wainwright; while I swam ashore to fight for liberty, Bonita—and for you.”

“Hush!” she answered hurriedly. “You must join Uiguiza at once. Mephisto is yonder. Take him and ride. Not now, señor—some other time, perhaps——”

"I shall return," promised the Shadow, solemnly. The moonlight quivered with things unsaid. There were shadows of words, wraiths of kisses, dreams of caresses about them, but she thrust them by. The east was hazy with awakening day. She bent toward him.

"I name you Alvarez—Captain Alvarez," she said. "Your own name would be fatal. I shall harken to hear them speak of you. And now go, my captain; it is dawn-time—and farewell."

"Till I come again," said the Shadow, and was gone. The girl rested her rounded chin in the cup of her hands, looking away. He was not like the other men of her land. Lirzo was well-looking; but this one—he had eyes the blue of the sky, and white, girl's skin.

It was weeks before he kept his promise—weeks in which the fame of Alvarez, captain of the revolutionists, came to be found often on men's tongues. The Federal troops fell back aghast from his onslaughts, and Rosas was reported trembling in his barrack-like palace on the hill. At the head of his ragged troops, a Napoleon of scarecrows, the unknown Captain Alvarez committed brilliant errors of war—technique which effectively embarrassed and puzzled the

army trained to routine. One afternoon Don Arana called his niece to him. His grave face was mapped with fear.

"My child," he said slowly, "Alvarez comes here tonight."

"Here!" She clasped her hands. "Then you are going over to the cause of liberty. The Virgin has heard my prayer."

"A million pesos are in my keeping," the minister said doubtfully. "I am to send them to Rosas' troops tonight. Alvarez comes to suggest the *best road for the messengers*—"

Her eyes shone.

"But it may be dangerous for you here; you had better go to the convent for tonight."

"No, no," said Bonita; "I remain, my uncle."

The bronzed captain bowed over the white hand, but his lips did not touch it.

"Not yet," he said aloud, smiling at her; "when liberty comes to her own—and that will be very soon—then I may speak to you, señorita, of other things than war."

"When you speak, then, señor, I shall listen," she said, very low.

Don Arana received the captain gravely.

"Will you sit?" he asked. "Now,



ROSAS PLANS TO CAPTURE ALVAREZ DEAD OR ALIVE

here is my map. The line I have traced runs north from Mazo——”

“Again I am desolate to inter-rup’.”

The men at the table whirled, and Don Arana, with a dexterous movement, sent the outspread map into the fire on the hearth. Gonzalo, the tool, and Lirzo, his master in spying, stood in the doorway. Lirzo let his glance glide about the room. It fell blighting on the girl shrinking into the shadows. The cruel smile straight-

The door slammed open.

“The gringo spy has escaped!” shouted Gonzalo.

“One thousand curses on you!” snarled his master. “How—when—”

“It was the horse he rode,” gasped the miserable chief of police, cringing back—“that devil of a brute, Mephisto. Like that, the Americano got his legs aroun’ the horse and rode straight for the fearful chasm of Mazo. It was death, but, por Dios! he headed the horse for the foot-bridge,



“HE SKIMMED ACROSS THE YAWNING CHASM AND ESCAPED US”

ened to a snarl. He pointed to Wainwright.

“Take the gringo spy away. Be sure of him this time.”

“No, no!” Bonita moaned, “I cannot let you go!” The outer door clanged hollowly across her words. Lirzo came to her greedily.

“You weep for the cursed gringo?” he scowled. “He shall very surely die tomorrow—unless——”

“Si, si?” she queried breathlessly.

“Unless you promise to marry me.”

The fire flickered out in her eyes, leaving embers. Yet she hardly hesitated. “Save him,” she said tonelessly—“I will marry you.”

and while, frozen with amazement, we held our fire, he skimmed across the yawning chasm and escaped us. He has the fear not at all, this *fuerte* Alvarez.”

Bonita clasped her hands, with a great shudder. Safe—and she was free of her hateful pledge! With a wild gesture, she pointed to the door, yawning into the night. “Go!” she cried. “And never return hither!”

Lirzo obeyed. But in the doorway he turned to her a face of Threat incarnate.

“He and I shall meet again,” he said. “And I and you, also, my fire-cat. *Adios!*”

"Bonita!" Her uncle was at her side, holding an opened note. She saw his fingers shake about the paper. "Rosas bids me meet him in the fortress, ready to fly the country with him in event of Federal defeat tomorrow. I go." He paused—listening; then, with resolute calmness, bent to her forehead.

"Good-night, my child," he said; "sleep well."

Bonita watched his tall form disap-

glare stood the blue-eyed gringo, with Mercedes in his arms. At the sound of her gasp the pair turned. Wainwright was the first to find speech.

"You dont understand——"

She looked at him wearily, as tho from a very great distance. There was no fury in her, only a tiredness.

"I do understand, señor," she said quietly; "and now will you please to go?"

He started again to speak, looked at



ALVAREZ AND MERCEDES CONCEAL THE BODY OF LIRZO

pear; then, with a long breath, turned. "Come, Mercedes," she said to her terrified maid, "we will retire."

Three hours later, thru her dreams, she heard sounds below. Slipping a silken wrap about her, she stole to the head of the stairs. Perhaps her uncle had returned. She listened. The sounds came again—voices——

"If I hadn't overheard Lirzo's plans, she would have been gone by now to one of the holes of that wily fox," Alvarez was saying. "You've been a brick to help me, little girl——"

Down the stairs swept Bonita and to the lighted doorway. In the candle-

her and bowed. The door closed behind him. Ensued, between the two women, a silence, broken by the sudden spit and snarl of rifle-bullets outside.

"Oh, he will be killed!" wailed Mercedes. She ran to the frozen girl, shaking her violently. "Señorita, you mistake. It was only out of gratitude he kiss me—that gringo! He had jus' kill Lirzo, who come to steal you, an' I hear the noise, come down an' help him wrap up the body so the bandits would think it you. An' now hark! They have foun' him again! Thees time they kill!"



THE WAR OVER, ALVAREZ'S THOUGHTS TURN TO BONITA

The last battle was finished. Liberty, victorious, flaunted its banners from every tower-top. Rosas, the tyrant, lay dead, and Don Arana and Captain Alvarez, after a terrible night in the Federal camp, awaiting the death-sentence of the dawn, found themselves unexpectedly free. Uргуiza's rescuing troop of revolutionists held the camp. Amid the cheers and shouting, Captain Alvarez turned to Bonita.

"Señorita, why did you come to the camp before dawn?" he asked solemnly. The girl crimsoned. In the

night's list of battles the one which she had waged with her pride was not the least. And love had won; but of the winning it was hard to speak. His grave eyes were upon her, urging—they were blue as the blue of the sky. And, suddenly, the flame within her burned high, so that her cheeks became fire-signals. She put her hands up, drawing his head down.

"Because," she said proudly, "because, my captain, I love you."

And never in his sweetest imagining had he dreamed her lips so woman-warm and wonderful.



Our Life

By JOHN MAURICE SULLIVAN



Our life's a Moving Picture play,
Our days a reel unwinding;
And every word and deed of ours,
God's camera is finding.

Or good or ill, or false or true,
In gladness or in tears;
All, all will be recorded
On the canvas of our years.

No turning back is there for us,
The Picture can't be altered;
We are the actors in the film,
Our fault if we have faltered.

The SONG IN THE DARK

(ESSAY)



BY ALEXANDER LOWELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of MAIBELLE HEIKES JUSTICE

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those
That tell of saddest thought."

LIFE and Death—God and Man—Finite and Infinite—how nearly are they linked! What little, fragmentary things make them indissoluble! A sudden breath of musk-rose after a May rain—the moon-path leading over black waters—the gold gleam of a child's curl in some sordid by-way—the glad, triumphant note of a bird-song in the dark!

Just as the tiny songster had given to the morning sunshine the glad anthem of his captive heart, so he was giving it now

to the moonlight. Angela, roused from her slumbers by the liquid outpouring, listened, incredulous. Trilling, sweetly defiant, exultant, the little thing of golden feathers was singing in the night. An odd choke caught the girl's throat as she listened; to her, lapped in the fine raiment of luxury from birth, petted, beloved, undenied, that rapturous melody seemed something quite apart—something strangely sweet, and very sad, and very, very brave.

"In the dark," she murmured,



‘IN THE DARK,’ SHE MURMURED, ‘AND ALL ALONE, HE THINKS,
AND, THINKING, SINGS’

“and all alone, he thinks, and, thinking, sings.” Softly she slipped from the bed and went to the cage, placing her palm over it with a little gesture of protective pity. Unheeding, the bird sang on. Angela leaned nearer, amazedly. The slender little throat was swelling and pulsing in a very ecstasy, and the tiny, bright eyes stared straight ahead, unblinking. “Blind?” the girl whispered. “Oh,

poor, wee thing—not that!” Kneeling by the cage, she waved her hand before it, on which flashed and scintillated Richard’s ring, but neither the fluttering hand nor the sparkle of the jewels disturbed the little singer in the night; and Angela knew that he was blind. Back in her bed she lay, wakeful into the dawn, pondering many things. Somehow, they were strangely confused things: her past

life—the night—the coming of Richard into her life, bearing his gift of love—the bird-song—her future life with Richard in their newly built home; and then, insistent, urgent, clamorous, the night—the night. “How can he bear it?” whispered the girl to herself. “How can he ever bear it?” Perhaps, in some woodland glade, or mayhap only in John the bird-vendor’s humbler retreat, lived and sang his feathered, golden mate—and the poor, black, staring eyes could never see her gold. Angela wondered what life would hold for her if she, too, were singing in the dark; if Richard’s face—his dear face, all tender with his love—should be denied her. She shivered—and then the dawn broke, while the wee, blind thing of song trilled on.

The next afternoon, when Richard came for tea with Angela, a grave-faced lady greeted him, and her eyes were troubled.

“It’s a little bird,” she explained to the question in his eyes. “I bought it yesterday morning of a bird-vendor named John. I don’t know why, but something in its song came home to me as I think nothing else has ever done, and so—I bought it. Last night, or it must have been early this morning, he began to sing—to sing, dear, in the dark. I got up to investigate, and I found that it was blind. Blind, Richard, and singing its brave little heart out just the same—such a little, little thing—and yet so finely brave, Dick. Aunt Deborah is celebrating her seventieth birthday tomorrow, and she wants brother George and me to come help celebrate. I think I’ll buy her one of John’s birds. He gave me his address, and it will give me an excuse to tell him that my little bird is blind. Will you come, too?”



“YOU WILL PROSECUTE THE CASE, GEORGE?”

When Angela and Dick, accompanied by George, emerged from the dark cellar of the bird-vendor’s retreat that afternoon, their faces were curiously white. They had witnessed one of the most piteous, one of the most tragical, and one of the most useless sacrifices conceivable: two tiers of narrow, wooden cages placarded “Ready for Sale”; in those cages as many captive birds, beating their frail feathers against their sad captivity, singing their breaking hearts out—blind. And the explanation given by the immovable John, accompanied by many grins and gestures, was that the loss of sight improved the quality of the song.

“You will prosecute the case, George?” Angela caught her brother’s sleeve imploringly, after they had arrived home. “Surely you and Dick will never tolerate such criminal cruelty in silence?”

“I’ll hound the filthy beast to the ground?” declared George.

“Why so very deeply concerned, sweetheart?” asked Richard, wishing to divert Angela’s mind from a sub-

ject that evidently preyed on it. The girl sighed and pressed her cheek swiftly against his arm. "Poor helpless little thing," she murmured—"poor, *brave* little thing—singing in the dark!"

George used all of his eloquence, all of his strength of argument, all of his persuasion when John came up for trial. The entire courtroom was tremulous with indignation. Clearly before all eyes stood a double tier of tiny, wooden cages, inhabited by the frail denizens of the woodland, singing—and blind. More clearly still did Angela portray, in her vibrant, sympathetic young voice the depths of night, and the gladsome song coming from the depths of a far deeper night. And then, just as the magistrate and those present were keyed to the point of the heaviest sentence

permissible, Kominsky, the lawyer for the defense, haughtily announced that the State provided no law for the punishment of this offense. But, somehow, the brave notes of the little blind singers had penetrated deeper than written laws, and the magistrate gave orders that a new law should thereupon be instigated, and John received a public flogging, as some small meed for the wanton cruelty he was guilty of.

When Angela left the courtroom, accompanied by Richard, it was to be followed by the curses and imprecations of John and his friends.

"Do you suppose, Dick," she asked, voice weighty with the unshed tears—

"do you suppose that God gives them the sunshine in their hearts to compensate for what they miss outside?"

"I'm sure of it, dear—and that radiant song is the sunshine streaming out."

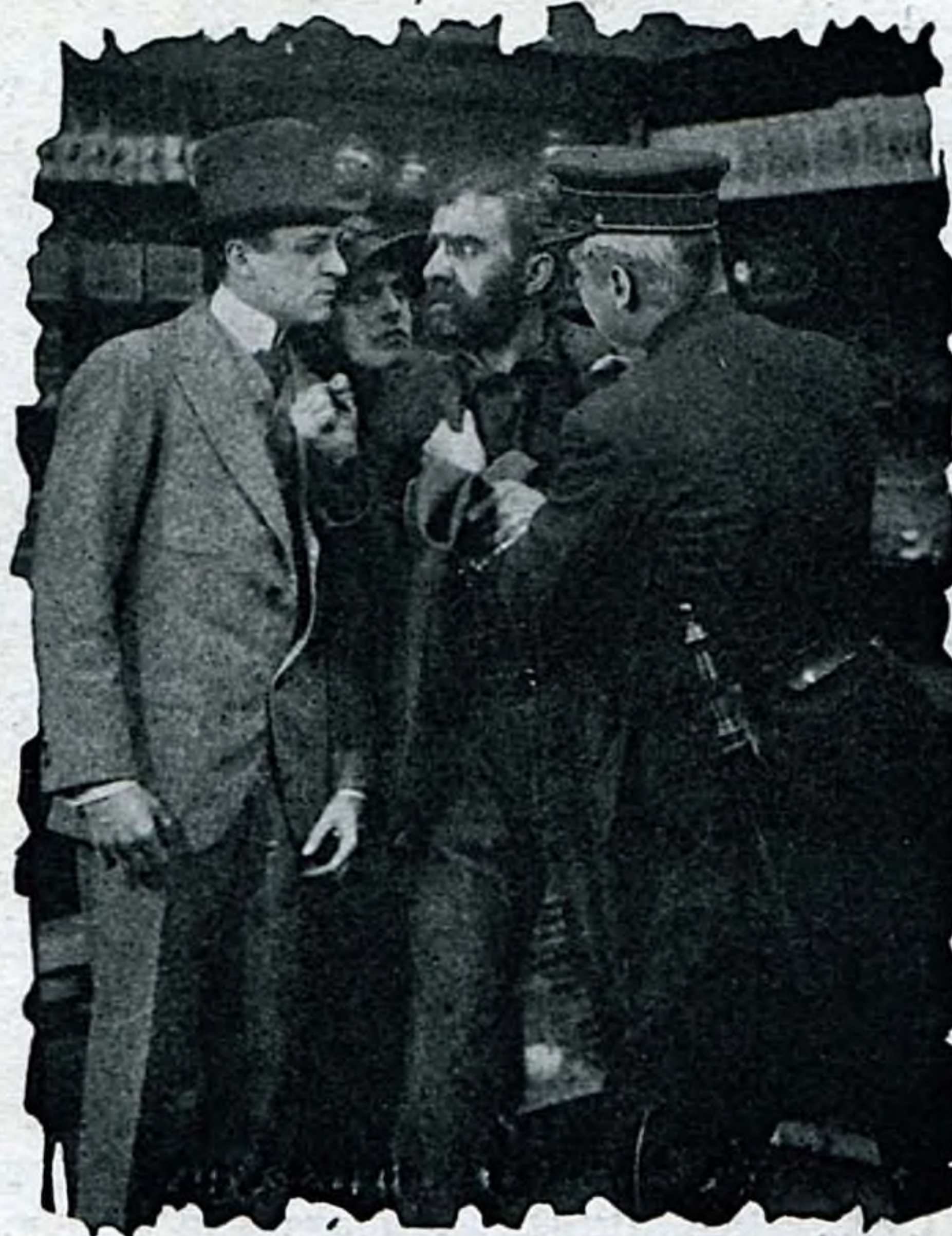
From the dingy courtroom, with its musty suggestion of past crimes, grim sentences, stern regrets, the flower-show seemed a pleasing contrast, and Angela hovered eagerly over the gorgeous blooms, attended by a flock of

young people, congratulating and offering donations to the future bride. Richard stood by in smiling silence, eyes feasting on the bright picture: the flushed face, the dancing eyes, the variegated blooms, the bevy of young people—how far a call from the tiny, wooden cages, the blind songsters and the night!

Outside, they stepped into the car once more, heavily laden. "Home," Richard ordered;

then he turned to the flower-laden girl, a laugh on his lips. There came a sharp explosion—a scream lost in its beginning—a car speeding out of the hastily gathered crowd—the monotony of the traffic again.

"And God said, 'Let there be light.'" The hand of Fate is immutable. The youngest heart, racing its wild life-blood away, will be struck down. The fairest day will die a leaden death. The bluest sea will tomb a ghastly tragedy. The brightest eyes—ah, me! Life's touch seems cold. "And God said, 'Let there be light.'" These were the words Angela whispered to herself as the doctor removed



THE ARREST OF JOHN, THE BIRD-MAN

the bandage from her maimed eyes. These were the words her waiting family heard as they gathered close to listen, and they fell on the ears of Richard with a piteous, wailing sound. Angela's eyes — and night — and night — Then came a low, sobbing cry—a cry infinitely sad, passionately renunciatory: "Richard, my dear one, my dear one—I am blind——"

"Dear"—the tender, tremulous fingers rested still against his cheek—"dear, I know—you must not let my life embitter yours. It would if we should—should marry, dear; please—good-by!" Deeper than the renunciation of the light of her eyes came the giving up of love—the eternal parting from this man who was to have been to her life's best fulfillment.



"RICHARD, MY DEAR ONE, MY DEAR ONE—I AM BLIND——"

And then her groping flower-hands over his face, seeking, asking, needing. And then his kiss—a kiss that left him shamed while the hot tears fell, for the tears were for himself as well as for her. With a terrible clarity, he faced the stretch of years: the pathos his life would be tinted with—the sad dependence of her—the dreadful, aching pity of it all. With a man's loathing for the doleful, the tears of humanity, he shrank.

And, shamed, reluctant, dazed, Richard left the room.

Outside, on the broad stairway, George was standing, lips grimly compressed. "What has she said?" he asked, as Richard came down, and his eyes glinted as the man extended the diamond circlet, mutely. His keen, lawyer eyes probed the truth, even while the man-heart of him was forced to understanding. He clapped Dick's bowed shoulders and faced

him. "Be a man, Richard," he said—for God's sake!"

Night! Long, long eons of time, all of it night, all of it impenetrable, all of it softly, thickly close. In the midst of it a bruised, rebellious heart, struggling, resisting, bleeding. Tears! Hot storms of them—bitter, fevered, hopeless; tears from the soul's dark

pity, to offer his sympathy and a floral gift. Perhaps the look of the beautiful, sightless eyes raised to his as he spoke—the traces of a suffering beyond his knowledge—the everlasting helplessness of her—perhaps these things brought to him the enormity of his offense even against the least of God's creatures.

"I'm awful sorry, miss," he mum-



ENGAGED IN THEIR NIGHTLY CHESS BATTLE

waters of Lethe; tears that scarred for all of time. Down into the black depths of an awful, abysmal despair Angela went those days, and no kindly voice, no offered pleasure probed the lowered veil of her first agony. It was John—John, who had shut out the sunshine from so many tiny lives—who forced from her the first trace of interest. He came, compelled by superstition and a belated

bled, as she caressed the flowers gently. "I was afraid that—that—maybe what I done was sorter beginning—an' then the way I wished a curse, an' all that——"

"How could you know?" the girl said softly; "of course you couldn't. And I do thank you for the flowers, John—I know they are beautiful."

After that the night again—the night and the tears! Eternities of

nights and tears—realms of thickest blackness—purgatories of pain and despair. And then one night, just at twilight, a glad, triumphant song! Joyous, defiant, victorious over pain, the feathered, golden songster caroled forth his sweet, unvanquished faith—his radiant hope. The blind girl, listless in her chair, sat suddenly alert. She had forgot! There, in a

Downstairs in the library, Richard and George were engaged in their nightly chess battle. Mrs. Clifford sat reading and watching the door anxiously for Angela's coming. Perfect quiet reigned, broken only by the soft shoving of the chessmen, when out of the silence rose and swelled, and trembled, breathless on the air, a voice in song. What words



RICHARD HAD TAKEN THE WOMAN WHO SANG, TO HIS HEART

cage in the room beyond, a captive closer far than she—a captive who sang, and had sung, thru many, many such nights as hers—a lesser thing than she, who rose victorious over pain. As once before—how many weary lengths of time away!—the girl groped her way to the cage and placed her hand over the bars.

“We each of us have our mission,” she whispered softly. “You have taught me that; for yours has been to sing into my heart a glad anthem of visionary hours—a promise—a wondrous hope.”

there were, the listeners did not know. A soul hung there on that strain of song—the beat of a heart—the birth of a hope; and thru it all, reverent, pleading, impassioned, the woman—call to her mate—to her God.

The song broke off abruptly. Richard had crossed the library, closed the music-room doors, taken the woman who sang, to his heart, the light of a great truth in his eyes. And into the night of perpetual darkness, reaching unto the uttermost heaven, there stretched a Bridge of Stars.

The Pirates

BY GEORGE WILDEY



A curly-haired pirate of half-past four
Ran away with her dad one day,
Adown the cliff path to the harbor shore,
Where a rakish schooner lay.
And they boarded the ship and sailed away,
While ever the tide was high,
Into the ocean, beyond the bay—
My dear little girl and I.



And emerald green was the sea below,
And above was the sky blue, clear,
And the song of the sailors' "Ye-ho! Ye-ho!"
Was a gladsome thing to hear.
A colorful maze was the glist'ning spray
From the prow in circles thrown;
A tangle of quiv'ring sunbeams lay
Where the beautiful iris shone.



And over the ocean and round the world,
We sped on the white-winged ship,
And ever the emerald billows curled
With a rhythmical rise and dip.
We skirted green shores on the Southern seas,
In the realms of Wonderland,
Where monkeys swung high in cocoanut trees
By the whispering breezes fanned.



We were wafted by valley and plain and bluff,
And by mountains draped with snow,
Where sea lions played at blind man's buff
On the ice cakes down below.
A whale wallowed by in the frothing sea,
As he spouted his jet on high,
And we shouted aloud in childish glee—
My dear little girl and I.

We had sailed for a million miles or more.
From the calm of the shelt'ring bay,
But we sighted again our own home shore
On the very self-same day.
And we anchored the good ship trim and tight
To the sailors' "Ye-ho! Ye-ho!"
In the glow of the homing harbor light
Of the Motion Picture Show.



Moving Picture Audiences

By BETH HASKAR

THE "movies" are responsible for a lot of things, and among the developments is the "Moving Picture audience." Perhaps the audiences do not realize that they are classified just as minutely as they classify the acts which they pay their money to see. But they are divided into several distinct types, according to those in the business of entertaining the public.

Most Moving Picture houses run from four to six hours a day, and, of course, each locality has its special kind of show and audience.

The following classification was made by the stage-man of one of the first-class picture houses in a big Eastern city. This house runs a continuous show from 10:30 A. M. to 10:30 P. M., with several good acts between pictures.

"How's the house today?" I asked the stage-man, as he dropped the "sheet" on a musical act.

"Oh, pretty fair, pretty fair," he replied. "Say, but you ought to have seen the audience last night. They was a pippin—everything went over, and say, my arms are still sore from working the curtain overtime."

"Do audiences differ much during the day?" I asked.

"Do they?" he responded in scorn. "Well, I should say. There's the 'milk-wagon' audience——"

"Milk-wagon!" I exclaimed.

"Yep; bums who come in to get a comfy seat and a nap; tourists waiting for an afternoon train, and a few who come in to really see the show. That's the kind you get in the morning. Then there's the 'business snatch' around noon. Them's the

business men and women who want to use up their noon hour and get their minds off their work. They're a nice, appreciative audience; but they keep coming and going, 'cause they cant any of them stay long. Then you get the 'matinée' bunch, along about three o'clock—ladies and kids, who have nothin' else to do but amuse themselves, and some shoppers and schoolgirls. Dont get much of a hand from them, tho they like the show all right."

"Why is that?" I asked.

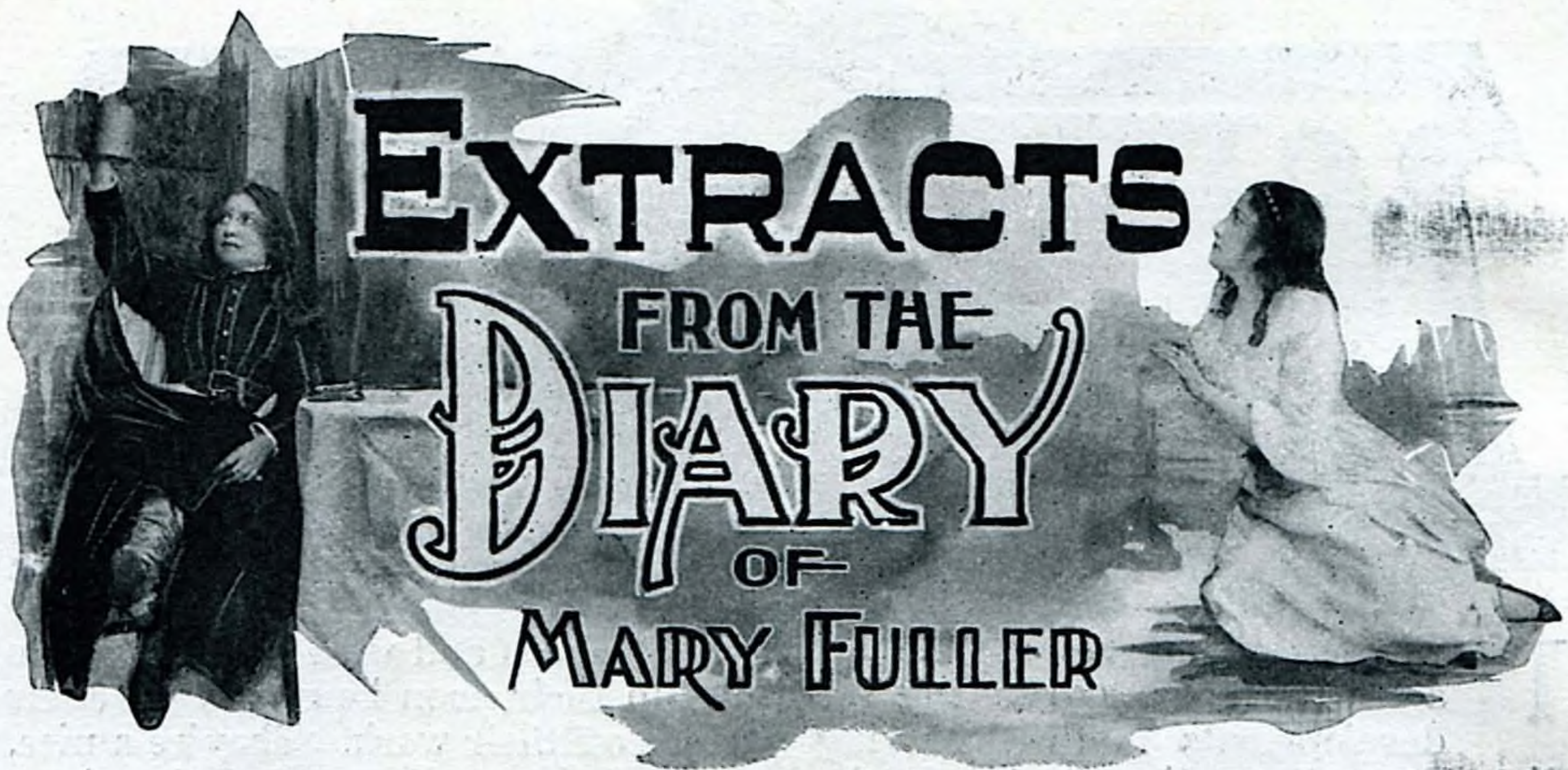
"Well, you see it's this way: A lady comes in, and the first thing she does is to fill her lap up with her bag and bundles, then she fusses with her veil and hat, and puts those on her lap, too. There she sits, a-grabbing those things in her lap, and if she takes her hands off to clap, down slides the whole caboodle to the floor."

"That's so," I said; "I've not clapped many times, myself, because I couldn't."

"Then comes the 'five o'clock tea' crowd. They're the hungry, the homeless, and those tired out, with nowhere else to go. They sit back and dream of a nice juicy beefsteak until the real 'cream' audience comes for the evening shows. That audience is well fed, and comes out with the express purpose of seeing and enjoying a show, and will give a good hand when it likes a thing."

"I see," I said; "so the different audiences are: the 'milk-wagon,' the 'business snatch,' the 'matinée,' the 'five o'clock tea' and the 'cream'—am I right?"

"You're all there," he laughed. "That's them, and dont forget it!"



IT was a small green volume of limp leather, gilt-edged. On the front was a dancing elf and a spray of jasmine. It looked as if it might contain poems of spring spirit. And it did. How it came into our possession is not for publication. In self-defense, however, let it be stated that it was not stolen, and that the extracts made therefrom can do the great Edison leading woman no harm. In fact, those who read the following excerpts cannot fail to think more highly of the person who thus unconsciously unfolded the inner workings of her mind, because they reveal a mind of unusual intelligence and an insight into things that would do credit to a philosopher of riper years. The following extracts are copied verbatim, all names being omitted:

MARCH 15TH.—Saw ——'s picture in a paper today; cut it out and put it in my locket. He is undoubtedly the dramatic treat of this year, tho the play was not a success and the actress star miscast. He is superb—my idea of a fine actor and fascinating personality. What wonderful impressions his performance gave me, and what symphonies I could compose in his praise! I am glad the papers lauded him.

MARCH 16TH.—My music and my theaters! The golden silence! My beautiful New York! I want to snuggle down in it all like a happy bug in a rug. Billy phoned me today. He said he was moving out to Newark and would come in on the train every morning. I said, "Why dont you commute from Philadelphia—it's farther?" which "got his goat." I believe it is my sense of humor which has been responsible for my adventures and scrapes.

MARCH 17TH.—I have so many photo-plays written and lying in my trunk, with no chance of producing them. I wonder if I will ever have an opportunity to put on all the things I visualize in my day-dreams. To pioneer with one's original ideas must be very soul-satisfying. I also wish I could fall into the habit of going to bed early.

MARCH 18TH.—Tho spring is here, I decided to hang up some New Year's resolutions, so I jotted down six. Three of them are here; the others are too personal to set down: 1. Do the best you can, and after that dont worry. 2. Seek and accept only the best, the highest; shun all else. 3. Make keen, select judgments and stick to them.

MARCH 19TH.—Received another letter from the little girl in Boston today. She recalled the Boston trip to my mind. I remember it was on February 16th—we worked all day and all night up to 8 o'clock Tuesday morning on "A Princess of the Desert." (I dont know what it will look like, having been taken in twenty-four consecutive hours, and how I will look in it after a session like that.) Well, after stopping work at 8 A. M. that Tuesday morning, I went home, bathed, breakfasted, packed my bag, and our party left for Boston on the Knickerbocker Limited to attend the Exhibitors' Ball that night. We arrived late, dined, dressed and departed in taxis for the ball, which I was to lead with the president of the Exhibitors' League. Tho I had had no sleep since Sunday night, I was as lively as a cricket, and the applauding crowd intoxicated me. All of the photo-players were introduced singly on the stage and loudly acclaimed. Supper in an anteroom and flashlight photos for the morning papers, and then I escaped still alive and very much awake. The rest of the week we took scenes in Boston streets for a picture, and I visited all the theaters and supped at the Touraine. Our party left on Saturday, after a very delightful stay.

MARCH 20TH.— phoned today and thanked me for the gifts. Last week was her birthday. As I wasn't working in the morning of that particular day, I looked over my mail, and then rushed for the train. Went down to her rooms, took some spring flowers and arranged them in a vase on the table, put a new silk waist on the dresser with a note and prepared a nice birthday surprise. Then I came up-town and left the things to be discovered by her when she came home in the evening. I like doing things that will please other people.

MARCH 21st.— Rummaging in my trunk this evening, among faded love-letters and erst-while emblems I found two of my baby photos. What a queer pollywog I was! but as they say homely children make handsome grown-ups, there is hope for me yet.

MARCH 22nd.— I worked this Sunday morning at the studio, and then flew to my beloved Philharmonic concert. I arrived in good time, and, taking my accustomed seat in the back, I opened the lettuce and mayonnaise sandwich and proceeded to lunch. The usher looked at me doubtfully every time he passed thru the radius of mayonnaise smell, but the quick demolition of the sandwich and my cheerful abstraction disarmed him. The concert had started, and I was absorbing the beauties of Grieg, when "Raven Locks" passed down the aisle. Being in working clothes, I hid down under my hat, hoping to pass unnoticed, but how can a personality of eloquent silence hope to get by unobserved? Just as I thought I was safe, he turned directly and bowed. During the intermission he came back, and we had a nice chat. "You dont need to be dressed up to enjoy music," he said, and I agreed with him. He is the sort of quiet, poetic personality that I like. One does not meet them often. The program was very good, tho I cannot enthuse over the new Dvorak symphony; I have heard it several times, and it hasn't registered yet. Madame

Alda's songs were deliciously fragrant. One of them—

"Tis night, and the flowers are standing,
 Aglow from the kiss of the sun,
 Still burning from his caresses,
 And glad the night has come.
 They sigh as they wait in the darkness,
 And long for their lover, the dew;
 Await, impatient, his coming—
 Oh, that my love came, too!—

called "Expectancy," by Frank LaForge, was rapturous and made all the goose-flesh on my back rise (relic of primevalism); the other was equally good.

MARCH 23d.—I did battle with the dressmaker and tailor today. Dress-makers have whims of their own which cannot be dislodged, just as the genus "chauffeur" always goes down the street you dont wish to go down. Sweet perversities that come from heaven to test our patience and make us stranger! The dress-maker's art is necessary, and no lovely thing can be born save with much travail.

MARCH 24th.— Took some "Dolly" stuff on lower Broadway, and dont say "Some crowd!" A million can collect in a minute down there when the camera is produced. It

takes some manœvering to steal the scenes. We lunched at the Old Chop House, which is reminiscent of the Cheshire Cheese in London. I wonder if my signature and accompanying drawing is still in the visitors' book at the Cheese. Dear old Cheese, the service is so bad there—and the ventilation.

MARCH 25TH.— Today I had to save some one from committing suicide by jumping from the top of the Woolworth Building, forty-third floor (in "Dolly of the Dailies" No. 6). It makes one very squeamish to go up in those flying elevators; my heart turned several flip-flops. The view of New York and the channel is superb from the balcony, and I hope we filmed some of that lovely "distance" as





background. ——— was there; I like him immensely. He is *different*.

MARCH 26TH.—Heard my beloved Philharmonic today in a Wagner program. Most of my favorites they played. I like Wagner's music; it is so descriptive. I saw "The Life of Wagner" this winter and enjoyed the reminiscence of it. There is something beautiful and pathetic in reviewing the life of a great artist. The touch of memory seems to hallow it, and all its trials and sorrows paint themselves in such warm pastel tones. Sometimes it seems I can remember not only things that are past, but remember ahead to things that are to come.

MARCH 27TH.—I bought some shoes and a lovely new green hat today. I think I will wear it in "The Master Mummer," if that is produced soon. It is simply appalling how my letters pile up when I don't answer my mail daily. Sat up until 1 o'clock tonight trying to catch up, and when I sought my downy couch I was some tired. The rest of the night I was out on my broomstick. I believe all witches travel on broomsticks. Last night I dreamed of two persons. They both smiled at me for the first time in years and tried to speak to me, but I was silent, and they knew not what I was planning to do. My dreams are my only boon and pleasant counsellors.

MARCH 28TH.—Quite a shock to be called out of bed in the morning with the news that your studio has burned down, destroying all one's wardrobe. In my pink, brocaded dressing-gown and blue slippers, I clutched my disheveled hair and said, "I cannot believe it; it cannot be," over and

over. When I arrived at the studio, what confusion! The main portion of the building was charred wreckage, the halls were cluttered with debris, and the floors swam in water. Contrary to reports, my wardrobe was safe both from fire and water, and all my precious "props," collected with care, were unharmed. Merciful Providence, or my lucky star, be thanked! Actors and employees were buzzing about like bees deprived of their hive, and every one was giving accounts of his particular valor in saving films or stove-plates, when, as a matter of fact, they were at home asleep during the fire. Firemen and reporters walked about with grimy faces and cups of coffee, giving an effect of recent heroism, which was not borne out by their actions earlier in the engagement. Some actors who had lost their wardrobes were busy with pen and pad, making a \$15 suit look like \$60 for the benefit of the insurance company. A little monetary circulation is good for the system. I investigated the loss, viewed the remains and listened to several heroes, mounted on piles of scenery, discourse on the event. Then I went out and bought some buttermilk.

MARCH 29TH.—Today ——— and I were to have motored to Long Beach, but it was too cold and wet, and I postponed it until later. Saw "Judith of Bethulia" and ———. Met "Z" and the machine, and we went to the McAlpin for supper, then dropped in to see some pictures.

MARCH 30TH.—I am



going to patent some clothes like the harness for fire-engine horses, to do away with this tedious buttoning and unbuttoning. I was very late this morning, and after my usual break-

fast of porridge, two eggs, milk, toast and jelly, I hurried down to work. My studio frowned down on me with a 9.45 A. M. look. Dear studio—a part of my warm life!

MARCH 31ST.—Owing to the wreckage in the studio, we worked at the old Biograph on Fourteenth Street today. It is a small place, but rather homelike, and one's forces seem more concentrated—the way I prefer to work. The rooms, not having been used for some time, smelled dank and musty, and all the ghosts of former Biograph days came and leaned over my shoulder and told me interesting things as I sat in the dressing-room waiting for my cue. It was like conquering Time to go back and live with the spirits of the past. Lovely ——— was there in the springtime of youth; and ——— in his poetic beauty, as he appeared in "The Oath and the Man"; and tall ———, recalling the first time I saw him on the screen, in satin coat and buckled shoes, blessing a child at a church corner, in the snow; and ———, like a lily fair; and the keen-eyed one whom——. So many interesting shadows, I was sorry to leave them at 11 P. M., when our work was finished and we started for home.

APRIL 1ST.—I was buttonholed at lunch today by ———. How tedious some people are without knowing it! He can talk more in a minute than any one else in a month, and when started on experiences there is no stopping him. I was conducted verbally on an extensive shopping tour down Sixth Avenue, visited the bargain counters, had soda water at Riker's and ended up at the Hippodrome, regaled minutely with each act. Yes, you would describe him as voluble. "X" is very good to me. He surprised me with some lovely handkerchiefs. I told him it wasn't my birthday, to which he replied

he would look up the Saints' calendar and find one of my relatives as honoring that date, and for me to accept them in her stead.

APRIL 2ND.—I was awakened this morning by the cawing of crows. I leaned on my elbow and looked out of my window and listened to what they were calling to each other. The air was fresh and full of damp, flying clouds around my window, and I could smell the spring growing in

the grass. What a longing for I-know-not-what possessed my soul! Half-remembered things from the past touched my hair; childish dreams floated back to me, and that sobbing Something, always in my heart, awoke anew. Why is mankind tortured with a yearning for the vague unattainable? Is it a memory of a thrice-happy state we have known in other incarnations? I suppose some prosaic persons would say it was one's liver out of order.

APRIL 3RD.—"X" sent me flowers again today. Lovely Easter lilies, calla lilies, red roses, lilies of the valley, yellow roses, tulips, jonquils and mignonette. He is very generous. I love them so. They and a few, cut-out magazine pictures I tacked up are the only things I look at in the room. The wall-paper is a chocolate brown

(no wonder I have the jim-jams). Some day I am going to have my own establishment: light-papered, dainty bedrooms, with filmy window-curtains and lots of flowers; quiet, somber sitting-rooms, where I can study, dream and scold myself, when necessary, without distraction. An automobile? To be or not to be; that has been the question for some time. I had a whim that I didn't want one unless ——— gave it to me (not as a matter of economy, but as a matter of sentiment), but I suppose that is absurd. I wish I could afford a large mansion. What delight to live in a place—

(To be continued next month)

Miss Briscoe vs. Censorship

LOTTIE BRISCOE, of the Lubin Company, says she is opposed to censorship of pictures on many grounds: First, that no two people agree on the matter of art; second, that the police regulations are sufficient to stop and correct any suggestion of immorality or indecency; third, that in her life she has been brought in conflict with much interfering officialdom.

When a little girl she was the first victim selected by Mr. Gerry, of the Gerry Society, whose ostensible objects are to prevent children appearing on the stage, however well they may be looked after, educated or brought up, and whether it was because she was the only child who appeared so constantly on Broadway, or whether it was because the Gerry Society thought it a great chance for publicity, she was a subject of constant attacks.

When "For Fair Virginia" was to be produced at Daly's, Mr. Gerry personally interfered and tried to stop it. Miss Briscoe went down to Mr. Low, then mayor of New York, and pleaded with him for a special license to appear. Her mother and her tutors were with her, and her childish eloquence so affected the mayor, that he granted her a permit against Mr. Gerry's and his Society's objections. When she was engaged to play "Puck"

by Augustin Daly, Mr. Gerry again interfered, and this time with better success. He tried to console her childish sorrow by the offer of a ten-dollar gold piece, which she threw back at him, crying: "I don't want your money, I want to play 'Puck.'" The only reason that she did not appear with Mansfield in his production of "The First Violin," tho she was under contract with him, was because of the Gerry opposition. However, in another piece, "My Friend from India," she successfully defied the Gerry Society, by having her dresses made and padded in such a manner that it added at least five years to her apparent age, thus making her look like a young woman, instead of a little child.

Even in Miss Briscoe's most distressful moments, her sense of humor rises triumphantly to the top. Some weeks ago she was attacked with gastritis, and her medical man, for purposes of diagnosis, thought it best to make an ex-ray photograph of Miss Briscoe's stomach. After facing the ex-ray camera she turned round to her physician and said: "It's always been said that we Motion Picture leading ladies are the most

photographed women in the world, but now *I* really *am* the most photographed woman in the world." Needless to say this is one picture of Miss Briscoe which will not appear.





JUSTINA AND LOUISE HUFF, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

THE oft-described walls and towers of Lubinville—that contrast of terra-cotta and pistachio green—were discernible thru the half-light of a misty spring morning, and at the lodge gate there was a crush of Lubin actors on foot and in motors, for the photoplayers' day was just beginning. After some necessary formalities, we found ourselves on the threshold of a tiny room, looking into the gray eyes of a blossomy little girl wearing a bobbing cap of some indefinite pattern and an enormous, stiffly starched apron. "Why, of course—come right in, sir. I'm ever so glad to see you." A soft, hesitant form of speech came from the lips of the gentle little stranger. "Wont you sit in our Chinese hour-glass chair? Cissy always says she's afraid it's going to give way where it tapers in the middle. So be careful."

While we risked a spill, the starched apron came rustling off the slender figure and the saucy cap let us see a twist of goldy hair. Quickly its owner gave a start of surprise. "Why, we haven't been introduced!" "Oh, yes, we have," we reassured her—"long ago, when you made your screen début as one of the dairymaids with Mrs. Fiske and the Famous Players in 'Tess.'" "Goody! Then, you do know that I'm Justina Huff, and not Louise. People mistake me for Cissy, and Cissy for me. But Cissy's ever so much prettier and cleverer." Miss Justina said it in such a matter-of-fact way that a re-

ply seemed unnecessary. "You see, I was in the midst of my morning cleaning when you came, and I thought you might have made a mistake and wanted to chat with some one else. We take turns in straightening our dressing-room," she went on, "and this morning is really Cissy's turn, but she loathes housework and promised to stop by the library for me if I'd do her work." "The Five Little Peppers," or one of Mary J. Holmes' classics, might appropriately be the choice of the absent Miss Huff, we thought, but said nothing.

"You should never guess that I were from the South—now, would you?" questioned Miss Justina, with a bewitching lilt and drawl. "People always say they know we must be." We were forced politely to agree with the people she mentioned. "Then you'd never guess that I were from Georgia, would you? We were both born in Columbus, but were educated in New York; then Cissy went on the stage for a season, and I nearly died of loneliness. She didn't have me to look after her, and all I could do was to make things—cakes and jellies and jams—and send them to her. When the season ended and we were together, we made up our minds that we'd never, never be separated again. And we haven't. When Mr. Lubin wanted Cissy, he said he wanted me, too. Cissy is playing leads for Mr. Edgar Jones, the Lubin actor-director, and I am playing ingénue leads for Mr. Joe Smiley."

It struck us as being a happy chance that both sisters should be little leading women in the same big organization. They are adding charm and daintiness to Lubin pictures, but Miss Justina declares that she doesn't want to be known merely as "that

to cook, whether it be roasts and chops or just desserts. There's not a woman alive who hasn't wished at some time or another that she could make just the dish to please—" (she hesitated a second, and the suspicion of a glow came to her cheeks) "—some one," Miss Huff concluded.

At this juncture, the door swung open, and a diminutive figure, muffled in furs and with a few raindrops glistening on her muff, floated into the room. "Cissy, dear, do you know Maeterlinck has written a new book? I got it for you from the library!" Miss Justina's surprise almost made her forget her visitor, who got the shock of his life upon discovering that not Mary J. Holmes, but Maeterlinck, is the preference of the quiet, young girl who had been his vis-à-vis for half an hour. Louise Huff is a piquant little beauty with violet eyes, a mass of soft, blond

curls, and a delicate oval of a face. Yet more than this, she is five feet of tender, wistful charm and quaintness. Curiously alike, yet unlike, are the Huff girls. "Oh, to chat me for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—ME? Cissy, dear, what shall I say?" Miss Louise asked her sister, with the least shade of shyness in her eyes. "Oh, it's not a bit hard," her sister replied; "once you get started, the words come easily."

"Well," the newcomer rejoined—"please ask me something." She extricated herself from her fur coat. "But wait—perhaps you would like to see this book I picked up. It is filled with drawings by Kate Greenaway. You know, I've been called 'The Kate Greenaway Girl of the Screen,' and these drawings are ever so interesting to me for that reason." Instantly we agreed with the person



slender girl with the aristocratic air," but as Justina Huff who really acts. And she is willing to work for that name.

It seemed unique to find a screen actress whose hobby is old-fashioned cookery, and all the more unusual to find one who has been successful enough to have received an offer from a large distributor to supply their shops with her conserves. "I think every woman should know how

who had so aptly bestowed this sobriquet upon the youngest leading woman of Lubinville. She is all that the English artist of the last generation made her pictures of little people—enchantingly quaint and droll. “But I’m quite a horsewoman, you know, and I don’t think the Kate Greenaway boys and girls ever rode anything but hobby-horses. Mr. Jones—my director and leading man, you know—rides like a Frederic Remington plainsman and has taught me to ride my mount just like a real Western girl.” A mite of five feet and ninety-nine pounds dashing over the prairies seemed a bit incongruous, but Miss Louise’s mount was her pony, and her field of action the park bridle-path.

“Please don’t laugh at me. Promise? Cross your heart?” We dumbly complied, and she continued: “Well, I want to play”—another comedienne who pines to play Lady Macbeth, we thought—“yes, I want to play Dickens. I long to be Little Dorrit and The Marchioness and Lucy Manette. I would rather the

public thought of me as one Dickens character than the heroine of a hundred modern photoplays.”

“That’s Cissy’s dearest dream,” Miss Justina interposed, “and she doesn’t tell every one, but she has a plan—shall I tell, Cissy dear?”

“Oh, please—not now. You see, I want to play Dickens, and I have a quiet little way of getting what I want. Don’t make me say more, will you? Just wait.”

Another surprise! The fragile snow-drop of a girl, with a laudable and consistent ambition, and her sister, whom we guiltily admit we thought revealed in the Elsie Books, are revealed as avid readers of Maeterlinck! In truth, to chat with screen stars is to know them as they really are. Miss Justina, five feet one inch of quiet dignity, and Miss Louise, the same amount of girlish gayety, each said good-by in her own little way. And now do you know Justina and Louise Huff, bits of the old and the modern South, a little better than you did before you were introduced?

NORBERT LUSK.

MIRIAM NESBITT, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

MISS NESBITT may be found at the farther end of an hour’s subway ride, a half-hour on the elevated, a fifteen-minute walk—or, rather, pant—up a steep hill, and a brisk knock at the door. But she is worth it!

Rap, rap! “Come in.” Open sesame! And, presto, Miss Nesbitt!

She was writing a note, using her wardrobe trunk as a desk, and she greeted me cordially, albeit vaguely.

“Sit down and look around while I finish assuring this girl, whom I never heard of, that I positively cannot get her a chance as leading lady with the Edison Company,” she smiled in a pleasant, brisk, sure-of-herself voice. “The hundred-odd costumes hanging on the furniture are the greatest trials of my life. Nothing up-to-date when I need it, nothing the right size or shape or state of buttons.

What Motion Pictures need most is a regular wardrobe mistress to do our clothes-worrying for us, to keep us in repair and to see that we have appropriate costumes for our plays. You might suggest that——”

While she finishes her note to the girl-she-never-heard-of, let us take a chair, gingerly on account of the white satin slippers, the pink-silk auto bonnet, the fur muff and lace parasol already occupying it, and look out of the admiring corners of our eyes at Miss Nesbitt herself.

She is neither tall nor short—five feet seven and one-half inches, to be exact; she is neither stout nor thin, one hundred and thirty-five pounds being the verdict of the scales; she is neither blonde nor brunette, with her chestnut hair, gray-blue eyes and fair skin. This sounds like a parody of Poe’s *Bells*—“They are neither brute

nor human"—but it is a poor description of a hard-to-describe young woman.

Miss Nesbitt is electricity—a positive pole. Ideas sizzle and surge from her brain in a series of snaps and sparks. To shift the metaphor, she impales every subject of conversation upon a remarkably sharp point of view, as one sticks letters on a file.

"I have been with Edison for four years, and played in one hundred and fifty pictures; but before that, I served a long apprenticeship with Frohman and Savage companies on the regular stage," said Miss Nesbitt. "I was in the original 'Traveling Salesman' and 'Peter Pan' companies, and I played in 'David Harum,' 'The Road to Yesterday,' 'Rupert of Hentzau' and 'Sweet Nell of Old Drury.' I like the photoplay because it offers a chance for so much facial expression and good gesture work. Then, there's less jealousy in camera drama. We all like each other here, while on the stage every one is afraid every one else will get her job, and all join in a pean of loathing for the leads."

I was certain, somehow, even before I asked her, that Miss Nesbitt was a suffraget.

"Well, so I was before I was treated so rudely by the secretary of a woman's club, who refused to let me call on a friend staying in the clubhouse unless I would present written credentials," laughed Miss Nesbitt. "I suppose that's a very feminine reason for changing my politics, isn't it? Oh, yes, I believe in lots of interests to keep the rust off one's mind.

"I'm interested in mental science, too—it helps my work. I love to watch different types and to wonder what is going on in their heads; of course, ten to one, *nothing* is going on, but I like to try to find out, to watch expressions and gestures and characteristics.

What else do I like to do? Well, dance and swim and just sit in a big, friendly chair before an open fire, with a book of Pierre Loti, or Eliot, or dear Margaret Deland, and a basket of apples near-by."

Miss Nesbitt's father was Norwegian, and her mother English. Possibly this mixture of
(Continued on page 156)





Shadow Pictures, Shadow Theaters and Silhouettes

The Embryonic Motion Picture Was Bred in Legendary Death and Sorrow—
The Scientific Motion Picture of the Future Will Be a Con-
vincing Shadow of Actuality and Substance

By MARY TAYLOR FALT and MARY HARROD NORTHEND

SHADOWS—a pair of scissors! What a far cry to the modern wonders—Motion Pictures! This present era is indeed “The Promised Land” of pictorial art for all who will migrate and drink at its great fount of learning.

To quote Elbert Hubbard: “Up to less than a hundred years ago, civilization was provincial. The few were able to travel and see. Superstition submerged the most enlightened. With Motion Pictures we have one of the great educational factors of the times. You get this amusement with Jeffersonian simplicity and practical democracy. You get your money’s worth without frills, fads and fussiness. Motion Pictures are making this old world a better and happier place because we are getting acquainted with the world. Motion Pictures satisfy because they *really show knowledge, customs and habits* of the world. Even great doctors prescribe them for nervous patients. They change their grouches to grins,” says the Roycroft philosopher, in his characteristic phrasing.

Fully to appreciate, respect and elevate Motion Pictures to their highest altitude, make a study of the various eras of pictorial art. You will discover what a debt the world

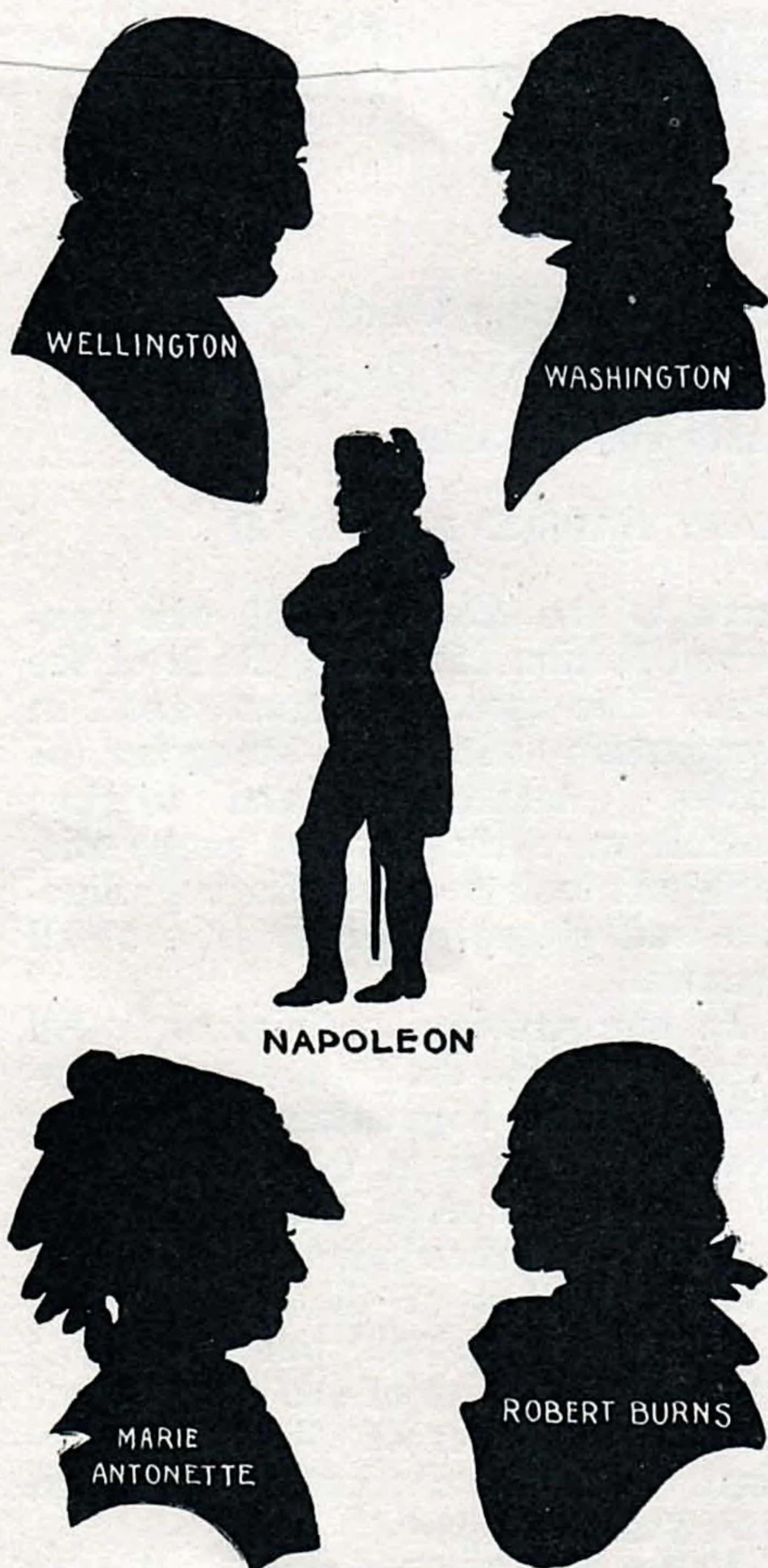
owes to the master mind who conceived Motion Pictures. He is of the elect. His success is monumental in comparison with the struggles of others. Amateurish and strange indeed were the devious paths pictorial art took to satisfy the reproductive and pleasure-loving tastes of all peoples.

In our previous articles on “Old Time Wall-Papers” and the “Old-Time Marine Figure-heads,” we endeavored to present two forerunners of Motion Pictures. Now, the real handmaid to their scientific development and that of the stereopticon, “the step-sister of photography,” “the poor relative of the art world,” and “the pioneer of the cheap portrait,” was the shadow picture, and later the silhouette.

Today the fashion world talks of the silhouette figure. To the uninitiated, it bespeaks frivolity, hobble-skirts and conspicuous femininity. To the art world and to Motion Picture projectors, it indicates one of the most potential art eras. To the fashionable charity bazaar, it means a clever, artistic attraction.

In the legendary origin of shadow pictures and the silhouette there are romance and tragedy intermingled. A lover, returning after a short ab-

sence, finds his betrothed dead. He rushes to her death-chamber. Mad-dened with grief, he goes to take fare-well of her before her burial. He lives in a pictureless era. His only remembrance of her must be a mental one. What does he behold? There, on her chamber-wall, are her features in perfect outline. A candle at the



head of her bier cast her shadow. With reverent hand he traced her portrait. What a consolation! He believed that Divine Providence, to assuage his grief, especially designed her shadow picture on the wall.

Like this legendary lover, we now seek great, subdued chambers. They are halls of pleasure and instruction, however. We drink in romance, tragedy, humor—all emotions and phases of life, cast by a light, not on

a wall, but on a white curtain, known as the screen. The candle of shadow-picture days is a pigmy in comparison to the lighting power for Motion Pictures. And, marvel of marvels! there, on this white screen, appear life-size people. They walk. They talk. The Creator is indeed a divine provider. The Book of Revelation is no myth. We cry with Omar Khayyam, that

Life after all is nothing but a magic shadow show,
 Played in a box whose candle is the sun,
 Round which we phantom figures come and go.

Three thousand years before the Christian era there was a pageant of shadow creatures, who lived, loved and hated. The ancient Egyptians had shadow plays, it has been recently discovered. Java learned her legendary history thru the same medium. China favored religious shadow plays. India, on festival days, made them a popular divertimento. As late as 1850, shadow plays were being written. Henri Rivière was the author of the shadow plays of the "Prodigal Child" and the "March to the Star." They were tableaux in seven elaborate shadow scenes.

It is with the shadow pictures and silhouettes of England, France and Germany one discovers the most information pertinent to this article. Shadowgraphy was heard of as early as 1699, in England and France. From shadowgraphy were developed shadow profiles, shadow pictures and shadow theaters.

The following was the historic method of taking a shadow picture: The individual, assuming a rigid position, sat in a chair attached to what was termed a profile machine. A paper screen was placed near the poser. The primitive methods for lighting were so arranged as to cast the shadow of the sitter on the screen. Then the shadowgrapher traced the shadow profile, cast on the screen, with pen or pencil.

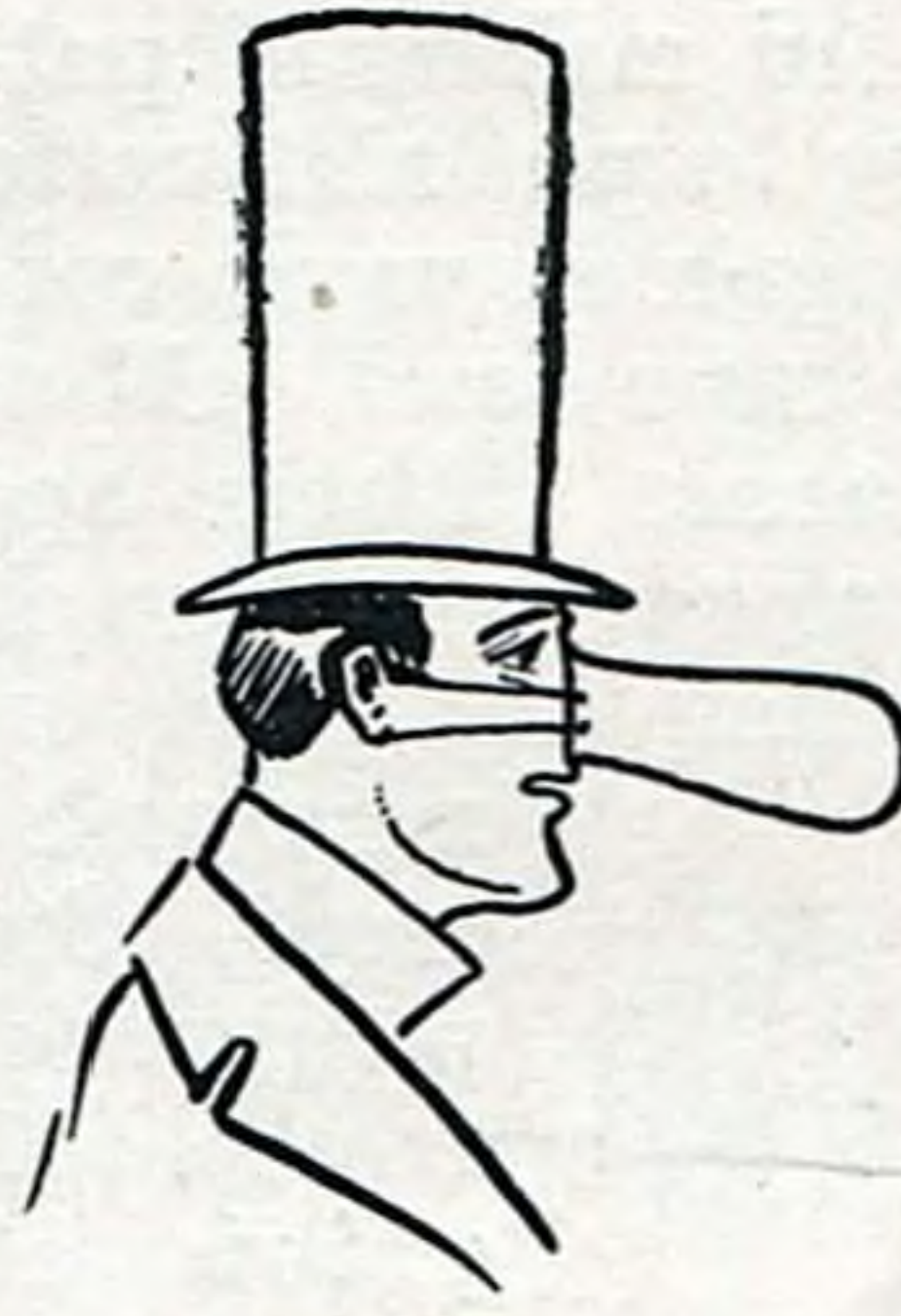
Etienne de Silhouette was one of the most distinguished amateurs who cut



MR. BINKS'S SUBSTANCE



MR. BINKS'S SHADOW



ALLY SLOPER



ALLY SLOPER'S SHADOW

out shadow profiles. Silhouette was finance minister during Louis XV's reign. He was born in Limoges, France, July 8, 1709. He had a most interesting career. As finance minister he became famous for his stringent economies and radical reforms. In the conduct of his office, during a very profligate period of French history, he pleased the economic faction. On the other hand, his reforms created his downfall and unpopularity. The extravagant faction preferred the old order of things. He was forced to resign his royal position. He retired and cut shadow profiles at Brie sur Marne. Thus has come down to us the famous name—Silhouette. The noted shadow profelist died in 1767.

Johann Kaspar Lavater was Germany's great shadow profelist of the eighteenth century. He delighted in the study of silhouettes. He believed these shadowy representations of the human being threw as much light on the human character as does a modern scenario. He studied as long and intently over his "shades" as do the Motion Picture companies over the intricate details of their craft. To

Lavater we owe our silhouette knowledge of Goethe. He made the shadow pictures of the great poet and his parents in 1774.

Many are and have been greatly indebted to the silhouettes at the National Portrait Gallery, London. After photography was discovered, many portraits of importance were identified from these silhouettes. Their historic importance to the world in general has been invaluable.

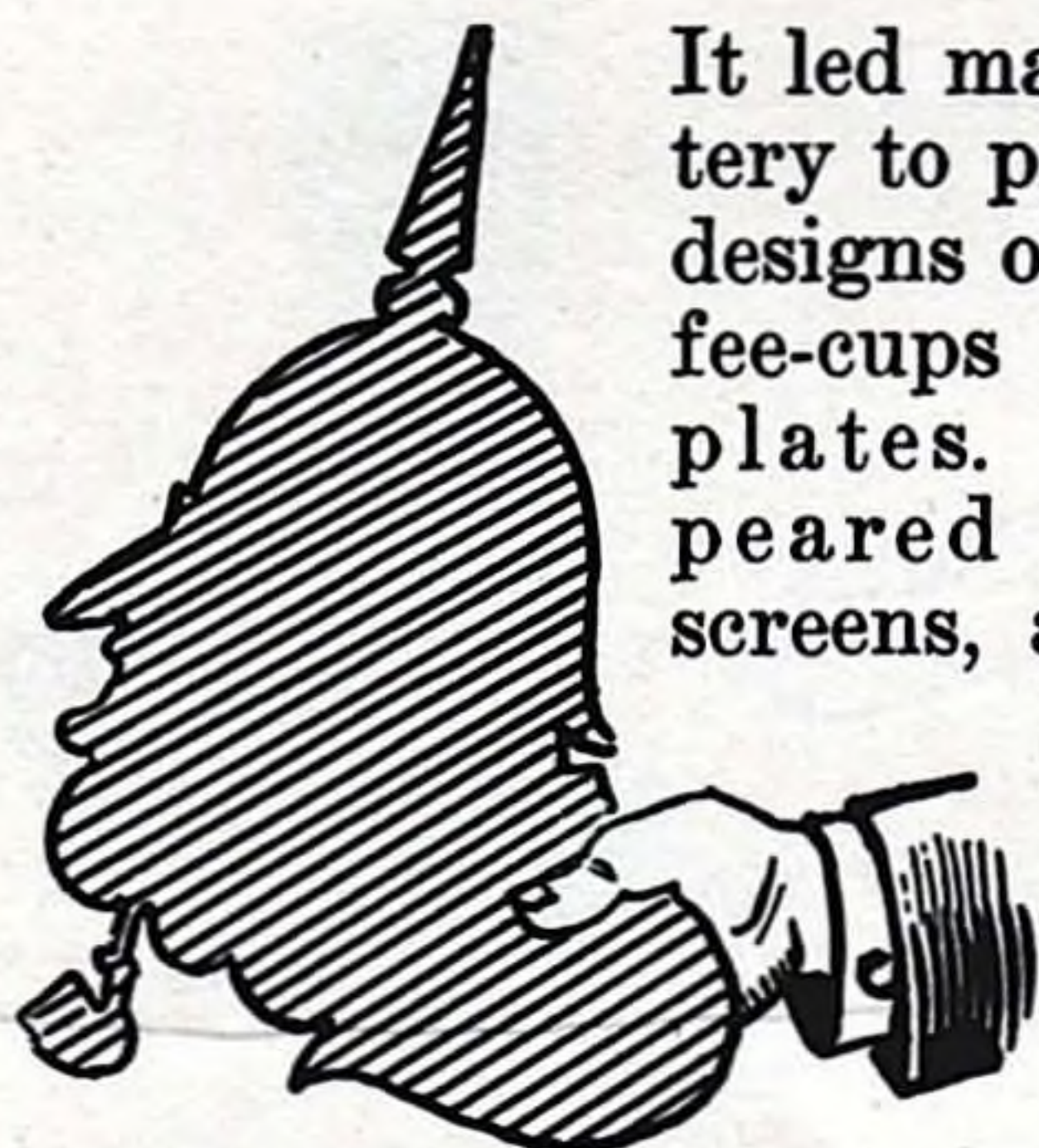
The taste for silhouettes spread over many arts. Ingenious artists of the shadowgraphy profession began to soften the cut-paper outline with hair-lines of delicate brushwork. The hair, dress and jewelry of the silhouette poser received touches of bronze or pencilings of gold. Then they began to mount the silhouettes. Wax, gold- and silver-leaf tinsel were used for mounts. They even formed the clasps for bracelets, were conspicuous on rings, and hung from my lady's neck as a necklace pendant.

The enthusiasm over the discovery of this inexpensive art, reproductive of the human being, caused it to be introduced even into the ceramic world.



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THE RETURN FROM THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE
(Shadow Pictures by CARAN D'ACHE)

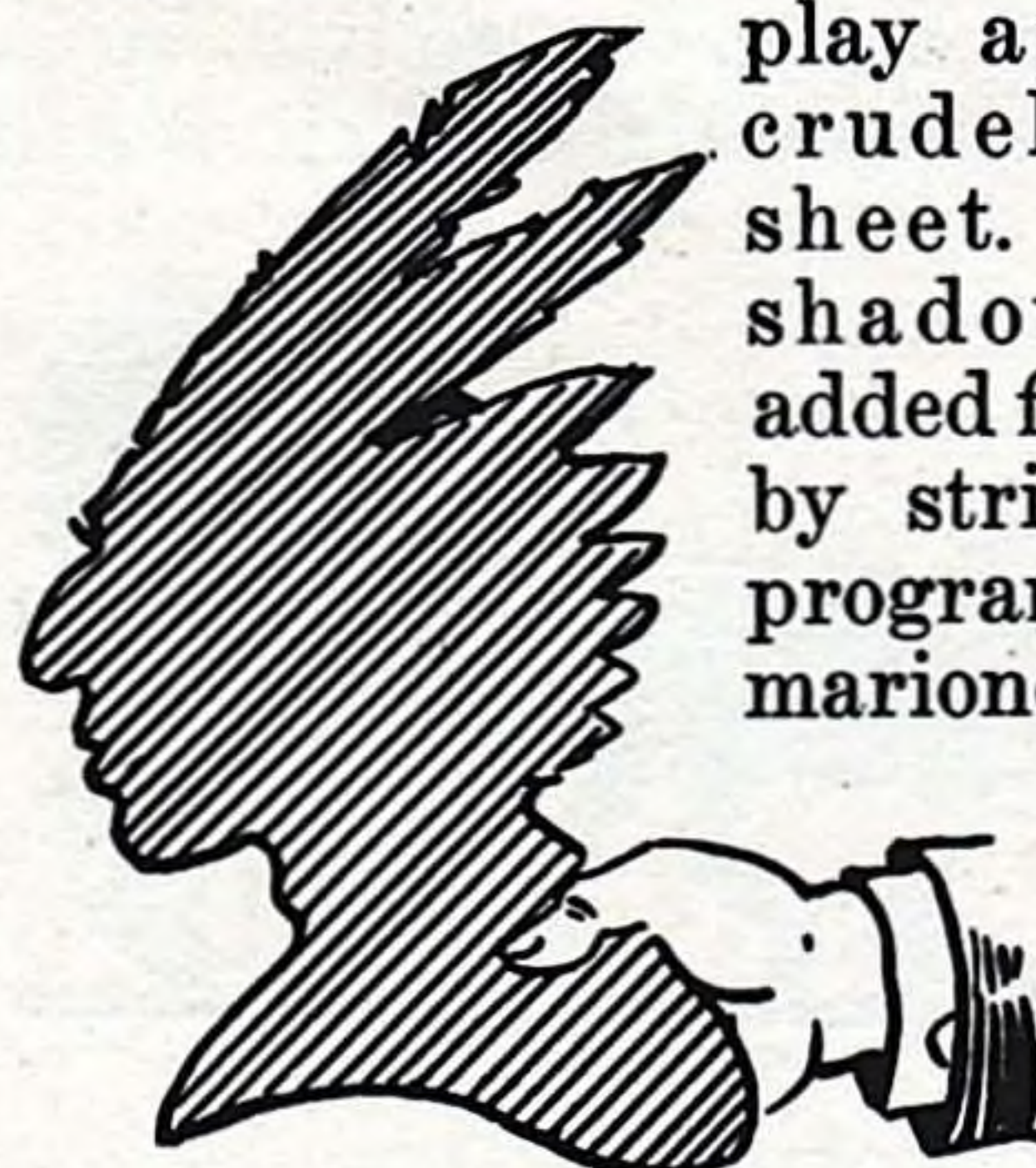


GERMAN

It led makers of pottery to put silhouette designs on vases, coffee-cups and china plates. They appeared on hand-screens, and even on memorial cards, the popular symbol of grief of those periods. The

French, English and German belles and beaux had the favorite silhouettes of Beau Brummel or sweetheart on patch-box, mirror-case, or other intimate belongings. They were secured openly or surreptitiously from some obliging shadowgrapher.

These shadow pictures brought about the shadow theaters. In Paris, in 1771, there was a noted theater for shadow plays. It was called Theater Seraphim. Séraphin Dominique Françoise was the owner. Take an imaginative visit to Theater Seraphim with me. What will we see? The stage is hung with a thin sheet. Behind, instead of before it, is as strong a light as that period could produce. Who are the actors? Two dummies in the shape of male or female figures, moved by two sticks fastened to their backs. They performed all sorts of antics, reflecting tragedy or comedy as each shadow



INDIAN

play appeared so crudely on the sheet. In 1787, shadow theaters added figures moved by strings to their programs, known as marionettes. Even in the twelfth and thirteenth and as early as the eleventh century

there were renowned actors in shadow plays.

Kings, queens and princesses patronized shadowgraphy in all its phases. Books of instruction appeared in 1774. They were very amusing. The instructors laid particular stress on "coughing, sneezing or laughing, a flickering candle or light." These must be strictly avoided, as such movements would "put the shadow out of place."

The artists, who traveled or opened shadowgraphy studios in those days, advertised under as many different names as do the Motion Picture companies. The more catchy, odd and novel the name, the more the fad spread. There were profilists, workers in skiagraphy, decoupure, papyrolamia, shadowgraphy, and papyrography. Then there were scissorgraphists, scissortypes, papyrologists, silhouettists and silhouetteurs plying the same vocation. Dickens' Sam Weller is recorded as very much interested in the "profeel (profile) macheen (machine)."

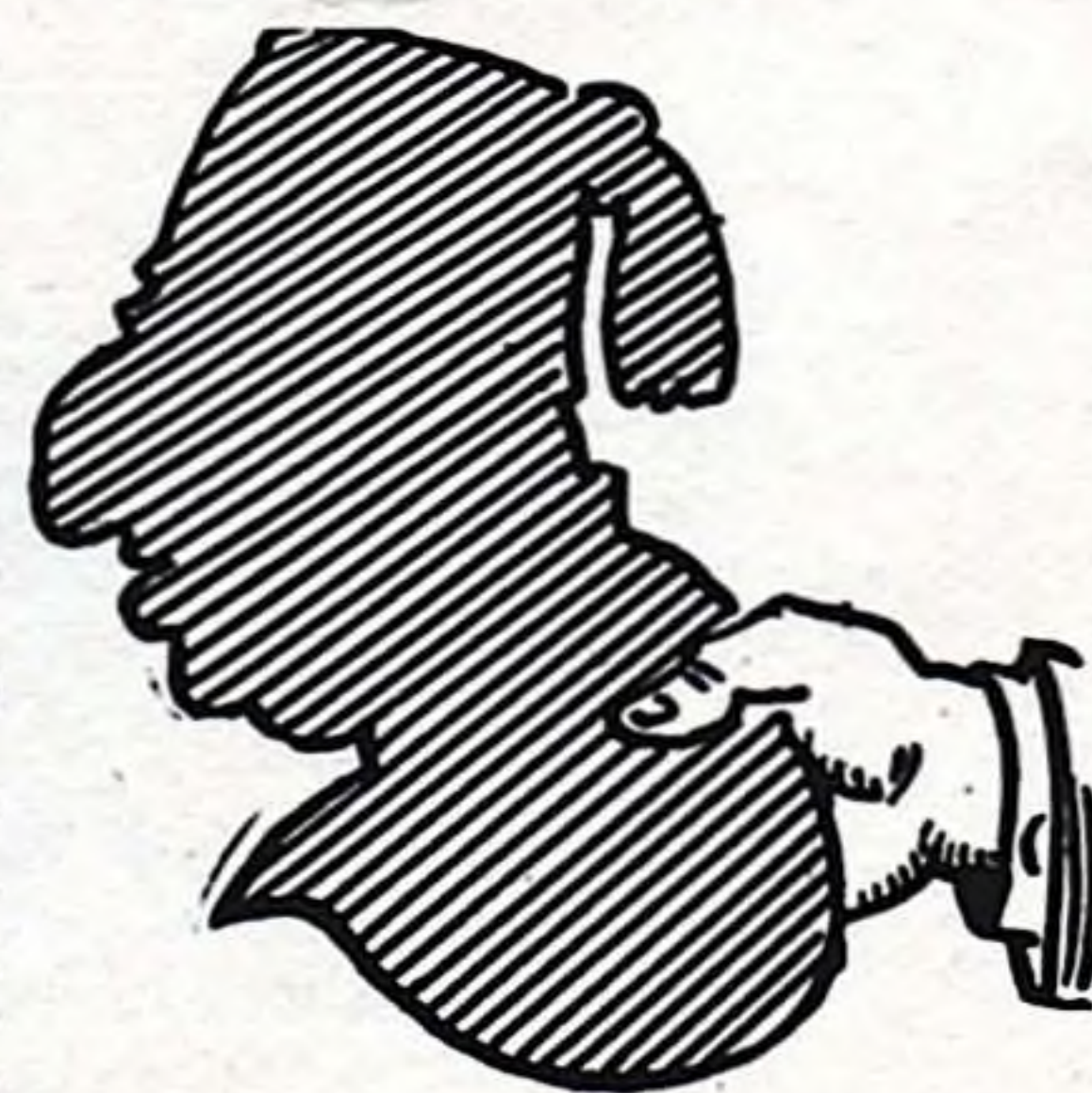
Shadow portrait taking, or the cutting of profiles, full figures or groups out of black or white paper, with scissors or a penknife, was another phase of the shadow art. It was not only a commercial profession, but a coveted accomplishment. The English Princess Elizabeth, who was born May 22, 1770, made a famous scrapbook of the silhouettes she cleverly pre-



IRISHMAN



CHINAMAN



TURK

pared. Scrapbooks, filled with silhouettes cut from white paper and mounted on black paper, contained family groups, schoolroom scenes, etc. They perpetuated manners, customs and events for the education of posterity.

A collection of silhouettes dated 1804 had preserved religious processions and ceremonies, country and domestic scenes, children's games and

affairs. He located in Holland. He lost his fortune in the Dutch evacuation of 1813. Then he came to England. To retrieve his losses in Holland, he made portraits and other devices out of human hair. He then turned his attention to cutting silhouettes. So clever was he, he was soon enjoying the patronage of the royalty of the British Isles.

In 1831 we find him at Edinburgh,



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THE SPHINX II: MOSES LEADING HIS PEOPLE OUT OF EGYPT

(From a shadow picture by AMEDEE VIGNOLA)

the like. They had been cut out and mounted with great delicacy. Madame Tussaud, who made the famous wax models in the Palais Royal during the French Revolution, had a son who took "profile likenesses."

August Edouart was another famous Frenchman who was particularly noted as a scissor man. He was the most prolific and important of the scissorgraphists. Like Etienne de Silhouette, August Edouart quit France owing to a change of government not favorable to him and his personal

Scotland, cutting Sir Walter Scott's silhouette, also that of Charles X. The latter was then an exile in Holyrood Castle, Edinburgh. In 1835 he had Paganini's silhouette reposing in his album. The great violinist said it was the only likeness not a caricature. That same year he enthralled his patrons by cutting such extremely clever pictures as full hunting scenes, cavalry skirmishes and other sports.

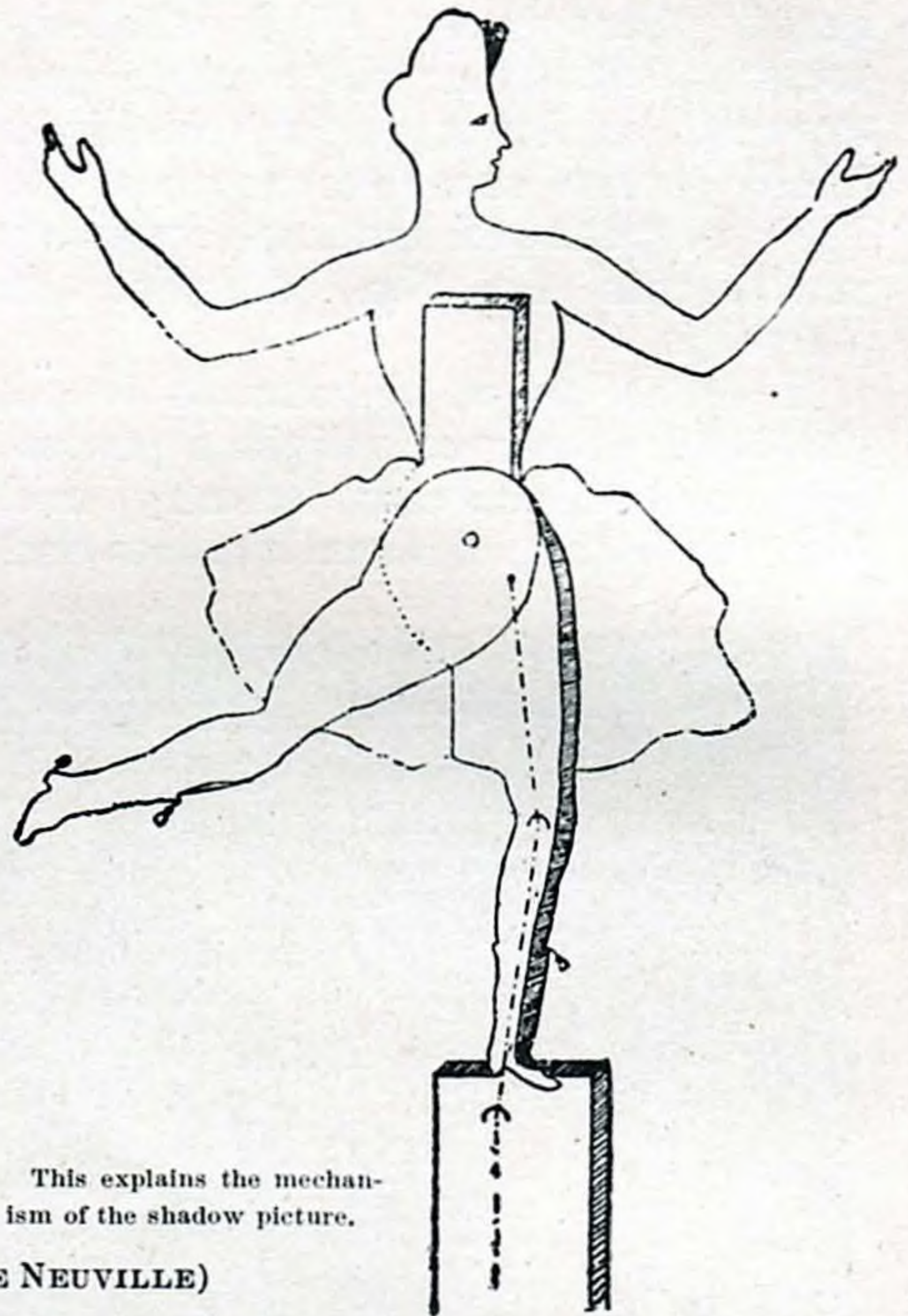
He cut Napoleon's silhouette, then mounted it on a scenic background like a modern lithograph. These par-



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A HUNGARIAN DANCER

(From a shadow picture by LEMERCIER DE NEUVILLE)



This explains the mechanism of the shadow picture.

ticular pictures had important places in silhouette scrapbooks. Today?—we witness Napoleon in every phase of his wonderful career on the screen. The Motion Pictures alone in this, and other noteworthy historical films, have earned a place in the halls of artistic fame.

This past winter the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities has been giving Thursday afternoon receptions and teas in Boston. They were presided over by prominent society matrons of Boston. The notable attraction was the loan exhibition of silhouettes. Many of them were specimens of Edouart's best work, for, with royal fame to back him, Edouart had crossed the Atlantic and toured the United States triumphantly. He cut the silhouettes of Millard Fillmore, ex-President of the United States; Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Franklin Pierce and many other distinguished Americans during this tour.

While at Saratoga Springs in 1840, he had the honor of cutting the silhouettes of the great grandchildren of Martha Washington, namely, Ed-

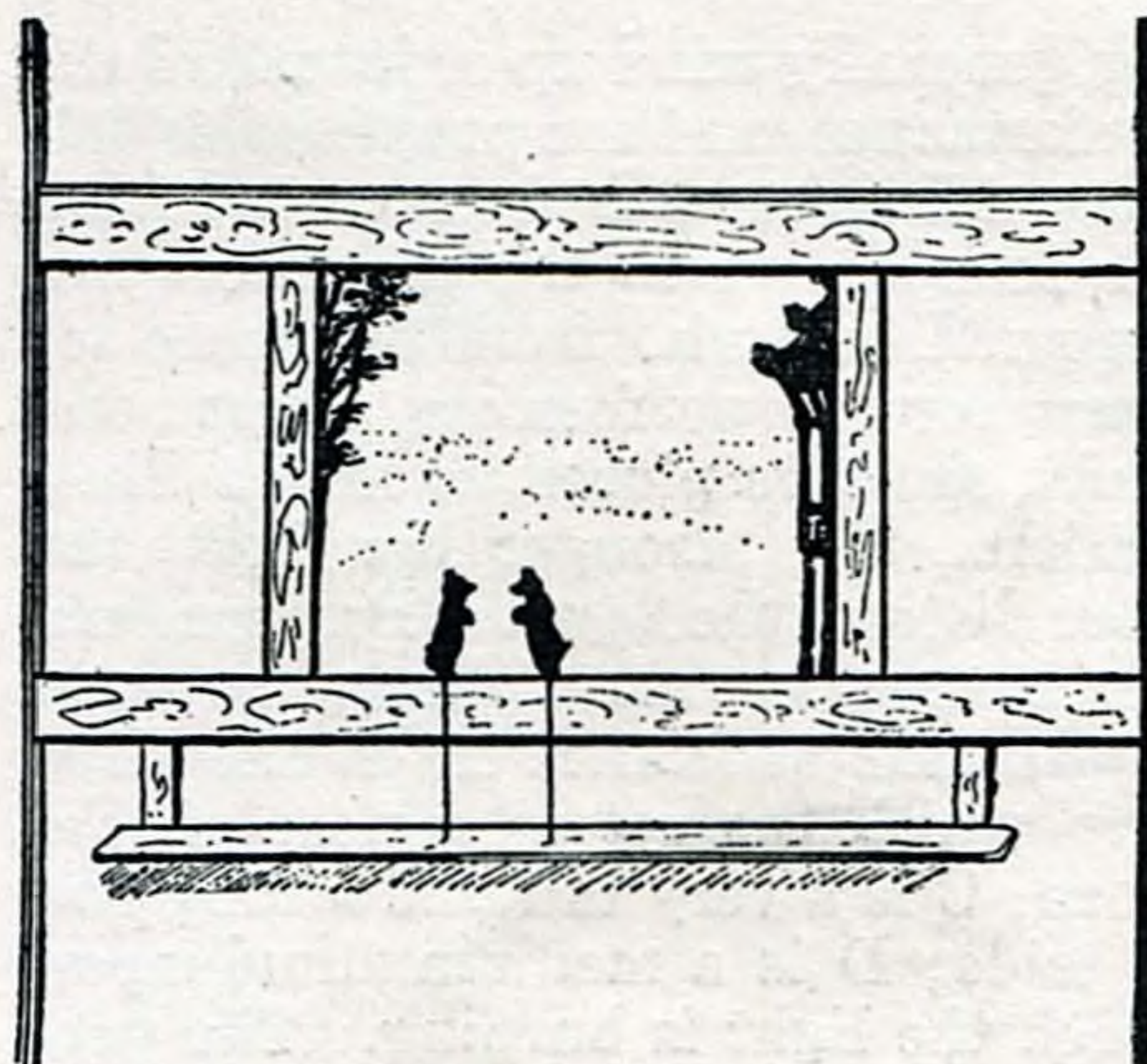
mund, Lloyd and Eleanor Rogers. There are, doubtless, venerable residents of New Orleans who recall his visit to that city in 1844. The only portrait of Whittier as a young man, said to exist, is a silhouette.

To Mrs. Leigh Hunt, silhouettist, in 1822, we owe the shadow portrait of Lord Byron, and to Henry Edwin, another silhouettist, those of Tennyson, Salisbury and Gladstone. Queen Victoria, her shadow portrait penciled in gold; Marie Antoinette, Mrs. Siddons, Tyrone Power are others of many of the world's greatest personages who were perpetuated by shadowgraphy. Hubard, a famous silhouette prodigy, made fame in the profession. He was in New York in 1833.

As shadowgraphy began in legendary tragedy, so it almost ended in like manner for its leading exponent. By the earlier years of Queen Victoria's reign, the silhouette's novelty had passed. Its subtle appeal was over by 1850. In 1849, Edouart completed his American tour. Returning to England on the ship *Oneida*, he was shipwrecked. With him were

many valuable volumes of silhouette duplicates. Out of the thousands he had accumulated in his years of endeavor, only a few were saved. His losses at this period were indeed unfortunate. He hoped, naturally, with such an extensive and comprehensive display, to revive England's interest in the shadow picture, and incidentally increase his fame and fortune. But the tide of the commercial silhouette turned adversely. To this day, however, it is adjudged an accomplishment to be clever enough to cut silhouettes. The fashionable charity bazaars give them honored places. As an antiquity, they are preserved with reverence. They find their way into the modern books of fairy tales as illustrations.

Today, science, like a mighty magician, cooperating with the genius of man, with his energy, industry and labor, has forcibly grasped the projected shadows of long ago, holding, preserving and making them marvels of scenic actuality and substance. The Motion Pictures bring the mountain



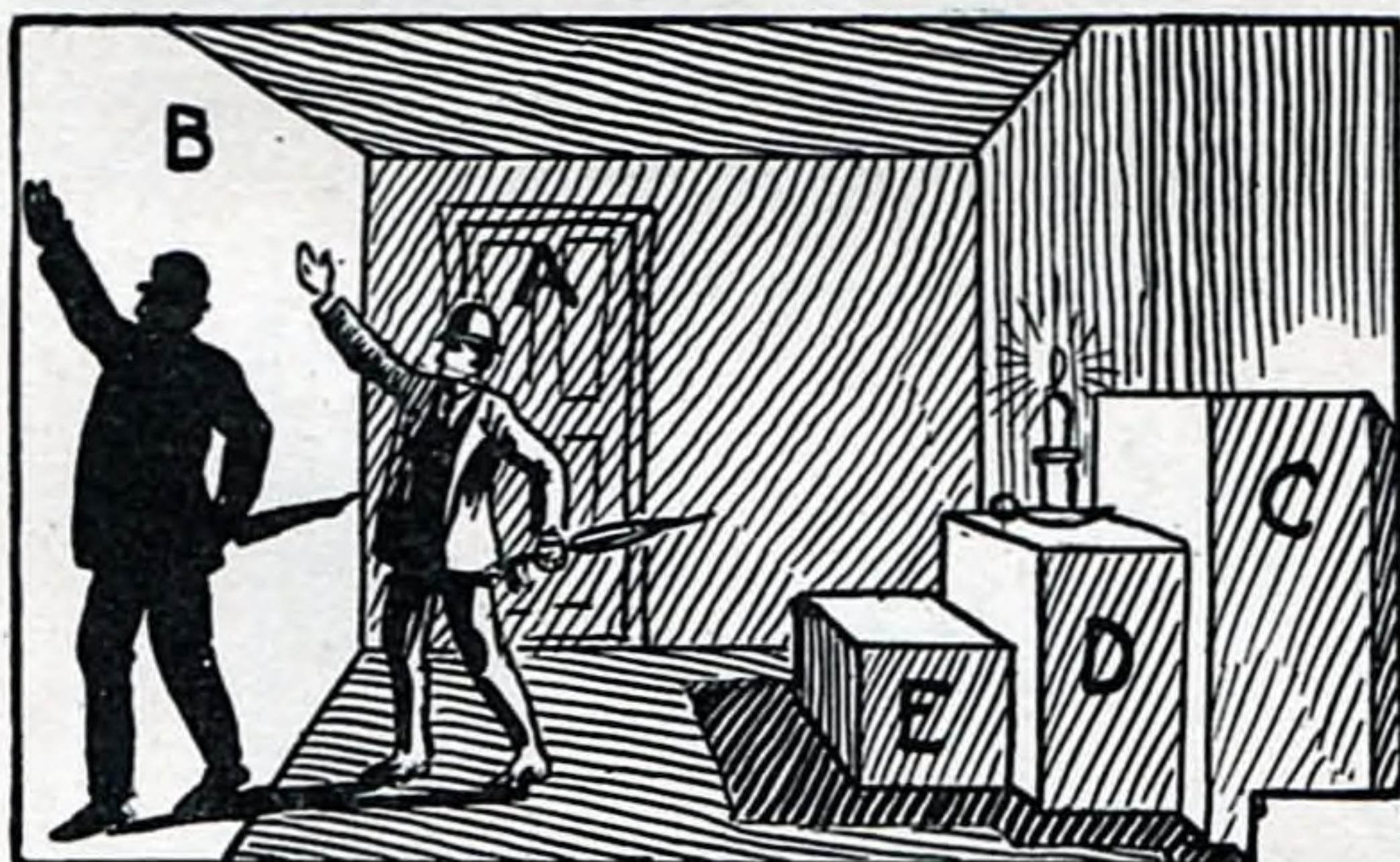
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PLAN SHOWING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SHADOW PICTURE THEATER

Science and man's genius are in truth the divine agents to enlist all the elements of heaven and earth to reproduce the mysterious lure of shadow-land.

The following notes taken from Patterson's "Shadow Entertainments" may prove interesting to those concerned in reviving the art:

When sufficient room is available, "life shadows," such as are displayed in pantomimes, may be made exceedingly droll and interesting. The performers are generally silent, everything being explained by gesture. There are no limits to the effects that may be introduced in shadow subjects. They jump thru the ceil-



to Mahomet daily. The immortal man and the mortal man walk side by side.

Many distinguished names in the world's history once commanded nearly a half century in order to reach the admiring notice of mankind. Now, thru the instrumentality of Motion Pictures, they are made undying stars. Classics, histories, dramas, operas, poems, every worthy act of genius, have been and are being daily revived. Their influence on the present age is more active than in their first inception.

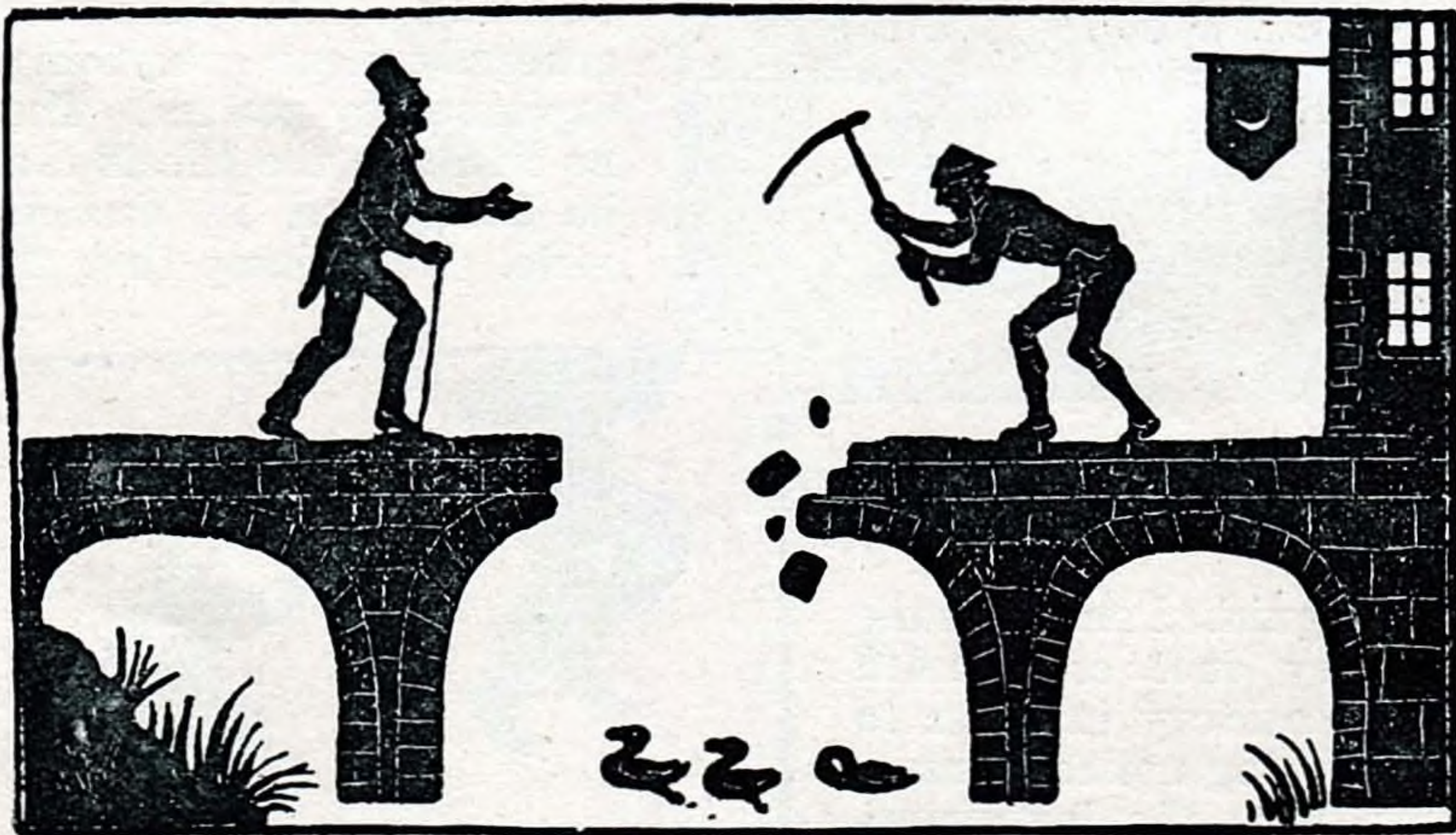


IT WILL APPEAR TO THE SPECTATORS AS IF THE PERFORMER JUMPED THRU THE CEILING

ing, generally wind up or interlard the performance, and are produced as follows: All lights must be removed from the room in which the spectators are gathered, and also from the space set apart for the performers, except one which must be placed as in the illustration. The stronger the light, the more distinct the figures. B represents the screen or sheet hung between actors and audience; A is the door thru which the actors appear on the scene; C is a very tall and strong box or table; D is a medium stand upon which the light is burning. The performer entering at B, his shadow is projected on the screen. Standing close to it, his shadow will be seen, life-size and very sharply defined, every action "speaking" distinctly. As he recedes and gets nearer to the light, this shadow increases accordingly, and when close to it he will appear of enormous dimensions. A receding and approaching figure, apparently fighting, make great diversion. The leap into cloudland is now easily accomplished by stepping upon E, and springing carefully over the light on to C. To spectators it will appear as if the performer had

jumped thru the ceiling. Most amusing imitations of everyday life may be performed; for example, the drawing of a tooth, a huge cardboard molar (concealed by the side of the patient's head) being shown to the audience, as having been at the bottom of the whole matter. A policeman may be thrown upon a table, drawn close to the screen, and an enormous saw made to appear as if being used in opening his stomach. The throwing back of the flaps of his coat will add a touch of something like reality—under this coat has been concealed a strange medley of things, supposed to have been eaten by him while making himself comfortable in certain kitchens on his beat. A sheep's head, a herring, a turnip, an onion, a gridiron, sausages, cakes, loaves and fifty other things may be "taken out" of him. Finally, he may be sewn up, revived and sent about his business, a hungrier and wiser man. There is absolutely no limit to the comic effects and "take-offs" which may be introduced behind the screen.

The accompanying illustrations will doubtless suggest other variations of shadow pictures without explanation.



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THE BROKEN BRIDGE
(A shadow picture by SÉRAPHIN)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF Jack Warren Kerrigan



THE KERRIGAN TWINS
JACK TO THE RIGHT



LONG before I became identified with them, my interest in Motion Pictures amounted almost to a fascination. It is now a source of keen amusement to me to recall those days when I used to stand on the curb and fight against the call of the five-cent show. I was "up-stage" with regard to Motion Pictures in those days, and, somehow, I thought it cheapened a man to be seen entering a five-cent house. But I had to go. The call was too powerful; so I would survey the street carefully in both directions, and then, when the coast was clear, I would dodge in to study the screen.

Long before an opportunity to enter the Motion Picture field presented itself to me, I had it all figured out to my own satisfaction that this was the most promising field in sight for a man of my (purely imaginary) talents. One day, in Brooklyn, a man in the employ of the Vitagraph accosted me, and, after excusing himself for his abruptness, he declared I was the finest type of man for Motion Picture work he had ever seen. Finally, he suggested that I try the work for a short time. I was doing well on the legitimate stage at that time, and the matter was dropped. However, during the next two years that conversation fermented in my mind. I was playing in Chicago in "The Road to Yesterday," when a member of the Essanay people saw my performance. After speaking of the matter with my manager, they made me a flattering offer to join their company. However, I was still a trifle "up-stage." In fact, it took me some time to overcome the prejudices of stage folk, and to realize that the five-cent theater was the greatest institution for the entertainment of all the people in the world.



pany, I was the first member to be engaged, and at a salary that I could not well refuse. For a period of three years I played lead in every picture—at the rate of two a week—which that company produced.

I was drawn to the Universal Company on account of bigger inducements in every direction. The Universal offers the broadest field in the business for an actor. They furnish better stories, open an opportunity for greater versatility, and produce pictures on a greater scale than any other company engaged in the business of producing Motion Pictures. Dur-

ing my engagement with this company, I have had furnished me greater vehicles through which to practice my art than ever before, and as a consequence, I have improved and broadened my field. The production of "Samson and Delilah," in

However, my mind was open, and I visited the Essanay plant. Before I left, I had signed a contract for two years. The principal inducement which moved me to take this decisive step was the fact that my mother was in ill health, and that I could be near her, and personally care for her all the time.

I took to Motion Picture work like a duck to water. I started by drawing a big salary, and it has been increased from time to time ever since. After a month's work before the camera, I decided that I had found my vocation. New matters of interest arose each day, and I enjoy the work now just as thoroly as I did then. It took about a week for my "up-stage" opinions to fade away, and the realization to dawn upon me that a great new school of acting, comprehending unlimited possibilities for the sincere, careful actor, had originated in Motion Pictures. During the period I worked with the Essanay Company, I enjoyed an intimate friendship with George K. Spoor, and I will always look upon my association with him with the keenest pleasure.

Upon the organization of the American Com-



which I was favored with the rôle of Samson, is the biggest and most spectacular Motion Picture ever produced in the United States. Such pictures as "The Magic Skin," "Dread Inheritance," "The Restless Spirit" and "Rory o' the Bogs," have furnished great opportunities for original and effective work.

Unlike many of my professional associates, I have not had prolonged experience upon the stage. The fact is I haven't had time, for I am now twenty-five years old and have been in Motion Pictures for nearly five

years. My professional career began when I set out from my home in Louisville, Ky., bound for New York, with unlimited ambitions, and experience in no line whatsoever. My mother had me checked for the ministry. Father had decided that I should be a lawyer, and one of my elder brothers (I am the eighth and the youngest son) had me picked for a prizefighter. However, a number of years previous to this I had decided that I should be an actor. This decision weighed so heavily upon my mind that I was useless as a worker. My father was superintendent of a large wholesale warehouse.

Instead of doing the work which was allotted to me, I used to build dens and tunnels among the empty dry-goods boxes, where no one could find me, and there spent most of my time reading. When I was driven from

this stronghold, I would go upon the roof and close the skylight after me. I have always liked solitude. During fine weather, I often went into the

woods and acted and declaimed to my heart's content, thinking all along what a shame there was no one around to hear and appreciate my talent.

I have always gone in for sports, and can run, swim and ride horseback with the next person.

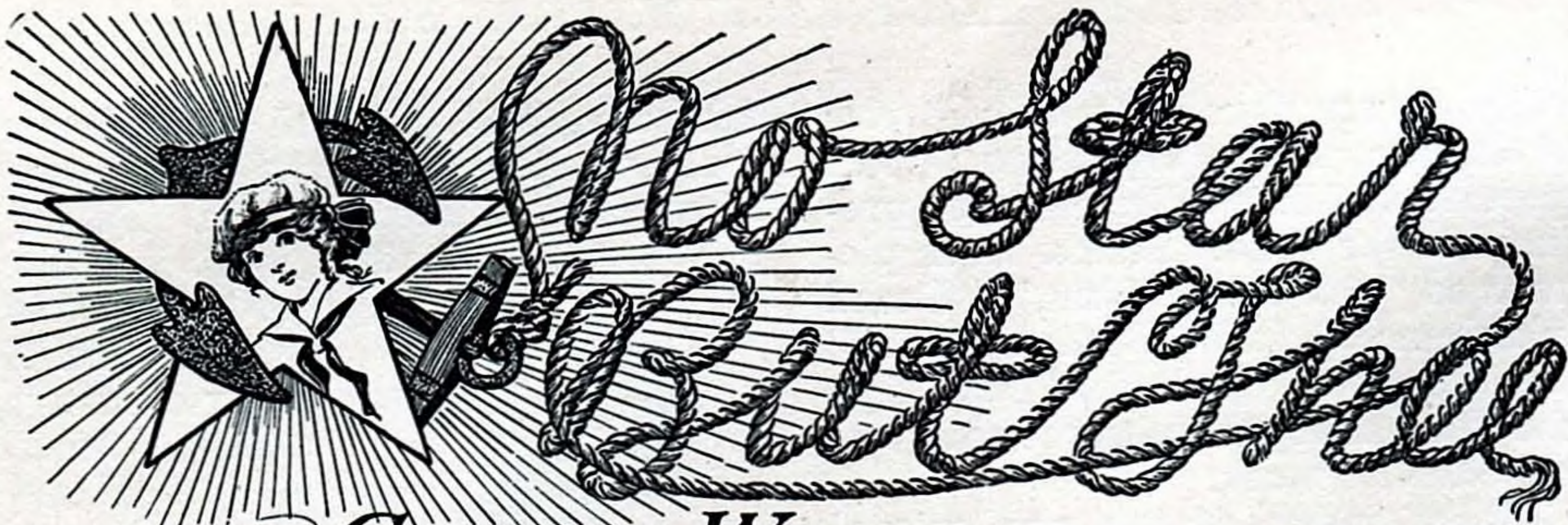
My first stage experience was with Clay Clement, my brother-in-law, in his production of "Sam Houston."

I played the juvenile lead. I played a like part in "Brown of Harvard" and "The Master Key." Following these engagements, I was featured in "The Road to Yesterday." I liked the work on the stage. I

have never sown my wild oats, principally because the dizzy life has never and does not appeal to me. Time is too valuable and accomplishment too difficult.

I like a country life—dogs, chickens, horses, green fields and sunshine. I have the rainy days to myself, and those days I spend at home—I daresay the happiest home in Hollywood, because my mother, my sister Kathleen, my brother Wallace and myself, all of us bosom pals, live together in our bungalow.





BY GEORGE WILDEY



WHEN BENDING SKY AND OCEAN MEET
 THE SUN HAS DIPT TO RE-ST,
 THE SHADES OF NIGHT HAVE FLUTTERED DOWN
 TO RIDE THE OCEAN'S CRE-ST.
 BUT STRAIGHT THE PILOT DRIVES HIS SHIP
 WHERE ANGRY BREAKERS COMB,
 AND DREAMS OF ONE TRUE HEART THAT WAITS
 AND PRAYS FOR HIM AT HOME:
 FOR EVER BRIGHTLY SHINE'S THE STARS
 THAT GUIDE THE SHIP AT SEA,
 BUT I NO GUIDING STAR MAY KNOW,
 SWEETHEART, SAVE ONLY THEE.

ACROSS THE DEEP THE MAD WIND DRIVES
 AND FILLS THE NIGHT WITH MOAN;
 THE WAVES IN SURGING BILLOWS CURL
 AND HUNGER FOR THEIR OWN.
 BUT STILL THE GOOD SHIP BATTLES ON
 AND CLEAVES HER GALLANT WAY;
 AND STILL THE HELMSMAN GRIPS HIS WHEEL
 AND BRAVES THE STINGING SPRAY.
 FOR EVER BRIGHTLY SHINE'S THE STARS,
 THAT GUIDE THE SHIP AT SEA,
 BUT I NO GUIDING STAR MAY KNOW,
 SWEETHEART, SAVE ONLY THEE.



THE SAILOR'S WIFE MAY CALMLY VIEW
 THE OCEAN ON THE SCREEN;
 FOR THOUGH A SOLLEN STORM MAY BREW,
 AND STRAINING SAIPS CAREEN;
 THOUGH FAR ACROSS THAT SEETHING SPAN
 THE WHITE-CAPS GRIMLY SPORT,
 FULL WELL SHE KNOWS HER OWN GOOD MAN
 WILL STEER HIM SAFE TO PORT:
 FOR EVER BRIGHTLY SHINE'S THE STARS
 THAT GUIDE THE SHIP AT SEA,
 BUT I NO GUIDING STAR MAY KNOW,
 SWEETHEART, SAVE ONLY THEE.



Good and Bad M. P. Theaters

The Influence on a Community of a Wholesome Moving Picture Theater as Compared with the Effect of a Degenerative One

By R. H. PRAY

I HAVE in mind a certain community on the West Side of Chicago, with which I have had opportunity, during the last two summers, to come into close personal contact, both with



many of its members and most of its institutions. This particular community, altho an important part of the West Side of that busy metropolis, is far enough out from the "Loop," or heart of Chicago, to isolate it into being almost what might be termed a small city in itself. I had noticed a number of these so-called small cities, districts or neighborhoods, about the various ends of Chicago, but I never had had the actual experience of being a part of one myself, until I received an appointment which put me in charge of the children's public playground in the above-mentioned community. My being in charge of a public playground brought me into close touch with the children of the neighborhood, and this relation in turn put me in

personal contact with nearly all of their parents; hence, right from the beginning a keen and genuine point of view of the neighborhood was given to me thru that all-important sociological factor, the family.

My business was to keep the children occupied and out of the mischief that the idle hours of a summer's vacation afforded them. Naturally, amusement played a very important part as an aid in accomplishing my purpose. I aimed to increase the interest of my protégés, by organizing athletic teams, inducing a friendly rivalry which was beneficial both to me and to the little denizens of the street. But, of course, I could not have them with me all of the time, as other amusements of the neighborhood naturally called to them, and so it behooved me to look into these interests and their effects. So, on first taking up my work, I began taking walks around the neighborhood and acquainting myself with the various influences which were being





brought to bear in every-day life on the people of this community. There was the usual corner saloon, as well as several other bar-rooms on the main street, some of them orderly places, but several of them veritable dens of vice and filth, allowed to run, no doubt, by proper pulling of the strings which operated the political head of the community. There were also several billiard and poolrooms which were frequented and usually crowded by the younger men and high-school boys. I entered these places many times for purposes of observation, and found the usual atmosphere of cigaret-smoke and profanity, attended in many instances by boys of very tender age. There was a dance-hall of a very degrading nature, in charge of people of questionable character, and this place was patronized by many of the young people in search of an evening's amusement.

Near the dance-hall was a Moving Picture show—one of the cheap variety, veneered outside with gaudy, colored placards and posters, often of a vulgar and suggestive type. The interior of the theater was in keeping with its slovenly outward appearance; narrow, confining, dark, damp and poorly ventilated, filthy and foul-smelling, could all be truthfully applied to it. The music, furnished by a piano and violin, gave vent with a tin-pan crash to all the ragtime pieces which were known as popular among the people who visited the place. I found that many of my young boys at the playground were frequenters of this pleasure resort; in fact, some were veritable "regulars" in attendance, being willing to do almost anything to get the required nickel which admitted them to the place. This naturally led me to make personal inquiry regarding the place, and on investigation I found that the apparent

degeneration which permeated the whole theater also had its effect on the screen. The manager of the theater was evidently trying to appeal to a certain low class or type, in his choosing of the films which the distributor had to offer, and reel after reel rolled off the stories of bloodshed and murder, of dissipation and dissolution, the settings being, in most cases, Western barrooms and gambling-dens. Tales of pseudo romance and love, immoral in their very essence, and unhealthy for the young women as well as the young men who frequented the place, were among the popular presentations of the photoplay. Children who flocked to the place were of an age when their ideas had not yet taken definite form, and these were subject to the evil suggestions offered by the manager, who sought to attract the public by appealing to their lower, more animal-like natures.

The deeper that I looked into the matter of this Moving Picture theater, the more apparent were its effects on the people of the neighborhood.

Taking the neighborhood as a unit, it readily could be seen that this theater contributed, along with the environment of the poolroom, the saloons and dance-hall, to its degenerative state. That the neighborhood favored degeneracy could not be doubted; its state or condition had fallen below normal, morally and in other respects. This condition in which the people lived, a sort of laxness or low state of ideals, was, of course, a state of mind of the people as a whole, and this state of mind, I think that I have the right to assume, was greatly influenced by this Moving Picture theater. Even tho every one in the neighborhood did not attend the theater, its influence upon





those who did was spread over the rest of the community. It had a strong influence on the younger members, influencing their choice of habits by bad and unwholesome suggestions, as I mentioned before. It seemed almost, as it were, to project its unwholesome effect upon the community as a whole, by limiting the choice of influence in a field where a great deal of good might have been accomplished, as I intend to show later.

Individual instances came to me thru many of the boys on the playground who were regulars at the theater. It seems as tho this theater had taken the place, in a psychological influence, of the injurious dime novel, which a few years ago figured so prominently as a cause for the delinquency and incorrigibility of city boys. Boys who became prominent, to my observation, because of their natural self-assertion, leaders of the gangs, the ones who were chosen by the boys themselves as captains of the athletic teams, were the ones who figured the greatest number of times in the juvenile-court cases of our neighborhood. When the gang went on a rampage, they were invariably always in the thick of the trouble or disturbance, and were known as bad boys. The real trouble was that the ideas and energies of the boys were converted into the wrong channels. Because of the longing for the dramatic element, which is perfectly natural in a growing boy, he is apt to make a hero out of a criminal. Ample opportunity was given the boys for this ill-directed hero worship, by the picture plays of the theater, in which often the hero was a criminal.

I had a direct confession from one boy, at heart a good boy and a born

leader of his fellow playmates, that he conceived the idea of a burglary from one of the picture show plays. I do not mean to insinuate that this one picture theater was the only bad influence on this community and its people, nor in fact that it was the ruling evil one. But I do intend to show that it had an evil influence as a general thing, and how this influence was counteracted and raised to a higher level by another Motion Picture theater, conducted in what might be termed almost an ideal way.

I had noticed a new building that was being erected on the main street, and hearing that it was to be a new picture theater, I was naturally curious and interested, as I had taken note of the influence of the other picture show. It was not long before I discovered that the promoter and owner of this new theater was a remarkable man, in fact a philanthropist, and a man whose ideas were to be of great social benefit to the community.

He erected a large, neat and commodious building, with a well ventilated and cleanly decorated interior. A pipe-organ, as fine as any church in the neighborhood could boast of, was installed, and good music beside this was also furnished in the way of an accomplished pianist. Nothing but the best of films were accepted from the distributor, and the manager, by his own personal influence, caused the city board of censorship to become more free in its condemnation and more discriminating in its selections of film plays. His aim was to educate his patrons as well as to amuse them — prominent weekly records of events were engaged and shown; sights of travel all over the country were a feature. His selections of humor, pathos, and love were of the cleanest and most elevating.





He conferred with me and helped me promote the Boy Scout movement by showing films of Boy Scout movements both in this country and in Europe.

I had a talk with him one day, and he had many good arguments to back up his idea of educating the public to better things. "Of course," he said, "I am in the business for the money, but I can make it in a way that will benefit my patrons. Unquestionably, the Moving Picture is the most direct appeal to the understanding. The printed page and the spoken words are tortuous paths to learning as compared to the royal road provided by the moving film. As a developer of intelligence, the contrivance cannot be highly praised, but as a direct and immediate appeal to the understanding it is the last word. Nothing that we have today can surpass it in its power to make plain either a mechanical process, an acted plot, or scenes in unknown lands. Moving Pictures of the right kind may be made a highly valuable element in education, amusement and general upliftment. These are facts that a thinking man or woman will not deny. There is a hue and a cry against the Moving Picture theater from one end of the land to the other, and the reason can be seen in this very neighborhood. Why is it that we hear, from juvenile, divorce and criminal courts, constant blame for wayward deeds laid on five-cent shows? The answer is greed—all managers are looking for the maximum possible profit. The only way that children and women can be guarded from the influence of evil pictures is by careful regulation of the places of exhibition. A rose will never grow from ashes. An act of law should be back of the exhibitor,

giving him power to refuse or return a film which is not what it should be—and, of course, the exhibitor should be a man who will refuse to take degrading films from the booking agent; hence, the film manufacturers will be acted upon and forced to put out better films, and the general embettering effect on the people will in time be noticeable. I am trying merely to educate the public of this neighborhood to choose between good and bad, and I think I am succeeding."

Other business men in the neighborhood, particularly the owner of the rival theater, prophesied a complete and rapid failure of his project, as it was not, according to their belief, appealing to the tastes and desires of the people of the vicinity. Indeed, it seemed as tho this was to be the outcome for the first few weeks, but then it soon became easily observable that his idea was beginning to take hold. In fact, it was discovered to be a comparatively easy matter to educate the neighborhood to the higher standard.

The two pipe-organ solos every evening became a strong drawing-card. I was told by the minister of the large church near my playground that, altho he disliked to see a pipe-organ desecrated by being played in a Moving Picture theater, it was really bringing more people to appreciate this kind of music, and hence bringing them to his church. The minister was soon won over by pictures of the Holy Land, accompanied by lectures in the new theater. The poorer people soon began to appreciate the cheap means of travel afforded by the evening travelogue, as they were advertised, and I often heard them conversing about the different places they had seen at the "movies," as if they had actually been there. The scenes of Ireland, when advertised on the





electric bulletin, always caused a number of "ould sods" to leave the saloon, knock the ashes out of their clay pipes, and go in for a little "memory"

trip back to the land of the shamrock.

A notable effect was seen in my playground boys: the regulars of the old show had changed and now became patrons of the new theater; the Boy Scout movement and similar films to their taste having taken a greater hold on their boyish interest than even the "Bucket of Blood" pictures of the other show. Those of musical ability and taste were taken up with the new music, and it was not long until the owner of the old show began to see a decrease in the number of his young patrons. The effect was ultimately felt in the juvenile court by a falling off of "bad-boy" cases. Many applied the playground as the cause of this, and, no doubt, it contributed its share to the betterment, but I am inclined to think it was directly due to the new and uplifting Moving Picture theater. As to saying that the new theater deducted largely from the number of loiterers of the poolroom, from the customers of the saloons, and from the couples of the dance-hall, would be making a very broad statement; but I am confident that it had this tendency in no small measure. For the young man who had nothing to do for an evening, it proved a wholesome and educative hour well spent, and came to be appreciated as such. For the young man and young woman in company, it provided an evening's

amusement of good suggestions, conducive to embetter them. For the tired husband and weary wife, with their restless children, it afforded a place of restful and uplifting amusement. This could not be said of the show which made it a business to appeal to a lower ideal and a weakening standard. Thus it can be seen that this era of the "movie" has given us a new means of communication in which a great deal of good can be effected in the way of education and general upliftment of the people, as well as harm due to the degenerative effect of immoral and suggestive pictures leading to wrong thinking and lower ideals.

As for myself, I confess that, aside from the material good that the new theater, with its wholesome pictures, was doing, I found a liking for the simpler joys that were mine for a dime. I, like hundreds of other mature folk who attended the show, admitted a childlike faith in the fortunes of Cinderella and her prince, a hearty mirth over a runaway hat, and a romantic delight when the girl of the lighthouse rock won the heart of the shipwrecked millionaire. I have always loved pictures, and am glad that they have come to life, even tho, like all things living, they unfold infinite possibilities of both good and evil. Just as letters have softened the hearts of men, neither "permitted them to be wild," so will the wholesome picture drama increase the human sympathy, that foundation of all social virtues.





REAL ACTION



THE REAL WONDER OF THE AGE AND STILL GROWING
A FEW YEARS AGO THE "WISE ONES" SAID HE WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO LIVE

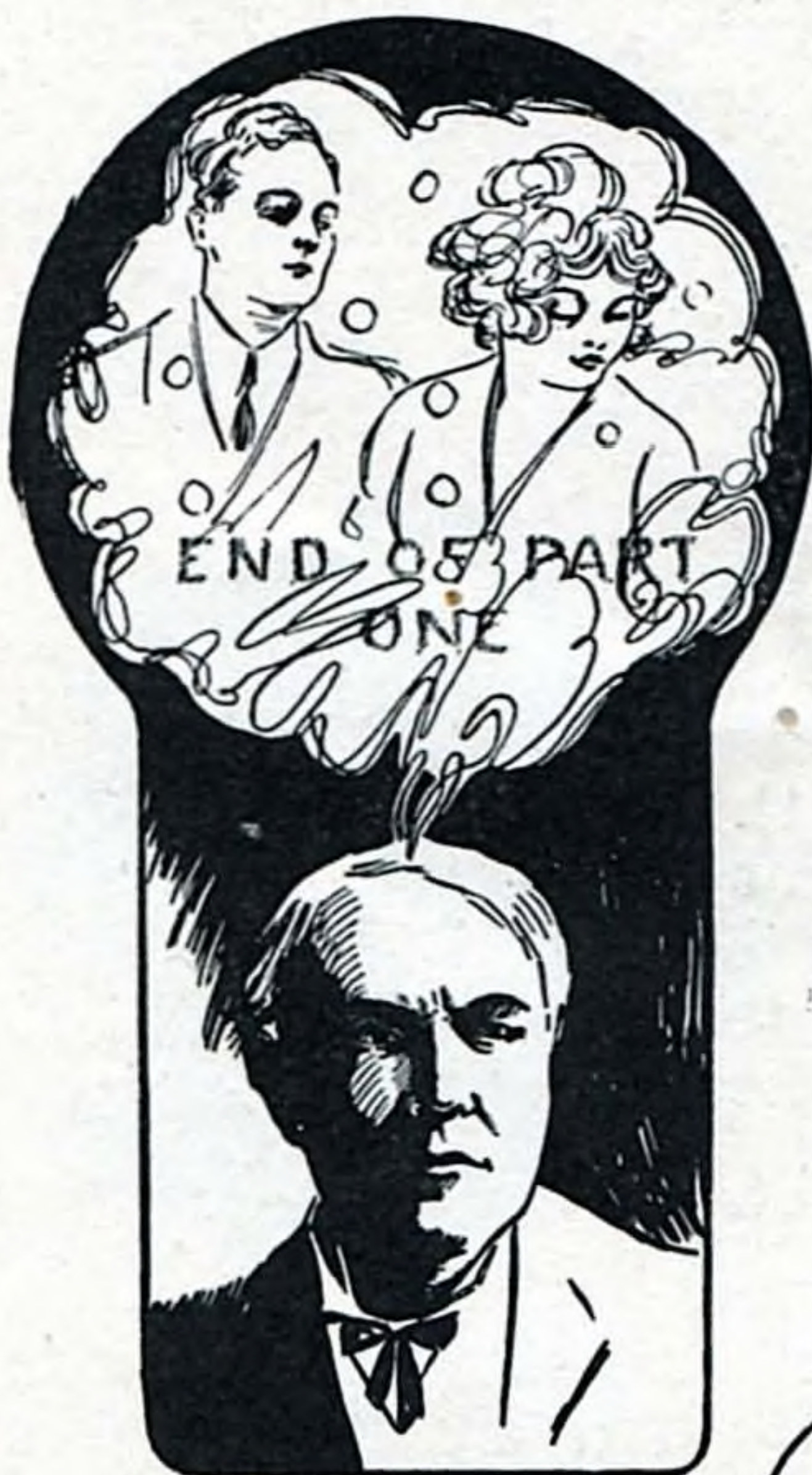


BILL DEVLIN



SHALL THE PLAYS BE CENSORED

A REEL QUESTION



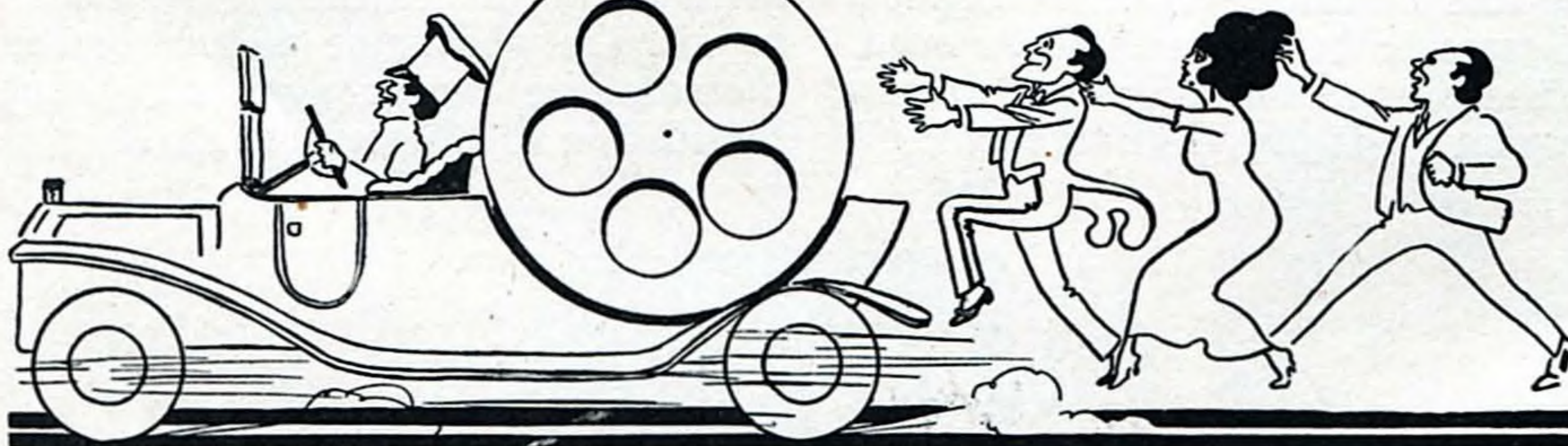
REAL GENIUS IS RESPONSIBLE



REAL HORSEMANSHIP AND DARING



THE REAL MONEY PAID BY THE REEL COMPANIES HAS SET A HIGH STANDARD



EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS

BY
Eugene V. Brewster

IT is a peculiar thing that the commonest and most important things around us, we know the least about. It does not occur to most people to inquire why, when we hear or see something that is very funny, we burst out into a convulsion of laughter; or why, when we get bad news, such as the death of a loved one, we weep; or why, when we are filled with rage, our faces become distorted and our eyes fairly blaze. These manifestations of our feelings are called facial expressions of the emotions.

The face is a remarkably expressive structure. There seems to be no limit to its possibilities. Just examine the accompanying illustration and note the numerous bundles of muscles that every face contains.

When it is remembered that each muscle can be brought under immediate control, it will be clear that a

large variety of combinations can be made; and when it is noted that many of these muscles are acted upon by the emotions, independent of the will, it will be realized that the face is indeed a wonderful organization.

Ask a crying child why it is crying, and it will tell you that it is because it has broken its doll, or lost its kite, or has been slighted by its companions, as the case may be; but ask why it wrinkles

its brow, closes its eyes, draws its cheek upward and distorts its whole face in the act of crying, and it will tell you that it is because it comes natural, that it feels like doing these



THE MUSCLES OF THE FACE



THIS CHILD IS JUST LEARNING TO EXPRESS ITS THOUGHTS BY MEANS OF ITS FACIAL MUSCLES

things and cannot help it. I wonder how many of my readers know just why that child's face is affected in that way. Again, how is it that when we see a child crying we know instantly the state of that child's feelings? And how is it that we can read the human countenance so readily and recognize a large variety of emotions and feelings merely by the expression?

There are various ways of expressing our feelings, and even the lower animals have different ways of showing them. Strike a dog with a cane, at the same time assuming a threatening attitude, and the animal will express fear in several different ways. It will probably put its tail between its legs, hold its head downward, draw its ears close to its head, utter a low growl, and perhaps turn, eyeing you from the corners of its eyes, and slink away. Thus in several different ways does it express the emotion of fear, principally by posture, gesture, intonation, and facial expression. A human being may act very much the same, under similar conditions, but his face will be more expressive than that of the dog.

If you were asked to name all the emotions and feelings you could think of that could be expressed by the face, how many could you name? The more common ones, such as fear, joy,

sadness and anger, would occur to you at once, but after that you would pause. As far as I know, nobody has ever yet attempted to make a list of such emotions and feelings, and such a list would doubtless be subject to criticism, because some would declare that certain emotions cannot be depicted by the face alone. For example, doubt and dread. Let the best actor or artist in the world try to show these two emotions, and how many of us could tell them apart? Let us make a list of some of the principal emotions and sensations, with a view of naming only those which can be depicted by the face:

Abhorrence	Derision	Longing
Admiration	Despair	Lust
Adoration	Devotion	Madness
Affection	Diffidence	Magnanimity
Alarm	Disappointment	Malevolence
Anger	Discomfiture	Maliciousness
Anguish	Disdain	Meditation
Antagonism	Disgust	Meekness
Anxiety	Dismay	Melancholy
Appreciation	Distress	Mercy
Apprehension	Distrust	Misery
Arrogance	Doubt	Mockery
Artlessness	Dread	Nobleness
Astonishment	Duplicity	Obedience
Avarice	Eagerness	Obstinacy
Avengement	Ecstasy	Pain
Aversion	Egotism	Passiveness
Benevolence	Enmity	Penitence
Benignity	Entreaty	Piety
Bestiality	Exasperation	Pity
Bravado	Fascination	Pitilessness
Bravery	Fear	Pleasure
Candor	Ferocity	Praise
Caprice	Fickleness	Prejudice
Captiousness	Firmness	Prudence
Caution	Fury	Quarrelsomeness
Cheerfulness	Gladness	Quiescence
Combativeness	Gloom	Radiance
Compassion	Gratefulness	Rage
Complacency	Gratification	Rancor
Conceit	Grief	Rascality
Condescension	Grouchiness	Reluctance
Confusion	Guilt	Remorse
Contempt	Happiness	Repose
Courage	Hatred	Reproach
Covetousness	Haughtiness	Reproof
Coyness	Hope	Repugnance
Craftiness	Hostility	Repulsion
Credulity	Humility	Resolution
Crossness	Hypocrisy	Respect
Cruelty	Idolatry	Rest
Cunning	Imbecility	Restraint
Curiosity	Impatience	Sacrifice
Deceit	Innocence	Sadness
Decision	Jealousy	Sagacity
Deference	Joy	Sarcasm
Defiance	Kindliness	Satisfaction
Delight		



J. WARREN KERRIGAN, AS THE BLIND "SAMSON,"
SHOWING PAIN, DESPAIR, DISTRESS, ETC.

Scorn	Suspicion	Valor
Selfishness	Tenacity	Vanity
Shame	Tenderness	Wonder
Shrewdness	Terror	Worry
Sincerity	Thankfulness	Wrath
Sorrow	Threat	Wretchedness
Stupidity	Tolerance	Yearning
Submissiveness	Trust	Yielding
	Uprightness	Zeal

The objection probably will be made that several of these are identical, and that it would be impossible to depict one without confusion with another. But it must be borne in mind that there are only two real synonyms in the English language—the words *begin* and *commence*; that no other two words mean precisely the same thing. It might be difficult to show the difference between two such similar words as *pleasure* and *joy*, but a careful writer would choose one or the other to convey a certain meaning, and he would not be con-

tent with the other word. Joy is the stronger word. It may be difficult, even impossible, for an artist to paint a picture of two faces, one showing reproach and one showing reproof, so that the average person could tell which was which; but we know that the words *reproach* and *reproof* mean different things, and that a careful writer or actor would discriminate. Thus, no two words mean precisely the same emotion or sensation; there is just the merest shade of difference or intensity between one and any other that may be named.

Now, it is very possible that some of us cannot tell the difference between one expression and another. Just examine the numerous illustrations that are scattered thru this article and try to study out what each means, and how and why you came to those conclusions. The titles of some



HOW MANY DIFFERENT EMOTIONS
CAN YOU READ IN THIS FACE?

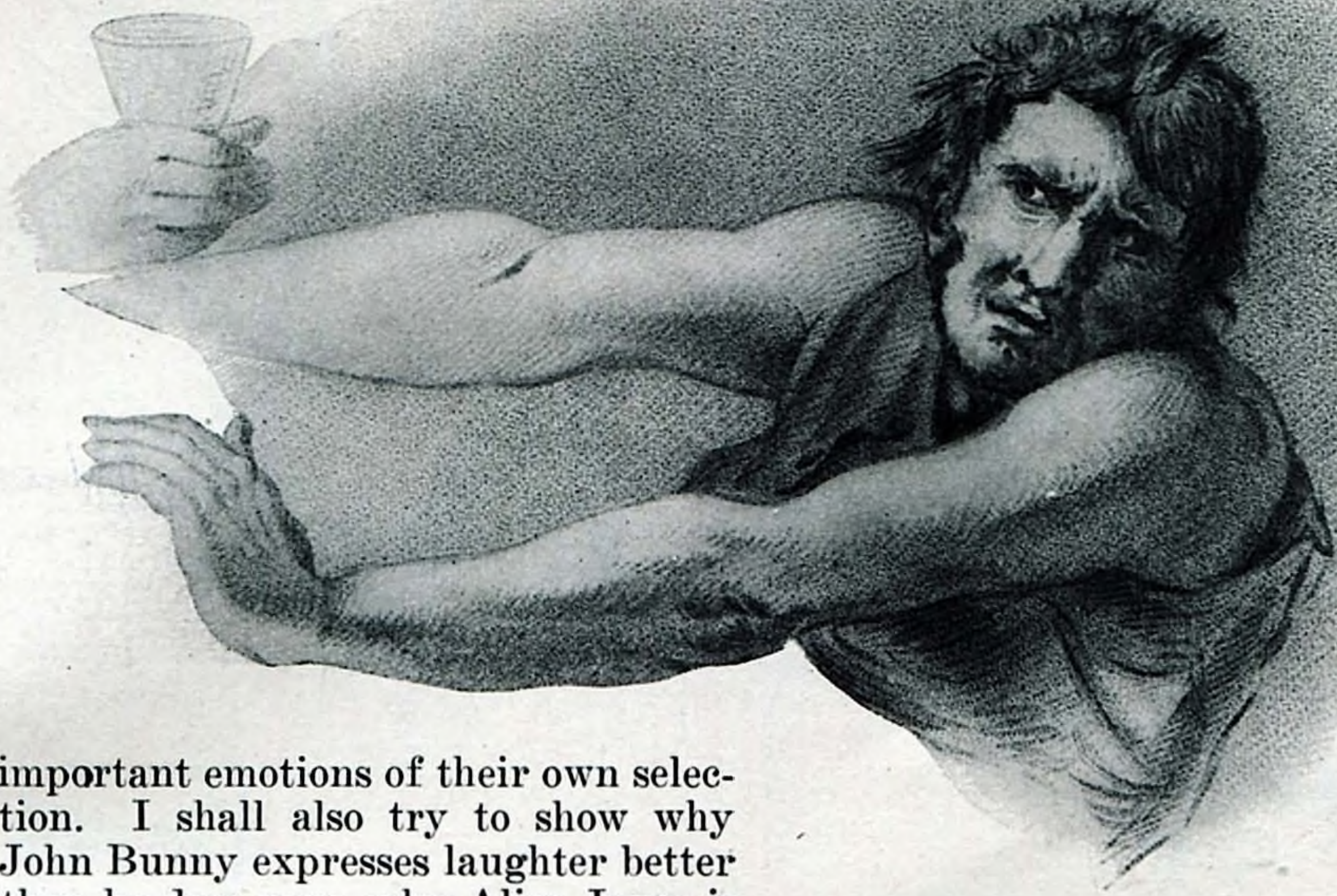
of them have been purposely omitted because it is well known that the imagination of the onlooker plays an important part in the delineation of character and emotion. Thus, if the word *contempt* were to be printed beneath one of the pictures, your imagination would go to work to find that quality, and you would soon recognize it; whereas, otherwise, you might think the expression was that of derision, covetousness, or something else. The more time you devote to the study and naming of the emotions and sensations that these pictures represent, the greater will be your powers to recognize expression on the faces of the actors on the stage and on the screen. This much must be said, however: it is often difficult for an artist or a player to depict the fine shades of expression without the aid of gestures and outside influences. It is not difficult for a player to depict pain, but we may not know whether it is grief, fear, wrath, dismay, disgust, or anxiety, unless we know the surrounding circumstances or the state of his mind as shown by what has happened to him to bring that expression to his face. For example, if we know that he is devoted to his child and that he has just learnt that the child is dead, we immediately recognize his expression as that of grief. This would indicate that the same expression may mean

different emotions under different circumstances. Had we known that the player had been wounded by a sword-thrust, his expression of pain would have been immediately recognized by us as that of physical pain. While physical pain and mental pain should be differently expressed, and while there are numerous kinds of mental pain, some of us cannot distinguish the difference unless we are aided by gesture or a knowledge of the surrounding conditions. The accompanying illustrations have mostly been taken from standard books, and were drawn by experienced artists to depict certain emotions; but there is much room for difference of opinion as to how the various emotions are best expressed. I have found it impossible to agree with some of the artists and authors as to what emotions and sensations certain of these pictures express. And perhaps, were I to label each picture according to my own fancy, many of my readers would disagree with me.

I shall endeavor, in this and in succeeding articles, to give my readers a clear and simple analysis of the subject, and I shall illustrate future instalments with photographs of the more prominent photoplayers, in which they have attempted to express



"LAUGHTER," OF COURSE, BUT
WHAT IS THE NATURE OR
CAUSE OF HIS MIRTH?



important emotions of their own selection. I shall also try to show why John Bunny expresses laughter better than he does rage, why Alice Joyce is more successful in expressing reproach than remorse, why Henry Walthal can express sarcasm and restraint better than he can affection and idolatry, and so on.

I now call your attention to the illustration showing a man repelling a glass that is being offered to him. If I should tell you that it represents a reformed drunkard who is trying to resist temptation, you would probably declare that it was an exquisite bit of drawing. You would see that the man's face bore signs of previous dissipation, that he was trying hard to reform, that he was sorely tempted, that he loves the liquor and yearns for it, yet that there is a higher voice within him urging him to refuse. You would recognize the expressions of love (of liquor), fear, hatred, determination, dread, yearning, aversion, resolution, wretchedness, and perhaps several others. Kindly turn to the list of one hundred and sixty-eight emotions and sensations on pp. 108-109 and see how many of them this drawing represents. The more you study this picture, the more you will see in it. It is really a great picture, and the wonder is that some great painter has not taken it as a model for a wonderful masterpiece. But now

I must inform you that Sir C. Bell, who drew the picture for his "Anatomy of Expression," did not mean to represent any such thing as I have described. The correct title is "Hydrophobia—Head Repelled by Sight of Water." This is disappointing, no doubt. The picture now loses interest. The expression on the face is not so complex. It is not universal, nor so human as it first appeared. It is not such a great picture, after all. Now, what does all this show? It shows that facial expression alone is not complete; that it is indeterminate; that it is not conclusive; that it may mean different things under different circumstances. I ask you now to place a handkerchief around the arms of the figure so that you can see only the face. What do you now see? Is it the same man? What story does his expression tell? If you can forget what is under the handkerchief, you will agree, I think, that the man is nothing but an ordinary prize-fighter; that he is agitated by some kind of emotion, perhaps fear and cruelty intermixed; and that he has none of the higher virtues. Thus we see that, to tell the whole story, more than facial expression is needed.

I prefer my own interpretation of



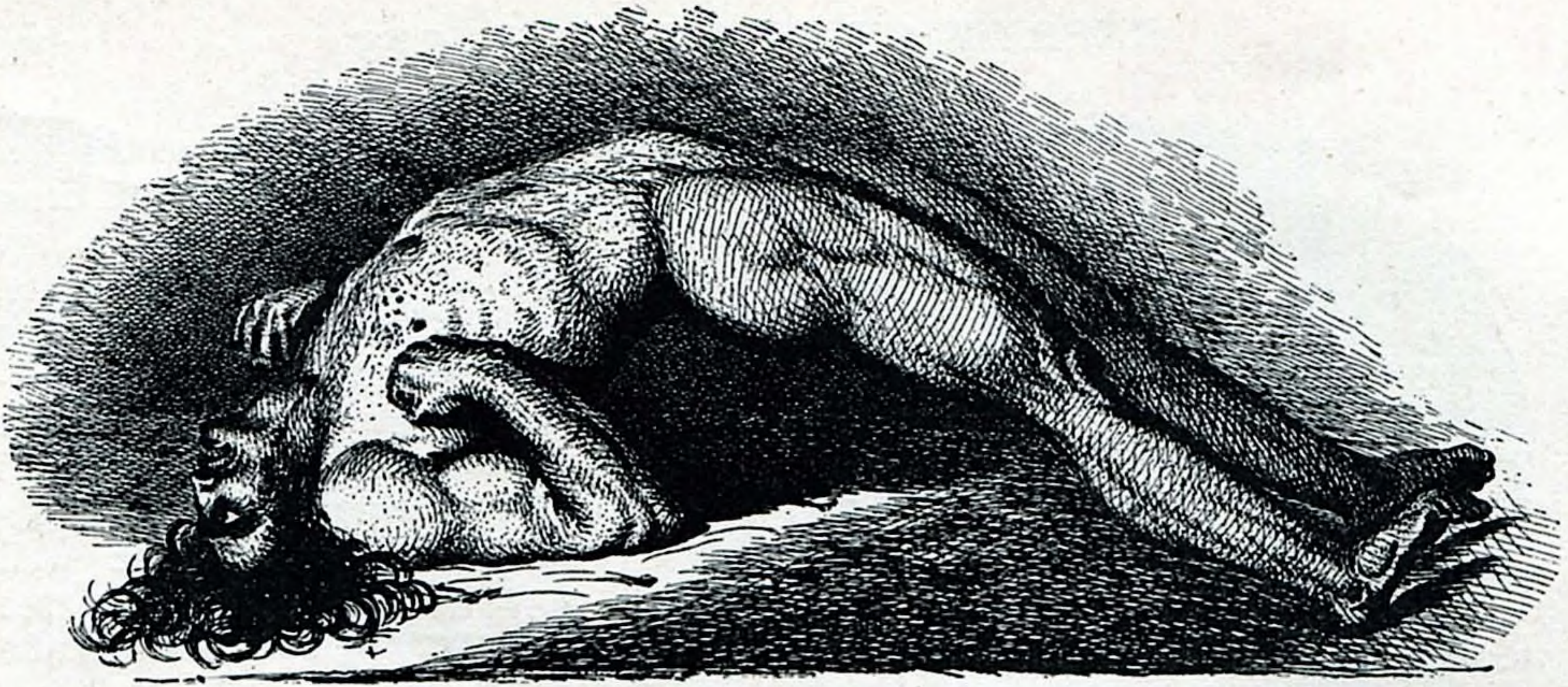


the picture. The proffered cup, the agonized poise of the body, the repelling hand, the extended arm, the turn of the head, these and other ideas in the picture are very suggestive and expressive. Words are unnecessary. We know full well what the man is saying, or would say, under the circumstances. Art requires that we leave something to the imagination. If the man were to speak and to say: "I am a reformed drunkard. I smell the liquor in that cup. I want it. I crave it. Yet I must not partake. I lost my family and fortune thru drink. I know that if I but taste a drop I shall want more, and then I am lost," and so on, it would not add to the tale the picture tells. Words do not help the picture. We prefer to *imagine* what is going on in the man's mind. And this brings us to the point of contrast between the stage and the screen. On the stage, mostly everything is told by words. While the actors move about, and make gestures and facial expressions, we are dependent on the spoken words for the burden of the plot. On the screen it is almost the reverse. Here the players must depend almost exclusively on their actions and expression. In the regular theater, we see the actors from a

distance and cannot observe the fine shades of expression that might cross their faces. "Close up" views are impossible. But in the photodrama, when there is a tense scene, and when it is desired to show the inward workings of the player's mind, we are given a "close up" view, and the head is enlarged to many times its normal size. If the face is well lighted and photographed, we see every line, every movement of the muscles, every gleam of the eye, and every changing mood or passion. How important, then, that the photoplayer be a master of facial expression!

Facial expression plays a great part in determining whether a face is beautiful or not. A face may be beautiful in sleep, and so may an expressionless statue; yet expression may give charm to a face that would appear very ordinary in repose. When we see beauty in a sleeping figure or in a statue, it is because we recognize in them the *capacity* for expression; for our minds are active in imagining what may be the motions of those features when they are animated. This is why the portraits of some photoplayers impress us favorably, whereas their features are anything but beautiful.





Movement of features indicates quality of thought and emotion. It is the *expression* that dwells pleasantly or painfully in our memory. Dimples and smiles are attractive because they denote a pleasant nature. By the unconscious operation of fancy, when we see a person with large, canine teeth, as in the demons of "The Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo, we are inclined to associate that person with savageness or ferocity, as we might expect of an animal; yet, we are charmed with Dorothy Kelly, whose teeth are slightly above the average length, and this is because we are delighted with her general expression. Ada Gifford's jaw denotes an almost masculine strength of character, yet her general expression makes her charmingly feminine. G. M. Anderson's nose is abnormally large, yet his smile is abnormally winning. Crane Wilbur's eyebrows might suggest an almost savage nature but for his fascinating general expression. Edith Storey's high cheekbones would make her unbeautiful but for her remarkably expressive face. Blanche Sweet's face would denote weakness of character but for her wonderful powers of expression. Earle Williams, on account of his overhanging forehead, could play only parts of the poet or philosopher but for his pleasing and very expressive face. Norma Phillips, on account of her square, full lower face, would hardly be beautiful but for her delightful smile. Thus we see that we are moved more by the expression than

by the features and form of the head. And did this ever occur to you: Why is it that a photoplay audience, differing in age, habits and education, all interpret emotions alike? And why is it that the people in India, and in New Zealand, and in Hawaii, all express the principal emotions the same as we do here in America? Darwin went to endless pains to determine whether all races of men expressed emotions the same, and he found that they do; that is, the principal emotions. Were this not so, some of our American photoplays would indeed seem strange when exhibited in certain foreign countries.

It is a wonderful thing to be able to recognize the expression of the emotions. It adds immensely to our pleasures, particularly to our enjoyment of the photoplay. Very few of the lower animals are able to understand any expression confined to our features. Rengger asserts that monkeys soon learn to distinguish, not only from the tones of voice of their masters, but the expression of their faces; but Darwin says that even a dog fails to understand any facial expression except a smile or laugh. Sir Jas. E. Tennent says that elephants weep and shed tears at the loss of their young, but they fail to recognize similar or other emotions in man. Thus, the recognition of facial expression belongs exclusively to the *genus homo*, speaking generally, and it is an art and a science that can be, and no doubt will be, in the future, cultivated to a degree heretofore undreamt of.

(To be continued)

What Improvement in Motion Pictures Is Needed Most?

IN a recent number we offered a prize of \$10 in gold for the best answer to this question in 200 words or less. It is within the scope of this contest to suggest improvement or improvements in the acting, photography, and exhibition of Motion Pictures, or any other fields, such as the class of photoplays exhibited, mechanical improvements, and perhaps some undiscovered betterment that rests with our readers to solve.

We must confess that, with only a nominal prize offered, this contest has brought out a surprisingly large number of interesting replies. And it all goes to show that the public are becoming more and more discriminating and also better judges of the many conditions that go to make desirable photoplay. We have received replies from many exhibitors as well as from some of the leading actors of photoplay portrayal. Many of these communications were not entered for the contest, but were sent to us merely in the interest of Motion Picture betterment.

Out of the mass of communications, we think many of them are worthy a place in print and that they contain better and more pertinent thoughts than the average criticisms of the paid critics in the magazines and newspapers with photoplay departments. For this reason we are adjourning the closing of the contest until a future number, and trust that many of the ideas herein submitted are meaty and entertaining reading for all of our readers interested in the welfare of Motion Pictures.

Marie Conway, of Chicago, Ill., believes that directors should pay more attention to detail in costumes. Subtitles of "Three Years" or "Ten Years Later" sometimes make no difference in a change of garments and styles.

Carlton White, of New Rochelle, N. Y., avers one of the most impor-

tant things in Motion Pictures is the correct playing of small parts. "Companies have a habit of featuring a few stars, and the minor parts are often colorless. 'A chain is as strong as its weakest link.' Give us good actors in small parts to have us thoroly appreciate a well-rounded performance."

Grover C. Johnson, 504 Dillaye Building, Syracuse, N. Y., believes in "attention to detail." He pleads, "Not only is realism necessary in the studio, but in every part of the work, from the script to the theater. How many times has a writer neglected to familiarize himself with the details in plot, and how often has the actor neglected these same details, with the result that the picture is inaccurate and not true to life!"

Miss Lillian Donovan, 81 Washington St., S. Norwalk, Conn., thinks that photoplay casts are sadly slurred, and suggests that cast slides be used between a change of reels. She says this would also do away with the screening of so many untimely advertising slides.

Mrs. O. Purcell, Marlow, Okla., believes that there is an overdose of kissing in the films, and confesses, "In actual life a lover does not kiss his sweetheart before a crowd, nor do women always kiss and clasp one another's hands so fervently as in photoplay. I also think most of the girls smile too much to be natural."

We regret that lack of space limits the printing in full of many excellent criticisms. Perhaps all of us will agree, however, with Mr. Walter Scott Howard, Buzzards Bay, Mass., whose improvement is suggested in the following eloquent critique:

Plays that appear probable—performed in pantomime that seems possible. "To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature!" This is more important upon the screen than upon the stage. One reflects a natural background, the other an artificial daub. To grimace, smirk, contort the

physiognomy into a thousand twists may pass muster before a painted act-drop; but a scene depicting Nature in all its reality revolts at the antics of a puppet and must be peopled by *genuine human beings*. Oh, you photoplayers, remember this: Your art is great. Respect it with modest actions. Kick not away the ladder that takes you up. Climb gently. And you—you madly dashing mob of photoscribes—Pause! Think! Take breath! Bulk is not what we crave. Give us less nourishment, more naturally served. Human existence—genuine, throbbing life of the people! Bury your crude monstrosities before a second Don Quixote comes to ridicule from off the screen your morbid heroines, your sordid villains, your pack of painted mannikins. Take warning all. The multitude is with you now. Hold its esteem. Drive not this loyal legion from your door, as the rude guardians of unhappy Thespis have.

A. T. Strong, 501 Chase St., Kane, Pa., offers a strong plea for more careful treatment of the positive films:

One great improvement in Moving Pictures would be more careful printing and developing of the positive films. These are, in many cases, terribly slighted, and otherwise beautiful scenes appear upon the screen as little more than so much soot and whitewash. One frequently sees photoplays in which the setting or background is carefully chosen, the acting superb, and the subject deserving of the very best care and treatment known to the photographer; yet are so harsh and contrasty as to cause the faces of the actors to be all but indistinguishable. When such a film is thrown upon the screen, the audience is oftentimes forced to guess at the idea which the actors are striving to "get over"; whereas, every fleeting expression should be as distinct as perfect photography can make it.

Surely, Motion Pictures, which owe their very existence to the photographic art, should be as perfect photographically as they already are in dramatic and scenic values.

V. H. Oxley, a well-known exhibitor of Bradford, Pa., submits this excellent argument, which, if it please the exhibitor, will please his audience:

The big idea is a get-together movement between exhibitor and manufacturer. Motion Pictures is the only big business in which the manufacturer is not everlastingly trying to ascertain his customers'

requirements. The exhibitor knows his patrons' wants better than the exchange. The only inquiry I ever received was from one manufacturer—if more multiples were desired. Exhibitors should be allowed to select subjects. *Better* programming is possible when ALL manufacturers adopt release schedules similar to Essanay's "time-table." *Good* programming will do more to improve things than any one thing. It is doubtful if managers want multiples every day—patrons complain of continually arriving during them. Genuine comedies, real farces, would fill a long-felt want. Horse-play, continuous funny situations and refined comedies still have their stage successes without using chases. Another improvement—the elimination of crowding too many people and furnishings in 9 by 19 spaces. There is no contrast between palace and cottage sizes. Last night I saw a feature with an ocean liner stateroom larger than the navy secretary's office. These are not small inconsistencies, they are noticeable faults.

Manufacturers, put your ears to the ground; listen to the exhibitor as well as the exchanges!

The following communication from a prominent studio official, who asks that we do not publish his name, goes directly to the heart of an important phase of the picture art—conflict of authority:

As an official of this company, I am in a position to say that there is an ever-increasing demand from the authors to have credit on the screen for their story. This is no more than right, for they get little enough for their efforts, and to gratify their ambition to be identified with the creation of the picture is no more than their just dues.

Some companies have thus publicly recognized the author. Others refuse to. The former studios are getting the best offerings from the host of writers. Another thing: it may not be generally known, but there is on the inside of the business constant warfare between the camera-men, who are artists at heart and wish to add the pictorial atmosphere to the scene, and the directors, who are actors and insist that the gestures, facial grimaces and personality of the actor shall be played up, to the detriment of the picture and even the story. What hideously made-up "mugs" we sometimes see in their "close up" stuff, with all the proportion and beauty of the background blocked up with the distorted "actors"!

Let us hope that the correctly balanced picture will soon be the rule, instead of the exception.

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

As to criticisms—many come—to wit, that all verse, letters, etc., printed in this department laud only certain players and are partial to these certain exclusively, such is not the case. Some consideration must be given to the merit of the verse and matter used, and thus it may happen that the said available matter runs to certain players frequently. That is chance—not partiality.

To Sydney Russell, of Los Angeles, for his dedication to Miss Mary Pickford, we award the prize this month:

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS MARY PICKFORD.

God gave her two eyes formed from azure
Tints of bright, blue skies;
Sometimes downcast or raised at last,
In sad or glad surprise.
The truant sunbeams love to flit
And revel in her hair;
The golden light of sunrise bright
Is trapped and quivering there.
Sometimes a laughing, elfin maid,
Or downcast in her woe;
As queen or thrall she holds us all
In spell at the photoshow.
The evening stars, with golden sheen,
In tribute rise and fall
To her who reigns an uncrowned queen—
The brightest star of all.

Miss L. O. Edwards is devoted in triplicate:

'Tis said no one loves a fat man,
But somehow I dont think it's so,
For who is more funny
Than our dear friend, John Bunny,
Of those we see at the show?



The same might be said of the villain,
Whose rôle is a difficult one;
Yet who is—gol darn it—
As clever as MacDermott?
I venture to say there is none.

They say all the world loves a lover,
With this I'm sure you'll agree,
For Maurice Costello
Is the love-making fellow—
Was there ever another like he?



There are others quite worthy of mention,
I like them exceedingly, too,
But to each one of these
Allow me—please—
To say, "There are no flies on you!"

POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Grace C. Kenyon, Butte, Mont., writes that she has "dedicated the following lines to the King of Hearts *and* Parts":

TO MR. KING BAGGOT.



'm still thinking about "Absinthe,"
And it grieves me to the heart
To think that you, King Baggot,
Took such an awful part.
I cannot make myself believe
That poor, sick fiend was you,
And still I saw you acting
Just as if the thing were true.
You ne'er before have been like that—
It didn't seem quite right
To see our own loved favorite
In such a mood to fight.
Of course it was a pow'rful play
And showed your talent rare—
That time you saw the vision
In the bottle standing there.
I well remember long ago
I saw "The Scarlet Letter,"
And later on "The Wanderer,"
In that you were still better.
You're wonderful in all your parts,
But the best I ever saw
Was when you were the hold-up man
In "Love vs. Law."

"Chip" sends us verse to George Larkin, accompanied by a very earnest note. The note contains more to the glorification of George Larkin than does the verse—hence the excerpt:

Wont you please print something about George Larkin, Kalem? The way he's neglected is positively scandalous. Yet he can make big audiences laugh themselves hoarse. Why, when he appeared here in "The Laundress and the Lady" even the orchestra was tickled. We had some dreadful music for a while, but that's a tribute to Mr. Larkin, isn't it?

Edna J. Sheehy, of Tacoma, Wash, makes profound apology to James Whitcomb Riley, and indites the following:

TO MISS MAE MARSH.

A film sweetheart of mine—I have her picture here with me—
To cheer me up when I feel blue and keep me company;
A fair and lovely vision, who my loneliness beguiles,
And I settle back contented when I see her merry smiles.

As I turn the pages of my MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
And gaze upon the faces of the stars that I have seen,
Still at one I smile the longest, whose expression is divine,
And hope she's smiling back at me—this picture girl of mine.

I'll not be satisfied till in her company I've been,
And as she's won my fancy, so hers I'll try to win,
And if by luck we chance to meet, my dreaming I'll resign
To meet the living presence of this picture girl of mine.

DEAR EDITOR—Just a letter of praise in behalf of Edward Coxen, of the American Company. The first time I ever had the pleasure of seeing him upon the screen was in "The Lost Chord," wherein he played the leading rôle. The play itself was beautiful, and I think rather difficult—especially the part played by Edward Coxen as the aged monk. To say his acting is splendid and without a flaw is a meager way of giving him full credit for his sterling worth as a Motion Picture genius. During his presence on the screen the audience has the supreme delight of witnessing everything that is good, brave and noble. His actions are unrestrained and natural, and when I add that his pleasing personality is forever welcomed upon the screen, I am only echoing the praises I have so often heard sung. With best wishes for his future success and in gratitude to him, I am,

Sincerely,

3268 Armitage Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MISS FLORETTA SWANSON.

P. S.—I extend my sincere congratulation to Warren Kerrigan, of the Victor Company. He is well worthy the stamp of public approval.

C. S. hails us from Memphis, Tenn., with his maiden effort in the line of versifying. He expresses the hope that "some good angel may be lurking 'round to keep me from uncharitable thoughts." Whate'er the angel be—here followeth:

TO FRANCIS BUSHMAN.

Hail, Francis Bushman, so handsome and noble,
How many times you have made my heart beat!
If I were so old I hardly could hobble,
I'd painfully find you and call it a treat.

Your looks, your bearing, your fine, manly acting,
Have proven to all your character sweet,
So with me rest assured you need no more backing,
Forever I'll be on my shrine at your feet.

Josephine R. writes of a humorous incident she saw at a Moving Picture theater last week. Too much realism in the title upset the German:

The picture was "The Lion and the Mouse," and during the third reel a German, dragging two children behind him, went up the aisle, shouting: "This is a humbug—a swindle! Vere's da lion, vere's da mouse? I bring my kinder to see the lion and a mouse—vere iss one?"

Welcome! James K. Pettyjohn sends his first contribution. Again, welcome!

Here's to the team which leads the rest
In humor, love and wit;
They are always there and give the best,
And ne'er slack up a bit.

Their acting always touches me
As a Moving Picture fan;
So here's to this team composed of three—
The Twins and Wally Van.



The Great Artist Contest

But One More Month, and the Battle of the Ballots Will Have Ended

The Unparalleled Struggle Is Attracting Worldwide Attention

AN "Idea"—what an uppish little imp it is, ready to spring up like a "Jack-in-the-Box" when the lid is unhooked!

One morning a certain editor woke up with such an "Idea" that up he sprang into a right angle.

"By George!" he exclaimed (you see, he was a nice Moving Picture editor, and so even in moments of excitement expressed himself in terms which the National Board of Censorship would pass), "the public would like to do its own thinking, instead of having the professional critics think for it."

He felt sure that the public was just full of critical ideas about the artistic worth of the actors and actresses—that all it needed was an opportunity to express itself. Against arguments, he trusted to the thinking power of the Moving Picture audiences. So off he pulled the lid from the box of the public's ideas, and the skeptic peeked in to see if there were any ideas in the box except "I like this actor because he has such beautiful brown eyes."

Lo! out of the box jumped a million lively "Jacks" and hit the skeptic in the face—served him right, too. The editor, who had understood, is trying now to be good and not to crow "I told you so."

But even he has been amazed at the intellectual judgment that seems to be backing up the votes.

It really takes the same sort of judgment that it does to choose a wife. Short-sighted indeed is the young man who is led into his spring courting by looks alone, and who gives no heed to the real character and mind

underlying the big, blue eyes and pretty, red lips. In truth, Darby must live with Joan long after he has lost the excitement of possessing a "new toy." Then, forsooth, he wants interesting thoughts to come thru those pretty, red lips.

A like problem comes up to every voter in this contest.

How pretty the heroine is in the play being enacted on the screen! But stop—can he see this pretty little rosebud playing the part of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, or of Becky Sharp? Isn't he mixing up her eyes with her acting?

As he asks himself this question, he is becoming a critic—for the critic is the man who thinks with his head, and not just with his heart. He is now experiencing the joy of introducing science into his pleasures. Science is what raises baseball above a game of ball in the back lot; it is what makes the mentality of an electrician more interesting than that of the man who digs the ditch for the electric cable.

For the critical voters, it will be the same theater that they have always attended; but now they will bring to it the added joy of criticism. It is the same checker-board; but now they can play the intellectual game of chess, and not just checkers.

The last coupon will appear in the August number (on sale July 15th), but you have until August 20th to get in your votes. That date is absolutely "last call for breakfast," and all late-comers will just have to go hungry. The result of the contest will be announced in the October issue of the magazine.

THE RULES OF THE CONTEST

Each reader is entitled to vote once a month, on the printed coupon which will be found on another page.

Each vote must contain the name of a male player and the name of a female player, and may also contain a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popu-

larity, good looks, personality, etc., and they may excel in drama, tragedy, comedy, villainy portrayal, or anything you please.

While no valuable prizes will be given, the winners of this contest will be awarded the highest honors that can come in the theatrical profession—the stamp of public approval.

ONE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR PRIZE

The excitement of this contest is not going to close in a simple announcement. No, sir! It is going to develop into the most interesting competition that ever inspired your ambition.

The winning team is to play in a great drama to be written especially for them—(now comes the exciting part). *You* are going to write the drama. *You* are going to see these great artists make alive your dreams.

Once upon a time there was a sculptor named Pygmalion, and he carved a lovely dream-maiden and named her Galatea. And he loved his dream-maiden.

Is it not true that every author loves the child of his fancy? Who that has written a photoplay has not dreamed of his characters until they are real to him; and then he sends off his play, and perhaps it is accepted and produced. Lo! Mary, whom he has conceived of as a darling-little-clinging-vine type of a girl, appears on the screen as a five-foot-ten Juno. It gives him a shock.

This contest offers you the chance for which you have been longing—the wonderful experience of seeing your fancies come alive just as you planned them.

This Pygmalion kist his dream-maiden until she ceased to be stone and became a real woman. And now the chance is likewise yours.

With a thoro knowledge of the personal appearance of your hero and heroine, with an understanding of their particular talents, you can write your drama around those actors. You can make alive the inhabitants of your fancy, as did Pygmalion.

The judges of the scenario contest are to be the Photoplay Clearing House and the scenario department of the winning company.

“But what more is there than the hundred-dollar prize?” you ask.

Well, this magazine is expecting not just one prize photoplay, but a hundred prize-worthy plays—and these plays must live; not be choked to death in a waste-basket. The Clearing House, connected with this magazine, is going to take on itself the responsibility of retailing your plays to the manufacturers. Every salable play in this competition is going to be sold, for the Clearing House has more selling wiles than the most talented of book-agents. The more plays there are for it to dispose of, why, the merrier!

You see, this competition is like Santa Claus' pack. Santa fills every little boy's stocking, but still his pack remains full. The prizes that we are going to help you win are as unlimited as are Santa Claus' toys.

Of course, the scenarios must not be sent in until the full details and particulars are announced, but you can be preparing your ideas. We shall be preparing lodging for the time when your “fancy” children will visit us. We shall help you transform them into real men and women. Not only is there to be one grand prize of \$100 for the best photoplay, but there will probably be a dozen or twenty other prizes—perhaps more, for we intend that the various studios shall see the better scripts and buy them to feature their players who have made a good run in this memorable race. And now

here are a few letters that accompanied some of the votes, and you shall have them just as we picked them out of the numerous ballot boxes, so you will know that there has been no partiality shown:

I cast my votes for Carlyle Blackwell because I have seen him take the part of a convict, lawyer, minister, a rich man, a poor man, a lover and other numerous rôles, and you would think he was really the person whom he is impersonating.

ROSE R. LEE.

Kerrigan's work as Samson is wonderful. He is Samson the successful traveler, Samson the amorous lover, Samson the tragic victim, and Samson the conqueror, even tho he dies in conquering. He runs the whole gamut of emotions in this one drama, and plays every emotion superbly.

PAULINE FRITZ.

Mary Pickford won my heart in "Tess of the Storm Country." It is one of the most powerful character sketches ever played—powerful, for it is elemental—so close to nature that I found myself paying the tribute of real tears. The ragged, little squatter girl is dirty, yet beautiful; full of naughty vagaries; yet capable of great sacrifices—she is the uncivilized woman. How can Mary Pickford, so accustomed to playing complex rôles, discard her own culture and become the elemental Tess? Surely Miss Pickford is an artist.

MARTHA YOUNG.

Crane Wilbur never acts a part as if he were weary of that particular rôle. His enthusiasm is of the "fresh-every-morning" variety, which is necessary for the successful "votes-for-women" speaker, tango belle, or actor.

MARY MARRION.

"Love's Sunset" admirably illustrates Earle Williams' genius. His is the part of the hero, and yet he is but a pawn in the progress of the drama. He cannot control happiness, and yet he must not be made a weakling, or we resent that — died for the lack of him. He must appear before us for the last scene in deepest tragedy—and yet this tragedy must not be forecast, or we resent too gloomy a performance. This is a rôle of subtle contrasts—none of them violent enough for the average actor to grasp, yet each contrast necessary for the success of the play.

HENRY JOHNS.

Mr. Williams is receiving my votes because of his wonderful acting in "Love's Sunset." It was a beautiful play, and the acting of it made it even more so. Mr. Williams is one of those few actors who, when acting, does not always seem conscious of the fact, but makes his acting appear so real.

ANNA SCHOPMANN.

Earle Williams is not conscious of the camera. Alack! how many times have I had the proposal made to me by the "camera-fascinated" hero, instead of to the expectant heroine. Williams never presents his audience with any misplaced proposals.

E. L. TANNER.

(Continued on page 166)

STANDING OF THE GREAT ARTISTS TO DATE

Earle Williams (<i>Vita</i>)..288,505	Benjamin Wilson (<i>Ed</i>) 45,020	Marguerite Courtot
J. W. Kerrigan (<i>Vic</i>)..276,805	Rosemary Theby (<i>Lu</i>) 43,865	(<i>Kalem</i>) 21,875
Mary Pickford (<i>F. P.</i>)..258,815	O. Moore (<i>Mutual</i>).... 43,470	Bessie Eyton (<i>Selig</i>).. 21,625
Mary Fuller (<i>Edison</i>)..242,400	Leah Baird (<i>Imp</i>).... 43,190	Sidney Drew (<i>Vita</i>).. 21,515
Arthur Johnson (<i>Lub</i>)..186,990	Pearl White (<i>Pathé</i>).. 43,100	Muriel Ostriche (<i>Prin</i>) 21,335
Marguerite Clayton	E. K. Lincoln (<i>P.P.Co.</i>) 42,875	Wallie Van (<i>Vita</i>).... 21,320
(<i>Essanay</i>)185,765	Beverly Bayne (<i>Ess</i>).. 42,675	Octavia Handworth
Alice Joyce (<i>Kalem</i>)..157,045	Mabel Normand (<i>Key</i>).. 42,440	(<i>Ex</i>) 21,225
Carlyle Blackwell	Leo Delaney 41,625	Walter Miller (<i>Imp</i>).. 21,215
(<i>F. P.</i>).....155,180	Julia S. Gordon (<i>Vita</i>) 41,220	Phillips Smalley (<i>Imp</i>) 21,105
Crane Wilbur (<i>Pathé</i>)..136,635	Gertrude McCoy (<i>Ed</i>).. 41,045	Mary Charleson (<i>Vita</i>) 20,345
Francis X. Bushman	Augustus Phillips (<i>Ed</i>) 38,885	Yale Boss (<i>Edison</i>)... 20,080
(<i>Essanay</i>)135,805	Anna Nilsson (<i>Kalem</i>).. 36,645	Mabel Trunnelle (<i>Ed</i>).. 19,895
Edith Storey (<i>Vita</i>)...126,530	Jessalyn Van Trump	Margarita Fischer
Clara K. Young (<i>Vita</i>)..123,335	(<i>Majestic</i>) 36,625	(<i>Beauty</i>) 18,415
King Baggot (<i>Imp</i>)...114,975	Marguerite Snow (<i>Th</i>) 35,545	Lois Weber (<i>Rex</i>).... 17,295
Florence Lawrence	Kathlyn Williams (<i>Sel</i>) 35,445	Ethel Grantin (<i>Imp</i>).. 15,270
(<i>Victor</i>)112,215	Dorothy Kelly (<i>Vita</i>).. 34,775	William Russell (<i>Bio</i>) 14,185
Anita Stewart (<i>Vita</i>)..103,775	Irving Cummings	Ford Sterling (<i>F.S.Co.</i>) 12,165
Romaine Fielding (<i>Lu</i>)..102,259	(<i>Thanhouser</i>) 33,495	Edward Coxen (<i>Am</i>).. 11,160
Florence Turner (<i>F.T.</i>)..101,050	Guy Coombs (<i>Kalem</i>).. 33,130	Chester Barnett (<i>War</i>) 10,160
Lottie Briscoe (<i>Lubin</i>)..100,905	Wallace Reid (<i>Nestor</i>).. 32,880	Lillian Gish (<i>Mutual</i>).. 9,265
Maurice Costello (<i>Vit</i>)..100,820	Jack Richardson (<i>Am</i>) 32,845	W. Chrystie Miller (<i>Bi</i>) 9,100
G. M. Anderson (<i>Ess</i>).. 91,025	Ruth Roland (<i>Kalem</i>).. 32,785	Ruth Stonehouse (<i>Ess</i>) 8,020
Blanche Sweet (<i>Mut</i>).. 90,095	William Shay (<i>Imp</i>).. 32,750	Barbara Tennant (<i>Ecl</i>) 7,960
True Boardman (<i>Ess</i>).. 88,010	Marc MacDermott (<i>Ed</i>) 32,650	Alice Hollister (<i>Kalem</i>) 7,955
Vivian Rich (<i>Am</i>).... 70,660	Frederick Church (<i>Un</i>) 32,340	Rogers Lytton (<i>Vita</i>).. 7,895
Lillian Walker (<i>Vita</i>).. 68,305	Henry Walthall (<i>Mut</i>) 30,185	Richard Travers (<i>Ess</i>) 7,885
Norma Talmadge (<i>Vita</i>) 59,480	Mary Maurice (<i>Vita</i>).. 23,850	Louise Lester (<i>Am</i>).. 7,750
Pauline Bush (<i>Rex</i>).. 58,490	Claire McDowell (<i>Bio</i>) 23,495	Harry Morey (<i>Vita</i>).. 7,715
Florence LaBadie (<i>Th</i>) 56,855	Harry Benham (<i>Than</i>) 23,465	Mae Marsh (<i>Mutual</i>).. 7,635
Ethel Clayton (<i>Lubin</i>).. 56,500	Earle Metcalf (<i>Lubin</i>).. 23,465	Edgar Jones (<i>Lubin</i>).. 7,565
James Cruze (<i>Thanh</i>).. 56,060	Billie Rhodes (<i>Kalem</i>) 23,245	Harold Lockwood 7,560
Ormi Hawley (<i>Lubin</i>).. 55,565	Betty Gray (<i>Bio</i>).... 22,200	William Mason 7,535
Tom Moore (<i>Kalem</i>).. 55,370	Helen Gardner (<i>H. G.</i>) 22,100	Flora Finch (<i>Vita</i>)... 7,495
Harry Myers (<i>Lubin</i>).. 53,660	John Bunny (<i>Vita</i>)... 22,095	Charlotte Burton (<i>Am</i>) 7,460
Edwin August	James Morrison (<i>Vita</i>) 21,980	Helen Costello (<i>Vita</i>).. 7,435
(<i>E. A. F. Co.</i>)..... 52,515	Harry Carey (<i>Prog</i>).. 21,885	E. H. Calvert (<i>Ess</i>).. 7,425

The Spirit of the Play

By "JUNIUS"

THE reason that critics differ so much is because they have different standards of merit. There are those who think "The House of Temperly," "The Sea-wolf" and "Captain Alvarez" inferior simply because they do not like the themes, the first mentioned being founded on a prize-fight, the second on the career of a ruffian, and the third being a war story. To compare these plays with such as "The Christian" is like comparing a reindeer with a racehorse—both superior animals, but dissimilar. "Captain Alvarez," by the way, is the best photoplay I have seen this month. While it is founded on a very slight and simple plot and gives but little opportunity for emotional acting, it is a wonderfully stirring piece, full of brilliant battles, tense situations, picturesque scenery and excellent photography. The leading man might have been a little more attractive, for such a superbly heroic part, and it is unfortunate that Edith Storey was not given opportunity to show some of her talents. Miss Gonzales and Mr. Holt, however, added much to their reputations and to the success of this play, which ought to prove a very popular one. I could see nothing remarkable about "The House of Temperly," except an excellent chapter in the history of the English prize-ring, altho it was well staged and acted. "The Sea-wolf" is rather picturesque, but it will never take rank among the great photoplays. Mr. Bosworth made rather a good-natured villain, and his pleasant smile and dimples did not harmonize with his duds. "Neptune's Daughter" must be classed as one of the most interesting, picturesque and successful of spectacles. It is a fairy story, but it will interest the grown-ups just as much as it will the children. "Brewster's Millions" is an amusing comedy of high grade. It is too bad that there are not more plays like

this and less of the Keystone type—popular as the latter are and, for that matter, unexcelled in their class. "Hearts Adrift" and "Tess of Storm County" are exceptionally fine. Mary Pickford has no rivals in plays of this kind, and Harold Lockwood makes an interesting and competent opposite. These two photoplays will live long in the memory of photoplay lovers. Another play that must take high rank among the great photoplays of the month is "East Lynne," an exceedingly good English production. It tells the remarkable story of Mrs. Wood so beautifully and so grippingly that its power is irresistible. Fred Paul deserves special mention for his commanding portrayal of the leading rôle. "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Cloister and the Hearth" are two other English productions that deserve high praise. They are in a class above "The Gamblers" and "The Lion and the Mouse," which did not seem to lend themselves to photoplay, and required too many tiresome subtitles to carry the stories. Nor were these two plays remarkable for fine acting, artistic handling or excellent photography. Cecilia Loftus, in "A Lady of Quality," was picturesque and interesting, but aside from her winning personality and that of Peter Lang, this photoplay has not a great deal to recommend it to a long memory. "Home, Sweet Home" is well done, but not really great. The majority will probably favor "Captain Alvarez" as the best play of the month, and it certainly seems to outclass "Wife Wanted," which appears on the same program at the Vitagraph Theater. It is quite certain, however, that, all things considered, and particularly from the standpoint of art, "The Christian" has not yet been equaled, nor has Biograph's "Judith." I have not yet seen Kleine's "Antony and Cleopatra" and Italia's "Caboria," which are spoken of very highly by those who have seen them.



GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS
FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

"HAMLET" is Vitagraph's latest, with James Young in the title rôle and Clara Young as Ophelia. Mr. Young has had an enviable record in Shakespearean rôles on the stage.

To excite Gaby Deslys! That is a task for a great big man, or for a wee small mouse. And yet Gaby is now saying: "I am so excited about the Famous Player film I am to be in." And, oh, the excitement of the village mashers when the thrilling Gaby visits "our town"!

"Me and John Bunny" are the words in which little boys are describing the Motion Picture exhibition in New York City. You see, about all of the photoplayers were there to receive the public, and Mr. Bunny gave away sweet little samples of his hair.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "The Song in the Dark"; second prize to the author of "The House of Darkness."

Mona Darkfeather will give an Indian toy to any kiddy who will send her her picture which he has drawn himself.

Marie Dressler is about to "appear all over the country"—on the screen. And it is not a case of "cut the child in two," either, to make enough of her to go 'round.

The Strand Theater, of New York City, seems to favor fight pictures. "Brewster's Millions" contained a prize-fight; "The Spoilers" depended on one for its climax; "The Sea-wolf" was little else but a scrap, and "The House of Temperly" was good old prize-ring fighting, with a little love mixed in.

Mary Pickford is to be eight nationalities on her international tour. Even Little Mary must do some remembering, or she will be making big Spanish eyes at a staid German lover.

Francis Ford, who is producing "Lucille Love," has a trying ethical problem to decide. He is Grand High Mucky-muck of 390 imported South Sea Islanders, and he has ordered them vaccinated. Now, no lady wants to be vaccinated on the arm, where it will show. His problem is: Where shall he vaccinate the South Sea Islander belles? [Editor suggests to take it internally.]

Ruth Roland, the Kalem comedian, is getting tired of little odds and ends like boxing and fencing, so she has learnt to pilot an aeroplane.

If Alfred Norton, of the Thanouser Company, will persist in leaning too far out of a balloon, he must expect exciting adventures in mid-air. But the next time he rocks the air-boat, he may not have with him so talented a rescuer.

'Most all the photoplayers are now playing baseball on the side.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Pauline Bush is having her first real vacation in three whole years. Yes, and she has gained three whole pounds.

Alkali Ike has mysteriously disappeared, and so he is no longer Universal Ike, and they have a "Universal Ike, Jr.," in his place.

The Lubin Company, at St. Augustine, had some very exciting snake experiences. However, they say they were "sho'nuf" temperance snakes.

The Vitagraph Company has purchased a sporty new car to drive over a precipice and to smash all to smithereens. Sounds a leetle extravagant.

Elenor Peggy Blevins has gone from Essanay to Selig, lost her appendix and married a cattle magnate.

William Garwood is leading a double life—oh, the bold, bad man! Not content with being an actor, he has an onion farm hobby on the side.

Marguerite Courtot, of the Kalem Company, has a dressing-room that is all pink, and her poodle, Buddy, wears a big, pink bow. But then Margy is only seventeen.

Princess Mona has won another revolver-shooting contest.

When Mary Pickford saw herself in "Tess of Storm County," she could buy only standing room. Serious matter when a player gets so popular that she cant see herself.

Nearly every company dashes off to a fire and films it, and then has a play written around the fire. That is why a certain old maid was surprised to see herself and her "nighty" in a picture.

Walter Rogers is going to play dramatic instead of comedy rôles for a change. Perhaps Bunny will begin playing juvenile parts to rest his laughing-muscles.

Another book has come to the aid of the benighted photoplay writer. It is entitled, "Playwriting for the Cinema," by Ernest A. Dench, of London, England. It is a clever little handbook, sells for a shilling and includes in its twenty-two chapters some things new—an English point of view, and the difference in writing for British and American production.

The Essanay Company is releasing "Snakeville" stories every Thursday, with Marguerite Clayton in the lead. She is trying to put a stop to "Thursday always was my Jonah day."

Francis Bushman was selected, by three world-famous sculptors, as the typical American, both in figure and facial contour.

Grace Cunard just wont play in a scene with rats. It is going to mean rewriting some of the big scenes.

After changing around so much, Irving Cummings has finally settled down. He has married Mignon Anderson. Good luck, honeymooners!

The other night, hearing a noise in one of the henhouses of his chicken farm, Edwin August went out to investigate. "Who's there?" he asked. And the answer came back, "Jest us chicks." Edwin has been wondering which of his chicks could talk. The strange thing is that King Baggot was on his Western trip at that time, and it is known that he is extremely fond of fowl.

Carlyle Blackwell is still in the East with the Famous Players. He has promised his Western friends to bring home all the new maxixe steps.

Did you know that Myrtle Stedman, who is doing leads in Jack London's plays, was once an opera singer? She must have had as many adventures as Jack himself.

The Famous Players recently gave a sumptuous beefsteak supper.

When it got out that charming Helen Lindroth (Kalem) cooks pies like mother used to make, her "crush" letters doubled.

GREENROOM - JOTTINGS

One of Edgar Allan Poe's stories is being dramatized for the "Mutual Movies." Literature and the films are getting more and more on "speaking" terms.

Wallie Van was knocked down by an automobile on Broadway, but nothing happened but a bump on the head. Wallie can be identified in a certain film by the bump.

Arthur Johnson, in "The Last Rose," returns to the character of a country clergyman, which suggests his early successes.

Florence Lawrence says: "Fate seems to bind me to old-maid characters—but it really is fun doing them."

Jack Kerrigan and Wallace Kerrigan both took part in a wedding. Jack was only best man, but Wallace was the groom.

"It pays to have experience in tumbling down precipices," laughed Mary Fuller, as she and Dick Neil untangled themselves from an unpremeditated fall downstairs.

William V. Ranous, who was one of the first directors at the Vitagraph studios, has again returned to his first love.

Nolan Gane, recently recruited from the legitimate, is playing leads with the Princess, opposite Muriel Ostriche, the youngest leading lady in pictures.

William Taylor, formerly leading man in the Vitagraph Western, has just joined the Balboa Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips Smalley celebrated the tenth anniversary of their wedding last month. They are now prepared to open a store for the sale of wooden ware.

Florence Lawrence is soon to appear in a gripping drama, entitled "The Doctor's Testimony."

Harry Benham (Thanouser) is making himself comfortable for the summer and is hard at work on a sleeping-porch, which he is building unaided, stringing wires for electric lights, painting the interior and putting glass in, that he may view Arcturus ere he closes his eyes for slumberland. Harry works far into the night, but when the festive mosquito will hunt for Harry this summer, it wont be able to locate him.

If you want to get decidedly popular with a player, write him or her to help you get a position. Every player gets hundreds of such requests.

There are two remarkable things about the result of our Great Artist Contest to date. One is that Marguerite Clayton, who is Mr. Anderson's clever little leading woman, has passed Alice Joyce, and the other remarkable thing is that the relative position of nearly all the other players remains about the same as it was previously.

Dollie Larkin, formerly with Edison, Méliès, Pathé, Lubin and Powers, is now with the Frontier Company.

John Bunny once "supported" Maude Adams. Unless his form has changed since then, it's lucky things weren't reversed.

Schoolteacher, actress, doctor's wife and amateur detective are a few of the rôles Peerless Alice Joyce portrays in the dramas which are to appear in the Alice Joyce series. "Oh, yes," sighs the lovable Kalem star, "Motion Picture work is so easy!"

Harold Lockwood nearly had his eye put out recently by a sword-thrust in a duel in "The County Chairman."

"Bull Durham," who disappeared from the New York Baseball Club right after a big hit, has come to light—only now he is a Keystone comedian and is showing the Californian M. P. League what's what in baseball.

Sidney Drew's branch of the Vitagraph Company are now at St. Augustine.

Alice Joyce and Tom Moore have married—Florida the place—last month the time—at least, so the newspapers say.



Lillian Walker
(Vitagraph)



RICHARDSON



KERRIGAN

LESLIE ELHOFF



LACKAYE



ARBUCKLE



BUTLER



WALLACE REID



RUSSELL



EARLE WILLIAMS



BESSIE EYTON



HOUSE-MAN



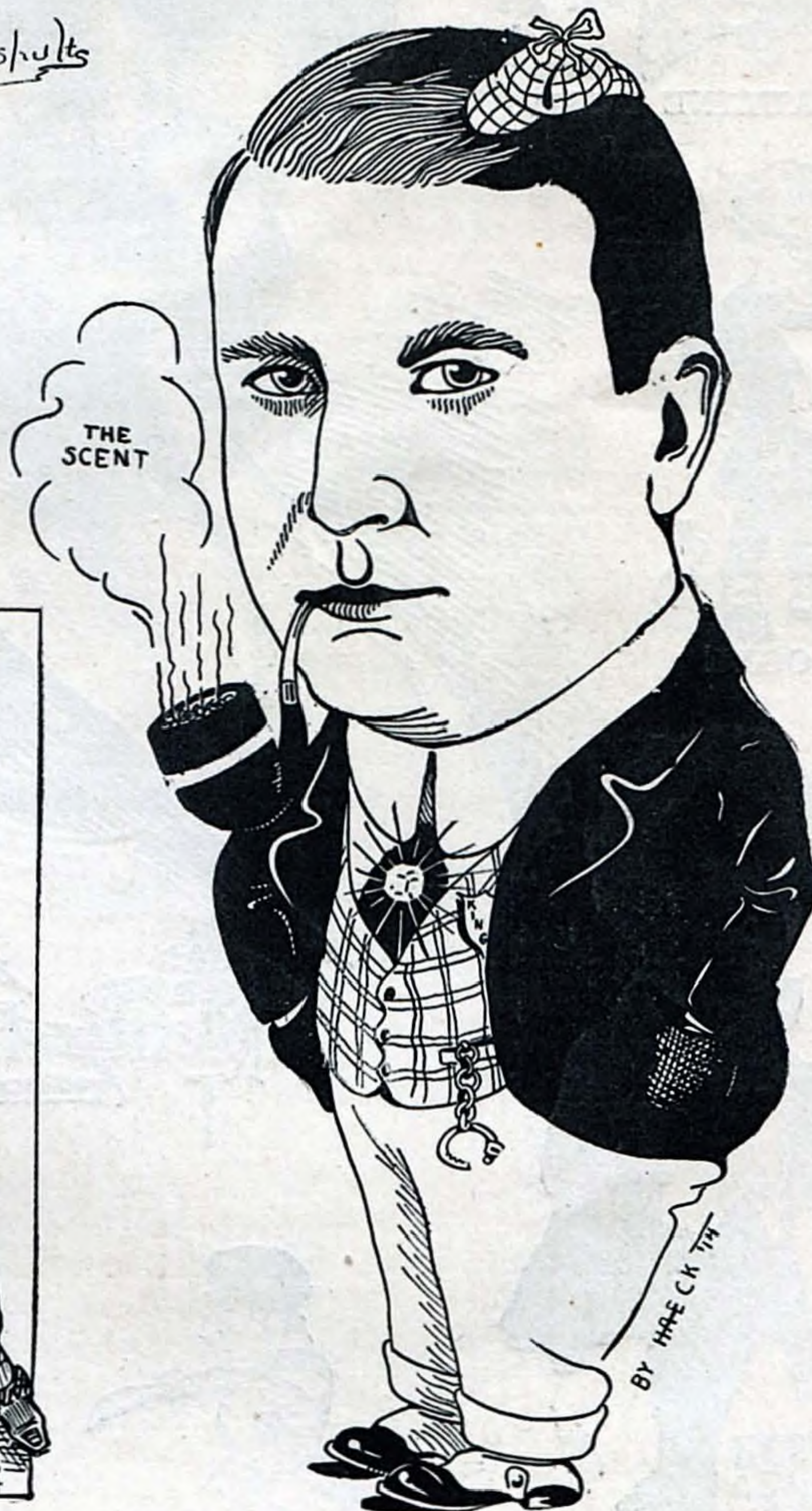
PHILLIPS



WILBUR



CRUZE



KING (BAGGOT) OF DETECTIVES



PAULINE BUSH



WALLIE VAN



OWEN MOORE



MAILES



Mary Fuller
(Edison)



OGLE



HARRON



RALPH INCE



RUPERT JULIAN



LIONEL BARRYMORE



MONA DARKFEATHER



ANSWER DEPARTMENT

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

HERBERT L. H. LAURENCE.—Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Strike" (Kalem). Miss Hartigan was the invalid sister in "The Blue and the Gray" (Biograph). Betty Shade was the daughter in "The Senator's Bill" (Rex).

MYRA K.—You have no right to write photoplays from the stories you read in other magazines. Your idea has been and is being worked out.

MARIE S., BALTIMORE.—Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "As It Might Have Been" (Biograph). Yes, that was Louise Glaum. George Stelle was Lincoln in "The Sleeping Sentinel" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood in "Northern Hearts" (Selig). Allen Forest and Pauline Bush in "Discord and Harmony" (Gold Seal). So you want a chat with Mrs. Maurice and Mr. Kent? Mrs. Maurice has been ill.

PRIMROSE F. S.—Yes, that was quite an item. Ernest Truex you refer to. Thanks for the place of honor you have given my picture. Am proud as a peacock.

MARY L. M.—The picture you enclose is of Blanche Sweet. L. Rogers Lytton was the husband in "Heartsease." You ought never to do wrong when anybody is looking, as Mark Twain says.

ZILLAH.—Thomas Carnahan was the little boy in "The Late Mr. Jones" (Vita-graph). Maidel Turner and Francis Carlyle in "The Governor" (Lubin). Irene Boyle was Dorothy in "Out of the Jaws of Death" (Kalem). Yes, that was Myrtle Stedman. Helen Holmes and Lee Maloney in "The Footprint Clue" (Kalem).

BLANCHE S.—The editor expects soon to print a picture of the Costello family. Mabel Van Buren and Joe King in "The Touch of a Child" (Selig). Howard

Mitchell was Ned, and Florence Hackett, Mary in "The Sea Eternal" (Lubin). Yes; Rosemary Theby looked very charming with "reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye."

BETTY BELL.—That play you mention is too old. Joseph Franz was the outlaw in "The Mystery of Buffalo Gap" (Frontier). Leo Delaney was Charles Darney, and Florence Turner was Lucy in "A Tale of Two Cities" (Vitagraph).

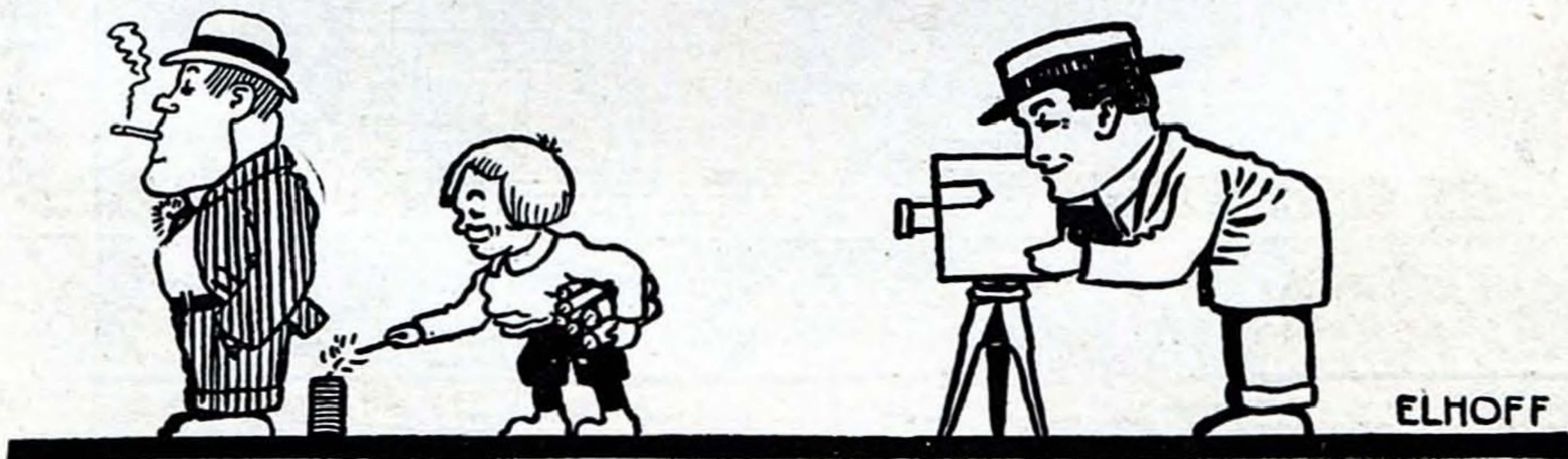
E. L. K.—Harold Lockwood in that play. James Cooley was the clerk in "When the Clock Stopped" (Biograph). Blanche Sweet is with Reliance. Harry Myers is located in Philadelphia.

C. B. HEALDSLING.—Dorothy Bernard and Claire McDowell in "When Kings Were Law" (Biograph). Jack Hopkins and Louise Vale in "The Debt" (Rex). The latter is now with Biograph. You refer to George Larkin in the Ruth Roland branch of Kalem. Josephine Rector is no longer with G. M. Anderson. Those are Shakespeare's words that you put in my mouth: "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

MARY W.—Am not sure, but Sydney Smith says that most of the eminent men in history were diminutive in stature. I am diminutive in stature. Ada Charles was Eleanor, and Edward Peil was Ernest in "The Two Roses" (Lubin). Richard Stanton in "The Frilly."

AGNES L. C.—Thomas Chatterton was Roland, and Anna Little the girl in "The Primitive Call" (Domino). Harry Myers in "The Doctor's Romance" (Lubin).

THOMAS W.—See above. The average life of a film is about one year. The old films are used for by-products.



ELHOFF

FERN, 15.—You are one of the many who think that the women players open their faces too much. Well, you see, they want to appear cheerful, and it is better to smile than to frown, isn't it? Charles Ogle and Miriam Nesbitt had the leads in "The Price of the Necklace" (Edison). Baby Stewart was the child in "A Bunch of Flowers" (Biograph). She is a very clever child. Harry Northrup was opposite Edith Storey in "'Mid Kentucky Hills."

HERMAN.—And you, sir, are a regular chatterbox; you use big words and make a big noise. Tom Moore and Alice Joyce in "A Bolt from the Sky" (Kalem).

L. REESE.—His name is George, not Harry Larkin. Thomas Commerford, Irene Warfield, E. H. Calvert and Richard Travers in "The Great Game" (Essanay). Van Dyke Brooke was Mathen Keith in "The Blue Rose" (Vitagraph). Yes; Norma Talmadge is very sweet indeed.



AMERICAN FAVORITES

here are a few letters that accompanied some of the votes, and you shall have them just as we picked them out of the numerous ballot boxes, so you will know that there has been no partiality shown:

I cast my votes for Carlyle Blackwell because I have seen him take the part of a convict, lawyer, minister, a rich man, a poor man, a lover and other numerous rôles, and you would think he was really the person whom he is impersonating.

ROSE R. LEE.

Kerrigan's work as Samson is wonderful. He is Samson the successful traveler, Samson the amorous lover, Samson the tragic victim, and Samson the conqueror, even tho he dies in conquering. He runs the whole gamut of emotions in this one drama, and plays every emotion superbly.

PAULINE FRITZ.

Mary Pickford won my heart in "Tess of the Storm Country." It is one of the most powerful character sketches ever played—powerful, for it is elemental—so close to nature that I found myself paying the tribute of real tears. The ragged, little squatter girl is dirty, yet beautiful; full of naughty vagaries; yet capable of great sacrifices—she is the uncivilized woman. How can Mary Pickford, so accustomed to playing complex rôles, discard her own culture and become the elemental Tess? Surely Miss Pickford is an artist.

MARTHA YOUNG.

Crane Wilbur never acts a part as if he were weary of that particular rôle. His enthusiasm is of the "fresh-every-morning" variety, which is necessary for the successful "votes-for-women" speaker, tango belle, or actor.

MARY MARRION.

"Love's Sunset" admirably illustrates Earle Williams' genius. His is the part of the hero, and yet he is but a pawn in the progress of the drama. He cannot control happiness, and yet he must not be made a weakling, or we resent that — died for the lack of him. He must appear before us for the last scene in deepest tragedy—and yet this tragedy must not be forecast, or we resent too gloomy a performance. This is a rôle of subtle contrasts—none of them violent enough for the average actor to grasp, yet each contrast necessary for the success of the play.

HENRY JOHNS.

Mr. Williams is receiving my votes because of his wonderful acting in "Love's Sunset." It was a beautiful play, and the acting of it made it even more so. Mr. Williams is one of those few actors who, when acting, does not always seem conscious of the fact, but makes his acting appear so real.

ANNA SCHOPMANN.

Earle Williams is not conscious of the camera. Alack! how many times have I had the proposal made to me by the "camera-fascinated" hero, instead of to the expectant heroine. Williams never presents his audience with any misplaced proposals.

E. L. TANNER.

(Continued on page 166)

STANDING OF THE GREAT ARTISTS TO DATE

Earle Williams (<i>Vita</i>)..288,505	Benjamin Wilson (<i>Ed</i>) 45,020	Marguerite Courtot
J. W. Kerrigan (<i>Vic</i>)..276,805	Rosemary Theby (<i>Lu</i>) 43,865	(<i>Kalem</i>) 21,875
Mary Pickford (<i>F. P.</i>)..258,815	O. Moore (<i>Mutual</i>).... 43,470	Bessie Eyton (<i>Selig</i>).. 21,625
Mary Fuller (<i>Edison</i>)..242,400	Leah Baird (<i>Imp</i>).... 43,190	Sidney Drew (<i>Vita</i>).. 21,515
Arthur Johnson (<i>Lub</i>)..186,990	Pearl White (<i>Pathé</i>).. 43,100	Muriel Ostriche (<i>Prin</i>) 21,335
Marguerite Clayton	E. K. Lincoln (<i>P.P.Co.</i>) 42,875	Wallie Van (<i>Vita</i>).... 21,320
(<i>Essanay</i>)185,765	Beverly Bayne (<i>Ess</i>).. 42,675	Octavia Handworth
Alice Joyce (<i>Kalem</i>)..157,045	Mabel Normand (<i>Key</i>).. 42,440	(<i>Ex</i>) 21,225
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Norma Talmadge (<i>Vita</i>) 59,480	Mary Maurice (<i>Vita</i>).. 23,850	Louise Lester (<i>Am</i>).. 7,750
Pauline Bush (<i>Rex</i>).. 58,490	Claire McDowell (<i>Bio</i>) 23,495	Harry Morey (<i>Vita</i>).. 7,715
Florence LaBadie (<i>Th</i>) 56,855	Harry Benham (<i>Than</i>) 23,465	Mae Marsh (<i>Mutual</i>).. 7,635
Ethel Clayton (<i>Lubin</i>).. 56,500	Earle Metcalf (<i>Lubin</i>).. 23,465	Edgar Jones (<i>Lubin</i>).. 7,565
James Cruze (<i>Thanh</i>).. 56,060	Billie Rhodes (<i>Kalem</i>) 23,245	Harold Lockwood 7,560
Ormi Hawley (<i>Lubin</i>).. 55,565	Betty Gray (<i>Bio</i>).... 22,200	William Mason 7,535
Tom Moore (<i>Kalem</i>).. 55,370	Helen Gardner (<i>H. G.</i>) 22,100	Flora Finch (<i>Vita</i>)... 7,495
Harry Myers (<i>Lubin</i>).. 53,660	John Bunny (<i>Vita</i>)... 22,095	Charlotte Burton (<i>Am</i>) 7,460
Edwin August	James Morrison (<i>Vita</i>) 21,980	Helen Costello (<i>Vita</i>).. 7,435
(<i>E. A. F. Co.</i>)..... 52,515	Harry Carey (<i>Prog</i>).. 21,885	E. H. Calvert (<i>Ess</i>).. 7,425

LILLIAN C.—Elsie Albert was the good sister in "The Mother Penitent" (Warner Features). Adele Lane was Venus in "The Story of Venus" (Selig). It is hard to tell which is best—music, food, drink or rest. As Shakespeare says, "Pleasure and action make the hours seem short."

CLARA KNETH.—I believe that contest closed the 1st of May. Yes, that was a real steamship that sank. So you believe that all of my wit and wisdom lies in my beard? Well, I am not a Samson. Your letter is mighty interesting, and I want to hear from you again.

V. CATHERINE.—Gladys Brockwell leads for Romaine Fielding. We expect to chat him soon. Harold Lockwood was Dr. Bronte in "The Midnight Call."

EUNICE W.—Webster Campbell was the man in "The Secret Marriage" (Lubin). Louise Vale in that Biograph. Rosemary Theby the wife in "His Wife" (Lubin).

CLARA G.—Dont know why Max Linder is not in the Great Artist Contest. Send all the postals you can. Almost all the newspapers run photoplay departments nowadays. Thanks.

HORTENSE M. W.—You can get the February number from us. You will soon learn not to break the rules. Put your name at the top of the letter, please. Your point is well taken, because female spiders are much more ferocious than the males, and generally devour their husbands. So, you see, "The female of the species," etc.

VYRGYNYA-JACK.—You missed your calling, you should have been a poet. Baby Turner and Frances Bayless were Little Angel and mother in "Angel Paradise"

(Selig). Raymond McKee was Jim in "Her Sideshow Lover." Thanks so much.

LESTER, I.—Ralph Delmore was the husband in "A Page from Yesterday" (Selig). Mr. Thompson was the director of "The Christian." Six dollars a week.

JOHN W. G.—You must not call her a hippopotamus just because she is fat, and you must not say that that popular player is "as graceful as an elephant." Very naughty. Grace is not everything. Some think that gracefulness in a man is effeminate. Charles Brandt was the father in "Lord Algy" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley and Edward Peil in "The Strength of Family Ties" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "The Story the Gate Told."

SWEET ADELINE.—Pleased to meet you. Bessie Eyton and Wheeler Oakman in that Selig. Herbert Rawlinson and Kathlyn Williams in "Wise Old Elephant" (Selig). Billy Quirk in "Billy's Nurse." Alice Joyce the girl in "For Her Sister's Sake."

OLGA, 18.—I dont know of anybody who wants to swap places with me, do you? Marguerite Gibson was the girl in "The Riders of Petersham" (Vitagraph), George Cooper the sweetheart. I try to please, and that is the only way to be pleased.

M. A. D.—Harold Lockwood was Frederick in "Tess of the Storm Country."

ZILLAH.—Richard Travers was Guy in "Thru Many Trials" (Lubin). Isabelle Rae in "The Wrong Road to Happiness" (Pathé). Isabelle Rae and Dixie Compton in "The Blind Composer's Dilemma" (Kalem). Evelyn Selbie was the sweetheart in "Broncho Billy and the Navajo Maid." Winnifred Greenwood and Jack Nelson in "The Post Impressionist."



Said Tommy to Susie, "Let me be your beau,
And I'll give you some candy." But Susie said: "No!
Your peppermint candy is all very fine,
But John has two nickels, so the Movies for mine."

PANSY.—Thou art a gem, your majesty, and I thank you. Thomas Forman was Dick in "A Romance of the Northwest" (Lubin). It was taken in Los Angeles, Cal. Douglas Gerrard was with Rex last.

GLORIA.—Edward Coxen in "Like Father, Like Son" (American). That's just the way—we are all allowed to believe that which would hurt our feelings.

MRS. M. D.—Harold Lockwood was the lead in "When Thieves Fall Out" (Selig). Harold Vosburg was the reporter in "Suppressed News" (Selig). Ethel Pierce was Marie in "The Guiding Spirit" (Selig). Billie Rhodes and Charles Bartlett in "Tigers of the Hills" (Kalem).

ELVA H.—You ask a lot of questions, but the titles are not right. When you ask for "The Bride's Lion," we look under "B" and cant find it. It should be "The Lion's Bride." We use a card-index system.

MIRIAM H.—My child, I am sorry. Please accept my apologies.

MRS. C. A. H.—Arthur Johnson had the lead in "The Endless Night" (Lubin). Blanche Sweet in "Judith" (Biograph). James Young opposite Clara Kimball Young in "Women on the Warpath" (Vitagraph). This magazine has more circulation than all the other magazines, weeklies and trade papers put together.

LEONA, BEACON.—The Criterion Theater is on Broadway and Forty-fourth Street.

Vitagraph changed the bill on April 13, showing "Mr. Barnes of New York" in six reels, with Maurice Costello and Mary Charleson; "Love, Luck and Gasoline," with Wallie Van and Lillian Walker, and a silent sketch, with Lillian Walker, Flora Finch, Wallie Van and Hughie Mack. They also show fine, tinted, scenic pictures.

V. I. M., CHICAGO.—Charles Perley was the minister in "The Scarlet Letter" (Kinemacolor). William Nigh had the lead in "A Warm Welcome" (Majestic).

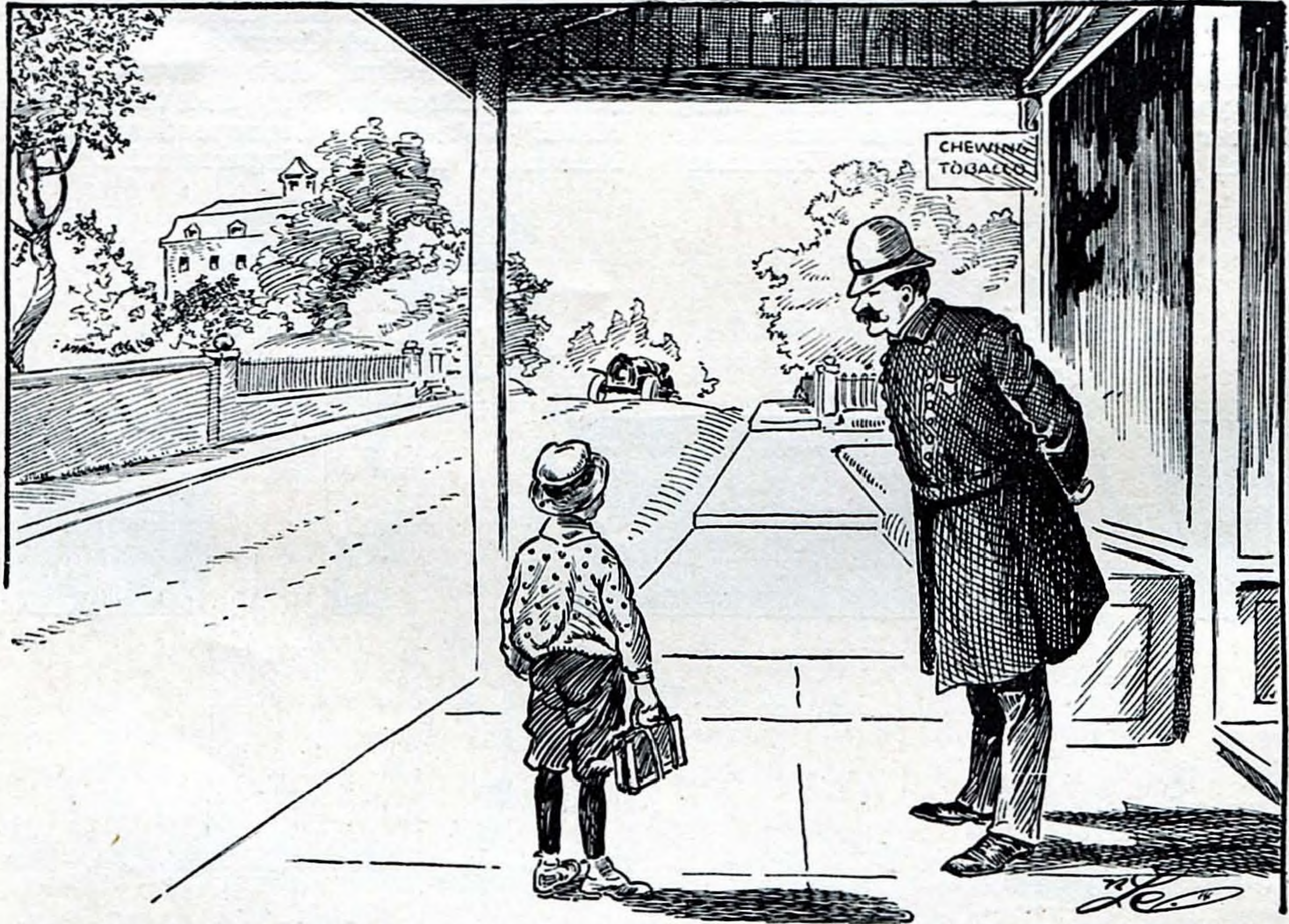
DOROTHEA M.—Thanks for your criticism. They are always welcome. No; Benjamin Wilson is not a newcomer. He has been with Edison for about two years; formerly played in stock in Brooklyn. Chatted in November, 1913.

JACK M.—Dorothy Davenport plays opposite Wallace Reid. Victoria Forde was the girl in that Bison.

W. F. K.—None of the animals were killed. Your vacillations overpower us. I cant cover so much ground in one answer.

IRENE L.—Your letter is long and interesting. Henry King was the husband in "The Midnight Call" (Pathé). William Nigh was Taylor in "The Turn of the Cards." You refer to Darwin Karr. Ruth Hennessy in "The Wedding of Prudence."

KRAZY KAT K.—Cant tell you who that Kleo is. You refer to Louise Glaum. Yes, she is now with Kay-Bee.



"Hello, Georgie, you dont play truant as often as you used to—what's the matter?"

"Oh, we have Moving Pictures in our school every afternoon now, and I never miss a day."

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.—Arthur Allardt was the sheriff, Edythe Sterling was the sweetheart, and Joseph Franz was Joe in "The Heart of Smiling Joe" (Frontier). Vitagraph show all their casts on the screen, but, as you say, it is hard to remember the names, because at the beginning we are not interested.

SOCRATES.—That's usually the operator's fault, or the film is too old. Dont know what arrangement Pearl White has with Pathé. Cant tell whether it will be permanent or not. That was Romaine Fielding as the "farmer on the wagon with the corn" in "The Laziest Man" (Lubin). Your letter is fine.

MRS. JENNIE R.—Clara Williams was the wife in "Divorce" (Kay-Bee). John Bunny's wife is not an actress. Thomas Santschi was Bruce.

D. C., LYNBROOK.—L. C. Shumway was Tom, and Thomas Forman was the brother in "On the Brink" (Lubin). Ray McKee was Jim in "The Dangerous Case" (Lubin). I desire to live long, but not to be old. Broadway is New York's principal street.

MYRTLE O. C.—Richard Stanton was Mr. Lewis in "North of Fifty-three Degrees." Yes; Anna Little was the girl, and Guy Standing was Pat in "True Irish Hearts." William Nigh was Paul,

and Vera Sisson was the stenographer in "The Mix-up of Pedigrees" (Majestic).

HANNAH N.—The pictures you enclose are of Florence Lawrence. You probably refer to Arthur Johnson. He is leading man for Lubin. The girl probably was Marion Leonard. Dorothy Kelly was the girl, Louise Beudet the mother, Charles Kent the father, and S. Rankin Drew the lover in that Vitagraph.

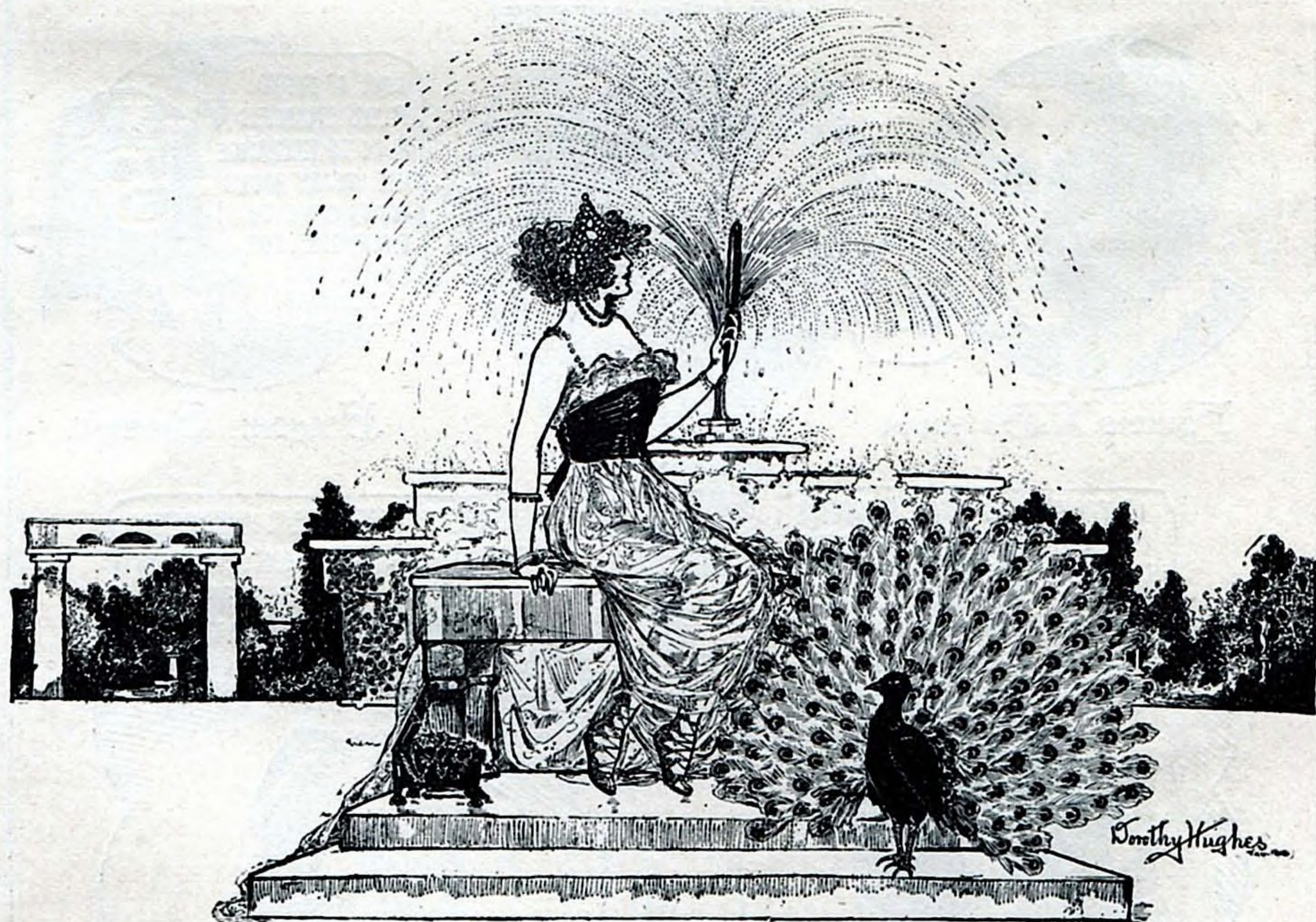
MARIA EGYPCIA.—Mona Darkfeather says she is not an Indian. Lillian Drew was Alice in "The Other Girl" (Essanay). Send along the snapshot. Always glad to get them. I never assign them to the waste-basket, as you say.

EDNA, 16.—Yes; Joe King in "The Mysterious Way" (Selig). He is now with Selig. Anna Little had the lead in "The Battle of Gettysburg." Letter was fine.

HETTIE W.—Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "When the Road Forks" (American). William Ehfe in "The War Correspondent" (Broncho). Thanks much for your nice words.

ALVIN M. S.—Violet Messereau has played with Pathé, but she has been with Reliance about a year. I know of no complete list of all the players.

MARIE A. G.—Mr. Griffith directs for Reliance. Vivian Prescott was the restless woman in "The Restless Woman."



A "VANITY CASE"

In olden times the mirror portrayed a maiden's charms;
It teased her, it pleased her, it filled her with alarms;
The modern age has found a better way, I ween,
In wreathing, in breathing her face upon the screen.

EVERYBODY.—Anita Stewart and E. K. Lincoln had the leads in "The Shadow of the Past." Gene Gauntier and Jack Clark in "A Fight for a Birthright." G. M. Anderson and Evelyn Selbie in "The Good-for-Nothing." Alice Washburn and William Wadsworth in "Martha's Rebellion." Florence Lawrence and Matt Moore in "Pawns of Destiny." Louise Huff and Edgar Jones in "Love's Long

Lane," and Claire McDowell in "Her Mother's Weakness."

HELEN L. R.—Gertrude Robinson was the sister in "Classmates" (Biograph). Haven't heard of Rita Bori. We have no record of "The Count of Monte Cristo." Robert Drouet was the husband in "The Two Fathers" (Lubin). Darel Goodwin was the maid in "The Adventure of the Alarm Clock" (Edison).

IN PHOTO PLAYS BE TERRIBLE, BUT BE PITIFUL

JAMES LACKAYE

I AM GOING TO DEVOTE MYSELF TO SOCIETY DRAMAS AND LIGHT COMEDIES PRINCIPALLY. I AM VERY FOND OF BOTH.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL

THESE STUDIES WILL OPEN UP TO YOU SOURCES OF AMUSEMENT WHICH, I THINK I MAY SAY, WILL OFTEN RISE INTO HAPPINESS.

TO DO WELL, BEGIN WELL

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

LOVE OF PHOTO PLAYS ENABLES MAN TO EXCHANGE THE WEARY HOURS WHICH COME TO EVERYONE, FOR HOURS OF DELIGHT.

BLANCHE SWEET

IF THE CROWNS OF ALL KINGDOMS OF THE EMPIRE WERE LAID DOWN AT MY FEET IN EXCHANGE FOR MY LOVE OF "MOTION PICTURES" I WOULD SPURN THEM ALL.

CRANE WILBUR

FORMERLY PEOPLE READ NEWSPAPERS TO OBTAIN INFORMATION; NOWADAYS PEOPLE GO TO THE NEAREST MOTION PICTURE THEATRE TO GET IT.

MURIEL OSTRICHE

JOHN BUNNY

RUDY SCHOLL '14.

REGINA M.—Louise Orth was the girl in "Blame the Sailor" (Biograph). Edwin Barbour, Jean Armour, Kempton Greene, Frederick Smith and Eleanor Barry in "The Cry of Blood" (Lubin).

SARI.—You refer to Tom Forman. So you think him handsome? Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall in that Biograph. We do not sell the original photographs of players. Edward Dillon was the son in "The Doctor's Trust" (Biograph).

HELEN B.—William Scott was the husband, and Harriet Notter the wife in "Destiny of the Sea." Edward Piel and Joe Smiley in "Thru Flaming Paths."

VYRGYNIA.—Many thanks for those kind words. You are a prize-winner at letter-writing. Yes, we should all swat the fly. The fly lays four times each summer, and eighty eggs each time. The descendants of one female fly in a single season may therefore number 2,080,320. Get this? "YYUR, YYUB, ICUR YY4 me."

BLANCHE L.—Runa Hodges was the child in "The Impostor" (Komic). Yes, we have had several complaints about that letter asking to cut this department down. The vote now stands about 1,327 to 2, against cutting it down. Baby Garrity the little girl in "Thru the Storm."

ELEANOR S.—Harold Lockwood in "When Wifey Went Away" (Selig). William Stowell in "The Speedway of Despair" (Selig). The girl was Louise Vale.

E. W.—William Russell was the engineer, and Rosanna Logan the child in "His Fireman's Conscience." Walter Miller had the lead in "A Bunch of Flowers."

LESTER B. D.—Yes, I am told that it is a common thing for John Bunny and Hughey Mack to fall asleep while standing up. I noticed John Bunny asleep in a theater a short time ago. It is a very

sweet habit they both have. C. Graham was the convict in "Criminology and Reform." Guy D'Ennery and Ormi Hawley the leads in "Madeline's Christmas."

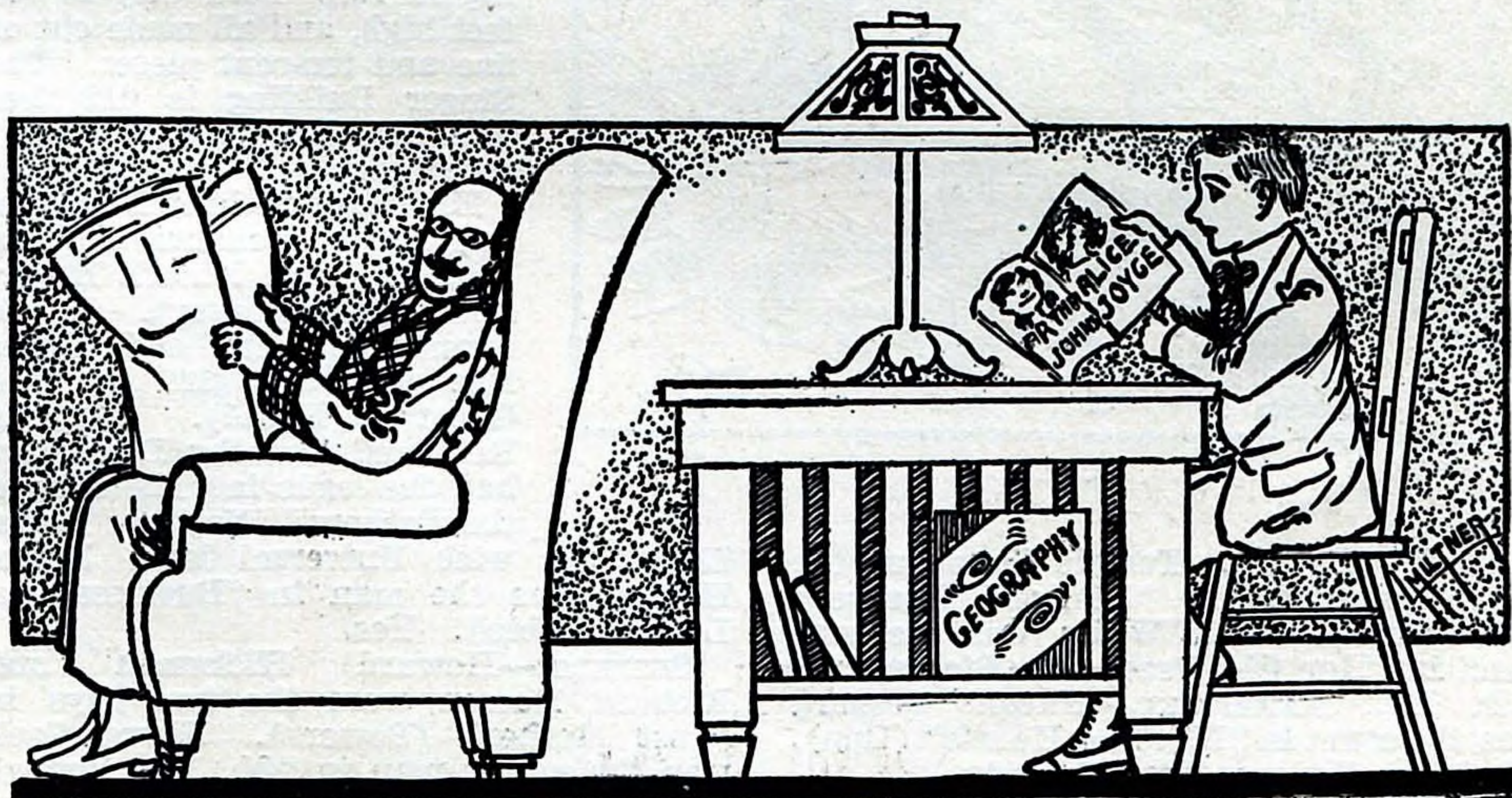
ELIZABETH T.—Harry Millarde was Kenneth in "The Hand-print Mystery" (Kalem). Claire McDowell and Harry Carey in "Her Father's Silent Partner" (Biograph). Rex Downs and Billie Rhodes in "Tigers of the Hills" (Kalem). Ethel Pierce in "Slipping Fingers" (Selig).

LOTTIE D. T.—Where have you been? I missed you. Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "When the Road Forks" (American). Riley Chamberlin was the tramp, and Mrs. Sullivan was the suffragette. Sidney Bracy was the milkman in "The Milkman's Revenge" (Thanhouser). James Cooley was the brother in "Concentration." You are strong for Bushman.

CANARSIE MERMAID.—Henry Walthall was Strongheart in "Strongheart" (Biograph). Yes; Crane Wilbur will be interviewed very soon. William Garwood in "The Woman Without a Soul" (Majestic).

IDA HO.—Lionel Barrymore was Dumble, F. Crane was Clay, and F. Hearn was Lindsay in "Classmates" (Biograph). Marshall Neilan was Bert. Gertrude Bambrick was Pansy Good, Bud Ross the secretary, and Mrs. La Varnie and Isabelle Rae the rich girls in "The Billionaire." Yes, you are right; I left out Lillian Walker among the Vitagraph beauties, thoughtlessly.

HELEN L. R.—Emery Johnson was the male lead in "What Came to Bar Q" (Essanay). Thomas Colmesmil and George Holt in "Deception" (Vitagraph). Edna Foster was the little brother in "A Nest Unfeathered" (Biograph). Sydney Ayres was Dayton in "The Turning-point" (American). Victoria Forde was the girl in "What Baby Did" (Nestor).



Father—Willie, are you studying your geography?
Willie—Y-y-yes, father, I'm studying the stars.

MADELEINE R. V.—You refer to Walter Miller in the Biograph. Webster Campbell was Roger in "A Secret Marriage." Anita Stewart in "The Right and Wrong of It."

ALBERT E. L.—Franklin Ritchie was the doctor in "A Restless Woman."

MRS. H. E. M.—Louise Orth was Peggie in "Peggie, the Daredevil" (Biograph). Octavia Handworth was the lead in "Un-

and Gladden James was Mr. Carlyle in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). Miss Burke was the wife in "Jane Eyre." In French money, 100 centimes equal one franc.

OZMA, 16.—Wallace Kerrigan does not play in pictures. He is more of a business manager. I expect to spend my Fourth of July at one of the beaches near-by.

NED, N. Z.—Kathlyn Williams and Hobart Bosworth in "The Girl and the Judge" (Selig). Fred Burns was the foreman in "An Indian's Loyalty" (Biograph).

OLGA, 17.—That was not Victor Potel in the Vitagraph cast. You have him mixed with Brinsley Shaw. But you must not lose your temper so often; some time you will lose it permanently.

BETTY BROWN.—Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers in "The Moth" (Lubin). Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "The Catch of the Season" (Lubin). Better read the ad. in the back about the Clearing House. They will read any play you send them for 50 cents and coupon, and give you a detailed criticism.

A. H.—Earle Williams was Malcolm, and Harry Morey was James in "The Lady of the Lake" (Vitagraph). Katherine Horne was Cigaret in "Under Two Flags."

I. H. S.—You failed to give the name of the company. Sorry. Thanks for the picture. The Woolworth Building in New York City is 750 feet high, and all made out of five and ten-cent pieces. The Singer Building is 612 feet high and made out of sewing-machines.

HELMAROSE.—Miss Beautiful and Harry Benham had the leads in "The Miser's Reversion" (Thanhouser). M. O. Penn was Pete, and Claire Rae was the girl in "The Ghost" (Pathé). Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport had the leads in "The Sins of the Fathers" (Nestor). Anna

Little was with Universal last. James Hodges was the man in "Business and Love" (Lubin). Yes.

SLINKEY.—Howard Hicksman and Richard Rosson were the two boys in "Just Mother" (Powers). Harry Gsell was the young man in "Oh, You Puppy" (Crystal). As the old schoolma'am says, the art of love-making is usually taught at night-schools, for Cupid is an owl.



JONAH

masked" (Pathé). Temple Saxe was the other comedian in "Scotland Forever" (Vitagraph). Glen White was the husband in "Her Old Teacher" (Biograph).

F. MC., NANTICOKE.—Harold Vosburg was the count in "Bleeding Hearts" (Imp). Mr. Margolies was King Casimir.

J. S. B., OCEAN GROVE.—"Pride of Jenico" (Famous Players) was taken in Cuba. E. K. Lincoln was Mr. Hamilton,

WILL H. rises to explain that problem about the hen and the egg—which came first? In the beginning God created all things, among them that humble and useful animal, the hen, and forsooth endowed her with egg-laying proclivities. Ergo, the hen came first. Eggsactly! Sit down, Willie, you're rocking the boat. Your verse is almost sublime, Mr. H.

MATTOON FAN.—Edgar Jones was Dixon, Louise Huff was his sweetheart, and Brinsley Shaw was Reyo in "In the Gambler's Web" (Lubin). Octavia Handworth and William Williams are now with Excelsior, a new company.

MRS. G. M.—You refer to Harold Lockwood in that play. The Famous Players are at Los Angeles. Leo Delaney has left the Vitagraph Company. He is not located at this writing. Rosetta Brice is with Lubin.

CAROLYN W.—No, it is not fair to cheat in solitaire. Will pass your verse for Kerrigan along.

MARGARETTE T.—That was O. A. C. Lund in "When God Wills" (Eclair). Will Sheerer was Burke in the same. No, there are no signs of my leaving for the war. I get all the war I want right here.

BROWN EYES.—Olive Golden was the sister in "Tess of Storm County." Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in "His Wife" (Lubin). Yes, I rise early, and I require neither yeast, dynamite nor an alarm clock. It is a matter of getting to bed early.

DOIG, CHICAGO.—George Cooper finds that he cant get along without playing leads for Vitagraph. He has returned to the Brooklyn studio. Only the coupons that have appeared in the last four issues are good. Not those from last year's contest. Thanks for those success wishes.

LOTTIE D. T.—Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "The Lost Treasure" (American). Harry Benham and Miss Beautiful in "Her Love-Letters" (Thanhouser). Irene Hunt and Harry Spingler in "The Faith of Her Fathers."

HELEN L. R.—Wheeler Oakman was John in "Until the Sea" (Selig). Thomas Santschi was the sister in "The Cruel Crown" (Selig). Yes, that was Cleo Ridgely in "Captured by Mexicans" (Kalem). "Did Brooklyn ever win a pennant in baseball?" Of course they did—several, and we have another in view for 1914. Reliance are very hard to obtain information from. Cant tell you about "A Man and a Woman."

MURL S.—Gadzooks! but a grass widow is never so green as her title would indicate. So you think Warren Kerrigan "cute"? He is a six-footer and weighs 180.

W. T. H.—Days are growing longer, and also your letters, Allah be praised! How could I possibly live without them?

(Your letters, I mean, not the days, altho they come in handy at times.) They tell me that Sidney Drew is getting more popular than Bunny in some towns. I am much beholden unto thee.

TROUBLED.—Thanks for the fee, but you must sign your name. No; Norma Phillips is not subject to St. Vitus' dance. She is young and full of vivacity. The first edition of this magazine Feb., 1911.

EVERYBODY.—Charles R. Holmes, 76 Vicksburg Street, San Francisco, Cal., will send to any one enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, a postcard photo of Evelyn Selbie and Marguerite Clayton.



SOLVING THE ETERNAL QUESTION AT HOME

OLGA, 17.—You say I am becoming an absolute necessity for your life? Say, this is so sudden. So your postman thought you were in the mail-order business. Put not your faith in my epigrams—not even in this one.

ARDIS B. DEXTER.—That unfortunate player was evidently brought up on the bottle and has stuck to it ever since. We could not get the Bison and Frontier information you ask.

C. B.—Your verse for Marc MacDermott is very good, and I shall hand it to the proper person. It is safer to send your verses direct to the Popular Player Department. George Stanley, formerly of Vitagraph, is now with Universal.

EDITH Mc.—Georgia Maurice in "The Warmakers." Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood in "Child of the Sea" (Selig). Yes—to your last.

ABASOURDI.—No, I do not believe that salary report at all. The General Film is the largest. Thanks.

VYRGYNYA.—Too Y's you are, but not too frequent. Robert Burns was Ben in "Her Present" (Lubin). J. Warren Kerrigan was Garriot in "The Bolted Door" (Victor). Vera Sisson opposite him. George Middleton was Kenton in "Kenton's Heir" (Pathé). You always obey the rules.

HERMAN.—The following letter from the Motion Picture Patents Company seems to convey the information you want: "Our records will not give the information you ask for. We understand, however, that the Edison Manufacturing Company, predecessor to Thomas A. Edison, Inc., released the first Motion Picture film. Among the first were some exhibited by Latham in his Idoloscope in 1895, and some that were exhibited by Koster and Biall at Thirty-fourth Street, in 1896."

JOY.—Many thanks for your very nice letter. It is full of messages from the woodlands and wilds. Thanks very much.

H. M. L., GREENFIELD.—Josie Ashdown was the little girl, and Florence Crawford was the older girl in "The Queen of the Water-Nymphs" (Majestic). Emma Butler was the attendant, and James Cruze and Marguerite Snow had the leads in "The Caged Bird" (Thanouser). Edith

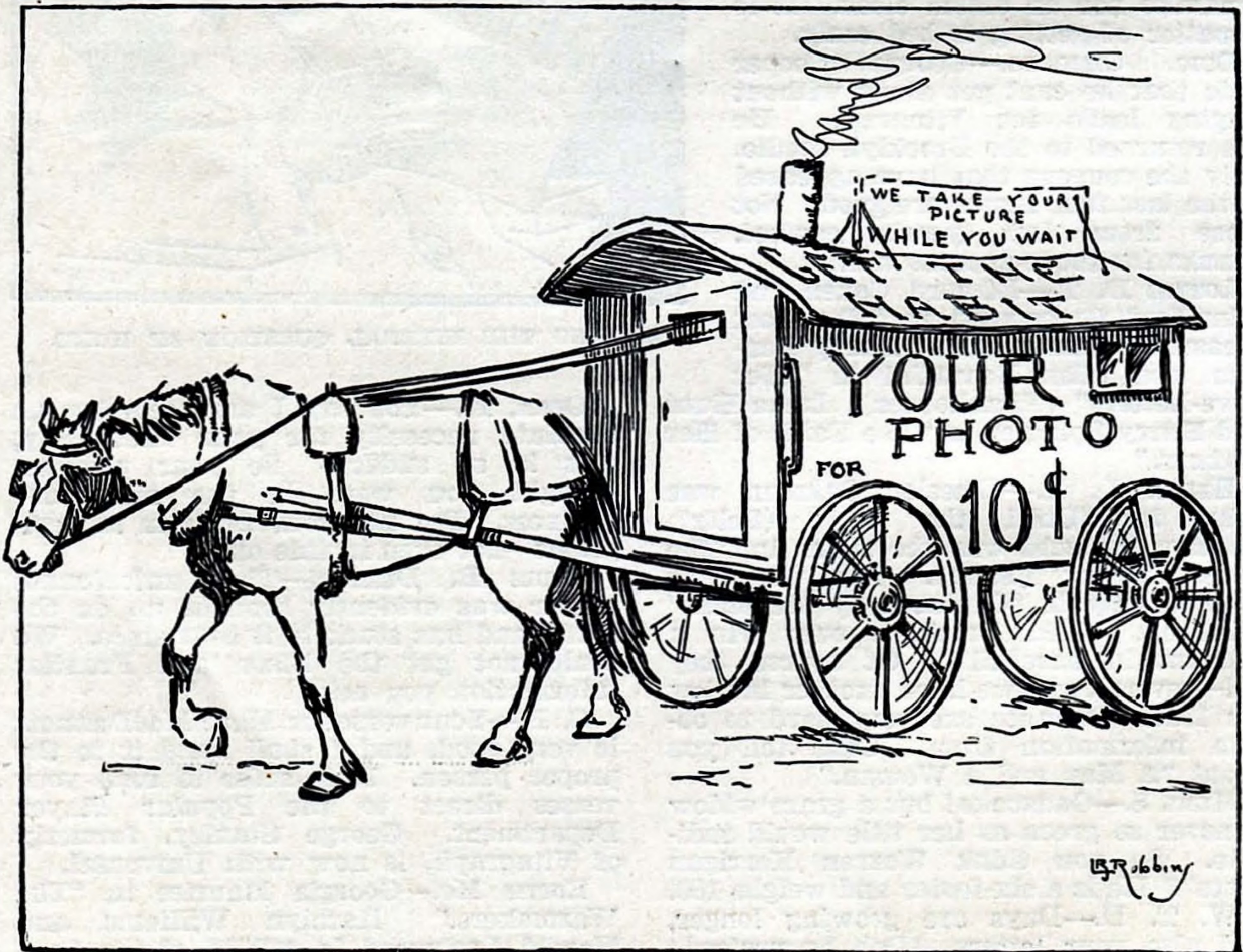
Bostwick was the woman in "The Dread Inheritance" (Victor). That was Ramona Langley in "Teaching Dad a Lesson" (Nestor). Richard Stanton was the husband, Thelma Slater was the son, and Barney Sherry was the grand-dad in "The Sea-Dog" (Broncho). King Baggot was Tony, and Marie Hall was the nurse in "The Return of Tony" (Imp). The female of the species usually writes longer letters than the male.

HILLYBILL.—Art Ortega was the chief, Rex Downs was the thief, and Charles Bartlett white medicine man in "The Medicine Man's Vengeance" (Kalem). Ormi Hawley was Marion in "The Price" (Lubin). Yes, I agree with you about Louise Orth, the foremost Biograph blonde and a pretty girl. Thanks.

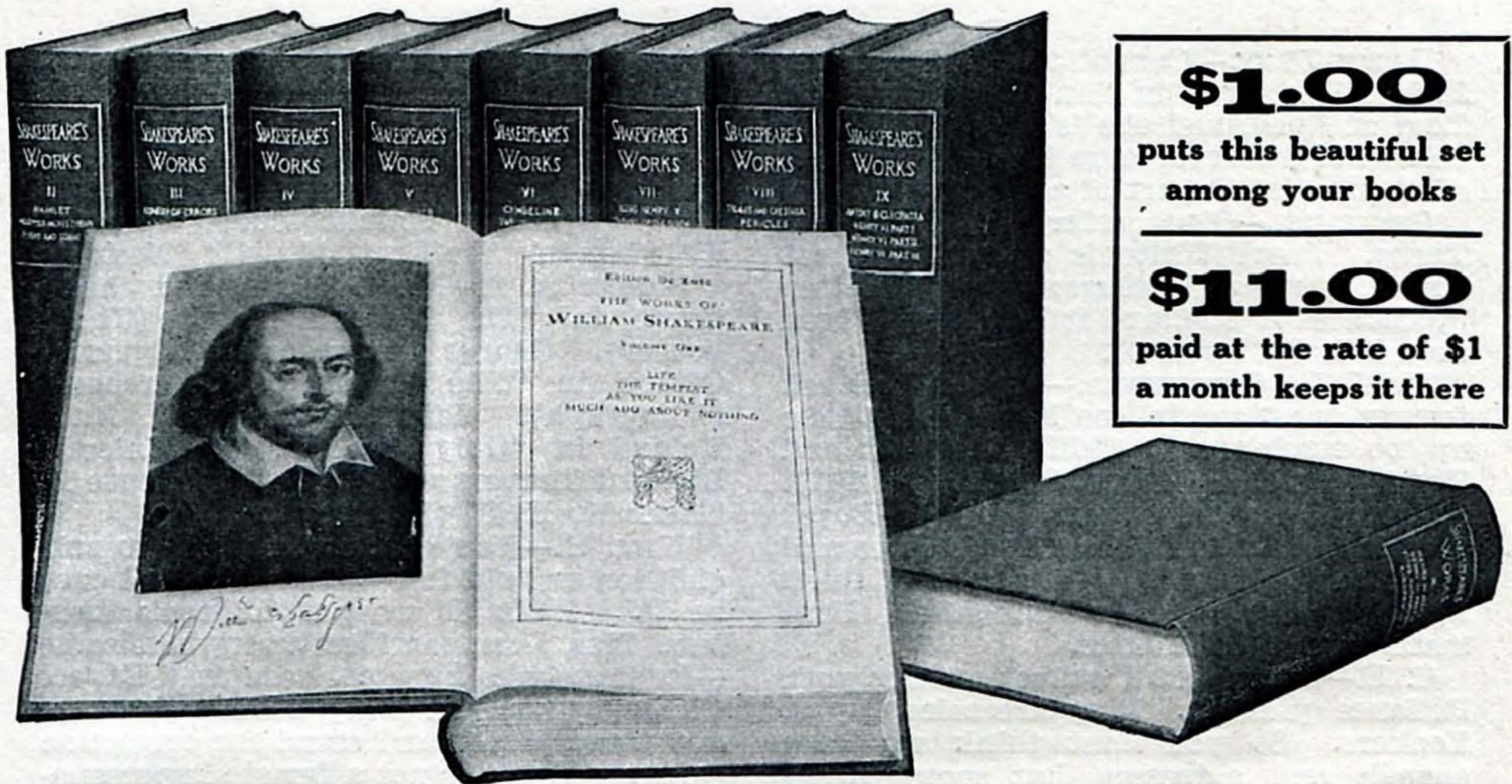
IDA K.—Brinsley Shaw in "A Deal in Real Estate" (Lubin). No, he is not dead. The scene you refer to looked artificial, and therefore it was not art.

MURL S.—Thanks very much for the snap-shot. Very pretty. So you would like the puzzle picture of me, would you? I object seriously. There are lots of Could Be's and Will Be's in the Motion Picture business, and quite a few Would Be's.

M. A. D.—I hope there is no hidden meaning in those initials. No, I am not Augusta Belding Fleming. You should see Maurice Costello in "Mr. Barnes of New York"—just too utterly too-too.



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Occupation

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DAWN FLOY.—Cannot tell you whether Elsie Albert was in San Antonio on the 22nd of April, and she is too far away to ask. Did you ever stop to think that all of us practice the art of acting every day?

GRETCHEN.—You refer to Rosemary Theby. Pearl White is with Pathé, not Crystal. "Peg Woffington" was written by Charles Reade, and it has not yet been filmed that I know of.

H. M. L., GREENFIELD.—Please dont ask twenty questions in one letter. You take up too much space. Edith Bostwick and Harry Gant in "Lasca" (Bison 101). Chester Barnett in "Girls Will Be Boys" (Crystal). Rupert Julian in "Thieves and the Cross" (Rex). He was the thief. Agnes Gordon was the daughter. Next instalment a little later.

C. E.—Sorry, but I cannot answer your Reliance question. They are asleep up at Yonkers. So you dont think we have enough real actresses, but more pretty faces than the foreigners have.

ANTHONY.—Welcome home. That refers to Reliance and Majestic. I saw that clipping. No, that was not real snow and ice—all is not cold that shivers.

MAYBELL.—You refer to George Field in "The Dream-Child" (American). Leading man in "Leaf in the Storm" is unknown to Warner.

HELMAROSE.—Again! Lillian Burns was Helen, Ethel Jackson was Paula, and Olive Walker was Agnes in "The Battle of the Weak" (Vitagraph). Lester Cuneo, Florence Dye, Sid Jordan and Charles

Wheelock in "A Romance of the Forest Reserves" (Selig). William Norris was the grandmother, and Ernest Truex had the lead. Billy Bowers, Julia Calhoun and Charles Barney in "The Peacemaker's Pay" (Lubin). Antrim Short was the little boy in "The Fruit of Evil" (Nestor).

LOTTIE D. T.—Maude Fealy and James Cruze in "The Woman Pays" (Thanhouser). George Cooper and Marguerite Gibson in "The Riders of Petersham" (Vitagraph). John Brennan and Ruth Roland in "Only One Shirt" (Kalem). Richard Travers and Ruth Stonehouse in "Hear No Evil" (Essanay).

WILL H.—You cant make plays to suit children and old folks all the time—it cant be did. Wait till we get children's theaters. Yes, I am considered very handsome—by those who have not seen me. Expect extracts from Li'l Mary Pickford's diary any time. I rise and stand for correction—Harry Myers is not a female impersonator, but he did appear in "The New Gown."

M. L. C.—You are one of those would-be humorists who think that this is a joke department. Far be it. There are more women than men in Europe, but there are more men than women in America.

INFLUENCE, LOS ANGELES.—You are entirely wrong and have lost your temper and good judgment over nothing. If your questions were according to Hoyle, they were answered. If your questions have not yet appeared, please try again, for I am bound to get you on my side in the Commotion Picture game.



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How you can make from five to ten dollars a day!

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NOW

C. Y. H., WATERTOWN.—Your questions are not "within the law." That Famous Player was taken in Los Angeles. Thanks for the postals. Will see about your MSS.

OLGA, 17.—You ask who purchased the first copy of our magazine. Have a heart!

BETH S. F.—Florence LaBadie in "A Leak in the Foreign Office" (Thanhouser). May Ruby was Lucy in "Captain Jenny" (Gold Seal). Fred Mace is now president of "The Fred Mace Feature Film Co." Sounds good, doesn't it?



Manager: "So you were champion hammer thrower at college, eh? Well, I can't see how you'd be of any use to me."

Applicant: "Well, you see, I thought I might help throw the pictures on the screen."

WALTER E.—Your letter is very interesting. Howard Missimer was with Famous Players, but I believe is with Universal now. Only the unwise claim to be wise. The wise are content otherwise.

EDYTHE H.—The clipping referred to Warren Kerrigan in "Samson" only. Blanche Sweet appeared at Proctor's theater in "Judith," and not in vaudeville. She is still with Reliance. Cleo Ridgely is with Kalem. Heap much thanks.

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Louise Huff was Elizabeth in that Lubin, Edgar Jones opposite her. Your second criticism is justified; when God made that player, He gave her more beauty than brains.

HOWARD K. R.—Isabelle Rae was the wife, Mrs. Walters the teacher, and Dorothy Gish the girl in "Her Old Teacher" (Biograph). Charles Murray was Skelley in that series. Robert Grey and Jackie Saunders in "The Intrigue" (Kalem). Dolly Larkin and Tom Forman in "In the Dredger's Claw" (Lubin). Lillian Gish and Walter Miller in "The Musketeers of Pig Alley" (Biograph). Elmer Booth was Snapper Kid. Wilfred Lucas was Baffles in the Keystone plays.

FLOWER E. G.—Yes, I have heard the sextet from Lüchow's. No cast for that Pathé. Ray Gallagher was the secret service man in "The Death Trap" (Lubin). You refer to John Francis, who was the inspector. Thanks. When you look over these columns, you should overlook their shortcomings.

LENORE.—Kempton Greene was Adrian in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin). "Caprice" was taken in New York. I have seen Maude Adams, but I do not think she would make a great hit in the pictures. But I think Laurette Taylor would.

SNOOKUMS.—William Campbell and Dolly Larkin in "The Game of Politics" (Lubin). Cannot identify the players from the small strip of film you send. Gladys Field is not playing now.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—You refer to William Campbell in that Lubin. So you don't like E. K. Lincoln for leaving Vitagraph. Yes, he is real wicked. We may use his picture soon. Mabel Van Buren was the girl in "Thru the Centuries" (Selig). Wrong; there are 150 million English tongues, and only 120 million German.

TESSIBEL.—You refer to Harold Lockwood. Mary Pickford is going to Japan to do "Madam Butterfly." Maude Fealy was the princess in "The Runaway Princess" (Thanhouser). Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "A Spartan Girl of the West" (American).

TILLIE, THE FIRST.—Charles Bartlett and Mona Darkfeather in "The Paleface Brave" (Kalem). Harriet Notter and Frank Newburg had the leads in "A Message from Home" (Selig). Glad you liked her. Dolly Larkin and Tom Forman in "In the Dredger's Claw" (Lubin).

JOHNNIE X.—Robert Drouet and Eleanor Dunn in "The Inspector's Story" (Lubin). Ethel Davis and Iva Shepard in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). Pearl White with Pathé, yes. You refer to Elizabeth Burbridge in "Slim" (Frontier). Ethel Clayton and Gaston Bell in "The Lion and the Mouse" (Lubin).

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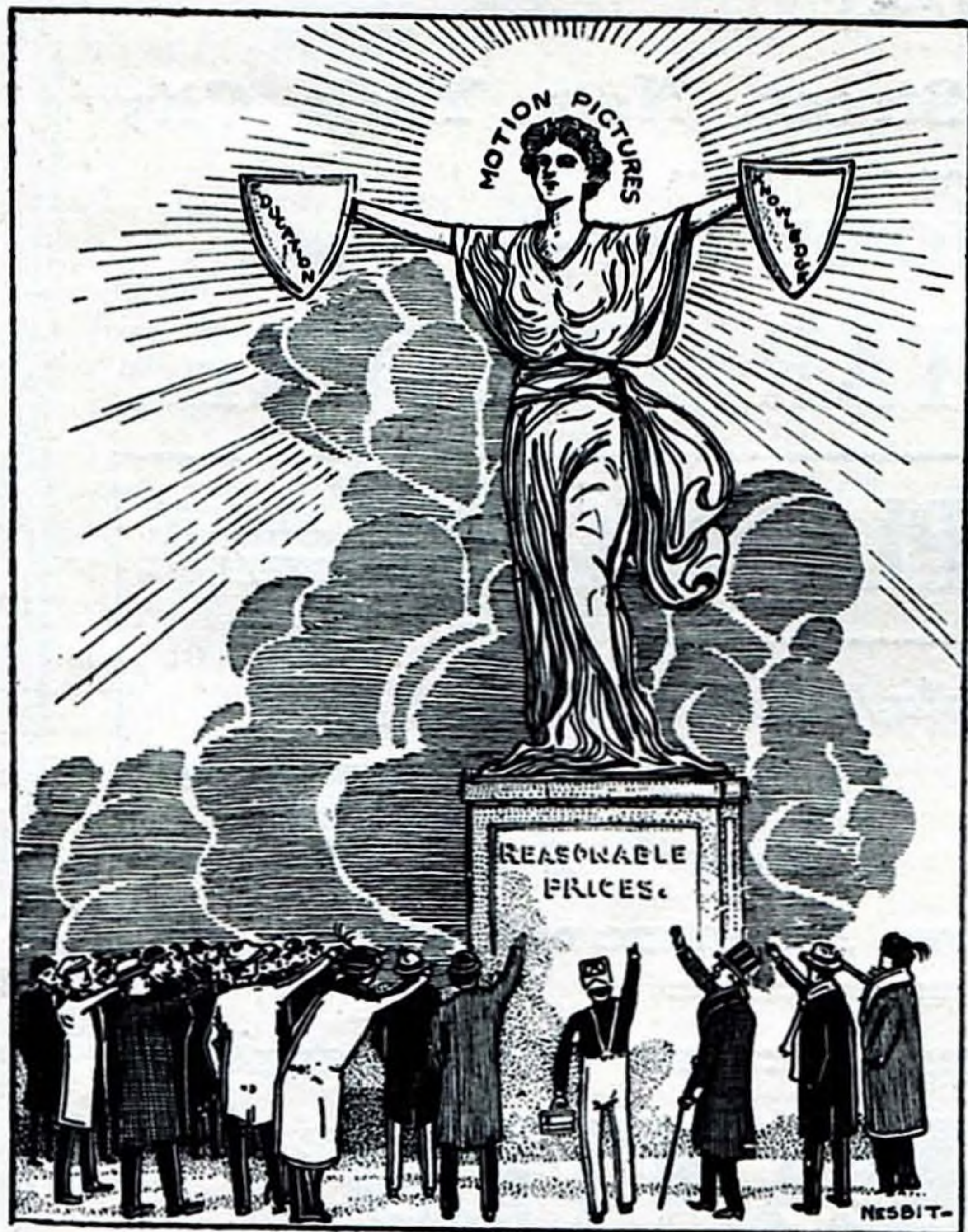
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THE SHOW PLACE

OF THE BIG THINGS OF THE MOTION PICTURE ART

LINCOLN P.—Violet Reid was the wife in "The Birthday Ring" (Biograph). Alma Russell was Miss Lorimer in "The Conspirators" (Selig). Stella Razetto was Helen in "Blue Blood and Red." Adele Lane in "A Cross Purpose." Eugenie Besserer was Alice, and Stella Razetto was the cousin in "A Splendid Sacrifice."

G. E. S.—It was Dr. Johnson, not Arthur Johnson, who said: "The applause of a single human being is of great consequence." But I suppose Arthur, too, would subscribe to those sentiments. William Garwood was Rick in "Rick's Redemption." Don't think either of those plays you mention have been produced.



WITHIN EASY REACH OF ALL

J. C.—The time is approaching when a film will be made as long as it's worth, and not exactly 1,000 feet or 2,000 feet long. If the play runs 600 feet, it will stop there. If it runs 1,250 feet, it will stop there. There is too much padding.

HORTENSE.—Can't tell you about those sisters. Mary Ryan in "The Man from the West" (Lubin). "Perils of Pauline" is in series; which one?

FLORENCE A.—The dog you refer to in that film was a dachshund—a low-down dog. Harry Carey and Claire McDowell in "Her Hand" (Biograph). Clifford Lee was Morton, and Elinor Raye was Margaret in "A Race for a Mine."

GERTRUDE.—"In the Days of War" appeared in our May 1913 issue. Yes; that was Mildred Hutchinson. Thanks for that fine verse.

PEG O' MY HEART.—Louise Glaum in "The Convict's Story" (Kalem). Edwin Carewe was Dane in "Her Husband's Friend" (Lubin). Yes, that was a man dressed up in "The Old Maid's Call."

CLIFFORD L.—I guess Norma Phillips has as large and elegant a wardrobe as anybody. It would make even Queen Elizabeth jealous, and Lizzie had 1,400 different gowns, I believe. Why don't you send in a stamped, addressed envelope?

GRACE W., SALIDA.—Kathlyn Williams in that Selig. William Russell in "The Dilemma" (Biograph).

SHORTY, GREENFIELD.—Rupert Julian was the thief in "Thieves and the Cross" (Rex). Agnes Gordon was the widow in the same. Mr. McCabe was Levi in "Levi and McGinnis Running for Office" (Imp). Mrs. La Varnie was the aunt in "An Evening with Wilder Spender."

MRS. W. H.—The complaint was that there was too much kissing in the films—not elsewhere. Perhaps there is, but some think there isn't enough to go around. Ho-hum! Was Blanche Sweet in that Biograph? Yea, verily, she is sweet in everything. Glad you sympathize with poor, little John Bunny.

LOTTIE D. T.—I don't know of that play; they ain't no sech animal. Mr. Hayakowa and Tsuru Aoki had the leads in "The Courtship of O San" (Domino). Leona Hutton and Walter Edwards in "The Play's the Thing" (Domino). Claire Rae was Joan in "The Ghost" (Pathé). That was Florence LaBadie in "The Elevator Man" (Thanhouser).

PHILO H. H.—Vera Sisson was Vera in "An Academy Romance" (Powers). Leo Delaney was Sperry Atkins in "The Sacrifice of Kathleen" (Vitagraph). You did not give the name of that company. The Ridgely contest was decided by themselves, but the answer never was printed in our magazine.

GERTIE.—Your description is very good; come right along—I am never disappointed in meeting a friend. William Bailey was Frank in "The Conqueror" (Essanay). Your other is against the rules—watcherstep!

M. A. H.-BUFF.—So you would not take my job at twice my salary? Well, nobody axed you, sir. See the Kerrigan autobiography in this issue. I admire muchly that envelope you painted.

EDNA, 16.—Your letter is long and interesting, but you must write only on one side of the page, please. Walter Smith was the cashier in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin).

ADELAIDE G.—Thanks for the fee, but it is impossible for me to locate your other letter, so you will have to await your turn, my dear.



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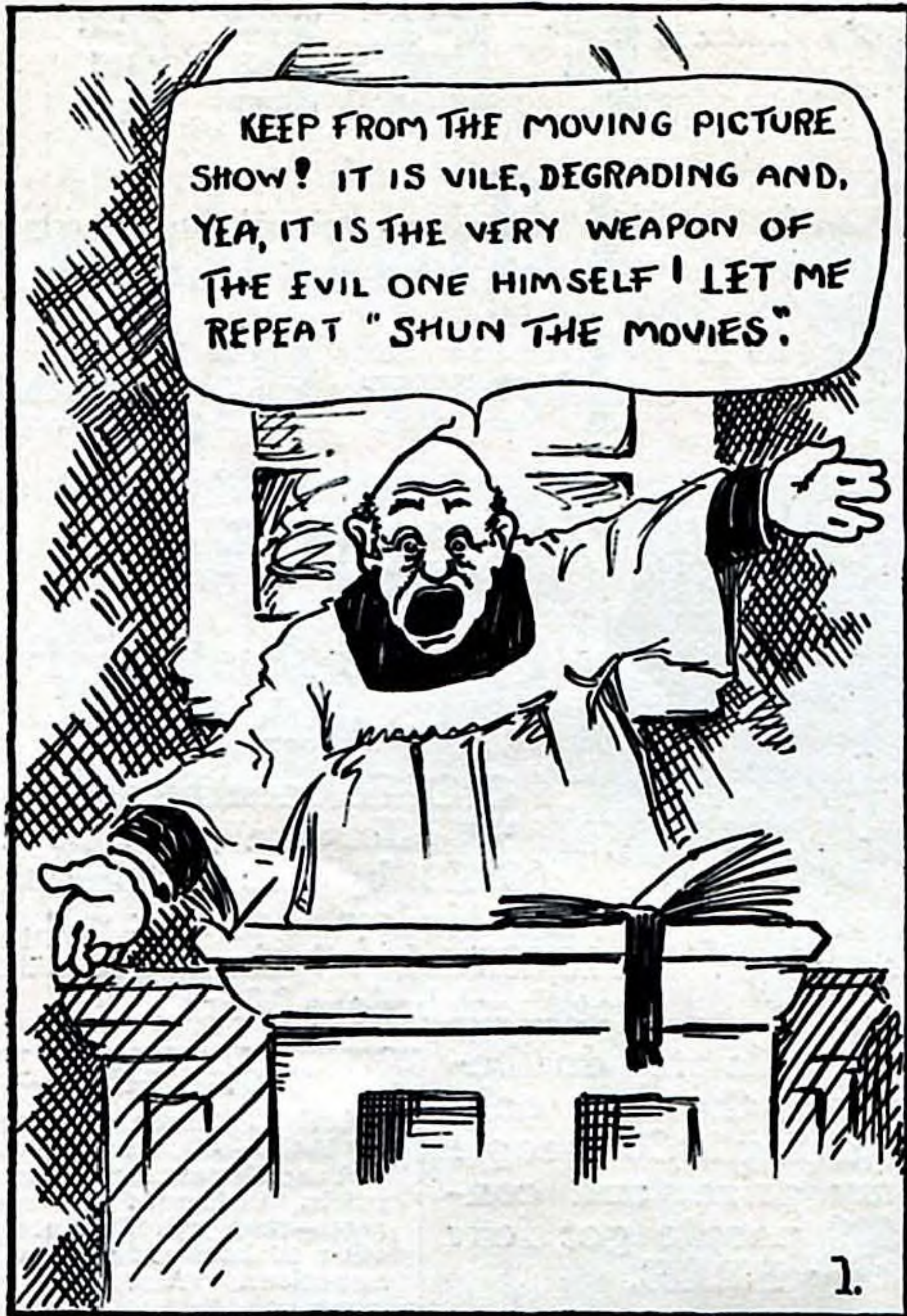
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LAWRENCE L.—Alice Joyce is now appearing in a two-reel play that is to be released every Monday. When you praise me so highly, I question *your* judgment; when you censure me, my own.

PINKY, 17.—Carol Halloway was Mary, and John Smiley was Shorty in "A Strange Melody" (Lubin). Yes, they were married some time ago, but perhaps they are not now. Will see you in July.

JOY JOLIUS.—Yes; Arthur Johnson formerly played for Biograph. You refer either to Marion Leonard or Florence Lawrence. Edgena de Lespine played leads for Reliance, and last I heard of her she was with Biograph.

SALKAREST.—Miss Hartigan was the girl in "The Blue or the Gray" (Biograph). Mayme Kelso is the aunt in "Our Mutual Girl." Georgia Maurice is Mrs. Maurice Costello.

MR. W. H.—Certainly, Just-in-a-Huff in "Thru Flaming Paths." Verily, your luster outshines mine own. You are right; the players are only human and like to receive honest praise—the truest truth ever spoken. And still it is "Rosemary Theby, the Imperial One?"

CARLYLE, NEW ZEALAND.—No, I am not Mr. Brewster; three strikes and out! The "Q" stands for Quirentia. Brinsley Shaw was the "horrid man" in "Broncho Billy's Promise" (Essanay). Bessie Sankey was the girl. Address Alice Joyce and all of the players in care of the studio. Letters will be forwarded to them.

ED. K., DETROIT.—Harry Millarde was

the brother in "Finger-Print Mystery" (Kalem). Tom Moore opposite Alice Joyce. Henry King in "To Love and Cherish" (Lubin). Pearl White is playing opposite Crane Wilbur, and both Clara K. Young and Edith Storey opposite Earle Williams. I don't know why they always use blondes for angels. Certainly all blondes are *not* angels.

WILBURETTE.—Your little essay on the human countenance is very clever, particularly your definition of a face: "A fertile, open expanse, lying midway between collar-button and scalp, full of cheek, chin, and chatter. The crop of the male face is hair, spinach, or full lace curtains. The female face product is powder, whence the expression 'shoot off the face.' Each is supplied with lamps, snuffers, and bread boxes." George Larkin was opposite Ruth Roland in "And the Villain Still Pursued Her" (Kalem). Wouldn't you think that villain would get tired pursuing people? Edgar Jones was the man who married in "Inscription."

LOTTIE D. T.—Your pen will never rust for want of use. Herschal Mayall and Clara Williams in "The Informer" (Domino). Margaret Thompson in "A Kentucky Romance" (Kay-Bee). Robert Leonard and Hazel Buckham in "In the Eye of the Law" (Rex). William Shay and Leah Baird in "The Seacoast of Bohemia" (Imp).

CONSTANCE.—Yes, it would be well to teach history by means of Motion Pictures, yet, after all, what is history but the evil that men do?



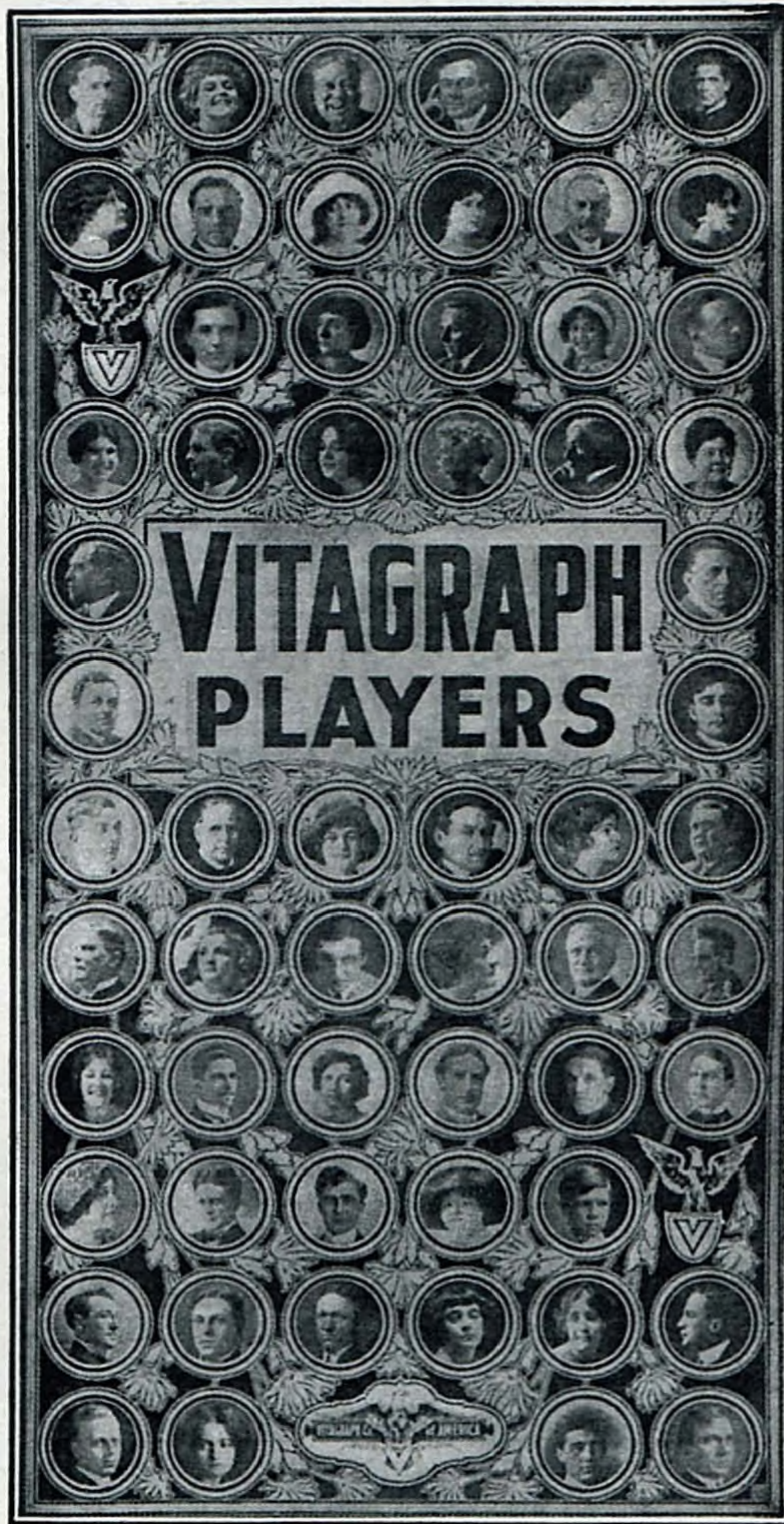
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RACHAEL S.—Yes, charming smile Lillian Walker has. A miss is as good as her smile, and Lillian's is worth about \$1,000 a mile. Belle Bennett was the girl in "What the Crystal Told" (Majestic). Sydney Ayres and Vivian Rich in "American Born."

MARY B.—"A Pair of Prodigals" was produced by Western Vitagraph, and E. K. Lincoln did not play in it. Helen Holmes and Leo Maloney had the leads in "In Peril of His Life" (Kalem). Lloyd Hamilton was the Colonel in "The Colonel." Thomas Commerford was the old gentleman in that Essanay.

SUSIE P.—Harold Lockwood in that Famous Players. Mary Pickford wants all her friends to know that she did not do the dance on the distant beach, without any bathing suit, in "Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players). The girl who did is unknown. Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan in "Mother-Love vs. Gold" (Selig). Harold Lockwood in "Northern Hearts" (Selig). Dolly Larkin and Velma Whitman were the sisters in "When He Sees." Louise Glaum in "The Convict's Story."

GUSSIE H.—Herschel Mayall was Mr. White, Mildred Harris was Mildred, Clara Williams the mother and Richard Stanton the father in "In Divorce" (Kay-Bee). Carrie Ward was leading lady in "The Pride of the Force" (Majestic). You refer to William Nigh in "The Power of the Mind" (Majestic).

L. S. W., YONKERS.—Very nice of you to set up in type your letter to me. I appreciate your trouble and compliments.

You must have remarkable detective powers to discover "marvelous perspicuity, keen insight, range of knowledge, epigrammatic originality, sense of humor, barbed wit, timely quotations and virile philosophy" in my columns. I haven't noticed anything like that; in fact, I always try to keep my department clean and wholesome.

PINKIE, SOUTH CAIRO.—Thanks muchly for that fee. I am sorry, but I need no help at present. Perhaps later.

PESKY CUPID.—I am not an authority on the science of osculation, nor a practitioner, so if you "wish to submit to the exquisite ecstasy of the process and imbibe some of its wonderful sensations," you must needs look elsewhere. 'Ch'ss means cheese it. Are you aware that most of my correspondents are very sensible, thoughtful persons?

ANNA K. S.—No, I don't know where Victor Narane is; does anybody know?

LILY MAY C.—Babies aren't cast in the casts. We will chat Irene Boyle soon. Warren Kerrigan's picture appeared in May, 1914, and September, 1913. Eugenie Besserer was the actress in "Phantoms" (Selig). Brinsley Shaw in "The Golden Pathway" (Vitagraph).

MRS. F. K.—I fear you are inclined to exaggeration. Thanks for your letter.

OLGA, 17.—Now that the baseball season is on, you will do me a very great service if you will make your letters just a wee bit shorter, so that I can get out early of an afternoon once in a while. Glad you liked Crane Wilbur in that play.



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FRED C.—Remember that actresses are not always as pretty as they are painted. I am not particularly fond of the Jean Valjean of Henri Krauss in "Les Miserables." He did not create the same lovable character that Victor Hugo draws. We love Hugo's Jean, in spite of his faults, but Krauss is more forceful than lovable. Alice Hollister was Anne in "The Colleen Bawn" (Kalem).

MRS. THOMAS Q.—Henry King was Harry in "The Power of the Print" (Pathé). Thomas Chatterton was Patrick in "True Irish Hearts" (Domino). James Cruze and Maude Fealy had the leads, and William Schappe was the son in "The Woman Pays" (Thanhouser).

ALLEN L. R.—We are using oil paintings by great artists on our covers now, so we do not accept contributions. Leo White was Eliot in "The Wedding of Prudence" (Essanay). Miss Thatcher was the wife in "Universal Ike Has One Foot in the Grave" (Universal).

ELSIE B.—That was a Keystone; Keystone likes to make a noise like a football game with their players. Have you noticed how they kick one another all over the lot? Robert Grey was the brother in "The Three Gamblers" (Essanay). Claire McDowell in "For Her Government" (Biograph). Oh, yes; French ice-cream, sure!

VESTA.—The latter, of course. Marguerite Snow has never been chatted in our magazine. Blanche Sweet was the sister-in-law in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Gladden James was Bopp in "Iron and Steel" (Vitagraph). Mr. Foster and Marguerite Snow as Jack and May in "Their Best Friend" (Thanhouser). I am enjoying that book you so kindly sent me.

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—I cant tell Hoo's Hoo in those foreign plays. Yes; Alice Joyce in "An Unseen Terror" (Kalem). Rosemary Theby was Amy in "The Price

of a Ruby" (Lubin). No, I never indulge in shaves. Send along the snapshots.

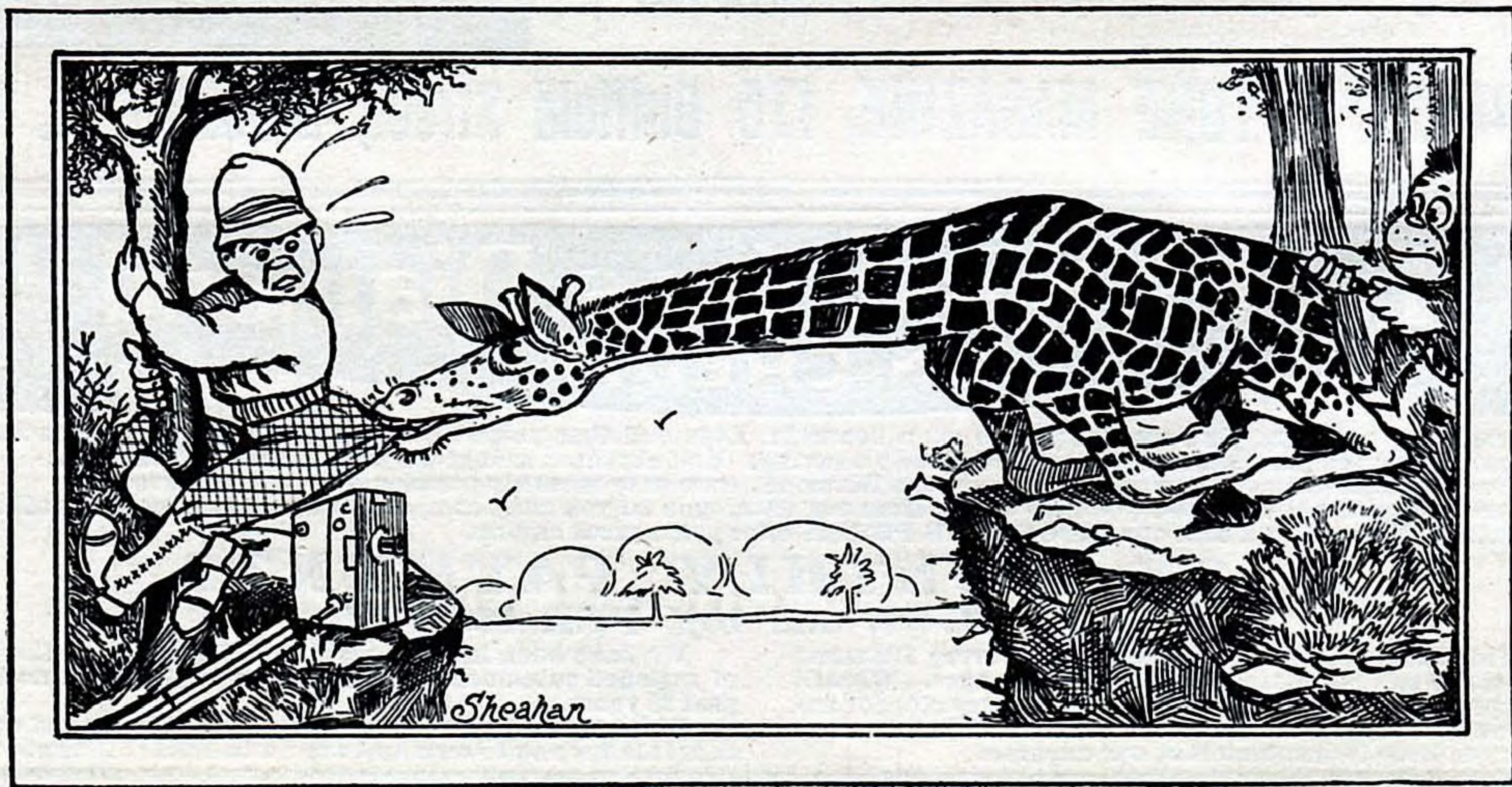
CHINOOKER.—Dont know where you can get a list of the players. Write to Leah Morgan, 831 Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., to join the Correspondence Club. It is growing and is in fine condition. Leah Baird was the girl in "Absinthe" (Imp). Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby.

M.E.H.—It may often happen that those of whom we speak the least are the greatest artists. William Stowell was Arthur in "His Guiding Spirit" (Selig). Henry King was the superintendent in "The Measure of a Man" (Lubin). You refer to Bobby Connelly in "Daddy Jim" (Vitagraph). James Morrison was Boone in "Children of the Feud" (Vitagraph). Little Audrey Berry was the child who posed for the picture entitled "Innocence." She has also posed for several plaster casts. She is a little beauty. She has called on me twice and is one of my favorite sweethearts.

LUCY L.—You refer to William Garwood. Cant tell you why King Baggot does not make love any more on the screen. Perhaps it's a case of "My wife wont let me." The quotation "Love understands love; it needs no talk," is by F. R. Havergal, but she wrote it before Motion Pictures were born.

L. A. D.—My lords and ladies, one and all, you must not try to make this a matrimonial bureau. Now you want Edith Storey to hurry and get married so you can be sure of Earle Williams for yourself. I dont know what I can do in the matter, but I'll try and urge Edith on.

LITTLE BLONDIE.—Norma Talmadge was the girl in "Blue Rose." Sallie Crute and Augustus Phillips in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison). Edna Wilson was the little girl in "The Turn of the Cards" (Majestic). I am supposed to supply you with answers—not with brains.



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GIRLIE U.—Lay on, Macduff, lay on! (By the way, I know a farmer who named a hen Macduff for that reason.) Arthur Ashley was St. Billy Brinkley in "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Vitagraph). "Hearts Adrift" was taken in California.

BLANCHE S.—Alice Hollister and Tom Moore in "The Primitive Man" (Kalem). Thomas Chatterton and Anna Little in "The Primitive Call" (Domino). Chester Withey was the sheriff, and Robert Grey was Jim in "Single-Handed Jim."

LELA L. J.—The crook was Harry Carey in "The Crook and the Girl" (Biograph). He is the champion crook in the pictures, unless it be George Cooper. The time is coming when exhibitors will pay for a film what it is worth. In that event, they would pay as low as three cents for some that they are now showing, and should pay as high as \$75 for others.

PAULA K., DAVENPORT.—Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in "Leaves in the Storm" (Rex). Sydney Ayres and Vivian Rich in "The Call of the Traumerei."

MRS. E. G. H.—Edwin August and Ethel Davis in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). Mabel Normand and Charles Chaplin in "Mabel's Strange Predicament" (Keystone). Yes, I sometimes give tips on the stocks. My stock tip is—let them alone.

(Continued from page 88)

bloods accounts for her versatility and ability along so many lines. But, strange to say, the one thing that she is most proud of is—not her fine acting, her clever short stories, or her remarkable conversational gifts—it is the fact that she was one of the very few women chosen as an immigrant inspector some time ago out of the hundreds that applied. And, pray, how did she qualify for the job? By climbing a swaying, swinging, dizzy rope ladder over the side of a far-from-stationary steamship in the harbor, without the slightest sign of a scream or the smallest symptom of a faint.

I have already said that Miss Nesbitt is singularly suggestive of metaphors. She is still, deep water, she is restrained force, she is a looker-on of life, she is a sort of charming, tactful and conversational Sphinx. But let us say that she is a very interesting and attractive woman, and let it go at that. After all, that covers the inexplicable and the inexpressible very well. PETER WADE.

J. W. T.—It is really lamentable that I am unable to tell you who the girl was in the theater box in the third reel of "Our Mutual Girl." Certainly Arthur Johnson smiles. I once saw him do it.

THE PEST.—Your letter is as interesting as past letters. Where have you been? So Mary Fuller wouldn't write in your diary. Mary is busy. Memory is what makes us young or old.

BETTY.—Matt Moore in "The False Bride," "The Romance of a Photograph" and "The Honeymooners" (Victors). Wilfred Lucas in "When Kings Were Law" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood in that other play.

EVELYN S.—Haven't heard of Edward W. Hellwig as yet. Anybody know?

KATHLYN E. H.—Courtenay Foote has left Mutual and has gone to Europe. Harry Benham in "Frou-Frou" (Thanhouser). It was Tennyson who said that marriages are made in heaven, but I know of several that were apparently made in the other place.

ELFRIEDA.—Alfred Vosburg was the husband and Marguerite Gibson the wife in "Ginger's Reign" (Vitagraph). Clara Williams in "The Frame-up" (Broncho). Yes, that was Rosemary Theby in "His Wife" (Lubin). Justina Huff and Clarence Elmer in "The Engineer's Revenge."



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LENORE L.—Alice Hollister in that Kalem. Vivian Rich was the queen in "The Adventures of Jacques" (American). Edward Coxen was the husband, Winnifred Greenwood the wife and George Field the gambler in "The Open Door" (American). Thomas Chatterton was the missionary, Hazel Buckham his wife and Charles Ray the brother in "The Cure" (Broncho).

MARIE A. H.—Sorry you have been ill. Velma Whitman and Walter Smith in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin). Vera Sisson in "The Ten of Spades" (Majestic). Mabel Van Buren was the girl in "Tested by Fire" (Selig).

ADELE.—The poem you sent in for Harold Lockwood is fine, and he deserves it. Roy Watson was John in "His Guiding Spirit" (Selig). Jack Standing and Isabel Lamon in "The Exile" (Lubin). Yes, that player is what I call an amateurish professional. I suppose I should use the word novice instead of amateur, however, because an amateur is simply one who does not work for pay, while a novice is one who is inefficient, a beginner.

CHARLOTTE.—Letter very interesting. Harry Benham in "Frou-Frou" (Thanhouser). James Cruze had the lead in "In the Land of Egypt" (Thanhouser). I do not think that those Western plays encourage gambling. Everybody knows that gambling is simply picking one's own pocket. The odds are always largely in favor of the dealer, and the player is bound to lose in the end.

FRANCIS S. P.—Your letter is clever. You express your ideas all right. Don't get discouraged. Work a little each night on your books and you will get along.

MARY ELLEN.—Mildred Gregory, Kempton Greene and Earle Metcalfe were the other players in "His Wife." Carlotta Nilsson, Hal Clarendon and House Peters in "Leah Kleschma" (Famous Players). Walter Belasco, Billie West and Elsie Greeson in "The Moonshiner's Daughter."

ELSIE H.—Joseph Holland, of whom you inquired, writes that he was in New York on May 17th, playing in "Belles of Beauty Row." Thanks to Mr. Holland.

MARY W. B.—Most up-to-date theaters have their machines run by a motor, rather than by a man who turns a crank, so as to insure steadiness of projection. Arthur Ashley was Dan in "Local Color."

SHARLEE M. P.—You refer to Mayme Kelso. You place that player wrongly.

IOWA GIRL.—Yes; Lillian Walker's pictures have been used in advertisements. No; Dorothy Hughes does not act. She is a young artist, and a very promising one. Yes, that player has a mind of her own, and I am told she often gives a piece of it to her director.

E. T., QUEENSLAND.—Your letter is very interesting. Edgar Jones had the lead, and James Farrell was Alfred in "Between Two Fires" (Lubin).

E. B. B.—I saw that fine verse written by Edward Lifka. Yes to your first question. Many N. Y. papers advertise the theaters, giving the names of the photoplays to be shown. Thanks for that bottle of imported sauce, but the best seasoning for food is hunger; for drink, thirst; and I usually have both.

EDWARD F.—Your letter is very bright; you apparently notice all the details.

MARSHALL B. M.—I like your toast, "When going up the hill of Prosperity, may you never meet a friend coming down." But I would like it more if it said something about helping that friend to turn back. There is always bound to be some one coming down. Dolly Larkin and Webster Campbell in "The Secret Marriage" (Lubin).

I. B. INTERESTED.—Pathé Frères means Pathé Brothers in English. You will get an expiration blank when your subscription runs out. Your jokes are fine, but you certainly are long-winded.

C. A. P., NEW YORK.—The Colonial Motion Picture Corporation are releasing multiple-reel features. Their first film was called "The Seats of the Mighty," by Sir Gilbert Parker. Thomas Chatterton in "The Heart of a Woman."

JACQUES.—No, that is not the same Herman who writes to me. Harold Lockwood in "The Midnight Call" (Selig). William Stowell in "The Speedway of Despair." Mrs. Mary Bensen was the mother in "My Mother's Irish Shawl."

MARION H.—William Brunton was Crane in "Refrigerator Cars" (Kalem). I am afraid I appreciate most those compliments that I do not deserve. Irving Cummings was Ivan in "Leech of Industry" (Pathé). That was George Larkin as Peggie in "And the Villain Still Pursued Her" (Kalem). (Still at it, I see.)

PEG O' MY HEART.—Myrtle Gonzalez was the daughter in "Tainted Money" (Vitagraph). Mildred Gregory was Lucy in "His Wife" (Lubin). Asta Nielson was Hannah in "The Devil's Assistant."

WALTER J. B. O.—Thanks immensely! Your letter is very interesting. I am eating three meals a day myself, but I am not sure yet that all of us are under the orders of General Peace, General Plenty and General Prosperity.

FLOWER E. G.—Yes, I saw "A Scrap of Paper," with Ethel Barrymore and John Drew, but it has not been filmed yet. I certainly did like Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart." House Peters was the Duke in "A Lady of Quality."

ROSE AND ANNA.—Looky here! you must respect my gray hairs—what there are of them. I don't know why hair persists in growing so abundantly on my chin instead of on my pate. Joseph King and Anna Little in "The Battle of Gettysburg" (Kay-Bee). Vera Sisson was the girl in "The Ten of Spades." Rhea Mitchell was Miss Worth in "Repaid."

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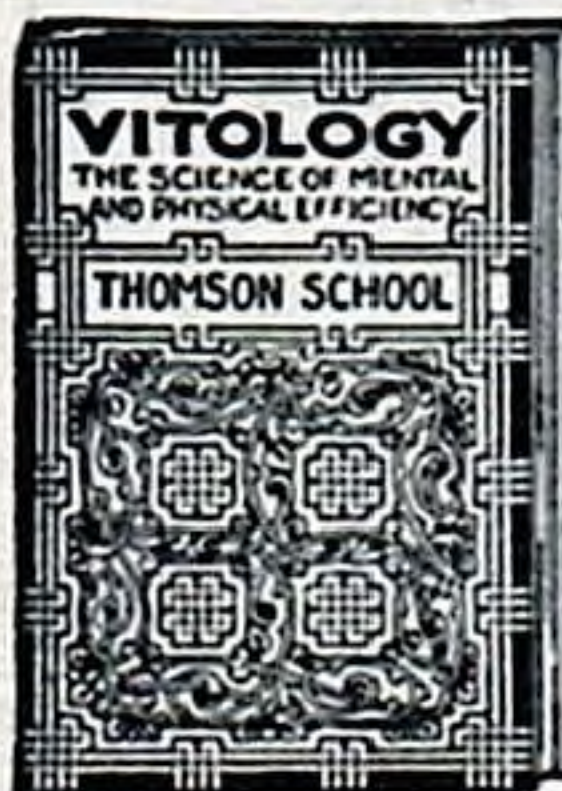
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KATHLEEN M. G.—Anna Little and Thomas Chatterton in "The Primitive Call" (Domino).

JOHN P. SHORT.—So you are on your way home after walking from New Orleans to New York City. We were all glad to see you here.

RAE K.—Miss Jewett was the wife in "Red and Pete, Partners" (Selig). Louise Orth is now with Selig; left Biograph. Olive Golden was the sister in "Tess of the Storm Country" (Famous Players). Ruth Hennessy and Leo White in "The Wedding of Prudence." The cast in "On the Altar of Patriotism" is not obtainable. You refer to Percy Winters and John Ince in "Cruel Revenge" (Lubin). William Stowell was Arthur in "His Guiding Spirit" (Selig).

MINNIE C.—I do not think that the modern dance craze is a passing fad. It seems to be a mode of expression of emotions that are deep-rooted and have been long locked up within us. It marks the dawn of the new spirit, a new era, but also, I fear, the letting down of the bars of our moral standards. Belle Bennett had the lead in "Romance and Duty."

DELANEY.—I really can't tell you what caused Augustus Carney to leave Essanay, but now he has left Universal, and I can't tell you why he did that, either. "Her Brother's Pard" was taken in California.

C. E. K.—Of course Alice Joyce signed the photograph. And no doubt she sent it herself. Send all letters for her to the Kalem New York office. Anything at all.

IVAN D.—Thanks for the beautiful pictures. Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "Self-Convicted" (Lubin). Gene Hathaway was the other girl in "The Sea-Maiden" (Vitagraph). Beverly Bayne in "A Tango Tangle" (Essanay). Miss O'Connor was the extra girl in "The Spell."

WINNIFRED M. S.—William Clifford's picture appeared in July, 1913, November, 1911, and July, 1911. Betty Schade in "The Senator's Bill" (Rex) and Rhea Mitchell was the Princess in "A Barrier Royal" (Broncho).

MARION H.—I appreciate your cry, "Let him live to be a hundred!" Anna Nilsson played both parts in that Kalem. Frances Ne Moyer played the part of the girl in "The Best Man" (Lubin). Gene Gauntier was Eily O'Connor in "The Colleen Bawn" (Kalem).

MARE M. R., THAMES.—No, my child, you must not be so inquisitive. Francelia Billington was the girl in "For His Loved One" (Majestic). By all means, start a savings-bank account, but don't grow avaricious. Avarice is only prudence and economy pushed to excess.

LILLIAN C.—Cleo Ridgely has been with Kalem and Lubin companies. Adele Lane in "Father's Day" (Selig).

OWL S.—No; Arthur V. Johnson is not Mr. Lubin's son. Your letter is a gem. Many thanks.

DRY H.—You say “No matter what date a Movie battle is supposed to be, they always use the same old Springfield rifles of about 1856 model. It is very amusing to see a picture of a modern fight with guns that were used before the Civil War.” Yes, the little things count.

ELSIE T., CHRIST CHURCH, N. Z.—Tom Powers has never been chatted as yet. Yes; James Young. Your letter is very interesting. Had I the eyes of Argus, the gold of Midas, the longevity of Methuselah, the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job, I would not be smart as you be.

WILLARD C.—Dont know about Charles Chaplin, but Ford Sterling has left Keystone. George Morgan is the country sweetheart in “Our Mutual Girl.” Vivian Rich has not been chatted. Velma Pearce in “Too Many Brides” (Keystone).

RUTH, 18.—Marguerite Gibson and George Cooper had the leads in “The Riders of Petersham” (Vitagraph). Address all players at the studio.

MOVIE GIRL.—In the long run, you will find that it is much cheaper to learn from other people's experiences than to let them learn from yours. William Campbell and Melvin Mayo in “A Game of Politics” (Lubin). You refer to Thomas Santschi.

IRIS W. G.—Rosetta Brice was Lily in “Cruel Revenge” (Lubin). Florence Hackett and Lottie Briscoe in “The Parasite” (Lubin). Yes, that player is getting so thin that she looks like a fried moonbeam.

TULSA, OKLA.—Frank Borzage was John in “The Geisha” (Kay-Bee). Why dont you join the club? Then you can communicate with Lottie D. T. and Olga.

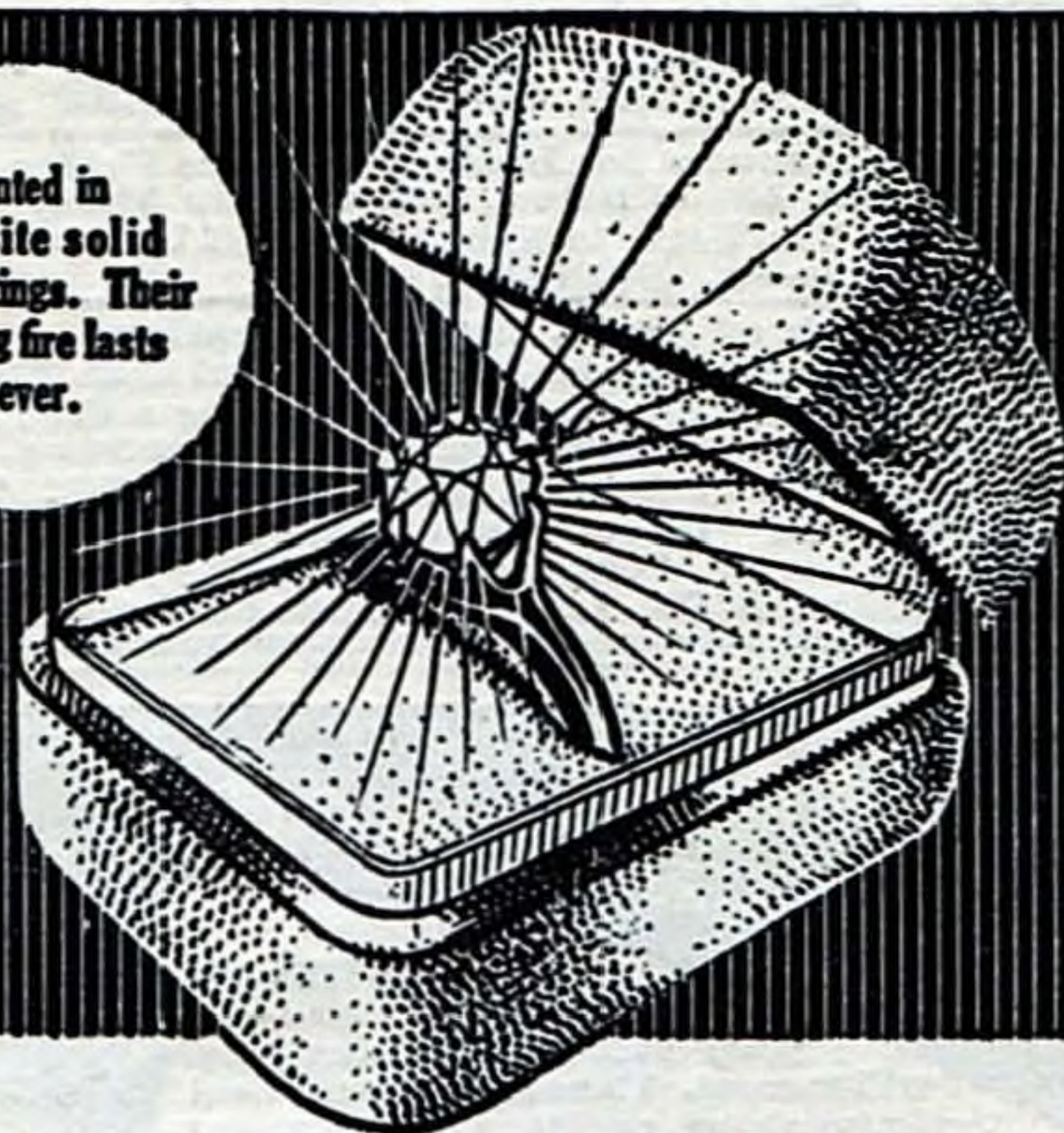
RAE, 19.—I understand that the last word in theaters is the Hebbel Theater in Berlin, named after the Austrian dramatist and built by Oskar Kaufmann. You refer to Mrs. Walters. Dorothy Gish was Marjory in “Her Old Teacher” (Biograph). Miss Ellis was the wife; Harriet Notter, Lucette, and William Stowell was Jack in “In Remembrance” (Selig). Harry Carey now directing for Progressive Co.

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—That question is out of my line—“If you feed molasses instead of gasoline to a 60-horsepower engine, will the motor choke?” Kindly take a haul on your emergency brake.

MARIE A. H.—Della Connor was the girl in “The Fat Man's Burden” (Pathé). Charles Chaplin in “Twenty Minutes of Love” (Keystone). John Smiley was John, and Edgar Jones was Andrew in “From Out the Flood” (Lubin).

RAE K.—Edward Dillion was the mayor in “When a Woman Guides” (Biograph). Guy Oliver and Stella Razetto in “Mistress of His House” (Selig). Sidney Ayres was Buck in “The ‘Pote Lariat’” (American). Mignon Anderson was the girl in “The Elusive Diamond” (Thanouser).

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MARITA O.—Webster Campbell was the son in "Secret Marriage" (Lubin). Anita Stewart was Madame Renee in "He Never Knew" (Vitagraph). I know the answer to your question: "Why do married men live longer than single men?" They don't—it only seems longer. Do I go to the head of the class?

INDIAN PRINCESS, OKLA.—Edwin Carewe and Ormi Hawley had the leads in "Winning His Wife" (Lubin). Jane Wolfe and Carlyle Blackwell in "The Masquerader" (Kalem). Address, Florence Lawrence, in care of Victor Co. Your letter was very interesting and made me happy.

E. D. B.—Herschel Mayall was Dan in "Love vs. Duty" (Kay-Bee).

PEGGY, 20.—William Campbell was Dick in "The Game of Politics" (Lubin). Thanks. The clipping is correct, so far as I know.

HELEN L. R.—David Hartford was Mary's father in "Tess of Storm County" (Famous Players). Boots Wall was the sister in "Caprice" (Famous Players). Edith Boswick and Jessalyn Van Trump were the girls in "The Dread Inheritance" (Victor). Gerda Holmes was the girl in "In the Moon's Ray" (Essanay). Irene Howley was the girl in "An Hour of Terror" (Biograph). Lillian Burns was Helen in "The Battle of the Weak."

D. M. B., SODUS.—Grace Cunard was Nell in "The Return of the Twin's Double" (Universal). Yes, to your second. Myrtle Stedman was the schoolmarm in "The Capture of Bad Brown" (Selig). William Duncan was Buck. Frances and Marguerite Ne Moyer in "Father's Choice."

OLGA, 18.—I liked Mary Pickford in "Hearts Adrift" best, next in "Tess of Storm County." Your letters are long and interesting.

WILFUL WINNIE.—Edgar Jones and Louise Huff were the sweethearts in "In Treasures on Earth." Verse is very fine.

BOOZER.—Don't know about Blanche Sweet, but I think you might try Norma Talmadge. She is very obliging. 115 Nassau Street, New York.

MURL S.—You are sorry Warren Kerrigan did not win, but Francis Bushman's admirers are glad that he won.

DAISY B. H.—Barbara Tennant's picture appeared in March, 1913, and February, 1914. Eclair studio at Fort Lee, N. J.

LAURENCE B.—Marie Walcamp was Mary, Elsie Fay was Grace, and Frank Lloyd was Jack in "Won in the Clouds" (Bison). Anita Stewart was the girl in "The Girl from Prosperity."

JOHN W. G.—Mary Moore was the sister in "The Brute" (Famous Players). Hobart Bosworth was "The Sea Wolf." "Hearts Adrift" was taken at Santa Monica, Cal.

C. G. B., CHICAGO.—Naomi Childers was the wife of the doctor in "The Crucible of Fate" (Vitagraph). Yes; Charles Chaplin is still with Keystone. Helen Hilton was the contractor's wife in "The Brute."

MRS. C. E. B. L.—You are all wrong about Clara Young. She is not in love with Mr. Costello, nor he with her. You are away off again. I am not Edwin Markham. Yes, to your "Judith" question. Cant tell who Will Redding was in "Under Desperation" (Kalem). They dont know. Miss Sackville was Winnie in the Kathlyn series. No, I always read every letter once, and some letters twice.

CINCY Jo.—Edward Peil opposite Ormi Hawley in "The Price" (Lubin). Yes; Florence Turner has her own company. Thanks very much.

FRITZ, VT.—You refer to Walter Smith and Velma Whitman in that Lubin. Ruth Roland and George Larkin in the Kalem. Hope you have recovered by now.

JACK, READING.—Earle Williams was Peter, and Darwin Karr was Billy in "The Mischief-Maker" (Vitagraph). Bessie Eyton in that Selig.

SAM AND BUD.—King Baggot still with Imp. There are about twelve branches under Universal.

NELLIE A. M.—Sorry, but I cannot tell the name of the play from your description. No doubt Essanay could tell you.

MURL S.—Oh, yes; Warren Kerrigan answers all of his correspondents. He was good in "The Bolted Door."

RUTH M. C.—They are real Californians, and not Hindoos. Webster Campbell was Roger in "The Secret Marriage" (Lubin). Dolly Larkin was Mary. Miss Maamussed was the artist's wife in "Lost in Mid-ocean." Henry Gsell was the husband, Laura Sheldon the new cook, and Marian De Forrest first cook in "Some Doings."

H. G. M.—The principal spy in "The Port of Missing Men" (Famous Players) was Cameron Smith, now one of the assistant directors. Yes, I agree with you that his work is very good.

INQUISITIVE.—Thanks for the cards. Mabel Van Buren was Lucine in "The Master Mind" (Lasky's). Frederick Church is with Universal, and Florence Turner is in Europe.

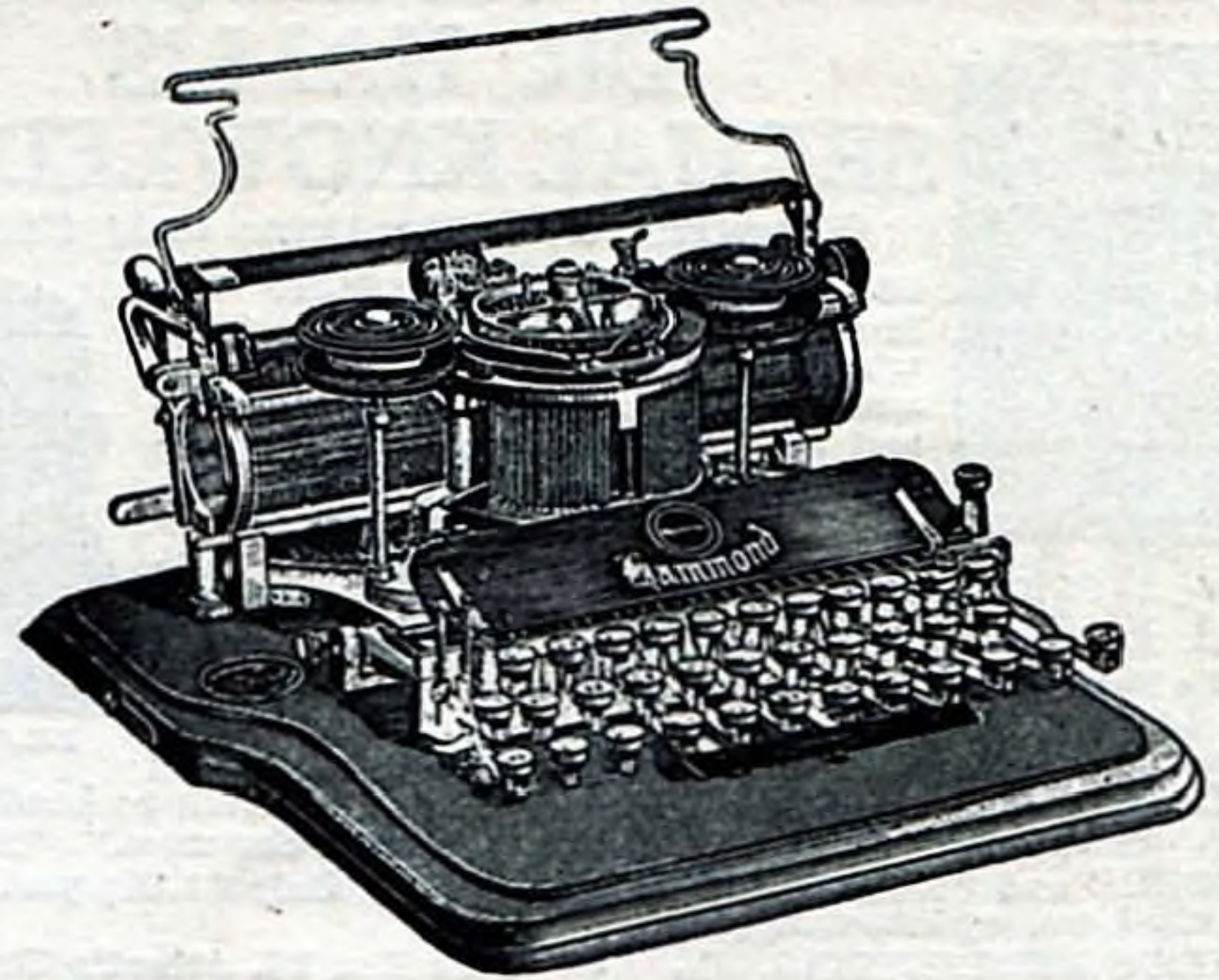
CATHERINE M.—Sidney Ayres was the artist in that American. Of course I am going to be at the exposition.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Six full pages, too. Romaine Fielding has never been with Solax. Yes. The greatest ancient philosopher was Plato, I guess. Isabelle Rea opposite Walter Miller. We have February 1911 issue. It's a tie between George Cooper and Harry Carey. Looks pretty bad for the Dodgers now. To be continued.

EDNA C.—I believe Richard Stanton will play as well as direct. No, there is no truth in it; read Dr. Hirshberg's articles on the eyes, in April issue. Romona Radcliff was the American girl in "The Geisha" (Kay-Bee). Thanks very much.

FATTY.—So Roscoe Arbuckle is your favorite. Yes, write to him. We expect to interview him soon.

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EVERYBODY.—If your answers do not appear in this issue, be patient. I am rushed with letters this month, but promise to clear up everything next month. Will have to be brief and attend strictly to business in these last two pages.

MARGARETTE K. T.—I am sorry I got you twisted. All right now? Anna Drew was the girl in "Greater Love" (Majestic). Florence LaBadie in "Oh! What a Beautiful Ocean" (Thanhouser). Billie West was the girl in "The Moonshiner's Daughter" (Majestic). Elizabeth Burbridge in "A Common Mistake" (Domino). Jack Nelson was the artist. Donald Crisp had the lead in "The Miniature Portrait."

MARY T. S.—Chester Barnett and Louise Huff in "Her Supreme Sacrifice" (Pyramid). Carlyle Blackwell is still with Famous Players.

GERRIE H.—I refuse to straighten out the marriage of players. Whitney Raymond was with Famous Players last.

DAWN FLOY.—That was a trick picture. Miss Ashton was the wife in "The Children of Destiny." Ford Sterling has his own company now.

B. G. B.—Jack Standing and Marguerite Risser in "The Millionaire's Ward" (Pathé). Frank Bennett was Goldberg in "The Third Generation" (Victor). Frank Hallock was Frank in "His Own Blood" (Powers). Marcia Moore and Herschal Mayall in "In the Days of '49." Grace Cunard was the wolf in "The She-Wolf."

M. M. M., MAINE.—I am indeed sorry. Charles Ray had the lead in "The Bondsman" (Domino). Dorothy Davenport was the sweetheart. William Duncan in "Bud's Heiress" (Selig). Mildred Bracken was the mother in "The Way of a Mother" (Broncho). Margaret Thompson was the step-sister in "A Southern Cinderella."

JOHN H. F.—Thanks for the interesting note; also the snapshots. I like to receive summer snapshots.

MISS S., PLAINFIELD.—Thanks. You refer to Harold Lockwood in "When Thieves Fall Out" (Selig).

CURIOSITY.—Walter Edwards had the lead in "The Bells of Austi" (Domino). Carlyle Blackwell will be seen in "Spitfire."

BARBERRY.—Thomas Chatterton. You have selected the best photographs. We can't print a good picture if the photograph is not good. And we have to take what is sent to us.

MARJORIE R., THAMES.—House Peters was Obermuller in "In the Bishop's Carriage" (Famous Players). Kathlyn Kerrigan played only in "Samson" (Victor).

ELFRIEDA.—Elsie Kerns was the girl in "His Little Pal" (Majestic). Fay Tincher was Cleo in "The Battle of the Sexes" (Griffity Mutual). Irene Warfield was Helen in "The Three Scrath Flue" (Essanay). Bessie Eyton in that Selig.

W. H.—Have you seen "Captain Alvarez," now playing at the Vitagraph Theater? Edith Storey is fine.

LAURENCE L. G.—Walter Miller, Millicent Evans and Charles Mailes played in "The Fatal Wedding" (Biograph). Josephine Kaufman and Edwin De Wolff in "The Drug Terror" (Lubin). Betty Harte was the wife in "The Unfeathered Nest" (Biograph).

M. O. NEWMAN.—Larry Peyton was leading man in "The Shadow of Guilt" (Kalem). Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Blind Power" (Lubin).

ASBURY PARK.—George Gebhardt is now on the directing staff of Ramo Film Company. Irene Howley is the wife in "The Fatal Wedding" (Biograph). Red Wing had the lead in "A Slave to Firewater" (Pathé). Mr. Vosburgh was the artist in "Lost in Midocean." Belle Adair was the girl in "The Diamond Master" (Eclair).

GEORGE W.—Thomas Ross and Katherine La Salle in "Checkers" (All Star). Mabel Normand plays opposite Roscoe Arbuckle sometimes.

VIOLA E.—James Cooley was the cashier in "The Detective's Stratagem" (Biograph). Peggy O'Neill was Peggy in "The Two Fathers" (Lubin). Maurice Costello was chatted in April, 1912. James Vincent in that Kalem.

R. A. G.—"Sunken Village" (Lubin) was taken in Philadelphia. "Judith" was taken at Chattsworth Park, Cal. The D., L. & W. R.R. was used, and it was taken at Jersey City, that is "A Leech of Industry" (Pathé).

MLLE. MOSELLE—George Field was the son in "Like Father, Like Son" (American). Charles Wellesley was the colonel in "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Vitagraph). Lillian Wade was the child in "Elizabeth's Prayer" (Selig).

BLANCHE B.—Romaine Fielding had the lead in "When Mountain and Valley Meet" (Lubin). Peggy O'Neill and Robert Drouet in "The Man in the Hamper" (Biograph). So you like "The Little Page" (Vitagraph)?

PITTSBURGIAN.—Louise Vale was the wife in "A Friend of the District Attorney" (Biograph). George Morgan was the lover.

MARIE T.—You evidently have not read the magazine yet. See our artist contest.

RUBY L.—Richard Travers was the lead in "The Pay-as-You-Enter Man" (Essanay). Gladys Brockwell in that Lubin. Charles Lucas was the sweetheart in "The Champion Driver" (Keystone). Dolly Larkin and William E. Parsons in "A Father's Heart" (Lubin).

MARION M. E.—Harold Shaw directed "The House of Temperley." Claire McDowell in "The Massacre" (Biograph).

SOCRATES.—Edith Storey played for Méliès before going with Vitagraph.

C. A. P.—Yes, the Nicholas Power Company (90 Gold St., N. Y.) have sold several new theaters projecting machines. The new ones are, the Globe, Herald Square, Republic and several others.

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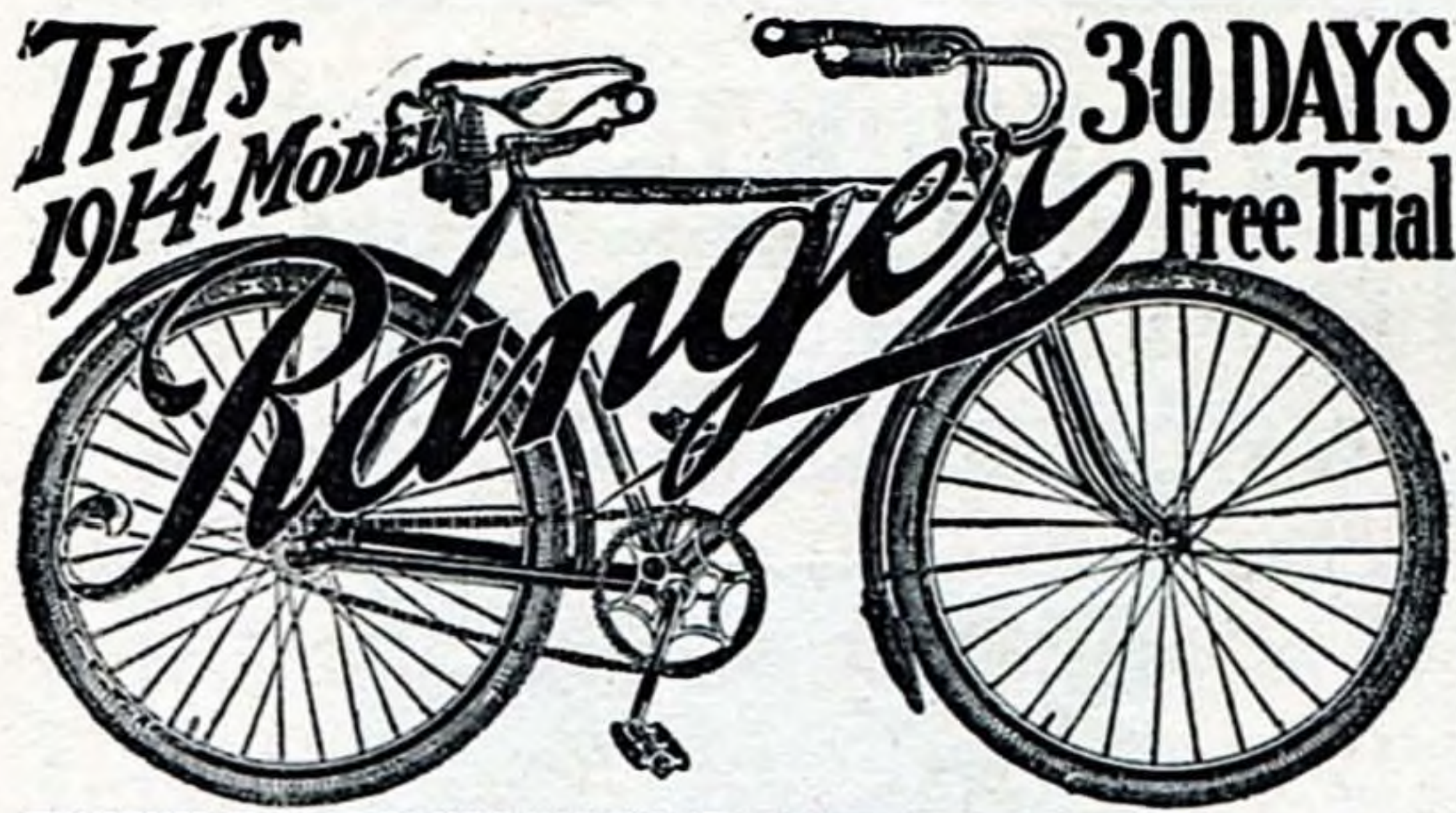
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GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

(Continued from page 123.)

Maude Fealy proved her art as "Frou Frou." She is not just a good woman whom we love (which is so easy to do), nor just a bad woman whom we hate (which is so easy to do). She is, instead, the eternal feminine combination of charm and selfishness, the creature whom we alternately adore and want to send to bed without any supper for punishment. Logically to act an illogical character is art.

MARTIN SCOTT.

One evening I had a woefully "grouchy" companion, and so I suggested "Love and Vengeance," with Ford Sterling in the lead. Presto—change! My companion came forth smiling. Verily, an alchemist who can transmute grouches into smiles must rank in art with the prettiest miss who smiles upon her audience.

MARY WILSON.

I consider J. Warren Kerrigan the greatest photoplayer, because he puts his own personality so strongly into his work that an audience is drawn to him with a feeling of sympathy for him in his varied rôles. Even inferior plays have been unable to keep this genius down. A minor detail—he never overdoes his "make-up."

HAZEL EDWARDS.

Kerrigan's acting makes one think after the play is over—which is the real gauge of any accomplishment. In "The Man Between," for instance, he was not merely being the character; he was driving home the fact which every woman should realize—that man's actions are often influenced by a few words from a woman.

M. A. CORSAK.

Here's to Henry B. Walthall, the greatest actor on the screen! The reason for Walthall's superiority over any other film actor is, first, because of his ability to play a variety of parts and play them all perfectly; second, because of his pleasing personality. Take, for instance, his work in "Classmate" and in "The Mysterious Shot." In the first, he played the part of a clean, good, but rather quiet, young fellow; but in the other, what a difference! Here he was a breezy cowboy, who turns out to be a treacherous scoundrel. Now there was no similarity in the way Walthall played these two parts, which shows his ability.

HOWARD K. RATHMANN.

I think Romaine Fielding the greatest artist, because he is the most natural player on the screen. He never seems to know where the camera is. I have seen many a player face the camera, and jerk out a few words to some one behind him.

DORA E. TEXTER.

I dont think there ever was a more versatile actor than J. Warren Kerrigan. He can be the thug or the gentleman, the prince or the pauper—all with no effort. He is never "stagey"; every emotion is perfectly natural. I can mention no particular picture in which he excels, for he is always at his best.

WM. H. CORDNER, JR.

Miss Garner is to me the great artist. In "Vanity Fair" she was a fetching Becky Sharp—such a cold-blooded, fascinating little villain that it was hard on one's nerves to have her turn around and, lo! appear as Egyptian Cleopatra. Her versatility is wonderful.

THELMA WILCOX.

Mariechen Pickford is a natural little actress, who appeals to me because she does not appear to be acting, as so many do on the films. You know they are acting. Miss Pickford is not afraid to turn her back on the furious camera.

Her work in "Hearts Adrift" was excellent, with the material at hand. The fireworks were a little humorous, as the audience testified by smiling audibly. The truth is that when a photoplay is made of another play, or with artificial nature, it is like trying to make two wrongs a right.

E. B. strikes near the bull's-eye in the letter in June issue. But that's the way of the world. Mr. Williams, I believe, has been miscast a good deal, and is capable of better work in real life dramas. You can tell by what the spectators do. Lately, I saw "Memories That Haunt." Mr. Williams places a photograph in a bunch of roses, etc. Now, the audience should not have laughed at that, but it did. It was so unlikelike. If he had placed a rose before the photo, or sprinkled rose-leaves over it, it would have caught the old chord, which knows those old stunts.

A TOILER ON THE FRINGE.

In looking over the schedule of votes for the great artists, am somewhat surprised to note that Henry King's name has not been placed thereon.

This may be due, perhaps, to the fact that he has not been featured quite enough to win popularity from the people. To my mind, he is superb in the "silent drama." I first noticed him in a photoplay entitled "By Impulse," a Pathé production, I believe; later, I saw him again in "A Race for a Mine," Kalem Company. He seems to be everything that a photoplay artist should be—unassuming, graceful, well groomed—in fact he is just right. Have often heard people about me in a picture house admire him, at the same time wondering who he was. I really think Kalem Company—believe he is with them at present—should feature him more, and thereby enable him to become familiar to his many unknown admirers.

AUDREY M. LANE.



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| "The Little Stocking" | Imp |
| "A Motorcycle Elopement" | Biograph |
| "Downfall of Mr. Snoop" | Powers |
| "The Red Trail" | Biograph |
| "Insanity" | Lubin |
| "The Little Music Teacher" | Majestic |
| "Sally Ann's Strategy" | Edison |
| "Ma's Apron Strings" | Vitagraph |
| "A Cadet's Honor" | Universal |
| "Cupid's Victory" | Nestor |
| "A Good Turn" | Lubin |
| "His Tired Uncle" | Vitagraph |
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I vote King Baggot the greatest of all Motion Picture artists, because of his superb portrayal of the absinthe fiend, in his great photoplay, "Absinthe." Having had experience with this terrible thing in my own family, I feel competent to say that his portrayal of a drink fiend was perfectly true and *not one bit* overdrawn. I hope to see this great artist in more and better pictures.

J. S. SAUNDERS.

Versatile, daring, resourceful, Mabel Normand pleases more people—likewise, people more—than any other screen artist. In farce-comedy it requires the player's resources at every second to please—unlike drama; and she fills the bill. The majority of "fans" prefer comedy. Vote for "Keystone Mabel."

JOHN V. LOEFFLER.

All of my coterie of friends want Clara Young to win, for we think her the most talented and experienced Motion Picture actress. Just think of the ordeal that she was put thru in playing Babbie in "The Little Minister." Here was a part that Maude Adams had made famous. It was "painting the rose" to add anything to Miss Adams' Babbie—and to present an entirely new Babbie was like illustrating "Alice in Wonderland" and giving her curls. Yet an artist like Clara Young could not be content to copy from even a great actress. This wonderful film is the answer to the question: "Did she succeed?"

M. E. H.

I am a strong advocate of Moving Pictures; and, if I but had the price would spend, I fear, all of my time and money at the theaters. Maybe it is fortunate that I was born poor. I think Mary Pickford deserves a laurel wreath for her acting. Her impersonation of the blind girl in "A Good Little Devil" is wonderful. John Bunny is by far the most remarkable looking and acting comedian I have ever seen. Wouldn't I just love to meet him personally! He looks just like a granddaddy in a fairy story. I wish Lillian Walker and Wallie Van knew how I love to watch them in Moving Picture plays. There was one especially good one called "Art for Hearts' Sake."

K. M. BEEBE.

Earle Williams in "Love's Sunset" was superb. He carried me with him thru all of his emotions. I went a-courting with him, and I was happy with him in his married life. I received the great shock with him when he learnt of his wife's past. I was cruel with him when he let her go out of his life. I suffered the blackest agony with him when he discovered that he had forgiven too late. Surely no other actor than Earle Williams can thus play on the emotions of his audience.

KATHERINE DOWLING.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Constant Reader," from Albuquerque, N. M., shows a very fair spirit in her difference of opinion with "Broadway," and we gladly publish her side of the "comedy" question:

DEAR EDITOR:

If the young man who signed himself "Broadway" in a letter published in the March number had not written that letter to you, I would have been able to spare you the reading of this letter, which will probably be long and tiresome to you. However, I do not feel that I can overlook the unjust criticisms which were heaped on some of the pictures which I consider the leading ones shown on the screen today, and I feel safe in saying that I am not alone in my opinion.

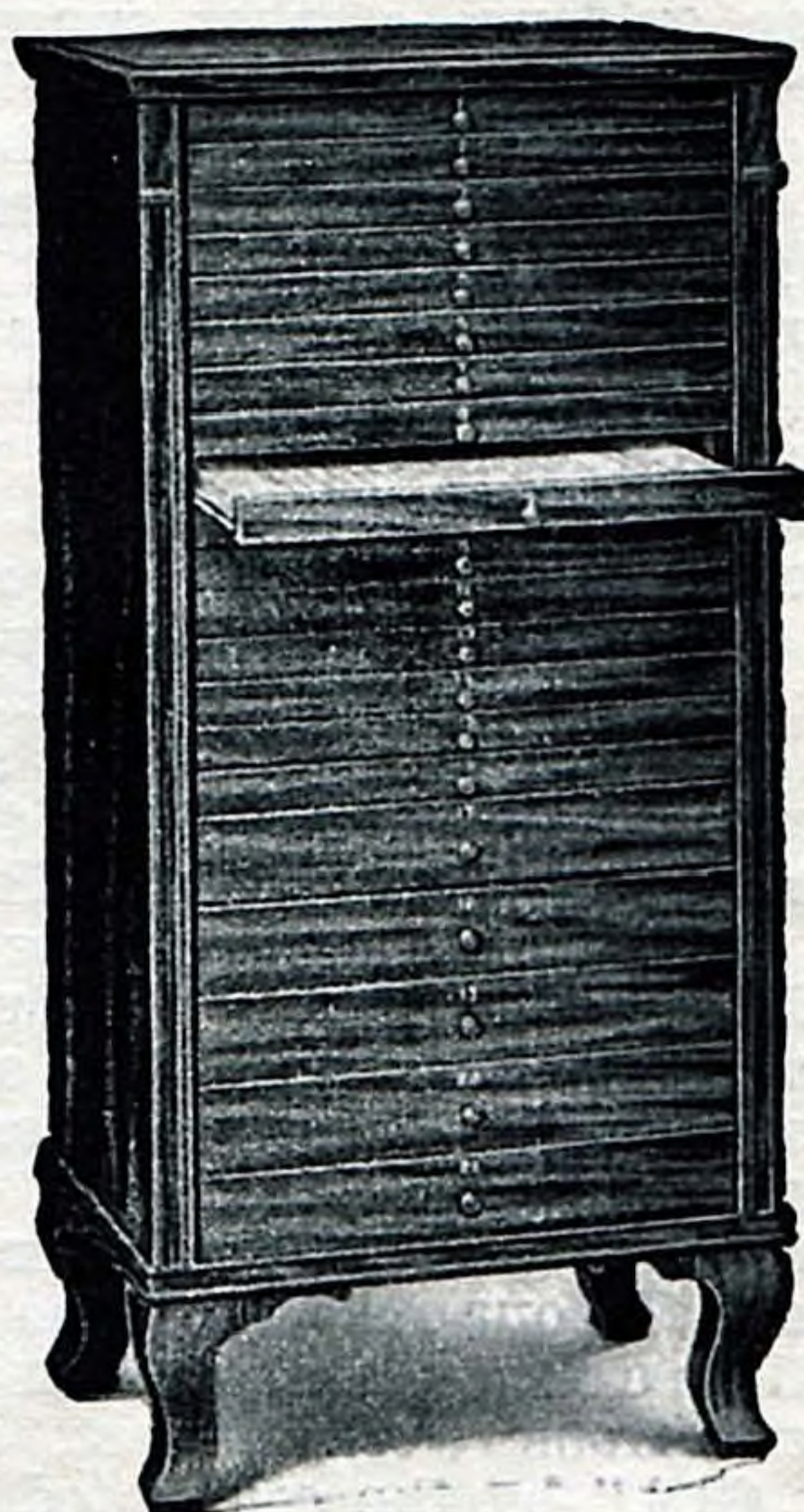
The writer above referred to says that so many of the pictures lack "snap," which is essential to a good comedy. If by "snap" he means the jumping and hopping around that the Biograph and Keystone actors are characterized by, we can be glad that some of the rest of them lack "snap." I have seen numerous farce comedies put on by the Biograph Company, also the Keystone Company, and they invariably end by having the entire company fall over fences, sidewalks, and the like, in a mad chase for one who is in the lead. If these are what may be called comedies, I think many people would prefer something a little more intelligent if not quite so funny. What can be funnier or more laughable than some of the comedies that the Edison Company put out, for example, "Why Girls Leave Home," "An American King," or some of the Essanay comedies featuring Billy Mason and Wallace Beery? And the Vitagraph Company are right in the same class with such a picture as "A Regiment of Two." Such pictures as these are funny and at the same time sane and interesting.

As for the foreign pictures, they may be very high-class, but hardly without exception they are characterized by so much gesticulating that interest is lost even in a serious picture by the manner in which the play is enacted.

I do not intend to make this a letter of criticisms of a few films which do not happen to please me, but I do want to say that it is a grave injustice to companies like the Vitagraph, Edison, Lubin, Essanay, Kalem and Selig to say that their pictures lack "punch," are too detailed to hold the interest as they should and that the action is too sluggish. Details are what make the picture, and a very good picture may lose much of its force by the lack of some little detail. Who ever saw a picture featuring actors like Earle Williams, Leo Delaney, Maurice Costello, Francis Bushman, Arthur Johnson, Harry Morey, Ben Wilson, Clara K. Young, Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Julia S. Gordon, Gertrude McCoy, Beverly Bayne, Lottie Briscoe, Mary Charleson (I might mention fifty others) that was too detailed, too sluggish in action to be interesting? When the photos of such actors as I have mentioned are posted in front of a Moving Picture theater here, the management is assured of a crowd, and the crowd is seldom disappointed in the pictures. Take such plays as "Love's Sunset," "The Wreck," "The Mills of the Gods," "The Next Generation," "The Silver Skull," "The Test," "The Trap," "The Awakening of a Man," "A Leader of Men," "When the Earth Trembled," "Dear Old Girl," "The Parasite," "The Tiger Lily"—I might go on and mention dozens of them—how can any one say that they are too detailed, that they lack the "punch" necessary to make them interesting? Why, one could see such pictures three and four times and not grow tired of a single detail in them.

I hope I have not been too presumptuous in writing this letter, but really it made me so angry to have any one attack pictures which are put on by companies which cannot be sur-

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WE felt certain, when we announced in the June issue that we were to reproduce fine oil paintings on our covers, that our readers would appreciate it. As an evidence of that appreciation, we have received an unexpectedly large number of orders for copies of the Tyler painting that appears on the cover of our present number. As announced in the June number, we have had printed 500 copies of the "Ship at Sea," by Jas. G. Tyler, in all the original colors, without any lettering save that of the artist's signature, and we will mail these to our readers on receipt of twenty-five cents each, in one-cent stamps or coin. These pictures are really works of art and are far superior to the reproduction that appears on the present cover. They are suitable for framing, and they will take high rank in any gallery. This painting has never before been published, and this is the only way you can gain possession of a copy.

And we have prepared another exceptional treat for our readers. The August cover will be a reproduction of an exceedingly meritorious work of art, entitled "Peasant Girl," by the celebrated French artist, Louis Deschamps. The paintings of Deschamps are dear to the hearts of all art-lovers, and here is one that has never before been published. You surely must have an example of Deschamps in your den or parlor, and we are having 1,000 copies made, in all the original colors, suitable for framing, and we will mail a copy, carefully wrapped, to any address, on receipt of twenty-five cents. Art stores charge \$1.00 each and upwards for pictures not nearly so good. Better place your orders now. First come, first served, and we shall not print any more than the first edition of 1,000. For fifty cents we will mail a copy of each of these two paintings, while they last. The Deschamps painting is not a brilliant piece of color, such as is seen so frequently nowadays, but it is a soft, delicate blending of colors that sets off to advantage the masterly conception of the artist. In fact, it is almost somber rather than gay, but it has in it a touch of poetry that will at once appeal to the fancy of all lovers of high art. We are sure you will say at once, when you see this picture without the lettering, "What a soft, dainty, beautiful bit of color!" The original painting is 16x25, which we now offer for sale at \$250, and it is worth double that.

Address ART EDITOR

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

passed, so far as Motion Pictures are concerned, that I just had to write it. I wish I had "Broadway's" address—I would send him a copy.

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is the best ever, and while you probably hear this so often that it has lost its savor, I cannot let this opportunity slip, so you had better add my opinion to the rest.

Very sincerely yours,
A CONSTANT READER.

Exhibitor Sumner Clarke, of Lakewood, N. J., sends us the following socially interesting letter:

I am sending you the following news items, which you are at liberty to publish if you desire for the good of the business.

Last season Mrs. George J. Gould and children attended our matinées and became interested in the pictures, so much so that Mrs. Gould secured the Bijou one night for a private exhibition of selected subjects for about sixty of her guests and some of the help at Georgian Court, one of their winter homes here in Lakewood. She was so pleased with the show that she considered installing a picture theater of her own in the casino at Georgian Court. Mr. George J. Gould has now ordered a new Powers 6A motor-driven machine, large size mirror screen, and will run eight reels of very new, selected subjects of their own selection for the entertainment of themselves and their guests, viewing the pictures from a balcony.

Last October, a party of five, including Mrs. George J. Gould, her daughter and her husband, and Mr. and Mrs. Drexel, Jr., visited the Bijou and remained for the full show of five reels. In the audience were several hundred Daughters of Pocahontas, who were then holding a convention in Lakewood.

Also in the audience was a party of five from Seton Inn, including Miss Mary Pickford—"Little Mary"—and her mother, who visited the Bijou several times during their stay in Lakewood. "Little Mary" expressed a desire to see herself in the pictures. We secured for Tuesday, Oct. 28, the only available reel, "The New York Hat." Seats were reserved for the party, and others accepted invitations. She presented Mrs. Clarke with a hand-colored, autographed portrait of herself, which we value very highly and have on exhibition in our case. She left here Thursday for a visit to Mr. Lubin's farm.

Here is a characteristic letter, sprouting sense and good-humor, from a brother in the far-off Antipodes:

DEAR SIR:

I haven't received any letter from you in answer to my other two letters, and I count that as a great, a very great loss indeed, because I would dearly love to get into some interesting conversation on photoplay acting with you. But if it turns out to be a case of "no time," I am only too glad to forgive you, and, on the other hand, if it is on its way to me now, I am very much obliged to you.

When I come home from work, I get cleaned up, have my tea, and then "vamoose" to the Motion Pictures, which I wouldn't miss if you were to pay me to. When arrived there, I buy my ticket, pass thru the door, and then I have half an hour's read or chat, as the case may be, and then "give vent to a chuckle of satisfaction" as the pianist bangs away on the latest music hits and the pictures start.

If you want my opinion as to which is the best Motion Picture company in the world, I say it is the Biograph, or A.B. Vitagraph comes next, and for comics the Keystone takes the cake. Why, one night, when the picture "A Noise from the Deep" (Keystone) was shown, I simply laughed, shrieked, bellowed and roared, and it was a blooming wonder that the boro council didn't have to provide us with a new town hall, because the audience, including myself, nearly took the roof

off, and sat on the chairs, stood up, sat down again and stood up just like they would on trotting horses, and I am sure that it was a miracle that the floor stood the weight of our stamping and kicking. If a man was in some terrible trouble and was about to commit "hari kari," when he saw this picture he would shriek and roar instead, and would think that life was worth living after all.

I intend to become a photoplay actor as soon as possible in the Biograph or Vitagraph, but the difficulty is that I won't be able to get over there unless I join some traveling company or else work my way over to your country as a seaman.

I have got a box at home in which I keep the photos of my favorites in the Motion Picture world. The topmost group is the Biograph, then Vitagraph, then Edison, etc., according to how I like them.

If I had the choice as to who I liked best, American, or any other nationality, I would most certainly say that Americans beat all others into cocked-hats.

I can't stand those colored French pictures, because, besides many other bad traits, such as being unnatural and exaggerating in their acting, they keep on glancing towards the camera, and, if there is anything that I can't stand, that's it.

Here is luck, health, prosperity and long life to all Motion Picture actors and actresses; also everybody else connected with Motion Pictures and your magazine, the best in the world.

Wishing you every success,

MARCUS TOZER.

Marton, North Island, N. Z.

The famous Censorship Debate between Canon Chase and President Frank Dyer has stirred up a good deal of interest among our readers, as well as among the newspapers and trade journals. Mr. Hennig's letter is a pretty strong vote for non-censorship:

MOVIES OF GRAFTING OR BRUTAL COPS FORBIDDEN

Chicago, Feb. 19.—Police Censor Funkhouser has forbidden the production in Chicago of Moving Pictures showing policemen taking bribes or indulging in brutality, because he says they lessen the public's respect for the police.

EDITOR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

I am greatly interested in the Great Debate now going on in your publication, and offer the foregoing clipping which shows a liberty already taken with the office of censorship, which must be particularly obnoxious to every liberal-minded person. Who but a member of the police would have thought of this? Most certainly the 99.99 per cent. of the population would as soon have thought of throwing out a picture of this kind as to throw out an educational or travel picture. I say a brutal or bribe-taking police are worthy of no respect whatsoever. Are we to place the police upon a pedestal and worship them? They cannot muzzle the press when such sensations as the Becker affair in New York City come up. But they can muzzle the film, and they proceed to do so.

And so when the film shows some of these instances it must be promptly suppressed. Heaven help us if an august (?) board of censorship such as Canon Chase advocates ever comes to pass. I don't want to take up any more of your time, but I want to congratulate you in securing this debate for your magazine. It is the best thing you have done yet in the year and a half that I have been a reader. Keep up your fight for a better Motion Picture and the rights that it ought to have. I'm sure you'll find the great mass of "Mr. Common Peepul" with you from first to last.

Very truly yours,
CHAS. HENNIG, JR.

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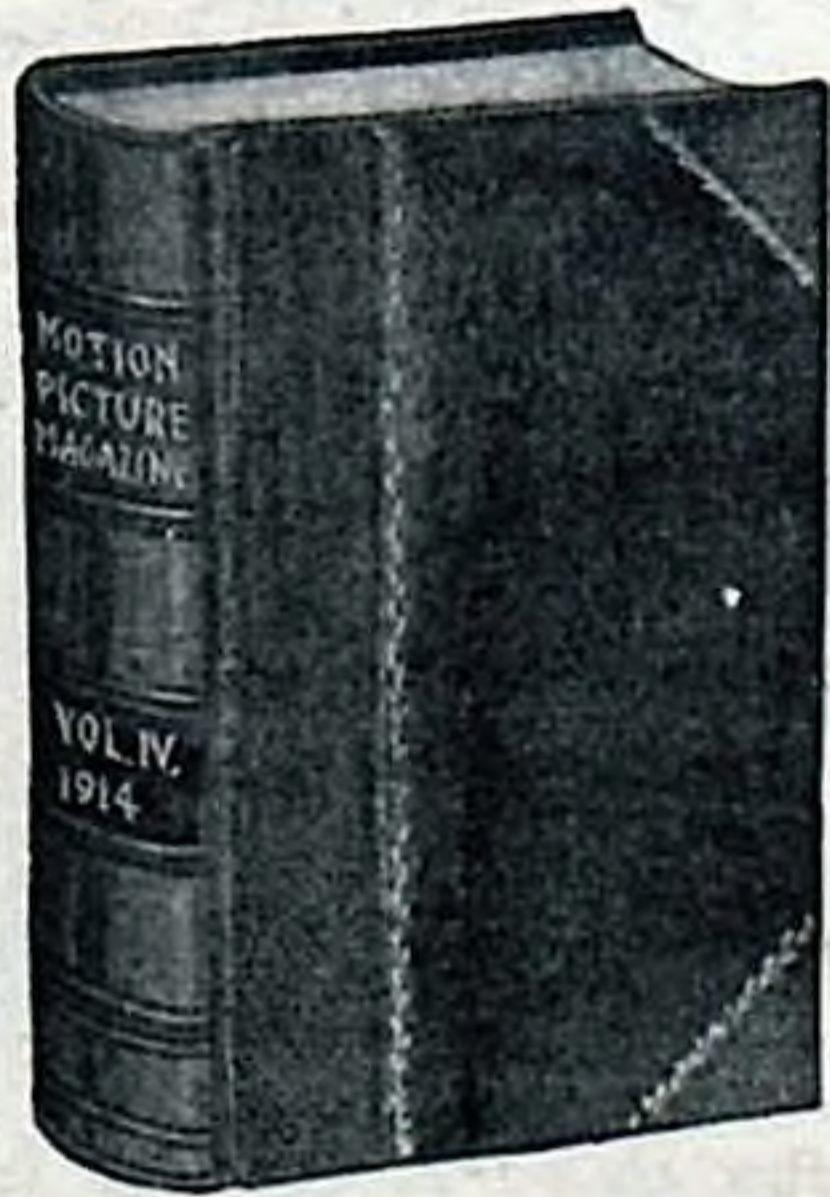
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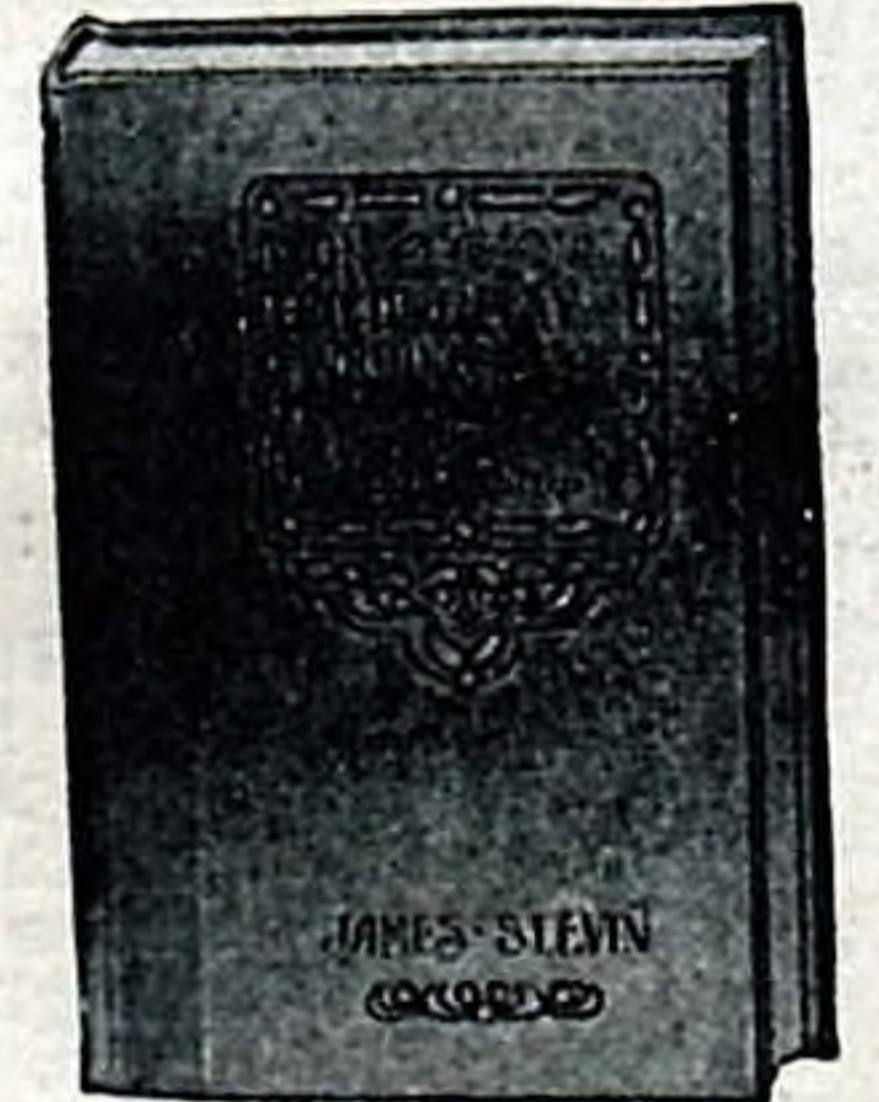
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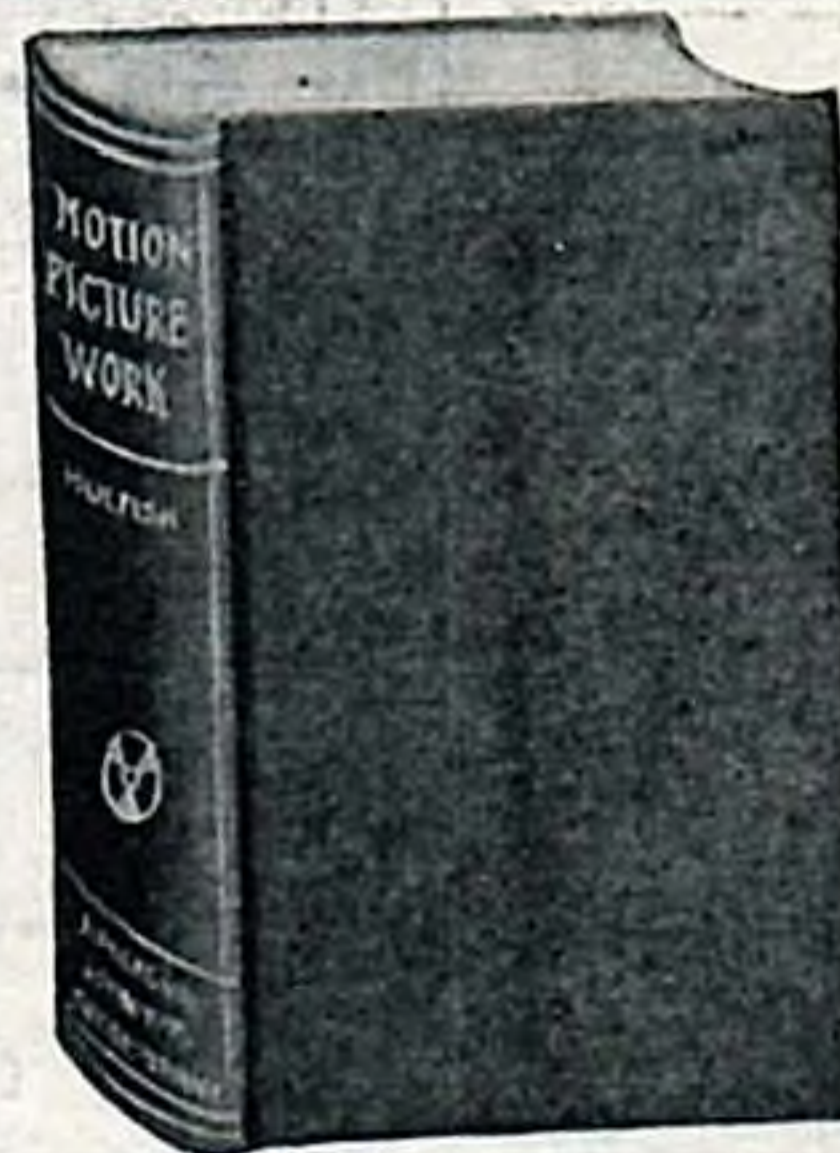
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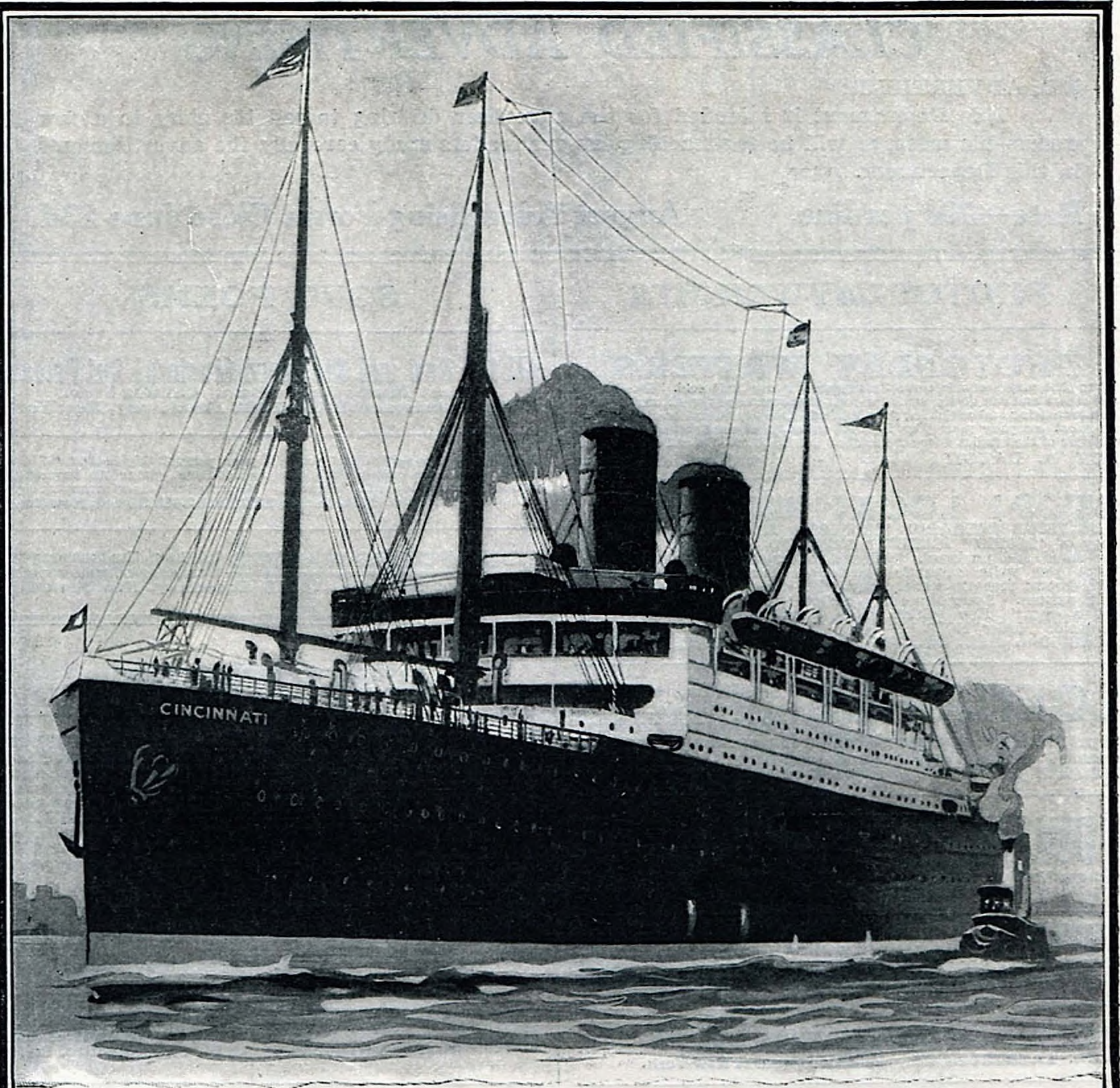
This is an invaluable book of reference and instruction to all who are interested in Motion Pictures. Its author, David Hulfish, has carefully covered all branches of the



Motion Picture business, including chapters on The Optical Lantern; The Motion Head; Photography; Motography and the Motion Picture Theater. It contains 618 pages, bound in cloth and profusely illustrated. All will find it very interesting, and it is especially valuable to those connected with the Motion Picture business.

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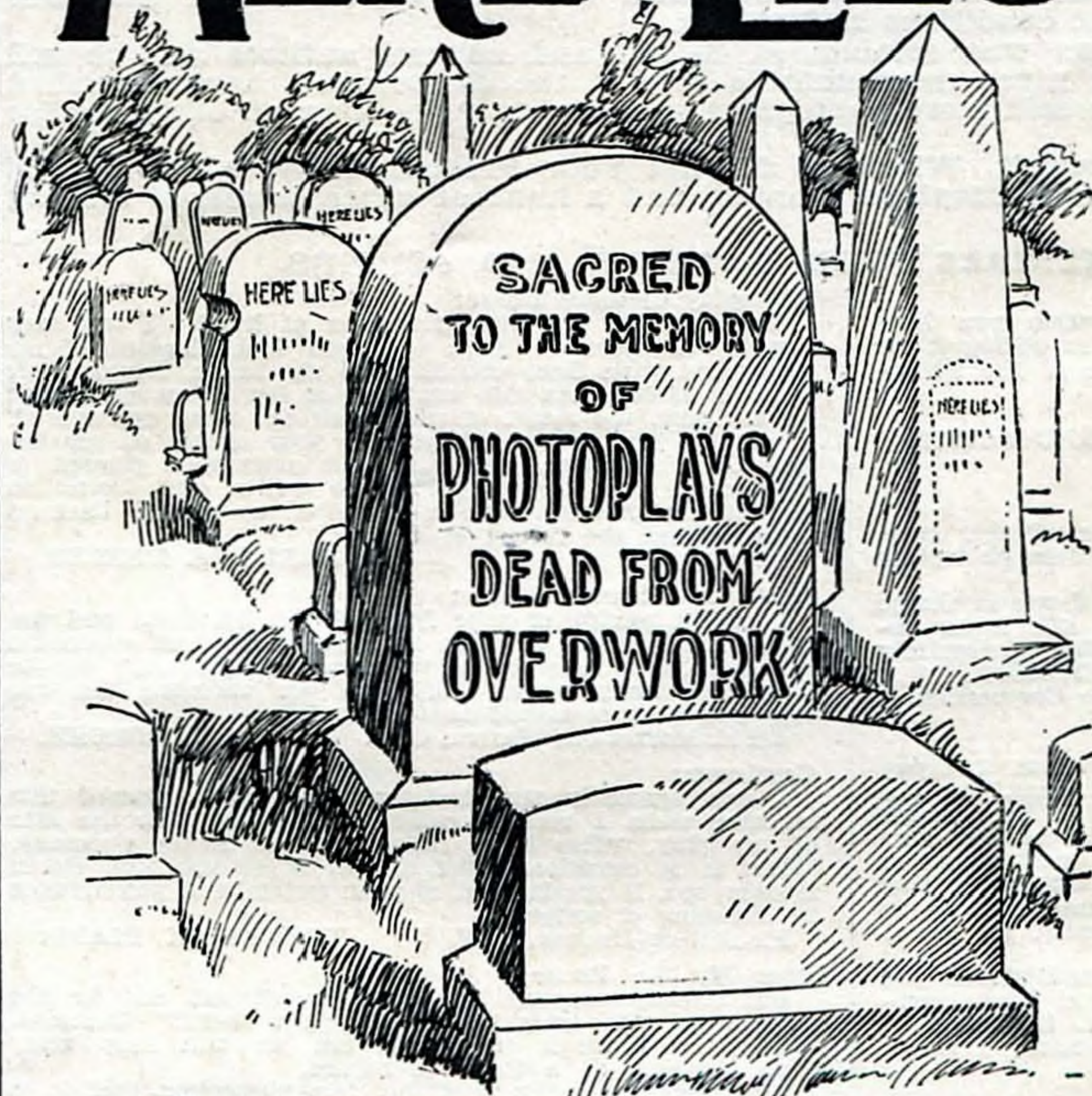
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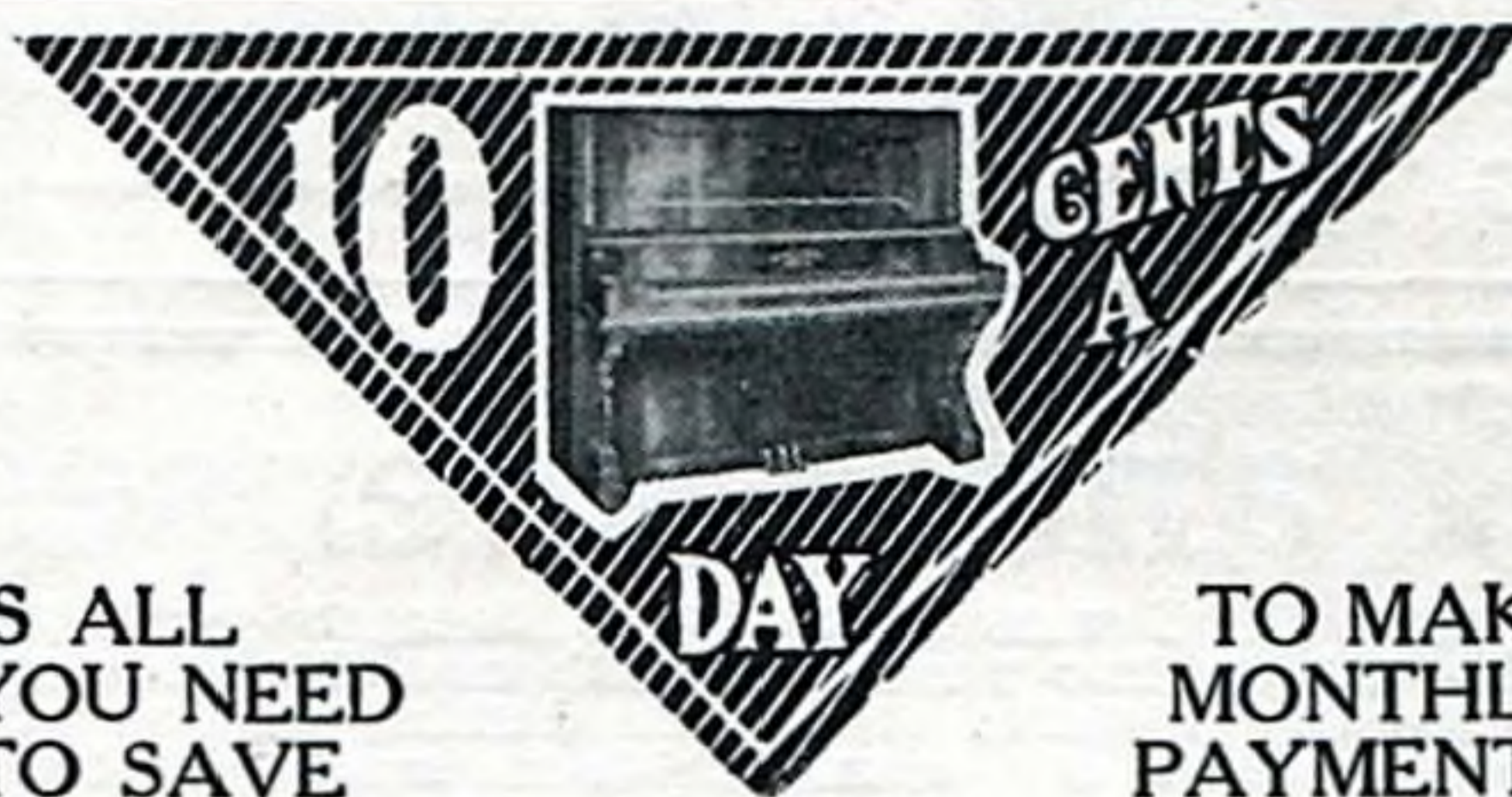
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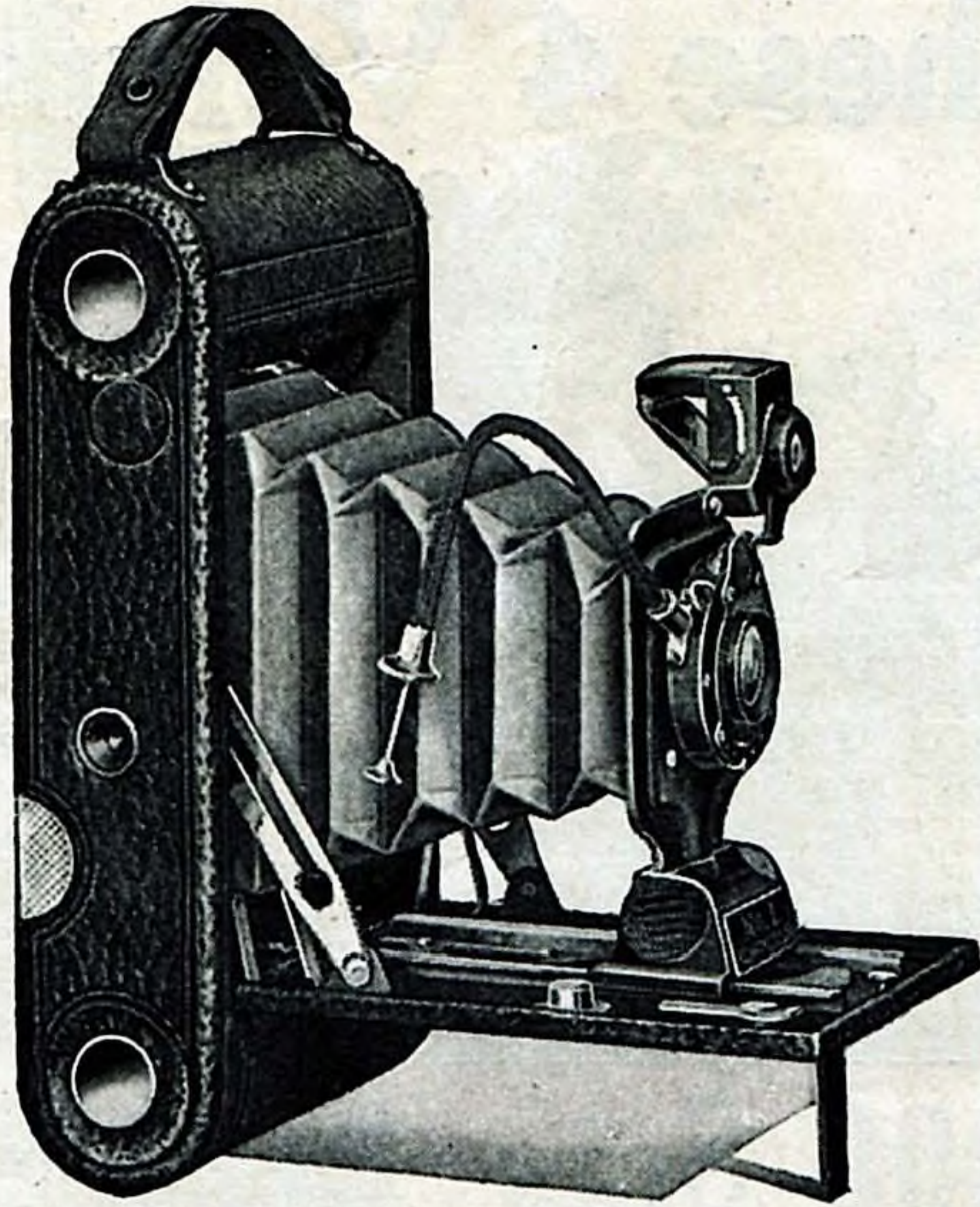
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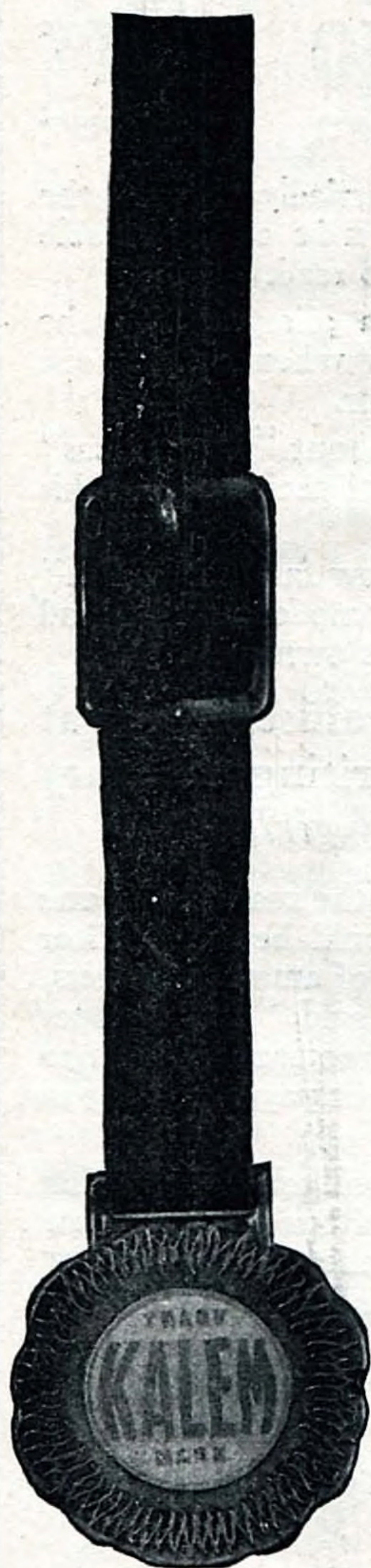
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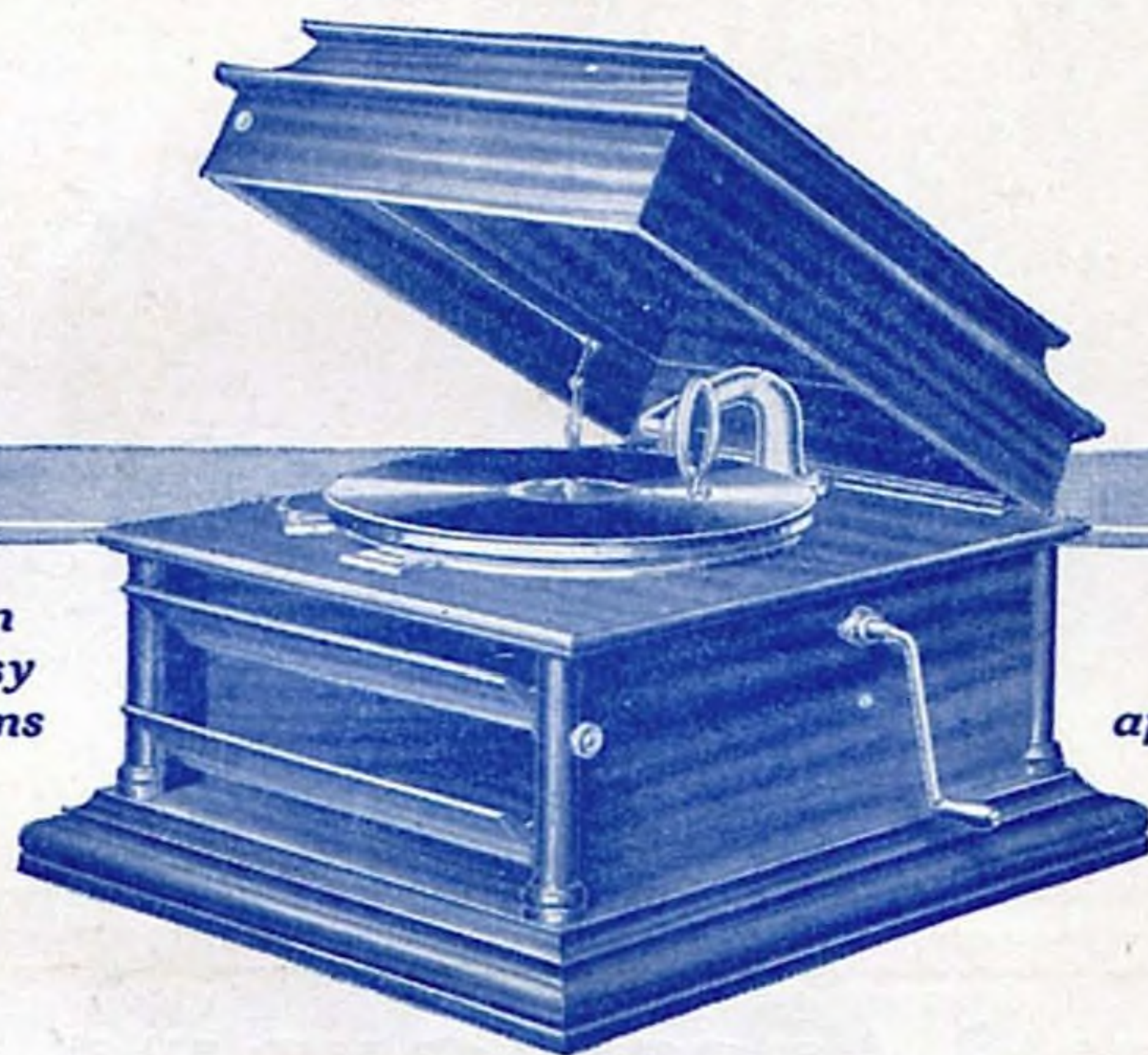
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