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# NEXT WEEK

The Best Walling Story We Have Ever Published

The Second Installment of Felicia's Letters

Articles on American Film Stars Abroad and Movie Properties—How They are Made and Used
Realism in the Movies

Will You be a “Censor” for Realism?

The greatest delight in the Movies is found in watching real people doing real things. The moment any person does something that slaps our good judgment, the reality of the picture-play diminishes. Perhaps in stories, authors may “stretch a point,” and so long as we accept what they say as plausible, the interest in the story is not lost. In the Movies it is different. You must certainly see illogical situations. Sometimes processes of law are disregarded, or cowboys do what real cowboys would never think of doing, or there are errors regarding household scenes, or farming, or gardening, or in any other direction. The time has come when we must demand that plots be reasonable, and the only way to succeed is to constitute the millions of “picture fans” into a great “Board of Realism Censorship.” Will you watch the films and write a 100-word letter whenever you see realism abused?

$5 for the Best 100-Word Letter

We will pay, each week, $5 to the person who, in our judgment, sends the best 100-word letter regarding this lack of realism. To give you an idea of what is wanted, we produce what a correspondent recently sent to us:

“I saw ‘Rescued by Wireless,’ a Universal Film, in which a girl learns wireless telegraphy during her little spare-time in one month. I never knew a ‘lightning slinger’ who learned any kind of telegraphy in so short a time, putting in a full working day every day of the month in learning. I doubt that the young lady could have mastered wireless in that time sufficiently to make any operator decipher her call.

Yours truly,”

If you see something done wrong—or some inconsistency of plot, write in and tell us about it. The thing that keeps 20,000,000 persons attending the Movies is REALISM. We must have it! The sooner we point out film weaknesses in this respect, the better. Help make the Movies REAL—and be a Realism scout. Names and addresses will be published unless we are requested not to do so. Numerous letters will be published each week; the best one, in our judgment, gets $5 as an award. Get right at it—and ridicule inconsistencies as much as you like!

Address: Realism Editor
The Movie Pictorial Hartford Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.
A Message to Tsing-Tau
By LLOYD KENYON JONES

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1914

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL
VOLUME I NUMBER 20

TAMAKURA loved Lonnaveta, and the dainty little maid of Nippon reciprocated his affection. Indeed, before the harvest moon was done with its mellow duty, the wedding would occur—all of which put the song of gladness into the heart of Lonnaveta, and made Tamakura bold and ambitious and very brave.

"It is a fragrant gift to my little lady of the roses," Tamakura whispered, as he pressed a tiny vial into his sweetheart's hands. She withdrew the stopper expectantly, and a delicate bouquet floated on the wings of the air and made everything more adorable because of its exquisite essence.

"It is this way in the starry places of Buddha, beloved," Lonnaveta murmured, "beautiful with roses and redolent with rare incense—"

A step upon the stone walk of the little garden aroused them from their dreams of bliss.

"The Mikado calls!" a soldier whispered as he saluted, and Tamakura understood.

A day had passed, and then another went its way and little Lonnaveta counted the silent minutes until Tamakura's return.

The harvest moon beamed upon them, so round and barnished in its pale light, as he held Lonnaveta to his breast and trembled at thought of the news he bore her.

"Poor little Rosbud," he breathed at length. "You must be brave, for I shall be with you again soon."

"You are going—away?" she quivered anxiously, for before the great circular beacon of the night should have waned in its monthly visit, their marital vows would be pledged. The moon was already round and full—and very sympathetic, as it always was before its decline.

"I go to Tsing-Tau," he told her, "on a message for one of the Mikado's warships—" and then to Kiao-Chau—"to bear a message to Len Sun, the banker in the beleaguered town. But it must be so always, Rosbud, when the emperor commands."

For a long while Lonnaveta clung to him. It was difficult to comprehend—this awfulness of war. It had seemed so remote, and the wedding hour was so romantically near.

"But there is danger," she protested, plaintively.

Tamakura's chest heaved at thought of it—not that he lacked courage, but because, alas! his life was not his own. His body belonged to the Mikado—his heart to Lonnaveta—his soul to Buddha.

"I will take this comb—this hollow bumble of tortoise-shell," he laughed bravely, as he withdrew the trinket from her Raven trays. "There—I shall wear it—with the message in its centre—so. And if I win, you will know it, little Rosbud—and scatter this wonderful essence as an offering to the spirit of the harvest."

"And—if you lose?" she faltered with a sob surrounding her pulsating throat.

"There, there!" He patted her gently on the shoulders—pressed his dry, hot lips to her temple—and was gone.

The next night, as the silvery orb shone upon the garden, two vials were side-by-side; the wondrous perfume for unstained use should Tamakura win—a deadly vapor-producing nostrum, should he fail.

Through the haze that hugged the waters of the Bay of Kiao-Chau, the grey spectres of Japanese warships were silhouetted against a jet background. Beyond them lay the German protectorate of Kiao-Chau, the walled city that grimly waited its impending doom.

Hugging the gloomy shores of Shan-tung, a billowing junk felt its way cautiously. A giant coolie manned its helm; a gale, fierce Mandar in squatted in its bow, looking intently ahead into the clinging fog.

The Mandarin's breath rasped and rattled in his throat at times, for only as Buddha willed could he succeed. A million dangers lurked behind him; a thousand million waited on his coming.

The junk turned its prow more boldly into the bay, and picked its course between the sickly yellow, restive paths of the searchlights' glow.

The guns of the forts of Kiao-Chau were silent, husbanding their shells against the morrow.

The Mandarin pointed warily through the vaporous blanket and clicked his jaws. The coolie hoisted and lashed hard on the rough beam that controlled the rudder.

The uncertain craft skimmed narrowly past a floating mine. The uncounted perils had been reduced by one.

There was a vibrant motion in the water. Some dark cigar-shaped object spot by spot and a moment later a lurid tongue of flame leaped from the neighboring shore. A torpedo had missed them by a margin too small for computation; the restive searchlights of their best friends' ships had found them out—

but the emperor's message to Tsing-Tau sanctioned no naval or military aid.

The junk severed in its course, nearly capsizing in the miniature tidal wave that lapped in the explosive wake.

The watchful gunners in the Teutons' forts had heard—and they were answering now. Hot missiles sang angrily above their heads, or dropped, like giant breadths into the protesting yellow waves. The gods of destruction had roused from their scant slumber, and to the right and left and ahead and astern was war and agony—death. Here and there mines were pressed into service, until the inferno raged above them, at all sides—and beneath their quaking feet.

Tamakura, disguised in his Chinese garb, dared not so much as think of pretty little Lonnaveta, lest she catch his mental message of despair and perish with the long shadows that kept company with the moon.

At length, the firing abated, and the dangers seemed diminished. Once more Tamakura squatted hopefully in the bow, while the junk lapped through the sickening saffron waters on the road to Kiao-Chau.

The battlements at last were dull-limned through the humid veil, but Tamakura knew that beyond the parapets there lay in wait for creatures such as he a malignant fate—and he compressed his jaws lest his teeth rattle a Chilly tattoo and betray his thoughts.

Once discharged of his duty, he could drift southward, and he could yet return to redeem his vows while the month of roses held sway.

Suddenly a launch darted through the fog—like an arrow through a loophole of fate. Tamakura's heart pumped fast, but his features remained serene. The ever-towering German endurance was thrust close to his. No word was spoken, but Tamakura understood.

(Continued on Page 37)
HOSPITALITY ABUSED

They Saw One of the Great Battleships of Zeppelin as the Sun Shone on Its Great Cigar-Shaped Shell

Taggart Escapes Through Germany to England

Photos © Underwood & Underwood and International News Service

SWITZERLAND is a neutral state. About all the important powers in the world have guaranteed that, no matter how savagely war may rage beyond its borders, Switzerland shall be left to enjoy its immemorial privileges in peace. That is necessary for the continued existence and prosperity of the country—for its main industry, that of shaking down American tourists, is essentially one of peace. It is a highly developed industry, too, and the natives regard it with affection.

And yet—if Clem Taggart and Billy Reynolds, having been saved from a German firing squad by the providential capture of Altkirch by the French, thought that their flight to neutral Switzerland was going to transport them at once to happy scenes of piping peace, they had, in the parlance of the day, several more lessons coming to them. Switzerland believes thoroughly in the good faith of its neighbors—France, Germany, Austria and Italy. It knows that they will never violate its neutrality. But—every able bodied Swiss has gone through his period of military training, and understands thoroughly the theory of war as practiced with modern guns and mountain artillery. In other words, the nation that invented the tip and the maitre d'hotel is taking no chances. It took its precautions before it learned the fate of Belgium in the present war, too. Belgium, you know, is another neutral state. But then, the innocent bystander is usually neutral, too.

Clem Taggart and Billy Reynolds, still a little unstrung, it may be admitted, managed to get to sleep in the house of the old peasant near Basle. There had been a quality about the tone of the German colonel who had caught them at Altkirch that had affected Billy's spinal cord in a most unpleasant manner. He had meant to have them shot; there wasn't any doubt about that. Billy felt an undying gratitude toward the French. It didn't make any difference that they would cheerfully have supplied the firing squad that the Germans, for reasons not under their control, had been unable to furnish, as Taggart had explained. The point was that they hadn't done it. From that moment Billy was pro-French. In fact, his last words, before he fell asleep, were: "I'm going to learn that French song—the Marseillaise, Clem! See if I don't!"

He hadn't learned it when he woke up. He hadn't had time to learn anything. The old Swiss peasant knew his duty. And the awakening of the two Americans was accomplished by a lieutenant of the Swiss army, who was, in normal times, a captain of waiters in a Lucerne hotel. For that reason he was polite—as soon as he found that they were Americans.

"I am sorry, m'sieures," he said, after one of his men had prodded them into wakefulness. "Your passports, please! Your authorisation to remain in Swiss territory?"

"I pass," said Taggart. Then he sat up, blinked the sleep out of his eyes, and regarded this new captor attentively. "I haven't got anything that you would like," he went on. "My passports are all right, but they're not visaed for Switzerland. However—"

He paused. There was something about this man that bothered him. Then, quite suddenly, he got it.

"Emile!" he said, with passion. "Reproach crept into his tone, into his eyes. "Emile! Would you do this to me? You who have so often warned me against the creations of Mr. Mouquin's chef? You who have opened so many bottles of wine at my order? You—blush to remind you—who have so often accepted my poor pourboire?"

He was embraced—to the indignant surprise of Billy Reynolds.

"M'sieur Taggart!" exclaimed Emile. "My friend—my patron! Two thousand pardons! Wait! I go—but I return! And with me I bring all that you require of papers! Behold—I have promised—") Lieutenant Emile Peadard!"

He made good, too. And while he was gone Taggart explained.

"Always tip your waiter, Billy," he said, earnestly. "There's no knowing when you'll see him again—or how! Emile was the best waiter in Mouquin's, in New York—and look at him now! An officer of the Swiss army! I bet Max is a major general somewhere! Do you remember Max? Sure you do! He looked after us sometimes—big, round chap, with one of those fierce moustaches!"

Mr. Reynolds expected to be damned, and said so.

"If you say that this is a small world, after all, I'll kill you," said Taggart. "And I'll tell Emile you're a German spy, and they'll give me a medal of honor beside acquitting me of murder!"

"All right," said Billy, meekly. "I won't say it, then. But, look here—what are you going to do with Switzerland, now you've got
A Buried and Bloodstained Farm House Near Liege Which Was Destroyed by the German Troops

work in the open here,” said Taggart. “You walk!”

Taggart carried gold—and an eloquent tongue. He needed them both. But he returned, to drag Reynolds with him to a house overlooking the lake, from one room of which he was now privileged to do what he might with his camera.

“Of course,” complained Taggart, “there’ll be no action to this—not unless she takes a dive into the lake. And even that wouldn’t hurt her—she’d float. That’s why they try them out here. But, Lord—she’s the biggest I’ve seen! What a monster! I bet this is one of the big ones they figure on sending over to drop bombs in England!”

“Great little stunt, this telescope,” said Reynolds. He adjusted the device by which Taggart had made it possible to annihilate distance in the taking of pictures. Then he studied the range, using a synchronized glass that let him see the relative size of the objects within his range. And suddenly he exclaimed, sharply.

“Got a glass?” he cried. “Then get the Zeppelin. Right? Now—about ten degrees camera—saw what happened. Saw the linked bombs strike true, the chain that held them drooping over the edge of the structure. Only the frantic efforts of the men on the gun platforms clung out, regardlessly, on the rattle footing of the gun bag. Saw the same scene flash; the crumbling of the huge Zeppelin as both bombs exploded. Saw the whole mighty structure collapse in a puff of smoke—a moment later, the smoking wreckage dive, like a plummet, for the lake. Saw the cloud of steam that marked the path of the great monster and every man aboard. And saw, finally, the monoplane winging its way back toward the west, whence it had come to deal that blow!

Then, and only then, the camera stopped. And the two Americans, Taggart and Reynolds, were one.

“Did you get it all?” asked Taggart, avidly.

“Every bit!” said Reynolds. “And I’ve got just three feet of film left!”

“Think of it!” said Taggart. “Can you see that on a screen, Billy? Gosh! It’s too good to be true! They’ll get it away from us! No one was ever meant to put us on a screen like that! And we’ll never see a thing like it!”

Reynolds was silent.

“Here’s where we lose the camera!” said Taggart, with declamation. “It’s no good without film—and I don’t know where we’ll get any, short of L o n d o n or Paris, anyway. I wouldn’t bank on Paris. Anyway—we can get another camera anywhere where we can get film. Here—I’ll mark up this room—or, you do it. I’ll go and find another camera anywhere, some kind of a lantern we can use.”

“Can’t develop here,” protested Billy.

“Don’t intend to. But we can’t carry that film around loose, either. I just thought—I’ve got a chance to beat even a German search.”

He was right. With an improvised red lantern—actually a pock-marked flashlight, with a red covering—the room was dark. They cut up the film into short lengths—all that they had. And with a paper, string wrapped, first in red oil slick, then in black cloth.

“Thought of this sort of a fix long ago,” he explained, “Then I got ratted, for a minute, and forgot. All right—give me your cont.”

He removed his own coat. Deliberately he ripped out the linings. Then he produced a needle and thread and distributed the precious packages of film. After which, having seen that each length was securely fastened, and that it would not rustle, or bulge unduly, he sewed the linings in the old again.

“Some seamstress!” said Billy, insincerely. “I suppose you learned that putting on your own buttons.”

“No!” said Taggart, grimly.

“And I suspect it’s going to annoy some people a whole lot, too! The result is, anyhow. Even if they shoot us, they may have the decency to ship our clothes home as relics—and that’ll do the trick. All right. I think we’ll go home through the night. And, by morn, we’ll have a run of film.”

“Help!” cried Reynolds, weakly. “Do you want to commit suicide? You’ve had lots easier ways than that one!”

“Nix,” said Taggart, cheerfully. “We used to be movie men, Billy. But I’ve had a chance to read the papers. In the foreign papers, American tourists—who didn’t have sense enough to get passports! See!”

He tore up the documents that had done

(Continued on page 98)
"The Man From Montclair"

Edison's Manager of Negative Production

By SELWYN A. STANHOPE

On night, almost five years ago, there was an amateur performance of a well known stock play at a theatre of importance in Montclair, New Jersey. It was strictly a private affair as far as the sale of tickets were concerned, in that the performance was given by and for the members of the Montclair Dramatic Club. In fact, tickets were not sold. Invitations were the order of the evening.

Horse G. Plimpton, an artistic rug-maker of Montclair, then holding a position of importance with the Bigelow Carpet Company of Brooklyn, N.Y., was one of the leading lights of that particular evening's entertainment, for he was President of the Montclair Dramatic Club. He had acted in the capacity of stage director during rehearsals, and was the "king bee" of ceremonies on this evening of evenings.

A number of dramatic critics representing various New York papers, some of Mr. Plimpton's friends, and many prominent people—acquaintances and friends of the club's members—were present by invitation. The elite of Montclair was participating in the play. Naturally, the cynical critics didn't expect much real art in the way of dramatic talent to percolate during the production's denouement.

But there were others who were sure the play would prove a success, and thus convince the world that the very cream of the world's talent was being harbored and fostered within the confines of Montclair.

Frank L. Dyer, a Montclair citizen, and at that time the President of Thomas A. Edison, Inc., was among those present. Mr. Dyer attended out of sheer curiosity, since his friend Plimpton had invited him. Also, according to statements since made by Mr. Dyer, he was worried over business matters—that of motion picture production—so decided to attend a performance given by the Montclair Dramatic Club that he might drive dull care away.

Next day Horse G. Plimpton held a long conversation with Frank L. Dyer, and the latter urged the rug-maker to give up his position with the carpet company and immediately assume complete charge of the motion picture plant of Thomas A. Edison, Inc. By watching the result of Plimpton's rehearsals, Dyer became convinced that Plimpton would make a success in handling picture production, and offered him the position at a salary figure he could not ignore.

And so it was that the man from Montclair journeyed...
over to the Edison studio in the Bronx and began to create order out of chaos, place the Edison photoplays on a par with the offerings of competitive companies, and establish a reputation for the moral cleanliness of all productions bearing the Edison trade mark.

But the Edison studio's birth dates back to 1898, and shortly after the time that Thomas Alva Edison startled the world with the announcement that he could make pictures which would show things and people as they actually appeared. The first office and studio was a movable contraption which was carried on pivots, and very much resembled a "Black Maria," being twenty-five by twenty feet in size. It had a flat glass top, and had to be moved around as the sun changed its position.

At this stage of the motion picture's development, or evolution, only forty and fifty foot subjects were produced. No one thought of it as a commercial proposition. For a long time the experimenters under Edison used the "Black Maria" van for all pictures requiring interior settings. Later a studio was established on the roof of a building on Twenty-first Street, New York City, but in 1907 a studio was opened just opposite Bronx Park, New York City. When the motion picture began to demonstrate commercial possibilities, people of all classes began to jump on board, and to infringe on the Edison patents.

The company organized to produce and promote Edison pictures let production matters go that they might prosecute the trespassers of their rights. Thousands of dollars were spent in the courts, and the expenses were enormous. All the profits reaped from the Edison productions of the past were spent in litigation.

Realizing that they were not sufficiently strong in matters of finance to win out, the directors of the company behind the Edison patents decided to license their competitors instead of trying to make them cease operations entirely. Licenses were granted the Lubin, Vitagraph, Biograph, Pathe Freres, Melies, Kalem, Essanay, Selig, and Kline organizations, and in 1907 the motion picture industry took its first big stride.

Under the terms of the license, each one of these companies was compelled to pay a tribute for the use of infringing devices. This sudden condition began to pay the backers of the Edison patents more money than they had been able to make as manufacturers, so it was but natural that they devote the major part of their attention to the developing of the industry, leaving the matter of production to persons not so vitally interested. Though other producers were issuing one new thousand-foot subject each week, but two photoplays bearing the Edison trade mark appeared during a month.

Further, the early Edison releases were not exactly the type that the trade show exhibitors of the times were clamoring for.

Then Frank L. Dyer hired the man from Montclair, calling him the Edison studio's "Manager of Negative Production," and he has been just that ever since.
weekly, the motion picture director must be allowed to do his work unhampered, and as he well knows, of course, that injunction has been given the scenario prior to its being turned over to the director. I believe the real director is now being taken instead of a manuscript in a measure by the director before the picture is produced, and at the Edison studio under the position of the scenario writer. It is impossible for us to have the author of a script on the grounds, since we buy scenarios right over the telephone.

The Edison Company can justly claim to have begun the adaptation of copyrighted works, by well known silent plays. Immediately after taking affairs in hand at the Edison studio in 1909 Mr. Plimpton bought from the man who produced "The Prince and the Pauper" and it was brought out as a feature picture for those days, in one way more valuable and quicker New York works of such as Rex Beach, Richard Harding Davis, S. E. Townsend, Carolyn Wells and many others. It is no longer printed, but now not sufficient to attract a moment's attention.

Mr. Plimpton states, "that this has taken almost five years for the producers generally to realize the value of utilizing prominent current fiction for motion pictures."

For two or three years after Mr. Plimpton inaugurated the policy of using current fiction stories by well known authors, the Edison Company had this field almost to itself. Of late, however, there have come a rush with a rush, and today there is hardly an author or right holder that does not have his mast of prominence whose works have not been sought for the screen, and some at very high prices.

In this connection it is to be noted that it was Mr. Plimpton who first began the issuance of serial films by the appearance of the "What Happened to Mary" pictures. The published serial and the picture are almost identical, a popularization of the man's publication doing an unheard of thing by building circulation to above the million mark. In a recent motion of this picture the film. This was followed by the "Who Will Marry Mary?" pictures, and which was conducted in the same way. "The Chronicles of Cheek," and "The Adventures of Octavus," are more recent Edison serials.

The weekly output of the Edison studio is six different subjects each week, five of them being single reel subjects. It is Mr. Plimpton who has established the Edison, the keystone of the motion picture industry, and that picture patrons desire their programs as long as possible. The holding of us by this fact that the Edison Company has never tried to outdo its competitors by offering more pictures than the public can possibly see.

At the Edison studio a rather peculiar policy is pursued in the handling of scenarios. A staff of able writers is maintained. All submitted scenarios are read by the members of this staff, and those which seem fitted to the company needs are held back. Possible stories are immediately rejected. Synopses of not more than 250 words are made by the staff, and these are submitted to the various directors, Mr. Plimpton inclusive. The directors read the synopses and on a slip of paper attached to the purpose, marks hits and rating, with one of the four words, "Accept, Reject, Read or Discuss." If marked "To Read," then the original scenario as submitted by the writer is given to that director to read. Should all votes on the synopsis of a particular story be "Reject" the scenario is automatically put back. If, however, it is held out even by one person marking it, "To Discuss" it then comes up for a full discussion. This discussion is held every Wednesday night, at which time there is a conference of the entire producing force and all matters connected with future work is gone over.

After accepting a scenario the producing director takes it and makes his own working scenario. Sometimes the script is submitted to the director before the picture is started, and any changes can be thought desirable are made at the conclusion. The working scenario is, of course, used as a basis for the stage manager in regard to scenery, sets and properties, as well as by the principal actors. Copies of the scenario are made and given to the heads of the different departments as well as to the actors and actresses, and before a production is started, all concerned are made thoroughly familiar with its requirements.

Though Mr. Plimpton does not wear the regalia of a scenario writer he is virtually the Edison editor in that it is his mind that weights and decides all scenario problems. He is the guiding hand which prevents Edison dramas from possessing that taint of impurity which marks the production of many of his competitors. He believes there are comedy ideas that do not depend for success on the risque and the illetic. Therefore, Edison pictures are clean.

Since 1909 the Edison studios and laboratories have grown to five times their original size, and as this is being written preparations are underway for a bigger and newer studio, and which will occupy the site of the present studio. This new studio will be equal to the best in the world.

Should the lay-man visit even the present studio he would find himself in a new world, and bewildered by the rapid coming and going of strangers. In the brilliant array of lights, the sharp ringing of an unseen gong, followed by a sudden hush, another clang of the gong, the odd clatter of card commands in a strange jargon; all this is perplexing—the first impression is confusing.

The coming and goings have a definite purpose and produce immediate results. The lights and bells have their ordered place in the general scheme. There is no confusion, in reality, for the Edison studio is a place where things are done, and done well and quickly by men who know how to do them.

Imagine a vast hall, with a stretch of floor space, that would delight the heart of an American, who liked to sit at meal with all people at one great table. He would have no trouble here. There would be room for some outsiders.

Overhead is a network of steel beams, overhung by a glass ceiling. Every inch of this vast floor space is utilized for the production of the interior scenes. The sets are arranged side by side, a beautiful Fifth Avenue hotel sociably rubbing elbows with a sweet shop—a drawing room next to a kitchen; an Italian palace next to a room in a davenport.

A company of players works in each one of these sets.

Nothing is too great or too small for the Edison studio to do well. The compass of its achievement ranges from the microcosm to the giganto, and the achievement of the Edisonites range to the far, it is the hope of still greater achievements which has brought about the need of a new and larger studio. It is the keynote of those who comprise the large Edison staff to do the very thing, and they are making in excellence instead of number. Quality, not quantity, is the goal. Every man, woman and child in the studio seems animated with the desire to excel.

Listed on the roster of Edison players are those of them who have achieved big success on the legitimate stage. The chief Edison players are Mabel Tramelle, Helen Button, Richard Tucker, William Wadsworth, Alice Wathen, Michael Curtin, Cora Williams, Miriam Neshit, Edward Connor, Harry W. O'Moore, Augusta Phillips, Helen Prior, Julian Furse, John Sturgeon, Elsie MacLeod, Duncan McRae, Frank McGlynn, Richard Nell, Bliss Montgomery, Mason, Mary Hendley, and Ben McCow, Beulah Learn, Carlton King, Harry Linson, Gladys Hulette, Arthur Houseman, Edna Hand, Harry Crip, Miss Grant, Robert Brewer, Biglow Cooper, Salute Crute, Andrew Clark, Edwin Clark, Helen Coughlin, Kathleen Coughlin, Harry Ryden, May Abney, Mathilde Bar- ing, Harry Beasom, Yale Denber, Gertrude Braun, Edward Boudle, William Bechtel, Yale Boss, Viola Dana, Gisele Fazan.

It is Mr. Plimpton's belief that it is impossible to obtain better acting in the motion picture than is shown there. "If the motion picture play holds its popularity in its present form, the development will be a matter of years. We cannot imitate the theater, it cannot improve the acting for we have obtained the very best. Present day photography is so poor that it can have but few better stories. Of course, in the future, I have been connected with the motion picture have seen many great changes, and I wouldn't dare go on record as saying the motion picture play has reached its zenith. Rather I prefer to believe that the future holds a great many changes. I am not concerned about the permanancy of the present picture, growth may happen to revolutionize the art—and perhaps this development will come next. Who knows?" In the next five or ten years it may be possible to give an evening's entertainment with the same pictures, presenting in five or six reels, some well known play.

Mr. Plimpton hesitates to speak of himself, and of his ideas, but briefly recites the story of his entire life as follows.

"I was born in Sparta, Brooklyn. My father was one of the original residents of that part of the city, which at that time, was considered a very undesirable dwelling place, until twenty-four, at which time I moved to Mr. Plimpton's home, since 1900.

Edward W. Plimpton, a New York company was the first picture company of Brooklyn, where I went as a boy, and with whom I remained until 1909."

Mary Fuller Battles with a Snake

**SOMETHING** is always "happening to Mary." The latest thrill to come her way is life in a battle with a snake in which said snake met her Waterloo. Mary Fuller, with this efficient Walter Edison, and a company of thirty-five players, was up in Blue Ridge mountains, Shohola, Pike County, Pa., putting on a thorough Universal feature, "The Heart of the Night Winds." The hotel people affirmed there hadn't been a snake in the "Crck," which comes down under the big falls at Shohola, for twenty years. But when Mary pulled off her white stockings and little black shoes and began to "squeeze" her pink toes into those boots of a big water moccasin lifted its head from the moss across the stream and admired beauty from a distance, slipped into the swamp quickly over to pay his respects to "our near-heron." No Mary didn't shrink or run, but grabbing hold of her hanky stuck, "I'll spank you, naughty snake," she warned. But with blood in his eye he darted at her leg. After a series of terrific "whacks," the big netted black lay still, and Mary was safe to go wading.
GONE back to work at the counter was not easy for Vera. Or, rather, it was not easy for Vera to go back—the hard thing was to stay. She had reckoned naively at all on the things that would make it differ from her action had been, in a sense, impulsive. And she had no guide of experience, of course, to help her to realize, in advance, that she was going to seem than in the old days before the wonderful intrusion into the movies.

Then it had now hard, There had been few easy days. She had risen sometimes with the feeling that she could not force herself to go through with the day's work; she had felt that her feet would not sustain her through the long drawn out agony of ten hours of constant standing. Judge and Bartlett, of course, provided chairs, or stools, rather, for the girls. They had to do that, under the law. But the law politely ignored the fact that the firm fixed any girl who was seen sitting down, whether there were customers about or not! A deadly memory of the work had affected her before, too. She had wandered, dully, at times, if she was never to do anything else, never have a chance to do something she could enjoy. And with her scanty wages, she had had to pinch and starve, had to go without clothes that she might eat, or, sometimes, go without food that she might be decently covered.

But—in the old days only her imagination had supplied her with a different outlook. Only her imagination had enabled her to feel what it must be to have plenty of money, to have work that was enjoyable in itself, to be amply fed. And her imagination, vivid as it was, had fallen far short of the reality. Now she had that—the memory of a time in which her dreams had come true. She could subject every moment of her life, now that she had returned to the drudgery of the store, with its corresponding moment in the woman that was over. And it was hard.

Vera was conscious of no weariness. She had maintained her standards, that in some measure she had a store, and been thrown upon her own resources. In every crisis she had confronted she had asked herself which course was right, which wrong—and each time she had chosen what her conscience told her was right, irrespective of the consequences to herself. And now—it had brought her back to the store—after an experience that had thickened her of stores, and all the humiliations, all the petty sufferings, that they impose upon their employees.

Inevitably, therefore, contrasting what she must endure with what she must endure, with the ease and splendor, from her point of view, that her work with the Climax company had given her, Vera came to the point of asking the eternal question of those placed as she was placed: "Is it worth while? Does it pay to be straight?"

The most dangerous of questions that, a man or woman can ask! For it implies a mood dangerous in itself; a mood wherein sophistry, always on the side of self-indulgence, is re-enforced by such innumerable evidences that it does not pay. Against abstract principles concrete necessities, hardships, deprivations rear their heads. It was so with Vera. Now for the first time she knew, out of her own experience, just what she was giving up. She could match every rough spot she had to travel with the case she might be enjoying. And an element entered into her suffering. She found in the other girls in the store a derivative unwillingness, to think of any expli-

"I Wonder if it Pays to Be Straight?"
And—she had been afraid. For the first time she feared Forster. Knowing what he thought, or had thought, concerning her; knowing, too, his views of life, she had felt certain that he would, sooner or later, come to the same conclusion. He had begun on the night of the motor accident. And could she reassert herself again? Burdened with gratitude, knowing what she owed him, how much he had sacrificed for her, could she disbelieve herself? That fear, too, had been a factor in her unhappiness. But she was learning, in her suffering, that flight is never a solution.

Certainly her dig—her one attempt to throw off her new problem for Harry Forster. It had presented itself with a host of new ones. After their parting, the day when both of them had left the Climax Film Company, Forster, as he had told her would be the case, had been more than busy. He had had even less than the truth when he had said that he had no regrets for his action. He had, even more than he knew, been falling into a rut. The manner of Beatrice Brewster would, for him, have arrested his progress and his growth entirely. Now he found himself with his whole stock of enthusiasm renewed. He went at the task of building up a new connection with an energy that delighted and surprised him.

Naturally, too, he had made discoveries concerning himself. Half a dozen offers reached him that day. As soon as it was definitely known that he was at liberty for bidding for his services began. Neither he nor the Climax Film Company had realized in what esteem his work had been held by others. He discovered, to his amazement, that several concerns would have sought to engage him long before, had they not supposed him irrevocably bound to the Climax for a long term contract.

All this pleased him, of course. But it did not throw him off his balance. He had left the studio of the Climax Company with a definite plan in his mind; a plan that involved, not only his own success and provision for Vera's future, but a personal, obvious revenge upon Beatrice, conceived in the only way that could possibly avail to hurt her. It was a revenge, moreover, that appealed to him aesthetically, for it would stop at hurting the woman who had so deeply aggrieved him; it would do her no real injury. It would lacerate her feelings, but that would be all, unless, as might well prove to be the case, she suffered through losing the direction of her work. That, of course, time alone could prove, and it was something, in any case, for which he was not responsible, since it was she herself who had made it impossible for them to work together on the old basis any longer.

The strong execution of his plan was helped by the fact that he was invited to pick and choose between various concerns that wanted to employ him. Two hours of going about made it plain to him that he had arrived; that his position in the film industry was hereafter to be a much bigger and more important one than he had dreamed of. And, as his plan involved using Vera, this made it easier for him to get the terms he wanted for her. She was unknown; a manufacturer, asked to give a contract to a girl he had never heard of, might be expected to balk. But when that contract was made a condition of getting Forster, the whole situation was changed.

By nightfall he understood how things were going, and he tried to reach Vera on the telephone. Only the maid answered; he did not understand her attempt to tell him that Vera had gone, and, assuming that she was simply out, dismissed the matter until morning. That night he might, conceivably, have managed to trace her; in the morning it was too late. She had vanished utterly. At first he was angry. The thought that she should leave him thus, without even a note, irritated him. But he put it down to caprice; he still expected, three days later, when all his arrangements had been made, to hear from her at any moment.

But he did not. And then, seriously alarmed, he began a real search. This was the place that should have come first to his mind, Gadge and Bartlett's, he never thought of. Vera, in the moments when she had allowed herself to think that he would look for her, had anticipated that. But, actually, she had never seriously believed that he would spend much time looking for her. She had fancied that he would be more likely to have a sigh of relief and forget her.

He did not. He searched, instead, in every place that he did think of. He went to her old boarding house; there he was rebuffed. And, though he knew that to look for her was like seeking a needle in a haystack, he did not stop. He tried other stores; somehow he felt that if she were hidden from him Gadge and Bartlett would know the last resort. And, as his search went on, with what seemed its only reward, the whole plan he had made and begun, the execute threatened with the direst of failures. This was essential to his success. He depended upon her to carry out what he intended to do. So far as he knew there was no one else her substitute for her, even had he been willing to make the effort to do so. And he grew desperate. Half an hour, angry and sorry, he realized, only one thing clearly—he must find her.

He engaged detectives. Finally, she had begun to be afraid. He did not know why Gadge and Bartlett might not have done. And the bureau he hired would have orders to stop at nothing, so long as it found her. He had set it a difficult task, however—one far more difficult than at first appeared. For Vera, not only because of the assurance that she was being hunted, would do none of the things that those consciously seeking to evade discovery do. Detective, angry and brief in its duration. She rose in the morning, ate her scanty breakfast, and went to the store. At noon, with hundreds of others, she was released for the brief luncheon interval; at the closing hour she was free to take her body and her swollen feet to the tiny cubicle she called home.

For days there were no breaks in the routine, though there were changes. Old Hannard, like the girls in the store, drew his own conclusion from the gap and from her changed appearance on her return. She had succumbed at last, he reasoned—to some one else. Well—all the more reason, then, why she should be willing now to listen to him. He approached her again, in his sly, detestable fashion.

"So you've come, my dear," he said one night, falling into step beside her as she walked away from the store, alone—as she always was now. "You're looking well—you're prettier than ever."

Vera was silent. She quickened her pace, but he clung close to her, not in the hope of any venture to touch her. Three girls, just ahead, turned and saw—and she heard them whispering. A blind rage assailed her, and her

(Continued on page 27)
There was a time, not long since, when dramatic producers and makers of the film drama bore to each other the relation of David and Goliath. Achille and Hector. Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries and other famous fighters of history. It was the rule for a dramatic manager to stand on one side of the fence and rail at the film producer on the other, and the rule for the latter to point only to his box office as an incontrovertible answer to all the former's arguments. But times are changing; and there is, perhaps, no stronger proof of the reviled attitude of the dramatic producer, and incidentally of the film producer, than the fact that Daniel Frohman, one of the deans of the American drama and manager of some of the most successful plays of the last decade, has crossed the fence. Daniel Frohman has been a photoplay producer long enough now to speak with authority on both sides of the oft moled question of the relative value of photoplays and the spoken drama. He has attained, in his association with the Famous Players Company, the same notable successes that have marked his earlier work in the theater. In the first interview that he has given on the subject Mr. Frohman takes the middle ground that is characteristic of men who see a controversy from both sides, pointing out the peculiar advantages and disadvantages of the two methods of entertainment and finding how the reactionary influences of one on the other have broken many holes in the dividing fence.

In the studio of the Famous Players on W 60th Twenty-sixth street in New York, Mr. Frohman was directing the production of a film for Mary Pickford's appearance with the same concentrated attention to detail that he has shown to give to productions of the spoken drama. He criticized and commented from the point of view of a manager who makes a production with the thought of the death watch first night verdict ever in his mind. The advantage of his years of judicial direction of plays became evident as the work proceeded, but when noon came, everyone in the studio but Daniel Frohman was lip. He flung himself into a philosophical consideration of the value and the future of motion pictures with the zest of a man who has just opened his office desk after a month's vacation in Colorado.

"It's only beginning—this work," he said, with a wave of his hand toward A Blueprint between Two Book Wonderful Men as for Henry Arthur Jones, Bronislav, and Daniel Frohman & Star in Stroke Some Brilliant Plan

"That suggests to me," the manager continued, "one of the most important phases of the value of films. I am sure that there has never been so broadening an educator as the films. The visualization of a place, a person or an event is an educational factor whose value can hardly be calculated. One of the great difficulties of teaching children in the primary schools is their lack of ability to visualize the places, the persons, or the events which the teacher is trying to impress upon them. For this reason geography is usually very vague to children, and history is simply a collection of names. But haven't you noticed that children are tremendously interested in pictures of the people and the customs of foreign countries? It would be so easy to utilize this interest in furthering the teaching of history and geography. The boy who sees a picture of Zanzibar will have an idea of East Africa that the reading of ten books would not have given him.

"New York seems to be awakening to the educational value of the films," Mr. Frohman said, "for Mr. John Purroy Mitchell, the mayor of Greater New York, has just returned from a trip which he made to Indiana for the special purpose of studying the system of the Gary schools in which films are an important, possibly the most important, factor. Gary, which seems to be setting a new educational standard, has discovered the value of the films. "The educational value of the films need not be confined altogether to the schools. Perhaps no factor has done as much toward increasing the general information of the American people concerning the rest of the world than has the

(Continued on page 32)
Helps to the Solution of The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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JOHN Y. UNWIN

September 19, 1914

TOLD you that Stanley Hargreave would return! You have seen him—the counter-part of Jones—the man who, in the twelfth episode, signaled to the butler and who was joined by Jones! Which was Hargreave and which was Jones? I cannot say. They did not tarry long enough to give us an opportunity of studying them. The appearance of Braine and Olga rather hastened the scene. However, one was Stanley Hargreave and one was Jones!

Now, you will ask me how I could have been so correct in past articles that the millionaire would return. In several of my talks preceding this one, I have told you that I could lay my hands on Hargreave. For your benefit, I am going to explain what processes of reasoning I employed. First of all, in Episode No. 1, I wondered why Hargreave never turned his face toward us after he had shaved. Such view as I did get convinced me that he was an exact counter-part of Jones. This idea had been augmented by a study we had of Hargreave when he emerged from the bank, after withdrawing his money preparatory of flight. His features were the same as Jones': Therefore, he and

Jones must be twins or doubles. Again, at different times, Jones has been all local concern about Florence, and at other times he has been indifferent. While Florence was absent, dropped the letter telling her to come to the Grove street address, Jones picked it up, but did not read it. Hargreave would have read it. I might mention numerous instances of letters to illustrate that Jones was sometimes known as to Florence's safety and happiness, and at other times he was apparently uncounseled. Hence, Hargreave himself was undoubtedly poesy as Jones, while the real Jones was absent, on some mission. Again, Jones saw the butler and Hargreave was absent. It is most unlikely that Jones went away in the balloon to mislead the Black Hundred. The man who looked like Jones and who was tamed to a chair by the Black Hundred, chuckled at having evaded the Balloon. He acted more like Hargreave would act. On the contrary, have you noticed the whitened skin where the beard had grown? Why was he not at another than Hargreave?

Vroom stood on the roof with a rifle, shooting at the balloon. We saw it drop. We assumed it was punctured. Possibly its occupants opened the gas-valve and brought it to earth, tossed out the balloon bags, jumped out themselves, and permitted the balloon to arise, and it was blown out to sea, where the air-craft was found later! It seems plausible that there may be some secret entrance to the Mystery House. It seems equally reasonable that Jones or Hargreave (whichever had really joined the Black Hundred in Russia) had always belonged to that order. This being accepted as a reasonable theory, we can understand how the Hargreave interests were able to change the moves and designs of the Black Hundred. In the Mysterious story, we have learned of some mysterious person whom Norton meets, and who watched the apartment house where Olga lives. We recall, also, in the newspaper story, that Vroom and Jones seised her to her veil (as she prepared to leave for the Grove street address), Jones rushed to the basement. It was possible that he intended to find Hargreave there, and to warn him of impending danger!
Hundred; that one, at least, has quite probably been in constant and prolonged association or communication with the inner circle of the Black Hundred.

This twelfth episode, however, embodies certain inconsistencies that we should analyze. We see Norton and Jones (or Hargreave, probably) put on their masks and enter the chamber of the organization. You will remember, away back in the first episode, that when Stanley Hargreave had a vision of his earlier indiscretion, when he joined the Black Hundred, as a youth in Russia, the others were masked; he was unmasked, until he had taken the oath. If this was part of the initiation, why has it changed? How could Norton get into the Black Hundred as a member when he had never "joined"? He could succeed only through temerity—nerve—gall. This being the case, he took tremendous chances of being recognized. Now, I am going to tell you something about detection. I think I mentioned it in an earlier article. Suppose I wish to have a man "shadowed." 1 put one of my men on the trail. In a few days the "shadow" can recognize his quarry by form, habits, gait, etc., just as readily as that man's friends would recognize him by facial appearance. Brains, Vroon, Petten and others, must have some of the arts of detection. They have been both hunter and prey on different occasions for years. Even though the membership of the Black Hundred be considerable, still the appearance of Norton would at once awaken in the mind of a trained observer a suggestion that this newcomer was Norton! Every bodily movement of Norton would tend to betray him.

There were three persons missing from the Black Hundred rooms after the box disappeared. This merely confirms what I have been telling you right along; namely, that Hargreave's money might easily have corrupted a member of that order—or several members. Just add to this likelihood of bribery the possibility that Hargreave never gave up his membership in the order, and you will see why he had been forewarned, which means forearmed. But—you may say, "Mr. Burns, if the Black Hundred could recognize Norton, though he was masked, why should they not recognize Hargreave as easily? If Hargreave had not belonged all these years, but had come in the way Norton entered, why should that recognition not have been more certain?" I do not state positively that Hargreave has always been in contact with the Black Hundred. He may have been. Leastwise, he has kept in touch with them through some such means as bribing one or more members. Some early friend of Hargreave's (some boyhood chum), who is a member, may have always kept in touch with the millionaire and been loyal to him. Jones, who looks so much like Hargreave, never attracted undue notice on the part of the Black Hundred, probably because they looked for granted that Jones was nothing other than a servant! Once before I intimated that maybe someone within the Black Hundred gave them misleading information about Jones and Hargreave. This inside person may have been Hargreave himself, or some close friend or confederate of his. Once a person takes anything for granted, that person may never pause to reason regarding it. You may have cherished misinformation about persons for years, and never questioned the authenticity of your belief. I recall having known a certain family from boyhood. I knew their antecedents. The parents and my parents had been neighbors. I knew every member of the family as well as I knew my own family. After one of the sons had grown up, he lived for a year or two in another town, and I later met a man from that other town. He learned that I knew Charley, this boyhood friend. I was amazed to hear this stranger say, "Why, Charley's folks lived next to mine all their lives. I played with Charley as a boy." The man was mistaken absolutely. Nothing I could say would convince him of his error! I repeat that Brains, Vroon and other Black Hundred members may have cherished some such falacy about the real identity of Hargreave and Jones. Under this cloak of their misinformation they "took for granted," Hargreave may have been able to foil and thwart the Black Hundred all these years.

Let us not overlook what led up to the appearance of Norton and Jones (or Hargreave) at the Black Hundred rendezvous. It was the box. This shows that the Hargreave interests were being kept advised of the inner workings of the Black Hundred. It does not necessarily prove that the "elusive treasure-chest" contained anything of great value, because did it hold a treasure, Jones and Hargreave were unpardonably foolhardy for ever tossing it into the water to begin with! If it were a blind, if its purpose was to keep the spic away from the Hargreave mansion, where the million dollars was likely hidden, then it was important that the Black Hundred never be permitted to open it! So long as they could be kept busy chasing the box, that long would they attach great importance to it. We can judge what persons will do only by knowing what they have done. Jones, Norton and Hargreave have met situations with fearlessness as well as foresight—as much foresight as mortals could well have. It seems unlikely that they would entrust a million dollars (or any other valuable thing) to the "treasure-chest!" It does not fit in with their usual mental balance.

You will recall that previous to this I directed your attention to the fact that when Jones (or Hargreave, for their identities seem interchangeable) tossed the box into the water in that stirring motorboat scene, there was no wire or rope on the chest! When it came up on the anchor, there was a rope or wire around it! In Mr. MacGill's newspaper story he has the mysterious person tell Jim Norton that the box shifted its position—moved from where Jones had dropped it. We may conclude that somebody tampered with the chest. Maybe there was a substitution. Perhaps some diver went into the water and brought the box to the surface and dropped another in its place; or maybe a diver fastened it to the anchor of the ship to start a new train of incidents following after it.

Whatever the answer, it is unreasonable to believe that the treasure-chest is of more im-

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL
September 19, 1914

DEAR BETTY:

Tomorrow I'm going to be in a moving picture. How's that for news?

Not next month nor next year, but to-morrow. It's too bad that dreams are really coming true. It's just two weeks since I left Danville.

Remember how, when you used to come over, we'd sit on the side porch in the hammock and talk about life and what we'd like to do? And I always said "I want to be a movie actress." By this time I'm not a real actress, yet, but I'm to be in a safe scene tomorrow and then—well, you just wait.

Here's how it happened. I said I'd write everything. I got to Chicago all safe and hot and dirty. Nothing happened on the way except a fat drummer tried to start a flirtation with me when I'd wanted to flirt with cheap drummers I could have found them around the Commercial House in Danville, so I looked out of the window and read a magazine.

I went to the Y. W. C. A. as soon as the train stopped. I'm still staying there. There's something about a Y. W. that sounds safe and friendly. They didn't put out any welcome banner for me, though, nor hurt themselves being cordial. I asked for a room. A stern faced woman looked me over until I wanted to tell her that I knew my hat hadn't any style and my suit was last year's.

"What are you going to do in the city?" she asked. "Study?"

I found out later that they seem to prefer music and art students to mere working girls but it's all right. I answered truthfully.

"I'm going to try to get a position." If I'd have added, "I want to be a movie actress," she'd have thrown in a faint, I know, so I saved her.

"We haven't a room left," she said and turned away.

"I've got to stay some place," I told her, rather desperately. "You know I don't know a soul in Chicago and the only times I've ever been here have been with father and then he'd look after me." I felt lost and frightened and forgot I was nearly twenty.

She waited a minute and then said, crossly, "All right, you can have the traveler's room. Temporary, Two Dollars." That's high. I think, don't you? I paid in advance.

Next day I got a regular room at seven dollars per week. I left home with fifty dollars, but I know I'll make good before that's gone.

I have a room-mate. She is a pale, listless girl who came to the city from out about Art. She hasn't found out much yet. She is nice and friendly and told me all about her family. She has an older sister, and her dog named Prudence who can stand on his hind legs. Homey little things like that sound good when you are alone in a big city.

The latter day I arrived I went to a drug store and in a telephone directory that made the Danville one look like a

EDUCER'S NOTE:—Thousands of girls all over the United States em'jy the movie heroines they see nightly on the screen and wish that they could become movie actresses. The film companies are besieged with young women who beg for a chance to "break into the movies." It is true that a few of the well-known stars began as "extras" and have risen to the top, but it is due solely to their ability and to opportunities which some saw and grasped.

Two months ago a girl with such an ambition came to Chicago from a small town in central Illinois where she had always lived. Finally she obtained work an an "extra" with a film company and her experiences are similar to those that have befallen scores of girls who have tried to become movie stars. She wrote long letters to her chum in her home town telling of her experiences and THE MOVIE PICTORIAL has been fortunate in obtaining permission to publish these letters—the first two of which appear in this issue.

Steve O'Malley to the Rescue

"I haven't a cinema picture actress." I asked, There was a pause. "Getting ready to send a taxi for me," thought I. Then a voice said, "We're only agents here. We have no studio in Chicago." Wasn't that an awful answer. I tried again. I spent nine nickels ringing up, choosing companies where we knew the players, the Vitagraph, Edison and Lichten. And always some one told me that they were only agents or business offices. Then I rang up a company whose pictures we both like a lot. Instead of "No studio here" came another answer, not one to make a want-to-be actress greatly encouraged. The first answer I had had that wasn't absolutely hopeless----"We are not engaging actresses. We have all we need at present." They really took pictures there. It was a studio. Sometimes they would need someone. I felt as encouraged as if I had been engaged.

I spent the day looking through the shops and wanting, wanting, wanting the lovely things I saw. I never had had any pretty things. The next day I went out to the studio.

The day after the next, I made a list of things in a week's laundry list, I found the moving picture companies under "Films." There were a lot of them. "With that many in town," I thought in my sweet Danville simplicity, "they must actually be crying for new actresses." I know better—now.

I called up the first one.

"Do you need a moving picture actress?" I asked. There was a pause. "Getting ready to send a taxi for me," thought I. Then a voice said, "We're only agents here. We have no studio in Chicago." Wasn't that an awful answer. I tried again. I spent nine nickels ringing up, choosing companies where we knew the players, the Vitagraph, Edison and Lichten. And always some one told me that they were only agents or business offices. Then I rang up a company whose pictures we both like a lot. Instead of "No studio here" came another answer, not one to make a want-to-be actress greatly encouraged. The first answer I had had that wasn't absolutely hopeless----"We are not engaging actresses. We have all we need at present." They really took pictures there. It was a studio. Sometimes they would need someone. I felt as encouraged as if I had been engaged.

I spent the day looking through the shops and wanting, wanting, wanting the lovely things I saw. I never had had any pretty things. The next day I went out to the studio.

After much inquiring and several false starts, I got there. It's a great big building, looks like a factory from the front and is on a quiet, peaceful, pretty street.

A small flight of stairs leads to the office. I was frightened when I climbed them. So much seemed to depend on my visit there. Inside, there was a reception room, with benches and chairs around the walls and a long corridor leading out of it. About ten men and girls were sitting around the room. I sat down, too. After half an hour's waiting a man came out and spoke to one of the men. Then, together they went down the long corridor. The rest left. They were "extras" I found out later.

So here is information for you: An extra is a person hired to be in a moving picture crowd. You know the pictures where there are dancers and society people and business men and country folk? They are extras. All they do is to walk across the picture and fill in. They work by the day and get three dollars and a quarter each day. That's what I'm going to be, tomorrow.

After the extras had left I asked the telephone girl how I could get to the actress. She said not a word but pointed to a sign which said that all positions were filled. I didn't know what to do. I wanted a picture and I was awfully bad and I didn't want to go back to Danville. I stood there, waiting. I guess maybe there were tears in my eyes. A small, shabby man came down the corridor. He spoke to me.

"Trying to get in?" he asked.

"Yes," I told him.

"Well, don't get discouraged," he said, "just hang around here!"

"Hang around here?"

"Come every day. Be here at nine. That's usually when the extras come. You'll get your chance if you only stick to it. Come every day. Why Beverly Bayne and Ruth Stonehouse started as extras. Now look at them."

Beverly Bayne and Ruth Stonehouse! Remember how we always admiured them? And they started just as I'm doing. I felt cheered up a lot.

"Are you an actor?" I asked him. He smiled.

"Yes, a sort of an actor. I've been on the stage for thirty years, mostly with road shows. I'm doing small characters here. I wish I could help you, but just don't you get discouraged." He smiled at me, as he left. I liked him. He's the shabbiest man I've seen around here—and the kindest.

That was pretty nearly two weeks ago. I've been here every day since, except Sunday and one day last week when I had a headache. Every day the extras come and sit around. Every day a man, one of the directors, chooses a few of them in the rest go away. The extras are interested, they can understand. Most of the girls are so pretty and nice and good that I feel sorry for even thinking of trying to get ahead. To dress in lovely clothes, some a little too elaborate about silk hats and jewelry. Most of them live near the
studio. I've found out. The men dress like "judges" to the funny papers and are too "smart!" I hope the real movie actors aren't like that.

Until today, the director never noticed me. Today he did. I didn't say "golly!" He looked at us all and said: "Big cafe scene tomorrow—you'll be one of you come for it." So that means me, too. If I have my chance, a little one, but I'll show them what I can do.

I'll write again, after I've been in a real picture.

Felicia.

Chicago, 5-7-1914.
Betty Dear:

If you had been in two moving pictures and had earned six dollars and a half, wouldn't you be excited?

Remember, I wrote you about the cafe scene? That was two weeks ago. I was there before now. On that day there were over fifty extras like me, but so was I. I felt like I could hardly breathe. We were taken down the long corridor into a dressing room. It is as big as an ordinary room, with a shelf running all around it. Small, white-framed mirrors are hanging around the walls. The "regular" extra keep their make-up material there. The stars, of course, have private dressing-rooms. I bowed there, and the scene I couldn't help me to put a black line under and over my eyes and to redder me lips. That's all the make-up there is for the principals, unless, they want to put on a "character" make-up. It's less than lots of people put on, on the street.

The girls laughed and giggled as we waited. One girl said "I don't have to do this. I just do it for the experience." Another answered her. "I don't care, either, if I got in this picture or not. I'm an actress and this is my vacation." But they both seemed anxious, when, after "the minute" dragged out to one hour and the director came to tell us to get out on the floor. I followed the herd, meekly, down another long hall. And there—I was in a real movie studio, which was all "set" for a picture!

It was a big room, lit with a horrible blue light. I noticed, too, that my hair was a lightish brown. I'd never had it cut before. It was probably cut, but I'm sure of certain complexions, like purple and bledched and gashly. I learned since, that all indoor scenes are taken under the awful light. It's the kind of light they used to take post-cards under at night, in that little place on Main Street. The scene was heard for a cafe, a regular stage setting in the background. There were lots of small tables, each holding a bouquet of flower, and correctly set for dinner. The table clothes and napkins were all yellow. I asked one of the girls why that was and she said that was the way to do it in pictures. Even dresses of pale shades are preferred to white. I'm learning fast.

The director looked us over and compared us to a list he had in his head. He picked out some of the extras and placed them at the tables. I didn't see the square-shoulidred, man with many, dark hair come up to help him. He looked at me. I felt very pretty, for looking in my Danville clothes.

"In this picture?" he asked.

I didn't answer, because I smiled, at him. I didn't like his looks at all. You know I always judge people by first impressions, and I told that to him. Guess was mistaken, for he's been awfully kind to my name. He is Carl Webber and he's an assistant director.

" uh on the list?" He talks in short, jerky sentences.

"No, they haven't my name at all." He raised his eyebrows, then smiled. He asked me how long I'd been coming to the studio. Then he spoke to the director. They talked for about a minute. The director nodded. He took me out for me to sit at a table in the room where there were two extras already seated. I sat down. A few more "regulars," extras was seated. Those that were left down said something. I felt sorry for them, but a bit superior, now that I was "in." A person always has that feeling, I guess.

Then the principals came in. They were the first real movie actors I had ever seen. They looked nice and human and not at arrogant or flashy or "smart." The only one I recognized was Bryant Washburn. He looks just like he did on the screen.

They went through their scene. Remember how we always wondered what they said when they talked to one another? Well, they say real sentences, just as if the scene were the real thing, not foolish things like some think they do. The sentences aren't aarrant-by-heart like one in plays but just the natural things that people would say to one another in real life.

When their work was satisfactory, we got our directions. "Act natural," said the director. "Don't stare at everything. Don't any of you dare look at the camera. Just be yourselves. Give an order to a waiter when he comes to your table. He'll bring you food. Then eat it, that's all. Try to act as if you're accustomed to that. Try it now!"

We all ordered and chatted and smiled.

"Too much acting," he yelled. "Try it again." So we ate and ordered and talked again. There was real food—lettuce and pickles, arranged to look like salad, and bread and butter and a few real club sandwiches.

"Don't eat up all the food," called the director. "Keep it for the pictures. Once more now." This time we did better, I guess. He growled, "All right!"

A man with a camera came in front of the scene. The principals came in and went through their little scene. The camera man started and stopped at the side of the camera. I wanted to look at him but I didn't dare. There's something that makes you want to look at him. The grind ing went on, rapidly and slowly. I ordered food from an extra, dressed as a waiter, got it, ate, and put it on my own plate, and man at my table. The grinding stopped. "All over," called the director.

I had seen a picture! Going out, Mr. Webber stopped me.

"You never applied for a position, did you?" he asked.

"I asked the telephone girl, that's all." "You certainly are new here. You've got to do more than that. Come on, I'll show you around." He put his hand on my shoulder. I didn't like his hand there but I couldn't object, after he had become so kind. I felt like nobody like me. He took me up a big stair, over an iron railing down a hall, into an office. A stern, solemn-looking man was sitting at a big desk. My, but I was scared.

"Miss girl would like to be an actress," said Mr. Webber. "Take her name, won't you?"

Then he left. "He seemed," said the man who had piercing black eyes. I mended him. I think he'd beavored if he'd told me to jump up on a desk. They seemed to want me to apply for a position?" I mended.

He looked at me critically, solemnly, as if I were a puppy, a rather poor one, at a kennel show.

"Ever had any experience on the stage?" I had to say "No" to that.

"Ever posed any?"

I told him about the pictures Martin's took of me for their show window. It sounded coincident but I have a good profile, you know, and I was afraid he wouldn't notice. He sees so many people. Then he asked me a few more questions, took my name and address, told me to see him at the office and that when he needed me he'd let me know.

I waited at home for a few days, but no messages came. Then I started going out fairly early in the morning but no one paid any more attention to me than if I hadn't applied. Then, Thursday, Mr. Webber passed the waiting room.

"I'll use you this afternoon," he said. When afternoon came, my name was called. I was in my second picture. This time the scene was an intelligence office and all I did was to sit in the office. But after it was over I received three dollars and a quarter.

Since then, I've been in no other pictures. I've changed my room. No, I haven't the Royal Suite at the Blackstone. I live in the second pretty big and it meant long rides, too. I have a fine little room, quite small but rather pretty, in the home of an old lady. I've to a big apartment building, just four blocks from the "plant"—that's another official word. I pay just two dollars and a half for it and eat at lunch rooms. It's at a cheerful way to live and the evenings seem longer all the time—but when I'm a real actress, maybe I won't want to stay here.

I hope I'll be in some more pictures, soon. My money is getting pretty low. Sometimes, I almost wish I were back in Danville, with father and father's wife, who tries to be kind, even if she is only a "step," and you only a block away. It isn't easy, but I wish that all the girls who wanted to be movie actresses would realize what a job it is trying to be one. When I see one of them, some of them, of that beautiful, who appear each day, wait patiently to be called, and then go away again, it seems hopeless. I'm afraid it is a rather low-paying job but I won't write to father for more.

Mr. Webber took me to dinner last night! He asked me how long I'd been coming to the morning to see if they could use me. For some reason, I don't know why, I wanted to refuse him but I didn't. He says it of the extra, and it seemed good to know that some one cared—a little. It's through him that I've been in two pictures and I'll try to arrange for me to be in more of them.

Write me all the news from home. A letter post marked "Danville" is mighty welcome, these days.
JAPAN BREAKS INTO THE WAR

A General View of the City of Tsing-Tau, the Principal City of the German Colony.
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM WAR RIDDEN BELGIUM

The Belgian Lancers in a Temporary Camp Underwood

Belgian Troops Constructing Entrenchments with Barbed Wire Fences to Check the Germans Advancing on Rugen

Belgian Sisters and Wounded Germans to Whom They are Ministering

The Belgian Boy Scouts are Making Themselves Useful During the Invasion of Their Country by the Germans. This Photo Shows Some of the Youngsters on Duty at the War Office in Antwerp

The Citadel at Huy, Belgium, Which was Attacked and Captured by the Center of the German Army Which was Marching on Paris

Scores of Shops in Brussels Which Also Turned into Military Hospitals to Receive the Thousands of Wounded from the Battle Fields of Liege, Namur, and Louvain
Photos From the Firing Lines

Scenes on the Battlefields of the World’s Greatest War

A Regiment of French Mountainiers and Alpine Guides, the Best Trained andHardiest Troops of France, on Their Way to Reinforce the Battle Line of the Allies in Belgium

French Troops on the German Frontier in Almost Firing at the Enemy at a 2000 Yard Range

A German Transport Camp near Liege. This Picture Illustrates the General Disorder of the German Camp Which has Led to a Great Shortage of Food for the Germans

Belgian Infantry Awaiting Orders at One of the Alpine Camps Established to Prevent the Germans from Executing a Flanking Movement

French Troops Firing from Their Entrenchments on the French-German Frontier. No Regular Order for Firing is Given for Such Long Range Work. Each Man Pickings Out His Objective Point and Firing at Will

The French Wrought Havoc in the German Fortified Line with Their Three-Inch Siege Guns. These are Equipped with a Pneumatic Recoil and are Fired with Great Rapidity

Belgian Infantry Awaiting Orders at One of the Alpine Camps Established to Prevent the Germans from Executing a Flanking Movement

A Scene in a German Camp near Visé Showing the Men Resting after a Two-Day Battle
FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS

BY VIVIAN BARRINGTON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE DITAGRAPH FILM
SCENARIO BY MRS. BLANCHE OAKESHOTT

T HE MOVIE PICTORIAL

Fine feathers make fine birds.

When the Nortons got married the usual predictions were freely indulged in by their friends. That does not mean that every married couple draws the same sort of predictions at the outset, but simply that some predictions are made about each one. Generally speaking, they fall into two classes, these predictions by friends and relatives or acquaintances. The type of one class is: "I'll give them six months, or a year, or two years (as the case may be) before they're divorced"; and the type of the other is: "Well, there's one couple that's going to be happy!"

In the case of the Nortons there were doubts — the result that some people thought they would break up in a year or so and that others looked for an ideal sort of happiness. In fact, they were, psychologically, a pretty interesting couple. It wasn't surprising that people should differ about the result of their marriage, nor that the probable outcome of their union should be a matter for discussion in the quiet suburb where they lived. Quiet? Well — it was, in a way. It didn't tolerate noise in the streets. Motor trucks didn't pronounce it. Street arabs didn't exist. But in other ways it wasn't so quiet. Socially, it was a mighty lively sort of suburb. There was a good deal of money; an address in that particular suburb almost implied, not personal wealth, but certainly comfortable means.

The social life of the place was just about what social life got commended with plenty of money and in touch with a neighbour is likely to be.

There was a good many Nortons. There was a lot of dancing. Each season its share of minor scandals; usually, too, there would be at least one big one, a divorce, or something of the sort.

But that was any samaritana going on; nothing of the sort. But the people weren't dead.

Lillian played, as she was before she and Norton were married, was at least well in the centre of this life in the days of her spinsterhood. Not that the breath of snail had ever touched her. She wasn't that sort of girl at all. Indeed, men rather passed her by. Perhaps it was because she was so gloriously different to them. They liked her: oh, there was no doubt about that! She had more attention, in one way, than any girl in the place. But it was because she played such a slashing game of tennis; because she knew how to sit a polo pony and how to swing her mallet; because she could ride all day and dance all night, that they flocked to her. As for love — well, they confided in her. She was the town's Cinderella, the one who had hardened herself by living and playing out of doors. Some men called her a good fellow, too. Certainly she looked rather well, and liked them without getting at all sentimental about them.

She fitted well into the place, you see. She loved it, too. She loved every phase of the life it offered her. And, as for getting married, she probably thought very little of it. Until — but that is to anticipate.

Harry Norton, on the other hand, wasn’t really the place of all, except by birth and residence. For one thing, his father had broken the precedent of that suburb by losing all his money. The sensible thing for the Norton family, when the elder Norton died, practically penniless, would have been to sell their place and their rights as citizens of the suburb, and move away to some cheaper place. But that didn’t accord with the Norton family tradition. So Harry, when all the youngsters he had grown up with went to college, went to work instead. He didn’t have time to play, you see. For there was a mortgage, necessarily, on the family place, and interest payments had to be met regularly every year.

And she went out and played golf with him. And, in some occult station, the fates, in their own way, was taken him to one-step.

He’d known girls before. He’d been dragged to call on a few of them; a few others, next door neighbors, and that sort, he knew quite well. But most of these were married, and when he dropped in he played with their children. He’d never thought of getting married before; he probably didn’t think of it now until Lillian developed that fit of analyses, and, metaphorically, ran from him. But then he was the hunter, with his usual determination.

And in all girls for him! That was one, the suburb said, you see. It might have seemed more natural, of course, if he’d chosen one of the few rather quiet and domesticated girls. But it wouldn’t have been natural at all, as a matter of fact. The place’s instinct was in him, right enough. It had always meant, but of necessity suppressed. At bottom he was a country boy. He had simply been big enough to overcome them and to attend to the job that a circumstance of his birth had imposed upon him. And so, in a way, like was called to its own."Oh, beneath the surface, Lillian didn’t run far, very fast. So they were married; and you can understand, perhaps, the predictions. The ones who looked for happiness recognized these underlying forces in Norton; the others didn’t, and figured that Lillian, with her wild desire to play, to be amusing, would drive him mad. He would want a settled down, domesticated girl. And they could hardly see Lillian playing that part.

But how wrong they were — both of them! Both tacitly, that is at least, they bet on happiness being right, or seemed to be. Lillian was pretty exclusively occupied with Norton, to be sure. But that was to be expected. He was something like a new toy. She loved to pour his coffee for him, for instance. They took a childish delight in their breakfast.

But, outwardly, she was still the same Lillian. When he was in town she played as hard as ever. And rather he would come out early and play with her, after the fashion of the husbands of the suburb.

Until the first baby! That was the one thing none of the prophets had reckoned on. They hadn’t seen the chance of that. They hadn’t allowed for the idea that he was going to make in Lillian. Lillian as a mother hadn’t fitted in the picture at all, somehow. Perhaps they had more respect to refuse to have children; certainly they had thought, if they thought of it at all, that she would not be bothered much by them, after...
they once came. There was money enough; she could have all the nurses that were necessary. She wouldn't have to concern herself at all. She had accomplished the task of bringing a baby into the world, that was not Lillian's idea. She was mad with jealousy whenever anyone else one tried to do anything for the baby.

And from the time of its birth the old Lillian vanished. She had been proud of her appearance. There belonged to it. She thought only of the child. And she no longer played. She had no time for that. The baby demanded all her care, all her time.

Those who noticed any then felt that this was only a passing phase. The old Lillian would return. And Norton himself, a little bolder, shared that view. At first, of course, he was delighted. He liked Lillian, was fascinated by the baby.

But the fascination wore off, in time. He wanted his wife and girl to be the public. She had taught him to enjoy life, and he needed her. But that need was one she now subtly, wastefully. It was nothing to her, compared to the call of the child.

Norton didn't exactly complain. But there were first men who understood the need without the words of his part.

"The first child," they said, sagely. "Walt till she has another. It won't be so much of a novelty then."

That sounded well. But the second child made no difference, or, if it did, only Lillian was detached from her husband, her absorption in her children. And the worst of it was that Norton could hardly complain. A man can't reproach his wife for being a good mother! But, of course, Lillian carried the thing to excess. There was bound to be trouble for Norton.

And she had changed in Norton was what caused the trouble. He was no longer the soft natured man. By that I mean that he had become far more dependent, not only upon her, but on all sorts of outside things. Her presence had been; he had to play. And when Lillian showed herself too busy to play with him he took his needs elsewhere.

And he had to pay, now, for the absorption in business that had cut him off from the generation with which he had begun to grow up. He wasn't a duffer at a great many things in which he excelled; he couldn't travel at their pace. So, naturally, he took his needs elsewhere. And, because he had done so little of that sort of thing, he didn't go to the right market. He found himself very welcome among a crowd that was fast approaching the speed limit. The suburb wasn't swift enough for him.

He joined a new club, in town, that was pretty lively. And so—enter Carmela, who danced for a living. And she was a good sort; a mighty good sort, in her own way. Her way was the way of Lillian, quite naturally. She had danced, or done things to amuse the public, in one way or another, since her third year. She never knew who her father was; there were those who said that her mother shared her ignorance. And—well, Carmela had regard all things from the point of view of Lillian and her crowd, which, while it was by no means the point of view of Mrs. Grundy, was still a respectable sort of one. She was a dancer, and a successful one. And no one who knows anything can fail to realize that a disdained dancer lasts about as long as a disdained baseball player.

But Carmela had her periods of rest, of course.

And however she chose to pass them she was the supporter of her own affair. Perhaps she did things that were wrong; perhaps she didn't. Certainly she never troubled herself about appearances. If she liked a man she saw him when and where she chose. Rules were not for her, she used to say. Also, she took anything he chose to give her, if it pleased her, and—let this be put down to her credit—if he could and delighted him. For she liked things that looked so perfect. Her clothes were the best there were; she wore them, too, as few women know how to wear clothes; and that made him appreciate that sort of thing. Before he had known her he had never paid much attention to how women looked. But since he had changed all that and, then, with the coming of the children, had deliberately given up car-

Of course, it was all wrong. Morally, neither he nor Carmela had a leg to stand on. But—facts are stubborn things. They make no distinction, not a theory, that Lillian confronted, when she finally woke up, several weeks later in bed. For two or three days she looked like pictures. She had been letting Norton go—and that, after all, he counted for more than anything else in her life.

She loved the children as much as ever. But it wasn't the same, fierce, tearing sort of love, after all! She had a habit of direct thinking, or she had had it, before the children came, and every thing like thought had been subordinated to blind instinct. And now how she re-sumed it. What was she going to do? That was the one question. And she went straight to the core of it. The answer was that she was going to get Norton back the way she wanted him. He was her man, and she didn't want any one to try what he'd done! She had got him once, and she was plucky enough to face the fact that she had reached out and taken him too, as a woman, in nine cases out of ten, does reach out and take the man she wants. And she rather thought she could afford the gift. It might be a novel; it might be a diamond necklace. Carmela really couldn't be the difference. And, after all, it is only one of degree.
Kid Gloves to Register Emotion

DID you ever give thought to the possible—say, probable—trials and tribulations of the actor who has to play a "mystery" part in a film serial? Not one of those rough and tumble, Desperate Denials parts, either, though he does have to prove himself—right before the camera, too—pretty active with his fists, but a refined, well-groomed man of the world type of a "mysterious" person. Take it from one who knows, "It's no cinch!"

The man who is Edward Brennan, the man of mystery in "Our Mutual Girl" fifty-two weeks a year serial. There are few things Brennan hasn't done in his active thirty-eight years of life. He has practiced criminal law on the Pacific coast, he was a soldier, both of arms and personnel, in Panama and in South Africa; he was a member of President Roosevelt's board that arbitrated the friar land dispute in the Philippines, and he is an actor.

"Here's the difficulty of this mystery business," Brennan said recently: "If a man who has to play such a part could utilize the conventional 'drop them papers or you're a dead man' kind of stuff it would be easy. But when you have to maintain dignity and poise, be at once a man under suspicion of underworld connexions and prove you have Fifth avenue acquaintances and clothes—it's a regular job.

"I found out early in my experience in 'Our Mutual Girl' that I could not use the usual tricks of eyebrow or supercilious smile or foot tapping that for years have been good form on stage and screen. After I had seen myself play my part—that is, when I saw a film in which I had acted projected on the screen—1 realized I should have to adopt a new method of getting to the spectators in the theatre the role I was playing.

"It bothered me for awhile. I don't mind telling you, now that I've made a success of the thing, that it got my nerves good and hard at first, and then one night over a dinner table I worked it out.

"An old soldier friend of mine from the islands I was chinning through dinner of the days of the big hogs in Samar, and as we reminisced we spoke of an assistant inspector general who was a martinet. We always could tell whether he would pass our commands with a credit mark by the way he worked his fingers up and down in his little thread gloves. Those gloves were eloquent once you got to know their caballistic meaning, and as my friend and I joked over this chap the inspiration came to me.

"For, whether it be warm weather or cold, the Fifth avenue man wears gloves for a formal call. I had frequently to call at Mrs. Knickerbocker's house—she's Our Mutual Girl's aunt, you know—and always I had my gloves, sometimes kid, sometimes suede, sometimes chamois.

"And, taking a lesson from my old Inspector general, I learned to twit these gloves in my fingers to show tenseness or to slap my thigh gently with them to show satisfaction with the way things were running or to remove them slowly and in quasi fits and starts to show doubt and hesitation.

"You want him!" she said. "You! Look at yourself in the glass! And tell me why you should have him?"

It was like a dash of ice water. Lillian looked at herself; then she gasped.

"My soul!" she said. "Do you know! I never thought of that!"

Edward Brennan

"By Jove!" said Norton, when he came home.

"By Jove!"

He drew a deep breath. And she blushed when he kissed her. It wasn't a married kiss, at all.

(To the Feature story for next week will be "The Auto Treasure."

Something passed between those two. "I don't want him," said Carmela, magnificently. "And—do you know why? Because he things were running or he never did! Not the real man—there isn't one! Come—let me see your clothes!"

"You mean?" said Lillian. She was attractingly amazed by this woman! She began to understand.

"I shall take you in hand," said Carmela.

And she did. To meet surprises in the process. The installment dress wasn't dead in Lillian; it was only dormant. They would wonder between them. They made your old dress—enough to keep them in shape. And Carmela played maid. Just in time she went away.

Why Not Insure Them?

HOW much is a moving picture actor worth? This question was raised by Manager Cullison of the Eclair company recently, when, after much mental calculation he refused to permit Norbert A. Myles, one of the company's leading men, to participate in the automobile race at the Prescott Pioneer Days celebration. Myles had anticipated entering the races as mechanic to Charles Hunt, also an Eclair player, who drove Harold Steinfield's Buzz car in the meet.

"You see," said Cullison, in explanation of his attitude, "Mr. Myles is now playing a leading part in six different scenarios which we are producing, and if anything should happen to permanently incapacitate him, the pictures would be ruined. At an average cost of production of $1200 for each reel of pictures, this would mean no small loss to the Eclair company."

According to Manager Cullison's figures Eclair players would be worth in the neighborhood of $7000 each to the company—a total of considerably more than $200,000 for the two; and the Eclair organization should prove a fertile field for the lavation of a liability insurance man who will estimate the risk incurred by picture players, and write an insurance policy guaranteeing that player will finish the pictures in which he has been assigned a part.
"Post No Bills"
An Edison Comedy

CAST
Will Stark, a bill poster........Arthur Houseman
Bill Spivens, his assistant.........Harry Gripp
Nellie Primm........................Gladys Hulette
Her Aunt Susan....................Mrs. C. Jay Williams
The Kodak Fiend....................William Washworth

SYNOPSIS

THIS is the story of the love affair of Will Stark, a handsome bill poster, and dainty Nellie Primm, the village belle. Much opposition to the match is made by the latter's Aunt Susan. She has decided views upon worldly matters and tries her best to break up the plans of the young couple. Arrangements are made, however, for an elopement while Aunt Susan is in town. As fate would have it, however, who should she meet but Bill Spivens as he is posting a glaring three-sheet of the ballet dancer while the Kodak fiend is taking a snap shot of the operation. Nellie's aunt is horrified and proceeds to express her views on such matters. Spivens and the Kodak fiend decide to decorate her barn in retaliation. Meanwhile elopement plans have gone along nicely and Stark and his sweetheart leave for town while Aunt Susan is busy in the barn. Hearing a noise outside, she opens a window and looks out just in time to appear in a photograph the Kodak fiend is taking of Spivens and his work in which her head serves to complete the poster. Meanwhile, the young couple have been married and on their return the Kodak fiend forces Aunt Susan's forgiveness by threatening to publish the photograph of her.

The Young Couple before Leaving for Town are Amused at Spivens' Joke

Aunt Susan's Head Appears at the Window So Placed that It Completed the Poster

The Kodak Fiend is Preparing to Snap Spivens' at His Work
When the Window is Flung Open

The Bill Poster's Assistant Listens Attentively While He Receives His Instructions
The Black Hundred are determined to find the Hargreave Million.

The following Stairs Fall the Officers.

Only a Skilled Banker Could Have Seen the Currency Was Counterfeit.

Norton Repeats the Damaging Tale the Dictaphone Tells.

The Silent Messenger of Science Does Its Work Perfectly.

"The Million Dollar Mystery" Thanhouser's $1,000,000 Motion Picture Production

EPISODE XIV—NORTON MAKES A DISCOVERY

All Star Cast

Sidney Hargreave, the millionaire—Alfred Norton
Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter—Florence LaBadie
Jones, Hargreave's butler—Sidney Bracy
The Countess Olga, member of the Black Hundred—Marguerite Snow
Bracy, leader of the Black Hundred—Frank Farrington
Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter—James Cruze
Susan Farlow, Florence Gray's chaperon—Lila Chester

Synopsis

The Black Hundred are determined to rid the Hargreave home of its occupants so that a thorough search may be made for the million dollars. That night, one of the order waits until everybody has retired, and he opens a window and gets into the library. Taking down three volumes from shelves, he places packages of money between their leaves. Just as he is departing, Jones appears, levels a pistol at him and demands that he halt. The crook leaps through the window, Jones' shot missing. The prowler goes to a hotel and writes a letter to the secret service, but Norton is there also, picks up the blotter and reads enough to make him hasten to Jones. They find the counterfeit money, but lay a deep plot, which means the installation of a dictaphone. Jones tells Norton of a secret passage from the stables to the house, and Norton perfects his plans, confiding in the government agents. The officers come and arrest Jones, Florence and Susan, who protest volubly. That night, the Black Hundred appear, enter the premises and look diligently, talking of their success the while. Hearing, by means of the dictaphone, Norton and the police who are with him, follow the band, and actually get into the building where the counterfeit press is located. They see one of the conspirators at the head of the stairs and rush for him. The stairs collapse, and they are plunged into the basement, and their plan fails.


Jones—the Alert—the Unsleeping—is Always on Guard!
them so little good; then set a match to the fragments. Then he produced a letter of credit he hadn’t to his name since the real trouble began—having casually arranged, long before, for a plentiful supply of gold, which had survived even the troubles at Altirkhe.

"We’ve been here except this—and no one will cash it for us, see?" he said, "For Borne and the American minister. We’re going to England, Billy. I’ll trust these films to no one but the keeper of an American steamship."

They reached Borne safely enough. And there they found a crowd of American refugees that had become philosophical, after the manner of Americans, and was waiting patiently for the American minister to send them home. He was doing wonders, too, and the movie men had only three days to wait before they were part of a happy trainload being rushed to Ber Hm. The German government was all it could to make every one understand how much it valued the friendship of America; it explained that all it wanted was to help the Americans who had been caught by the sudden outbreak of war to reach their homes. It could do only so much; safe conduct to Rotterdam, however, it could guarantee. And that was all that Taggart wanted — or he thought it was.

In Berlin there were delays. There were too, strangely enough, they got a new impression of the majesty of war. Taggart knew Berlin intimately. Yet he was like one lost. For this was a strange, new city. It was with the enemy of soldiers; there were fewer uniforms in it, and less in times of peace. It was something in the air; something almost indefinable. The first thing that brought home the difference was the sensation of certain building. There great throngs of women were waiting. They formed in long lines. And others came out, also in lines, to break up when they reached the street. Many of these were weeping; others, one could see, were holding the tears back by main force. Taggart asked a question of a bystander—an American.

"It is there that the lists of the dead and the wounded are given out," said man. He was not young, the man who told Taggart this. Something about his bearing intimated that, had he been a youth, he would not have been there at all. He shrugged his shoulders now. "It is all one," he went on. "Some will come back—some will stay. I came back—" in 1871. And I went to Paris, too—by way of the Splicheros, of Woerth, of Graveolote, of Sedan." Taggart had dinner with the falling of the light, silence. The restaurants with the French and English names—all were closed. Not even the American names survived. The electric signs had been stripped of their bulbs. No one had time to dance or sup. That night life decor by the Kaiser himself had been wiped out in a night— for few the serious business of life was at hand. Everywhere stores were closed. No carriages, containing members of the imperial family, passed these streets, to be saluted and cheered. Three of the Kaiser’s sons were with the army; one was with the fleet. Even the women of the House of Hohenzollern had gone to the front. There was work for them to do in the hospitals. And, like the humbllest hausfrau, those women had to think, day and night, of the safety of their men, as truly targets for the French and English bullets as the poorest soldier in the ranks. War. That was it; here, in Berlin, it took on a sort of grimmestness different from the grimmest of the field, lacking the slightest vestige of the spectacular, the glorious.

Fighting was one thing. But this—this was worse, it seemed. These women were bearing the brunt, after all. A man, once killed, might forget. But these had to remember, and to wonder what they were to do. And to go back, perhaps, to look into children’s eyes, and listen to questions about the man at the front . . .

For the first time Taggart was really sobered, as he had not been even in Altirkhe, while the German lieutenant was so coolly explaining general paralysis of train service hadn’t kept them from getting away. So they found comfortable hotel quarters, and then set out to see the town—or as much of it as the rules would permit. Here soldiers were very numerous. And here, also, they met, for the first time, a violent epidemic of the fever. That is a curious disease, prevailing in countries that are at war. Its symptoms are a violent belief that every foreigner is a spy and an equally violent determination to conduct an active personal search. Taggart and Reynolds, despite their American flags, were arrested near the railroad station. But the films, which would have served as their death warrant were not found; Taggart’s method of hiding them was, however, so dainty that they were released, with apologies. But other incidents made it plain that the desire to con- clude the wargram was intense. For her he was released in the ancient free city of Hanover. The point was, rather, that they looked like the English, they talked like the English, and they probably were as bad as the English—which was the last word in sudden badness.

"So far, so good," said Billy. "I don’t think anything’s been learned in Ps and Qs hero, Billy. There are no sights worth finding in Germany—and, if they do, good-night! They wouldn’t even invite us to explain—how could we stand us against the nearest wall and use us for targets?"

"Ugh!" said Billy. "I can’t see this war thing at all. Baseball puts it all over it as an outdoor sport. This killing people isn’t in any way the way of the way to do things at all. Even an umpire gets by in baseball—and tell me how low he’d stick his neck here? They’d have hung Hank O’Day long ago if he’d have anything in this league!"

So they mutually agreed to be back-}
A Message to Tsing-Tau

(Continued from page 5)

The court martial was concluded. Stripped of his commission Tamakura stood before them—unspeaking and unsnarled. Buddha had demanded his own, and the will of the emperor was nearly done. Only his heart lay beyond their mandates, and that was in a little garden in Nippon—in Lennavetta's care.

"You will not speak?" the officer roared in madness. "You at least can tell me why I am right, or why I am wrong. Do you suit the German temperament, which prefers the oxymoron of pinacle and skat. The officer didn't call Taggart's bluff. He growled an order, and then he turned balefully to Taggart.

"The train will proceed for Holland in half an hour," he said. "See that you take it."

How can he expect me to say, Taggart, in those days, was accomplishing the supernatural. But he got a compartment for himself, Billy, in that train, to himself. She was strangely silent. Her thanks were expressed in monosyllables. But she changed after a certain point, where the guards caved and Hollanders and suspicous German military patrol demanded reassurances. Once they were safely in Holland she fell silent again.

"You were wonderful!" she cried. "But—oh— if they hadn't believed you! You would have been arrested, too—for being in league with me!"

"But—you're not a spy!" gasped Taggart.

"I'm English—and I've got papers that the man who gave them to me could never have got out of the country. He got them from our military attaché the day before war was declared—sent them to me. I'm taking them to our government."

Taggart looked at her admiringly.

"Well—he said. "Well, you know, that's what I call real place!"

"I'm sorry—I'm not trying to be imperfert, really—I'm sorry our engagement was so—temprorary!"

She blushed. "Perhaps we'll see one another in England," she hinted. "And—I'm going to claim you as a fiancé when we get there! Are you going straight home?"

Billy listened for the answer.

In a moment he opened the file of Tamakura. "I'll be frank, too, Miss Spence. I've got stuff on me that would make any thing you carry look innocent. I've got secret plans of a submarine. If you've really got a pull with the British government, you may have to get me out of a London jail by way of getting even."

(To be continued)

The Making of An Actress

(Continued from page 19)

color rose. But she controlled herself, and made no answer.

"Silly little girl," cooed the old rose. "Oh, I know! I'm too old for you. You found some young fellow you liked better. But—Isn't it hard to come back to this?"

Still she refused to answer him, or even to look at him. And, after a time, he left her, still chuckling in his smile way. But such rebuffs could not discourage him. His skin was thick enough to be proof against them. And night after night he lay in wait for her—awakened, chanced by that rule of the store, designed, it is whispered, for the benefit of just such creatures, that made it impossible for Vera to escape him. But he would not.

The night came when nature itself conspired to aid him. Vera was ill; all day black spots had been appearing before her eyes as she tried to wait on her customers. Her feet were like pieces of raw meat; for the last few hours of the afternoon all that sustained her was the hope that she would have the courage to open the doors to release her. When closing time came she staggered, rather than walked, to the street. And, outside, she reeled against a post, and stood, clinging to it, while she drank in deep drafts of air that seemed to be blowing kisses to her lungs. Then, every step an agony, she began the walk to her room. No dinner; she was far from tired; but she wanted to lie down, to get her shoes off, and rest her feet. And, as she began her weary progress, old Helen's voice came as a surprise:

"You're tired," he said, with the first note of what even sounded like genuine sympathy in his voice. "She had him, too. She had to. Here—I'm an old man. Forget what I want—let me take you home in a taxi. You're only a child, after all."

She was too tired to look in his eyes for the baleful light she would have found there; it was never absent. She said nothing, but she stopped. And, to the later bus, helping her inside. And into a cab. He whispered his order to the driver; Vera did not try to hear, but leaned against the back again. She was gratefully grateful that at last her weight was off her feet. She closed her eyes in utter exhaustion; when she reached the park, and were driving through leafy roads, where the air was cool and clean. "I want to go home," she said. "Please—I must go home—"

"Soon—soon," said old Hazard. He cooed again, as it were, in the way she hated. "Don't let you get away as soon as this!"

He slipped his arm about her and drew her to him. Vera's voice was still intelligible. "I—I can't help it./"

"Let me go!" she cried, turning on him, rage in her eyes. "Don't dare to touch me—"

And her words unhidden, she drew her closer. The driver turned around—and grinned! And at once Vera, all her instincts were suddenly moved, and she struck, square between the eyes. He staggered back, from her, freed her, for the moment, mouthing adoration. And before she knew it, she had torn open the door and was clinging to the step, screaming for help. The driver turned to her back, she seized the chance, and jumped, landing in a scalding heap in the road. But she was not hurt and she was in her feet, still screaming, when the cab was stopped, and Hazard, the driver started running toward her. But before they reached her another cab had come up from behind. From it sprang a man.

"Here—what's this?" he said, savagely. And then: "Vera—"

It was Harry Forster who faced old Hazard.

(To be continued next week)

Being a Hero

PROBABLY there is no more enthusiastic motion-picture actor in the world than F. X. Bushman. His great interest in the production of a new film as the producer himself, and his suggestions as to how scenery and costumes are considered invaluable.

"Sometimes I have a longing to return to the stage," said Mr. Bushman, "but those longings are few and far between. I am in love with my work, and I really think a great deal more good can be accomplished by the motion-picture actor. He appeals to people of all ages, young and old. On the stage his audiences are limited, and it is necessary that he play to the same part of the audience every day I am appearing on the screen and giving enjoyment to thousands. When I say 'giving enjoyment' I do not mean that my acting is unusual or anything like that. I mean that in most of the pictures I am cast for the hero, and as a hero I am doing big, brave things that must appear naturally to the people who see me.

"When I am appearing as the hero of a picture, I often find that I must use a great deal of human being, and I try to throw myself into the part as a real hero. I act as if I were a real man, and when my audience is with me from the start to the finish. These are some of the things that make motion pictures more acceptable as compared to the stage."

"I do not think I will ever return to the stage. I have become a motion-picture fan as well as an actor, and I cannot bear to listen to the call of the 'footlights.'"
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL
September 19, 1914

Famous Feature Films

Reviewed By Vanderheyden Fyles

“Uncle Tom’s Cabin” and “St. Elmo”

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE and Augusta Jane Evans would blink their eyes in wonder if they could arise from their revered graves and see their famous Southern novels told with eloquence and pathos on either side of the stage and turbulence and clatter of Broadway. More than half a century has passed since “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” was first published, and almost as many years since “St. Elmo” satisfied the taste of the times as well as “The Woman Thou Gavest Me” and “The Balaamander” nowadays; and it would be impossible to calculate the number of readers even the least famous of the old romances since has had. Then, too, there have been the countless dramatizations of both books. These are, in a way, more closely akin to the photo-plays newly made from the stories and shown in New York. On the other hand, the pictures come more directly from the books, for the almost unlimited possibilities of the screen make it feasible to rehearse an entire novel and in less time than the ordinary and dramatization takes on to only its more salient points. It is that very vastness of opportunity that makes one Critical results that are no more than reasonably good, where something extraordinary might have been achieved. In the making of motion-pictures, imagination has not kept pace with the mechanism of the art. The technical advance has—and continues day by day to be—remarkable; what is needed is scenario-writers and producers with imagination in some proportion to the facilities at their hands. As it is, the effect is not unlike the Boston Symphony Orchestra reduced to accompanying a player on the jew’s-harp.

No town in America is so small that it has not had its “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” from the latest New York revival with Wilton Lackaye and an “all-star cast” to the hamlet invaded by an Uncle Tom who “doubles in brass” and, perhaps, “Two Toges—Count Em—Two!” The play has come to have sounds as traditional as its story—Togey “with song,” the baying of the bloodhounds, the plink-plank of the banjos and the harmony of the singers in the cotton fields. On the other hand, in place of the canvas cakes of ice on which Eliza has escaped to many times across a stationary river, the pictures give us thrilling realism in an actually ice-clogged river, even though the bloodhounds show the evasively indiscernible of a highly cultured age by acting no more savage than a group of cocker-spaniels. But then, it is something to know that during the taking of these pictures, Irving Cummings, as George Harris, fell into the water and was nearly drowned. The newspaper stories added that he was carrying Little Eva at the time; but, as no such incident occurs in the play, we suspect that the publicity promoter lured Eva to the shore and wrote the scene.

The “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” photo-play arranged by the World Film Corporation begins, at least at the New York theatre, with Little Eva in the flesh. Before the first picture, the child known as the Thahomser Kid appears in front of a curtain and speaks a prologue designed to make a sort of Peter Pan of Little Eva. The little girl is rather pretty and engaging, and she speaks her few lines well. The exact analogy between a child who was incident to a powerful arrangement of an infamous condition long since abandoned and the symbol of youth, in Barrie Roy Who Wouldn’t Grow Up, is a little difficult to make out, but the prologue serves to introduce a child who has made many friends on the screen.

There is nothing much to be said about the World Film Corporation’s version of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” It rehearse Mrs. Stowe’s story fairly lucidly, picturesquely and dramatically, with some humor and more pathos. The separate flights of Eliza and George Harris are so jumbled that only people familiar with the book (are there any who are not?) would suspect that the two negroes did not start and pursue most of the journey together. Then, too, more should have been made of the desperately daring crossing of the frozen river, second only in fame to the crossing of the Delaware by an earlier American—if, indeed, second; and with the market glutted with war pictures, less might well have been made of the guerrilla warfare between George Harris and the Quaker and the Haley agents in pursuit. Still, it is something to hear an orchestra playfully play “Down on the Suwanee River” as a suitable accompaniment of gun-play and destruction.

On the whole, the World Film Corporation has done very well with “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” Its version will serve until the day (not far off, let us hope) when it will occur to photo-play producers that something more than scenery and competent actors and crowds of supernumeraries is needed to catch the spirit that made a classic novel. Augustus Thomas might do worse than try his expert hand at “Uncle Tom.”

It has been a good many years since I read “St. Elmo,” and no film firm in business can drive me to read it again; but my memory must be bad if the story’s chief attraction was not its highly sentimental picture of the South before the war. The photo-play shown at the Strand Theatre (makers unnamed) pointedly mentions that the play has been “produced amidst the beautiful scenery of Long Beach, California.” That insures some rather charming (left highly colored) views, even though they have little to do with Mrs. Evans-Wilson’s story. That, I fear, is as out of fashion as hoop-skirts and daguerreotypes. On the long road traveled between the publication of the book, in 1866, and its “limitation,” in 1914, “St. Elmo” has picked up “Oh, Promise Me.” As a prologue, Caroline Cassels sings the verses written by the late Clement Scott and sent immediately by him as a personal tribute to twelve different women, who unfortunately compared notes before sundown; set to music, some time later, by Reginald de Koven, and sung for many years by Jessie Bartlett Davis in “Robin Hood,” apropos of nothing in particular, but with complete success.

The story of “St. Elmo” (I rely on my memory rather than the baffling mix-up on the screen) has to do with the wealthy owner of a Southern plantation. He is a hero of romance if ever one existed outside the pages of Ouida. On the very verge of marrying the girl he believes he loves, he discovers that her only interest is his fortune. Thereupon he casts her off and takes to drink. Then a railway train is wrecked, and one Agnes, daughter of a blacksmith, or otherwise related to the late owner, is injured and is carried to St. Elmo’s plantation for an uncertain to die, or yet, mayhap, to live. You will hardly be surprised to learn that Agnes decides on the latter course. Then St. Elmo falls in love with her. He would marry her. Unfortunately, he tells her the story of his life. He tells it several times. Indeed, he repeats it so often that Agnes is driven to refusing him, vast estates, Jameshackettesque physique and all. Then he goes away from her. Yes, even to the side of the sea. Whether he purposes jumping in or merely making sand-plies has not been made clear, when a vision comes to him. Answering it, he goes home and studies for the clergy. Finally, we see him delivering his first sermon. Agnes is in the front pew. The sermon is a very long one, and evidently Agnes concludes that, with a helpless congregation to address at will, St. Elmo will be less carollous at home. In any ease, she falls into his arms and all ends well.
**The Movie Pictorial**

**Amerlcaa**

**While** the armies of Europe are compelling the attention of the world, quite unknown to the people of Boston there has been reconstructed four weeks past week some events that stirred the world during the American revolutionary period.

Nations have flashed their signal from the steeples of Christ Church, Paul Revere has again made his famous ride, while British and American troops have been in conflict at Lexington, and the townsfolk have wondered what it was all about and why the modern shredders have been removed from some of the historic dwellings.

The explanation comes from the board of Pan-American managers for Massachusetts, who are busy preparing the state's exhibit for the big show. Motion pictures are to play an important part in showing the Massachusetts of today, but part of the need is being given to the enaction of four historic occurrences of the earlier days, viz., the Boston tea party, Paul Revere's ride, the battle of Lexington and the Deerfield massacre.

**American Films Gaining**

Due to the present European military activities, the American made productions, whether of comedy or dramatic subjects, will gain a foothold on the eastern hemisphere that will supersed domestic subjects, according to Robert M. Savini, resident manager of the Warner Features, Inc., in discussing the situation.

“War has always favored the Atlantic gave American manufacturers cause to worry during the inception stages of the war, for the reason that they thought their domestic output would be handicapped and overflew the film mart,” said Mr. Savini. “Such is not the case, however. We find an outlet in every corner of Europe for our brand, and I believe other feature companies are experiencing little difficulty in doing the same.

“However, that the war has been a factor in depressing a part of the world is that at the hands of the Red Cross within sound of the guns on the battlefields, repairing damage to flesh and bone that Shell had done. In one scene, it is recalled, a fine young woman from the British Isles was shown using a pan barrel as splints and bandaging up the smashed arm of a Greek soldier. She was going about her war in a businesslike way, not shedding tears over war's horrors, but smiling on everybody while her deft fingers were giving relief to the suffering fighting man. Her smile apparently was enough to sex up the dopey face, while she seemed more her assistant than she was his, was glinting, but even the wounded man's face was divided between smiles and the grimaces of pain.

After all, there is a bond between warring nations, and the endeavor to teach the young root out all things they have in common, for the Red Cross knows no nationality and is as ready to bind up the wound of a French soldier as that of a German fighting man, or an Austrian soldier as that of a stricken Scottish Highlander. If it were not for the Red Cross, the horrors of war could be intensified, the list of dead would be far greater after each battle, and the sum of the torture of wounded men would be incomparably more intense. It cannot hope to retaliate all the man war wreaks, but it softens all the pain war causes, but it has earned the gratitude of the race because of what it has accomplished and what it is doing now on the battlefields of Europe.

**Urge War Film Neutrality**

The National Board of Censorship of Moving Pictures, which is directly in touch with 90 per cent of the total output in the United States, has sent a circular letter to moving picture producers which says in regard to preserving a spirit of absolute neutrality on the part of the American people.

“Whenever you are presenting pictures containing war scenes, please precede actual pictures with about five feet of caption, asking the audience kindly to refrain from any expression of partisan feeling, add that this request is directly in line with the policy of President Wilson. We feel that certain segments which tend to arouse race hatred because of their realism and horrible detail be treated in a restrained manner.”

**Movies Affect Book Sales**

Motion picture or cinema depiction of standard works of fiction dramatized for presentation of the stage or for the picture shows is said to be favorably affecting sales of novels, and also increasing demand for them at the public libraries. Yet at the same time that at first was deemed an enemy of the spoken drama is now said to be developing a new constituency for it, so the mechanism that makes possible visualization of a story like "Les Miserables" is found to be inciting book reading by persons to whom Victor Hugo hitherto has been unknown. The same is true of other authors whose books are now being dramatized and shown on the screen.

It is true no doubt that increased use of novels circulated among readers depend very much on free reading, and that not only enrich writers of fiction, and as a matter of fact the novels sold to be most in demand as a result of film productions are chiefly by writers who are not now concerned with book royalties. On the other hand, the novelized drama, the dramatized novel and the motion picture method form a combination which, if it works with the output of a contemporary author, insures an increase enabling him or her to become quite self-possessed in the presence of publishers!

**Getting the Punch**

“Anything for punch” is the slogan of the feature film producer of today, and in the endeavor to show exciting scenes which will grip the audience and cause a shiver of apprehension along their spinal column, the lives of those participating in these feature productions are really very often placed in jeopardy.

Take the instance of "The Astor Treasure," a two reel Edgar western drama, in the making of which it was necessary to have Bob Frazer, the leading man, take refuge in a quicksand pit overshadowed by the crumbling ruins of an old Spanish mission. The scene was rehearsed and gone through with much gusto for the man, and as the sun went lower and deeper in the sand, the director took it to be a good bit of realistic acting and ordered his camera men not to miss the effect.

It was only when Frazer shouted in desolation that he was sinking rapidly in the sand, which had reached his waist, that the director realized the true state of affairs, and by the aid of ropes the actor was drawn out in the nick of time. The photograph shows that the sand had reached his waist some time before the camera man was stopped.

**Films Lost in Europe**

**Burton Holmes**, the lecturer, and M. H. Hanson, the concert director, returned to New York yesterday from the region of war. Their enemies were the Nazis, on the Audania of the Cunard Line, which landed them in Quebec.

Both Holmes and Mr. Hanson had many experiences and the former lost many moving picture films he had taken. He said that all camera men were locked up with suspicion, and that several of his operators, who were in middle Europe when the war began were passed over as being lucky to be without films or cameras.

Mr. Holmes succeeded in bringing many films, some taken in the places where the lighting in now the hottest. His lectures this winter, he said, will be devoted to the war countries.

Mr. Hanson was loud in praise of the American committee working in London. "The committee perfected a wonderful organization on a moment's notice," said Mr. Hanson, "and has been working day and night in the interest of American moved pictures. Many members of the committee have worked hard, but Theodore Hetler, vice president of the Fifth Avenue Bank, and Mr. Sherry, was everywhere all the time, and it was on them that Americans in trouble leaned."
The Calendar of Past Performances

Where you once could find our screen stars upon this very date—September 19th.

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

1889—Lucius Henderson, then one of our most capable actors of juvenile and young heroic parts, was high in public favor as Colonel Robert Ellingham in Bronson Howard's masterpiece, "Shenandoah," which was in the early days of a lengthy New York run, being current at the Star Theatre.

1890—Rohinda Bahnhoff was a treat for the eye in the role of the little maid, Rachel, in "The Maister of Woodbarrow," which pretty piece of sentimentality was a powerful magnet at the Lyceum Theatre, with E. H. Sothern in the stellar part.

1891—Percy Winter was a member of the supporting company surrounding E. S. Willard, who upon this date completed the first week of his very first visit to the city of Philadelphia, where he offered "The Middleman," at the Chestnut Street Opera House. Somewhat coincidentally, Mr. Winter is today somewhat actively concerned around Philadelphia and its environs through his Lohin company's associations.

1892—Oscar Eagle was on tour, visiting the principal cities in "The White Squadron," in which he played two widely different roles, Deodorado da Fonasa and Commander Robertson, thus proving his subsequent Selig versatility thus long ago.

1893—Frank A. Lyon was vastly satisfied with life upon this particular occasion because only the night before he had registered a success as Dr. Caldwell Sawyer in Hoyt's "A Temperance Town," which had opened for a stay of considerable time at the Madison Square Theatre.

1894—Josie Sadler, though she has known many stage successes since this long ago, will probably always be best remembered by the theatregoers for her quietly funny work as Gretchin in "Prince Pro Tem," which had just opened a return engagement at the Museum, Boston.

1895—Mrs. E. A. Eberle was almost as busy at this time as she is now in pictures, for she was a member of E. M. and Joseph Holland's company, playing at the Garrick Theatre in "A Man With a Past," but at this play was a dismal frost all her day time hours were devoted to rehearsals of "A Social Highwayman," in which she created the role of Mrs. Munyon Pyle.

1896—Frederick A. Thomson was enjoying that happy actor's boon, a lengthy New York engagement, playing one of the important parts in "Under the Poker Star," which was running at the Academy of Music, and which, according to the voice of rumor, we are soon to see upon the screen.

1897—Etienne Girardot, who during his footlight days made something of a specialty of playing young men who masqueraded in female attire, was cast for just such a part at this period, being Frank Stanyon in "Miss Francs of Yale," which farce-comedy caused no end of merriment, at the Metropolitan Opera House, St. Paul.

1898—Ota Turner was displaying a fine Irish brogue, this as Sergeant Barket in "Shenandoah," which was having a somewhat notable revival by Jacob Litt, being the tempting fare at the Davidson Theatre, Milwaukee.

1899—Frank Dayton was a fine figure of heroic virtue as that splendid young man, Frank Lassy, in "In Old Kentucky," a melodrama with which he was identified for some time, upon this date attracting the crowds in great numbers to the Opera House, Elgin, Ill.

1900—May E. Abbey was a candidate for ingenu honors, playing the role of Lillian Weatherby in "Uncle Josh Weatherby Abroad," in the support of Col Stewart, who had just opened his class, "this day settling down for a lengthy run of two nights, at the Lyric Theatre, Allentown, Pa.

1901—William Clifford had temporarily laid aside his Shakespearean mantle and was paying tribute in the romantic field, being leading man with Walker Whiteside in "Heart and Sword," a drama which vastly impressed all those gathered beneath the roof of the Warner Opera House, Ware, Mass.

1902—Alexander Gaden was in happy possession of a success in management with the Dearborn Theatre Stock, Chicago, this being the opening week, his initial role being Lieutenant Halves in Ople Red's new play, "The Harkriders."

1903—Joseph Crowell, reliable character actress that she is, this date completed a stay of eight days at the California Theatre, San Francisco, having just begun a lengthy season's tour as Aurelia Miller in "A Friend of the Family."

1904—Phillips Smalley kept a perfectly sober countenance, playing with all the seriousness in the world as a police captain in that entertaining little classic, "Why Girls Leave Home," which was showing an object lesson, at the Academy of Music, Scranton, Pa.

1905—Cary Hastings was delighted with her professional progression, feeling reasonably sure about her future as a character actress, playing the role of Mrs. Martha Brown in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," at the Grand Opera House, Porela, Ill.

1906—Julia Swayne Gordon, who specially delights us with her work as adventurers and wicked ladies in countless Vitagraph releases, was working havoc behind the footlights then, being a handsome picture of feminine depravity as Olga Warrenough (wouldn't you know that as the name of an adventurer?) in "Secrets of the Police," which was the thrilling fare at the Foley Theatre, Brooklyn.

1907—Cranie Wilbur caused many a flutter among female hearts as Frank Mason, that handsome protector of the distressed maidens, Lottie Love, in that pretty picture of the working girl's tribulations, "Lottie, the Poor Saleslady," which fairly held them yelling, at the Granby Theatre, Norfolk, Va.

1908—Robert Vignola, whom Kalem patrons specially like in roles of the Latin races, was a picturesque figure as Poncho Mendosa in "Lucky Jim," in which that now popular Broadway star, Joseph Santley, was then playing, this day fulfilling a two years' engagement, at the Academy of Music, Reading, Pa.

1909—Vivian Prescott was whooping things up in a lively and energetic manner, her inimitable animal spirits having an especially notable outlet as "Bil, the Circus Kid," which almost had them prostrate with joy, at the Grand Opera House, St. Paul.

1910—Thomas Chatterton was making an ambitious bid for popularity with the patrons of the stock company at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, where he was a new member, his role this day being George Huntley in "The Wolf."

1911—Clara Kimball Young was also a climber, the stock company ranks, playing ingenu parts with the Oph&M company, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, being thoroughly in her element as Madge Carey in "The Hidr to the Hooch."

1912—Donald Hall, most of whose career behind the footlights was devoted to the musical comedy stage, was having quite a happy time of it as Hector de Souze Ipecac in "Tanattling Tony," in which Elizabeth Brier was featured, at the Chicago Opera House, in the city of that name.

1913—Robert W. Frazer, who probably little guessed then that both pictures and maternity were awaiting him around the corner (Mildred Bright recently became Mrs. Frazer), was leading man with Cecil Spooner and her stock company, at the Bronx Opera House bearing her name, this day having an especially happy chance in "The Girl and the Detective."

CRAEELY to Donald Hall's discomfiture his fellow players learned that August 14 was his birthday and celebrated it accordingly. Immediately after his arrival at the studio in the morning things started to happen. As he entered his dressing room to make up for an important scene in which he was due in a few minutes, he was seized by several masked men and bound and gagged. He then had the exquulate pleasure of listening to a long lecture on imaginative misdeeds of the past. Following this he was placed in a tank and locked in the engine room to dry out. About this time Mr. Hall's usual good nature began to come away, but it was soon restored when, at noon, he was released and ushered into the studio where an elaborate luncheon was set in his honor and he was toasted and presented with a handsome gold-headed cane, by his co-workers.
West Coast Studio Jottings
News of the Photoplayer's in Southern California

By Richard Willis

I SPENT a morning at the Norbild studios seeing part of Carlile Blackwell's first picture under the Favorite Players' brand and if the picture is not a brilliant success then I have missed my guess. In talking to his leading lady, Edna Mayo, I find she is an ardent devotee of sculpture but she does not like cast-bed, just clean tired out after working for months with a wounded shoulder. Charlie Madi-

son is still performing wonders in the "Troy of Hearts" series and receiving numerous notes of commendation.

Had lunch with Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, and Grace asked, "Have I a love scene in this movie?" Afternoons, I'm still giving the affirmative, this graceless person the Lasky people are busy on preparations for coming features.

One of the freshly finished "stories" I found Jack O'Brien putting a two-reel Western, "The Pi-

tal Verdict," and the unfortunate Indian, Eagle Eye, was scheduled for another big hop. This man must be made of rubber. Eddie Dill-

on has completed a strenuous prize fight con-

close "Bill Mansfield," in which the scraper, Hobo Doughtery, showed Eddie a vig-

orous few minutes. "Too much realism," says Tommy "Amercado," who is featured in this with Fay Tincher. David Griffith has a new straw sombrero. The dearly beloved old one has a hole in the top and had to be chopped and shaved, old Sol made it uncomfortable. Hence the new tile.

Dancing note. Lilian Gish has re-

painted and varnished her own pretty dressing room and it made her awfully sticky. They are replacing the horse in a new picture with a "dog."

Jackie Saunders figured in a runaway and landed head first in a bush, scratching herself up. in a Hollywood studio. It is called Olly Zotta of Prague, and he can neither get home nor can he get any money, so he is working in his-

stead. He holds a motor car race record for Monte Carlo and is an all round good sports-

man and an excellent motorist.

At the American studios Thomas Ricketts has taken over his regular company again. Harry Paley featured Margaret Welsh in "The Only Way," a strong dramatic story and is now on a comedy, "To a Tight Pinch," and William Gar-

wood has a beautiful purple bathing suit and a healthy coat of tan. I understand from Lorimer Johnston that he has left the Santa Barbara Mo-

tion Picture Corporation and will be in Los Angeles in a day or so.

I have received a really interesting letter from Fred Gamble, who has been taking pictures for the Sunset Motion Picture Company of San Francisco. It is dated July, East Cape, and he says he has been the scene of some cold and snow and enough fog to make dear old Lannon jealous. He had taken about 15,000 feet of film so far and has already spent three weeks in a week or so from his writing. Fred Gamble is one of the best known and most courageous men in the business.

THE KINGS' SCRAP BOOK

Dr. J. A. JACKSON, a physician of Holly-

wood, California, takes exception to an item in the West Coast Studio Jottings of the Mov- Picture, Pictorial, of May 30th. He states em-

phatically that the facts in the article are untrue and asks that same be corrected. Dr. Jackson says he has been a resident of Holly-

wood for twelve years, and is a physician with a "Negro" practice, being surgeon for the Pacific Electric Railway Company at his practice. He was called to attend the late W. W. Kirby, an animal trainer, who was injured on the tracks at the Universal stud-

ios. After the death of Kirby some erroneous statements were circulated by his enemies, ac-

cording to Dr. Jackson. Dr. Jackson also says that the publication of one of these statements has in-

jured his practice. The Mov-Pictorial re-

publised it without comment that the publication of the story was in error. This column appears to have injured somebody. Insummon, however, as the article has been publicized the truth of the matter stated be-

comes the point at issue and The Mov-Pic-

torial is having the whole subject thoroughly investigated. It is hoped that the truth of the matter will be brought to light. If it is found that Dr. Jackson has been injured by an untrue statement in the Mov-Pictorial we shall do all in our power to correct the wrong impression and restore him in the minds of our readers to the good standard which he apparently so well deserves.
How to Write Photoplays that Sell

HERE IS A NEW BOOK fresh from the press that will tell you—

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The Enterprise Publishing Co., Dept. A, 3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago

Helps to the Solution of the Million Dollar Mystery

(Continued from page 15)

portance than to misled not only the Black Hundred, but you and me, as well! At this time, I shall not be going to mention any other feature of the twelfth episode. I may find something later on that will recall to mind some other detail of this installment. There are apparently two groups of apparently trivial things that will fit in when the time comes. Poor little Fiorence, who has been such a faithful follower of her father, would not say a word to believe him, or believe he is coming to her! I am not even going to dwell particularly on the remarkable attitude of Brains. He is ready to fire upon Harragwe when the millionaire and Jokes are just alike! Has Brains recently come to realize that he is outdoor? Does he know now how he has been fooled? Brains has lost so persistently, it is difficult to see him win very much,—unless he succeeds through violence. Brains could commit murder without a qualm. Such fellows as he should be cared for before they do damage. He is out—generated, and knowledge of his game hillocks me derisibly. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad!"

In behalf of The Million Dollar Mystery, I wish to say this: It has not kept up the liveliest interest as a picture-play, but it is built on events and situations that might occur in every-day life. Unlike most stories, this one has been so much like the things we encounter in life, its solution is not a dullard's task. At this moment I have a score of amazing ideas in mind. I can see many fine offshoots that may lead to matters of great moment for us. I must ask you to wait. We are moving over the final half of the story. The very certainty that we feel now might easily produce disasters to us. We must be cautious. We must not think of constructing a solution. It is indeed difficult to have farreaching minds under the circumstances. We feel just like saying, "Oh, Mr. Lomerison, now we know!" There are ten more episodes to view. I don't see more idea than you have what they will be.

Suppose Harragwe drops out of sight again? Can we be sure that he is not killed? Many terrible events may come before us. We are reasonably certain of only such things as we have seen. Suppose subsequent occurrences upon no reasoning? They must be produced, and you will give you assurance: I am just exactly as keen on this "case" as I was in the beginning. I shall not relax vigilance, and see what he does. We may take a new grip on the Mystery and watch for the thirteenth episode. Its numerical order suggests something ominous. (To be continued next week)

The Movies and Their Future

(Continued from page 18)

motion picture, for the producers have had to present for the sake of novelty all sorts of places and conditions of men."

"Do you think that work in the motion picture business changed an actor's style of acting in its deterioration?" Mr. Frohman was asked.

The arts of acting in the regular drama and on the stage are so fundamentally different that it would be as if a critic said that an artist could no longer paint in oils because he had tried his skill at etching. Occasionally there are actors who makes successes in both kinds of work, but the rule is that success in one is no guarantee of success in another. "Then, there are great artists who can not achieve the same success in motion picture work that girls without any stage experience ever were. It is more in the latter case that the actor is the particular gift of registering emotions in photographs." That Mr. Frohman practices what he preaches was evident when the company entered the Svanl dashboard at work. Through the heat of a New York July afternoon he counselled, craving players in roles as a diamond cutter finishes the polishing of demonstrating another unvoiced belief, a creed for producer as well as for player, that "genre causes the capacity for taking infinite pains."
Maurice Costello is learning that to be popular means to be pestered to death by anyone under the sun who has an idea he can make a fortune. The popular Mr. Costello is in receipt of one letter from Alberta, Canada, stating that its writer is perfectly willing to pay for the privilege of writing twenty-five or thirty reals if his services were accepted.

Reports from the French war zone state that the first medal awarded for gallantry in action was conferred on Corporal of Dragoons Escoffier. Paths of Prees are in receipt of advice that the hero is none other than the actor Escoffier, a member of their stock company in Vincennes. He is a talented screen artist and has appeared in a number of big Eclectic features, the latest of which is "Leaves of Memory."

According to Alice Joyce the ancient Hindu costume is an ideal garb for the hot weather. And she ought to know because the two long, comfortable weeks the Kalem star wore the costume and defied the sun, thermometer, and everything else that is generally blamed as being conducive to warm weather. The reason for all this joy and defiance was "The Mystery of the Sleeping Death," in which Miss Joyce is being featured, but now that it is finished she has no excuse for wearing the costume any longer and can only think of how nice it was while the privilege lasted.

Audrey Berry, the seven year old member of the Vitagraph company, has received a letter from a wealthy admirer stating that on her eighteenth birthday she will become heiress to a fortune, the necessary legal arrangements being already completed. The man is so enthusiastic about her work that he has written for her exact measurements, color of her eyes, hair, etc., and intends to have a doll made which will be a lasting reminder of how Audrey looked when a child.

Morris Foster, leading man in Thanhauser pictures, will soon appear in a role which contains something entirely new in motion picture photography. The film's title is "Jean of the Wilderness" and it contains a real campfire scene which was taken between 11:30 p.m. and 3:30 in the morning. It was photographed by the aid of the fire's light alone. Generally scenes of this kind are taken in the studio and colored in developing, but Director Durkin promises this new feat of his to be attractive in its originality. The scenario is that of Paul Lonergan's.

While starring "The Sign of the Cross" the director of a company of Famous Players borrows a well known New York society woman's estate to use as the background for several exteriors. Greatly to their surprise, when the players arrived at the beautiful country home and met its owner, instead of being given the privilege of converting the garage and other buildings into dressing rooms, they were escorted into the residence and told to make themselves at home as they were the owner's guests as long as they stayed. Needless to say they accepted the generous offer and enjoyed it immensely.

One day Kate Price and a number of other Vitagraphers sailed to Grossy Point, Jamaica Bay, to take a number of scenes for "Fisherman Kate" in which she was to be featured. While playing her part Miss Price became interested in the occupation and traveled a steady beat between her fish-line and the camera focus. When her line had been in the water for a solid hour without attracting any sly customers, Miss Price became discouraged and was about to quit when something began to tug like fury at the end of the line. Kate was happily excited until the victim was landed to the top and she saw that it was a four-foot shark. Right then and there she grabbed for Kate Price. Hereafter, she says, when she goes fishing it will be right in off the street where they are packed in too.

Lillian Herbert, Vitagraph actress, will soon be able to report at the studio for work, her nerves now being somewhat quieted after the disaster which attended the company in which she was working when one of the men, Chad Fisher, was killed by a bolt of lightning. At the time of the accident Captain Lambert, the director, was resting his hand upon Fisher's shoulder, and the shock passed through his arm, paralyzing him and confining him to his bed for several days. Although he is badly burned and his bones and joints are exceedingly sore, it is hoped that he will recover entirely and soon be back in normal condition.

If "The Million Dollar Mystery" villains were right on the job they could catch Florence Grey (Pilo La Lady) most any morning as she leaves the Hotel Shelburne, Brighton Beach, for the studio. Plo thinks that this seven o'clock stuff is pretty shabby treatment for a millionaires daughter, but having a record at the Than- houser studio for responding without a murmur whenever she is needed, her good nature does not allow her to break it.

Beside Learn, the attractive little leading lady of the Edison company, has just returned from Europe safe and sound, much to the relief of her many friends at the studio. Miss Learn was due back on August 1 and when she did not appear at that time it was feared that perhaps something had happened to prevent her returning during this troublesome period. Gertrude McCay will now have to unearth her oil can and put her auto in the smoothest condition to hold up her side of the rivalry which has long threatened to reach its climax in a race between the two actresses' machines.

The Girl Who Disappeared

By CLIFFORD G. ROE

is a work that tells how and why so many beautiful, innocent girls vanish — are swallowed up in the mystery that envelops every day and every hour — of great cities and small towns. It is a volume that every father and mother, every sister and brother should read. It thrills with the most amazing adventures, mystery and pathos — and stands alone as a book unlike all others. You must send for this — NOW. Send while this special price prevails. Remit just one dollar by postoffice or express money order, bank draft or currency in a registered letter to:

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P. A. B. B., Carey Ave., Chicago, Ill. - Please tell me how to secure the complexion that you advertised in the newspapers and on the billboards. I wish to improve my complexion and will be pleased to receive your free booklet. I will send you free sample packets of the remedy you recommend. You will find it very pleasant to use. It is suitable for all skin types. I will be glad to have you call on me. I am very interested in your method.

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Hazel B. D., North Yarmouth, Mass. - Kathryn Williams is the real name of the popular Sallie leading woman. Her health is addressed to her care of the Sallie Studio, Los Angeles, California, will reach her. She has been married but is now getting a divorce. If she has the time she will undoubtedly answer your letter.

Polly G., Monticello, Minn. - The Perils of Pauline series of films has not yet been completed. Originally, we understand, only fifteen parts, each two reels in length, was contemplated, but the series is to be extended. It is reported that the public that has been interested in the series will now probably be twenty-five parts in all.


Leopold M. C., New York City. - For the names and addresses of the eastern film manufacturers, you advise us to buy a copy of a trade paper in which nearly all film manufacturers advertise. Give us your hopes of becoming an actor. Without years of experience you have about one chance in a thousand.

Mary, Colorado Springs, Colo. - Kathryn Williams has a new film about the war. She is now singing for divorce. Florence LaBadie is single. No, Florence is no relation to James Cusack.

Mary A., Coalgate, Okla. - Haven't you read time and again in this department that amateurs have practically everywhere given the film industry whatever to succeed in their ambitions to become photo-players? People with years of stage experience are unable to get work with the most picturesque companies, so what possible chance would you have, since you admit that you are without experience except that gained in church and home plays. Give up your idea of becoming an actress and instead enjoy the work of experienced players as you see it on the screen.

Bertha H. L., Orlando, Fla. - The Cines Company of Home pictures, made by the American Tobacco and scenic and travel pictures, as well as the big classical productions like "Quo Vadis," "An American" and "Cleopatra," has recently purchased that character. We could give you the name of an Italian film paper which contains news of this company's activities, but unless you can read Italian it would be useless. The American film trade journals contain items of interest frequently regarding this concern, and the Bioscope, published in London, England, also refers to them occasionally.

Zoe G., San Antonio, Tex. - That Norstar picture you mention was taken at Universal City, the plant of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, located near Los Angeles, California. The soldiers were supernumeraries of the Universal company and a small body of the Californian national guard. It was stated that some weeks ago, was to leave the Universal to appear on the vaudeville stage, but late reports from Los Angeles indicate that Grace has reached a sufficient number of letters urging her not to desert the pictures, that has renewed her contract with the Universal and will soon again be seen on the screen. She is already at work in a picture entitled "The Mystery of the Rosettes," being produced by Francis Ford. W. W. Kirby was killed at Universal City while working in a wild animal drama. He was attacked by a lion and injured severely before he died within a short time. As to who saw the accident it would be impossible for us to hear but that the members of the company who were working with him, but all of them were present when the accident occurred.

EXHIBITOR, Bloomington, Minn. - There are three Rollance films released each week on the new program, one on Monday, one on Wednesday and one on Saturday. It is possible, of course, for you to get four Rollance films per week from your exchange, but you couldn't go on that way indefinitely, for there are only three being made each week.

Miss L. R., San Francisco, Calif. - Wheeler Oakman played the leading role in "In Defence of the Law." We haven't a cast sheet of that film, but you will find a list of the cast of the remake in our current issue.

F. P. F., Bixby, Okla. - The complete cast of Eudicette's "When Home Ruled" is as follows: Nydia, a young Christiana; Cecilia, a young Roman—Clifford Bruce; Cecilia's father—William Riley Hale; Nydia's father—Walter B. Seymour; Cousin Ciel—Rose Marie; the bride's father—A. H. Busby; a high priest of Jupiter—Charles B. Bannell. The film appeared in that film was the New York office of the New York Motion Picture Corporation.

A picture of Marie Foulay write head liner for the rival Motion Picture Film Corporation; for Anita Stewart's photo write Vivien Leigh, and for Mary Pickford's write Famous Players Co.

Elizabeth Z., Louisville, Ky. - James Young is the husband of Clara Kimball Young. Would it make you any happier if you knew that Alice Joyce was married to Tom More? We draw the line at giving players' ages, as they sometimes object. Jane Farnsworth was last seen with some Harry Myers is now with Universal. The next three questions you ask would be only our opinion, and we don't think we'd tell you to personally write some of the players. Tierney, and then think what we personally think of that or player's acting. Form your own opinions.

Courtney F., Los Angeles, Calif., we believe, playing with Bosworth, Inc. Charles Arling is now at liberty, we understand.

Mrs. A. R. B., St. Louis, Mo. - Would suggest your buying a motion picture trade journal on the news stands and securing the names of the various film manufacturers and their addresses. Then apply direct to the studios and perhaps you will be given a chance to demonstrate what your little boy can do in the way of acting. If he is found to be capable he may "get on" in pictures, otherwise not. The chances are about one in twenty that he would secure an engagement, unless his exceptable possibility.

Dorothy B. Lyon, Ill. - The cast of the Adventures of Kathlyn was as follows: Kathlyn Williams; Umbriel—Charles Clary; Colonel Bay—Arthur Norton; Winnie烨—Gordon Sackville; Pedro—Goldie Colwell; Bruce—Thomas Bantock.

E. W., Toronto, Ont. - Yes, the address you have for Grace Cunard is correct, and we are quite sure that there is no space in the public that she has she will answer your letter. As to her age, ask her and not us.

Irene R. R., Chicago, Ill. - The Sallie Company is not at present taking pictures at its studios. There is no concern to see films made you will have to apply to European, the first film company, and the Chicago company at present with a company working at the Seabass office in the First National Bank building and ask for a permit to visit the plant.
Every page of this big, bright November issue is a treasure-trove of entertainment. Stories, illustrations, interviews—all preceded by the beautiful Art Section of Movie Favorites—both actors and actresses. "The Virginian," a complete Novelette, will be one of the many treasures. There will be half a dozen snappy, traveling short stories based on top-notch film productions—real stories with illustrations from the plays. Interviews with Vivian Rich, Clara Horton, Courtney Foote and others—and a most unusual feature wherein Mary Fuller tells what she did on her vacation—with pictures that she took with her own camera. These and many other extraordinary entertainers waiting for you.

"Growing Up with the Movies"

by FLORENCE LAWRENCE

Highest Salaried Moving Picture Actress on Earth

Miss Florence Lawrence

Here is a rare treat—the Life Story of the original and only Florence Lawrence by Herself! The Original Biograph Girl—the same little lady who played with Edwin S. Porter in his "Daniel Boone," or "Pioneer Days in America," when the Edison studio was located on a New York skyscraper roof. The same winning, captivating Florence Lawrence who was known before David Griffith had discovered Mary Pickford. Miss Lawrence's story brings in many intimate film favorites—Ralph Ince, of Lincoln portrayal fame; Mack Sennett, the Keystone comedian; Billy Quirk, of "Vita Laugh" note; Marion Leonard, now of the Monopoliese; Wilfred Lucas, producer of "The Trey o' Hearts;" Harry Sother, now directing her comedy-dramas; King Baggot—and many others with whom she played in the "days of the movies' making, the days when she, Mary Pickford and Arthur Johnson were blazing the trail! Runs five consecutive issues, beginning with NOVEMBER PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

FREE—"The Adventures of Kathlyn"—FREE

by Harold MacGrath

The newsdealer will supply you Photoplay at the regular price—15¢ a copy—or you may accept this splendid, special offer. The captivating story of Kathlyn has been published in book-form. Harold MacGrath has told "The Adventures of Kathlyn" in his inimitable way—and this novel is of 375 pages, fully illustrated. What more interesting book could you have in your library? Use the coupon attached, and send $1.50, paying for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR ONE YEAR—and we will mail "The Adventures of Kathlyn" to you FREE—and prepaid! Send NOW!
THE SALAMANDER comes roving from somewhere out of the immense reaches of the nation, revolting against the commonplace of an inherited narrowness, neither sure of what she seeks nor conscious of what forces impel or check her.

She brings no letters of introduction, but comes resolved to know whom she chooses.

She meets them all, the men of New York, the mediocre, the interesting, the powerful, the flesh-hunters, the brutes and those who seek only an amused mental relaxation.

She attracts them by hook or crook, in defiance of conventions, compelling their attention in ways that at the start hopelessly mystify them and lead to mistakes. Then she calmly sets them right and forgives them.

A girl of the present day in revolt, adventurous, eager and unafraid; without standards, or home ties; with a passion to explore but not to experience, and a curiosity fed by the zest of life.