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MOVIE PICTORIAL

Hartford Building, Chicago, Illinois
The witchery and color charm of the Orient captivate his senses of the budding girl. That strong and dormant power of the second nature asserts itself. And maternal opposition awakens the will of the girl to rebellion.

"THE BUTTERFLY"
produced by WORLD FILM CORPORATION
Adapted from the novel by HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

The World Film Corporation, which does big things in an artistic and impressive way, has visualized "The Butterfly," one of "the ten best sellers," in a fashion commensurate with all its variants of interest in the mysterious and ever picturesque Orient; with its adventurous element in the doings of the vengeful and murderous acrobat, and the deep heart throb that invests its romance.

The witchery of the Nile lands is revealed in the settings and furnishes fine environment for the dancing of the heroine, while the glimpses of circus and theatrical life add clever bits of characterization to diversify an exciting drama of alternating suspense and thrill.

Henry Kitchell Webster is one of the cleverest novelists in the West in current fiction, and his popularity in photoplay which began with "Cinderella" should be perpetuated in "The Butterfly." O. A. C. Lund, the producer of the picture, appears in the role of the malignant hunch-back; Barbara Tennant is the fascinating heroine Elaine, and Howard Estabrook is the "man"—surely a great cast.

Successful in her art—evidenced in real love enters with the coming of "the man" to the end that freedom from one who has not crossed love, but is the boundary passed to shelter for life within the real love of her heart's soul mate.

Barbara Tennant as Elaine
Arthur Howard Estabrook as John Bradley Butler
Below the Rio Grande

By F. McGrew Willis

The lens and the finder had been left exposed. And there was no place for a crank!

Denman hurriedly opened the camera and found that it had been made longer to allow for the insertion of a small storage battery, and a tiny motor which took the place of the crank. Small wires about ten feet long were connected with these, thus enabling the operator to stand at this distance from the machine and operate it. Some of the space was to allow room for a double sized roll of film containing about six hundred feet, making a change of film unnecessary for the ordinary occasion.

He unpacked the tripod and found that instead of the wooden one always in use, small steel rods the size of a lead pencil had replaced it. Denman was delighted, and gave vent to a low whistle of pure joy.

"A new invention! A crankless camera!" He could not conceal his professional pride in the achievement.

Here certainly was the ideal camera for taking war scenes. The danger of the camera being struck by a stray bullet, splintering the machine and spoiling the film already taken, was reduced to almost nothing. Only deliberate design on the part of some marksman could wreck it.

In Tripoli, Denman had been with the Italian army and had had the use of one of the armored automobiles used in making attacks on the tribesmen. But in the Balkans his camera had been hit several times by spent bullets, although no great damage was done. He resolved to leave at once for Chihuahua, and after a light lunch at the hotel dining room, he boarded a street car and crossed the Rio Grande to Juarez.

Already he saw the havoc and desolation of war. Already he foresaw the terrible toil that war exacts from those in its ruthless way. He was going into a country torn with strife and laid desolate by its own people. A lurker fate had befallen the town than if it had been sacked by its worst enemy.

He made his way up streets lined by soldiers, who glanced at him suspiciously as he went past. Some were in uniform, but the majority were dirty and filthy beyond description.

He was glad at last when he arrived at the low adobe building proclaiming itself headquarters of the army. His papers were ready and he was given a pass good for transportation on a troop train leaving in the evening for the south.

As he came out of the building he ran square into Claybourne, who was just on the point of entering. The surprise was mutual.

"Clay, old boy!" shouted Denman, grasping the other's hand.

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed the one addressed, "Denman!"

"No other," laughed Denman, squeezing the welcome hand. He added: "What are you doing so far from Fleet street?"

"Thought there would be a little fighting over here and prevailed upon the boss to send me," answered the other, as he pulled Denman out of the doorway to make room for several waiting to enter. "I wish I was back in old fog-


Dennan had planted the camera not five hundred yards from the enemy's trenches.

The eyes of the rest of the cinematographers and correspondents were on them.

After the defeat of the Turkish army at Kirker Kisse, Dennan had managed to secure a horse and had successfully escaped from the army. He arrived near Lule Burgas ahead of the Bulgarians.

Concealing himself in a small cave of boulders in the reeds, Dennan had made his way back to the rear of the correspondents' camp. But he never arrived before he had been placed under arrest for disobeying the censor's orders for the correspondents and cinematographers to remain in the rear. The officers, convinced that he had no chance to use the camera, had finally been compelled to release him with the threat that if he were again missing he would be sent through the lines and out of the country.

"You certainly took more of a chance than any of the rest of us," said Claybourne admiringly. "And I saw the film later in London."

"I did it among the rocks," Dennan said with a laugh. "I spent several days in the reeds. But I managed to get it out past the censor."

Dennan learned that the Englishman was going to Chihuahua on the same train as himself, and extended an invitation for him to cross to El Paso and spend the time with him until time to start. They were seated in Dennan's room discussing the status of the war-correspondent.

The two had first met at the Hotel Bulgarie, in Sofia. The hotel at that time was known as the International Correspondent's Club—"the I. C. C.—for it was given over entirely to newspaper men, photographers and cinematographers, who waiting permission from the government to start for the front. A strong friendship had sprung up between the two. It had continued through the war, and they had told each other goodby in Paris, months later.

Claybourne was comparing war below the Rio Grande with the recent one in the Balkans.

"War is different here," said the correspondent, "as it is among the civilians. You remember the peasants we saw marching into Sofia to take up arms?" he asked, and as Dennan nodded, he continued. "It's all organized fighting, their nature is warlike. At peaceful pursuits they don't amount to much, but when they fight for their country, then they are fighting fiercely; their little farms, giving up everything for the chance of a fight. Imagine a whole army of little Turks. They were uniformly dressed, armed, drilled a very little, perhaps, and then sent to the front."

"You saw them later at Lule Burgas," he resumed. "They refused to shoot their enemies and insisted on being treated as prisoners of war. Think of that in modern warfare."

"They were placed in the front ranks and they were made to fight against their will. But they wanted to see the whites of the enemies' eyes before they struck a blow. You know the result."

"It looks as though an unanswerable line coming they would throw down their guns and run!" Dennan had said.

"Claybourne sank back in his chair. "They were not afraid of the bullets, but of the bayonet, the knife as they called it."

"But here, I witnessed the battle of Tricia Blanca. I was there when the men saw the city taken. But with the bayonet? No, by machine guns and cannon. It is true that the soldiers attacked, but only halfheartedly. I was in the thick of both engagements and I never found a man killed by a bayonet thrust. The soldiers even cast away their bayonets, dodging in the way."

Dennan wore a tolerant smile. He took Gar- dner'stelegram from his pocket and passed it to the other.

"I suppose you are the source of information to such papers as the New York Herald, a phrase about no heroism shown," he said banter- ingly.

"The papers are right for once," Dennan, answered Claybourne seriously. "The people here have but very limited way they are fighting. Most of them in the army like the life because it affairs them a living. Others are bandits and this is the life they have been accustomed to. Lots of them have had their choice between the army and a firing squad. And some of them choose the latter occasionally, because they are tired of the one.

"Perhaps you are right," Dennan restored the telegram to his pocket. "But I don't believe you are. There must be those in the army who are making a success of it like the Bulgar peas- ants did. And I'll wager you the best dinner to be had in old Faire that I bring out proof of this when I return."

"Taken," readily answered Claybourne good naturedly. "Of course there may be exceptions to the rules I have laid down, but I don't think so."

"When the Englishman made up his mind he was hard to change, but he was also willing to try to supply arguments to back up his theories and convince the opposition. He lighted another cigar.

"The troops will not stand out and fight openly," the weed under a tree, the man leaned back in enjoyment. "But of course neither would the Turks at the close of the war. But you know the reason of that very well; but not the Turk- world. The Turks are a brave people, whatever else may be said of them. They will make their stand in every possible way and die if necessary."

"I know the story of the Balkans. Blunt bayonets, swords that were not sharp enough to kill and then—Kum- berra!—or two men, make poor ammunition to stem the tide of a victorious army."

"The correspondent threw away the cigar as if he would as easily rid himself of the memory of certain happenings in the Balkans."

"God, Claybourne," burst out Dennan, hoarsely, living over the most wonderful instant when they had discovered that the Turkish soldiers had been given wooden bullets to beat the allies' attack. "To think, and there are living now on raw maize, roots of trees and food not fit for swine, in hopes of adding to the enemy the enemy into a root. Then because of galling army officials they were given rounds of ammunition—nor did the officers had pocketed the differ- ence in the cost between steel and wood."

Claybourne rose from his chair and pressed the bell, gave the sign to the waiter to order for the two whiskeys.

"There might have been a different result in the Balkans," he said turning back from the door with the drinks. "But—I hear, and this is true, though war is merely a game."

"The leaden bullets have been thrown in this one side until his capture and then he will switch to the other. His men go him, or there is the firing squad with a handy 'dobe' wall to stop them."

"Just the same, Clay, old boy, there must be those in the army who are not fighting merely to save their own lives, or swayed by hate of gods. I believe there are and we are going to find them before we see the United States again."

Dennan had been among men for three days waiting for the movement of the troops to Yermo, which had been selected as the base for the signal movement. On Thursday Claybourne had left at Chihuahua, the correspondent decided to remain there until Villa himself left to lead the advance on the city. Dennan had been taking through the two Balkan wars, and having witnessed almost the entire struggle with the Italians in Tripoli, Dennan believed that he was well equipped for the defense of war, but he was glibly new experiences every day.

He was accustomed to seeing troops officered by men in glittering uniforms, and the men them- selves in uniforms as fine but without the yards of gold braid that distinguished their superior. Here the majority of men wore no uniforms at all, unless the denim suits that were now being fashioned. These were merely very ordinary "overalls" and a jacket to match. What uniforms were in the army derived from the old days of the cavalry, of which there was possibly three thou- sand.

Men of all descriptions were in the ranks; for- eigners of practically every nationality were there; and women and girls had taken their places in the ranks, shilling as waiters as any of the men and bearing their guns with as much familiarity. Deeds of the companies were captured by Ameri- cans; Germans who had seen service in the army in the Fatherland were majors; and there was a spectacle of nations on a sketchbook of the cavalry, of which there was possibly three thou- sand.

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Here was a surprise. He had not thought of the rebels using an aeroplane. He lowered himself down the end ladder of the car and swung across the intervening space to better inspect the plane.

As he stepped on the car and made his way around the side of the engine, a dark figure sprung suddenly from a position behind the engine. He whirled, quick as a flash, his hand fell to his hip and the cinematographer found himself going awkwardly into the dark muzzle of a large calibre automatic.

In a lightning inspection of the figure with the gun, Denman saw a boy not over twenty-five dressed in the greased-stained attire of a mechanic, but with clothes of fine texture showing beneath an opening of the jacket.

His figure was sinuous and slender, and the muscles were drawn taut as he held the pistol pointed uneasily at the astonished cinematographer. 'Close-up!' he called. Another man in the uniform of a captain of artillery, hastened from some place behind the enclosed driver's seat. 'What is it, Francisco?' he asked, and then noticing the threatening gun, he turned in the direction it was pointed and beheld the intruder.

"He is a spy sent here to destroy the plane!" The boy advanced the gun menacingly. He spoke in perfect English, but Denman knew that he was of Spanish blood. His dark, olive complexion and his clear-cut features proclaimed him of high caste.

"Assuredly I am not a spy," the cinematographer answered, "but Francisco—" had just begun, when the boy's voice broke in to address the older man. "I am merely on my way to the coach at the rear of the train."

"How did you get past the guard, then?" The officer seemed inclined to doubt the conclusion of the boy, but he wanted proof.

"There was no guard there," Denman turned and indicated the way he had come. "At least if there was I failed to see him."

"You are with the army?"

"I am a cameraman and am going to secure films of the coming battle."

"A courageous fellow!" The captain motioned the boy to replace the gun. He went toward Denman and offered his hand. "We are very sorry," he spoke with the slightest accent.

"Well, there is no harm done," Denman responded, taking the officer's hand and meeting it in a firm grasp. "Although to tell the truth I did not like the looks of the gun pointed in my direction."

"Francisco is very jealous of the aeroplane and we have heard that it will be destroyed before we are ready to use it." He brought the boy forward and presented him to the cinematographer.

"He may well be jealous of the craft," the cinematographer replied as he greeted the boy, who bowed to him in the generous manner of the Latin country. "I have seen hundreds of aeroplanes but this is different. If I may ask an opinion on one that combines the best principles of all of them."

"Do you think so?" the boy asked eagerly.

"I assure you," Denman went forward with the two and took a closer view of the plane. He had introduced himself and had learned the names of the two in return. On the opposite side of the car, the older and the boy's name was Francisco Magon. He was the aviator. The aeroplane was the very last word in scientific construction. The wings were covered with a specially woven cloth that Denman had never seen before, and they were being put on a new way. The machine was of dual control and was driven by an eight cylinder French motor placed in front of the body of the cinematographeurs. The general style was similar to the French monoplanes. The boy hung on Denman's words of approval with the eagerness of a child.

"You like it?" he said. "I am so glad; for it is my own invention."

DENMAN was astonished and said so. The boy, Francisco Magon, worked out the plans for it and had it made in Los Angeles. He flew it several times and then it was taken down and brought to Chihuahua. But that is not the most wonderful part."

"Until a few days ago we had to smuggle everything for the army across the border. To avoid the risk of the plane falling into the hands of the border patrol, we distributed it in as small parts as possible to our agents and they put them together. Parts were taken across in Juarez, some in Calexico, some at Agua Prieta, in fact, at practically every point in Sonora and Chihuahua."

"Finally it was all assembled at Chihuahua city, and Francisco took it together. And he succeeded after several weeks of working. We are in getting it to fly perfectly."

They sat down and talked of the planes and the army. Francisco's locks were light up with a pleased smile. "We brought the plane from Mexico City and had it running smoothly. He threw over the greasy clothes and disclosed himself in a well made American tailored suit. They were returning to their places in the coach and invited Denman to accompany them. Before they could open the coach door, a young girl with the loveliest face Denman had ever seen, stepped out and stopped at seeing the presence of the stranger."

"Francisco—I thought—you had been so long," she was all anxiety for his safety, and her eyes looked love at him."

"The boy turned to the woman, "This is my sister, Dolores," he said, and mentioned the cinematographer's name to the girl. "She has seen the plan and can fly it better than I do!" Francisco took the slim brown hand she extended and kissed it tenderly. "It is her first flight, and she has done it with a fine, frank glance and then her eyes fell."

"I am glad to meet my brother's friends," she said, and her eyes shone. "She explained the way the plane was cut up, and the finest trace of an accent thrilled Denman."

"ON THIS very verge of battle, a week would ordinaril
MOVIE PICTORIAL

LOIS WEBER and PHILLIPS SMALLEY

A Practical and Gifted Pair With High Ideals

By RICHARD WILLIS

The artistic altruist is so rarely rare that a combination of such personalities makes it peculiarly impressive and interesting. The double dispensation of the genius to create character, and the gift to enact them in the unusual equipment of the Smalley's.

A THUS is being written, the five reel photoplay "Hypocrites" is being presented at the Long Acre Theater in New York City, and the Gotham critics are unanimous in writing it up as one of the most profound and brilliant of motion picture psychological dramas.

The author and producer of "Hypocrites", and numerous other photoplays which are far above the average, is one of the most charming women I have ever met. I have known her for some time and have always found her the same, and feeling sure of a welcome from Lois Weber and her fine looking actor husband, Phillips Smalley, I duly pressed the little button by the door of their bungalow and was accorded the welcome.

It is a charming home, one that the lady designed and furnished. "She did it all herself," Phillips Smalley said, "I just paid my little fifty per cent and she did the rest." The furnishings and the color scheme are in subdued tints and the delightful rooms furnish an excellent index to her character. There is no jarring note, for comfort sits in with delicacy so that even the flowers blend with the general atmosphere.

Lois Weber, graceful and gracious with a wealth of dark hair, her long lashes giving her eyes a somewhat dreamy look, a lady whose carriage makes her almost stately, was just a living part of the general soothing effect, and her vivacious, youthful sister (an adoring young person) who sat at Miss Weber's feet, proved an excellent foil with her brighter coloring.

Just as Lois Weber's domicile reflects her, so does the study of Phillips Smalley indicate his vigorous personali ty. The walls of his room are covered with pictures of his friends, professional photographs signed with some inscription. Smalley is a well set-up man, with an actor's face, strong and ruddy tinted. His eyes sparkle with wit and good humor and he forms a sharp contrast to his wife.

During the evening I discovered that Lois Weber is an accomplished musician, and she admitted a penchant for the music of "Madame Butterfly," which she interprets delightfully.

"I used to play a great deal," said she, "especially when I was interested in music work which occupied much of my time; but I am out of practice now although I play a little every evening for relaxation."

"I know that you are honestly interested in the uplift of the motion picture industry," I said. "I want to get your views on any phase of it that you choose to discuss."

"Yes, we are both very sincerely interested," answered Miss Weber, "and we believe that the future is very bright. There is much yet to be done

though, in the first place, I really believe that the day of the serial play is nearly over and I am glad of it. The public will always want melodrama, and good melodrama is wholesome as long as it is decently presented, but the serial photoplays of today are for the most part merely a mixture of sensational and entirely ridiculous or impossible incidents and are not by any means an index of truth or possibility. I am often twitted with trying to produce and write plays which are above the heads of the public, but I resent this as an insult to the general public, who, I believe, are as well able to interpret beautiful thoughts and to fully understand photoplays which lead one's desires for better things."

"We have a motto if you would call it that," interrupted Phillips Smalley. "Nothing is over the heads of the general public, and I think it is true one too. Besides both my wife and myself have produced a large number of what are termed 'uplift' photoplays and the box-office receipts have disproved the fact that they puzzle audiences. Do you think that a commercial management would put up with motion pictures which did not appeal to the public? Not a bit of it."

Mrs. Smalley smiled and nodded her approval and continued: "I am very glad that established actors and actresses from the legitimate stage were called in by some of the leading manufacturers for the reason that they attracted a class in their workaday surroundings, acting under the open sky or by the flaming rays of the studio, or amid the beautiful environment of the study at home, they visualize impressions or record them for others, not with their duality of gifts and possess first charming or sympathetic expression.

In their workaday surroundings, acting under the open sky or by the flaming rays of the studio, or amid the beautiful environment of the study at home, they visualize impressions or record them for others, not with their duality of gifts and possess first charming or sympathetic expression.
of people to the motion picture theaters who never thought of attending before. At the same time I do not believe that the end will last long; indeed, the time is close at hand when the public will still call for the adaptation of well known plays and novels, but will want them interpreted by well known and accomplished stage actors. A much more hopeful condition will be better fitted in every way to successfully portray the parts they are given, than the stars from the legitimate stage. There are a few of them that have been forced into the business, with the result that their acting excellence is not fully developed. The cruel camera or else do not understand the newer art, and the result is that they are jerky and unnatural and cannot shake off their stage mannerisms.

"I am very active in considering desirable experience," said Mr. Smalley; "it takes time and hard work to get used to screen work. We have both had considerable stage experience and I think we are talking about. I shudder even now when I think of our first pictures. There is another thing, a man may be a good actor on the legitimate stage and yet not have what is termed a good screen appearance and many a good actor shows up badly when photographed. One can never truly ascertain until he has been seen on the screen and that is why many a reasonably good actor or actress has been a failure at this particular profession."

In answer to my query as to what length a photoplay should go, Miss Weber said: "I think that four or five reels would be enough. The brain will not permit of viewing more than this number of reels, for I really believe the watching of the film has an hypnotic effect. Really, I do not think that any stated length should be given for a particular subject, it should go just the length that the subject requires and I think that this improvement is coming, too."

They are not pedantic, this gifted pair, and there is a certain amount of satisfaction in earnestly endeavoring to do their work and to get across the ideas and experiences. They are entitled to express their opinions too, and these opinions are worth due reflection, for they have a Northerner's keen insight into human nature and much work and varied experience. Miss Weber was well known on the boards and on the concert platform. Mr. Smalley is a graduate of Oxford University and was both an actor and manager and it was while he was managing the "Why Girls Leave Home" company in which Miss Weber was playing, that they decided their common interests would be materially cemented by marriage. They have been sympathetic co-workers and during the time they have been acting in and making pictures, they have done much to help improve the art, and have ever striven to give the public worthy photoplays with an uplift.

This talented couple have acted together in pictures ever since they decided to "try out" the then new "fad." They first acted and directed with the Gaumont company for two years and were with the Universal for many months (to which company they have just returned) before joining the Biograph Incorporated company, and at both of the last concerns they have made and acted in some very notable productions, most of which have been written by Lola Weber.

As I strolled in the doorway of their cheery home with the subdued lights behind them, I could not but admire the handsome couple, they are such mighty good pals and there are none too many such.

As "Butterfly" Grace

"Married? No—Not for me! I've got a cat, a parrot and a pewter teapot I inherited from a great aunt. Yes, I have determined to be an old maid." Grace Darmond.

COULDN'T sleep much last night! You see I'm so excited waiting to see my photographs for the first time I can hardly wait," was the excited remark of Grace Darmond, the slim princess who is the leading lady at Selig's, the center of an adoring group in the spacious green room of that wonderful establishment.

One could hardly credit that a girl who had been photographed yesterday still could look so fresh and so perfect for a year past, in moving pictures was so curious concerning a photograph taken in another studio—but that is one of the vagaries of the artistic temperament. It is said that the railway engineer, the highest type of mechanic, could only get satisfaction out of his vacation by riding with a member of a brotherhood on another locomotive, fairly overcome by the fascination of making mileage—so the novelty of having a portrait de luxe, instead of making animated footage on the film, excited the youngest leading lady in the business, altogether.

A studied close-up of Grace Darmond reveals a tall sweet young woman of graceful figure with curly, half-length waves, one whose natural grace has been accentuated but not affected by theatrical training. Still in her teens, she has already had years of experience on the stage, commencing as the child in "Edith's Burglar." Following this, she joined a stock company and grew from short dresses to long skirts and trunks, as she advanced from the juvenile roles to those of the heroine and adventuress—running the gamut enforced by the varying demands of the stock company—thus gaining a liberal education in the drama.

In remarking this busy period of her life, Miss Darmond, who was garbed in a full flouncy gown, curtsied up in a big chair, said: "Yes, I have had the experience since I made my debut in my nightie in "Edith's Burglar," and the lessons of those strenuous years have been very valuable to me in the two years' service under the skylights. For two seasons I played every variety of part that the changing weeks of the stock repertoire could furnish; from the shrunken bags and toothless witches (she made a wry face at the recollection) through the bewitchingly perfect teeth (down through the kingdom of feminine roles to the automaton maid in the checked dress and the apron) and then was delighted with her golden hair changing down her back.

"Yes indeed, my experience in stock was invaluable as a training and a spur to originality and good hard work. I have always been anxious to name any school nowadays more exacting than that of the stock company, where there is a change of bill every week. I have heard many an actor complain of the strain involved in the memorizing of roles under stock conditions, but confess that this was always attenuating to me." Miss Darmond played a season in a sketch by George M. Cohan and was for two years associated with J. M. Bannister's "Auld Lang Syne" company. She delighted in motion picture work and says she finds ideal artistic conditions with the Selig forces, where they are like a big family.

There, Miss Darmond has appeared in important roles in the support of Tyrone Power in "A Texas Steer," "The Servant in the House," and assumed leading feminine roles in "The Quarry," "Whom the Gods Would Destroy," and other Selig spectacular specials soon to be released.

"Well am I being merely viewed, or interviewed?" inquired the fascinating young subject, as a swarm of other actresses just down from the studio filled the green room cluttering like magpies, indicating that the recess periods of the silent drama are very valuable. They "dissolved" so to speak and went on their way down the long passage to their dressing rooms. "Well the sex are so curious," remarked this wise little maid as her elders passed out of hearing. "Oh! but don't quote me, or the Indians may return for bloody reprisal as we used to say it in the old melodrama." Again the Darmond smile filled an eloquent silence.

"Ambitious? Yes, I have some. What is this, a confession of faith or just an interview?" The little head cocked on one side birdlike.

in vaudeville we used to be so afraid to tell, the other pirates would steal our business in a minute! Oh! Yes, ambitions! Well I should like to have a lot of new dresses. I could just spend a week in Field's, but can never get down town when the sun is shining. Seriously, I should like to make good in every part that the Selig company are generous enough to give me. I believe thoroughly in the dignity of my work, and I do my best. The atmosphere here is so clear, and we are really a very happy community out here by ourselves. Mr. Selig looks in every once in a while, and we do not run and hide, as I am told they do in some studios where the appearance of the 'boss means storm.' So you may know he is popular with his people. I have a strong weakness for automobiles, but I have never been allowed to take a drive, and I have really grown to love the dignified pace of a conservative electric that is guaranteed not to exceed the speed limit."

"Married? No—not for me! I've got a cat, a parrot and a pewter teapot I inherited from a great aunt. Yes, I have determined to be an old maid." Grace Darmond.
AN ENT THE LASKY STUDIOS

By DICK MELBOURNE

The Lasky studios give the impression that you are in the center of a theatrical institution more than any other one I know. From the time you enter the outer office until the time you leave the stages and dressing-rooms, you distinctly feel the "professional" atmosphere. You feel this in the courtesies extended and in the businesslike order that prevails, as well as in the people you meet.

There are times when you might go in blindfolded, open your eyes and look around and imagine you were in some eastern theatrical green-room or an actors' club, the faces are so familiar. Here at one time or another have appeared in Lasky productions, Dustin Farnum, Edward Abele, Edith Taliaferro, Edith Wynne Matheson, and other big stage stars who have played for feature films produced by this firm. It is not these, however, I went to see, but the regular members of the company, those who are permanently connected with the concern and who have long been identified with it.

It is quite remarkable how much has really happened at the Lasky studios in one year and four months' time.

I paid a visit to Fred Kley, the energetic little studio manager, the all-round man, and he summed the happenings as follows: "I was introduced to Cecil de Mille at the Lambs' Club in New York at six o'clock one evening on a Friday, got a job at six ten precisely, started for Los Angeles on Monday, and arrived here with Mr. de Mille on December 12, 1913.

"At that time there was the one rambling building, an inadequate laboratory and a shabby little stage, poorly appointed. Today we have fine offices, squares of dressing-rooms well fitted up with every convenience, the best of laboratories, completely stocked property rooms, modeling rooms, spacious scene decks, and the largest glass studio in the state of California, besides one of the largest open air stages."

Fred Kley is a very interesting man. He started at the age of nine selling programmes in theatres, then became usher and was finally given a part in "If I Were King," with a sword to carry—NOT a spear, mind you! Another promotor, this time as prompter at eight dollars a week, at which time he also sold music at another afternoon theatre and earned another eight a week—so bit by bit he rose until he became first an actor (he admits he was never a very good one) and then stage-manager. His last engagement was with Dustin Farnum in "Cameo Kirby," after which he accompanied that actor to Europe. Kley is very proud of his new association and is a valuable man.

I NOTED the systematic offices and said "howdy" to Cecil de Mille, who has his room in one of the oldest parts of the original building—a working man's office without far or feather. Cecil de Mille has dark hair and not too much of it, kindly brown eyes, and it is only after one has watched his work or has talked with him that one understands the vital force of this unobtrusive man. He is the managing director and the western head of the concern, besides being part owner. It is not easy to get him talking about himself, but he is very entertaining when the barrier has been judiciously broken.

His parents did not want him to go on the stage—anything else would do, but NO theatricals—so of course both he and his brother turned their attention stagewards. Cecil went a"shuffling for a short time, but he soon returned to New York and secured a small part in "Hearts Are Trumps," in which Amelia Bingham and Edwin Arden appeared. After that he mixed writing in with his acting and wrote "The Genius," which was re-
The Angelus
(Heard at the Mission Dolores, 1868)
By Bret Harte

Bells of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingling the sober twilight of the Present
With colour of romance:
I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sky;
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen load.

Within the circle of your invocation
No bright or white moon fell;
Yet love’s high thought, nor love’s high ambition
Passes these airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waving reciting
I touch the farther Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and lost!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white President;
The saintly commander in his leonine, The priest in aisle of stone.
Once more I see Porfirio’s cross uplifting Above the setting sun;
And post the headland, northward, slowly drifting The freighted galleon.
O solemn bells! whose consecrated consorts
Recall the faith of old

And reaching bells! that baled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness
Break, falter, and are still;
And cooled and mystic, like the Host descending, The sun sinks from the hill!

The Angelus is another old standby. It has a convincing drumming-room and his strong and vigorous person-
"The Carpet From Bagdad"  
Adapted from the Novel  
By Harold McGrath  
Selig Feature In Five Parts  
CAST  
Fortune Chedsoye—-Kathlyn Williams  
George P. A. Jones—-Wheeler Oakman  
Horace Wadsivorth—-Harry Lonsdale  
Mrs. Chedsoye—-Eugenie Bessiere  
Major Calidahan—-Frank Clark  
Arthur Wadsivorth—-Guy Oliver  
Mahomed—-Charles Clay  
A modernized page from the Arabian Nights woven in highly diverting and original fashion in the warp and woof of "The Carpet From Bagdad," gives a romance of up-to-date criminology, a new drift in the fatalism of the far East.  
This story of mystery enmeshed in a precious prayer rug, the pride and possession of an ancient temple, drifts from the lights and shadows of greater New York to quaint picturesque Bagdad, that has figured in romance since the undying days of the Arabian Nights. It drives out into the desolate desert of Sahara—as if to seek seclusion for working out the devilish vengeance of the fanatical Mohamnedan whose life mission is to guard the sacred relic. Of course, he gets the good people instead of the real malefactors who sail away to the new world with a fortune in the frayed fabric of silk, their evil hearts gleeful with pictures forthcoming dissipations.  
Believing His Zealous Pursuit Frustrated, He Prepares to Wreak His Vengeance—Death’s Shadow Envelops His Captives  
It is a strange story of heredity in that the mother of Fortune Chedsoye, an ideal type of young womanhood, is herself the master-mind of a band of criminals who operate all over the world. Horace Wadsivorth, the younger son of a New York banker, tricked out of his inheritance by a scheming elder brother, becomes associated with this gang. How he comes into possession of the sacred carpet, and falls under the relentless eye of the guardian of the rug; how Fortune Chedsoye, thinking to save Wadsivorth, picks up the rug and temporarily conceals it in her own baggage; and how the relic is carried away to America quite by accident, are all traced out with vigor and vividness. Like the modern romance, it is left indeterminate so that the observer can draw his own conclusion concerning Horace Wadsivorth, who revenges wrong with crime, and the unhesitant Fortune, who repudiates her MOTHER, an enemy of society, as the ring-leader of thieves and swindlers. Effects and surroundings have been provided with lavish hand—oriental streets, temples, caravan of camels and the startling realism of the sand storm in the desert. Fine photography and delicate effects add witchery to the mystery of the Orient. It sustains the force of the Modern incantation: "What Is to Be, Will Be."  
This Production Released May 3
THE INDUSTRY, U.S.A.

MOVIE PICTORIAL

The ancient census man, a power potential, declares according to the facts and figures of last year's business that the art industry of photography or motion picture making, new ranks fifth in the industries of the United States, and the business that seems almost certain to a decade as far as impressing the public is concerned is absolutely satisfied! When the Department Bureau declares that $385,000,000 feet of film including originals and positives was made in this country in 1924, one may readily calculate how long the industry has run into mileage; and believe that upwards of $400,000,000 are invested in the business of making, marketing and exhibiting this vast product.

One of the pioneers of photography has written:

"Curiously enough the Nobel prize for the great achievements of a decade has not recognized the almost miraculous voice-earring that speaks and sings through the medium of the photograph, or the wonder workings of animated photography, but it did happen to recognize the equally significant triumph over space in wireless telegraphy. In view of such notable omissions the proprietors of the wonder-plays of photography in modern moving pictures need not feel altogether slighted nor alone. Pantomime, the corked, and pictorial form of expression, prelustrated photograph, which through its right and wrongs of the hundred, the nomenclature of the novelist, or the vivid immediacy that the dramatist reveals through the thoughtful and temperature of the hieratic Talbot, ladies and gentlemen, and the one revealed in meaningful and startling manner the work of the play, the big realities, or the roseate romance of this the other times.

"The moving picture conveys with power and directness many of the triumphs of the imagination that lie in the genre gallery of the artist, the repository of the novelist, the nomenclature of the critic, the poetically robust, the democratic nomenclature of the critic, and the poetically inexorable. It is for these reasons that this movement has attained a place in the midst of the hundred, the nomenclature of the critic, and the poetically inexorable. It is for these reasons that this movement has attained a place in the midst of the hundred.

"EXHAUSTIVE study of the situation, even in the minor picture playground, in the poorest and most congested sections of great cities, will reveal a strain of imagination and the artistry of the eye, and is it not all of us that are so made, and the one revealed in meaningful and startling manner the work of the play, the big realities, and the roseate romance of this the other times.

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The exhibiton of motion pictures is the oldest form of entertainment, out-dating the ox cart of Thespis (the first vehicle of the drama), so that the performance of highly sensitized and civilized human living marionettes in modern moving pictures, while harking back to prehistoric times and incorporating the virile strength of the primitive, has truly a higher aim in both fiction and fact: "The sculpture on the ceiling of the Parthenon has well served the centuries; but here is a new art, preserving but truth in reality, for animating the prose and poetical starting points, fact and fiction, and other times—living the literary scholar, the versified philosopher, the poet, the dramatist, the over-stated, the over-stated, the poet, the dramatist, the over-stated, the over-stated, the poet, the dramatist, the over-stated, the poet."

"The movie is a veritable feast of joy, a surprise continual, a quickening by artistic sensibilities, a rebuilder of the mental framework, and, indeed, the whole habit of mind, those things which make the body rich.

"To the millions of toilers, to the hosts of poverty perched in the great tree of civilization, the moving picture is a veritable feast of joy, a surprise continual, a quickening by artistic sensibilities, a rebuilder of the mental framework, and, indeed, the whole habit of mind, those things which make the body rich.

"The movie is a veritable feast of joy, a surprise continual, a quickening by artistic sensibilities, a rebuilder of the mental framework, and, indeed, the whole habit of mind, those things which make the body rich.

"Perhaps we are too close to the threshold to appreciate all the possibility potentialities for the future of moving pictures, which enthusiastic prophets predict. Judging from the progress of the near past, however, there is encouragement for even the most pessimistic. We are keenly sensitive for improvements, and I do not believe anyone who has the serious side of a great many intellectual relations and obligation for the enterprise, scion taking into account the tremendous difficulties encountered and the far greater investments necessary. It may be more than of value that many strange estimates and fictitious conclusions have flashed into print that are neither fact, nor story, nor science. With the aid of the near future."

"Did you ever hear of moving pictures, what?"

"More pictures."
HUTCHINSON AND
By CHARLES E.

“Liberty, equality and fraternity,” the watchwords in creating a new era for age-old Europe; but far greater when in America, the world of Progress touched the au-
tablished a world-wide precedent in making all men free.

Hutchinson is a good type of American, to head the name his organization
ear—hell, space, well-set up, with long bright eyes, well modeled head
square shoulders, not given to talk, but some listener—he has managed
to watch his step and keep well up in the procession. He had a scientific
eduction in another line, but managed to
switch successfully into the film busi-
ness, without going through all the
droguedy of details, that marked the
path of the progenitors of the motion picture makers. He studied the
art form from a new angle of busi-
ness and saw its possibilities, first
the service-side. Like one who runs and reads, he was wide-awake to
the voice of the people, receptive to all
sorts of suggestions.

To observe him smoking his beloved “dagge” moving quickly and quietly
about his Chicago establishment, he
at all times, and he has brought his other powers up to par
through quick observation, so that his judgment concern-
ing all details of film making, are equal to that of his
skilled employees.

Allot or averse, while seeming leisurely, he is never idle—constantly thinking ahead. Originally concerned with
the marketing, he is now just as absorbed in the
making of all film bearing the mark of “The Flying A.”

That mark might imply something distinctly western and it did, but it soon resolved itself to occupy a wider
field and the taste of the master mind of the concern
demanded a new literary flavor in films, somewhat alien
from the crutches of our western civilization—the
dashing cowboys, the tanned knights in blackskin and
chapsaros with the charm of color of virility and romance
that invested our far-fung frontiers, now vanishing fast,
following the trail of the trappers, the prospectors and
the soldiers.

He hung a new motto over his film finders desks: “We want subjects with big fresh ideas—exceptional
one and two reel dramas and comedies especially desired
for the American Beauty brand; we want heart-interest
dramas.” Then he lighted his pipe, smoked up, and
began to watch the returns keen as a hawk. He picked
up scenarios, shot in lines and situations that added
“pep” and “punch.” Next he took off his coat and sailed
in the field of production as soon as he left his native
home Chicago, where business so completely engrossed
his attention, and began inhaling the oxygenated atmos-
phere of California. It was new and he liked it, and if
he had been coldly critical in the projecting room where
the pale negative flashed by in ghostly procession, he
warmed to the work in the sunlit open with enthusiasm.

He began to look beyond the two, four and six-reel limit.
If that popular and picturesque pioneer, “The
Adventures of Kathlyn,” which had so magically opened
the gates of the daily press to the new world of movi-
g pictures, could run thirteen parts, why could not
secure a subject that would outpass the issues of the
“Million Dollar Mystery” and run thirty parts, so he
made the daring diversion that is eventuating in “The
Diamond From the Sky.”

CALIFORNIA with its climate, now has many other
calling claims in the way of wonders: they are be-

The Administration Building is the dignified
architectural composition.

The formal garden is complemented by the floral charts of the visitors
in the background.
the watchwords of the French Revolution, were masterful  
opde; but far greater was the wonder of the centuries  
which touched the auction block and freed the slave—that  
which made all men free and equal. This influence abolished  
the old order, holding that certain conditions of heredity  
were incompatible with modern commercialism. Certain it is, that the growth of big  
commercialism has been the result of the growth of big  
commercialism. This is why the watchwords of the French Revolution, were masterful  
and are still with us, even though the auction block has long been closed and  
the slave no longer exists in any part of the world.

The Arch of the central entrance gives a semblance of the "Flying A"  
so that the symbolism is attractively impressive

The garage, carpenter shops, etc., are conveniently  
located, designed to add to the artistic effect of the whole  
structure. The large court in the center of the group of the  
buildings is a formal garden, the full view of which is screened  
by a high hedge and iron fence, through the gates of which one can see  
the imposing royal air of Castilian gallantry.

The Admissions Building, located at one end of the street,  
has been prepared and the construction work was carefully and  
consistently executed.

It is a studio of beauty, firm and substantial, serviceable and satisfying,  
making a gorgeous setting on the dreamy slopes surrounding it with  
the mountain ranges furnishing a majestic background. Its proximity to  
the famous Santa Barbara, Franciscan Mission whose altar lights have not  
been dimmed since its founding in 1786, has loaned the studio a soul and  
characteristic spiritualism. The graceful, commanding towers of the mission have  
been reproduced, likewise the arched colonnades; but instead of brown-roofed  
trains finding seclusion and rest therein, the photoplay stars here find inspiration  
and incentive for their task in serving the public.

Less imposing features of arch and  
structure have been embodied in the low  
arch and the gateway supported by the high  
ornamental wall that makes up the  
major portion of the imposing front.  

In the center of this attractive facade is the  
principal arch with its orna- 
mental gateway, constituting the  
approach into the semi-tropical  
and formal garden.

The spirit of early California has  
been embodied and reproduced in all that  
makes up the exterior of the buildings.  

The main buildings cluster about the open court like  
the Spanish mission patio, where in times of old, polite  
cavaliers paid homage to fair senoras and señoritas with  
the imposing royal air of Castilian gallantry.

The Administration Building, not unlike a  
senry, towers superior to the other structures with majestic  
dignity. Upon entering this structure, with exterior  
appearance of quiet, it seems incongruous to encounter the  
restless atmosphere of a metropolitan office.  
Immediately off from the main office, is the sanctuary of Samuel  
Ricketts, with its windows opening on the gardens  
and shining through the street. An inside door  
provides offices for the directors. In the same building is located  
the projecting room, as completely equipped as a modern  
theater and the chemical laboratories where all negatives  
are developed are located on the upper floor of the building.

On the opposite side of the grounds is a building similar to  
the one described, where are located the Green-rooms  
and dressing-rooms for actors. The most imposing  
building of the group is the magnificent glass studio  
which sets far back from the street, piling on a  
shining mark in the sunshine or the sifting motion rays at night.

The pergola, now vine-covered, forms a refreshing, pleasant screen for  
dressing-rooms

had been prepared, and the construction work was carefully and consistently executed.

It is a studio of beauty, firm and substantial, serviceable and satisfying, making a gorgeous setting on the dreamy slopes surrounding it with the mountain ranges furnishing a majestic background. Its proximity to the famous Santa Barbara, Franciscan Mission whose altar lights have not been dimmed since its founding in 1786, has loaned the studio a soul and atmosphere unusual. The graceful, commanding towers of the mission have been reproduced, likewise the arched colonnades; but instead of brown-roofed trains finding seclusion and rest therein, the photoplay stars here find inspiration and incentive for their task in serving the public.

Less imposing features of arch and structure have been embodied in the low arch and the gateway supported by the high ornamental wall that makes up the major portion of the imposing front. In the center of this attractive facade is the principal arch with its ornamental gateway, constituting the approach into the semi-tropical and formal garden.

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MARY, 

"CLOSE-UP"

By CALDER JOHNSTON

Of MANY curiosities and erroneous impressions evolve in association with film favorites, it is as interesting as it is unusual to have a "close-up" of Mary Pickford, the most popular personage in the world of photoplay. It is gratifying to become acquainted with the real woman whose shadow is known to so many millions, who is almost a national pride point, and learn that she has a grace, a charm and simplicity in real life, akin to the temperamental traits and wonderful versatility that have made little Mary Pickford the queen of the screen.

I can see Mary Pickford very clearly in my mind in three distinct and diverse situations.

First I recall the day I spent at the Famous Players studio, at the time that "Such a Little Queen" was being made. Trying scenes were taken and difficult business devoted from early morning until late that evening, but she never showed any sign of weariness or ill-temper which is more than can be said for some other members of the cast, one or two of whom grumbled over the long day's work and strenuous rehearsals. She was the same to everyone, director or properly man; she partook of the same lunch and was, in fact, "one of them." She was a human motion picture actress—not the star that stood apart.

Again I can see her as she led the grand march at the Photoplayers' Ball in Los Angeles at the big Shrine Auditorium which was packed to the roof; the chief attraction being the opportunity for the general public to see "Little Mary." She received a tremendous ovation as she came down the decorated hall on the arm of bully Dell Henderson (then with the Biograph and now of the Keystone forces), president of the Photoplayers' Club. She looked so sweet, so demure and petite while she made no secret of the gratification she felt at her reception at the hands of the public and also of her concomitants photoplayers who were gathered in force. Here is a strong point in this clever and ever delightful little actress, for she is just as popular with her fellow players as she is with the public. Be it remembered that temperamental jealousies exist in the profession, but I have yet to hear the motion picture artist, male or female, that openly disputes Mary Pickford's place in screenland.

Finally I recalled the meeting of Mary and her Mother at the gate of their bungalow, one of the rare occasions that Mrs. Pickford had not been with her daughter during the day, I was passing at the time and observed the affection existing between a lovely woman and a delightful daughter, delightfully unbefoged and far from posing matters theatrical. Mary Pickford loves her whole family devotedly and a girl who does this and who never says anything mean about her own folks, is worth while in any walk of life—even when she is a high salaried star.

The whole truth regarding Mary Pickford is that she is absolutely unspoiled, natural and sweet, disposed; that she is the fortunate possessor of one of the prettiest faces that the good God ever gifted a woman with and that she is an excellent actress who can look more pathetic than any girl ever could and who can conjure a smile from the biggest grrouch in Christendom. I have seen her in a large number of photoplays, some of them well written and some of them loosely constructed, but in every one of them she has held me by the sheer force of her personality, the personality which commands one's silent adoration.

She has not always been a high priced artist. She is very young yet and can easily remember the time when she commanded the sum of twenty-five dollars per week; this was not for long, however, and almost before she knew it and had recovered from the surprise, she drew five hundred a week, and then a little later one thousand, and now she has a contract which calls for two thousand and a percentage of the profits. She is worth that, too, or else she would not be allowed to take it and the lovely part of it all is that she is as level-headed today as she was at the time when she was handed her little old twenty-five of a Saturday night. One might believe that Mary Pickford would get sated with the adoring gifts and letters, but such is not the case; she is just as genuinely delighted today over the acceptance of some unusual gift or a genuine letter as she was several years back.

Probably nothing has given her more sincere pleasure than the silver loving cup and the album which contained 11,651 autographs from admirers in Australia which was given her during a rehearsal of "The Repealer," and of which a motion picture was made to send to the Anti-Slaves. Writing of these letters reminds me that she orders her photographs in lots of five thousand and moreover autographs, every one of them herself.

It is easy to see where Mary obtained her good looks, for the resemblance between Mrs. Pickford and her daughter is marked, and if the pictures had been in vogue years ago there might have been another—a third celebrity of feminine persuasion on the screen. I say third, advisedly, for Mary's sister, Lottie, is a splendid little actresses who is now engaged by the American Company at Santa Barbara to take the lead in the new serial story, "The Diamond from the Sky," which won the Chicago Tribune prize of ten thousand dollars. Lottie takes after the father who was taken away when the children were small. She is dark and a little taller than the famous Mary, Jack, the male member of the family, favors Lottie more than he does Mary and is making a name for himself with the Famous Players. It would be difficult to find a cleverer or more united and charming family anywhere than the Pickfords.

There is an idea, possessed by many people which I should like to dispel—that Mary Pickford could hold her position by virtue of her sweet face. Such a thing is indeed quite impossible. I have known a number of really pretty girls who
MOVIE PICTORIAL

RECEP TIVITY of mind and heart is the true characteristic de luxe of personal greatness. Just to be able to realize that one does not know everything about one's own profession, that even a little child or a sensual trump may teach, is a lofty rung on the ladder of the senses. The trouble is that, while we desire greatness, we shut the door in our faces and lock it, often eternally, with the Key of Self-Satisfaction.

No one denies the greatness of the "movie" director. He is the undeniably power behind the scenes. He, it is said, makes the stars and the production, invents the thrills (mostly), goes the Photoplaywright, and often acts and directs. He is a man of power, and of much magnetic personality. In a few years, he has garnered almost all the vast money of the silents or he will go.

There are some productions so wonderfully staged, so minutely perfect in detail, so full of brilliant action and appealing heart-interest, that the criticism of the director or the seemingly-inspired portrayers of the story, is in order. For these masterpieces of filmdom we only give thanks. But there are others wherein there seems to be a studied lack of care—productions that vaguely make us feel that they are released because it was a release day and sometimes had to be turned out. Five or ten cents is not an exorbitant investment for an hour's entertainment, it is true, and, if some anomalies and some little slips which give us "that-which-it-hadn't." In other words, we are just as much out as the coin of the realm is concerned. But—realism is necessary!

Criticism, digested and absorbed, builds the tissues of perfection.

Aristotle was a great teacher in his day and the world sat agape at his knowledge, but he didn't know as much as the simplest of us today. Probably if he had lived to see those thrilling and self-thrills which are being revealed to him the thoughts surging and thrashing their brains, civilisation might have done seven- beamed lions then and there. And so today there are thoughts, dormant and stifled, that are daily restating Progress because they are unexpressed. The one-thousand and one dreams of the future, ten, twenty or a hundred years hence may chance the very orbit of civilisation.

Taking the smallest things first, if I were a Director there would be no misspelled words in my leaders and inserters. This is gross, unforgivable carelessness and no vivification of the movie game is necessary to prove this to the intelligent screen fan. Time was when realism was obtained with small attention to detail, but that day has passed into the dim and misty past. "The Lost Sermon," a fairly good offering, theatrical in spots, but one that could have "given over" was spoiled for me by the word "hesitation" rendered "hestation" in one of the inserters. A small thing? True! But right there on the screen, the production and inspiration and became man-made, instead of an interesting natural portrayal of events.

If I were a Director, an actress who is old enough to take a woman's part in a drama, should dress her hair as a woman does. People are tiring of eternal bows and unnatural curls, such as no graduate from the stage of sobs and capes would dream of wearing. I have often heard people say, "Why do you suppose all moving picture actresses wear their hair streaming in their eyes!" Why indeed? Howevens knows, unless the Director admires flowing tresses or hul- pins are unknown in studio! There are some worthy and retiring actresses on the other side, Winifred Greenwood being a shining instance. She has won my everlasting regard by her respectable order-loving ways. Winifred takes the feeling that she knows something about ordinary human habits. She wouldn't don a suit made of the latest mode, a fetching hat and spoil the effect with a bunch of "shaving" curls.

If I were a Director, I would be on the constant look-out for stage scenes—scenes that are worn slick from overuse. For example, take the scene of a mill verdying market on a tray to the heroine or heroine as the case may be. Now this method of receiving mail is doublest the fixed one in a few homes. But I know plenty of people who, eager with anticipation meet the postman at the door or even go as far as to take a peep in the letter-box! And (here is meat for the Photoplaywright) if my heroine were eager for a letter, I'd make her stab on the front gate in restless anticipation or shoo out the postoffice and carry it off by main force. Anyways but the stale thing!

Love scenes are vivid. Lingerer examples of monoton eneered. The lovers' embrace is seemingly the only strong finale available in the average photoplay varied by the lover with bandaged head (always the head) prone on his coat, pouting the sorrowful, keening heartache effect. We get into the misty oblivion of the slowly dissolving picture. Surely all men don't make love in the same way! Where would the interest of changing one's lover occasionally if they did?

If I were a Director, I would invent some original love scenes if it cost me my job.

Another undesirable thing that frequently mars a creditable picture is the fact that after the cry of "Cut!" two, three, four of the camera should see there first! In a recent western picture, the second reel opened with a wild ride by some cow ponders. A road, with a bend to the left, appeared on the screen. The riders were behind this bend, awaiting the signal to go, and so they did with a vim, but it was a fraction of a second too late! The trees were not very thick and the camera had revealed the fact long before the awaking the word, screened behind the trees. Just a second, it's true, but where was the idea of a long wild ride? Now if such an instance were to occur on this screen, surely the Director must have been "off his job!"

Other things, such as an actor striking a wall (7?) and seeing it ripple like the surface of a lake, happen occasionally. Occasionally the whole scene would be an added expense, but the photoplay would be sustained in semblance of reality.

Natural, everyday life in the alluring theme.

in the world—the more natural the portrayal of life, the more intense the interest evidenced. I think the most natural, attractive from the standpoint of artistry, and truly interesting photoplay I've ever witnessed was Broncho's "Shocking!" a simple story! But its naturalness, its alluring theme, its portrayal of life in its entirety, its feeling, is one of life, and grace, and grace to the Silent Stage.

If I were a Director... AN APPEAL

...it is the burden of this book to urge upon the world the importance of getting back to the real thing. The idea of "the look-out" has to be pushed to the rear in the theatre, and there are those, as there always are, who will say, "Why not have a movie like it?"

Life re-made is lie glorified! Yet nowhere else do we find the complete formlessness of self so evident in the pulpit interior of a moving picture theatre. The idea of who, entering the small dark room, have assembled over half a dozen pairs or so of sprawling legs whose owners were too interested in the right-fire comedy of the screen to draw them up, know this. Here, at our side, a factory worker smiles audibly over the pain of the heroine, a society debutante. In front a taxmeter, who looks as if law and order were unknown quantities to him, breathes a stifled sigh of appreciation, and humanity is the keynote. Surely, life is a level plain.

Therefore then, theatrical, sturgy effects are to be deplored. What makes a picture vital to every one who looks at the screen? Is it the feeling that he would do the same if placed under like circumstances?

An amusing example of an over-theatrical effect was a two-reeler, an appealing story of a high-caste Japanese married to a Japanese actress from whom he was about to be separated by a cruel decree. The acting was beyond study, the story made along smoothly toward the farewell scene. The audience, of course, were suffering more or less audibly with the heroine, the most melodramatic of the photoplaywrights. The husband advanced to bid his Little Wife the 'good-bye.' He reached out his arms desparately—dropped them—the action was repeated—yet again. The husband then faced the camera and treated all to a series of painful, facial grimaces for five whole minutes (apparently) which brought first amazement, unbelief and finally—an outburst of derisive laughter which spread like wildfire throughout the theater. I can laugh any time I think about it. The key to the situation was dangling fronting. Just a reason or two makes it a sentimental hit in my home town, where expensive features and "high-class" dramas had failed to score. This feature (in four reels) brought laughter and tears and left a thrill that lingered for days. If I were a Director with my hand on the pulse of the public, unclean dramas would be the worst of us, sensational melodramatic features of impossible life would find scant courtesy in my studio. But natural, human life is so much a part of everyday life, and its emotions and its struggles would be the highest delight.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS
Clem Peyton, editor and M. McKee, business manager, of the Warrenstein Bugle, have failed to make the acquaintance of the family without further ado, and secure means of returning to town, or, at least, of getting into communication with Bob McKee. With this idea he walked across to the door, and turned the knob. It was locked.

Clem stared at the panel blankly. He was a prisoner, or something suspiciously like it. With a wild sweep of his feet he seized the knob and shook it. The door was fastened, as was the usual thing. Not content, Clem raised his voice in a series of angry yells.

Breathless, he finally desisted. He walked back to a chair by the window, and mechanically reached into his pocket for his pipe and tobacco pouch. The fact that they were still there led him to explore his other pocket. Not one of the miscellaneous assortment of letters and papers, with which they bulged, had been disturbed. Clem started out into the gathering darkness, searching the misty outlines of the trees and shrubbery. In the darkness.

There was only one way of getting hope in the situation. At least four persons knew that the balloonist was his destination, Della Murray, the two Hopes, and the chauffeur whom he had left waiting on the gike. The latter of course would have returned to town long before this, and probably would have taken the account of his passenger's disappearance to The Bugle office. Bob McKee was not a person to allow such a story to pass without immediate investigation, particularly in view of the character of the mission which Clem had undertaken.

The reporter knew that his partner would arouse the authorities, and that they would not do him justice. Under the most unfavorable conditions, help could not be far away. So absorbed was Clem in his thoughts that he had turned the door and a man had stepped into the room before he sensed the presence of a new comer.

"Good evening, young sir. I presume that I am addressing Mr. Peyton?"

"AND what is that?" asked Clem start-

"Nothing. I think I will inform-

Clem glanced silently. The man before him was a complete stranger. In appearance, at least, there was nothing about him to suggest the conventional idea of a jilior. He was a tall, elderly man, with thick white hair, and white moustache and beard, the latter trimmed to a point in a peculiar fashion. The reporter broke the silence gruffly.

"I presume that you have come to release me?"

"The other raised his eyebrows slightly. "Really, Mr. Peyton—"

Clem brushed past him impatiently, and stepped toward the door. The next instant he was seized in a grip that made him wince, and he was spun sharply around. With a smile he stepped between Clem and the door.

"I fear that you are jumping at conclusions. I assumed from the sounds from your room that you were about again your former self. As soon as possible I ascended to you. Whatever you may think, I am here as a friend.

"A friend?" exclaimed Clem. 

"Exactly. So much so that I came to offer you a little token of my regard. I am enough of a medical man to see that you are badly in need of a vaca-

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With the tattered straw hat that he had found at the boat house; the chain of evidence which had first directed his attention to the hag; the chain of reasoning which there was but one answer. By accident, blunder, or still he was hot on the trail of the mystery of Paint Creek. Clem swung around the cliff, the secret of the dead man on the oak tree were one and the same he no longer doubted.

These reflections flushed through his mind with a startling emphasis, and yet so swiftly that his guide had not yet made her first step into the passage, before her shoulder, swinging around her Clem could see that the passage led sharply upward to a small room, half lighted by a dimly shining lamp. Even in his first glimpse it was evident that it was not entirely the work of man. He was given no opportunity for a longer survey, however. With a grasp of constraining, the girl retreated back against him, and into the cliff. From the darkness of this passage had opened the gleam of a flash light.

Desperately his guide turned to the pivot bowler, but it was not until he had placed his own shoulder against it also that it swung back into place. For an instant the girl stood, with her eyes screwed to the light. Gradually the arm she swung across to a row of high casks. Afterward Clem could not tell just why he obeyed her gesture, for so illogically. And then as he extinguished her light, and then they were both crouching on the floor in the shadow of their partial concealment as the bowler in the cliff swung outward again.

Chapter VIII  
THE CLIMAX

INTO the cellar stepped the wielder of the flash light. The sight of his face could have covered a gap in the statement of Clem. It was the face of the dead man he had seen swinging from the oak tree on the creek bank! There was this difference, the heavy brown moustache was gone!

The new comer closed the bowler behind him and stood for a moment frowning uncertainly. In his left hand he carried a small black leather case, suggesting a physician's instrument bag. With a shrug he turned finally across the cellar toward the kitchen steps. For just an instant an expression of weakness crossed his face. Then his brows were springing down the steps from the kitchen, and then from deep down in the bowels of the cliff came a terrible wailing. For a moment the earth, itself, seemed to be rocking. The partially opened bowler was wrenched from his grasp, and cold air filled a cloud of dittance and gruel. Clem reached out instinctively to catch the girl, and half dragging her to his side. He saw Bob McKee springing down to aid him, and behind him the figure of Rogers, Sheriff Johnson and Ed Hope.

From the head of the steps there now appeared another addition to the group, the gray-haired man who had offered him the astonishing bowler. The arms of Path Morrison were flung around his neck. "Was it a success, Uncle?" she gasped.

Chapter IX  
HOW IT ALL ENDED

IT WAS perhaps half an hour later. From a couch in the big living room of the bungalow Clem raised his head, and insisted upon having tobacco. Path Morrison, from the depths of a great leather rocker, nodded permission to Bob McKee to supply the request.

"With me she will slay, Clem glanced around at the occupants of the room. It was a curious group. Facing back and forth was the gray-haired figure of sheriff, to whom he now knew to be Professor Andrew Wilkins. Seated about the apartment in varying attitudes of impatience were Sheriff Johnson, Dr. Mowry, Ed Hope, and his son. In the doorway was lounging Rogers, with a half smoked cigar for company. Where do you think I was when the story now?" Clem demanded. "I for one refuse to be treated as an interesting invalid any longer." Bob McKee had previously been at Professor Wilkins. That gentleman ceased his restless patrol, and cleared his throat.

"Our young friend is right, I presume that I am the logical narrator of the occasion." He paused reflectively, and then continued gravely: "To order the details of the affair, perhaps I should begin with my connection with Jerry Reynolds, and the tragedy of the creek. I shall be able to explain the reason why nobody was discovered by Mr. Hope and his son was my cousin, and partner, Murray Reynolds, I, at least, was entirely ignorant of this fact until within the last few minutes.

"JERRY REYNOLDS, the convict, was Murray's own brother, a man who was constructed for evil, as Jerry did for good. We had not heard of Jerry for a year and more until late last night, when he appeared at the house here, begging pitifully for shelter and con-  
ecalmment, and claiming that enemies were seeking his life. I gave Murray, who was our guest at the time, permission to take him in, and suggested that he should call his brother in what we call the 'cliff chamber.'

"It is really nothing more than a small cave at the end of the cliff, the entrance of which was made up into the cellar of the bungalow. My niece and I discovered it quite by accident, and partly for the amusement, and I imagined that it might be of service to me in certain electrical experiments of mine, we fashioned steps down to it, and at the upper end of the passage I constructed a swinging bowler as an entrance, intending to explain its mechanism to Mr. Morrell when I should leave.

"And now we come to that portion of the story, at which I can only guess. It is evident that Jerry told the truth, for once, when he claimed that his life was in peril. He was in desperate fear, if ever a man was, when I left him and Murray in our cellar after we had opened the cliff passage. Just what happened afterward I fancy no man will ever know. Whether Jerry discovered that his enemies had trailed him here, or whether he decided on the fiendish plan, which he put into execution, merely to insure his own life I don't know. I imagine, however, that the former theory is the more nearly correct. I am assuming that the whole affair was threatened with a new criminal gang, whom in some manner he had betrayed, perhaps by making off with their recent prize. However when he saw that they were in danger of arrest."

"I think you are right," agreed Sheriff Johnson thoughtfully. "He was ready to shift the blame of his own? That would explain the brand of the green arrow. It was probably a sign used by the organization."

"YOU forget that Jerry Reynolds escaped—that it was his brother, Murray who met the fate intended for him," corrected Professor Wilkins. "I might say that you are right about the arrow mark, however. The two men were startlingly alike. Jerry took advantage of the fact to overpower his brother, change clothes with him, and add the finishing touch by glazing to the other's lip the false moustache with which he, himself, was disguised. It is apparent now that Murray Reynolds was found either on the creek bank or in the cave in the cliff by the members of his brother's gang, and taken down the creek in our motor boat until a convenient point for the execution was reached."

"Jerry returned to his brother's room, and prob- ably slept passively through the night, evidently expecting his revenge, the resemblance between his face and his brother's made it possible for him to deceive us. He succeeded completely in my case. Had my niece not chanced to meet him in the cliff passage, and been associated in the same manner with a leather case of plans in his possession, it is probable that he might have escaped entirely in his disguise. It was also quite possible that she and she acted on from blind instinct. Had he escaped with my case, be would have been master of the situation."

Sheriff Johnson shuddered. "He must have been blown to atoms down there in the cliff!"

"No question about it! My invention, on which I have been in operating for three years, proved a complete success, gentlemen! I think I can take you into my confidence sufficiently to explain that I have perfected an apparatus for igniting high explosives instantly and simultaneously. I have been associated with Professor Gifford in the latest form of a portable wireless outfit, which I have been erecting on the roof of the garage at night. I have been blinded for some time by the exploding. You will have been dogged constantly by the agents of a certain powerful Powder Trust, determined to gain my support. The whole thing has been entirely out of my hands."

"I will investigate the matter further to make my final test, which occurred tonight. My niece had planned to leave at once, in the event it should be a success. More to be written of Jerry...

(Continued on page 25)
MOVIE PICTORIAL

VO L U M E I  M A Y, 1912  N U M B E R  2 0

LLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR
CHARLES E. NIXON, MANAGING EDITOR

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They copied all they could follow, but they couldn't copy my mind; And I left 'em networking and stealing A year and a half behind." — Rudyard Kipling.

Photography and Melodrama

A pretentious and vastly varied melodrama of modern make, "Lily," which has been entertaining large audiences at the Audtorium indicates that its producer, William A. Brady is keenly alive to the value of moving pictures and has welded them most adroitly to the dramatic stage, making the drama convincingly complete instead of allowing mere threads of influence to blind up and perfect the fabric of this story.

The brilliant events listing hundreds of people in certain scenes, the driving on of a stage and four, the showing of rival crews of eight oared shells in action, breathing the created waves, the moving platforms of trains loaded with living spectators following the shoreward trail of the race, the swift flight of automobiles—all were sensational effects in stage craft carried out with a high degree of vital realism in this production.

Instead of dropping the curtain and allowing time to elapse after these massed movements in the old way, the lights were dim, a scene was lowered showing the seven ages passing over the bridge of time that caught in its vista of arch, all the interlinking episodes to advance the action, so that they became visualized facts through the medium of moving pictures, enlivening the actual actors of the drama. Appropriate music accompanied these photographic episodes so cleverly that the audience barely missed the speech of the actors, before the curtain raised again and the drama resumed its vital form.

Despite this new departure, praiseworthy in some respects and fascinating in that the theatrical magnates have taken up an art they once scoffed at despise and deride, the supreme advantage that moving pictures have over the theatricalism of the stage, is in its Nature's environment that no scenic artist or stage craftsman can transfer from the screen to the stage. Despite the witchery of lighting, the cunning of brush and charm of color, the stage cannot reflect the reality of atmosphere or that subtle spiritual quality that stimulates the real nature quality in the beauty of the shadows that flit upon the screen—the very essence of the life of Nature.

The eminent authority, Louis Reese Harris, in discussing "Sticky Settings," writes: "Nature in the scene painter's hands is a dreadful thing to contemplate. Her rolling hills, forest-crowned, her distant peaks of glittering snow, her stormy moors on wave-dashed shores, the mists that fall from rolling waterfalls, her tender moments, with a note of the infinite in her sigh, what does the stage know of such compelling influences? Are all of her cherubimian treasures for the screen alone? Must the theater, as Eleonora Duse asserts, be destroyed in order that the dramatic art be revived? If this must come to pass, moving pictures may be the means to that much-desired end."

The registry of the two arts in this local instance in "Lily" was so well timed and so accurate that illusion was continuously sustained. Undoubtedly the success of this innovation will be widely followed, so that moving pictures and the spoken drama will blend on the same stage in new, telling and picturesque significance. Now that this has been accomplished, the need to be given a comparatively simple thing, but it awakens the prophecy for even greater things through the magic of cinematography. Scientific experiment in this direction has long been centered upon the synchronization of sound with motion, which will undoubtedly be one of the ultimate in the evolution of the perfected moving picture which will add that much-desired value in its projection for three graces instead of one.

Materialize the Promise

The Strand Theater of New York which stands for big things in film showing, has made a summer stand in Chicago at Orchestra Hall, and promises to father a permanency in the form of another million-dollar theater for an artistic alliance of moving pictures and music. This section of the midwest is growing in importance as a moving picture center and a spiritual monumentous structure with the significant standing that attaches to the Strand Theater of New York and London would be a welcome addition to the notable homes of amusement in Chicago.

The Jungle Dinner Fad

Lady MacKenzie, said to be "the coolest shot in the world," who recently returned from a big game hunting trip in East Africa to her home in New York, last week gave a jungle dinner to fifty friends at Dolmen's. Kathlyn Williams who inaugurated this fashion should have filed a caveat for its protection. Anyhow lady MacKenzie only had heads and hides to show her guests while the beautiful and irrepressible Kathlyn had live lions, tigers and leopards at her Al Fiasco feast in the Bel Zig zoo in Los Angeles in addition to millionaires, artists and choice social selections in her guest list.

The Passing of John Bunny

The passing of John Bunny removes from the field of pictorial art all of the most popular personages ever filmed. Long and arduous service in the theatrical stage did not add greatly to his reputation or material prosperity although it gratified his his tronlic ambition; but when he entered the new world of filmdom, the chances changed in his favor and he at once became a vague that was astonishing. Nature had fashioned his face for a living mask of Mommus. He needed no aid of make-up or adventitious advertising, nor did he advance any personal peculiarities of art to make his characterisations telling, beyond the ken of the well schooled actor. His face was his fortune, his humorous personality was in itself his best control in this direction—universally Vitigraphically speaking. Take him all in all, when shall we look upon his like again?

One Authority to Another

That moving picture are attracting the interest of scientists as well as the leading lights of the stage and literature is more and more amply manifest as the seriousness and importance of the new art form attracts studied attention. The following example of this, recently evincediated from the showing of David Griffith's visualisation of Poe's romances under the caption of "The Avenging Conscience," at the Fine Arts Theater where it is the abiding attraction. Dr. Harold N. Moyer, noted as one of the most distinguished aesthetes in this country, witnessed the film and wrote in a letter, which was certainly a remarkable tribute to the Griffith genius. The letter was as follows:

"The Avenging Conscience," something very interesting from the standpoint of the modern conception of dreams, which, according to later psychological doctrine, involves a wish fulfillment. The young love affair of the hero meets with the opposition of his uncle. It is obvious that if the uncle were removed the nephew, his natural heir, would inherit his wealth and if so all obstacles to the desired union would be removed. The fact that the removal of the uncle involves a crime, is as unacceptable to the individual as it is contrary to his moral standards. It is just this kind of a situation that produces a dream that fulfills the wish. So far the conception is psychologically sound. The dream itself as worked out in the play has more elaboration and detail than one would expect to find in a real dream. There is a slight element of drama, but in its other elements such as dramatization the dream is essentially true, involving as it does the conflict of emotion so characteristic of the dream state. While this conception of this play is psychologically interesting, I was also delighted with the symmetry of the production, and the splendid treatment in which it was wrought. I need scarcely add that in my opinion the play also teaches a sound moral lesson and does so in an unobtrusive way."

The Singer Silent

Gerardine Farrar, the distinguished operatic soprano, who appears next season with the Chicago Grand Opera Company, next month will go to the Lasky studios at Hollywood, Cal., for eight weeks' service before the camera. Two months is a long time for a singing star to maintain silence; but there are other ways of registering.

A Vexed Question

The recent election in Chicago has attracted national attention and according to the wise ones indicates a wide spreading growth of change favoring Republicanism. For some time past Chicago has been a storm-center in the censorship question in discrediting the findings of the National Board, for local consumption. Now that the Illinois Legislature is inclined to rule out the largest city in the state—the fallow field of the moving picture business may attract undesirable attention, and lead to further vexations in the alarming growth of too much censor shall. Less than a year ago proving interests viewed with seeming indifference the Idahoanres of censorship, but, now that the Supreme Court of the United States has declared that the State has the right of censorship, there are many damming an alarming state of mind on the perils of the new situation. It is to be hoped that Chicago can continue to sell in this direction—disagreeable as it stands, may possibly be worst under State jurisdiction.
The MUSICAL INTERPRETATION OF MOVING PICTURES

By Mabel Bishop Wilson

their Inconsistencies in musical applications, but it is against the pernicious habit of faking, the prevalence of which, I must confess, is appalling! Observations have led me to believe that the false, like the poor "you have with you always."

The good natured sentiment in the music line hold their heads erect and label their efforts "improvising," and it is Pitifully disgusting to see managers of some of our closest affair to those their talent and time to picture theaters, are capable of improvising except to a very modest degree. To improve in the improvisation experiments. The player sits at the keyboard and produces what his mind conceives. That's all there is to it! Just imagine what a meal! Let me ask you a question. You have received the average H.S. education, perhaps, had had associations with those who have had equal or superior education, or better; you have talked English all your life—very creditably, I think. However, I'll wager you would fall in a faint if someone suggested that you give an impromptu speech for several hundred people, even though the subject was a pet of yours. You know the average person needs a long time to select your blockbuster ideas for presentation, and for time to arrange those ideas in a logical, convincing form, etc.

The demands on a picture accompanist are enormous as compared with this. The picture shown may demand a world of musical varying from grave to gay, serious to frivolous or even call for music with musical characterizations and here the ordinary musician, with the average musical education, confidently steps up and claims to be equal to sit in the improvisation! It's a clear case of "Pooey step in where angels fear to tread!" The bulk of the Improvising thrust upon the picture player is an airplane, haphazard, unfinished product, or in a madly finished product, is frequently taken's as a matter of a musical Christmas. How can he accompany a musician who is generally conceded to be "very conscientious," "invariably good," "always alert," and who is also expected to do "all the things so pat"? He finds these audiences complaining and quite unforgiving, the first time I miss her calculations and bungles a scene!

Her continued successful efforts in handling motion picture accompaniments, have raised the standard of her audience to the point where they no longer marvel at her skill, but expect a fine, intelligent musical setting to every picture she plays. The many effectively capable little pieces of work she accomplishes are lost in the mass of so nearly perfect a whole, while the slip which brings a scene equal to ever so slightly disturbed, is noted and commented upon freely. It may have been the result of a moment's relaxation, an interruption by a thoughtless usher, or the maneuvers of an unruly youngster in the front row, or one of a hundred other things that are ever threatening the musician. So let us not be discouraged at the array of absurd examples submitted, and think this task one which cannot be charitable. In our judgment of the situation and hope that a large majority of these are not everyday incidents, but are occasional offerings of earnest musicians who are interested enough in their work to never develop into hardened. "Don't give-a-care" type, which we hope to either wept or durable.

The Chief Complaint.

The most common complaint about musicians, I get through these letters, is really not against

The questions received this month, have touched on many important points in motion picture accompanying. May we have more next month? If you do not agree with me on the answers to these questions, or if you have ideas on these subjects, which I have failed to touch upon, let me receive them for publication in next issue. This exchange of ideas is an idea I wish to encourage.

Q. Should all love scenes be treated the same or should there be a distinction made between those of old-time and those of modern times? What is the average American woman's idea of the average American woman?

R. They should not be treated the same. Here is a fine opportunity for the musician to exhibit some skill in adapting. I am glad to have someone suggest some sort of classification for love scenes. While it is not at all exhaustive, it is a start in the right direction, and gives food for thought. I'm sure it will be an inspiration to much individual development along the line of working up the love scenes. They are so frequently dealt with, in a careless "any-old-love-song-will-do" sort of fashion, that the convincing charm of the admirable acting of the most sincere, conscientious performers is lost upon the audience. Let's face it, the step, you know, from the sublime to the ridiculous, and when we stop to think a moment, we realize that the music story is directed through the influence of love; and we wonder why we haven't wakened to the importance of that influence of those love scenes, that isn't hard to see the inconsistency of applying the average modern popular ballad to the old-time picture of the first class mentioned. Better some fine old song like "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes." "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice"—from Russeau and Tschulik, or the famous "Love Song" from Pauze. These blend with the splendid and dignity of court life, and seem altogether fitting. Let us not wear those numbers threadbare on this type of love scenes, but gather others to use in conjunction with those that have an old favorites, and at the same time avoid making the grave mistake of associating one time with a certain type of scene. No matter how perfectly one time may fit the whole collection of love scenes of this type, it's continued use brings people to the point where they expect it on every occasion and its application is positively funny.

Many American musicians draw from wealth of popular ballads, which, for convenience, we might divide into mill stream songs, rowing and drifting songs, parlor songs, dream songs, shadow songs, moon songs, etc.

The third class, that of the wealthy city man and his compartment, may have a suggestion for the use of such songs as "I'm Not Ashamed of You, Mollie," "Happy, Happy, Happy Little Country Town," etc.

Then we have the many rag songs left for the comedy love songs.
Film Favorites' Fashions

This dress which I wore in the Edison Production "On the Stroke of Twelve" is of pink satin, made empire effect, with fold coming up over bust of silk shadow lace, gathered simply around the neck, lace falling over the arms, as sleeves.

Back has the cape effect, caught with a pansy in the center and a wreath of pansies around the waist.

I think the more simply you dress for pictures the better it is and the more attractive.

This dress is copied from a French model.

With this issue, we are "treated" to a "close-up" of a very charming gown worn by Miss Gertrude McCoy, in the three-reel production "On the Stroke of Twelve" produced by the Edison Company. And one cannot help but appreciate the touch of sympathetic purpose in her words: "I think the more simply you dress for pictures, the better it is."

Today the most pleasing and entertaining pictures are those "that come within our ken"—those not so overdrawn and outside the pale of our environment, that we cannot view them as what might happen within our own surroundings. The closer they bear in the action and settings to our own life's circle, the more we can "live" them ourselves as they flash over the screen. And not the wearing apparel of the players just as important in this purpose as the action and settings? Indeed it is. Let us hope this idea so potent in realistic pictures may spread!

Miss Edna Mayo, of Essanay, has taken us right into the fold—into her most personal sanctum—in displaying for us this suit. It is not only a stage garment—it is one that forms a cherished part of this little lady's personal wardrobe. She tells us she is very fond of it. But it will flash at you from the screen. Again, simplicity and naturalness are the model of this garment and this makes us feel "we are one" with this photo-play "star."

I am particularly fond of this Spring suit of gray check material.

The jacket has a plain, loose front with square patch pockets and gray bone buttons. The back of the jacket is gathered in at the waist line by a belt about four inches in width, which gives it a slightly fitted appearance.

The full, circular skirt also has a wide belt which buttons down the side of the skirt.

This is a strictly tailored suit, appropriate for business or street wear.

The hat is of brown chiffon with tiny pink rose-buds. The mpciece is of white fox.

We believe many of our readers see at times on the screen, articles of apparel, dresses, suits, street dresses, etc., that appeal to their taste and feel the desire to possess garments just like them, but the constant movement on the screen, the lack of reproduction of color effects, prevent the obtaining of a complete and strong enough mental picture to allow the reproduction of them.

At any time you see on the screen, a dress or suit or garment worn by a film favorite and you wish a description of it, such as we have given in connection with the illustrations on this page, just write to me (the fashion editor) giving the name of the film, the name of the film company by whom it was produced, the scene in that film in which it appeared, as well as the name of the actress who wore it, and I will endeavor to secure a description of it for you. Of course, I may not always succeed, but I will do my best to get it for you.

Do not ask for this concerning old films—films that have been produced some time back—for you can imagine it would be practically impossible for me to get descriptions of garments that have probably been discarded long ago.

Remember, this department is open to our readers—we want you to feel it is your information bureau—want you to write at any time on this subject. All you need to do is to write your letter, giving the information required, as stated above, enclose with it a stamped return envelope, and mail it to

THE FASHION EDITOR.
REALISM IN THE MOVIES
A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism
Conducted by Our Readers

Your helpful toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send in your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your efforts with those of each month to make the contributon of the critic deemed most worthy, be it either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.

A Sharp Point.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Speaking of realism in pictures, it be for me to add some word of criticism. Last week I was wonderfully fascinated by D. W. Griffith, "The Clansman," for a relatively short time. The day before.

A Unmixed Worker-Guest.

Tillie's Last Stand, a remarkably timely and incisive little picture which has been playing recently of the heroines, encouraged her to write this letter in behalf of the realizations of the picture.

A Back Room in a House Built on a Hill

Atlanta, Ga.

"What Happened to June?" is a little film of a sort which the important thing about it is not what happens to June, but that the story is so close to the ground. Jones, to whom June was once engaged, tells the story of the expected new bishop and posse as it in his girl's world. When the young woman is accused and tried for the murder of her former fiancé, the old posse and the new bishop conspire to make it appear that the accused is genuine. - A. R. Speieberger.

A Lightning Change Artist.

New Orleans, La.

Notwithstanding the pompous assurance of business, I spent the afternoon (as I was in the corner looking at my hat) and found my good fortune on this occasion to witness a wonderful "lightning change artist." All the way from Montreal to New York, it is understood. One of the productions was a Lillian Gish film called "Unmarried Husband." The hero of this play was a very great personage as we might expect of a character immortalized by a money-saving and creatively odd city law. The young man was so fond of his wife that whenever his wife had a fit of hard work, the young man would give her a fit of something else. The next time she was attacked, she said, "You are too soft." The young man said, "I will not be soft. But you are not strong enough to carry this load." And then he made her take the load.

A Prized Character.

Bellingham, Wash.

In the two reel Kalem feature, "The Luther of the Jury Room," either H. B. Warner or Al St. John was in his boyhood a young man married to a woman who had been reenacted by James Cagney and an occasional member of the cast. A great sacrifice on the part of the physician, both the reenactment and the woman plot. This same young man had that same sort of marriage and was, I am told, discharged by the manager who was very close to his employer, the

FOOTNOTES:

1. Kalem.

2. It appeared to be a long time after the morning post and just as he expected, the article on his wife appears in the morning post, and just as he expected, the article on his wife arrives in the morning post.

3. The doctor is arrested and tried for murder. In this picture we see that he is arrested and tried for murder and that while the doctor had the left room for a few minutes.

4. Realism of said clipping recently around. This clipping has been circulated among the deacons and is very valuable. The doctor is arrested and tried for murder. In this picture we see that he is arrested and tried for murder and that while the doctor had the left room for a few minutes.

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The possibility of falling in love was something that the cinematographer had never thought of in connection with the love of his life. His travels through the world had been thrown into the company of women. In every station of life from servants to kings, he had never gone beyond what many men, unless it were that these events must be more carefully treated.

But from the moment he had looked into the eyes of Dolores Magon, and drank deep of the dusky eyes and taken the soft, warm hand in his, his heart had gone entirely out of his own keeping.

Yet he was glad!

Love had come to him like it always comes to those who love for the first time at his age. It was a nature full of passion lying dormant, and waiting only the touch of a woman's hand to start the flame. Love had come to him like it always comes to those who love for the first time at his age.

Dolores Magon was sitting in front of the tent, preparaing bandages for the wounded as Denman came up. At that moment he was working for the rear of the army. When the wounded were brought in she was in the nearby hospital tent, reliving her suffering by her self, tender touches as she bound up the ragged wounds. In camp, she had a pleasant word for the men who were working night and day repairing their trains, and repairing the railroad. That she was very pretty in spite of the rough clothes she was compelled to wear and her face was flushed with excitement as he came up. But she cried holding up the bandages.

"This will soon be needed, for we attack tomorrow."

"Captain Matoero was uneasy of this."

"I thought we were waiting for reinforcements from the north," he said as he seated himself on the ground beside her.

"Captain Matoero was just here and he said that the trains would be in the rear of the army and run on south before unloading."

Dolores glanced back toward the town and saw that temporary tracks laid in the yards at Yermo were lined with trains filling rapidily with soldiers. Before he left at the last he had dressed the brother he was dressed in the new uniforms just received and was proud of his title of lieutenant.

"We are going to leave," he said, his voice vibrated with excitement, as he took Denman's outstretched hand. "I am going to take this train back on the car and go south with the troops."

Dolores laid aside the finished bandage and began another.

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The Secret of Paint Creek

(Continued from page 19)

sheriff Johnson, "Is what has become of the other members of the gang? And was that the only look? I am afraid those are questions we won't have answered very soon, for there is no new information to go on.

"And what I would like to know," said Clem, "is whether The Bugle made great scope today?"

"It sure did, old man!" said Bob McKeel heartily. "The Bugle is mighty busy today! I am going to wire him for a price on a new linotype machine tomorrow! I forgot to tell you that the sheriff insists that the reward for Jerry Reynolds belongs to you and Miss Morrison!"

Clem rose to his feet a trifle unsteadily, and made his way over to Faith Morrison's chair. He regarded the chair in the hall glanced back impatiently.

"By the way, will you be home to-morrow?" he asked, as he shook hands for the third time, apparently reluctant to let it go.

"You might come out and see," she answered.

In the hall Ed Hope tapped him chidingly on the shoulder.

"Dell Murray, young man?"

"Why, I had entirely forgotten her! I think I will let Bob explain the rest of the story to her!"

"I always was the goat!" growled Bob.

West Coast Studio Jottings

N E W S  O F  T H E  P H O T O P L A Y E R S  I N  S O U T H E R N  C A L I F O R N I A

On April 12th at Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles, Thomas H. Ince presented "The Sign of the Rose" with George Beban for the first time. A novelty was introduced by flying out the picture twice at a certain time and turning on the lights upon a stage set when the last stages of the absurdly acted story were being delivered by Beban and his company. The picture met with complete approval at the hands of the large audience and was an assured success and pictured several scenes have been selected from the last portion of the photoplay that will all can be presented at any theater. A photograph accompanied the progress of the play. George Beban is as convincing on the screen as he is on the stage and little Blanche Schow and the equally small Thelma Sailer, Jack Nelson, Harwood Glen, Andrea Lyne and Jack Davidson were all excellent. This is a photoplay much above the average and I recommend it most highly. Ince has turned out a noteworthy production.

The news that Carlyle Blackwell has signed up with the Lasky forces came as a surprise. He has a long contract at a very high stipend and this is another good move on the part of this firm of manufacturers who are gradually coralling so many good stars and starlets that pictures Blackwell made under the direction of that fine director William D. Taylor are showing all over the country so this young man will be fattening his bank roll all the time.

By the way, Taylor has received several most flattering offers but has not decided as this is written. Any picture maker who is fortunate to secure this sterling director will have a big asset.

The Photoplayers Club decided to disband but it is understood that they will reorganize on a different basis. For the present they will hold dinners every two weeks at different restaurants.

Helen Holmes of the Kalem Company and the heroine of the "Hauntings of the Old Haunted House" is appearing here in Chicago in her pretty bungalow in Hollywood. One of them is a scene with her in it and Helen used to sit at one time for she was a famous model when in the west.

Vivian Rich is the greatest girl for winning competitions held in schools and colleges all over the country. Last month a month went by that she did not receive word that she was first in some competitive affair or other. In this way she has received many nice gifts and there is no doubting her popularity among the masses.

Gilbert Roland and Francis Ford are making another serial, "The Broken Coin." I read the story and it is certainly a corker and should make several kinds of sensations. Grace went to San Francisco and she may be a mighty good actress but she is a terribly poor sailor, one of the "throw me aboard and end my misery" kind. Ford enjoys the sea. Charles Ray has signed up for another year with the Ince combine. The news for Charlie is more or less identified with Ince who thinks a whole lot of him and the feeling is reciprocated. Charlie Ray is one of the best known figures on the screen and his work is always interesting.

Henry Otto has been entertaining two exhibitors from the east coast on a trip in Santa Barbara and they have had the time of their lives. They have been particularly keen on the pictures made by Otto and say that his releases always draw the crowds to their theaters.

Elaine Mack has Albert Halle to direct her feature stories now. Edan is now the oldest actress, in point of experience, that the Universal have on their pay roll and she is highly regarded by her employers as she is by the general public. She has an awfully pretty dressing room.

Anna Little showed her mettle last week by riding through actual flames on a burning bridge. She did not come to any harm but a young actor riding with her was quite badly singed. The scene was one in the "Black Box" serial in which Anna takes the female lead.

Pretty Louise Glaum is taking a line of tragic and emotional roles now, being shown at Santa Monica. Louise is another artist who has been signed for a long contract and is still continuing to wear the most fetching little hats and things. Sweet Pauline Paul is again twisting the long nose into a tight knot and looks as plain as possible for another "slavery" picture. This is the fourth picture she has made such a type and the first one for the exhibitors have demanded more.

I was present on the set of Mix at his Glendale studios the other day and find him the same whole-souled fellow he was when he was bronco busting. His head is level and he is doing great work for the Selig company and doing it in an easy uncontentious way.

With him are some of his old-time cowboys, the get-up article, and you Mix lives near the studio in a pretty bungalow where he and the other oldtimers at first around o'clock and discuss the days gone by.

Adele Lane, who was with Selig's for so long, has joined the Universal and will appear with Barton King in feature dramas. Miss Lane was inked by wild animals in a picture some time ago and has been taking a long rest. Her reappearance will be awaited.

Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley have returned to the Universal fold and the lady has been busy on her first script. They were with the big "U" before they went to the Loew's concern and made a fine record there too, "Hypocrites" which was written by Lois Weber and produced by her husband, is having a remarkable run at a Qalain's Superba Theater here and it has raised much controversy owing to the appearance of the figure of Truth in the nude. As a matter of fact there is nothing to which the most fastidious could object and the old acting of that polished actor, Cleonder Ross, of lovely Myles Stedman and rare old Herbert Standing makes it a film to be remembered for a long time.

Henry Walthall has returned to the Radiance studios despite all that is said to the contrary.

Hattie and the Balco company threaten proceedings for breach of contract, but it does not seem to be worrying Hepny very much. I know nothing of the rights or wrongs of the affair, but the affirmation of Walthall and Griffith seems to be a very desirable and natural one.

Work has already started on the new studios for the New York Motion Picture Corporation studios at Hollywood, and in some two months time is the date of the commencing of the work over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of work will have been done and several of the companies now working at Santa Monica will be in the heart of the photoplusions. Charles Ray says he will make quite a saving in a gasoline and most of the artists will be glad of the change for it is a long, long way to Santa Monica, especially when the mornings are gray.
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THE SPLIT REEL

At any rate, we don't say, "Who's Married to Who?"

A little hit to Babylon.

If they were great, how we rate
One Universal City?

The "Avenging Conscience" reminds us that it is good most men's
minds are not projecting machines.

Colonial days were not sans films.

Their movie thrills were unwound in
The Old Virginial Pool, profusely.

Be still, oh girlish hearts, be still.

Though on this question you have
to enjoy the hero on the screen,
But do not ask if he is married.

His trusting wife may be at home,

Where heroines are helping "daddy,"
His romance foods and clothes them
all—
So should he worry—now—

Why had he?

This hero-life is just his trade

His really, truly paid profession—
Accept him as you view him—but
Urgo not a marital confession!

Strange that none of the "foot-ease"
people ever solicited Charles Chaplin
for a testimonial—
Or the shoe people—
Or the hair grower manufacturers!

Instead of having cigars named after them, the Movie Favorites prefer
companies of their own! And both
may go up in—

Fragment of a scenario unearths
at Stratford-on-Avon:
Scene 26—Same as 27: Portia discovered powdering wig.
Business of looking vexed.
Scene 37—Same as 19: Bather Skye-
lock, disgruntled. Business
of counting ducats.
Soon note slipped beneath
noosh door —grabs it—reads—

(Inset): Dear Shy: I have found
the joker in the deck.
It's up my sleeve. Ha, ha.

Return to scene: Shy
lock pauses four nervously,
not over-looking
+ ducats, however. Business
of tiding hair.

Sub-title: "Ah, these days of
suffragists! They'll ask
for the ballots next!"
Scene 35—Same as 26: Portia fin-
ishes powdering now, puts marshmallows in
bag, rings for taxi—
Here the manuscript is blundered!
Could "our myrtled-minded Shakes-
peare" have seen it coming?

Safety First!

First Lion to Second Lion in Roman areas:
"Beat it, kid, here comes Kathly!"

Incidents of the Pathe fails to regis-
ter:
Man drawing a royal flush on the lower.
Woman admitting her age.
Dog sharing a bone with a cat.
Cat sharing a fish with a dog.
Cat helping a canoe build a fleet.
Rainer Wilhelm kissing his cousin, the Czar. (Don't cheer—remember the president's warning!)

Huearts saluting the stars and
stripes in Mexico. (Nix on the Star
Spangled solo on the piano!)
Taft voting the Progressive ticket.
Charley Chaplin without physical
kinks.

It's illegal to photograph genuine
money. But that isn't why movie
actors use the stage variety. They
know one another too well! Also—
The Director knows all of them!

Once, Mr. Carl Laemmle lived
in Oakbrook. Look at Mr. Laemmle now! And look at Oakbrook!

Millions of people hear about Mr. Laemmle. Who ever hears of Oak-
brook?

At that, it was the original
"Universal City!"

A Paramount trip through the
Panama Canal: N. Y. Harbor—the
roadstead at Havana—100 little alli-
gators—one big 'gator—some os-
triches—and ah—ah—ah one glance
at Gatun!

But cheer up! Maybe the trip
around the Horn will dissolve a life-
and-death struggle with a codfish—a
homestead in Maine—logging on the
Maine—of a troupe of Shetland Ponies!

A three-reel tennis romance: 15-
love—9-love—46-love!

Other Film Terms:
Close-Up: Trying to make a nickel look as big as a quarter.
Cut-Back: A hungry hog—sometimes called "razer-back."

Still More:
Insert: An attempt to hide a dirty
rug in a ragged sleeve.
Boat: The condition on the morn-
ing of pay day!

Erase from my mind all the trials of
the day!
Just sandwich some joy in between
The things that I live and the things
that I dream.
With one hour of sweet bliss of the screen.
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