FUTURE FILM FEATURES

"THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR"
Produced by
GEORGE KLEINE

Founded on OWEN DAVIS' Celebrated Stage Success

In this production, Miss Fenwick has been given such a splendid opportunity to display those powers which have made her one of the greatest stage stars in America. Her work in "THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR" is said to be one of the rarest and most beautiful examples of character portrayal in the annals of film plays.

The story is familiar to theater-goers, having been one of the big Broadway successes of the past few years. Jenny Gay, an actress, is the object of the mad infatuation of Jack Lake, a promoter of worthless mines. This character becomes her nemesis and eventually by poisoning the mind of her husband causes a divorce and drives her to solitude in a New England village. Tom Grayson, superintendent of a railroad construction gang in Mexico, meets Lake and through a quarrel with some Greasers in which Lake takes his part, becomes his debtor. When Tom returns home Lake follows him and promptly recognizes in the little Woman Next Door the object of his affection. Tom and Jenny fall in love and Lake immediately exposes Jenny as the actress whose divorce suit had been one of the newspaper sensations of the year. From this situation many tense and dramatic moments are evolved.

Lawson Butt as Jack Lake
Irene Fenwick as Jenny Gay

A mind poisoned against itself brings about the inevitable result—the divorce court enters into the triangle, but out of the maelstrom arises a greater and better love.
Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds. You can't do that way when you're flying words. Thougths unexpressed will sometimes fall back dead. But God Himself can't kill them when they're said. —Carleton

That night as the latter sat at his desk hastily throwing together a story of the aviation races to fill half a column needed to make up the page which must go immediately to press, the secretary's letter was handed him. He laid it down unopened and went on writing. As soon as his copy had been turned in he picked it up and opened it.

For a moment he sat and simply stared at it. Why on earth had they chosen him? There was Thornton, the managing editor, as capable a man as ever lived, and Caxton, the city editor, each older both in years and length of service than himself. And there was Kennedy and Haines and Mathews. He paused a moment and his teeth came together like a steel trap. He despised Mathews. And he could not tell why, unless—it was because of—

The stern lines of his face relaxed and the brilliant eyes grew dreamy over the vision which passed before them. Helen Holden was the Sentinel's star reporter. And she was slender and graceful and exquisitely feminine. There was nothing about her of the striding, masculine type affected by so many newspaper women. Her eyes were dark, appealing, and full of meaning. Instinctively you liked the girl behind them. There was in their expression something which suggested some far-off oriental ancestry. Yet they were so openly, so frankly honest, and as Thornton had one day put it, "Lord! How they keep you guessing!" The whole force regarded her as the mascot.

Where the others on the staff failed she succeeded every time and there was not a man among them but was willing to acknowledge that her success was due in no small measure to her own unconscious charm. Outside the office Haverly knew absolutely nothing of her life. But he had occasionally looked up from his work to see Mathews talking to her in a way which evidently amused her and which made his blood boil. He longed to punch his head.

Haverly himself had had Little time for the girls. Not that he did not care for their society. He did. As for children, he adored them. He couldn't get past a bunch of ragged "newsies" on the corner without stopping to talk to them to save his life, and many a maid and nurse girl had looked admiringly after the tall figure of a young man who had stopped to play a moment with their little charges in the park. But if, like most men, he cherished a secret longing for a home, wife and children of his own he kept it strictly to himself and all the devotion of a finely-honed affectionate soul which under other circumstances might have found its outlet through other channels he lavished upon the little mother who had borne him—who had toiled and suffered and sacrificed that he might have his chance to "make good" in life.

He put the letter in his pocket, got his hat and coat, closed his desk and turned to go. As he passed through the outer office the other members of the staff were just preparing to leave also. He spoke to Thornton who came over to him. It was with hesitation that Haverly took the letter from his pocket again and handed it to him, for a thought so weighty had suddenly come to him that something came up in his throat and almost choked him. This new arrangement might alter the hitherto close and highly valued friendship of his comrades. But this was a doubt soon to be dispelled. Thornton let out a whoop which brought the whole office around and his heart felt easier. The letter was a chance to "make good" in life.

"Fellows," he stumbled, "I don't know how it happened."
I think I never saw you unless you were smiling. Don’t you ever get bothered about things?"

"When they’re sold?" she repeated after him.

"Oh, Jack," she begged, "don’t say things you will regret.

But God Himself can’t kill them when they’re said!"

"Do you remember?" she asked.

"They must do that way where they’re flying words."

"Thought unexpressed will sometimes fall back on you!"

"You sold me that piece of marble for a cent and I made a dash for the car and a moment later it deposited them on the ground floor.

For the next two years things ran along at the office of the Sentinel with amazing smoothness. Everybody felt to women to keep the paper up to the mark; men, however, Matthews, Haverly disliked and distrusted, seemed to be loyal to the common interest. He was good. He was always present, and he would find something definite on that to which his personal bias, Haverly resolved to play fair and he absolutely just to it. It was only when he saw him talking to Helen that he wished he might find something substantial which would furnish him with an excuse to get rid of him.

As for Helen—well, Jack acknowledged to himself that she gave him more uncomfortable moments than all the other women he had ever come into contact with. When, almost noiselessly, she approached his desk and modestly deposited thereon a crackling good story, slightly wrinkled and with a single thumbtack. Haverly never failed to find something radically wrong with his vital organs for the next half hour. Lungs, heart, bowels—nothing could exactly locate the disturbance. He only knew that he breathed altogether too rapidly, that, as he expressed it, his "systems" worked too fast, and that, on top of both of these things, he felt confoundedly "querie." If he made some excuse to detach her, which not infrequently he did, she would always lie in wait for him, with a grave severity of the attack and the length of time it took him to get back into condition again. During these brief intervals of health, however, which she had found had restored her equilibrium almost completely disarranged because of a direct glance from those wondrous eyes, he said to her, "I envy you, Miss Holden."
resolute-looking man with a pair of splendid should- ers was backed up against it. She was caught in her own trap. For a moment the two eyes each other in silence. Several feet of space between them. Then the man spoke.

"Come here, Helen," he said, "— right here where—belong!" He held out his arms, but the young woman, flushed, panting and defiant, would have none of them.

"I—wont!" she gasped. "—I—im n-not coming at all!"

He waited a moment. Then he spoke again and in a different tone.

"Miss Mathews! Don't you know how I—wont you, Helen?" Then, as she stood her ground.

"You know I could come and get you, dear, but — I—I won't!"

"Please come—to—me!"

He watched her face as he spoke and saw a change come into it. It grew soft and beautiful, and the look in her eyes thrilled him through. For those eyes were lit with love, and there was something else in them—something he could not just understand. Was she just a little bit afraid? The thought stung him. He was about to give up his purpose and go to her. But before the idea had time to mature she saw his move timidly toward him and when she had traversed half the distance he sprung, lover-like, to meet her.

"Oh, Girl! Girl!" he half whispered as he folded her in his arms closely, "— don't you know how I love you? Don't you know?"

She did not answer immediately, but when the arms about her loosened a bit and he looked down he saw that her open hands were pressed flatly against the lapels of his coat. She rubbed them up and down once or twice, then mechanical- ly pulled the two slides together and fastened the top buttons. Then she raised a regular little face and said de- murely, "—of course not. How did you ex- pect me to know it?"

"Well," he stammered, "I thought —— "

She laughed a de- licious little laugh.

"Praid cat!" she taunted. "Six feet big, editor of a newspaper and scared of poor little me.

"Guilty!" he admit- ted manfully, "but, you see — — "

He never could remember afterward just what excuse he had intended framing to cover his cow- ardice, for before the words came something hap- pened. The two slender hands began to creep upstairs to the locked tightly behind his head and a voice, tender, quivering, vibrant, spoke.

"Oh, I love you—love you—LOVE you!"

The tremendous beating of the man's heart sud- denly subsided into its regular throb. The blood that had been racing riotously through his veins cools, and he was suddenly humble. The slender figure in his arms was pliant, unluring, the lips he kissed, tremulous and yielding. Here had been the Girl Supreme. The words he whispered against her ear, though old as the everlasting hills them-

solely occasional glimpses of each other during the day, for Helen's work was over before Haverly's began. But at five o'clock each afternoon they had dinner together, spending in each other's presence a golden hour hallowed to their dreams for the future, filled with confidences intimate and dear, often given over to the long silences more eloquent than words which fell between hearts that love with understanding.

Toward the end of the year Helen observed that Jack was preoccupied—that something was in his thoughts which she could not share. A sudden fear tugged painfully at her heart. Was he beginning to regret? To feel that his love for her, in spite of the pleasure that it brought, was becoming a bur- den? She put the thought quickly away from her, but

"Ah, but—" he had answered quickly with a little catch in his voice, "it will be different after—when we're married, Sweetheart!"

At his words she had buried the ghost that had haunted her. Whatever might be the cause of his pre- occupation she herself had sworn to be silent, she longed for his confidence but did not wish to ask for it.

H a v e r l y had seen something of his dreams come true. The cottage at the edge of town had become a reality. All summer the garden had bloomed riotously and the man had seemed to grow young again. He had won the woman he had that it was to be married at the New Year. Yet that night, after seeing Helen on the car, as Haverly turned back to the office his heart was heavy. There was a traitor somewhere in his own office, and unless he found him he would have no chance to grow young again.

He had heard that he was Mathews. But Mathews had given him no reason to be- lieve in. He had watched him closely and had found no grounds on which to suspect him. About three months pre- viously an important editorial which Haverly had written had disappeared mysteriously from his desk. That in itself was bad enough. But he had quickly re-written it and supposed that it had just been misplaced. When it appeared ver- before in the morning edition of the Chronicle, the Kentuckys only ri- val, on the next day, however, the whole staff of the inter journal had been struck dumb. Mathews, along with the rest, had ex- pressed his indignation. A few weeks later the thing had happened again, and this time it was Mathews own "scoop" on the exis- tence of commercialized vice in a certain aristo- cratic neighborhood which disappeared. Mathews was loud in his denunciation of the guilty one, whoever it was. He had turned in another copy and, as before, the article ap- peared, word for word, in both papers. In the face of Mathews wrath, Jack could not believe him guilty. Yesterday, for the third time, the thing had occurred again. Haverly and Thornton were absolutely appalled.

They held a quiet conference in Jack's office and resolved that they would run the culprit to cover, come what would. Every effort was made to warn not to discuss the affair on peril of losing his job. But to Helen Jack said no word. Five weeks, four weeks, three weeks, two weeks till the woman he loved would be his own. Helen's quiet happiness appealed to him as nothing else in the world could. She was kind and understanding, and they were dreams he did not wish to disturb.

Meanwhile Helen was occupying her evenings de- lightfully in making her lover a Christmas present. Many weeks ago she had thought of it, and it was
FOR the next week she worked feverishly in her attic under the eaves. On the day before Christmas Eve Helen's big silver chamois-eared kitten, Jack, died. He had been ill for some time and it was a case of beaten silver with here and there a touch of gold. On the lower part the face of a girl looked out, for Jack had always perked himself up into the face of a man, and when the lid snapped down it was exactly as though he had bent forward to kiss Helen. When he was surveyed with satisfaction, she gave it a final rub with a piece of chamois, wrapped it carefully, placed it in a small casket and took it with a Christmas tree and wrote on the outside Mr. John Beverley.

On the morning of the day before Christmas Jack had been so comfortable and so very beautiful in the very best sense of the word. A song of his had always been that to be used in some special edition of the paper. So they agreed that until after the Christmas paper was off the press the office should not be left alone—that one would secrete himself in the other’s absence where he could see, without being seen, any one who approached the editor’s desk.

It was Haverley’s turn to watch on Christmas Eve. He notified Helen that he had to be there so late and that he would come for her on Christmas morning, they would have a long, happy day together and then she could come to his flat. Jack would go out alone for some thing to eat at the usual time, Helen resolved to slip in to his office during his absence and place the little package near his desk.

According to the plan which he had arranged with Thornton when five o’clock Haverley walked through the outer office where the members of the staff were at work, his hat in his hand and his coat over his arm. He spoke to Kennedy, and to Mathews, busy at their desks. Once outside, however, instead of taking the elevator he stepped back into his own office through another door and slipped into the file room, relieving Thornton who had been on guard. Thornton then turned the gas low in the office and went out by the same door through which he entered.

Haverley dropped into a chair and waited. Every nerve in his body was strained taut. He felt that at a movement his early reared ideal of a man had an almost thrilling feeling that something was about to happen, and whatever it was he wished it to be over so that he could sit there doing nothing but another the men in the next room went to dinner and he was left alone. Presently a slight sound caused him to look up. He saw a young man enter cautiously toward the desk. The figure was familiar. His heart began to pound furiously. He watched his movements, his hat held sedately in his head. It was Helen! She tiptoed noiselessly to the desk, opened the little package, and fringed in her hand. Helen was just taking the package containing her gift off it when her eyes fell upon something on the desk which attracted her attention. Laying down the bag she picked it up and tried to see it better. It was a photograph, a Christmas present page. How wondrously beautiful it was! White-winged angels, in diaphanous floating garments, buckling over the belfry of a cathedral, tipping with their bare feet the pendent bells to make them ring out Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men. Helen’s eyes were to be seen the roofs and spires of the sleeping city. She gazed at it spellbound—this woman who so loved beauty, so loved a picture! She gazed with a man who watched, the dim light did not reveal the glow of the dark eyes, the wonderfully softened face, the mouth which smiled.

The gas that burned so dimly was far above her reach, but the longing to see the picture better was great. She rose and walked toward the door through which she had come and as she was there, almost directly upward into it. Then she threw back her head and smiled. For a moment she gazed at the reflection, then she was back to the table and pen to draw—a radiant, smiling upturned face—her own. When it was finished, with the scissors she cut out the two faces and fitted them together. She clamped her hands softly at the success of her plan and crept back into bed.

H E TOOK the picture from her hands and tossed it back onto the desk. Then he thrust his hands into his pockets and stood regarding her comely, beautiful face.

"So it was you, was it?" he said. Then he laughed a bitter, mocking, scornful laugh with a barb in every tone. "You! The snake in the grass that always strikes behind from behind! A thief—a murderer! What! Wasn’t it you who waited? It has taken me a year to find you out. Here—"

He turned up the light, dropped into the chair before the fire, and glared at her. "Here," he continued, "I guess this is coming to you for your Christmas story. Take it, and then go over to the Talmud Tower and give them the money you collected. They appreciate your talents there, and—don’t—come back!"

Utterly bewildered, unable to sense his meaning, she took the cheque mechanically, looked at it blankly for a moment. Then she tore it into riddles and flung them into his face. Darting to the desk she picked up the little silver bag and fled the room.

As she crossed the outer office she ran plum into Thornton returning from his noon excursus, to whom the mystified as well as the white, anguished face had made an effort to detail her. But she stared at him as though he were a mere figure on the wall.

Suddenly the thing revealed itself to him. He hurried to Haverley’s office.

"Jack," he said, "was—no—it couldn’t be."

Haverley did not answer. With head on arms on the desk, motionless, as one dead. There he shook him.

"Get up, Jack! Quick!" "Then after a pause, "I don’t believe you’ve got your eye on it? My God, man! What have you done? Didn’t you see her face? There must be some mistake!"

But Helen had already spent her life on the street. Once again the smouldering volcano within him had burst into flame and this time it had hurled burning fumes of passion. Never before had the scorching fire had died out. He shivered and felt cold. Too late he realized that he had condemned himself and his unsubtle race to a fate upon the terror-stricken face would haunt him to his dying day. No more on earth, he thought, could that

beauteous, living, palpitating Thing which he had crushed be restored to him. Even though the ashes without were to be removed, the wound which had been cleared away, he should find only the empty shell from which the soul had fled! The spoken word. Wherever he went he would hear the memory of his wife’s warning flashed across him like a great sea wave:

"Thoughts unexpressed will sometimes fall back dead. But God himself can’t kill them when they’re said."

There must be some mistake! Thornton’s words beat against his ear like the thunder of a thousand drums. Helen! Helen! There must be some mistake."

When Helen left the building, she plunged blindly into the crowd of belated Christmas shoppers who thronged the streets. The day had been balmy and beautiful, and the light of the sun in the early afternoon within the hour the mercury had taken a downward turn, and the piercingly cold wind was beginning to whistle about the tail buildings. Helen was fortunate enough to possess furs and limousines crept into them. The rest began scurrying to whatsoever shelter the bells afforded them. Helen was not dressed for bitter weather. The jaunty jacket of her tailored suit was not fashioned for nights such as this promised to be. But she was unconscious of the cold. With that indefinable desire just to "get away" she ran out blindly through the crowd, walking on and on and on and on until she was almost benumbed. Somewhere just outside her mental grasp was the驱真车 the idea of going home. And it was the one thing she had to realize that she was walking unsteadily. Her feet no longer responded to her desire to keep on going. She despised herself. That was the idea of the drive and sat down on it. There was not a soul.

"Evidently the park was not popular on Christmas Eve," Helen had begun to grow drooping past the bench, however, the chauffeur stopped suddenly.

"What’s the trouble, Duffy? asked the inside man.

"My God, sir! She’ll freeze to death!" he replied.

"Freeze? Who? What are you talking about any way?"

"A woman on the bench we just passed, sir."

"A woman? Back up, Quick!"

The man obeyed and when the bench was reached with much more circumspection they tried to reoose the drooping figure. True, she opened her eyes and stared blankly at them, but that was all. Helen was in a fit of the silver bag which had slipped from her hand and fallen at her feet.

"Into the car, quick, Duffy!"

I T WAS not the man but the physician who spoke. It needed no second glance for him to realize that there was not a moment to lose, also that it was a case for the hospital and not the police station.

"To St. Luke’s—as fast as you can!"

The man obeyed. When the hospital was reached and the white-uniformed interns had skillfully transferred the unconscious girl from the machine to the wheeled cart the doctor turned to the driver and said:

"Can you take the car home, Duffy? And tell Mary and the kiddies they’ll have to do without Daddy tonight."

As he left, just as the chimneys began ringing out the Christmas message, the doctor stood looking down into the face of a fevered, wild-eyed, girl whose unconscious face was, or, as she came, from him, he had. He had picked her up off the street, as it were. But of one thing he was sure. It was there. The woman who had noticed the delicate, cameo-like face, the artistic-looking, slender hands and blue velvet wristlets. She was worth one more look, and at the doctor that realized to do so would mean the fight of his life. Twenty-four hours later he realized it might be too late if the real killer knew. She had encountered him, he had the shock the nature of which was unknown to him was evident, but next day an exclamation from him he would the white-capped nurse to look at him inquiringly.

"Pneumonia, also," he said.
NEVER before had a man so devoutly thanked God for occupation as did Haverly that night. The Christmas paper had to be gotten out no matter what else happened. The office rang with cries for copy. The presses were running furiously. That Helen had done other than go home after she left him did not occur to Jack. Well, tomorrow he would try to see her, humbly to ask for forgiveness, and if she saw fit to withhold it (which he thought altogether likely), he would take his punishment like a soldier. It was no more than he deserved. But during the short time which had elapsed since she left him Haverly had become conscious of one weighty truth. Love is Love—no more, no less, and if the woman he loved had stolen the whole office equipment from the printing-press down to the ink bottle, he would love her just the same.

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. Jack assumed a cheerfulness which he was far from feeling. But the mother was not to be deceived. She looked at him with eyes of understanding. Not for nothing had she watched over him for more than thirty years. His spirits were altogether too high to be natural. She was quick to detect the forced note in his laugh. When in the middle of the morning he said he was going out for a walk she looked after him and sighed. It was not difficult to surmise what was the matter.

As he walked down the street Jack's thoughts went back to the evening before. He would do what he could to make it right. Helen loved—so, she had loved him, and when a woman loves — But, no, she couldn't forgive him. No woman could. A man had no right to expect it. But he could tell her he was sorry and that he loved her and would love her always whether she forgave him or not. It occurred to Haverly as he set forth on his way that he did not know Helen's address. He had seen her daily at the office and the lateness of the hour when his own duties were finished had precluded the possibility of much visiting. He went to the bentact building to look at the address book and when he reached the floor on which was his own office he heard the telephone ringing on his desk. He took down the receiver and said:

"The bentact office. Mr. Haverly speaking." His face went white at what came over the wire. It was the desk sergeant of the Burton Park police station who spoke.

"Haverly, you say? Well, I guess you're just the man I am hunting for. Do you know Miss Helen Holden?"

"Yes. Yes. What about her?"

"Well, last night about nine o'clock, sir, one of my men saw a woman sit down on a bench in the park. It was so cold that he knew something was wrong and started to her. Before he could reach her a big limousine drew up, took the woman in and drove off. It was too dark for him to see the man or get the number of his car, but when he reached the bench he found a small silver bag lying on the ground. It has Miss Holden's cards in it and a small package addressed to you, sir."

(Continued on Page 23)
**MOVIE PICTORIAL**

**KATHLYN UNAFRAID**

**BY GEORGE EDWARDS**

The Emperor Decius arose from the royal booth far above the arena's pit, and gazed in wonder at the white-robed figure of the Christian girl who walked unharmed among the famished lions, and who raised her blue eyes to heaven and smiled. The jungle beasts had refused to harm her.

The spectators ceased their babble; the bloodlust was chilling in their hearts, and they were afraid of the Christian girl.

Nearly seventeen hundred years ago by. A fair-haired Vestal, with eyes as blue as the azure dome above, jumped nimbly from the back of her pony, on a Montana ranch, and reveled in the flowers that carpeted the valley. Suddenly the pony started in fear, wheeled on his rear hoofs, and darted to cover. The girl looked up wonderingly, and sat petrified as a huge red bull, pawing dust and bellowing malevolently, darted toward her. The girl smiled, and the beast paused. Then she held out a hand in welcome, and the animal’s eyes opened wider. What manner of child was this that had not heard of his temper? The beast snarled curtly, bent his wide nostrils close to the beautiful creature, and then, the fire deadened to ash in his heart, turned and sauntered slowly away.

Was the girl the Roman arena the same lassie that conquered the enraged animal centuries later? Do such things happen in the cycle of the centuries? If they do not, then whose came the magic that

Kathlyn Williams — Kathlyn Unafraid — exercised over the creatures of the forest?

"When fear no longer exists, and there is guile in one’s heart toward none of Brahma’s creatures," says the ancient Hindu, "then one may walk through the jungles, and every living thing is friendly." So it is with Kathlyn Unafraid, who speaks to the in-repried jungle cats, and stills their fears, and causes them to whine a welcome, and lie down at her feet. No lash, no vocal scolding, no nuzzle—not a weapon—but something that can not be seen or analyzed or properly described.

Once, when Toddy, the trunk elephant, had suffered the loss of his tusks, Kathlyn strokeddangerously near, and the muscular proboscis encircled her knobby waist; the little actress was lifted high above the enraged brute’s head. But she spoke softly and reassuringly, and the evil went out of Toddy’s heart, and he set her down on the ground. Why did his infuriated resolve to be done with her leave him, and prevent his carrying out his foul purpose? He did not know. If he could know, then all he realized was that the white heat of anger died within him, and from him sped the longing to destroy one of the members of the pugmy race of tormentors that held him captive.

"Wild beasts are not anxious to attack human beings," Miss Williams says, "but they are fearful of the strange bipeds that have such unformidable ways—such unusual trickery. And within them rises the cry of self-defense, and they strike because they fear. Often I visit with my animal friends. The leopards are tractable, but the larger cats—such as lions and tigers—are more wary of human purposes. And yet, I have them nestle their heads near my feet, and fall into a half sleep of vast content. When injury occurs, it is unintentional on the part of the animals. Once, to illustrate, we wished to have a tower leap—presumably upon me. In order to make the illusion acceptable, the leopard must leap in reality. One of the men prepared a bait—a newly beheaded chicken, still warm and lively in its last reflex actions. I held it in my hands, and as the leopard sprung, I let go the bait, but all too soon. The beast landed on my shoulders, and his claws—accustomed to dig into the tree limbs of his natal forest—pierced my soft flesh.

Of the property men grasped a fresh bait, and the leopard continued his spring. It was but a momentary pause, but my scalp was lacerated, and for days I was out of the films. But I do not blame the beast; it was my own fault. I incorrectly timed his spring. He had no quarrel with me, but pursued what his appetite told him was a rare beast."

Elephants present the most ponderous dangers, for in even their playful moods they are never dainty or considerate. Folk who have lived in the wild tell strange stories of the pranks of the pachyderms. Once, in a little South African Village, there was an early evening raid of young bull elephants, that had come to the village rim quietly in preparation of their devilish jaunt. Then, at the command of their leader, they descended on the town, the houses of which were constructed on stilts. With rampant trumpeting, they would "wary" into the buildings or against the props, and amid the screams of the affrighted population, the beasts made a safe "get-away," having had their questionable sport.

Once, when Miss Williams and Tom Sanchi were in a hot bed on a pachyderm’s back, the animal took fright, or else was prompted by some roughish impulse. He started to run, and although his footing was anything but graceful, the speed was considerable.

A gum-tree grove was convenient to his aim, and toward it he raced, trumpeting loudly, with a half dozen spruce-footed companions bringing up the rear, all contributing to the unearthly concert. Tom Sanchi was brushed off by a projecting bough, and Miss Williams chanced a slide down the toboggan slope of the elephant’s side. It was a bad fall, with one of the uncounted mountains of Asian flesh narrowly missing her—for elephants are not guaranteed to be of the non-skid variety.

There are times, when the sun is dipping behind the western hills, that Kathlyn Unafraid wanders through the great enclosures of the Selig zoo, where all manner of strange beasts are impounded. The animals sense her coming, and the sinuous cats peer expectantly in their cages, as she passes and speaks a word of cheer. They gaze at her questioningly, as though moved by wonder at the spell she casts upon them. And they know, when they are brought into the east for animal pictures, that there’s a sort of undefined honor to do what they should do—without harm to the wonderful little lady who weaves a spell over them.

Would you take the same chances? In the security of your home, or gazing at the beasts in a zoo park, you would perhaps claim lack of fear. But let it be understood that you were to enter a cage with a tiger—now, honestly, would you do it? Yet, uncounted "animal stories" are sent to the Selig company, the plots of which demand of Miss Williams chances that no one acquainted with wild beasts would ever ask her to take.

The things the animals are supposed to do, not only credit to this human wisdom, but skill as well.

And the action for Miss Williams, if these scenarios were to be produced, would demand her to do the very things that she cannot do—the things that would enrage the beasts beyond endurance.

All animals are susceptible to excitement.
The great cats are the most irritable of them all. Even your faithful, loving house dog will go into a frenzy of excitement with a little teasing. You, his master or mistress, must draw a line beyond which his punishment must not go. He will take a whipp- ing and may be scolded, but try to hurt him unduly, and unless he is a spineless thing, he will fight back. The preparations of a studio are filled with fuss and haste and excitement, and the beasts feel this tenueness and are on the alert. What derilish trap are the humans springing for them now? What horrible death lurks in the wake of this preparedness? And while they are in this frame of the task, but Miss Williams can look straight into the eyes of these animals, and make them feel friendly toward her. She quieted their fears; she reassures them, as though she had learned their strange language—perhaps a language of gestures and expressions rather than of sounds—or maybe a sort of wireless system of messages that the beasts feel and interpret correctly.

One might fancy, with all her love for animals, that she would possess many of her own. But she is without dog or cat or horse, and must make her friends in the vast zoological gardens of the Selig Western plant. Once she had Boris, an English bulldog, scion of a $10,000 sire. But Boris is gone, and there are no animal members of the household.

Kathlyn Williams "set the pace" in animal pictures. Her "Adventures of Kathlyn" set in motion the introduction of jungle and valdik creatures into the silent dramas. Others have copied her work, but never her success. Others take wonderful precautions, but Kathlyn understands the four-footed, soft-treading denizens of the dark, and acts natural when with them. Her animal stories (many of which she writes and directs herself) have made her famous the world over. Her "Balu, the Leopard Pounding," illustrates one of her innumerable strokes of constructive and historic genius. But she has had many pictures of the sort, and will have many more. Some day, the critics say, she will "get it." Perhaps she will, but never through the emotional rage of the animals. Their extreme sensitiveness, and fear and suspicions, plus the excitement of the studio, they may strike out or slink their cruel teeth into her soft, white flesh.

We shoulder to think of such a tragedy. But should Kathlyn permit fear to creep into her heart and claim her, then the days of her animal stories would be at an end. These beasts feel fear. Perhaps they regard it as an indication of treachery. But when fear is absent, then intent of wrong-doing toward them is not present, and they are at ease, and with- out danger.

Once, a high-caste Hindu gazed at the screen showing one of the animal masterpieces of Miss Williams, and his eyes brightened. He had known of such things among the dark-skinned folk of his own land, where the vapers of the Ganges spread a strange mania of mysticism over the forests and the plains. He arched his brows, and breathed: "How comes it that a woman of the Occident has solved our riddles?" And then he leaped into silence, and admired the fair goddess of the screen, for he detected in her a kinship—a something that dated back, maybe, to the last continent of the Pacific, whence came the philosophers of old.

Personally, Miss Williams seems to be simply a very delightful American girl, interested in the same things that other American girls find interest in, and absorbed with the same little opinions. She is delightful, always—and sincere, as well. That is the Kathlyn-of-the-Home. She sets aside her studio self, and forgets about her dangerous moments. But once she has prepared for a part, then the light of a strange and standing glimmer lights her eyes. Her other self has come into power—the self that projects assurance to the stealthy, alert forms in the cages and pits.

Stranger than all else, is that there should be combined in one person this hypnotic power over beasts, and a high type of dramatic skill. She seems to be a wholesome American girl thrown into the heart of a strange adventure, but acting always as we might expect an American miss to act under the circumstances. The screen shows us none of her almost uncanny powers—not more than her conversation with you would disclose. We must assume that her exercise of magic over animals is accom- pelled without conscious effort on her part—although her waking mind had taught to think about but the interpretation of the part. We might feel that such strange powers could never reconcile themselves to golden hair and blue eyes. But the paradox is ever before us. She does not look like a sorceress over jungle creatures—and yet she is!

We are reminded, in considering the remarkable achievements of Miss Williams, that we are all cast for parts—we have been chosen without choosing; we find certain points of least resistance toward which the wind blows. Without analysis, or questioning. It is doubtful if, through force of bravery, one could accustom oneself to mingle with the jungle beasts—cunning, fearful of the more highly evolved cultured man-animals that have made them captive—the sinister, two-legged creatures that build strange prisons of slender steel, against which the brute-power of the beasts is of no avail. To the captive animal, man is the most abominable of all enemies—the last to be trusted, and the first to select for vengeance. But this slander, unfair-haired, one-eyed woman, knowing that danger lurks in the restive movements of the lithe denizens of the dark, feels no fear, and walks where strong men would hesitate to venture. The 'Balu, the Leopard'—

Does she know? Or is there not something hidden in her mind that projects itself and commands respect and safety? We ask—but ask in vain—for we have learned but little, and must guess blindly at the rest. We judge only by watching effects. The cau selves themselves are mysterious. Sometimes we think we know—but how far we may come from the truth! The animals themselves do not know. It is not reasons with them—but assurance. That is power without power. They do not need assurance. But how many of the rest of us, prat- ing of bravery, will find solace amid the cages—when the sun goes down, and the spirit of the wilder beast is loosed in a mad desire for freedom? But at these times, Miss Williams walks among them, soothes them, and coaxes back into their troubled hearts the feeling of strength, and makes the vast, unafraid.

Perhaps the haughty Decius, in modern form, may some day enter a picture theater and view Kathlyn on the screen. Would there not be awk- ened within him a secret memory of the past? Would he not rise from his seat and point a finger trembling toward her, and breathe, "What manner of woman is this?" Perhaps her name? Who can guess all the riddles in these work-a-day times, where there are so many ordinary things to do? Would he have felt that out of the dark, wild, unafraid, is a young woman of classic beauty and marvelous charm, who causes the beasts to do her bidding, and that we love her because she is Kathlyn Unafraid.

Photograph Copyrighted 1915 by De Grumet.

Whence comes the subtle charm, the weird magnetic grip she holds upon our hearts?

'Tis not alone dramatic art for others please us in their varied parts

Upon the magic screen, that mimic of our features, actions, thoughts and fears,

Which registers with eloquence unspeaken all our joys, our moods,

Our tears.

Wherein we see our selves as others see us, virtues, defects—all,

A repetition of our other selves responding to the Author's call,

And yet gives glimpses through the Mummer's mask of our real selves and takes.

A message to beholders, one which makes them love us, fear us, seals or shakes

Their confidence and brings respect or grim reserve, invites response in kind,

Strange telepathic messages, unerring, true, transferred from mind to mind.

We see her in her rags or corset, her hair unkempt or dressed and feel

Her moods of pathos, penitence, her very frowns or tears are real.

'Tis art, Oh, yes, indeed, the art of nature's artist mirrored heart and soul,

For be she quail princess or lowly beggar maid, she lives each varied role

And lives them all just as she FEELS them, THERE'S the secret of her grip and charm,

The reason why a great, big, bustling world lies willingly in the small palm.

Of her well moulded hand, and we who know her days, her home her nature sweet,

Her kindly deeds to those around her, KNOW just why the world lies at her feet,

It is—the girl herself is good. Her charm of heart, her sweetness cannot vary

And so—"Miss Pickford" has been lost, we know her not, remains but "Little Mary."

—Richard Willis
In a Quiet Nook, between the Majestic Hills and the Deep Blue Ocean, nestles a Village of Art in the Kingdom of Make-Believe

INCEVILLE

By Dick Melbourne

In a quiet nook, between the majestic hills and the deep blue ocean, nestles a Village of Art in the Kingdom of Make-Believe, and through its winding streets all manner of charming fairies dance, and Prince Charmings wend their leisurely way. It is just like an enchanted town in the story-books of childhood, and one may well expect to see a Spanish Galleon billowing in through the mysterious mists of the world beyond, laden with pieces-of-eight, and slaves, and a merry, bewhiskered band of deep-dyed pirates.

And this Dreamland spot is Inceville! I paused in the offing and surveyed the city of golden dreams—and then the zestful odors of newly roasted beef greeted my willing nostrils, and I fared forth to learn the manner of folk who were gathered there. The rhythmic strains of a band mellowed up to welcome me—and, behold! I was at home with a horde of editors from the Far Country who had come to view the place where Glaum are created. Ladies of Yesterday, and Courtiers gay, bedecked in their rainbow finery, strutted and bowed, and brushed elbows in Mission Court, to make a glad holiday for the strangers from afar. For a barbecue was on, and all manner of good foods waited the command of the hungry wayfarer. And the host beamed on his multitude of guests—the good host, Sir Knight Thomas Ince.

Thomas H. Ince is the employer of these bold knights and fair ladies, and his modish nature and determined jowl, mark him as a mortal of high voltage—who knows what he wants when he wants it, as the ad sharks say. Right here I pause to make a merry jest: “One can not mince with Ince.” This is my own—although Mr. Ince may say it if he elects. I had often wondered why the photographs of Mr. Ince invariably showed the forehead lined like a railway terminal. He is not at all that way, except when weighty problems burden his mind. He is loved and respected—and he is inspirational, and his dynamic properties are contagious. He spreads the itch for work—for hard, constant work during the working hours, with the measure of art tempering the labor. One must admire Mr. Ince, for he has brought to reality the dream of a few years back; he has created a little empire of picture perfection, and he glories in the artists with whom he has surrounded himself.

It is a wonderland—that Inceville—with wonderful folk walking its winding lanes. The publican of the Ince Capital is Kenneth O’Hara. That does not sound much like the Spanish main; nor is it. Kenneth has the snap of Old Ireland in his make-up, and this snap is in all tune with Ince requirements. He looks very young for such laborious duties—but that is because his heart is light. Men grow old only when they take themselves too seriously: and women, when others take them too seriously.

It is no place for lazy lads, that Inceville. There are steep slopes, up or down, depending on the direction of one’s progress. It reminds me for all the world of a Devonshire village in England, where one progresses from the roots of one street, onto the level of the street above.

Past the buildings of Inceville, where all sorts of wonders are housed, I began the climb toward the upper reaches, and believe that all climbers encounter good company, for I met Charles Ray, I did not recognize him at first, for in this Kingdom of Dreams, I fancied I had been carried back to the stirring days of ’61. Charles was a civil war officer, side-whiskers and all. We wandered along a terrace, for Inceville is constructed like the interior of a Pullman car, with upper and lower berths! This was an upper one—the row of dressing rooms, facing the broad Pacific. He is a charming fellow, this guy. He was well-named—Ray. He radiates the sunshine that his juvenile roles gave him as his right. Mr. Ray was playing at the time with Frank Keenan, a well-known legitimate actor—and both enjoyed the work. He is a well-dressed fellow, is Ray, and he is at home in that wonderland of Inceville.

There are various terraces, and some of them are devoted to dressing rooms. As I sauntered along one of these terraces, I encountered Howard Hickman, who had given himself over to the dreaminess of the day. Besides being a most accomplished star and a very lovable fellow, Mr. Hickman also has the distinction of being the husband of that delightful lady of the screen, Bessie Barriscale. Miss Barriscale occupies the room next door. You see, they get along beautifully. But this was her busy day, and beyond her ever-present smile she had scant time to distribute roses in my direction. Truly, I prefer Miss Barriscale’s smile to many conversations! I mean the conversations of some others—not her own! Heaven forbid.
Inside a Romance Factory

Part III. My Third and Last Day as a Photoplayer—By Oney Fred Sweet

It was the weather man who cheated me out of wearing a dress suit on the third day that I was an "extra" at the Essanay studios. Mr. Babbile had told me I should come next morning with my best society manners as I was to take part in a ballroom scene. But then Mr. Babbile had counted on the forecast of "cloudy weather." I had just completed my arrangements for a fit that would have been sure to have made me exceedingly popular among the fair movie fans, when Mr. Babbile interrupted: "Nothing doing on the ballroom stuff today," he informed me. "The sky's too clear. We're going to take advantage of it and go out into the country and get that train holdup we've been waiting for. You're going to be a bandit today and you'll find the property woman ready with your layout."

We sure were a tough looking bunch of bandits, too, as they crowded us into an autobus bound for a strip of railroad track just outside a north Chicago suburb. It almost scared me out of every nerve I looked at the guy sitting next to me. The movie stars, making the trip in more luxurious autos, were not greatly discriminated and, when opportunity offered, I nodded to them as I felt—a fellow actor—I had a right to. Dick Travers was wearing a pair of brass knuckles and it occurred to me that nature had certainly cast him for a leading man. Somehow I didn't think I was going to like him. Just as we reached the place allowing me an acquaintance I found him a regular fellow. Edna Mayo was along too and Betty Scott, and Sidney Almyworth, and a whole bunch of lesser lights. It struck me that they all had a pretty good time to

fit a bank book. He is rangy and lean—built for speed and durability. I hope he detects in this a worthy compliment. It is meant that way.

Richard Stanton was there, also, taking scenes in his big feature, "Aloha." Willard Mack and Emil Markey were in the pictures, and under Dick Travers' direction. "I'm free," his partners. "Smiling Dick," his friends call him, and the name fits him well. His spirit enthralls guile toward no man, and he is as happy as the kid that he is in Heartfire Ireland.

Tom Brierly was in the throng—the maker of scenes and atmosphere. Oh, you thought that atmosphere was made by the Weather Bureau? Tut, tut! Tom makes it the way the weather sharks formerly made rain. He is the really truly rival of Medicine Hat—because he can create atmospheric chills as well as atmosphere's sunshine. I know him in the old Nester days, but he is different now, as any ambitious, gifted mortal would be who is given free reign. He spends money on his scenes. No pantheon and timed for him, but solid, enduring sets that bring reality into the pictures. Brother Lloyd helps by managing the men with the saws and the hammers.

But I must not overlook the "big boss," Eugene H. Allen, a man who is stocky of build and filled to the brim with energy, purpose and resourcefulness. He is studio manager. To illustrate the type of man he is, I may merely say that Mr. Allen takes his responsible rests in a high-power motor car! And Director Walter Edwards was there—an actor and a producer blended in one. He was working with Lewis S. Stone and Miss Barraicole. He is a genuine worker—but, then, who isn't around Inceville? Here is a hunk that harbors no dreams. So tremendously busy are they that handsome Ray- mond West just nodded the time of day—as though he was hastening to the shore to repel an attack of those Spanish Galleons! He began as a camera man, and was promoted to director, but he has never forgotten his camera skill. It aids him in keeping his surroundings a little more of the true trade-mark type. Reginald Barker is another young face director. He looks boyish—yes, should he? It is a character that demands a high blood pressure than will in the world of day-dreams. Mr. Barker is a producer who helps maintain the high face standard. And I say tall, magnetic House Peters bending down to emerge from his dressing room—same House Peters who was with famous Players, California Motion Picture, and Lasky. He reveals in pictures, and his audiences revel in him. I should like to dwell on the multiple charms of other Ince-villians and Incevillains, but the sun is beginning to dip low in the west—like a crimson stain on the blue waters. I should like to sing the praises of beautiful Margaret Gibson, little Elizabeth Burbridge, sterling Margaret Thompson, fascinating Leona Hutton, bonny Barney Sherry, gracious Elizurda Claire, talented J. Wesley Gilmore, fonn er Nester manager—heaven bless the bunch of 'em.

But they know I have said it all in spirit if not in the written word, and if it comes from the heart, what more is needed? You would love them the same as I, could you hobnob with them beneath the boughs in Inceville, with the Pacific wind back at you, and the great green hills beamng down upon the scene. You would be reluctant in depart-

Otherwise you would want that we should see the dreams of Inceville—the dreams that billiard back to you from the screen. But you would feel the evening's coming, and you would look akance at the red spot in the sea and at the deepening sky, and you would do what I was forced to do reluctantly—bid a food farewell to Inceville-by-the-deal.
HER DADDY called her "Smiling Myrtle" first, and the title endured, as all true titles must. A cheerful disposition is greater than vast wealth. It is wealth—something that panics can not attack, and years can not dim.

Myrtle Stedman—Smiling Miss Stedman—sees only the sunshine. She refuses to gaze on the shadows, because, as she puts it, "Nobody has a monopoly on the sunshine, but the shadows are over-crowded and over-worked." Which, by the way, explains the wholesome philosophy of this beautiful star of the Morisco studios. Her laugh is not made to order—but like the bright skies of Sunny California, it is always on duty.

There's a smile in her heart that illuminates the smile on her countenance—and there is a rich love of humor. Miss Stedman revels in jokes; not the prurient, harmful kind of jests, but the wholesome ones. To illustrate: In "Wild Olive," she was playing the part of a dark-haired woman, and her wig naturally fitted the demands of the character. An actor, who had recently been annexed to the Morisco forces, and who had not inquired as to the cast, remarked to Smiling Myrtle, "I am so glad you are a brunette; secretly, I detest blondes. I am so sorry to learn that Miss Stedman is a blonde. How strange I should dislike them so."

The next morning, on her way to her dressing-room, Miss Stedman noticed the open door of the blonde-biter; and thrust in her sunny head. "Good-morning, Mr. Bruxette-Liker. Don't you think my tresses are a nice chestnut shade?" The outspoken one gasped in amazement. But, quickly recovering himself, he replied, "I know you all the time, I really just wished to get a rise out of you." He had succeeded, and he got a unanimous rise out of the entire company as well—for Miss Stedman can laugh at a joke on herself as well as she can at one on the other fellow.

Really, Miss Stedman can cook. So many very pretty women can't even cook, but Miss Stedman says, "Drypepsia is an enemy of smiles, and smiles are the salt of the earth. Me for the restful stomach and the smiles!" She knows how to roll her sleeves up and mix all manner of delightful dishes. She understands her range, and her cook book, and "makes up a lot out of her head." This adds to the attractiveness of her beautiful home, and adds to her host of friends, who grow weary betimes of restaurant fare, and long for a pie like mother was wont to bake.

But Miss Stedman's talents do not cease there. She is an honest-to-goodness carpenter, and can drive a nail better than most actresses can drive a motor car. She can saw and hammer, and she helped the mechanics of the Morisco studio in the construction of certain additions to the plant. Lastwise, she saved a heard or two—and wasn't that helping? Her own home has faced well through her building art, and she no more fears a carpenter's strike than she fears shadows.

Her dressing-room reflects her good taste. There are inglenooks and curtains, and a Japanese tappot and heaven knows what not, besides the regulation grease paints and powder and theatrical cold cream.

This begins to look as though Miss Stedman's praises had been all song—but, hold! "Bunz" is a very good word, because Myrtle Stedman is a big sister of the thrush, and wouldn't need to worry if the picture machines never operated again. She has a voice—a very beautiful voice, and long cultivation has made it wonderfully modulated. She was reared for an operatic career. When "Wild Olive" was shown in a Los Angeles theatre, the proprietor requested Miss Stedman to sing, and she did—at two performances, charming the audience and bringing forth unmitigated praise from the press. Indeed, she was in opera, and she was in stock. But always her voice was treasured as something precious. And today it is as wonderful as it was in the days that were.

"When my fingers rest on the keys of the piano," Miss Stedman confided, "and I begin to sing, all the fatigue of the day passes. But it is not wholly because I enjoy it, I guess; it gives pleasure to others, and pray, what is more enjoyable than making others happy? You see, I belong to the Smile Club. It is not incorporated; it has no charter. But its members are world-wide, and the membership is growing. When I was a member of the Whitney Opera Company in Chicago, I delighted in making people happy with my voice. Why should I be averse to the same satisfaction now, even if there are no box-office receipts?"

The time came when the "Bunz" cast their hypnotic glances in Miss Stedman's direction. She fell under the baneful ban, and spent many enjoyable montas in the great red-and-green hills of Colorado—up near the roof of the world. It didn't seem like work. It was different, acting out in the lonely places, beneath the turquoise dome. And after a time, she ventured a question. Said to her, "What do you think I will do in pictures?" And he confessed that she would do. "Sure, you will," he told Miss Stedman. "Oh, very well," she responded. "I think I shall stay. I rather like the sky as my proscenium arch."

Later on, as the star of destiny lured her westward, she encountered the Bowser court, and played in Jack London's "Valley of the Moon," "Burning Dey-light," "Smoke Bellew," and others. She had "found herself," and all the world knew it. And now her recent Morisco successes, playing opposite George Gawcett in "Wild Olive," and opposite Cyril Mande in "Peer Gynt," have proved that Myrtle Stedman listened correctly to the voice of Opportunity when she found music in the clicking camera—and realized that its all-seeing eye is the eye of the world.

She is accomplished—very. She is charming—exceedingly. She has a way of making能使ent interviewers feel less of their obtrusive guilt, and more at home. That of itself is a token of true art, for an interviewer—well, a cup of steaming tea broke down the barrier and made us friends.

But let us not overlook Miss Stedman's winning smile—the smile that beds in the heart and blossoms in the lips; the perfect flower that distinguishes this delightful lady and makes us wish to see her succeed to such a degree that her success will pass all former boundaries. And—that is the way she is succeeding, which is a just reward for such a human actress, whose heart beats with the heart of the world.

Miss Stedman has made a wonderful impression in the films. Some actresses from the speaking stage seem to forget that the screen has its own peculiar requirements. They retain their stage ideas. But Miss Stedman took naturally to the films and the result is shown in her splendid work. Her admirers are as countless as the sands, and the public looks forward to each release in which she is starred. These facts are attested by her great volume of correspondence, coming from all parts of the country, and alive with hearty compliments. "Whenever I am acting in the studio or out on locations," she said, "I feel that my audience is before me, and that I must be as faithful in my work as though the millions were present in person, instead of by proxy—the proxy being the camera." Miss Stedman's smile has made her art more endearing, and has increased the number of her admirers.
A Thrilling Cruise But a Pacific Finish

From ocean to island isn't very far—on the map. But when you select the Lincoln Highway, why didn't they do their traveling by may? Neither did Jim Cruze and Sidney Bracy—they of "Million Dollar" fame. For Jim had only a small way out that the "Mystery" films flourished in all their glory. Jim and Sid had some of their glory of their own since that story.

They had left Salida, Colo., and were motoring along the skyline of the top of the world in the Rocky Mountains. They went westward, and they were not mountains at all—or a tall, if it looks better that way. The mountains Bracy had seen in Australia, he had forgotten.

"How far is it down there?" Bracy asked warily as he measured the distance between the non-skids and eternity.

"Oh, a mile or so," Cruze responded non-chalantly, which is a very good way to respond on matters of altitude.

"And a fellow well over?" Sid queried again, as he mopped the moisture from his palms. Nobody should perspire two miles above sea level, and yet Bracy was perspiring there.

"Once a fellow fell over," and Cruze's mind reverted to the old western days when imagination was necessary to the plot. "He had in a fine red sweater, a mooskin cap, a six-shooter, and a new rubber boot—nice shiny rubber boot. He was in the wind, and down he went. When he hit, his rubber boot proved its merit. He bounded back—not all the way. He could almost reach the let, but not quite. Once more he went into the canyon, and again he bounded up; not so far as before, though. Each time he bounded, his case of hope was more hopeless. For three days he bounded thus." Jim paused.

"What then?" Bracy asked sympathetically.

"The posse was to shoot him to keep him from starving to death.

"Poor devil!" Sid sighed, as he glanced fearfully into the Valley of the Shadow.

"You don't believe it, do you?" Maquered in derision.

"Oh, no," Sid admitted with a shiver. "Only, it helps absorb my thought. Go ahead, Jim, and tell another. This time tell about all the details, each jump and bound, like; One little, two little, three little Indians—but really save all the details—"the teeth are chattering themselves into fragments.

Utah is Jim's home state. He was incorporated there, in the Little Big Horn. He had only lived there for about three months, and that is a big, old hick who had seen the die. Utah shouldn't be slandered. It produced Jim Cruze, and it is a near neighbor of Idaho. At Provo a free-faceied lad lay the pair curiously as they drove up before the theater in their big, mudspattered car. (Note: We call it "the ear." Jim and Sid bought it, so we stand pat with 'em in not advertising its name!)

"Hello, Sid!" Jim shouted to this particular youth. The boy nodded mournfully.

"Don't know me, do you?" Cruze persisted. The boy nodded his head.

"Well, I'm from Utah," Jim continued. "It's a great state, too. Some day you may be a famous actor like Cruze and I are."

"Hm?" the boy asked, pointing at Sidney.

"Sure, both of us. I was born in Utah."

There was here the kindred thoughtfully keeping a dexter digger beamed at Bracy.

"Australians," Jim explained.

"That's the state of Brigham Young," said Cruze proudly, as the party slowly drove in the big square opposite the Temple.

"Sure enough," Bracy asked, gazing at the heroic bronze.

"Had forty wires," Jim continued proudly, "and the posse was on up all the fingers and thumbs four times to confirm the estimate.

"Forty!" Jim replied with emphasis. Then notice the look of abstraction in Bracy's eyes, Cruze continued, "which is why they stopped for the last time.

"Oh, there's no doubt, Jim," was Sidney's rejoinder, "only I was wondering if those wires were all leads on them—that is, how many thousands of tons of lead—and lots of silver; or mountains of silver.

"What kind of silver?" Bracy queried hesitantly.

"What kind of silver? There you go, you tenderfoot; why, there's just one kind of silver, and that's silver, just as there's one kind of lead. Didn't think there were many kinds, I hope!

"Oh, no, just two kinds of silver, but several kinds of lead, such as Entente lead, and Alley lead. And, Jim, considering all the bull material those mines produced, well.

"Wondered what?"

"If they might have produced German silver?"

"Oh, yes," Cruze responded airily, "about Teuton!

"Let's write poetry," Jim suggested one night in an Oregon theater and asked the last show. "We'll make up complimentary poems about each other."

"As you say!" Bracy agreed, sleepily. After some moments of silence the poet came up, with triumph showing in his flashing eyes. As a poet, Jim is a fine actor. This is what he produced:

Sidney Bracy was selected by the poet to be the new Boots of the Western Boot.
HENRY WALThALL—MASTER EMOTIONALIST

"H E STANDS over six feet and is as hand-
some as Apollo." Thus the wise one who
makes it his business to watch the physical
make-up of man. Not
with talented Henry Walthall, lead in
"The Avenging Conscience" and stand alone in
"The Birth of a Nation." As one great poet put it:

"Though I could reach from pole to pole,
And grasp Creation in my grasp,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man."

Henry Walthall is not tall, and he does not
claim to be handsome. But there is in the light of
the superman, the beam of genius, that illuminates
his countenance and makes him different and far
superior. He has that wonderful dynamic "some-
things" that, for want of a better name, we call
magnetism. His presence radiates from the screen,
and yet that presence so completely and so fully
itself the style of the story and the cast and the action
and the beauty of the play, Henry Walthall has
taken his place as the dramatic center of the
screen. He does not admit it. He may not even
think it. Henry Walthall is modest and unobtru-
sive. Acting art, as applied to the photographic
drama, has suited his special adaptabilities.

Those who have seen the two great Griffith
plays recognize that Henry II. Walthall is distinc-
tive in his interpretative art. When David Wark
Griffith first met this young actor at the Biograph
studio, the great producer recognized the genius
that awaited molding for the topmost plays on the
screen. And yet Henry Walthall did not go
into pictures and remain with them. Indeed, he
might never have taken up films for his work had
it not been for James Kirkwood. They had been
together in stock for several seasons, and both
being quiet, thoughtful men, their friendship
was natural and durable. Then came the Summer with
its stage holiday, and Henry Walthall had little
to do. Through the persuasion of Mr. Kirkwood,
he visited the Biograph studios and watched the
filming of a play in which Mr. Kirkwood was act-
ing. Mr. Walthall studied the direction and the
work of the cast. It was then that Mr. Kirkwood
introduced the future great star to Mr. Griffith
and there is no question that Kirkwood put
in many elaborate "asides" that started Griffith
thinking about the possibilities of this strange
actor. The appearance of these new features on the
screen was a fact that was noted and commented
on favorably by picture patrons and the question
began to circulate throughout the land: "Who is
this new picture actor?" Few knew his name, and
the company he was with did not lavish "The Bus-
ning on its stars, nor did Walthall himself crave
publicity. He did not understand the value of its
purport. After more work on the legitimate stage,
he returned to the Biograph and became associated
with Griffith. Time and again these associations
were severed through the trend of events, but the
magnetism of both men drew them together re-
peatedly, and the friendship that was begun ripened
into mutual admiration. They respected each
other. They have never beeniggardly or
backward about heaping praise upon each other's
heads, and yet they have not been in each other's
compny as much as one might suppose.

"The Birth of a Nation" was Henry Walthall's
big play. He will eat other big plays in the
future, and through the vehicle of that master
of production, Mr. Griffith, Walthall found himself,
and wherever these films have been shown there
was always one name on the lips of those who
viewed the play—Walthall. Every emotion that
can be found upon the strings of human sympathy
have been brought into action by this star in
"The Birth of a Nation." Happiness, hope, despair
suffer, determination, tenderness, belief, re-
vention, satisfaction, organization, revenge, love, hatred—
these and a thousand other reactions of the
soul are to be found in Mr. Walthall's work. The
expression of each emotion and each mental
change will be found the indelible imprint of genius.
We do not say that it is Mr. Walthall's eyes, or his
expressions, or his dramatic action, or any other
single thing that makes it his business to watch the
production, or his organization, or his publicity.
He is the personification of all of these talents working
in unison. If you were to
stand back quietly in the Esessanay studio and
watch Henry Walthall, you would be fascinated
once at once that he had shut out all of the rest of
the world. He lives each second before the camera
in what he lives is explained by the part he plays.
Many aspiring screen actors shout and talk
and babble as though a multitude had gathered before
them. The words that Mr. Walthall speaks are
generally inaudible. He has stilled vocal action.
He is speaking the words in his mind as though he
feared his voice might disturb him.

Henry Walthall is a Southerner and it is natural
that he should possess certain Southern characteris-
tics, prominent among which is his born pride.
He resents uncouth familiarity which strikes a dis-
cord in his nerves. He never thrusts himself upon
any one. He feels that it is a privilege to select his
own companions and decide on his own
friends. If you have seen Mr. Walthall in "The
Birth of a Nation," you could not help feeling the
slow anger that kindled within him when his kin
suffered insoucience. You could sense that gentleness
and tenderness of the world; you could see that
voice would prove incorrect. As these tragic facts drilled
deeper within him and he cogitated the insults in
the moment of his fury, that slow
anger burn more brightly—not the snubbing
or red flame that is so commonly seen in the
emotional work of the films—like the cracking
wood-fire, but rather the slow, steady, intense, even
heat of the coal fire's glow, until the red turns to
cherry and cherry to white.

IT IS not remarkable that Henry Walthall does
not appreciate his own plays. It is a true genius never
appropriates unto itself the fame that must be de-
clared by others. It is too basely engrossed in its
own affairs. Art can not stop to worry about the
world. If the world decides later on to gaze
and admire and become enraptured, well and good.
But the world must not worry a genius. It must let him
go his way, because what he does is natural to him.
It is part of him. It is something that has entered
into the very being of his soul. Walthall
of Los Angeles, was in its height of popularity, that
Mr. Walthall would sometimes go and sit at a table
among his friends and acquaintances and modestly sit
at a table while the others babbled their fleeting
thoughts. Walthall would not enter into the
conversation. Some would engage in oratorical
debates. One day, they prevailed upon Walthall to aid in the enter-
prise, he declined. A silence fell upon the assemblage like a benediction
at eventide. Those who heard, felt and shared the
sorrows of the man who loved and lost. His own
well-modulated voice was in marked contrast to the
more vociferous efforts of the others.

When one thinks of that voice, it is not difficult
to understand Walthall's success on the speaking
stage. A perfect delivery, clear enunciation, rich
sympathy, and the mastery of dramatic interpreta-
tion were all blended in the words that Walthall
spoke. That is that minor touch of a Southern
accent, which was his true heritage and dates back
to the days when his folk were cotton planters in
Alabama. The Alabama estate is still there and
sentiment clings to it part of the family possession.
Some day Walthall will return to the old mansion under
the Southern skies. In these environs, he spent
his childhood, and here it was that he and his
brothers and sisters were educated under a private
tutor, many miles separating them from other
habitations. He grew up here. Before he ever
saw the interior of a theater. Once he had
viewed the art behind the glow of the footlights.
he was debarred from all scenes of stage fervor.
Walthall's mother looked askance upon her son's histrionic
ambitions. Indeed, he may never have taken up a stage career
for he was a foreigner to the Spanish-American dispute.
He enlisted in a southern regiment and journeyed as far as Florida,
where fever took him and spared him from the firing.

The Fade-out and Fade-in of the Chill and Glow of a Man's Heart in the Sunshine of a Woman
SALISBURY WILD LIFE PICTURES

By EDWARD A. SALISBURY

The Rainbow trout is a very elusive and extremely active member of the estive finny tribe, and in taking motion pictures of these California mountain-stream natteries, we have numerous exciting experiences.

They are big fellows, these Rainbow specimens, and some of them grow to a weight of thirty-five pounds—enough to make a very agile, slippery, slippery angler. The Rainbow trout is more highly colored than his cousin, the Steelhead, and indeed the latter shows decidedly human vacation characteristics, taking to the salt water once each year, but returning to its natural fresh water to spawn. On the other hand, the Rainbow trout has in common with the brine, and is found only in lakes or streams that are in perfect connection with the ocean. This may read distastefully to some, but there is something in wild-life that is akin to the balance of our men, who can know too much about nature.

Upon investigating the habits of the trout family, I found Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury returning to the same stream as high as ten years in succession—producing the while their own characteristic counterparts. You may doubt that one can recognize a fish, or be on speaking terms with it for ten years. But the Government Inspectors do not depend on their memory for facts; they place metal tags in the fins of these natteries—and the tags tell their tales of visitation. In approaching the stream, these fish usually appear above the falls, by climbing natural steps, or leaping by means of the artificial ones constructed by the Fish and Game Commission. Some of the fish, and especially the salmon, are so strong that they are able to turn "uphill," right through the falling water. Such speed is, no doubt, due to their efforts, for they frequently shoot several feet in the air after galloping along the current.

It is a difficult task to secure clear pictures of these denizens of the water. I have seen thousands of these trout politely, and yet the camera has been incapable of catching the movements of their shining bodies. The trap-houses, in which we impound these fish, cause these huge congregations. But when the fish were taken from these traps, to be spawned artificially, we secured some most remarkable pictures, which, I believe, are the first of the kind ever taken. Many folk have told me that they had no idea that fish could be forced to propagate—but the truth remains, and students will find much to contemplate in looking into the details of this important industry. The moving picture has brought wildlife into our very homes—at our thresholds, and has invited us to know the nature of which we are a part. The wilds are robbed of their mysteries, and nature is made to divulge her innermost secrets, that have all the while been awaiting the scientific command of man.

It happens sometimes that some strange incident—one, perhaps—may not be duplicated in a thousand years—presents itself to the cinematographic scientist. But so small a thing as a tiny drop of water, or a grasshopper—of little means—may yield the solitary chance to picture a deep secret of the wilds. Once, after making the most careful preparations to procure pictures of mallard ducks, we learned, upon examining the films, that a splash of water across the lens had ruined the day's most alluring and unusual work. Yet my camera-men had been careful—had taken all precautions—all but foreseeing the water-splash that screened from the view of some of our most striking truths about these beautiful feathered creatures.

It is not the water-drop or the dust-feck that works all the mischief, but rather the mechanical clicking of the camera that will set the inhabitants of the wilds scurrying, swimming or flying to cover. This most great fortune has attended our efforts. We would have sworn that mortal man could get within three feet of a living, alert, alert mallard, but I did it—and I could see that this belief has been shaken by the still pictures seen in our picture audience. The picture audience demands everlasting change. One second of tarrying will cause the fluttering of feet and yawns. The audience, I venture with all respect, is as difficult to please as the wild game.

I feel that I have succeeded when I hear folk in the theatre say that they could have watched much more of my sort of films. Like the temperate meal, it satisfies, but leaves a yearning for more of the same kind. But to surfeit the public! That is a different thing.

In our jaunts through mountains and woodland, we became careful students of nature—the good nurse that leads us all, be we human or "lower," through the mesh of experience. We learned many interesting things about these little folk of the wild. We learned when and where and why the birds were to be found in their nests—and the most favorable conditions for these original monoplane. We learned why mallards construct their homes in haystacks, and why muskrats construct them on the surface of swamps. Thousands of details came before our notice—and always we found that these variances were the result of the law of organization—like monarchs and republics, independent of the greater governments of men. And how much more interesting the "lower animals," showing that we of human form have not monopolized the powers of Creation. And I am sure that you will think of these truths when you view "Salisbury Wild Life Pictures"—on the theatre screen.
Now," he began slowly, for all the world the way a hungry cat might address a captive mouse, "we will talk, and you know why. You are going to tell me something about the Conway kid, eh? Where was ye on the night of the murder—but, remember, anything you state on oath, or under oath, by, do you remember? You know what I mean? A puff o' smoke? I have here a rare little chcolet that I fain would burn. Thank ye. Now, I'd like to see us get yer hands on it. You tried to throw it in the ocean; a guy named Milford says as how he was holding out of his hand a feeling for him, and as how he had the better of the deal, and he gives you a board, and he catches it. I believe him. There ain't nothing agin Mike Milford, except his liking for tropic rum. Apart from that, he's a gentleman as a scholar. Young ladies, take one careful look at this watch." Whereat Jerry Mcguire withdrew the tender from his pocket, and both young ladies gazed hypnotically, squealed in a minor key and promptly fainted. Truly, it was exasperating. It was annoying to be so near to the truth, and then have the poor girls flop over senseless. Mcguire was unacquainted to quarry of a Denver China strain. It was beyond him. The kind of woman he was wont to interview would have cursed him roundly, and made feel at home. Also, he would have answered them unashamedly.

It was days later when the girls opened their eyes to the world of reason. They were in nice, white beds, with a red gable above and a pink drapery below, and spending itself in their frilly bodices. Uncle Sam had stopped in, and there was no more of the third degree in the form of cross-examination. There had been traced, and those records were immaculate. Nor did the young ladies want for attention; every doctor or at least a qualified dog doctor was present with the idea of serving them. They were more secure than they would have been in their own homes. They were locked up in the house to try and disprove that they were bound on a dangerous mission; they were on their way to London to offer their services to the Red Cross.

ETIENNE LE CROIX had a strange arque when he learned that the boat on which he and Jack Randley were going to Panama—Billy Mumford had shipped, was a blockade runner. The little Frenchman had vague, but thrilling, mind pictures of German submarines. He had no taste for boats that could stick their eyes in your eardrums, and a terror that would be thrust into the hold of a contraband- laden ship, and paralyzing, that ship had a cargo of deadly explosives—sufficient to destroy an entire good- standing island from the sad, blue sea into the valleys of the earth.

"Feel eez what—ah, la—what ze great American generally say—Mislair Sherman—about war. He was a brave man. Do many, many things as a cigarette—bain, comes ez captain, reckin' dager! We blow up? Pouf!" he say. Well—some—some—day—nibbble we get ze feet on land. Oh, ze beautiful land—la!"

Randley smiled wanly. He was beginning to respect Famé as Pate he—without asking questions. After all, how did he know that the girl in the Pathé would beam on him after all these hair- brained escapades? Perhaps they would meet well—let us say heaven. And again, why should they wouldn't. From the best authorities, Jack felt that heaven held no corner lots for the idle rich. He was a young man of good blood, a twenty- four karat hobo, and he knew it. He was a high- class tramp, living on what he had right to own—if starvation was permitted. He was credited— and expecting a beautiful girl to trust him for life.

A dripping snow assailed his ears. He jumped so far and so fast, he was at the rail before he knew it. Ettie was crumpled near the cabin, grinning, palely, wild-eyed. He was beyond retort. A solid shot from an eight-inch gun had been sent across the trump steamer's bow. The fig was up. They were beyond words. The worst he had imagined, had occurred. He was limp and helpless. Walking was quite beyond his power. It was better to—indeed, even if he had a chance? Billy Mumford saw the poor little detective and took pity. He gathered Le Croix in his arms, and started toward the rail, undecided whether to save his charge or pitch him overboard. Billy might take a chance on the whole affair, but he had himself to thank, and he knew it. Gluttony had caused him to suffer a miserable fate in the beginning. He could not be better eating. Well, he had Le Croix, and likely all our forebears were cannibals. As that horrible thought raced through his brain, the sense of his life was seized by the unexpected stranger. He had quarreled with Billy's hand. Le Croix was dropped heart- lessly to the deck. The shock was too great for Mumford. He might eat a man, but kiss, never!

"It's the boats," the captain cried hoarsely, a white terror showing through his bronzed skin. The crew, with equally blanked faces, stood by. The game was done. The promised prize money would never be paid. The tram steamer would shortly be atomized. And—it was! With food and water, the crew and their hapless guests pulled to seas, and were permitted to progress a thousand yards before the torpedo was fired. How they saved their earnings or kept from capstaining, was questions they did not dare answer. A sheet of flame skyward, and the roar was beyond all sounds they had ever heard—if it was hearing. Sound was surely not like this earth-and-sea-upsetting shock! A rain of shrapnel (furnished by the fragments of the ship) fell all around them, and a miniature little cannon, caught in some barge, had bombarded them three hundred yards at top speed. Then the sea closed in on the hole, and nature began to smile. The submarine had risen beneath the seas surface, and was bound for new adventures.

Twenty hours later, the men were plucked up by a tiny boat, and found themselves at the mouth of the small land. Gun-cotton was too precisely these stirring days! It was a pretty mess. Randley and Mumford were without further comment; their surprise was an un- thing except Le Croix. He would be with them always.

"A deuce of a fix, Jack," Billy commented, as the three of them passed in Trafalgar Square. Billy's belt was jerked up to the final notch. For one who loved food so keenly, this was punishment indeed.

"We've got to do something, Jack," Billy per- sisted. "What shall we do? Ah, I have it! We'll take Etienne, here, and find a job for him as chief. He can support us until we get money from home."

"Are you nuts? What detective? I, a great American detective—I"

An ample hand was placed roughly on Le Croix's shoulder. He gazed fearfully into the graven features of a broad- beamed, sinister per- sonage—one of the Scotland Yard ilk. The trium- phants of fortunes were under arrest—as sus-pects.

Weeks passed. The American ambassador refused at first to listen to the tales of Randley or Mumford. Their records looked bad. They were adventurers and, besides, the ambassador knew a little of the inside history, and was obligating a certain American family that had been unduly annoyed by "Mispade Jack Randley," as they put it. The ex- perience was embarrassing, and it was wearing. At the same time, it was good for the soul, and good for the body. Mumford was a great admirer of simple fare before two weeks had passed. His rising girth had been checked; he was getting back to nature.

A caller was delivered to Jack one morning. It was postmarked New York. This is what it contained:

"Mr. Randley."

A gentleman, desist. Your quest is hopeless. You are a blunderer and an ass. The girl you seek is beyond you, quite. Over your deliberations, a cross, get kissed, and oblige.

An Outraged Family."

Jack smiled grimly. He was not the blunderer in his heart. He was a blunderer and an ass. He knew it. For the first time in months, he felt heart-warmer. It was beyond words to have been mistreated by his army. Maybe he could get himself killed. While he cogitated these cold thoughts, his vision rested on the young doctor, and he was very glad to be the detective into the army. If Randley must be a sacrifice, then Etienne Le Croix would also be
Billy MUMFORD raced Randley to show him the note. Billy read it critically and frowned.

Knowing more about the situation than his friend, he purposely approached with no war peril to enter into their worries. There was trouble enough as it was. Therefore, Billy resorted to strategy. He would learn exactly the cause to avoid the tragedy of battle. Fighting men against whom he bore no animosity, was not to his liking. Mumford's great-grandmother on the paternal side of the house, was Italian. She married a Frenchman; their daughter had been wedded to a German. On the maternal side, there was Russian blood and there was English blood. Well, there was a strain of Austrian somewhere, too. How could he divide his sympathies? When the Alliances hold back? Besides, Billy wasn't a fighting man!

Money finally came from the States; not much money, but a few hundred dollars. Then the authorities relented—at the ambassador's request—and the prisoners were released. The air, fog-laden though it was, seemed sweet. Liberty was precious, and particularly after their harrowing experiences.

"I say, Jack," Billy began strategically, as soon as there was a chance for an idea. But to work out that idea would require a week; ten days possibly.

I must be trusted implicitly during that period. Now, to make my plans a success, we must lie low. I propose a suite of rooms in some quiet place, where we may feel secure from Intrusion. No, just a moment, fellows! This is a plan to terminate the war!

Mumford averted his gaze. He neglected to explain that it was their war he would terminate.

The very thought of being an international hero caused Randley's chest to bulge, and his heart to swell in Fame, even in prospect! Etienne Le Croix sighed sadly. "Zee ze plan safe?" he queried tremulously.

"Zee plan safe?" Ettine gurgled, grasping Mumford's right hand and kissing it rapturously.

"Nix!" Billy bellowed. Some day that good right hand would crush the breath out of the impetuous spent-blood.

"Oh, I know to good hide-out," Le Croix confided. "Zet ees ze side-street—a bong—what you call, ze family hotel. Shall we go see it?" The others agreed.

The hotelery was not prepossessing, but it was suitable. Its patrons were rather among the middle-class; a tricy scurril, perhaps, but at least unobtrusive. The food was coarse, but wholesome and plentiful, and the landlord asked no questions. One might have fancied that every one in the hotel was hiding out. A few of the roomers looked mangy, and one had bad eyes—watery, red-rimmed eyes that might have come from too much rum or considerable weeping.

The day of miracles still lives around the corner. Theda Bara in five parts! (Would ya believe it?) Was it a dime museum performance or just Theda Bara en scene parade? LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

Some poor neglected skeleton escaped from the family closet when the key-hole wasn't perceived it. And they forgot to hang up the signs: "NO CHILDREN ADMITTED." Over went my dime, in went I. Talk about subterranean darkness! While bouldering for a seat, I obstructed someone's view—a voice like a fog horn yapped: "Say kid, is your father a gas-tler?" Scared! I meant to drop down into a seat in a hurry but missed my guess—and the seat, too—and ended on the floor with a thump (good thing I wasn't made of glass).

By the time I collected my equilibrium and all my belongings that got away from me like the big fish we hear about, I was ready to gate at Theda Bara in 5 parts. No such luck! She was human. She came along the beach to hear what the wild waves were saying, but instead, saw her father trying to walk straight bringing home a bush for breakfast. Water, water everywhere and yet the lake was dry. She popped her eyes and gave a good imitation of the Campbell Kid dolls—then when she got through popping them, went to help her father home. Man-like he wanted to can the bush alone and while they squabbled, a Don Quixote came to talk peace.

They got rid of the father, but handed up a love affair. She didn't want to marry him because she couldn't take her father with her into society. But she did! I mean she must! If he had been a boy, and Theda was arbitrating with the Infantry—I mean she was rocking the baby to sleep. The husband was out of a job—

The third day, Etienne rushed into their living room quite out of breath. He held a finger to his lips cautiously.

"Ze meestery!" he whispered excitedly. "Ze gran' meestery! Hush! Ze girl! She lives across ze court!"

"What girl?" Jack queried tremulously. "What girl, Etienne? Speak?"

"Ze gran' meestery, la—la—la as Pathil!"

"The dence you say!" and Billy and Jack paced at each other in stupid amazement. "Where?" Jack questioned anxiously.

"Across ze street! Honest! true, 1 see her, and oh, ze unse beautiful girl!—um! Zey so sad—oh, so sad!"

"Let's go find 'em!" Randley was vibrant with his awakened amour. So, at last, in the heart of London, they were to meet! Mumford was equally anxious but displayed less fervor. He had his misgivings.

The street on which their hotel was situated, was extremely narrow. It would have been a scant alley in America. The building across the way was squat and ugly, with two slender windows on the second floor and a double door on the ground floor, that gave the structure the appearance of a grotesque, staring, impudent face. How any such divine creature as the girl could find solace in a house of such evil aspect, was beyond Randley's understanding. Nevertheless, he was not hinting his hope on a

(Continued on page 28)

By MILDRED WASKA
With Decorations by Herself

The MILDRED WASKA
EXTRACTING THE HUMOR MINORS FROM THE TRAGEDY MAJORS

The college chum told Theda he would squall on her if she didn't tell her as to what Sir Audley, Curses! The mere thought of spelling her secret made her mind skip and she went crazy. Dressed in black she went to the well to die. What did the poor well do to deserve such treatment? She died just in time. Just then her first husband came along with the churn and saw her keel over. But she died when they reached her—not because they reached her—but the husband said to the churn: "Let her rest in piece—she mean peace, why pick on her now?" Let her be—like Audley. (A nice way of getting out of the purifying expenses.) He didn't want to raise his boy to be a soldier—his family tree would leave—and he didn't tell us where he was going, but he was on his way, and—just somebody knocked the ink well over.

Thereby hangs the tail.

Editor's Note: Miss Waska will continue to enlighten us, from issue to issue on the current thrilling of the screen.
Bessie Barriscale, the accomplished New York Motion Picture star, is the embodiment of the NATURAL school of acting. Being natural is almost a cult with her; she is herself in private life, while on the screen she is the artist who gives the part that she portrays.

She owes this largely to the advice of one of the greatest actors of all time, Louis James, who took a great fancy to her when she was emerging from the children's world to a more mature artist. He said to her, "Elizabeth (call her Bessie) you are leaving me and I am sorry you have left me, but you have watched me carefully. Remember, my dear, that your nature is your naturalness, and you will be popular, for the natural is always clever. That is all, but I conjure you to hear my words in mind."

Bessie Barriscale never forgot what Louis James had said, and whenever she found herself "acting," she remembered his words and put herself to task. Here is the charm of Bessie Barriscale—truth to life. This was never more evident than in the Cup of Life," the first big picture she acted in for the New York Motion Picture Corporation and the photograph which secured her a long-term contract with a royal salary.

There is nothing of the actress about this charming woman in private life or in her dressing room; it is only on the stage that she is anything other than the altogether nice lady she really is. Her home at Santa Monica is homely and there do common ordinary, equally likeable people who find the latch-string loosened, and who appear with none of the flippancy of pretense.

Now Miss Barriscale has a manager and a good one, too—her husband, by the way; and he is known as Howard Hickman, one of the best screen actors of the day and one of the most pleasant of men. Miss Barriscale at a recent typical "at home" supper, gave this opinion after the company assembled: she said that nature was the greatest factor for success on the screen; "It is hardly possible to be natural in one's acting unless one has had not previous experience. Actors or actresses who are reasonably sure of themselves are self-conscious and when any trace of self creeps in, then naturalness flies away. An artist must absolutely know how to carry himself, how to dress, the proper use of his hands and eyes, or he can never be anything else but someone else mixed with himself, to speak. Experience on the speaking stage is no sure guide, and permits the actor to use his own ideas and permits the man to be a better actor, than as an other actor. It enables an actor to dissociate himself with one character and assume another one at some time, and the artist returns to the artist in the screen, as to speak. Experience is the genuine sound experience, to the mind, and stock experience is better than any other. It enables an actor to dissociate himself with one character and assume another one at some time, and the artist returns to the artist in the screen, as to speak. Experience is the genuine sound experience, to the mind, and stock experience is better than any other. It enables an actor to dissociate himself with one character and assume another one at some time, and the artist returns to the artist in the screen, as to speak. Experience is the genuine sound experience, to the mind, and stock experience is better than any other. It enables an actor to dissociate himself with one character and assume another one at some time, and the artist returns to the artist in the screen, as to speak. 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Bessie Barriscale is a favorite in the Pacific Coast, where she is as welcome as the dew drops to take the leading part in "The Rose of the Rancho" at the Alcazar, San Francisco. She remains there for a year, and has earned her back again ever since. Then came her never-to-be-forgotten creation of the part in "The Bird of Paradise," which Richard Wagner Tully wrote for her and which was produced in Los Angeles where it played for five weeks. She suffered disappointment when the Morroco management would not let her go east with the play; she was too big an asset here. Her last big engagement on the stage was in "We are Seven," by Eleanor Gates, played in New York City, when she returned to San Francisco and later received an offer from the Lasky people to play her original role in the "Rose of the Rancho." Miss Barriscale showed the gradual transition of a girl's character, and when the time came to make her independently ugly, she did not do it by halves. Her performance in this and "The Painted Lady" have stamped her as one of the finest actresses who have graduated from the speaking stage to the screen.

Remember, when you see her, that her success is due to absolute naturalness, for she studies out her various roles and does them as she believes they would be done in real life. The result is that one never tires of her performances, for, in her nature, that she is an actress. She is a disciple of nature. She portrays the highest art; which is naturals.
quesions will be handled by those governors in session and through their concerted opinion, will find places in the messages of those state executives to handle the legislated and unhandled out of the various commonwealths. Whatever the remedy, the picture-play patron can help bring it about.

The film companies are not looking for license, but the type of picture a patron includes the patron. MOVIE PICTORIAL has set itself the task of agitating the question of uniformity in censorship, and every one of us should cogitate the same subject and act upon it.

Individuality of the Player

The rule of some film studios to withhold names of casts from publicity, is not a healthy or commendable tendency. Suppose you were to pick up your paper and look at the announcement of current or coming theatrical attractions. What would be your first point of consideration? It would be the players.

The greatest playwright of all time was William Shakespeare. Three hundred years ago, he set the pace for the vast armies of playwrights that followed. It is not enough to know that a Shakespearean play is to be produced. We must know the names of the members of the cast. "Macbeth," the role of the Mysterious Evening Night, "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," and other Shakespearean plays, would be bad burlesques if copied by the players of a small town.

If your favorite actor is Ols Skinner, or James Hackett, or William Collier, or any of the others, you feel that the actor has made the selection for you through the very fact of his appearing in a certain play. In the same way, you feel that if you see the name of Mary Pickford or Henry Walthall, you will be satisfied with the play, because the real artist can overcome many of the impediments of the playwright. Beyond that, you know that only the best photoplays will be selected for these stars.

We believe that the best of the new studios that suppress the names of their actors and actresses, are committing a grave error. The name of the photoplay means nothing without the man or woman. A fancy title may be the guaranteed covering of a decidedly no-account play. The important considerations in guaranteeing your entertainment are the players, the play, the production, and the photography. It is the combination of the cast, the photoplaywright, and the producing company that furnishes this entertainment to you. The question of the subordination of the player will never prove a success, because the public demands to know and feel and understand the individuality of the player.

And more than twenty million picture theater patrons look for the names of the players and play small heed to the name of the play.

Inspiration—Genius—and Hard Work

According to our religious training, the world has boasted anywhere from two to three to a few dozen prophets. A prophet is a person who is presumably inspired by direct communication with the divine source of knowledge. Most of us are not so inspired. Leastwise, the circuit is grounded and reaches us much diluted.

Genius is not necessarily the outgrowth of prophetic vision or divine inspiration. Genius is the expression of the most pronounced natural gifts, that become the more artistic as they are developed. There are few geniuses. No man elects himself to be a genius. A talent that is not the force of his labors and is usually decided after he has been dead several generations. Many admit that they are divinely inspired, but the vote is never unanimous. Most of the worthwhile achievements of this world are accomplished through hard work.

Different persons are inclined in different artifices or avocational directions. Some persons naturally lean to more mechanical or technological invention, or teaching. With the proper training they become proficient in their chosen professions. Involuntary as the course of most of our lives indicate native ability. Some men and women have "found themselves" after they were forty years old, or fifty years old, or even older. They made the wonderful discovery that they had been in the wrong branch of business. They could not succeed until they found the point of least resistance.

When we are told that there will never be another generation of dramatic art as great as the present, or another generation of playphotographers as great as the present, we turn to history and history refutes the contention.

The hard, conscientious worker is generally the one who succeeds the best—and when strenuous labor is fortified by talent, then the success is greater. The distribution of talent did not begin in this generation, nor will it terminate with this generation. The pictureplay did start in the present generation, but it will pass on to posterity and continue to live, ages after every film of today has been destroyed by oxidation and other natural causes.

It is unreasonable and unjust, and certainly illogical, for any person, or any set of persons, to say that any present talent of the playphotographers is not any more than there is such a thing as the greatest man in the world. We succeed best by doing our work as well as we can do it. Each of us may reach a possible 100 per cent. But one person’s 99.5 per cent may be only 40 per cent of another person’s full capabilities.

While we are convinced that the films have progressed more rapidly than any other branch of art, because they combine numerous divisions of establisment, we are still convinced that they must be decided upon by human observation. Such statements merely bear evidence of sublime egotism or blind ignorance. There is no such thing as the greatest man. Each one of the playphotographers, as he has been, is as much the greatest man as there is such a thing as the strongest man in the world. We succeed best by doing our work as well as we can do it. Each of us may reach a possible 100 per cent. But one person’s 99.5 per cent may be only 40 per cent of another person’s full capabilities.
Conducted By Our Readers

There are other disagreeable things, also, such as crowded foyers with no ventilation, and fabricating ticket-stubs so they can keep us coos-
ing our heels in the lobby under the false belief that the next show starts in ten minutes. We breathe one another's breath-potions, and enter the playhouse feeling half ill. We have a sneaking sus-
picion all the time that our dimes are more im-
portant than our comfort. If this is all the theatre
man thinks about us, and if we think nothing more
about ourselves, that is also all we have coming to
us: It is what we bid for, and what we get.

But—the worst of all. The butcher and baker, and corset-maker, and the nectar store man
must have their slides, and we have to look to the
miserable darts twice a night and every night, simply
because the money we pay in at the box-
office isn't enough to take care of the fiduciary
damages of the exhibitor. We get those ads rammed
down our necks, whether we will or not. As Bill
said, "Let a merchant take up my theatre time,
and I won't have ready to brush him. He plays
me for a fish, and if I am a fish, I hate to be
reminded of it!" Again, William is right.

Sometimes the seats are too narrow, or the ventil-
ation is bad, or a draft blows on our necks, and
makes us resort to drug store first-aid-to-the-In-
jured. Or the usher is impudent, and feels that we
are so many sacrifices offered up at the altar of
the stock-yards—blind ninny withouts or sense.
And maybe that usher couldn't earn as
much all week in the box-office as he does in
theatre, and is all dignity, and makes us feel like being profane.
It is poor business.

Then, there is the good-natured old lady who sits
back of us and reads all the titles and subtitles,
and also anticipates the plot, and marvels at her
own cleverness in dodging what is going to hap-
pen. She is like the little boy who wonders what
It is all about, and rises to ask, every time any one starts for the door in a picture, "Ma, where's she going? no?" punctures our concentration; It reminds us that we are a lot of blithering Infants grown a little older—when all the time we are
there for the sake of illusion. Life itself is a good
devil illusion, so why shouldn't we like to buy the
most acceptable kind?

Sometimes the first show has one more re
eal than the other shows, and we can't all go to the
first show. Again, at the last show (which should be
as important as the first one), some of the pictures are
run through fast, and the musicians don't care
a rap whether they play or quit. We are debris,
and it hurts our feelings and brings lump up in
our throats, and we are "out of it" even when
the doing is very small. It injures our
pride, and we have just as much right to pride
as the exhibitor himself!

Watch the Releases

Suppose you take a close watch of the films shown
in your theatre? Are they late releases? Are they
varied? Do they run too much to religious
subjects, and thereby in mels, dramas, or become lop-sided in one way or another?
Does the exhibitor buy what he likes, or through indifference? Or does he desire various classes of patrons? If we get a wrong programme
combination, it is like a bad mixture of
food. May be you too much Wild West, or too much Crime, or too much this, or that or the other. Why not
"speak out"?

There is another way to watch the releases: Are you getting releases by just one company? If you buy a magazine or your newsdealer writes
exclusively. You get various types and lengths of
storied, written by many dif-
cerent authors. Why should your programme not be about that way? Why should the
reels beelt only one trade and you be left to
full grown, and don't you dislike being told what
you must have? The reason your exhibitor gives
us the wrong programme is that he is receiving
a better price on programmes, and you miss
what the other companies are putting out. You
ought not to ask your exhibitor for the mistakes.
He is a tradesman. He is a local man who watches the same ball teams exclusively
knows about baseball in general. What is the use of
all these masterpieces unless you can see them?

Don't smother your wrath. Don't tolerate bad
conditions if you can get better. We are going
to help you get the better because it exists, and it is
eous of us to persist in it.

Look for Good Things

Don't become entirely a pessimist. Have an opti-
nistic point of view. If your exhibitor does some-
thing better, let us know about it. If you feel
that he is a regular human being, with your inter-
ests at heart, let us know. If he has a new and novel plan of advertising, tell us about it. If he can
make you feel better through the service he extends
to you, we want the world to know about it. The
exhibitor is not catering alone to your dime, but
to other dimes. He is a tradesman. He is in the busi-
tess to entertain you, and apart from what the film
manufacturing and distributing companies can
do—beyond what the actors and actresses and photo-
playwrights can do—the exhibitor is the one who
must make you feel better about the film. If he
knows how to praise his exhibitor, he knows how
to praise his film. He knows how to praise his
exhibitor, and he knows his job.

Exhibitors generally are growing better. Some
of them have their own worries; and again, some
of them merit worries. Let us try to be impartial
and unprejudiced, and not take snap judgments.
Note the facts while your anger is burning; but
write your views a day or two later. If you are
related to an exhibitor, don't be too glowing in
your praise of him. If you are an exhibitor, say
so, and tell your story. Exhibitors are not barred
from these Tradelet controversies.
If you see upon the screen, a dress, suit, hat or garment worn by a film favorite, that appeals to you especially, and you believe that the actress wearing the costume, resembles yourself in figure and coloring, write to me asking for a detailed description of the article of apparel. Be sure to furnish me with the name of the actress and the play—and if possible, the scene in which the garment was worn—for these actresses often wear many outfits in a single play.

At the time of replying, we will give you, if you wish, that actress' height, weight, and coloring (hair, eyes and skin).

Remember this department is open to you—it is your department. We want you to feel it is your information bureau—want you to write at any time on this subject. Here is a great field of study for you as regards your wardrobe, an area where experts in dress and mode are ever passing before you.

And you know that they do not go about this part of their preparation for their portrayal in a haphazard manner, but employ the same thought and care in the selection of their wearing apparel as in their make-up. All this you can command through the films and turn to your advantage. Secure your mental impression of any garment you admire from the screen and obtain the details through this department—that is the purpose of it and the more inquiries we receive from those really interested in wearing apparel seen on the screen, the more we will be encouraged.

All you need do is to write your letter, giving the information required, as stated above, and to insure a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Be sure to address: THE FASHION EDITOR.
WHAT errors do you notice on the screen?
The producers of pictures have made constant effort to keep close account of details. And yet, we must all agree that the business of entertainment and only as the details are perfect is our entertainment perfect. Based on the adventures of "Elaine," we personally noticed Miss Fretz without her hat in her right-hand pocket of her coat. A few moments later, when she drew her revoler, she brought it out of her right hand pocket. This is an uncommon error. Inasmuch as the two different scenes were enacted at different times, Miss White simply forgot where she had placed the revolver.

Let us see what our readers have discovered during the past month. Also, remember that a price of $5.00 is paid to the person who writes us what we consider the best "realism" letters.

Mr. A. M. Selbert of Pittsburgh, writes and finds complaint about dragging in the old-time actresses for juvenile leas, such as Lillian Russell in "Violent Love." The human eye can not be deceived in reading the "Seven Ages of Man." And when it is the summer of an agoustus Autumn season, we all look up to the "The Betrothed" and see how beautiful and green of Springtime." Unfortunately we can not call this a "realism," although we might be excused for these trick kelleys that the funny artists tell about.

Anent a Floatar

In "The Stork," Toledo, Ohio, the knocky bobs hat off. The hat falls to the floor, we see it settling on the shoulder. Did he have a spring a foot above his eye to take the "hat-cum" down? (Signed) William A. Moll, Jr.

No. 169. We are sorry that these trick kelleys that the funny artists tell about.

Some More Inconsistencies

Middletown, N. Y.

In "The Betrothed," the heroine starts from her beautiful apartments to sail on some犯罪, as the old ones, and the Orangemen, La. is put on a big raglan coat, and then runs a black to the letter-box, evidentally forgetting that she wears a brown coat and a brown cap. To me, an article picture was spoiled by the combination of a brown coat and a black coat.

In a film I was playing for, a little brunette who I thought was a blonde, and whose dressing of brown hair was also brown, she was seated on the floor at the side of her only son. The son had been there for some time, and was brought along the coast by the men who always appeared at these meetings of devoted people. Without her son in the desertion, she had the mother's cottage, the son, the supposed to be black hair and one brown-made woman laughed-is the true situation in all these cases. I will tell you, every one of them, who are the theories of their life and work, and the good father, is put in stock and was a brown father. (Signed) William E. H. Perhaps we are supposed to overlook inconsistencies of this nature because of the theory that the dead deserve respect.

Not True to Fly-Time

Montgomery, Ala.

In the Civil War film, "The Younger," there is a young woman running across a field with a screen door. In 94 screen doors appear across the country, it is strange to see actors in costumes of war, and there is a screen door. In the same picture, when the revoler, she brought it out of her right hand pocket. This is an uncommon error. Inasmuch as the two different scenes were enacted at different times, Miss White simply forgot where she had placed the revolver.

A Few on "Marie Antoinette"

Fairfield, Pa.

In "Marie Antoinette," one would think that every other person was a luscious, a sumo, and a cafe. I watched the pithy twice before I went into "Marie Antoinette." The housekeeper wore the same dress after the way that she jumped in the window. Although a period of four years had been given to her, she was old and older. The old negro, lain, would have been carried by a negro at the window. The black and red trousers of the negro, when the dead was shot, he was seen. The negro, when the negro, the negro, is by the negro. The negro, when the negro, the negro, the negro, is the negro. The negro, when the negro, the negro, is the negro. In a picture playhouse that I recently visited, in the darkest part of the playhouse, on the front of the screen, the music was so soft, this was the projectionist who was working. Also, when the screen was commanded to be turned down, the music was so soft, this was the projectionist who was working. Also, when the screen was commanded to be turned down, the music was so soft, this was the projectionist who was working. Also, when the screen was commanded to be turned down, the music was so soft, this was the projectionist who was working.

Great Love Hath No Man

Your collection of criticisms would be more set off by sea and not "Great Love Hath No Man," a Metro film which "has" not been received. I am gratified in incorporating in a single film, every possibility of violation of the laws of realism and probability. My best regards to your dramatic reviewer, in which the main room of the film was set, the new corpses were set, the set was set, and the corpse was set. The picture was set, when the corpse was set, the picture was set. This set was set, when the corpse was set, the picture was set. Set was set, when the corpse was set, the picture was set. The set was set, when the corpse was set, the picture was set.

When the convict-hero and his friend were set, the same thing was set, but the rush made on her to her family. Not at all, and the hero was set, the hero was set. After the hero has gone inside the flamboyant picture, the hero is set, and in the process of coming out. Then, throwing the half-consumed picture, the hero carries her along a discoly ledge that must be all of the ground. No one attempts to move in this picture, the hero is set, the hero is set.

The heroine is heavy and the hero is set. When the hero escapes from prison and is set, the hero is set, and jumps upon the unsuspecting guard, strikes at him, timing him at least three feet. But the guard is accommodating and draws himself. Other inconsistencies show a schooner sailing on a motionless sea. When the schooner is destroyed by lightning in a storm, the titanic ship found on a raft, the construction of the ship was finished by the entire crew.

Another scene shows the heroine waiting at the bridge. There is a perfect lack of a breath of air stirring. And yet, there is a wind tempest that is raging outside the raft. The raft is surrounded by a howling tempest. The lubber of his mother, the convicts for the raft, is set. Moving pictures not only show that convicts are taken outside the ship, the time when they are given ordinary clothing to wear, and the time when they are, the hero, he draws away from the raft, is set. He is set, and draws himself. The hero's last scene is set, the hero is set.

We believe that E. W. W. merita the title of "Great Love Hath No Man," as the number of inconsistencies, and, in the opinion of the scenario writer, too many. The writer, he should not incorporate in this letter, because we still had some pity in our hearts for "Great Love Hath No Man.

ROBERT W. McKEE

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

Your help toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send in your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your friends in this campaign. A steady and effective contribution to the editor of the city of the realism in cinema will be worthily the most, be it either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.
The Sport of Kings
(Continued from page 7)
Jack's heart stood still. In reply to the sergeant's questioning he said that only he had seen Helen last at five o'clock, and he had not visited the office, and, as he supposed, gone home. Could the object found in the park be the one he sent to her?
The sergeant demurred at first but upon examining the object it seemed necessary he consented to send an officer to search for Helen. He hurriedly hung up the receiver slowly, Burton Park! Why, it was five miles from the office! But when he reached there Helen lived out that way! He unlooked at the address book, then ran his finger down the alphabetical list.

Helen, Helen—Helen, from Hamilton Court.
Telephone East 1896.

'Vere the side of town! He rang up the number only to learn from the anxious landlady that Helen had at been very unhappy, human, to Sick at heart he tossed the receiver back, it was evident that in the making of what to do next. As he sat thus the officer entered and a moment later came the officer with Helen's silver slav. When the man had gone he sat down, his heart going out, though so far he knew there was not a soul in the great empty build-
ing.

He opened the bag and laid the contents out on the table. There was a dainty banker-chief with Helen embossed across one, a gold-filled pen-puff, a small coin purse containing a dozen old money, a dozen older and rarer medals cards bearing her name and down in one corner the words expressing the sentiment; last of all, a little, white envelope which bore his own name. He looked at those things and slowly unrapped it. He could not believe his eyes, but something true lay in his hand. Why—she must have made it herself! That was the only thing he did or thought, as he had always smiled at him until—until last night; that the silver of which it was made was as soft as satin, the two faces perfectly wrought. The little tiff that had occurred before, the在上海, and promising his own assistance, inflating, however, that there should be no publicity given the affair. Then he closed the office and went home. Is there anywhere on earth a mask so terrible as that which we are forced to wear ourselves? The next six months were filled with days which tried Jack's soul. Strokes of grief came like dark clouds, but his face revealed nothing of the grief which was torturing him from within. Of course, the servant did not know what he could tell her he was sorry—make it right with her. He had fallen into the false and stupid habit of "slutting" as in the old days when he had been a "call" on the paper. One day, he was sent to the office of St. Luke's only to learn from the rush of business that she had been either admitted or discharged. Helen's condition when she was taken there was a sort of moral insubordination, the possi-

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MILDRED WASKA

who finds laughter in tears, will take you on another movie jaunt, and show you where you thought you were hid-

THE GIRL IN THE PATHE

will come to a most startling close— not at all the way you have imagined—beware. What happens in the last paragraph?

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INSIDE A ROMANCE FACTORY

(Continued from page 1)

just what part I was going to take in the drama. It would be an important part, of course. Was it not my third day as a photoplayer? There would probably be a scene between Miss Mayo and myself. For chance I might rescue her from in front of the locomotive. Miss Mayo and Miss Scott did not come into the depot but remained in their taxi car, possibly waiting for Mr. Calvert.

And then finally the train came in and stopped for some time at the station, with all the regular passengers rubbing out of the windows. I didn't know where Miss Mayo and Miss Scott got off the train, nor did I notice just when the camera started clicking, but all of a sudden I saw the actor and actress step off the train, and walk slowly off, just as you please up to where Dick Travers and Edna Mayo were standing by the box. The scene was the same, the same discussion, the same view to say anything to each other—just missing their lips, and what Calvert yelled "out" and the camera clicks clicking. That was all there was to it. The train was again headed toward Chicago and then the director handed his bunch of batons up on the railroad tracks.

It was a strip of sidewalk that Mr. Calvert finally picked out, and under his orders we bandsmen began to blockade the track with a bunch of a dozen who that were Indian men.

After we had a few teases on the tracks, the camera started clicking and I came to the conclusion that the really important part of the film was being spoiled. We were about to wreck "the flyer," and I vigorously suggested it at the next reel. I was of a sudden felt a crack on my bean and my leg crushed my tile in a hurry. The sheriff's posse had arrived first I was good and sore, but when I realized it was partly of the way and how much it would look on the next reel all.

Our procedure by the posse was complete and within half an hour were charging back to the studio.

They would have my picture on the yellow Ethel on the front of the "Pastime" and the "dill" hour and the "Lyric" theaters in a Girls' sitting out in Ottumwa and down in Piqua and up in Dubuque I would be raving over my many form and worldly eyes. I had not accomplished anything before today parts as a train bandit. Ah! What manner if not a bit sore.

"Well," I says to Mr. Calvert as we turned onto Argyle street toward the studio, "I guess I did pretty well with the Indians.

"Yes, things went very well today," replied the director. "I think a silhouette scene of the bandits captured by the posse is going to look very good. You see the way it was taken, there will be just the outline of you fellows against the sky—a faint outline that ought to be mighty effective." Silhouette—faint outline? I echoed aghast. "And I guess it was just right for the right facial expression for hours and getting hit on the bean. Mr. Calvert, I snapped. "I didn't care, I was sore and I came right out without the "Miss America" I'm through with the movies."

Jack inside the romance factory I lifted my hand in waving away fashion, when I saw Mr. Babille, the expression of his face and his way down the aisle between the dressing rooms.

"You can put someone else in place tomorrow," I calls to him in a nonpartisan tone. "I'm going into the world and become just another driver that is possible for me to laugh. Jack has been knocked out of my head."
more facade. They were starting for the door when a hubbub was raised in the hall. There was volubulous blasphemous and obscenity.

"Now, I won't!" a deep bass voice was shouting. "No bleedin' body's going to make me quit cold. I ain't got no hand at argument, but I'm a rotter when it comes to me rights!" Then the scuffling was heard again, and the hubbub was heightened. He did not wish to become involved in anything but the hubbub just now and was going to be held as a witness if he could help it. If the three would break up the hubbub he would avoid any unpleasantness. He stepped forward to alp the bolt in place, when the door was burst open and two

**OUR WEST-COAST PICTORIALS**

Dear Movie Pictorial Readers:

I have had a most enjoyable few days in my vacation in the California and Arizona desert and I am now trading for the California Blessed Holy Land where I have been sunning and playing golf. I am writing this letter from my hotel room in San Diego where I am staying for a few days. I am enjoying this place very much and I am looking forward to spending the rest of my vacation here. I hope to see you all when I return.

Sincerely yours,

**THE GIRL IN THE P.H.**

(Continued from page 17)

Los Angeles saves some of its madness, too, for little Louise Glau who has just completed "The Toast of Los Angeles." Louise is "a native daughter." Jack Buetelton has his dressing room overlooking the bay, with the Inceville panorama spread before him. Jack is an inspiration and a delight. If you were ever at Inceville, you would have to admit that the guy is a classic a day under the same conditions.

Charles Gilbin is "back home" again after directing a record-length serial, and now he is getting ready for Billie Burke's coming feature. You remember Charles Gilbin as Father Kelley in "The Rosary," and he was Lord Brathenore in "The Facts of Life." Young man's splendid talents are finding new expression in "His Guiding Hand," a serial for a road company. Mr. Clary is always equal to his work.

Over at Lasky's, they have big things under way. Carlyle Blackwell and Theodore Roberts are going to give you some new happiness in "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo." It is a stirring story, and Mr. Blackwell first conceived the idea when he was with the Favorite Players. But Mr. Grex waited, and he is much better for the wait.

Maybe you didn't know that Tom Forman of Lasky's is a scenario writer, too. Well, that's the way it is. When things were coming along smoothly for Tom, and he had applied for work, the director informed him that a scenario was wanted—and—tomorrow morning Tom exchanged one for a much better one.

Beautiful little Helen Holmes has been having some new hazards—and you'll feel sorry for her, too, for it was her place that was largely responsible. Pneumonia caught her, but she said her friends, the public, must be cared for, and she went to the hospital and then the severe attack came, and now Helen's mother is at the hospital, trying to make her get her delicious rigging that are all centered around railway wrecks and endless labor.

What of our regulars? Nobody knows. Mr. B. Walthall is wondering how his Chinese characters are doing. Mr. B. Walthall once was his name, but he did not like it. This introduces a new kind of fish story into the catalogue of piscatorial lore.

Kean and Stella Reaute have just completed their first feature under Mr. B. Walthall's direction. It is "The Long Chance," and you must see it.

I was around Inceville way, too. They are all talking about Beatrice Boardman and Dick. Los Angeles never spring that "a prophet is with- out honor except," etc., because the Angel City is Beatrice Boardman and it is a gay sort of happiness.

eddy, but his friends are sorry indeed to see him go.

You should see Harold Lockwood in his new King-Eight. He is in white flannel, and making all the girls wish he would be more社会资本, and take a partner on his trip. But Harold does very well by his lovely self.

Henry Otto is back on the job. For fifteen years, Henry had no end of physical ills, but he pinned his faith to electricity, and whether it was the electrical treatment or the faith, he has his company together—and it is certainly a worthy company. In it are Winifred Greenwood, Eddie Coxen and George Field.

D.W. Taylor, producer of "The Diamond From the Sky," is definitely one of the best paid directors in America. But why shouldn't he? He merits all of it.

Look at Myrtle Allin in "The Man in the Sombrero," a forthcoming American thriller. It is an comedy-drama, and the plot turns on the pictorial advertising of a hat. Incidentally, Miss Allin is in love with the Santa Barbara bungalow, and with Santa Barbara generally.

The Reliance-Majestic, Mr. Griffith's studio, is producing some exceptionable pictures. A new feature is working on "The Scarlet Band," and John Emerson is in charge of it. The cast is up to the customary Griffith standard.

Miss Steidman, who is playing "Lucy," recently met an actress who had played in the part in Australia. Africa, where the footlights were sometimes kerosene lamps, and where the audience loved the part of Lucy, and this actress praised Miss Steidman's interpretation, too.

Anne Shaefer, the Vitagraph idol, is always doing something kind and good—ever aiding charity or some other worthy cause. Her disposition is on a par with her acting. She stars in both directions. Here's a Vitagraph record: Rollin Sturgeon, producer, a camera man and George Holt, arrived at Mojave, on the edge of the desert one day. It was 11:00, a early in the morning, rode fifteen miles into the desert, took numerous pictures, and at sundown they departed for Santa Monica. And for Santa Monica in the early evening, drove 140 miles, arrived at 3:00, bathed, ate and was on the job again in the morning.

You would never think that Pauline Bush was a delicate girl. But she was. It took lots of outdoor life and careful living and strict discipline, but Pauline came out all right and today she is one of the most lovely of the screen.

Sincerely yours,

**Respectfully,**

Bessie Powell
Margery Moore's BEAUTY CORNER

BEAUTY—THE MAGIC MIRROR OF WOMAN WHEREIN MAN SEES REFLECTED THE IDEALS OF HIS OWN CONJURING

Nature's Beauty Doctor—the Mind

I am convinced that many women have remained beautiful well into late life, by the force of their determination. They refused to grow old.

Contrast this, good sisters, with the thoughtless, fuming habit of thought that brings the gray ash of decline into the lives of many women who should still be enjoying the heyday of their youth.

Mind is the cunning magician that works from within, that molds and fashion and controls what oftentimes the most cleverly devised cosmetics can never reach. For beauty must begin within, and radiate outward—or it is not beauty, but, at best, merely the semblance of beauty.

Mildly has within herself the power of prolonged youth—the well-spring of continued loveliness—if she but will use what is within her grasp. The Mind is the thing—the mother of thought and of body, which should be but an expression of thought.

To long for beauty is one thing, but to command it is quite another, and the command of the mind, while the longing may be but a shadow that is fleeting in its passage before the mental screen.

The beauty doctor may help—or bring your service to many things that will work hand-in-hand with nature—but no one can give you a tenth as much as you may teach yourself.

Think beauty—and youthfulness—and attractiveness. Make it part of your cult. Hold it before you day after day—until you have finally come to reflect this thought—and your features are aglow with the beauty of your mind.

You say it is impossible? It is as you will. Impediment is a barrier that we construct to meet our willing decline. So long as we believe that there are reasons we cannot bring us back from the cold evening of unloveliness, we must accept what they can do for us. But if we believe that we have within us the basic force of beauty—if we believe that our minds shaped us—are beyond beginning—why should we not make the demand of beauty one of our most persistent processes of thought?

You—every woman—longs for the mystic power to stay the progress of the years. Time you cannot hold, but beauty you may prolong, provided the while you do not place upon your body undue taxation through unhealthful methods of living.

Within your mind there is the dictator that governs your body, and if this power is sufficient to control your corporal operations why should it not aid you in the attainment and the prolongation of genuine feminine loveliness? Try it—now and continuously—and watch results!

Margery Moore.

Answers to Correspondents

S. M.

Your letter is very interesting and I don't blame you to want to rid your self of blackheads. They are very unsightly and can be eliminated if one is persistent. In the first place you must cleanse the skin thoroughly each night. First wash the face with tepid water and a pure Castile soap. Rinse thoroughly in clear water and dry. Then apply a good cleansing cream and allow to remain on a few minutes. Wipe off with a soft cloth and apply Acne Cream freely. Allow the Acne Cream to remain on all night. Repeat the cleansing process in the morning. Wipe off and apply a pure powder. If you will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope I will advise you what creams and powders to use as it is very essential that these preparations be absolutely pure.

J. B.

No! A thousand times no! Never take drugs to reduce your flesh. Stop eating all fatty foods and sweets. Take exercise in the open air and practice deep breathing and your fat will leave.

Edith.

The lump in your throat may be a goiter. You should consult a physician before attempting to get rid of it by massage. If you will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope I will advise you what to use for freebies. I cannot recommend any particular preparations through this column but will be glad to advise you privately as to creams and powders that are pure and harmless.

A. G.

See my answer to J. B. in this column. Any drug that will reduce your flesh is harmful to your entire system and I know personally of two or three women who died from the effects of such drugs.

Marguerite—S. O. S.!!

Say, Marguerite Clark, I like your style. Youngening ways are cute—You don't know how we love your smile, Say Marguerite, it's a beauty. Say, you're not married, tied for life, It's a beauty. Oh, say no, that you're a wife! Alas, are we too late? Or, are you single, are you free? You see, we're anxious, true. Can't pass the wall without. I can't tell my wife—oh, do!

Margery Moore.

The Split Reel

Ruby Joint of a Censor

Last night my gang and I made merry right.
At 4 a.m., I was a holly fright.
And now I'm on the job again—
I'll single out a feature for a fight.

You see, I am the Law, I am some guy,
How delight to watch the feathers fly!

And when my liver's purple, then beware,
For films I have an awful nasty eye!

This scene, I understand, required
The basest, most villainous stuff.
It's tame, I guess, but I must call it rash,
How I love to destroy what others build.

Say, watch 'em cut it to a fleeting flash!

Poor nuts, they slave and molt and slave some more,
And build up crises bravely by the score,
And I—the Law—the Film God!
Here I smile,
I love to see 'em squirm and know they're sure!

Last night those abstruse traps had a kick,
My head is splitting—I am really sick. But now my vandals spirit may enjoy
This bliss supreme, this amputating try.

In all my life, I've never evolved a thing,
Yet in my soul a demon voice does sing,
Exulant at my power to slash and chop.
And spoil a plot and treat art to my sting!

Some day the Vox-Pop will vibrate may.
But while I'm here, I'm going to have my shout—
I have my reasons and all that,
But pray, remove me if I know what I'm about!

Where has the Universal anything on the rest of us? Who hasn't starred in "The Broken Coin"—huh?

Anyway, the Goddess got off the job before cold weather caught up with her! In other words, she finished before the clothes of the season!

Every girl thinks it's "the diamond from the sky"—first time. After that, it's a cobblestone.

The chief objection to boots that lace up the back, and rolled down hospitality, is that they break into the plot with close-ups.

Here's hopin'! It's an eternal triangle:
—Ince


go-getter.

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Margery Moore.
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A Vision of the Vineyard

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the
GRAPE JUICE
With the Better Flavor

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