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Photoplay Stories and Pictures

OCT. 9, 1915
VOL. 2 - No. 1

PICTURE-PLAY

WEEKLY

Marguerite Clark



MARGUERITE CLARK
IN
"HELENE OF —
THE NORTH"

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. II CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER 9, 1915 No. 1

HELENE OF THE NORTH. **Arthur Gavin, Jr.** **1**

An unusual story of the Northwest Mounted Police, with a plot that is crowded with action and things unexpected. Ralph Connel, of the Mounted, was in love with the daughter of the man he was pursuing—but, unlike most other stories of this type, that did not interfere with his duty. What it did do is what makes this unusual.

THE IVORY SNUFF BOX. **Kenneth Rand** **9**

A detective story of the variety you have no doubt been searching for long. There is nothing of the fantastically impossible in this tale of crime deduction, but a real plot with good, sound characters—and a good end. All the detective's energy was spent on recovering a snuff box. It seems absurd, but the snuff box meant everything to many people, as the story will tell.

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Published weekly by Street & Smith, 79-89 Seventh Ave., New York. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress of March 3, 1879, by Street & Smith. Copyright, 1915, by Street & Smith. O. G. Smith and G. C. Smith, Proprietors.

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Single Copies or Back Numbers, 5c. Each.

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The Ivory Snuff Box

(WORLD FILM)

By Kenneth Rand

Real crime deduction by a real crime deducer. In other words, a detective story that is of the variety so hard to find. There is nothing of the fantastic, impossible work of the average fiction detective, but there is something, and lots of it, of the good, wholesome, interesting work of a master mind in the art of running down criminals. The snuff box of mysterious value is stolen, and Richard Duvall sets out to find the thief—but he finds a lot more, which leads into a plot that is crowded with unusual, absorbing incidents. The story is based on the photo drama of the same title filmed by the World Film Company. The cast includes:

Richard Duvall.....Holbrook Blinn
Grace Ellicot.....Alma Belwin
Monsieur Lefevre.....Robert Cummings
Dr. Hartmann.....Norman Trebor

RICHARD DUVALL turned impatiently at the rap on the door.

He had been married not quite forty minutes, and he and his bride, Grace Ellicot, an American in Paris like himself, were about to begin their wedding breakfast in the suite the young man had engaged at the fashionable hotel in the Place Vendome, to which they had driven in a taxi from the church.

"Come in!" Duvall called shortly.

A servant bearing a card salver, and on that a sealed letter, entered the room and presented the missive on the small silver tray to Duvall with a bow.

"The messenger said there was no answer, sir," the servant announced, as Duvall took the letter. "Thank you, sir!" And, pocketing the coin which the young man carelessly dropped on the salver in the sealed envelope's place, with another bow the servant withdrew.

"What is it, Richard?" asked Grace, her tone anxious as she saw the expression of quick concern that had crossed Duvall's face as he looked at the envelope's contents.

It was nothing but a card, on which there was no line of writing. The card simply read: "Monsieur Lefevre, Prefect of Police."

And yet it conveyed a message to Duvall. It was a command, that he might disobey only at the cost of cutting himself off from his sole means of livelihood. He crushed the card in his hand and dropped it into his pocket, without showing it to his wife of less than an hour. Duvall had not yet told her what his business was.

His father had been French, which accounted for his name as well as for his fluent use of that language, and likewise for the mission on which he had come to Paris some five or six years before—in the hope, which had proved vain, of being able to realize something on the estate which his father had left behind him when the unfortunate outcome of a duel had forced him to take flight to America. Penniless in the capital of France, the young man had accepted the position of an operative on the staff of Monsieur Lefevre, the chief of the secret police, who had once known his father, and offered him the means of supporting himself for that reason.

Duvall had risen high in his grizzled chief's esteem during the few years that had followed, proving to Lefevre that he had natural talents for detection which had made his choosing by the head of the secret service as one of his assistants a positive inspiration.

So resourceful had Duvall proved himself in even the most important and delicate cases, that of late only those had come to be intrusted to him.

The intimation that his chief required his services was always sent to Duvall merely in the form of Monsieur Lefevre's card—as that message had come to him now.

"But why did this interruption to his honeymoon have to occur just at the present moment?" the young man asked himself exasperatedly. He looked at the beautiful girl whom he had just made his wife, and from her to the table, on

which was spread out the breakfast that neither of them had yet touched. For a moment, Duvall thought of ignoring the summons from his chief. But then he realized the impossibility of his taking that step. To do so would throw him instantly out of employment again, and mean that they would both be penniless.

There was nothing for him to do but to go and find out what Lefevre wanted of him, and Duvall caught up his hat and coat and turned toward the door.

"Nothing is the matter," he answered Grace's question, "but I shall have to go out for an hour or two."

"For an hour or two!" she repeated his last words, in blank dismay over the length of time he mentioned as that which was likely to elapse before his return. "Richard—tell me where you are going!"

"I can't," he replied, turning with the doorknob in his hand. "The identity of the person who has summoned me must be kept secret—until I have informed him of our marriage, and gained his permission to tell you, my wife, of my connection with him. I would have to break the vow I have given, to tell you now. I'll explain everything to you when I come back, dearest—which will be in just a little while!"

And, throwing a reassuringly blithe kiss to her, in another moment Duvall was gone.

Ten minutes later he walked into the private office of the chief of the secret police. Monsieur Lefevre, looking up from his desk, sighed with relief at

sight of the young man, and, pushing aside the papers on the blotter before him with which he had been occupying himself at Duvall's entrance, beckoned him into the chair at his side.

"The French ambassador has lost his snuffbox!" was the terse way in which the head of the secret police summed up the case into which he had called his best and shrewdest assistant.

Duvall's eyebrows lifted in involun-

Duvall thought, that missing snuffbox must have some mysterious value.

"But, chief, I can't go to London!" the young man blurted out the fact of that morning's supreme importance in his life to Monsieur Lefevre. "I was married just an hour ago!"

It was Monsieur Lefevre's turn to lift his eyebrows in surprise.

"You have not told me that you were engaged," said he.

to make connections with the Channel boat for London. After you, monsieur."

With a shrug of resignation to his lot, Duvall left the office accompanied by his chief.

At half past seven that night they were ushered into the presence of Monsieur de Grissac, the French ambassador to England, in the library of the embassy in London. The ambassador they found pacing the floor, in a state of suppressed excitement. With a nod of recognition for Monsieur Lefevre, he looked interrogatively from him to the young man he had brought with him.

"Who is he?" he asked sharply of the head of the secret-service bureau.

"This is Monsieur Duvall, whom I have brought to undertake the case," Monsieur Lefevre smilingly informed him. "He is a young American, who is also my cleverest assistant."

"Can he be trusted," persisted the ambassador, regarding Duvall from under an anxious frown, "in a matter of such importance?"

"He may be relied upon implicitly, your excellency," Monsieur Lefevre confidently reassured him. "And now, as valuable time is fast slipping by in which the thief of your snuffbox may be making good his escape, if I might suggest that you give us the facts in the case—"

A grim smile lifted the corners of the ambassador's lips.

"The thief," he said, "is not likely to escape. But the recovery of the box itself is another matter. Here, in brief, is the situation: A half hour before I wired you this morning, Monsieur Lefevre, I discovered that my ivory snuffbox was gone. There was only one person who had access to my private effects. That person was my valet, Jean. I at once accused him of the theft, and locked him up in the next room, where he is a prisoner at this moment."

"You have the thief, then?" exclaimed Monsieur Lefevre quickly.

"So I suspect Jean to be—yes," replied the ambassador. "But I have *not* got my ivory snuffbox. I have searched him with my own hands—I would trust no others—but failed to find the box upon his person. He has refused to tell me where he has hidden it, declaring himself to be innocent of having stolen it. I have left him for examination by you—or your assistant."

Monsieur Lefevre turned to Duvall



"Your assistant's face seems familiar to me," Duvall remarked in an undertone to the head barber.

tary surprise, and then fell again in a frown of perplexity. Had he heard his chief correctly? A personage had lost something of as little intrinsic value as a snuffbox, and, the inference was, he was to recover it. But why? Without conceit Duvall revolved the question in his mind, when Monsieur Lefevre had a score of lesser operatives on his staff who could handle such an affair, should he have been called into it?

Monsieur Lefevre's next words were no less surprising:

"And you and I, Duvall, leave for London within an hour."

For the first time, Duvall noticed that the papers on his chief's desk were time-tables which he had been perusing when he had presented himself in response to the summons of Monsieur Lefevre's card which the latter had sent him.

But if the head of the secret police was going to work on the case himself,

"We only met each other last week," Duvall explained, flushing embarrassedly. "It—it was a case of love at first sight, I believe, sir. We decided this morning not to wait any longer, but to be married at once. I meant to call here to-day and ask you for your congratulations. But—but now that I have explained the circumstances, surely you can put somebody else on the case—"

"Impossible!" Monsieur Lefevre brought his lips together, and his open hand down on the desk before him firmly. "I am sorry, my boy, if this case interferes with your personal plans. But you are the one man I can trust to take with me on it—you have proved, by your past display of tact, discretion, resourcefulness, your fitness to undertake what is unquestionably the most important affair that has ever been placed in my hands. My motor car is at the curb below—we have just time

with a businesslike nod toward the door of the adjoining room.

"Go in and see him," he ordered curtly.

Duvall crossed to the door, taking the key which the ambassador handed him, and, turning it in the lock, stepped into the next room. The valet, who, according to the ambassador's account of what had happened, had been locked up there for hours, was seated in front of a table, with his arms crossed upon it and his head upon his arms—apparently asleep. He did not look up, as Duvall opened and closed the door behind him. His slumber, evidently, was the deep one of utter exhaustion.

Crossing to the valet's side, Duvall laid his hand on his shoulder—and started back with an involuntary gasp of amazement.

The valet was dead!

Squarely in the center of his forehead, Duvall looked at a round, black hole that had been drilled there by a revolver bullet. Sweeping the floor with his eyes, Duvall stooped and picked up a card. It read: "Doctor Hartmann. Brussels." But there was no sign of the pistol with which the valet had met his death, and for which Duvall had been looking, anywhere upon the rug that covered the floor of the room. The man must have been murdered, then. But why, since a shot had ended his life, hadn't the report alarmed the ambassador in the adjoining library?

Duvall opened the door and stepped back into that room.

"Well?" both Monsieur Lefevre and the ambassador inquired of him eagerly.

"Your valet is dead," Duvall quietly informed Monsieur de Grissac.

The latter rose from his chair with a cry of astonishment.

"He has been murdered," Duvall quickly went on. "And that not more than ten minutes ago. It is my belief that whoever killed him now has the snuffbox—which you were right in suspecting your manservant of having stolen. For, unless he had it in his possession, there would have been no motive for any one's murdering him."

"But how do you know that he was murdered?" exclaimed Monsieur Lefevre.

"Because the bullet that entered his brain must have killed him instantly," replied Duvall, "and if he had taken his own life, the revolver would have been

found on the floor, at his feet. There is no sign of the weapon in the room."

"You say," put in Monsieur de Grissac, "that he has been dead not more than ten minutes. But for double that length of time I have been here in this library, within hearing of such a shot—and yet I heard nothing!"

"A Maxim silencer was probably used on the pistol," explained Duvall. "We are evidently dealing with a powerful clique of criminals, chief," he turned to address Monsieur Lefevre briskly. "Do you recall the smooth-shaven, thick-set man with the German cast of countenance we saw leaving this house as we

and ran from the room, to descend the front steps of the embassy two at a time, and hurry across the street toward the striped pole that stood at the corner.

As he entered the barber shop, Duvall saw that his man was there, all right.

But he was not in a chair, receiving either a shave, hair cut, or massage at the hands of one of the tonsorialists. The smooth-shaven, stockily built man with the German cast of countenance whom Duvall had seen departing from the French ambassador's house as he and Monsieur Lefevre had been about to enter it, was now clad in a white jacket and engaged in applying the lather from



It was the smooth-shaven, stockily built man with the German cast of countenance.

came up the steps just now? I noticed that he went into the barber shop on the corner. I have a "hunch," as we Americans say, that he was the one who killed the ambassador's valet—it's just a hunch, but I'm going after him. No man yet, in this country or any other, ever got out of a barber shop in anything less than a quarter of an hour, and he's doubtless still there."

Snatching up his hat from the ambassador's library table, Duvall wheeled

the brush in his hand to the chin of a customer who sat in the chair before him. He had not entered the place as a patron, but as one of the barbers returning there to resume his labors—which he had interrupted, if Duvall's "hunch" was correct, to commit both a murder and a theft in the embassy, across the street.

"Neat," commented Duvall to himself, as he removed his collar and sat down in the first chair, in acceptance of the

head barber's smiling invitation. "Very neat."

From the window of the barber shop beside which the thickset, German-looking man stood, an unobstructed view of the embassy and all who entered or departed from it could be obtained.

"Your assistant's face seems familiar to me," Duvall remarked, in an undertone to the head barber, as the latter was lathering his cheeks. "Has he been working for you long?"

"Oh, only a week or so," the head barber answered. "He offered to come to work for me for almost nothing, and so I hired him. He is a very good barber."

Duvall thought to himself:

"Also, he is a very clever confederate of the gang he is working with. From this barber shop he can watch the embassy across the street continually. But I fancy he will be giving up his job here very shortly—now that he has the ambassador's snuffbox. H'm!" the young man mused to himself, as he watched the man who was working at the next chair out of the corner of his eye while the head barber shaved him, "how the deuce am I going to get the box away from him? I want to get his accomplices in the plot to rob Monsieur de Grissac of the thing, as well. By George—I believe the fellow he's been shaving is one of them!"

The "customer" of the head barber's assistant had left the chair and gone to the counter where toilet waters, hair tonics, and soaps were displayed for sale near the door.

In the mirror, before him, Duvall saw the smooth-shaven, heavily built man in the barber's white jacket hand the other a package, accept a coin in exchange, and the latter take his departure from the shop.

"There it goes," Duvall thought excitedly—"the ambassador's snuffbox!"

He told the head barber he didn't want a hot towel, nor powder, nor bay rum on his hair. Speed in getting him out of the chair, he informed the man who had finished shaving him, was all he wanted.

A moment after the stranger had gone from the shop, Duvall ran out of it, after him.

"One moment!" He stopped the man halfway up the street. "I'll trouble you for that package you've got there!"

And, with the words, Duvall snatched the thing out of the other's hand.

The string came away and the paper unwrapped, as he did so.

And Duvall found himself looking at an innocent cake of shaving soap—unmistakably that and nothing more.

"I beg your pardon!" He faltered out an apology to the stranger he had mistaken for an accomplice of the man who was masquerading as a barber back in the shop, out of which Duvall had just run.

Leaving the purchaser of the shaving stick standing there, with the soap in its half-undone paper held loosely in his hand where Duvall had thrust it and his mouth open in speechless amazement at that young man's queer actions, Duvall turned and hastened back to the barber shop.

The thickset man with the German features was gone when he arrived there. "Just stepped out to get his lunch," the head barber informed him.

Duvall, fuming, turned back to the embassy.

"He's gone from that shop for good!" he told himself regretfully. "And I let him go, taking the snuffbox with him—while I went chasing off on a false scent! Now I'll have to begin a search of the whole city of London for him. It's all my own blockheaded fault for not having made sure of one bird before I started off after the other!"

Duvall met Monsieur Lefevre just descending the steps of the embassy and told him what had happened.

As they walked up the street together, Lefevre asked him if he still felt confident that the man was the murderer of the ambassador's valet. Duvall replied that he did. His chief had just offered to take him to the head of the London police force and request that the city of London be dragged for the man Duvall had last seen as a barber in that shop—when he stopped short, clutching the young man's arm.

"Isn't that our man now?" inquired Monsieur Lefevre.

They were standing in front of a restaurant, through the lace curtain in front of whose plate-glass window they could both see a man seated at a table with a newspaper propped up against a bottle of wine before him.

It was the smooth-shaven, stockily built man with the German cast of countenance!

Watching through the window, Du-

vall and his chief saw him request the waiter to bring him a piece of wrapping paper, string, and pen and ink.

Then, after a furtive look around him, they saw him take something out of his pocket.

The man wrapped and tied it up and then addressed the package. Craning his neck, Duvall was able to see part of the first line of the address as the man wrote it: "Doctor Ha—" He could not see the rest. But the second line he saw in full. It was "Brussels." Duvall turned to Monsieur Lefevre in triumph.

"Are you convinced now that he murdered Monsieur de Grissac's valet," said he, "and that that is the ambassador's snuffbox we have just seen him do up to hand to some one of his accomplices?"

The head of the French secret-service bureau shared his excitement.

"I think we are on the right trail!" he nodded. "We will wait here until he comes out, and then take the package away from him by force!"

It was Duvall's turn to catch his chief's arm.

"No!" he objected. "That isn't the thing to do at all—if you'll pardon me for contradicting you, sir. We will follow him, instead, when he comes out, and see whom he tries to give the box to. Then we will have both him and his confederate or confederates, don't you see? It's no more important to get the box back than it is to round up the gang who were in the plot to steal it."

Monsieur Lefevre nodded.

"I do see," he commented. "And you are right. We will follow him when he leaves the restaurant, without giving him a hint that we suspect him."

And follow him they did, ten minutes later.

The man led them along the thoroughfare for perhaps a dozen blocks. Then Monsieur Lefevre and Duvall saw him turn in at the entrance of a public building.

"The post office!" whispered Duvall. "Of course! What more natural meeting place could he arrange with an accomplice? Quick, chief! You go in at this door, while I run around to the side entrance and walk through. We'll see whom he hands the package to and have them cornered between us; then for an easy capture!"

Monsieur Lefevre entered the post

office by one door. Duvall, a moment later, strolled into it by the other. Both saw the man take the package out of his pocket. And then they saw something else.

Taking out a stamp, he affixed it to the package and dropped it through one of the slots in the wall marked "Out-going Mail."

The package had slipped through both Duvall's and his chief's fingers. It was in the British government's mail now, where they could not hope to recover it. As both stood rooted to the spot in which they had stopped, completely taken aback by the man's unexpected move, the man himself walked out of the post office unnoticed by either, and away in safety.

"Duvall!"

Monsieur Lefevre spoke sharply to the young man, reaching his side in a single stride.

"I have not told you what that box holds," the head of the secret-service bureau went on curtly. "I am not going to tell you now. I have been pledged to secrecy concerning its contents. But what I do tell you is this: If you can get it back, I don't care how, your future is made. Do you understand? In all your career you will never receive a case that can touch, or even approach, this one for importance!"

Duvall, a preoccupied expression on his face, was fishing in his pocket. He brought out the card that he had found on the floor, where it had been dropped beside the ambassador's murdered valet. He read the two lines it contained: "Doctor Hartmann, Brussels," a second time. Suddenly his countenance lighted as though an idea had struck him. He drove one fist into the open palm of his other hand.

"That's where the package was addressed!" he exclaimed. Then, wheeling on his chief, he announced determinedly: "I'm going to Brussels, sir, by the first train—to get the box back!"

"But how—" began Monsieur Lefevre blankly.

Duvall did not hear him. He had turned and was already running out of the post office, on his way to set forth upon the journey he had pledged himself to take in an effort to recover Monsieur de Grissac's precious snuff-box.

When Monsieur Lefevre returned to

Paris he was told that a young and beautiful woman had been waiting for hours in his anteroom to see him.

"Show her in," the chief of the Paris police force ordered.

Grace Ellicot entered Monsieur Lefevre's private office.

"I have come to make an appeal to you, sir!" she began distractedly. "I have come to ask you to find my husband. He has disappeared! The circumstances are these: Yesterday morning he received an envelope that con-

ried?" he questioned, searching Grace's face with his keen gray eyes.

"We—we had been married not quite an hour," she falteringly replied, "when—when he went away. But you started just now at the mention of his name—as though you were acquainted with him. Do you know Richard, sir? And, what is more important, do you know where he is?"

A slow smile lifted Monsieur Lefevre's lips, while his eyes sparkled with the coming of an idea.



"Doctor Hartmann doesn't wish you to leave this room," the nurse announced firmly. "You must obey his orders or you will have cause to regret."

tained nothing but a card. I saw that, although he wouldn't show me the card or tell me whom it was from. He told me that he would have to leave me for an hour or two. That was yesterday morning—and he has not come back yet. Something has happened to him, I know! I have come here to you, as the chief of police of Paris, to beg, to entreat that you will make a search for him!"

"What is your husband's name, madame?" asked Monsieur Lefevre kindly.

"His name," answered Grace, "is Richard Duvall."

The police chief started visibly.

"And how long had you been mar-

"Yes, I know your husband, madame," he answered Grace. "His exact whereabouts at the present moment—that I cannot tell you, for I do not know myself. But I think I can help you in your quest for him, nevertheless. I will tell you how to find him." And the chief of the secret police leaned toward her eagerly. "Find the ivory snuffbox of the French ambassador—and you will find your husband!" he announced.

It had struck Monsieur Lefevre that in this charming young woman who was looking for her husband, he had found another assistant to help him in the recovery of the snuffbox. Noting the

look of blank amazement which his words had brought to her face, the head of the secret-service bureau explained his plan to Grace.

"In Brussels," said he, speaking quickly, "a man named Doctor Hartmann has a private sanitarium, which my investigations have shown me is situated on the Boulevard des Sennes, in that city, and is a sanctuary for fashionable folk of both sexes who are suffering, or believe themselves to be, from nervous disorders of various sorts. I want you to go there and gain admittance as a young lady afflicted with neurasthenia. You are to watch the movements of Doctor Hartmann every moment. I expect—and so does Duvall, your husband, I may tell you—that the doctor is going to receive a package through the mail. That package will contain the snuffbox in question. Get it—and you will be reunited with your husband. That I promise you on my word of honor."

Grace rose, her lips set in a firm line.

"I'll do it," she answered the police chief. "The next train to Brussels will find me on it. I've never played the part of a detective before, but I would do more than that to find Richard safe and sound again!"

She was as good as her word, and rode out of Paris two hours later—on board the very train, though neither of them suspected it, which, by a coincidence, was the one with which Duvall had connected on his way from London to Brussels.

It was nine o'clock at night when Grace drove up in a taxi to the door of Doctor Hartmann's sanitarium in the last-named city, and, dismissing the chauffeur, rang the doorbell.

She was admitted by a powerfully built attendant in a liveried coat, who bade her enter the doctor's waiting room while he went to summon the latter to hear her case.

When Doctor Hartmann—a tall, black-bearded man, with a pair of uncannily piercing eyes—entered the room, Grace told him the story Monsieur Lefevre had instructed her to give about the attack of neurasthenia from which she was suffering and that had led her to wish to enter the sanitarium for treatment.

After a cursory examination, which satisfied him as to the nervous condition she was in—Grace didn't have to

simulate that, for she was as excited as could be over the undertaking on which she was embarked—Doctor Hartmann assured her that he would accept her as a patient, and rang for a nurse to take her to a room on one of the upper floors of the sanitarium.

Twice during the night, when Grace attempted to steal from the room to go downstairs and spy on the movements of Doctor Hartmann, as the head of the Paris police force had instructed her to do, she found her efforts in that direction blocked by the untimely appearance on the threshold of the room of the female nurse, who had been set to watch her by the doctor's orders, as she herself explained.

"Doctor Hartmann doesn't wish you to leave this room," the nurse announced firmly to Grace. "You are under his orders now, and must obey them to the letter—or you will have cause to regret it!"

"Did the doctor suspect the purpose for which she had entered the sanitarium?" Grace asked herself.

No matter. She meant to persist in her efforts to watch him, and to get the snuffbox out of his possession when it came into it, as Monsieur Lefevre had ordered her to do. For in that lay her only hope of quickly finding her husband again. Early the next morning Grace opened her door and peeped out into the hall, to find that the nurse was nowhere in sight.

She took a step toward the stairs, and then stopped short.

She had just heard Richard Duvall's voice!

Grace ran to the stairs and looked down over the baluster. In the hall below she saw her husband step across the threshold of the open front door to confront the same stalwart attendant who had let her into the sanitarium on the night before.

"Richard!" Grace called.

Duvall did not hear her. For, at the moment that she cried his name, she saw him spring at the attendant. There was a short struggle. Duvall, throwing the attendant to the floor, whipped a revolver from his hip pocket, and, with the butt of the weapon, knocked the man insensible. Then he began to strip off his liveried coat. At that instant the doorbell rang.

Swiftly buttoning the coat about him, and tossing aside his hat, Duvall opened the door—in the attendant's place.

Grace, peering down, spellbound, over the baluster, saw that a postman stood on the doorstep. She saw him hand Duval a small, oblong package. He took it and closed the door. Then, whisking the package out of sight under his coat, he turned—as the portières of the waiting room opened and Doctor Hartmann stepped forth.

Grace was just about to cry out to Duvall again.

And then she felt her shoulder seized in a grip of steel. Turning, she beheld the nurse who had come up in back of her. The woman pointed sternly to the door of Grace's room.

"Go back in there!" she ordered through her locked teeth. "I believe you came here as a spy—go back, I say!" And she pushed Grace roughly into the room, pointing to a chair. "I'll lock you in here, miss, and you won't get out until Doctor Hartmann hears from me that I caught you watching what was going on downstairs just now, and decides what's to be done with you!"

The nurse went out, locking the door in pursuance of her threat as she did so, and leaving Grace a prisoner.

Downstairs, in the hall, Doctor Hartmann was confronting Duvall over the prone body of the attendant, in whose liveried coat the young man stood. As quick as a flash, on catching sight of the doctor, Duvall had opened his eyes wide and summoned a glare of madness to them. He laughed vacantly at the head of the sanitarium.

"Doctor, they're after me!" he informed the man who stood watching him fixedly with his piercing gray eyes. "That's why I took the liberty of knocking your servant down and putting on his coat—to disguise myself so that they couldn't find me! I had to do it—"

Doctor Hartmann nodded as he stood surveying Duvall's wild eyes and listened to his no less wild words.

"Mad!" he murmured to himself. "Quite hopelessly insane!"

That was exactly what Duvall had wanted to make him think, and he smiled with inward satisfaction over the way his quick-witted ruse had taken the doctor in.

"I'll hide you where they can't find you," Doctor Hartmann addressed him soothingly, opening the door of the next room and inviting Duvall with a wave of his hand to enter it. "Come in here." Duvall did so, and the next

moment the doctor, stepping quickly back across the threshold, locked the door. Outside it, Duvall heard Doctor Hartmann say: "And I'll send for the police to come and take you away as a dangerous lunatic!"

Again Duvall smiled to himself. He had no fear of his ability to convince the Brussels police that he was entirely sane—a wire to Monsieur Lefevre in Paris would do that immediately—and to be escorted from Doctor Hartmann's sanitarium with the snuffbox in his possession, in the custody of two or more officers of the law, was as good a means as any of taking his departure from the house.

Alone for the moment, Duvall drew out the package he had received from the footman, and tore it open. There, sure enough, was the ambassador's ivory snuffbox! Duvall opened it. The box was empty!

But could the man he and his chief had seen drop the package in the mail in London have taken out its contents beforehand? That was scarcely likely. For why, then, should he have sent the empty container to Doctor Hartmann in Brussels?

Duvall drummed with his fingers on top of the box in perplexity.

Suddenly he felt one of the embossed figures on top of the snuffbox move under the tapping of his fingers. Quickly bending over it, he pressed on that spot—and the cover's false lid slid back. Underneath it was a folded sheet of tissue paper. Duvall eagerly drew it forth and spread out its creases—and a disappointed exclamation left his lips.

The tissue paper was covered merely with a series of numbers.

Slowly Duvall lifted his eyes and looked around him, to discover that the room in which he stood was the library.

Five minutes later, Doctor Hartmann unlocked the door and strode in upon him. He was followed by two burly assistants.

"I have been thinking matters over," the doctor informed Duvall, "and I have changed my mind about sending for the police to take you in charge. I don't believe you are a lunatic at all, but a spy! You entered my house and impersonated my servant to take a package from the postman at the door. A friend of mine wired me from London yesterday that he was sending a package to me from there. I have not yet received



She ran forward and threw herself on her knees beside Duvall.

it. My friend would not have failed to send it to me after wiring me that he had done so, I know. I think you have that package in your possession now. Will you hand it over to me?"

Duvall dropped his former pose of insanity, as he saw that things had come to a show-down between him and the doctor.

"No, I will not," he answered firmly.

Doctor Hartmann turned to his two assistants.

"Seize him!" he ordered. Duvall made no resistance to the powerfully built pair, who outnumbered him two to one, as they pinned his arms to his sides. "Feel over his clothes," went on Doctor Hartmann, "and see if he has the package in his pocket. It is a box—you can't miss it if he has it on him anywhere."

But the attendants, after making the search, reported that the ivory snuffbox was not upon Duvall's person.

"Tie him up with your straps," snapped Doctor Hartmann, pointing to the stout strips of leather that the attendants had carried with them into the room. "And bring him down into the

cellar. I think I can find a way to make him tell me where the box is."

Bound hand and foot, Duvall was borne into the basement of the house and there thrown rudely down upon the bare cement floor.

"Now," Doctor Hartmann scowled down at him, "are you going to tell me where you have hidden the package?"

"I am not," replied Duvall.

"Then we will see if torture won't loosen your tongue," said the doctor. "But, wait—I've thought of a better idea than that. You are an American, aren't you? Yes, I thought you looked like one. Go upstairs," he addressed one of the two attendants, without removing his piercing gaze from Duvall's face, "and bring down the young American girl who came here last night. I won't torture you, but her, instead—before your eyes. Perhaps you won't refuse for long to give me the information—I want, with the screams of your fellow countrywoman ringing in your ears!"

A few minutes later the basement door opened and Grace was led in. In the helplessly trussed-up figure on the

floor she recognized her husband, as in the "young American girl" the doctor had referred to, Duvall recognized his wife!

"Grace!" he cried, in amazement
"Richard!"

She ran forward and threw herself on her knees beside him, lifting his head off the damp, bare floor in her arms.

"So you know each other, eh?" came the rasping voice of Doctor Hartmann. "Well, that is all the better for my plan. Tell me where the French ambassador's snuffbox is," he addressed Duvall, in a tone of icy finality, "and I will let both of you go free. Refuse, and in one moment I will break this young lady's arm before your eyes!"

With a hopeless groan, Duvall gave up.

"You will find it under the clock on the mantel in the library, upstairs," he told the doctor.

"Go and see if it is where he says it is," the latter ordered one of the attendants. "And bring it here, to me, if he's not lying.

The man returned in a moment or two with the snuffbox which he had found in the place where Duvall had confessed that he had hidden it. Snatching the box from the attendant's hand, Doctor Hartmann bent over it and pressed the embossed figure, which released its false lid. He gave a sigh of satisfaction as he saw the sheet of folded tissue paper underneath. Closing the box and dropping it into his pocket, he turned back to Duvall and Grace.

"I will keep my word," said he, with a smiling bow. "You may both leave my sanitarium unmolested—and many thanks for this, monsieur!" he added mockingly to Duvall, tapping the pocket in which he had dropped the snuffbox.

Late that evening, Duvall and Grace entered Monsieur Lefevre's private office.

Pacing the floor before the chief's desk was the French ambassador, who had been unable to wait in London for news of the snuffbox's recovery, and had come on to Paris to learn if Monsieur Lefevre had heard anything definite about its recapture from the thieves who had taken it.

At sight of Duvall and his wife, both the chief of police and the ambassador lunged the eager question at him:

"Have you got the snuffbox?"

"I am sorry to say," Duvall replied, "that I have not. It is in the possession of Doctor Hartmann, of Brussels."

The ambassador tore his hair.

"I am lost!" he groaned. "The box contained the French plans. And you say the box is in the hands of that spy of the German government, who runs that sanitarium to cloak his real business. Then that means that he has the plans——"

"Pardon me, your excellency," interrupted Duvall, with a quiet smile, "but it doesn't mean quite that. I opened the snuffbox and found what was in it. Tearing another sheet of tissue paper from in front of one of the engraved plates in one of the books in Doctor Hartmann's library, I took the liberty of writing bogus figures upon it and substituting it for the other. Doctor Hartmann has your ivory snuffbox. But, if you will allow me, you have the French plans."

And, taking the folded sheet of tissue paper from his pocket, Duvall presented it to the ambassador.

Something New—and Good.

MILLIONS of people from coast to coast will be given an opportunity to see all the historic and other points of interest in their country when Polly Pathé returns from an extended "Seeing America First" tour of the country which she is making for Pathé.

Polly Pathé began in New York recently, when she was received in special audience by George McAneny, acting mayor in the absence of Mayor Mitchel. Mr. McAneny gave Polly Pathé a letter to Mayor Rolph, of San Francisco, and had a kind word to say about Pathé's latest patriotic venture in the motion-picture field.

On her trip, Polly Pathé will be accompanied by Mrs. Frances Fisher Byers, who will have charge of the arrangements, and an expert camera man. It is expected they will take about one hundred and fifty thousand feet of film before they return. The present plan, as announced by Pathé, is to release the pictures in weekly series beginning about December 15th. The pictures will be called "Seeing America First."

Every city of importance in the United States will be visited by the Pathé rep-

resentatives, and arrangements have been made for interviews with governors, mayors, and other officials, and an effort will be made to see President Wilson. According to the present itinerary, the travelers will cover fourteen thousand miles, following a schedule that has been carefully mapped out to include every important point of interest in the United States, which will be filmed for the benefit of the motion-picture patrons.

Polly Pathé in private life is Miss Grace Wheeler Green, daughter of Mrs. Franklin Green and the late Franklin Green, the noted architect. Miss Green is well known in society, and made her début three years ago, in New York, as well as in Paris, London, and Brussels. She was educated in Brussels, where her parents maintained a residence for several seasons. Miss Green has the distinction of having been the only American girl invited to the royal box at the coronation of King Albert of Belgium, in Brussels, when that ill-fated, though noble monarch ascended the throne.

Mrs. Byers is well known in newspaper circles throughout the country, and her special training fits her for this important work. She has been the press representative for Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Ellen Terry, and other notables.

How to Make a Good Director.

IT has been said by Livingston Larned, the artist, that when he asked Lottie Briscoe, the popular photo player, what constituted a competent motion-picture director, she gave him the following recipe:

- A bunch of patience.
- A measure of inventive imagination.
- A dash of literary ability.
- A modicum of generalship.
- A pinch of hypnotism.
- A spoonful of temperament.
- A glob of tact.
- A sprinkling of sympathy.
- A drop or two of acting ability.
- A squirt of athletics.
- A wisp of art photography.

Shake well, mix thoroughly, and then stir in about two hundred other highly magnificent human qualifications.

Up to date, no enterprising movie manufacturer has engaged William Jennings Bryan.—*From a motion picture publication.*

Perhaps the "silent" in "silent drama" doesn't appeal to him.

The Evolution of Motion Pictures

By Robert Grau

Now that the evolution of pictures has been dealt with since their invention to the present day, Mr. Grau, who is author of the articles which has followed this rise of what is to now the fifth greatest industry in the United States, and who is exceptionally well acquainted with the film business, has prepared the following; in which he predicts what the pictures will do in the future. This article is of a valedictory type and has a peculiar appeal to every one at all interested in pictures. This is the conclusion of the series on the evolution of motion pictures.

IX.—FROM A PERSPECTIVE VIEWPOINT

THE development of the motion-picture art, particularly as to its theatrical side, has been on such a scale that the writer has been confronted with space problems in an effort to adequately recite and fairly appraise the scope and influence of even the few most prominent institutions which in 1914 began to vastly enlarge and improve the screen output, as a result of the simultaneous advent of the two and three-hour photo play in playhouses of the first grade, and at dollar prices of admission; also resorting to theatrical methods of booking and advertising.

The movement had come with an impetus so compelling that it was not surprising to hear at every turn the direst predictions of the aftermath, but theatrical history is replete with evidence of the ability of the great public to quickly adjust the evils of all crazes, as they have developed in theaterdom. The laws of supply and demand never were called upon to regulate the conditions in the amusement field to the extent that the year 1915 will utilize to bring about an equilibrium between the spoken play, or what is called the legitimate theater, and the theater of science and invention.

Here we have, perhaps, the most interesting, and surely the mostly vital, phase of present-day amusements. The future of the theater, as conducted since the inauguration of the Christian Era, is at stake. To attempt to deny that this condition exists in the United States is to ignore the realization of the prophecies of less than three years ago. Today such prophecies, based on the laws of proportion alone, if applied to the possibilities of the motion picture as a theatrical attraction—not necessarily assuming that photo plays will constitute

the greater motion pictures of to-morrow—would indicate that the problem is nearing solution. That of the intricate question now seriously agitating the amusement field from coast to coast—"Are we due to relegate the player in the flesh to the film studio, in pursuance of the laws of modernism of a scientific era? Or will there come forth at the crucial period so clearly at hand a crop of expert showmen—there is no other term to apply in this instance—such as the field of the theater has lacked in recent years, who will grasp the greatest opportunity that has confronted the theatrical manager and play producer in fifty years, and by recognizing that the motion-picture vogue has created theatergoers out of ninety per cent of mankind, be provided with a greater incentive and a more valuable asset in the conduct of their operations than at any time in the world's history?"

Assuming that a genuine effort is made to entice the many millions of newly created theatergoers—the majority of whom were attracted by the low prices in the first instance, but are gradually forced to increase their expenditure for entertainment—into the theaters where plays and players are presented in the old way, the day may be near when such of the producers as have interests in both fields will have awakened to the significance of a condition that reveals ninety per cent—instead of ten per cent as recently as a decade ago—of a populace as theatergoers.

And there is much to indicate that with the adjustment of admission prices to a scale almost equal with the two modes of public entertainment, that the film magnate, possessed of the showmanship instinct and provided with playhouses and widely distributed stock

companies, recognizing the trend of the motion picture to materially add to the patronage of the spoken play, will himself enter the older field and demonstrate the correctness of the writer's viewpoint.

No one believes that there is the least danger of the motion picture replacing the spoken play as an entertainment; but that the former has routed off the boards all but a few of the traveling companies and has driven cheap melodrama entirely from large and small cities alike, is admitted; and now that the rosters of the film studio include more well-known players than the speaking stage—with the very last of the producers in the older field, Charles Frohman, capitulating to the lure of the camera man—a condition exists wherein the season of 1915-16 is due to witness a complete change in the theatrical map.

Whether the experienced theatrical managers now affiliated with the film industry take the initiative to induce the millions of amusement patrons created by the photo play to become patrons of the so-called regular playhouse, or whether the effort will be made by the gentlemen who have amassed fortunes in the newer field, and who are now in an impregnable position to make such a move, it seems certain that before the year is ended, as a result of the many affiliations between the influential interests in both fields, a highly developed plan of apportioning the "layout" in the nation's theaters will be in operation.

And then the question as to whether fifty million photo-playgoers can be enticed to divide their expenditure between the two methods of public entertainment will be answered, perhaps for all time.

But there is one phase of this unique

situation on which the prosperity of the theater, as conducted along older lines is at stake, that the showman will have to reckon with, and this phase represents unquestionably the more vital issue, namely: "Is the present-day tendency to present pictorial adaptations of more or less successful plays of other days the best use to which the motion-picture art may be utilized?"

Is the theatrical movement which already comprehends a complete presentation on the screen of past stage productivity a realization of the highest aims and greatest possibilities of a new art, which is just beginning to attract the attention of the world's greatest scientists and mechanics, and which is also inducing the investment of enormous capital by hard-headed men of the world of finance, to whom the theater as it was never appealed?

The first two screen productions to achieve a world-wide vogue, after being released by American manufacturers, were so nearly actualities, at least such was the impression created, that one may hear more to-day about "The Life of a Fireman," and "The Great Train Robbery" than will be heard as many years hence of the greatest film achievements of 1914. Yet, these were not "actualities"; but the realism depicted even in that primitive period caused more than one film producer to specialize in productions wholly beyond the scope of a four-walled playhouse. If the records were published, it would be found that Paul Rainey's "An African Hunt" has attracted the public to a greater extent, at higher prices of admission and for a more prolonged consecutive period, than any fictional theatrical or semitheatrical release that came later.

I may find few to indorse my views, nevertheless, I hold that it is such productivity of the camera man—and here the term is used advisedly—that will eventually prolong the amazing prosperity in filmdom. The realities of life not only prove the most compelling attractions with the public, but enable one to point to the influence of the motion picture in the national life. The pictures of Captain Scott's unfortunate expedition to the south pole illustrate as nothing else can the possibilities of a heaven-born new art, and when the final results are achieved from many expeditions of intrepid men and women in this year of 1914—some of which are con-

ducted secretly, others requiring as much as two years of research and untold hardships for all concerned—then will be witnessed, perhaps, the spectacle of the motion-picture production, without an actor, without even a director, and without scenic or stage accessories.

There is no assumption that such productions can be evolved with the frequency requisite for exclusive use. No one dreams that in this century the photo play, speaking literally, is to be wholly replaced by real-life films; but there is much to justify the belief that the greatest productions of the screen will be due to the unparalleled daring and persistent research of men and women bent upon revealing to mankind that which has never been seen save by the few explorers and scientists themselves.

Men to whom the theater is wholly without appeal, men emboldened by divine incentive, are now on their way to lands where a civilized human being never ventured before, and it is these Henry M. Stanleys of the second decade of the twentieth century who will perpetuate the vogue of motion pictures, and when the public is invited to gaze on such productions, the impression created will be somewhat similar to that which one might have in seeing "The Birth of a Nation" to-day, if the spectator had not entered a photo-playhouse since the days of "The Chase."

Toward the end of 1913, the influence of the motion picture in shaping and revealing public sentiment was aptly illustrated through the experience of Hal Reid, erstwhile apostle of melodrama, author of a score of thrillers, and present-day all-round film promoter. Mr. Reid had been with various producing concerns, in the capacity of director and scenario editor, without achieving the unusual. Evidently Mr. Reid believed that the vicissitudes of one Harry Thaw would make a compelling film subject, and as Mr. Reid once wrote and produced a play in which the slayer of Stanford White was sympathetically pictured, he was able to obtain the aid and cooperation of Thaw himself.

Proceeding to Sherbrooke, Canada, and other Canadian and New Hampshire cities, Mr. Reid secured less than five hundred feet of film, yet in half a dozen of New York's vaudeville theaters of the first grade, for an entire week, the audiences were limited by the capacity, and

twice daily in each the spectacle of the crowds cheering the alleged madman was on view. It was at this time that several of the big city dailies reversed their attitude toward Thaw, and it is generally conceded that these Thaw films and the manner they were received convinced and converted others into the belief that Thaw had been punished enough. Another phase of the Thaw pictures, interesting by itself, was the demonstrated fact that, provided copies enough were printed, half the hundreds of millions of the world's picture patrons could see the exhibit inside of sixty days.

Thomas H. Ince told the writer that he got his best points for his work from the newspapers, and I sincerely believe that, as the present vogue of stage plays reaches an end, there will come on the scene an entirely new group of determined men and women who will write solely for the screen. These will come forward only when the producers realize that such talent and genius as they possess must be accorded financial recognition.

This day of recognition for the author should come within a year; but the first producer to grant a royalty on all income the producer himself receives will start an era of screen achievement as yet inconceivable, and then the photo-play author will be the envied of the entire literary calling, for his earnings will be prodigious. George Broadhurst has admitted he earns one hundred thousand dollars a year. I expect to see far greater annual earnings than this recorded in filmdom in 1916, but I am not sure the big reward will go to writers who ignore the significance of Mr. Ince's admission as to where he gets his best points.

Speaking of Ince, it is worthy of note that he, as well as the two other famous directors who control the artistic destiny of the Triangle Film Corporation which is to provide the productions of photo plays in the two-dollar-a-seat theaters, are utterly opposed to adapting stage plays to the screen.

Ince, Griffith, and Sennett are in absolute accord in a policy which will mean eventually the advent into filmdom of the greatest living authors, who, instead of merely releasing their one-time stage success to the screen, will write henceforth with the screen alone in mind.

The Bridge

(METRO)

By Robert Keene

John Stoddard was building a four-million-dollar iron bridge for Courtland Van Nest. Janet, the latter's daughter, didn't even know that her father was building the bridge. The social butterfly and the worker met. She was already engaged to a young society man, but Stoddard did not know that. Nor would it have made any difference in his conduct if he had. What that conduct was—and the big thing it led to—is grippingly told in this story, based on the Metro Pictures Corporation photo drama of the same title. The cast:

John Stoddard.....Henry Kolker
Janet Van Nest.....Renee Kelly
Courtland Van Nest.....Orlando Daly
Kenneth Stuyvesant.....J. H. Goldworthy

LAVINSKY, the labor agitator, was busy again.

"How much longer are we goin' to stand for it, that's what I want to know? We're gettin' a dollar-twenty-four a day, when it ought to be one fifty. And is it because we ain't worth union wages? No! That ain't the reason we don't get paid enough so's ourselves and our families can live better'n animals. It's because Van Nest, the pres'dent of the railroad we're buildin' this bridge for, and others like him, don't want to cut down on their champagne dinners and their fancy society balls to pay us what we earn!"

A murmur of assent went up from the workingmen gathered around the pile of iron girders from which Lavinsky was addressing them at the noon hour. Encouraged by their agreement with his words, the agitator's harangue grew wilder.

"We'd ought to show capital it can't grind us down under its heel!" Lavinsky shouted. "Capital thinks it's got the whip hand of labor. But I notice, and you all have, too, that ev'ry oncet in a while labor turns around and shows it that the shoe's on the other foot. S'pose we called a strike? Where would Van Nest and his crowd get their bridge built then? We're the ones that're puttin' it up, by the sweat of our brows, and not them, with all their millions. If we don't get fair wages for our work, why, we hadn't ought to work. We'd ought to strike!"

A deeper growl in corroboration of the agitator's words went up from the listening workingmen. And then



In the library John Stoddard made his plea to the directors of the road, who assembled there.

through their midst a tall, powerfully built young man came shouldering his way, to spring up on the pile of girders beside Lavinsky.

He was John Stoddard, the young constructing engineer in charge of the work of building the four-million-dollar iron bridge that was to span the Way-brun Valley.

"You get back to your work, and shut your mouth!" he addressed Lavinsky curtly. "*Keep* it shut, too—understand? I've warned you once before about talking to the men this way. If I catch you

at it once again, you can get your time and quit."

Then Stoddard turned to address the workingmen.

"You're dissatisfied with your wages, and I don't blame you," he told them. "You ought to be getting a dollar and a half a day, instead of one-twenty-four. I know that. And I'll tell you what I'm going to do: I'm going to go and tell Mr. Van Nest and the board of directors that in my opinion you're entitled to more pay for the work you're doing, and see if I can get it for you. I'm

going to do that—on one condition: That you drop this talk of a strike. Will you forget it, and wait till I have tried to intercede for you with the directors of the road?"

By a cheer, the men signified their willingness to do so. The whistle blew, marking the end of the noon hour, and they scattered to their work, while Stoddard walked back to the one-story wooden house where he lived with his young sister Edith, to prepare for the trip to the city he had promised the workmen he would take in their interests to see Van Nest.

"I'll be back on the job again this evening," Stoddard told Edith reassuringly, as he kissed her good-by. "Don't worry about me, young un, while I'm gone."

Mr. Van Nest was indisposed, and had not come down to his office that day Stoddard learned when he arrived there. The railroad president was to be found at his home, where he had called a directors' meeting in his library for half past three o'clock that afternoon, and Stoddard turned his steps in the direction of the capitalist's house.

There, at the moment, Van Nest's only daughter, Janet, was taking leave of her fiancé, Kenneth Stuyvesant, a young society man who was about to depart with his crack regiment for its annual summer encampment near the Waybrun Valley.

"I like you in your uniform, Ken," she told him, "because for the first time you look as though you could *do* something!"

Laughing over the remark, which was in keeping with others she had been making of late upon the fact of his idleness, Kenneth took his departure. A moment later, Janet entered the drawing-room—and stopped short. A strange young man, in an ill-fitting, grease-stained suit of clothes, was sitting there. John Stoddard rose from the chair he had been bidden to take by the servant who had gone to the library to inform Van Nest of his arrival at the millionaire's residence.

"I am Miss Van Nest," Janet announced formally. "Whom are you waiting to see?"

"Your father," smiled John. "My name's Stoddard—I'm the contracting engineer who's building his new bridge out at Waybrun Valley, you know."

Janet's manner instantly thawed.

"Oh!" she exclaimed with a laugh, urging him by a gesture to resume his seat. "I didn't even know my father was building a new bridge."

The servant returned at that moment to inform John that Mr. Van Nest would see him in the library at once. On his way to the door, the young man looked back over his shoulder and gravely nodded at his employer's beautiful daughter.

"You ought to come out and see what we're doing some time," he advised her.

Janet stood looking after him, a glow of admiration in her eyes for the strength his figure had plainly displayed. *He* looked as though he could do something, she thought; as though doing something was as necessary to his existence as breathing. She glanced around at the luxury by which she was surrounded, by not a single effort of her own, and her lip curled contemptuously.

"Yes," she murmured, looking again toward the door through which John Stoddard had gone, "I think *I will* come and see what you are doing!"

In the library, John made his plea for a raise in the workingman's pay to Van Nest and the directors of the road who were assembled there. He tried to make them see that a dollar and twenty-four cents a day was not a living wage for a man with a family. It would mean nothing individually to any of the capitalists if they were to grant an increase to the men, who were toiling for them, of only a few cents a day apiece. But he soon saw that all his words *were* but words to his hearers, and he broke off abruptly:

"If I can't appeal to your sense of fairness, gentlemen, then let me try another way to persuade you to grant this increase in wages. The men are thoroughly dissatisfied; they want better pay for their jobs, or—they don't want the jobs. They're talking of striking already. My advice to you is to grant them the increase they want, in order to see your bridge constructed on time. If you refuse, I warn you that there's likely to be trouble."

"You can take care of that, all right," snapped Van Nest, from the head of the table. "It's what we pay you for. The men don't get a cent more. That's settled."

Stoddard bowed and withdrew. With a sick heart, not alone because his mission had failed, but because he knew what its failure meant to the men in

whose behalf he had made his plea for the raise in wages to which they were fairly entitled, he returned to the construction camp, and there, in his shack, received a delegation of three workmen, who were headed by Lavinsky.

As the committee turned to depart, after hearing from Stoddard that the directors had refused to grant the increase in pay, the agitator charged:

"You're standin' in with them yourself! It was all a bluff about your askin' for a raise in wages for us—you didn't fool *me* with it to-day, anyhow. I told the men how this would turn out. And now I'm goin' to tell 'em somethin' else, too!"

Lavinsky was as good as his word. What he told the workmen, at a meeting to which he called them all within the next half hour, was that they had just one hope left of getting the increase in wages they wanted—by striking, and tying up the work on the bridge until their demands were granted.

It was put to a vote. And the decision to strike was carried unanimously.

On the following day, Janet Van Nest proposed to her Aunt Sarah—who lived with her father and her—that they motor out to Waybrun Valley to pay Kenneth a call at the camp of his regiment.

But when they reached the construction camp beside the uncompleted bridge, Janet ordered the chauffeur to stop.

"I think I'll pay Mr. Stoddard a call, auntie," she informed her chaperon. "He's the chief engineer who's building this bridge for daddy, you remember, that I met at the house yesterday. You can wait here in the car for me—I won't be long."

But that, as it turned out, was a gross misstatement of fact. An hour and a half passed, while Aunt Sarah sat in the motor car and Stoddard was showing Janet around the work and into some of the houses of the workmen, so, as he phrased it, "she could see how the people live who put the money in your father's pockets by their labor."

Janet was interested in all the young man showed her—but, frankly, more interested in the young man himself.

She contrasted himself and his work with her fiancé and his idle life. It was with a comparison that resulted flatteringly to Mr. Kenneth Stuyvesant.

That young gentleman, just as Janet was leaving the last of the workmen's shacks she had visited with Stod-

ard, came running up in the wake of Janet's aunt, who had gone indignantly to the military camp near by to inform him that Janet had been spending "a whole hour and a half with a grimy engineer person," at the new bridge, instead of in the company of the young man to whom she was engaged and to visit whom she had set out from the city by her own statement.

"Oh, Kenneth! I want you to meet Mr. Stoddard," Janet introduced the two young men.

"How are you?" Kenneth snapped out

And, without another word to her fiancé, so Janet did.

Stoddard, all day, had been trying his best to get the men to go back to work. They had flatly refused until their demands were met. Also, their mood was turning ugly, as Stoddard was not slow to see. He got Van Nest on the telephone.

"The men have struck," he announced, "as I told you they would. Can't you give in to them and raise their wages, and so avoid trouble?"

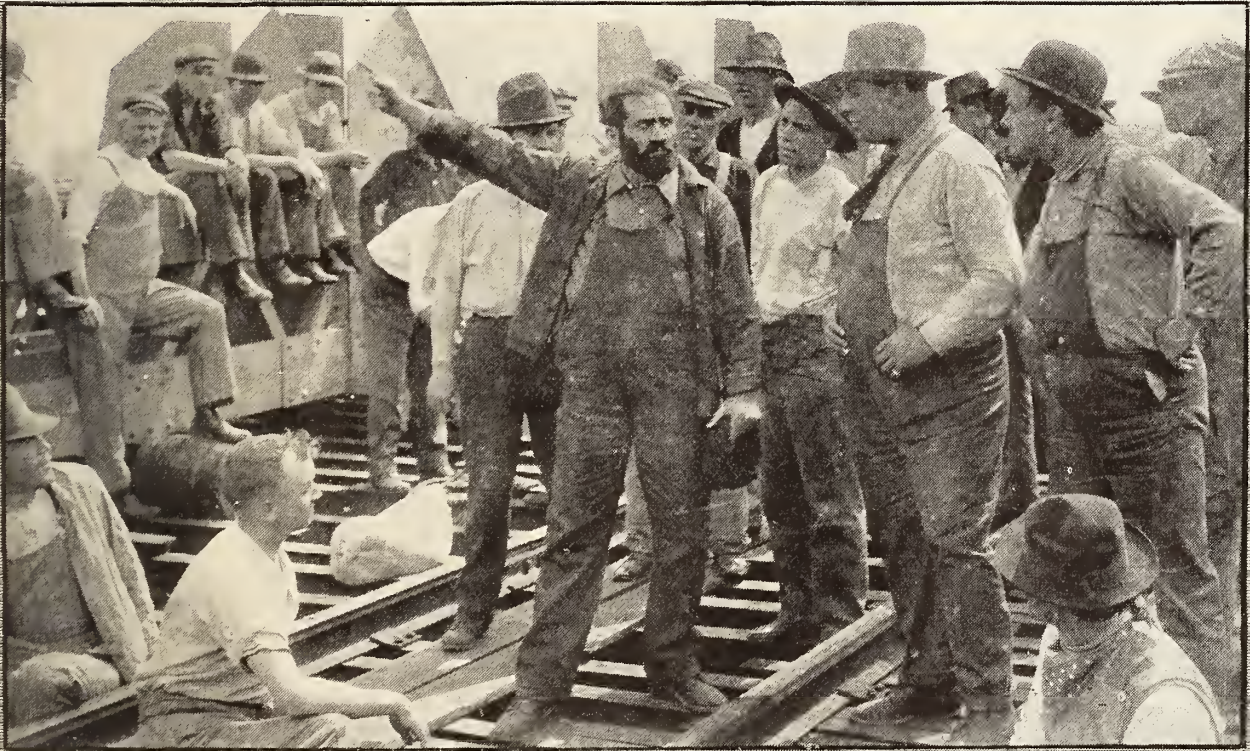
Van Nest's answer was:

capitalist's last words, "and I'll back you up."

The next day, Janet paid another visit to the construction camp—this time driving out to Waybrun Valley alone in her own private runabout. She found John walking around the end of the unfinished bridge, whose incomplete state he was ruefully regarding.

"Why aren't the men at work?" Janet asked him.

"They've struck," Stoddard told her. "Your father's only been paying them a dollar and twenty-four cents a day.



"How much longer are we going to stand for it? That's what I want to know," the labor agitator inquired of Stoddard.

at John, and then he rudely turned his back upon him. "I would like to know what you mean by such conduct as this, Janet?" he demanded of the girl, leading her off to one side. "What do you mean by coming here to see this man? When you are engaged to me—"

Janet threw up her head, indignant at his tone.

"I think you forget yourself, Kenneth," she reminded him coldly. "Because I am engaged to you, don't think that you own me—yet. Come, auntie. We will go straight back to the city in the car."

"You avoid it. I told you yesterday that's what you were paid for."

"But I can't stop it," said John exasperatedly. "Trouble is due here, and in bunches, too. It's in the air."

"Then I'll stop it," Van Nest snapped, "and in my own way!"

He hung up the receiver. A moment or two later the railroad president picked it up again. This time it was to call one Hickey, a strikebreaker. Van Nest instructed him to send a batch of his men out to the bridge to take the strikers' places on the work.

"Use force, if necessary," were the

And they want a dollar and a half. He won't give in to them, and so—they won't work for him any longer."

Janet looked thoughtful for a moment or two.

"But," she said at last, looking up at the stern-jawed young man beside her with an anxious crease between her brows, "how can a man live and support a family on one dollar and twenty-four cents a day?"

"He can't," said Stoddard grimly. "That's the answer. He can exist—after a fashion. But the men aren't satisfied to do that, to be no better than

the beasts that perish. They want to live. They have the right to live!"

His jaw was set more sternly than ever. Janet laid her hand gently on his arm.

"But I don't understand," she went on, her eyes filled with womanly pity, "how, if they can't live on that small sum a day, they can live without it? I mean, now that they've gone on strike, and aren't earning anything, how are they going to even exist?"

Stoddard shrugged.

"The strike may be over soon."

"But suppose it isn't? Then what?"

"Why, then, a good many of them—and their families—will starve to death, that's all," he answered quietly. "There isn't any other outcome of it all, is there, than that? They've got to suffer—unless your father, and his like, give in."

"It's their families—the wives and children of the workingmen, I'm thinking of!" Janet cried. "The workingmen ought to think of them themselves. They oughtn't to let them starve by going on a strike and depriving themselves of any earnings whatsoever. Why don't some of them think of that side of it? And why don't those that do think of it go back to work?"

Stoddard turned to her gravely.

"Come and walk with me through these woods up yonder," said he, "and I will try to explain that to you as we go along. My father was an engineer," he went on, as they strolled into the woods together, "who went out on a strike when the other men of his union did. I was only a little boy then, but I remember the time as though it was yesterday—and with good reason!

"The strike was only going to last for a week at the most. That was what the delegates who had started it said, at first. Then it was only going to hang on for a month. And after that six weeks. But it got to be six months, and the strike hadn't ended then. We were in debt, head over heels, to the butcher, the grocer, the landlord—every one. And then my mother, what with the worry and all, took sick. The doctor came

and said she had to have medicine. And my father hadn't a cent to buy so much as a drop of it with.

"She got worse. The doctor said she'd die unless she had medicine. So my father gave in. He went back to work—became a 'scab,' which is the name the strikers have for those who quit their ranks. That is to say, he *tried* to take his engine out again to earn the money to buy the medicine my mother had to have. He didn't succeed. The strikers pulled him and the fireman out of the cab just as they were start-

him, a deep flush slowly mantling her neck and cheeks.

"Could you care for a man like me?" John asked her. "A worker, born of workers?"

"Could you," Janet whispered, her faltering eyes held by his, "care for a woman like me, who has never done anything all her life but live on the work of others?"

His answer was to crush her in his arms with a glad cry. And so, locked in each other's embrace, they stood there in the glade in the woods while moment after moment passed in silence. At length, freeing herself, Janet looked down at the ring on the fourth finger of her left hand.

"I am going," she announced quickly, "straight to Kenneth to give this back to him!"

Turning in the direction of her hotel, Janet left Stoddard standing in the path, and hurried off. The construction engineer gazed after her until she disappeared around a bend in the beaten way through woods, and then, with a slow step, slackened by his thoughts of the brightness of their future, he walked toward the half-dilapidated building at the foot of the great bridge that served as his home.

Stoddard entered the shack and seated himself in a chair by the table. Never before in his life had so much happened to him in a single day—at least anything that meant so much to him, and he could hardly come to a realization of things. Not even the occurrence of the strike had such an effect upon him, for that was business, and anything that was business could be handled by John Stoddard; but in matters of love and women he was lost. He knew that he had taken a girl away from Kenneth Stuyvesant, and he was glad of it—not for the latter's sake, but for his own. What Janet Van Nest meant to him stood out above everything else in the world, it seemed at that moment. Stoddard, as he sat in the chair, began to think—think and plan—for he was living in the future.

Hardly had he had time to glean the facts from the vague mass of emotion that his conversation with Janet had



Laying the note on the library table where her father could find it, she turned and left the house—her home.

ing. They beat them up so badly that my father, for one, was in the hospital for the next five weeks. My mother died."

Stoddard stopped both his story and his walk. Janet was crying.

"That's why some of the strikers don't go back to work for the sake of their families," he told her gently. "If they tried to, the other strikers would stop them. Miss Van Nest," he went on, in a suddenly hoarsened voice, after a moment, "I've got to say it. It's been in my heart, ever since the other day when I looked at you for the first time. You know, don't you?"

Janet lifted her head and looked at

caused to rise than there was a sudden shout and commotion outside the building in the direction of the hotel, perhaps half a mile down the valley. The mingled voices of angry men and the curses of the strikers that were carried through the air to his ears told Stoddard that the trouble had begun in earnest. Something unforeseen had happened, and the strike that had threatened to complicate matters at the construction camp had undoubtedly taken a turn for the worst.

With a bound the young engineer reached a window that faced toward the scene of the excitement, and looked out. What he saw from that window caused him to start back in terror, not for himself, but for the men of whom he had charge. Only a short distance from the hotel at which Janet was staying, and about three-quarters of the way between there and the place where he was, the strikers had assembled on one side of the valley. Directly opposite, on the other side of the gully that separated the two mountains, was gathered another band of men, about the same in numbers as the strikers, and both parties were engaged in throwing stones, clubs, and whatever else they happened to have in hand at the other.

For a moment the situation was as a puzzle to John Stoddard, but, when at a second glance he saw the straight figure of Van Nest standing in an automobile in the rear of the band that was opposing the strikers, everything was cleared for him.

"So this is what Van Nest meant," he muttered, under his breath, as he watched the fray. "when he told me he'd take care of the strike in his own way. He has gotten a lot of strike-breakers together, and is trying to put our men out. Well, I guess he's taken a job on his hands from the appearance of this."

As he said the last sentence to himself, Stoddard saw the body of protesting workmen dash halfway across the valley toward the strangers in a ferocious charge. The strikebreakers retreated a little, and then retaliated, and the bridge men went back to their original position.

Stoddard left the window and ran to the door. Outside he rushed down the valley toward the fight, and sought his way in the direction of Van Nest's automobile. As he ran, the construction

engineer saw something that made him gasp in horror.

A short distance down the road a few shots rang out above the din of the fight, and, fearing that armed men were joining in the combat, Stoddard strained his eyes to see if his suspicions were true. He found that what he had feared was not happening, but instead the maneuvering soldiers, led by Kenneth Stuyvesant, were engaged in target practice. Then, as he again turned his attention to the automobile, he saw Van Nest lean over and say something to the chauffeur. He, too, had been watching the body of soldiers, and a second later the capitalist's car shot away from the scene of the fighting in the direction of the riflemen.

At almost the same moment the strikers made another charge, this time with more success than the previous one, and a few of their enemy fell from blows received by stones and clubs hurled by the frenzied bridge workers. Things looked bad for the intruders.

Hardly a minute had elapsed before Kenneth Stuyvesant was riding to the scene in the seat beside his prospective father-in-law, and the soldiers were marching double-time after them.

When Stoddard drew near the car, which was again standing in the same place behind the strikebreakers that it had been when he first saw it, the young construction engineer overheard the conversation that was taking place between the two men in the automobile.

"You see, Kenneth," Courtland Van Nest was saying to the young military man, "that something has to be done, and done quickly, or our men will be crushed by this band of bloodthirsty ruffians who are striking.

"If you will issue the command, I will take the responsibility of having your men fire on these rebelling robbers. We capitalists cannot allow a band of the working class and such degenerates as these to have their will, or the laws of society will be ruined. You can see for yourself that we cannot wait to communicate with the State about this, or it will be too late, but were we to, no doubt the governor would give his consent. Will you issue the order, Kenneth?"

Van Nest finished his plea in an excited tone that completely carried away the young man who had in charge the soldiers, and he consented to calm the

riot by the use of bullets on the helpless strikers.

"Line up!" he commanded his men. "We've got to put a stop to this!"

The order was obeyed, and the soldiers stood ready with raised rifles.

"Now!" shouted Stuyvesant at the top of his lungs. "Ready—aim——"

"Stop!"

The deep voice of John Stoddard cut off the order that was on Kenneth Stuyvesant's lips before the last word that meant destruction and slaughter to the striking workers was uttered. Courtland Van Nest turned and faced the breathless construction engineer.

"Who are you to tell this man to stop with orders over my head?" he inquired in sneering, angry tones. "What right have you to interfere in this matter?"

Stoddard faced him squarely, assuming all the importance possible in his last hope of avoiding the murder that meant so much to him from the standpoint of humanity, in which light he regarded all matters.

"I am the constructing engineer, as you well know," he replied in an even, collected voice, "and these men are working under me. You have no right to shoot them down like——"

"You may have been the construction engineer," broke in Van Nest, "but you are no longer, for I discharge you from my employ immediately. Kenneth, do as I bid you!"

"Father!"

Another voice rang into the conversation; one that had been unheard as yet. It was a feminine one, and the word that was spoken told Courtland Van Nest that Janet had come from the hotel near by to learn what was the trouble, and, having heard his words to Stoddard, was interceding in the construction engineer's behalf. He turned to her.

"And what may be your reason for interfering in this matter?" he asked her more in the tone of a magistrate than a father. "This man is hindering me and my interests, and I am discharging him for it. What difference does that make to you?"

"All the difference in the world," she replied steadily, "for we are engaged to be married!"

The statement took her father and Kenneth Stuyvesant so by surprise that they started backward.

"What—what do you mean?" the elder man inquired in a lower voice. "I

thought you were engaged to Kenneth."

"And I know it!" broke in the other. "For she is wearing the ring I gave her."

"I was," answered Janet, still quietly, "but no longer. John and I became engaged this very afternoon, and I return your ring to you now."

As she spoke, the girl held out the diamond to the erstwhile soldier, and he, seeing nothing better to do, took it. Courtland Van Nest said nothing for a full minute. He was thinking. Then he

if you ruin him in position and financially, you ruin me also. What is to be done about it?"

The capitalist thought, and Kenneth Stuyvesant looked off at the fight that was still progressing, though with considerably less fury than before, as the strikebreakers were being driven gradually to the point of submission. After a brief pause, Van Nest again spoke:

"There is but one thing to do. So far as the marriage is concerned, that is out of the question. Stoddard seems to have a peculiar interest in the strik-

at Van Nest with a look that almost made the capitalist shrink. He did not know what to say. Then he shifted his glance to the girl, who was looking at him with an expression of pleading and love. But he read beneath her heart, and, summoning up all his courage that was required for his reply, answered the question.

"A sacrifice on your part!" he sneered. "You are merely doing what is right, and agreeing to give the men what they earn. It is I who have to make the sacrifice. You have my promise, sir."

Janet turned away. She did not know how to feel, and could not look into the face of the man she loved. A smile lit both the faces of Courtland Van Nest and Kenneth Stuyvesant, and John Stoddard turned and walked in the direction of Levinsky, the leader of the strikers, to tell him of their victory.

Early the following morning, Janet arose and went to breakfast in order to avoid having to speak to her father. Immediately after eating, she went to her room. Books and all diversions she sought could not divert her thoughts from the events of the preceding day. The name of John Stoddard seemed to ring in her ears, and his form stood out before her mind's eye. She was worried and miserably unhappy, but did not know what to do.

For an hour she sat in deliberation and thought, and then, reaching a sudden decision, she rose, sought a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote a short note. Her next step was to pack a few necessary articles into a bag, put on her coat, and go to the library. She was going away.

Laying the note she had written on the library table where her father would find it later in the day, she turned and left the house.

As she was going down the steps, Kenneth, having returned from the camp for the day, was coming up them. They met, and the young society man held out his hand.

"May I take the bag and walk with you?" he inquired, with forced pleasantry in his tone.

Janet halted for a moment, looked off into space directly past him, and walked on without a word of recognition.

A few hours later, Stoddard, sitting dejectedly in his cabin in the valley, was startled by the sound of the door opening. He looked up into the eyes of



Janet halted for a moment, looked off into space directly past him, and then walked on without a word of recognition.

did speak, and in a manner that showed all the surprise and wrath that he felt over the occurrence.

"But you cannot marry this man. You never could. Your classes are entirely different—almost the opposite—and nothing in happiness could result. But this is not the time to talk of marriage. This is business, and must be settled."

"In this case business and marriage go together," answered Janet, "and to decide one we must decide the other. The decision of marriage comes first. I can and intend to marry John Stoddard, and

ers and their welfare, and there is a way to settle both matters at once, though with a great deal of sacrifice on my part. Here is the proposition:

"Stoddard, if you will give me your solemn promise never again to come to see my daughter and not to communicate by mail with her, I shall not only order these soldiers away, but will stop the strike and grant the increase in wages that the workmen demand. You will also be reinstated in your position. Have I your promise?"

A little cry escaped from between Janet's lips, and John Stoddard gazed

Janet Van Nest, and sat up straight in surprise.

"What are you doing here?" he asked his former fiancée. "You know that I cannot see you, because of my promise—much as I'd like to and want to."

"Your promise, John," she answered, with a smile, "was that you would not come to see me. You have not. I have come to see you."

"No," he replied doubtfully, "that is going on technicalities, and cannot be done in honor, considering the promise. There is no way out."

Janet pondered and then echoed:

"I guess you are right. There is no way out."

The telephone bell rang and cut off their conversation abruptly. Stoddard answered, and recognized the voice of Courtland Van Nest at the other end of the wire.

"What do you mean to do with my daughter?" asked the capitalist. "I have just received a note from her saying that she has gone to you—and gone for good."

Stoddard did not reply. He did not

know what to say. But the other continued, in a resigning tone:

"If your marriage without my consent to her means that I must lose Janet, you can have my consent and marry her to-day—provided you bring her back to me—and come yourself. I have come to understand a real man."

John Stoddard hung up the receiver and turned to Janet.

"What was it?" she inquired anxiously.

"It was the way out, dear," he answered.

Film Flams

By Dean Bowman

THE State of Washington has developed over two thousand feet of film, showing the agricultural and horticultural possibilities of the State, which it intends to exploit in the moving-picture houses of the country. This is the highest form of educational advertising.

Fania Marinoff was furnished with an exceptionally good rôle for her début as a Mutual star, in the "West Indian Princess," a part to which she is singularly fitted.

The Gaumont company will release their entire output in the future through the Mutual Film Corporation, No. 71 West Twenty-third Street, New York. This includes all their big features.

Congratulations keep coming to Samuel Goldfish, vice president of the Lasky company, for the able manner in which he fought and won the censorship case in Pennsylvania by showing the entire picture play, "The Secret Orchard," before Judge John Patterson in a darkened courtroom. After the jurist wiped his eyes he said: "I can see no reason why the film should not be shown, but can see many reasons why it should, for it teaches a moral lesson."

Pauline Fredrick appears in the title rôle of "Bella Donna," which is the most pretentious production yet attempted by the Famous Players.

Morris Gest says the days of the fake in picture plays has come to its rope's end. He even asserts that sham scenery must go, that everything that comes before the camera must be real. Wonder if Morris don't mean reel?

The Triangle "opening," at the Knick-

erbocker, New York, "The Lamb," reminds one very much of Douglas Fairbanks' portrayal of Bertie in "The New Henrietta."

Billy B. Van's able aid in fun making, at the Lake Sunapee studio of the Equity people, is a goat, and of all funny scenes on the screen the one that gets the buttons off of a sleeping tramp's coat. Guess what the buttons are made of?

Geraldine Farrar says that the two most surprising things that impressed her while in California motioning for the movies was the total absence of fogs and the interesting coworkers she met in the studios, people with ideas, brainy and big-hearted.

New Hampshire is going into sheep raising on a gigantic scale. The State has just awakened to the fact that there are only 38,000 sheep within its confines, while Vermont has 105,000, and Maine 165,000, so the Granite State will call the movies to its aid, and will increase the flocks by showing in the grange halls films depicting how easy, sure, and safe it is to raise sheep.

The DuPonts, of powder fame, are said to be backing Thomas Dixon in the big military spectacle he is filming. Mr. Dixon, while in the North recently, confided to the dean that the picture play was to deal with the country's unpreparedness, which may explain the backing.

While Billie Burke was filling her engagement at Los Angeles, posing in the picture plays, she occupied a bungalow on Catalina Island, some fifteen miles off the coast, and where they have the

famed glass-bottom boats, as the water is so clear, and it is a bet that if Miss Billie did any boating the little fishes hovered near her dory.

The Lasky ranch, near Hollywood, California, has ten thousand acres, and on it was "staged" the great feature play, "The Explorer." To get the tropical scent in the play nearly two thousand negroes, wearing little else but a smile, were used in a few of the scenes.

Genevieve Hamper, who in private life is Mrs. Robert B. Mantell, bids good-by to the theatrical stage, and her friends say she will now do the Fox trot in the movies.

Nat C. Goodwin has at last found out there is more money in the pictures than there is in touring, so he has canceled all arrangements to go on the road this season.

The Bosworth Paramount production, "Nearly a Lady," is said to be the very best film in which Elsie Janis has yet appeared. The famous comedienne is in a class by herself.

It is unusual, indeed, for the director, or the camera man, to ever laugh at a comedy seen, but at the Lake Sunapee studio, Billy B. Van is so excruciatingly funny in "The Janitor's Birthday," where he rolls downstairs, aided by the butt end of a goat, that the situation had to be retaken three times, owing to the fits of laughter indulged in by the operators.

The graceful Irene Hunt is an expert dancer, which explains in a measure the grace with which she poses in the Reliance features.

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

THIS is the first time that I have not had some five greatest somethings to name, and—oh, I forgot, I was supposed to name the five best-dressed women in pictures this week, but I have not as yet received all my data on the subject, so we will have to let it go until next week. I am getting all the stars of filmdom to give me their views on the subject, so that it will let me out. The majority will rule. As many opinions as I have received so far would not help any, as all seem to think that some one else is the better dresser. Well, wait until next week, and we will have it surely.

Earl Foxe, the tall, handsome leading man, is enjoying himself again with the Selig company, and at the same time is appearing in some fine pictures for that company.

Charley Ray writes that he has entered another tennis tournament on the coast along with his now famous coat of tan. Charley says he got a good look at the prize, and that there is some size to it. He hasn't recovered from the shock he received after winning his last "prize."

Fay Tincher and her famous bathing suit are to appear in another film, according to Eddie Dillon, her director. It went BIG in "The Deacon's Whiskers," and the Mutual wired Eddie to start work on another picture with Fay and her famous suit right away.

Every one is awaiting anxiously the arrival of David Mark Griffith's new big spectacle, "The Mother and the Law." If it is anywhere near as good as "The Birth of a Nation," I know of a good many people who will travel a long way to see it.

I wonder if Stephen A. Bush, of the *Moving Picture World*, has yet seen the error of his ways. In a recent issue he stated that there was not a single director that played the lead in one of his own productions that ever made a success of the picture. Well, Steve, I can name you about thirty directors who have played lead in their own films and made big successes of them, but as I am limited in space, I will name only a few. Some of the people who direct and play leads in their films successfully are: Tom Moore, Francis Ford, Phillips

Smalley, Lois Webber, Robert Leonard, Romaine Fielding, Joe Smiley, Arthur Johnson, Mack Sennett, William Worthington, Ralph Ince, John Ince, Charlie Chaplin, Sid Chaplin, Raoul Walsh, Richard Stanton, Howard Hickman, Walter Edwards, Thomas Chatterton, William S. Hart, Joseph Byron Totten, Tom Mix, Wally Van, and numerous others. Is this enough for you, Steve?—Oh, and Al Ray.

Who would have thought it? Crane Wilbur and Tom Ince! Crane is there when it comes to acting. In other words, what it takes to make an actor he has, but he has been poorly directed. With Tom Ince directing his affairs, Crane should show at his very best.

Melville Ellis, one of the foremost designers and entertainers in the United States, has been engaged by the New York Motion Picture Corporation to look after their wardrobe affairs. His salary is said to be fifteen thousand dollars by the company's hard-working press agent.

Jack Pratt, Lubin's new director, is hard at work on a new war photo play by Louis Reeves Harrison. Rosetta Brice will play the leading rôle.

Lawrence S. McCloskey, the Lubin scenario king, has written a mighty fine photo play in the "Ring-tailed Rhinoceros," which features Raymond Hitchcock, his wife, and Earle Metcalfe. Lawrence turns out some mighty fine stuff for the Lubin company.

Henry King is so busy with his directing for Balboa that he does not get any time to play in pictures himself any more. Henry says he thinks he deserves a rest from playing in front of a camera, anyway.

Mr. Smaltz and Mr. Fish are creating quite a furor on the Associated program by their funny antics and caperings. Their latest dare-devil, laughable deed was to go off a bridge on a motor cycle. This is only one of their many feats. Their next stunt is a chase along the housetops.

Have received a few letters from several fans who have written an actor or actress for a photograph. They want to know why they haven't received their photo as yet. It is either a case of wrong address or noninclosure of

stamps. Which one fits your case? An actor or actress is always glad to send his or her photo to any one who so desires it, and they cost the said actor and actress money, too; but when any one writes them for a picture and fails to inclose stamps to pay postage, why that is an entirely different matter. If they sent all the requests for photos out, and paid for the postage out of their own pockets, there would be many in the now overcrowded poorhouses. If you want a photo of your favorite, write and ask him for one, but be sure to send stamps. If he ever gets it, you will receive your prized picture at the earliest convenience.

Hal August seems to differ with Pat O'Malley as to married life. Hal thought it all right for a while, but wifey got tired and is suing for an absolute divorce. It seems that if he had followed some of the lessons taught in the pictures in which he appeared all would have been well at eight bells. Hal is a brother of Edwin August, the jumping jack of the films. His right name is Hallick, so Eddie's must be the same.

Extra! Chester Conklin and Mary Pickford are married—but not to each other.

Theda Bara, the famous Vampire, from gay Paree and Cincinnati, has decided that it is about time she had a wee bit of a rest, and has hiked it away from the city in her touring car for a short vacation. We are not informed how soon Theda will be back, but we hope it will be very soon. We also hope Theda enjoys herself immensely.

Harry Snelling, the studio manager at the Victor, has certainly been kept on the job of late. The Federal Film Company have been doubling their output, and this is the reason for Harry's business. He certainly had to do some work for "The Waiter Who Waited," a stupendous two-reel comedy production, which ranks with the very best. Hundreds of props were smashed during the filming of this picture.

Have a note from William Kammer, a constant reader, who would like to know who the most popular screen actor is of the following bunch: Billie Reeves, Joe Weber, Lew Fields, Charlie Chaplin, Billie Ritchie, and Ford Sterling. Well,

William, Charlie is so far ahead in popularity that you can't mention the others in the same breath. How long will it last? We don't know, but as long as it does his shadow will hide all the others.

Speaking of Kalem, Alice Joyce has left. Tom Moore has left. Anna Neilson has left. Guy Coombs has left. Who's left?

Harry LaPearl, the famous circus clown, and originator of the MinA brand of comedies, has been signed up by the Federal Film Company's comedy director to play in all their comedies. Harry is a trick acrobat, and was producing clown for the New York Hippodrome for two years prior to his picture work.

William S. Hart and his famous horse certainly made a clean-up in the Mutual feature, "Pinto Ben." Besides playing the lead in this picture, Hart directed it, and the scenario was taken from the poem, "Pinto Ben," by Hart. Outside of this he didn't have a thing to do with the picture.

Charley Ray writes that he has been trying to get rid of his famous tan for the last two weeks, but with no success. He states that he seems to be getting more brown. He doesn't need to put any grease paint on his face these days, powder being sufficient to register his manly beauty on the screen.

Haven't seen any notices this week stating that such and such a star bought a new twelve-cylinder Collapsible. What on earth is the matter with their press agents? They must have suffered a severe relapse this week.

The Deer brand, releasing dramas on the Associated program, is starring the former Pathé leading lady, Lillian Wiggins, in their films. Lillian is one of our best little actresses, and she is proving a big asset to the Associated service. The Banner brand of films, featuring the three-hundred-and-fifty-pound beauty, Bill Stinger, are also good drawing cards.

With Anna Little playing leads, American should put out some excellent pictures featuring this clever and attractive actress. It will be remembered that Anna played the leading rôle opposite Herbert Rawlinson in "The Black Box," and has also appeared to good advantage in many other features. The American company certainly made a master stroke when they signed her up.

Although Mutual has added several new companies to their program, they cannot come up to the standard of the

New York Motion Picture Corporation, and the Majestic-Reliance companies, which are now enjoying themselves in the folds of the Triangle Film Corporation. The Cub comedies are supposed to be taking the place of Keystone. They may be taking their place, all right, but they certainly are not filling it.

Safety first. This is only a rumor. Chester (Walrus) Conklin writes to let me know that he is still in the land of the living. Chester has been awarded a vacation at the Keystone studios, and has hiked over to see the fair in Frisco. Chester says that there are some doings over there, but that he doesn't understand what it is all about, which makes it all the more interesting to him. Syd Chaplin, brother of the famous Charlie, is accompanying Chester, and incidentally acting in the rôle of explainer, guide, et cetera.

Emotional Bessie Barriscale has been assigned another one of those parts such as in "The Cup of Life," which have made her so famous. She declares that she has to cry at ten different times during this picture, and she hopes to better the record for weeping of Enid Markey.

They still continue to knock Charlie Chaplin, and the knockers still are the first to go and see him caper about, and are still the first that laugh at his funny antics, and still they knock.

Dame Rumor has it that another program is about to enter the field. It may be so, but I doubt it. If the program does arrive, but I am afraid its existence will be short-lived. There are four big programs now that are supplying the every want of the exhibitor—namely, General, Associated, Mutual, and Universal. A fifth one would not stand much chance with these four to buck.

Things are running in great order down at the Vitagraph plant these days, and every one of their large staff of directors is hard at work. Mary Anderson, who was sent out to the Western company to bolster it up, writes that she is enjoying herself immensely, and is only a little bit homesick. Just wait until she has been there a little while! I bet little Mary will be some homesick maiden.

I was surprised when I saw Richard Stanton the other night in a Kay-Bee film. In fact, I wondered if it really was Richard Stanton that I was gazing upon. My, how he has aged in the last four months. Four months ago he was

playing dashing young juvenile parts, but I am afraid that it will not be so any more. Richard's forehead is a mass of deep wrinkles that grease paint cannot hide, and they show prominently in the film. I guess the worries of directing have caused his manly brow to become furrowed.

Bessie Barriscale, the leading lady of Tom Ince's forces, was given a short vacation by her director, and just as she was about enjoying herself along comes a telegram telling her to return at once to start work on another big feature. "Coises!" says Bessie; and I don't blame her a bit.

Vitagraph had another one of those Pop Lubins the other day, in which fifty of the Vitagraph staff received their walking papers. Guess J. Stuart Blacton is after better pictures.

Pearl White has been showing the natives of Ithaca a new one-piece bathing suit. One of the said natives declares that he used spyglasses, but could not see anything of the said one piece, and Pearl was only wading in shallow water at the time.

I wonder what Kalem's idea is of not featuring Tom Moore in the pictures which he plays opposite Marguerite Courtot? He is a grand box-office attraction, and even if he has left them they should put his name prominently on their posters.

Several people were hurt out at Inceville the other day while they were filming a railroad wreck. Several of the spectators, and extras waiting to be called on the scene, got too near to the scene of the head-on collision, and several were severely hurt by flying fragments of steel.

Tom Ince has announced that he will direct the Billie Burke picture himself. I guess Tom is figuring that after giving Billie that fat little sum for appearing in his pictures, he is taking no chances.

Next week! Oh, how I dread it! But I will not be alone to blame, for I am going to ask several of the "wimmen" stars, who, in their opinion, are the five best-dressed actresses in pictures, and from their answers I will make up my list.

Who hath woe, and sorrow and wounds without cause? Verily, those who act in movie slapstick comedy!—*Exchange*.

And how about the spectators of them?

Plays and Players

Octavia Handworth.

OCTAVIA HANDWORTH, widely known for her good looks and versatility as an actress, is one of the latest leading women to join the Lubin players, and is to be featured in a number of dramas especially suitable to her type.

Miss Handworth has had a long and thorough training as an actress—six years of her professional life having been spent in pictures and thirteen years on the legitimate stage. Miss Handworth was born in New York, but most of her girlhood days were spent in Copenhagen, Denmark, where she was educated in all the arts. When she re-



turned to America she took a post-graduate course at the Brooklyn Conservatory of Music, and then did concert work. Miss Handworth achieved quite a reputation as a soprano and concert pianist, and was making rapid strides ahead in her work when she was suddenly taken dangerously ill. It was months before she was able to leave her bed, and during those months she completely lost her singing voice.

Lew Fields persuaded Miss Handworth to go on the stage, and gave her a part in one of the Weber and Fields shows. From then on she played in a long list of dramatic productions. Eight years ago Miss Handworth was

not only leading woman in, but directed the Dallas Stock Company, at Dallas, Texas. Six years ago she went into pictures, and discovered that the screen was the best medium of all for the expression of her artistic ideals. She has been in pictures ever since, and has played leading rôles in a number of different companies, not only in this country, but abroad as well.

Miss Handworth is a type well adapted for photo plays. She is tall, gray-eyed, blond, with unusually well-modeled features, and a rhythmic grace that denotes much time spent out of doors in athletic pursuits. Miss Handworth is enthusiastic over golf, tennis, skiing, swimming, ice boating, and long-distance walking. As an actress she has achieved success through her hard work, her enthusiasm, and her versatility.

Riley Chamberlain.

GRAND RAPIDS, Michigan, is the place, and 1854 the year, that Riley Chamberlain, for forty years a famous entertainer on the legitimate stage and the screen, first saw the light of day. But Riley—his legion of friends always call him Riley, despite his sixty-one years—isn't ready for the old men's home by any means. Just the contrary, for, like good wine, he seems to improve with age.

It was a big day for Riley, a husky, smiling lad, when he left Cornell University with his prize diploma tucked under his arm. But in his graduation, Cornell not only lost a star pupil, but one of the best all-round athletes of the university's early history. It was a big problem Riley faced after graduation. Where should he begin to turn his talents into money? The stage! Riley had plenty of ambition and some talent.

Once a member of the legitimate, it wasn't long before he began to make a name for himself. During the thirty-five years he was connected with the stage, Mr. Chamberlain appeared in support of stars in such successes as

"The Blue Mouse," "Tillie's Nightmare," "Lulu's Husband," "Madame X," "Excuse Me," and others too numerous to mention.

When Edwin Thanouser organized the New Rochelle studios, Riley quit the legitimate for the pictures, and has been there ever since. As the chief comedian of the Thanouser forces, Mr. Chamberlain has won for himself an enviable reputa-



tion, often being referred to as the "Jefferson of the screen." Character leads in Falstaff releases has been his chief work for the past few months.

Riley spends his spare time in a handsome home in New Rochelle. He is an enthusiastic golfer, and the host of almost every child in town.

In the way of improving the slapstick comedies, we suggest less slapstick and more comedy.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

UNITY.

ONE of the greatest delights of a creative mind is to turn out a piece of work which can be looked upon as a complete unit, every part of which has some bearing on the rest. This is especially true with writers, since it is so much easier to write a story whose incidents wander hither and thither without restraint.

Unity of conception and development, however, is as difficult to achieve as it is enjoyable to behold. First of all, the idea which the author chooses to build his play upon must be one which easily lends itself to a single line of development. It is conservative to say that about seventy-five per cent of the ideas which come to an average writer are not in this class. Whether he is skillful enough to work it around to a point where it will have but a single angle, or not, depends on his own ability.

Granted that it will lend itself to single development, the writer still has to contend with the problem of working it out along this line. Perhaps it will seem to him that if he could switch off onto another course at some point of the plot, the story would be benefited. By looking over the idea carefully, however, he will discover that if he varies from the course he has chosen, he will spread the interest. Therefore, he must apply the acid test to everything which he puts in the plot to see if it is really a part of the whole.

By following the chosen line of development religiously and rejecting everything which threatens to spoil the single effect, the writer may turn out a script which is certain to hold the audience's interest when it is shown upon the screen, because it is a perfect example of unity.

PICTURES BEING RECOGNIZED.

In a recent New York interview, Rex Beach, the noted author, was quoted as saying that he believed motion pictures were benefiting literature. A short time later, Robert Mantell signed a contract with an Eastern producing company, "because he had been convinced that the present-day motion pictures were fully as artistic, if not more so, than the average stage production."

Those are two examples from the many which daily come to the attention of those in filmland, and which go to prove that motion pictures are at last being recognized as the important factor that they really are. It is probably because the screen has never been really acknowledged at its real value, even by those whose hearts and souls are in motion pictures, that the photo-playwright has never risen to the position he should hold. There is no reason why a person who writes photo plays for the masses—and the masses who see the motion-picture play are truly cosmopolitan—should not receive fully as much credit as his brother and sister writers who turn out plays for the speaking stage or literature for the magazines.

True though it is that it may be easier to write a photo play than a stage drama, that is no reason the author of the former should be slighted, for his work certainly reaches more people, and will probably do more good than that of the latter. We are considering now not only the writers of features, but also the author of single and double-reel stories, for all have their place in the film world.

Roy L. McCardell, author of "The Diamond From the Sky," the big serial now running, and a veteran photo-playwright and novelist, touches on this matter in an article dealing with past and

present conditions in the photo-playwriting field recently published in *The Moving-picture World*. We present Mr. McCardell's story here in part, without comment, as the viewpoint of one writer who has gained the top of the ladder:

Manufacturers have ignored the value of a good story written for the screen by men and women of the highest literary ability. These leading fiction writers of America could not and would not write moving pictures for the reason that the pay was pitiful, and the treatment they experienced at the hands of the average scenario department of even the largest companies disgusted them.

I have fought the good fight in moving pictures for fifteen years. In these fifteen years I have clamored at the studio doors, and have had experiences that would have dismayed and discouraged all save a few of us of the faithful. I have written hundreds of screen stories, many of which have been butchered by bad and stogy direction, and some that have been greatly helped by good direction and capable and sincere acting.

At this point I wish to state that the moving-picture art industry would have long ago collapsed had it not been for some fifty most able and intelligent directors. I cite Griffith, Ince, Sennett, Powell, Taylor, and Baker—there are many more whose names will readily occur to those who love and know good pictures.

For years I would not do feature films of four or five reels because the money offered was beneath contempt. Finally, William Fox offered me a price commensurate with the careful and painstaking way I write a scenario. As a result, I adapted "A Fool There Was" for the screen in five reels, and Frank Powell directed it like the genius he is,

and the Fox service has a feature that satisfies and makes money.

It is the same way with serials. "The Diamond From the Sky" is my first serial. Its success is due to the fact that I have carefully prepared the scenario and the most efficient and enthusiastic organization is behind me, from the director, W. D. Taylor, to the experts in the Chicago laboratory of the American Film Company—not to mention a wonderful cast of young screen stars—not old, hidebound mummies, of the now defunct speaking stage.

I would never do a serial previous to "The Diamond From the Sky," although I have several outline scenarios for serials—because the pay offered would have been scorned by a ragpicker.

I have to smile at the many letters I receive, which allude to my "great success," and which also state, "of course, you being on the inside, can sell all you write, and get prompt action on all your work, and the biggest prices."

It is to laugh, not alone smile! Until recently every experienced writer who can write, and who has endeavored to write for the moving pictures, was up against the most disheartening conditions at most of the big studios.

For years I have endeavored to get such writers of my acquaintance as Albert Payson Terhune and other leading American authors to write directly for the screen. When they attempted to do so, the unpleasant and exasperating treatment and delay—not to mention the pitiful prices they were offered, almost queered me with them.

A writer who can write has worked at and studied his profession for years. He has invested heavily in his tools and instruments—his library. To write scenarios with any degree of efficiency entails the same care and training that it takes to write fiction successfully. I do not write a one-reel scenario that does not cost me twenty-five dollars. My expenses, the expenses, past and present, of any trained, educated, and practiced writer, are heavy. Because a surgeon gets five thousand dollars for an operation or a lawyer may win twenty thousand dollars in one fee is no reason that would lead a writer to try to perform a major operation or plead a great case in court.

It is time the film manufacturers learn, and I think they have learned, that only trained and experienced writers can

write convincingly for the screen. It is idle for the film companies to purchase the picture rights to successful old plays or new books and magazine articles, and then expect these to be made into good scenarios by incompetent "scenario editors."

Much could also be said about the jarring effects of old stock-company stage business and settings. Moving pictures are a newer and higher art. The fustian and claptrap of the speaking stage killed the speaking stage—and now old stage actors and old stage directors are flocking into moving pictures and presenting this same fustian and claptrap for the screen!

The screen depicts life! The camera is unsparing of age and stilted action and emotion. It must have youth and naturalness. If an actress, for instance, is depicting a character, be it *Orphan Annie* or *Marcia van Style*, the heiress just out of Vassar, the actress must be these characters from life, not a grimacing stock-company soubrette, with a vapid grin and a mop of false curls.

Moving pictures is the new art and the true art. In its every phase it makes for sincerity, and again sincerity—sincerity in comedy and drama alike. And this sincerity must permeate the story and the depiction with lifelike fidelity.

And it is all so simple. We do not need "hokum," as our stage friends would say. All we need to do is to pay the easy and earnest tribute of naturalness to "The Gods of Things as They Really Are."

VISION SCENES.

When one scene fades from the screen as a character thinks, and another one fades in and then fades out to the original again, the amateur is generally puzzled as to just how to handle it in his script. There are many different ways, in fact, almost a different way for every company of prominence, but we think the best way for the amateur to do is to make it clear enough for any editor or director to understand.

This can be done by simply writing out the fact that you intend to fade into a scene at the point where the fade takes place; then, by sliding in the next scene with a separate number. The reason for the separate number is that the scene has to be taken separately, and is handled as a scene in itself until the time to unite it to the other scene is at hand. When the vision scene is fin-

ished, another statement should be made telling that the scene dissolves back to the original.

It is not a question of having an elaborate set of technical words; it is a case of being able to explain, via written words, to the men who are to make your plot into a motion picture, just what ideas you have in mind about staging the production. The more concise and clear your language is, the easier it will be for them to understand what you are talking about. There is no reason why vision scenes should prove a stumblingblock to amateurs, if they will sit down and think out the matter for themselves. The trouble is, you see, beginners do not seem to realize that the sole purpose of a scenario is to give the producer directions about making your plot into a picture play, and that "technique" is nothing but skill in doing this.

BIG THEMES.

An article written by Russell E. Smith and published in *Pictures and Picture-goer*, a London motion-picture magazine, some time ago, treats the subject of big themes by photo-playwrights. We have been impressed by the lack of big original screen productions, as has almost every one else who studies the screen closely. There seems to be an opportunity for some enterprising concern to come along and make truly big films, written originally for the screen by capable writers, and which will last in the history of the silent drama instead of being merely a feature for a few months, and then a discard.

Mr. Smith's article reads as follows: "Many photo-playwrights are complaining that the fiction author of note is taking in more money for his plots, in proportion, than the strictly photo-play writing author.

"Aside from the advertising value of said fiction author's name, there is another reason: The average photo-playwright is lacking in the *big idea*—the big theme. The fiction author who has won his spurs in his line of literature has long been in the habit of writing big themes—he has to, in order to turn out a long, salable novel or four-act play.

"The average photo-playwright does not seem to be able to furnish the producer with really big ideas or themes; at least, he doesn't do so. Whether he cannot or whether he doesn't find it worth

hile, and prefers to keep his big themes or a play or novel is indeterminable.

"Based on long experience, the average photo-play author does not understand or grasp the meaning of the word 'big' as applied to the photo play. He is early always apt to translate the word's 'size' and scope of action, rather than size and scope of *theme*.

"Ask the average author, even the fiction author of experience, for a really big picture story, and what do you get? A picture story containing shipwrecks, a rain wreck, an aeroplane battle in the sky, and vast armies battling o'er the plains!

"He thinks it is big because it has large masses of people in it; because it will cost a lot of money, and because there are 'big' wrecks and suchlike sensations.

"That the 'bigness' of the story should lie in its theme, its subject, and the moral it teaches is apparently far beyond him, and the only time he does submit a really big theme it is such that the cost would be far beyond what it is worth. And, furthermore, nine out of ten of the 'big ideas' he submits are adaptations of a biblical story! This may sound unjust to the author, but it is a fact.

"Name me a number of really big original photo plays that have been produced to date—big in theme, moral, et cetera. I dare you!

"'The Clansman,' biggest of all to date, was original in treatment, but mostly historical facts—the bigness was *not* in the tremendous battle scenes—in the assassination scene, but in its *theme*—and its treatment by the master director. But its theme was not original for the screen.

"'Cabiria'? A spectacle, big only in that sense, and an adaptation, at that!

"'Quo Vadis'? An adaptation!

"'Judith of Bethulia'? An adaptation, original only in its masterly direction and treatment.

"'The Battle of the Sexes' and 'The Woman and the Law,' by Griffith, are the only really big original screen dramas so far produced.

"'The Clansman' has proven that people will sit through twelve reels of a really big subject and pay two dollars a seat, and stand hours in long lines day and night in New York, Los Angeles, and San Francisco for the privilege. Thus it has at last been shown that

there will be a market for big original themes for pictures, and that the screen is worthy of the highest possible effort to supply it with subjects and stories worthy of the newer literature.

"For the really big thoughts, written solely and entirely for the screen, the screen and the public are waiting. Who will write them?

"Can't our present-day photo-playwrights do it? Or are they written out, or have they been forced so long to grind out mere "plots," with no reason for being except to tell a story that they cannot think big thoughts, and big has come to mean only size?

"Are you going to let the fiction author beat you at your own game? Has the average photo-play 'plot' been so easy to evolve that you have been lulled into a sense of security from invasion?

"Isn't it a fact that very few plots on the screen would be strong enough, original enough to sell as first-class short stories? Isn't it a fact that the fiction author has not given his best to the photo play? That he has saved his best stuff for the magazines, which pay him better and advertise his name?

"But isn't he going to beat you at your own game, now that the photo play has reached the best theaters and has begun to be accepted as the newer and better literature?

"Now that it will be worth his while financially and artistically, isn't he going to use his trained mind—trained to think big plots and themes—for the benefit of the screen? And will he do better than the average photo-playwright, once he gets the grasp of picture needs, or will the photo-playwright be forced to develop a sense of bigness in theme? These are questions to be thought over in your own mind, and not for me to answer for you. But it is gospel! One more question for you to worry about: How many present-day photo-playwrights ever wrote a plot long enough for a salable four-act play or a ninety-thousand-word novel?

"We await a list."

All that Mr. Smith says about the average photo-playwright being unable to write big ideas carries a great deal of weight, but, as we said before, we think there is an opportunity for some manufacturer to get in on unbroken ground. It would not require a great many writers with big ideas to enable a concern to turn out original features,

written especially for the screen, and we are pretty sure that there are enough authors of this kind willing to write exclusively for the screen if the proper financial inducement is offered.

RATHER IMPORTANT.

A correspondent recently wrote us saying that he believed it was rather important that a play should suit the wants of the producers. Apparently he had not been reading our department very closely, or he would have known that writing plays that are eligible for sale and sending them where they are likely to sell was the only profitable style of photo-playwriting.

If you write a script of the desert and send it to a company who are miles from any stretch of sand, and who do society plays exclusively, you haven't got a chance in the world of selling it. The same scenario might be bought in an instant by a company working on the edge of a desert.

A general idea of what American producers want must be acquired by the beginner, and the only thorough way to do this is to watch the subjects on the screen. After this general idea has been gained, the writer must learn the more particular wants of each of the companies, and, if he is writing for the open market, he must write the kind of scenario which is likely to sell to any one of several companies, thus guarding against having to discard the script after a rejection.

NAMES OF REAL CITIES.

While it is not advisable to use the names of real people for your characters, we think the interest in a photo play is increased by using the names of real cities wherever such names are required. You all know it leaves sort of a disappointed feeling in you when you see a real lifelike modern drama in which some city's name has been invented as the locale of the play. It would be ever so much better if a real city's name had been used, for we would then feel that it had something more substantial to the plot. The objection is that people in the neighborhood of the city named know the scenery to be false, but this is really a trivial matter when we consider how many thousands of other persons see the picture who know nothing about the country near the place named. Then, too, many plays could be laid in the locale where they were filmed.

Live-wire Market Hints.

Changes in the Mutual Film Corporation have effected the scenario markets of the Reliance, Majestic, American, New York Motion-picture Corporation, Gaumont, Horsley, and several other brands. As soon as conditions settle down, we will announce just about where each of these companies stand. In some cases, the demand for outside scripts will increase, while in others it will diminish.

Short Shots.

"As a man thinketh, so he is." Those were the words of some fellow or other in the past, and they certainly apply to the twentieth-century writer—the photo-playwright—and his chances of success.

It is well for present-day photo-playwrights to realize that the authors in the early days of motion pictures had no one to assist them along their rocky course.

Some writers think it quite cute to see how close they can come to offending the censors without having their pictures rejected, but the manufacturer does not see anything "cute" about it.

News of the Photo-playwrights.

Don Meany, one-time publicity man and photo-playwright for the Essanay Company, and recently assistant general manager of Universal City, California, has been appointed manager of productions for the Quality Company, which features Francis X. Bushman.

Marshall Neilan, well-known author, actor, and director of photo plays, has left Selig and returned to Famous Players, where he will write, direct, and play the lead in features.

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in
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The story version of this picture in next week's issue

That magazine is

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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Photoplay Stories and Pictures

OCT. 16. 1915
VOL. 2 - No. 2

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY



Scene from "A WOMAN" Fictionized in this Issue

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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Published weekly by Street & Smith, 79-89 Seventh Ave., New York. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress of March 3, 1879, by Street & Smith. Copyright, 1915, by Street & Smith. O. G. Smith and G. C. Smith, Proprietors.

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Single Copies or Back Numbers, 5c. Each.

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4 months.....	85c.	2 copies one year	4.00
6 months.....	\$1.25	1 copy two years.....	4.00

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. II. No. 2

October 16, 1915

Price, 5 Cents

A Woman: A Chaplin Comedy

(ESSANAY)

By B. Quade

Charlie Chaplin as a woman. Makes you want to giggle, doesn't it? But there was nothing funny in it for Charlie, because he made up as a woman to get out of the worst batch of trouble he had ever gotten himself into. Nevertheless, it is funny for you, who are just looking on at him. Charlie began flirting with girls. Then he got into the mess and made a woman of himself to avoid being discovered. After that he simply couldn't help flirting with the men. Then it is just one laugh after another.

ON a bench in the park three people, a man, a woman, and a young and beautiful girl, were sitting.

They were husband, wife, and daughter. On one side of the man, his wife slept. On the other, his daughter also slumbered. The man's head swayed drowsily; his chin bobbed down on his breast; he was just about to join them in the land of dreams. And then suddenly he became wide awake.

Along the park walk, a young lady came strolling. She was fashionably—another woman might have said flashily—dressed. Also, she was pretty. Not more so than the man's daughter. But then she was not his daughter. And that made all the difference.

The man sat up straight on the bench and brushed the ends of his bushy mustache with a flourish. As the young lady passed, taking advantage of the fact that his wife and daughter on either side of him were asleep, he lowered one eyelid and raised it again.

The girl turned around and winked back.

The man slid forward to the edge of the bench. He looked down at his wife. Her eyes were closed, without a flicker of the lids, and even as he glanced at her, a faint but unmistakable snore floated from between her slightly-parted

lips. He looked at his daughter next. She, too, was still sound asleep. Rising cautiously from the bench between them,

he stole away from the seat on his tip-toes—after the girl who had answered his wink in kind.



Charlie, with a smile, closed the door—and still the "woman" beside him never moved.



"The ship's going down," said Charlie. "Will you have a life-preserver?"

"Good morning!" the man greeted her around a bend in the walk, lifting his high hat, with a bow.

The girl stopped before a bench that happened to be standing vacant there, and looked up at him, with a smile that registered no hint of displeasure at his daring, a stranger, to address her.

"Oh, why, how do you do?" she exclaimed in the tone of one who is surprised, and, at the same time, pleased, at unexpectedly meeting an old friend.

She seated herself on the bench, with an inviting lift of her eyebrows. The man promptly sat down beside her. And, with the same alacrity, he encircled her waist with his arm.

"What is there about me that makes you like me so much?" he inquired confidentially.

"You're so handsome!" she replied.

The man brushed up the ends of his mustache, under a nose that made up in quantity for what it lacked in quality of symmetry and other details of beauty, and raised a pair of cross eyes of a pea-green hue to the neighboring trees, with a self-satisfied smile that seemed to say to those inanimate observers of his tête-à-tête with the girl: "You see what a perfect rascal I am with the ladies, when I want to be!"

At that moment, across the sward in back of the bench on which they sat, a young man came walking, in defiance of the signs which were stuck up in the turf with their warning, "Keep Off the Grass."

He was short of stature and slight of build.

On his upper lip was a little black mustache, which shifted from side to side as he set down first one foot and then the other in a manner reminiscent of the German militia's "goose step."

Perched squarely on top of his bushy hair was a derby of at least ten summers, that looked as though it felt every winter of it. His coat was short, rusty with age, and buttoned tight across his insignificant chest. His trousers were baggy enough to suit the sartorial fancy of even a Hollander. In his hand he carried a little bamboo cane, which he twirled blithely as he shoved himself along, rather than walked, on the heels of a pair of dilapidated shoes that any self-respecting rubbish heap would have picked itself up and moved away rather than have submitted to the insult of receiving.

A tramp of the comic-weekly type, was what the young man looked like. And yet he seemed happy, without a

care in the world. That is, until he caught sight of the man and the girl on the bench ahead of him. At once his expression became woebegone, and he ceased the blithe twirling of his cane.

That was how the sight of lovers spooning together on a bench always affected our hero, who—as you will doubtless have guessed before this—was none other than Charlie Chaplin.

It saddened him, to think that another had a pretty girl to spoon with while he had not, and made him want to set out at once to rectify that mistake. Any pretty girl at such a time would do—even the one the other fellow happened to be spooning with. Now Charlie approached the bench on which the cross-eyed man with the bushy mustache was sitting with the girl, and stopped beside her.

He attracted her attention to his presence by hooking the handle of his cane around her arm and giving it a couple of gentle pulls.

When she looked around at him, Charlie raised his battered derby to her, with a smile.

"Don't you want to take a little walk with me?" he inquired softly.

The man who had left his wife and daughter asleep on the other bench

around the bend in the path, arose and confronted Charlie threateningly.

"You take a little walk all by yourself," he ordered sternly—"quick, too!"

Charlie, instead of obeying, sat down on the end of the bench beside the girl.

"It's funny," he informed her, "that I've never seen you in the park before as long as I've been stopping here!"

The girl tittered.

"Say, I'm talking to you!" the cross-eyed man addressed him again. "Do you know it?"

Charlie surveyed him without rising. "You're looking at me, too, I suppose," said he, "but I wouldn't know that."

This time the girl's laugh rang out unrestrained. And the man's bushy mustache fairly bristled with anger, as he glared at Charlie—or, rather, tried to; for, due to the hopeless manner in which his eyes were crossed, it was his own nose that received the benefit of that baleful glower.

"I tell you," he fumed at Charlie, "to move on!"

Charlie rose. He knocked the man's hat off with his little cane, and then sat down again.

"Always take your hat off," Charlie admonished him, his own still resting on top of his crop of bushy hair, "in the presence of a lady."

The man opened his mouth three separate times to speak, before the wrath that had boiled up in him would permit him to do so. Then, shaking his fist under Charlie's nose, "I'll go and get a cop!" he announced. "He'll run you in for what you are—a tramp! If I had anything to do with it, you'd stay in jail for the rest of your life after you landed there, too! But just wait here!"

And he hurried off to find a policeman into whose custody he could place Charlie, on the charge of being what he certainly looked like—a vagrant.

Charlie crossed his legs and turned a bland countenance to the girl.

"Square your shoulders," he said, "and throw out your chest!"

She obeyed him wonderingly.

"Now take a deep breath," invited Charlie.

She did so.

"Great air, isn't it?" he asked enthusiastically. "Have another?"

"Another what?" she demanded in perplexity.

"Another deep breath," said Charlie.

"Go ahead, if you like—when I'm with

a girl, I go the limit to show her a good time. That's the way I am."

Her laugh pealed out again.

"I don't think," said she, "he should have gone for a policeman, but for an ambulance, instead. You're not all there, I guess."

Charlie nodded, echoing her laugh.

"Nobody home but the egg, and that's going to beat it," he admitted. "But, seriously," he resumed, throwing his leg chummily over her lap, "don't you like me a little—even if I'm not like the rest of the family?"

She shoved his leg off her knees indignantly.

"Ah, go on!" urged Charlie, nudging her. "Grace? Emma? Annabelle? Marie? Susanna? Flora? Mildred? Corinne? Katherine? Kerosene——"

She drew away from him stiffly.

"I think you'd better go before he comes back with that policeman," she said unsmilingly.

"The policeman doesn't live," declared Charlie boldly, "who's afraid of me! I mean—but, that is to say, rather than tear myself from your side, little girl, I'd run the risk of facing a thousand policemen!"

Still her stiffness did not relax.

"I won't have you get into trouble on



Charlie's knees sank, and with them his heart—as he recognized the cross-eyed man of his recent mix-up in the park.

"How dare you, sir?"

"Now, don't talk as if you were working for me!" Charlie protested, still good-humoredly. "Drop the 'sir,' and call me Charlie. And what do they call you at home when they want to let you know dinner's ready?"

"Never mind what my name is," said the girl quickly; "I won't tell you."

my account," she said grimly, "so you needn't stay."

"You don't like me, then, at all?" asked Charlie anxiously.

"I'm afraid," she nodded coldly, "you've guessed it."

Charlie sighed, and rose. Looking neither to the right nor left, and without a word, he started to walk away

from the bench. Carrying his little cane by the end, with its handle hanging down behind him, by accident it hooked around the girl's ankle and he pulled her off the bench to a sitting posture on the walk.

"Help!" she cried out.

Her call was not long unheeded. A man who had been strolling that way

raised his hat again, and turned around to walk off.

The man kicked him in that portion of his baggy trousers which was the fullest.

Without looking around, Charlie retaliated by knocking his hat off with his cane. And then he ambled away from the scene on his heels.



Charlie decided she was much prettier than the other girl.

along the path broke into a run which quickly brought him to her side. Lifting her to her feet, he glanced from her to Charlie, who was standing near.

"Is he annoying you, madam?" the stranger inquired, with a nod toward Charlie.

"He pulled me off this bench!" the girl indignantly charged.

Charlie opened his lips to explain. Then he shut them again swiftly, and raised his derby to the man, who had reached him in a single stride. The man thrust his face into Charlie's threateningly.

"Well?" he growled.

Charlie coughed behind his hand. He

A little farther along the path, he came face to face with the cross-eyed man, who was returning from the unsuccessful search he had made for a policeman.

Charlie knocked his high hat off once more. Then, as the man bent over to pick it up, with the crook of his cane Charlie pulled one of his feet from under him, and left him sprawling there in the middle of the walk, while he waddled on his way.

Five minutes later, the cross-eyed man met the man who had answered the girl's cry for help, and driven Charlie away from the bench, from which the girl had also gone.

The cross-eyed man and the other shook hands, for they were old acquaintances.

"I left a young lady sitting on this bench just a few minutes ago," said the former. "Did you happen to see anything of her?"

"I did," replied his friend. "But it didn't do me any good. She wouldn't let me sit beside her, or talk to her, or anything. She said she was through with men forever. It was all on account of a young fellow who she said had pulled her off this bench by the handle of his cane—he had cured her of the desire for masculine society."

They looked at each other in silence for a moment.

"He tripped me up with his cane!" announced the cross-eyed man darkly.

"He knocked my hat off with it," said his friend.

Then, linking arms, by mutual consent they turned and set off in the direction where Charlie Chaplin had last been seen—to exact the penalty of his many crimes from him.

Charlie, seated alone on another bench where he had dropped down for a few moments' rest, saw them coming. He rose and walked away.

The cross-eyed man and his friend came after him. Aware that flight was hopeless, Charlie stopped and waited for the pair to come up.

He spun round on his heel and launched a blow at the cross-eyed man. It met its mark. He staggered back against his friend, and they both sprawled on the path in a tangle of legs and arms. Charlie, looking down at them as they struggled to free themselves of each other's limbs, tipped his derby to them and strolled away, without a word.

Rounding the bend in the path, Charlie caught sight of two angry women sitting on a bench. They were the wife and daughter of the cross-eyed man. And, having just waked up and found him gone from between them, that accounted for their anger. Charlie stopped in front of the bench on which they sat, and raised his hat, with a smile at the pretty girl.

She smiled back.

"Mother," she said, turning to the older woman beside her, "as long as papa has gone off and left us alone here—probably to follow some girl, too!—suppose we take this young man home with us?"

At her daughter's utterance of the same suspicion that had crossed her own mind as to the reason for her husband's desertion of them on the bench while they had been asleep, the woman's lips lightened.

"That is a good idea," she nodded grimly, "and it's what we'll do."

She smiled cordially at Charlie.

"Won't you come home with us?" she asked him.

Charlie looked at her daughter—she was even prettier than the girl on the other bench had been, he told himself.

"Oh—why, certainly, certainly!" he turned to answer the older woman, with another tip of his hat at her.

The girl rose and took Charlie's arm on one side. Her mother slipped her arm through his on the other. And off they set. Five minutes later, Charlie found himself in a brownstone residence, in a fashionable side street near one of the entrances to the park, and not a little awed by the richness of his surroundings. The cross-eyed man, who had provided this home for his wife and daughter, must have prospered exceedingly in whatever business was his.

"Make yourself right at home!" his wife told Charlie Chaplin, as she and her daughter removed their hats. That reminded Charlie to take off his own, which he had not yet done. He was embarrassed as a boy paying his first visit to a dancing class, in the unexpectedly sumptuous interior of that house. In his confusion, he sat down on top of the girl's hat, which she had dropped in one of the drawing-room chairs.

Charlie got up again—swiftly.

The hat was clinging to the seat of his trousers by the hatpins which he had encountered upon accepting his hostess' invitation to sit down—without looking first to see where he sat.

Charlie reached around behind him, with a martyr's smile at the pretty girl who had remained in the room with him while her mother was occupied in the next—which, from the clink of chinaware and silver that floated from it, appeared to be the dining room—and removed the hat.

"What's the matter?" asked the girl. "Wasn't that chair comfortable? Try this one."

Charlie crossed the room, with a deprecatory smile and a shrug of his shoulders, to the chair she indicated, and seated himself in it. An expression of

intense suffering instantly contorted his face. He rose again—having sat down on her mother's hat, this time. There were a number of feathers in it, and, with the hat sticking by the hatpins to the seat of his trousers, and the feathers pluming out under his short coat, Charlie looked like a rooster. He tried to pull the hatpins out, and failed.

"Here, let me help you!" offered the girl, aware of his plight.

She took hold of the hat and pulled. Charlie went up on his toes. He pressed his hand to his cheek. Then he inserted the fingers of it in his mouth, and bit on them while the girl continued to pull at the pins that the force with which he had sat down in the chair had driven into him up to the hilt, so to speak. The hat came away, and Charlie sank back on his heels once more. He wiped the cold perspiration from his brow.

"I liked your mother's hat the minute I saw it," he informed the girl, with a wan attempt at a smile; "but I didn't think I'd get so stuck on it that I'd try to take it away with me—like this!"

Her mother appeared at that moment in the doorway of the next room.

"Won't you come and have something to eat?" she invited Charlie.

Charlie's little black mustache took a doleful slant above his mouth, which drooped open. He stood up on his tiptoes, and craned his neck to look by the wife of the cross-eyed man into the dining room behind her. At sight of the table, all set there, and the food upon it, Charlie's woebegone expression deepened.

"Well, I lose!" he said.

Mother and daughter looked blankly at each other and then at him.

"Lose what?" asked the girl.

"The bet that I made with myself that I wouldn't get anything to eat before to-morrow," Charlie answered, with a sorrowful shake of his head. "I hate to lose it, too. For that makes two dollars more I'll have to add to what I already owe myself. I'm afraid to look at myself in the glass when I'm shaving any more, for fear I will threaten to sue me for not paying my debts."

Laughingly the girl and her mother escorted Charlie to the table and seated him there between them. There was a plate of doughnuts before Charlie.

"The ship's going down," said Charlie gayly to the cross-eyed man's wife.

"Will you have a life preserver?"

"Please," she assented.

Charlie picked up his fork and thrust it through the hole of one of the doughnuts. Then he brought the fork, empty, around to her plate. He started in surprise, looking from the vacant tines of the fork to the doughnut which should have been there, but wasn't. He tried again to lift one of the doughnuts on the fork by its hole. Then, picking up his knife, he thrust the blade through the hole of a doughnut, twirled it up in the air, and caught it, as it came down, on the knife blade again.

He transferred the doughnut from the knife to the plate of the cross-eyed man's wife, then placed a doughnut on the girl's plate the same way, and served one to himself.

"They're wild things," Charlie remarked, "but they can be trained to come when you call them, by a little patience and skill."

He was just about to take a bite of the doughnut to which he had helped himself, when he put it back on the plate again, untasted, with the doleful expression overspreading his countenance once more.

The front door of the house had closed with a bang.

And, in the next room, a voice which Charlie recognized as that of the cross-eyed man who was the lord and master of the house, rose in tones of angry complaint.

"I leave them on that bench for two minutes," was what Charlie heard him saying, "and when I come back they're gone! That's the way they treat me. I can't turn my back, but they run away!"

Charlie heard the voice of the cross-eyed man's friend, whom he had brought home with him, in the next room.

"Maybe they didn't run away. How do you know they weren't kidnaped?"

The cross-eyed man laughed bitterly.

"I'd like to see the man who would kidnap my wife, with that face of hers!" said he. "I'd like to see him—and shake him by the hand!"

With an apologetic little laugh, Charlie looked around at the cross-eyed man's wife, who sat beside him at the table and could hear every word her husband said as plainly as he could. She rose, with her lips pressed together in a thin line, and marched into the next room.

"You don't think any man would run away with me, do you?" Charlie heard her demand of her husband. "Well,

you're wrong. And I can prove it to you."

Charlie looked at the pretty girl beside him. He gave her a weak smile, and then looked anxiously beyond her in the direction of the other door of the dining room, through which he was speculating on his chances of escaping from the house, where he began to feel a conviction stealing over him that he was about to come face to face with Trouble with a capital T, in a very few moments more.

"I'll show you whether I ran away from that bench where you left me, alone or with a man," Charlie heard the cross-eyed man's wife inform him. "Just go into the next room and see who you'll find there."

Charlie rose abruptly from the table. "Good-by," he whispered to the girl, taking a step on tiptoe toward that other door, "and I'll be sure to write when I get to Texas!"

Then he stopped short, and turned.

The cross-eyed man, following his wife's suggestion, had strode into the dining room and discovered Charlie Chaplin there. Instantly he recognized in him the person who had twice knocked his hat off, and tripped him up the same number of times, with his cane in the park. With a mighty roar of wrath, and his arms outspread, he made a dash at Charlie.

Charlie eluded him by running around the table. The cross-eyed man came after him. Charlie dodged back around the table. He was handicapped in the race by his short legs, however; the other almost seized his flying coat tails in one outstretched hand. Charlie attempted to climb over the table. The cross-eyed man grabbed him by one ankle, bringing him down, with a crash, among the china and glassware, and then swept him toward him over the top of the table.

Picking Charlie up in his arms, kicking and squirming, he hurled him from

him through the portières into the next room.

Charlie collided with the cross-eyed man's friend.

Picking himself up, as Charlie, doing likewise, was starting to run away, the other man also recognized him as the author of the attack which had tangled him up with his friend on the park path.

He ran after Charlie, and caught him by the slack of his baggy trousers, thus detaining him in his attempted flight.

Charlie turned around. The other changed his grip to the waistband of his trousers. Charlie, to try to make him let go his hold, whirled round and round the middle of the floor with him in a wild travesty on the maxixe. The cross-eyed man's friend lost his footing—though he kept his grip on the waistband of those trousers. Alas! if they themselves could but have clung as tenaciously to Charlie Chaplin's person. There was a long-drawn, ripping sound.

And Charlie's trousers came off!

His spindling legs stood revealed in a pair of white cotton tights, which, like the trousers that had hitherto concealed them from view of the world, were several sizes too big for him. A pair of black-and-white-striped swimming trunks—that even a gambler would have called loud—encircled his waist. And they, also, were too big for him. Looking something like a ballet dancer and a scarecrow combined, Charlie stood for a moment beside his fallen antagonist, who held his trousers.

And then he turned and ran out of the house.

It was Sunday morning, and the first persons Charlie encountered on his arrival in the street in his pantsless condition were perhaps a hundred or so ladies and gentlemen sedately returning from church.

At sight of Charlie, one or two of the women shrieked, and covered their faces. One or two more fainted quietly against their escorts. Nearly all the rest turned and ran the other way, pulling their husbands, brothers, and sweethearts by the hand with them away from the dangerous proximity of the "lunatic," which was what Charlie appeared to them to be.

But their flight was unnecessary, for Charlie, at sight of them, had likewise turned and run in the opposite direction.

It was the direction of the house out of which he had just dashed. Its door



"That man leaves the house!" Charlie, extending an ear through the portières, heard the cross-eyed man declare. "Or I will—never to return!"

still stood open, with nobody blocking his way upon its threshold. And back into the house, which offered his only avenue of escape, Charlie galloped.

He saw no one in the downstairs hall. But before him he saw something else, and that was the stairway leading up to the second floor of the residence. Two at a time, Charlie mounted those stairs, and burst into a bedroom, where it was his intention to hide until the trouble from which he had escaped—though bereft of his trousers—downstairs should have blown over.

Closing the door of the bedroom softly behind him, Charlie turned—and gasped.

He saw what at first he took to be a young lady in fashionable attire confronting him. A young lady who had neither neck nor face, and whose smart, white toque was thus resting on her shoulders!

Charlie raised his battered derby to her.

"How do you do?" he murmured under his breath.

And then he saw, on longer inspection, that it wasn't a young lady at all. It was a dressmaker's form, on which the white toque, white tailor-made suit and white fox fur set, which probably comprised the new costume of the young lady of the house that had just come home, had been hung.

And, with this discovery, another flashed upon Charlie's mind—of the way he might escape from the house, unmolested by its masculine inmates, who thirsted for his blood, and without causing a riot on the street in his present partial costume.

Casting off his derby and his coat, Charlie seized the toque from the form and clapped it on his head. He pulled the dress and fur neck piece and muff from the dummy next, and, five minutes later, clad in the dress and boa, and with his hands thrust into the muff—Charlie Chaplin had become a girl, to all outward appearances!

He strolled, for practice, up and down the room a few times with the proper débutante slouch. And then he opened the door of the bedroom and stepped out into the hall.

He came face to face with the cross-eyed man's pretty daughter, to whom the costume which he had appropriated from the dressmaker's form belonged.

She took one look at Charlie, and burst out laughing. Her mirth in-

creased, as she continued to regard him. She leaned up against the wall, and then weakly slid down along it to a sitting posture on the floor, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"What's the matter?" Charlie asked

Before the mirror of the dressing table in her room, out of which he had come. Charlie removed his mustache, while she looked on. And then, sauntering to and fro for her approval, Charlie went downstairs.



Asked if he had any farewell message to deliver, Charlie was unable to speak—his adversaries' hands, not emotion, choked him.

her anxiously. "It isn't a good disguise, then—and I thought nobody would recognize me in it!"

"You—you thought," gasped the girl, pointing to his face, "nobody would see your mustache?"

Charlie put up his hand, in surprise, to his upper lip.

"Wait till I get you my father's shaving things," said she, rising from the floor and wiping her eyes. "After you've shaved that off, I think you'll do. Your disguise is perfect, all but that. You make a very pretty girl."

With which compliment, she hastened along the hall and entered another room. In a moment or two, she returned with a shaving brush and cup and a razor.

The first person he met there was the cross-eyed man's friend.

And he fell for the charming young lady he took Charlie to be—hard. Charlie, escorted by the infatuated recipient of his shy smiles, eyebrow liftings, and shrugs to a chair in the drawing-room of the house, had hard work to keep his face straight.

"What are you going to be doing tomorrow night?" the cross-eyed man's friend whispered, as he leaned ardently over the back of Charlie's chair.

Charlie choked, and lowered his head. "Shoeing a horse!" he answered faintly.

But then, realizing that he must get rid of the man in some way so that he

could escape from the house, Charlie sank back weakly in the chair.

"Will you get me a glass of water, please?" he requested. "I feel quite woozy in the head!"

With alacrity, the cross-eyed man's friend left the room upon the errand. Charlie rose from the chair. And then he sat down in it again. The cross-eyed man himself entered.

At sight of Charlie—whom he was also fooled into taking for a pretty girl—he looked back cautiously through the portières that separated the drawing-room from the one in which he had just left his wife, and then he hastened to Charlie's side.

Dropping on his knees at his side, he breathed fervently:

"Tell me where you came from, you beautiful angel!"

His friend, returning at that moment to find the master of the house paying court to the supposed girl he had just left, tiptoed forward and poured the glass of water, which Charlie had asked him to bring, over the other's head, as he knelt there on the floor.

The cross-eyed man rose, spluttering. "You keep away from my girl!" his friend warned him angrily.

"She's not yours!" the other retorted, with as much heat. "She's mine!"

Charlie, in the rôle of peacemaker, intervened.

"Now, wait!" said he coyly. "I'll be fair to both of you. You can each have a kiss—on my cheek, mind! Now, one of you stand on one side of me. And one on the other. When I say 'three,' you can both kiss me at the same time. Are you ready? All right, then—one, two, *three!*"

Charlie ducked and stepped back. And the two men, eagerly bringing their heads forward to imprint the promised kiss upon Charlie's cheek, kissed each other, instead.

The cross-eyed man, angrily seizing his equally infuriated friend, picked him up bodily by the back of his coat collar and the slack of his trousers, and ran him out of the house.

Then he returned to Charlie.

Dropping down on his knees beside him once more, he grasped the hem of his skirt and pressed it to his lips. And at that moment his wife and daughter entered the room behind him. His wife, not being in on the joke, was likewise fooled into thinking that it was a young and beautiful girl at whose feet she saw

her husband kneeling. With lowering brows, she was on the point of interrupting the ardent love scene by striding forward to seize her spouse by the hair and pull him back from the "charmer." Her daughter, silently convulsed at the spectacle her father presented on his knees beside Charlie, checked her.

"Wait, mother," she whispered. "It's all a mistake—as you'll understand in a minute, I guess."

It was less than that brief space of time, when the revelation of Charlie's masquerade came, not only to the cross-eyed man's wife, but to the latter, as well.

Charlie, discovering that the man was kissing the hem of his skirt, had started to walk simperingly away. The man held onto his skirt. And it came off in his hands, leaving him staring in wide-eyed amazement at a pair of white cotton tights that were too big for the legs they clothed. In an instant he sprang up with rage smoldering in his eyes. He had recognized Charlie; and, closing his fist, he began to roll up his sleeve above it.

Charlie, who was the only one in the room that did not know his skirt had come off, was strolling up and down the floor, with his eyebrows coyly lifting and his shoulders shrugging overtime.

The cross-eyed man drew back his arm and was just about to launch a blow at his unsuspecting head.

His daughter, running forward, caught his arm.

"Ah, spare him, father!" she declaimed melodramatically. "I love him!"

Her father turned hesitatingly and looked at Charlie. That young man, with dawning terror in his countenance, was looking down at his undraped legs. He straightened, and met the cross-eyed man's gaze fixed upon him. With a weak smile, Charlie raise the toque on his head at him. The girl squeezed her father's arm, to which she still held on appealingly.

"Please, daddy!" she urged.

With a shrug of resignation, the man took his daughter's hand in one of his. He held out the other to Charlie, and Charlie placed his hand in it. Then her father was about to bring their hands together, à la the final moving-picture scene in which the hero gets the heroine. But abruptly the thought of all that Charlie had done to him surging across his memory, he changed his mind.

He hauled off and knocked Charlie sprawling across the room.

"Get out of here!" the cross-eyed man roared after him, as Charlie, picking himself up, was dashing for the door. "Get out of the city! Get out of this country—or I won't be responsible for the consequences!"

And Charlie, running up the street with a girl's hat on his head, a girl's waist and jacket on the upper part of his body, and nothing but a pair of white cotton tights on the lower part, mused to himself:

"I'll get into the observation ward of some hospital, if I'm seen in this rig, that's what I'll do! And there's no hope of my not being seen, either. There's only one thing for me to do."

And Charlie, at the same dead run, turned the next corner in the direction of the river—as the one place left for him to hide his untrousered legs.

Saved by His Face.

MARC MACDERMOTT, Edison, has just returned from a vacation in the Catskill Mountains—the first in three years of a busy life—with an adventure to rival motion pictures. With two friends, one starless night, he had walked into the woods, when around the bend of a road there whirred a big automobile with dazzling headlights, filled with four men who lost no time in pointing rifles into the wayfarers' faces, with a gruff "Come over here!" and "Who're you?" Puzzled, yet firmly believing it a holdup, the two men said that they were from the "Inn." "I know you—saw you in pictures," abruptly assured one of the riders, as he got the light on MacDermott's well-known face. Somewhat eased, but nerves stirred by the steady friendship of the rifles' end, Marc could stand the tension no longer, and asked: "What's all this?" "There's been a bad robbery down the road, and we're after 'em. You had better get in the machine, or some of the others out might pop you with their rifles in the darkness." And so, over the rough, dark roads Marc and his friends had to ride, to save their skins, until three o'clock in the morning, letting out many an aside as to what they thought.

Motion-picture ballroom scenes appear to be clearing houses for affairs of the heart.

Playing Dead

(V. L. S. E.)

By Robert Keene

Jimmie Blagwin loved his wife and his wife loved another man. When Jimmie found that he was in the way he decided to "play dead." So Jimmie went away, leaving Mrs. Blagwin all that he owned. What Jimmie did when he was "dead," and the strange predicament he got into and tried to get out of, make most unusual situations. The story was taken from the V. L. S. E. production of the same title. Those in the cast included:

Jimmie Blagwin.....Sidney Drew
Mrs. Blagwin.....Mrs. Sidney Drew
Proctor Maddox.....Donald Hall
Carlton Adams.....Harry English

JIMMIE BLAGWIN loved his wife as few men do.

He had just given one more proof of it in the document he now sat smilingly regarding in his hand. It was his last will and testament, drawn up by his lawyer and intimate friend, Carlton Adams. Everything Jimmie owned he had willed to his beloved wife, Jeanne.

Just then Jimmie heard her step outside the library of their suburban home. Dropping the will into the open book on his knees, he quickly closed the book and replaced it among the volumes on the shelves—turning, with a bland smile, to face his wife as she entered the room.

"Good morning, my love!" Jimmie affectionately greeted her.

"Good morning," returned Jeanne coldly.

Of late there had been a growing coldness in his wife's manner toward him. Jimmie had noticed it, without in any way connecting the recent arrival of Mr. Proctor Maddox at the Country Club with the change in her attitude toward himself.

"What's the matter, dear?" Jimmie asked her anxiously. "Aren't you feeling well?"

"Quite well, thank you," replied Jeanne, her eyebrows lifting as she turned on the opposite threshold of the room to look back at him. "Why do you ask?"

"Why—nothing, only you haven't been acting a bit like your old self toward me lately," blurted Jimmie, regarding her with the expression of a hurt child on his face. "What have I done? Anything to offend you in any way? Tell

me, and give me a chance to set myself square with you, won't you?"

Slowly Jeanne came back into the library. She sat down, a thoughtful pucker between her brows. For days she had been trying to decide on the best way to tell Jimmie. Perhaps it would be just as well if she were to blurt out the truth to him—and, lifting her eyes to his, she did so:

"I can't go on living with you any longer, Jimmie."

Jimmie's jaw fell as he stared at her. "I beg your pardon," he said blankly. "You—*what?*"

"I've found my true soul mate," his wife went on. "My marriage with you was a mistake at the start. There's no use going on with it—the mistake and our marriage, both, I mean. I want you to set me free, Jimmie. So that I can marry Proctor Maddox."

Jimmie's face had gone ashen. This was no joke, as his wife's voice and manner plainly told him; she spoke in earnest. And *this* was the explanation of the change that he had noticed in her attitude toward him during the past six weeks—she no longer loved him, but another man.

Jimmie's shoulders drooped in resignation to his lot.

"You're sure about loving him better than you do me?" he asked slowly. "Two years ago you were sure, you know, that you loved me better than you ever could anybody else—you said so, yourself."

Jeanne shrugged impatiently.

"I was a child then," said she. "I did not know my own mind. But I

know it now—and I love Proctor, as he loves me. I have told him so."

Jimmie sat down at the library table and pressed his brow against his two clenched hands for a moment or two. Then he shook himself together, avoiding Jeanne's eyes as he spoke.

"I suppose you want a—*a* divorce as soon as possible?" he asked.

Jeanne inclined her head in assent.

"Please," was all she said.

Jimmie rose, supporting himself by the side of the table. His face was still chalk white. In five minutes he seemed to have aged ten years. A trifle unsteadily, he crossed to the door.

"I'll go into town right away and turn the matter over to Adams," he promised.

True to his word, two hours later Jimmie sat in the lawyer's private office.

"Of course, it will be Jeanne who's divorcing me," he finished his explanation of what he wanted the attorney to do. "That will bring her through clean. You can tell me what I'll have to do in order to convince the judge or the jury that I don't deserve to be her husband any longer, and I'll do it."

"You mean you'll disgrace yourself, for her sake?" demanded his friend the lawyer.

Jimmie shrugged indifferently.

"She wants a divorce. I don't care what it's going to cost me, in reputation or money, to get it for her. That's all," he said. "If you'd ever loved a woman as I love Jeanne, you'd understand how I feel about giving her what she wants."

Adams' eyes flashed with loyal indignation.

"Well, I'm not going to stand by and see her treat you this way, as if you were an old glove to be cast aside without a thought!" said he. "I won't help you to put through this fake divorce! And I'm ashamed of you, Jimmie, for letting Jeanne make you lie down in the dust, roll over, and play dead this way. My advice to you is to go and kick this man Maddox across the county line, and then——"

"I'd love to do it!" broke in Jimmie eagerly.

"Then why don't you?"

Jeanne was what his friend had said he was doing. It was what he *would* do. He would pretend to have taken his life—by jumping into the river, which would explain the nonappearance of his corpse—and so clear the way to Jeanne's marriage with Maddox beautifully.

A quarter of an hour longer Jimmie sat thinking over the details of the plan.

First he must manage to make it look as though he had made away with himself for some other reason than that of his wife's ceasing to love him. That might cause Jeanne pain. So that she

read what the symptoms of the disease were. And then he replaced the encyclopedia on the shelf and hastened from the club.

He entered an optician's shop.

"Let me have a pair of smoked glasses," Jimmie requested of the proprietor.

The latter adjusted a pair to his eyes. And, thrusting them into his pocket, Jimmie hurried off to the office of an oculist with whom he was personally acquainted—as were likewise several more of his friends.

Jimmie put the smoked glasses on as he drew near the front steps of the oculist's residence on a fashionable side street. And, with the glasses on his eyes, he went into the oculist's presence.

"What's the trouble with your eyes, Blagwin?" the latter inquired in surprise at sight of him.

Glibly, Jimmie proceeded to reel off the symptoms he had looked up in the encyclopedia in order to be prepared for just such a question.

"And a lot of black flies seem to be walking backward across my vision," he finished.

The oculist looked grave. He bade Jimmie sit down and proceeded to subject his eyes to a thorough examination. Of course, he found no sign of anything the matter with them. But, in view of what Jimmie had told him of his symptoms, he only looked graver still.

"Is it anything serious, doctor?" Jimmie asked, with well-simulated anxiety.

"I will tell you the truth, Blagwin," the doctor gravely replied, "if you wish it. But I warn you to bear up, and take it like a man. In another six months you will be blind!"

Jimmie started out of his chair, summoning a look of wild-eyed terror to his face.

"Is there no hope for me?" he asked. "None!"

Then Jimmie played his trump card. Dropping back in his chair, he covered his face with his hands, a picture of despair.

"I won't go blind!" he groaned, distinctly enough for the eye specialist to hear the threat, and to be able to repeat it later. "I'll jump into the river first!"

The oculist calmed him. Jimmie allowed him to do so, and then he left. But he had made a good start toward accomplishing his end—that, after he was "dead," everybody should think he



"Say," the newsboy who sold Jimmie one of the extras that told of his own death, informed him in the cheap furnished room he had engaged, "dis guy looks like youse!"

"You forget," Jimmie answered, as he picked up his hat, stick, and gloves, and prepared to depart, "that Jeanne loves him. She wants him, and it's up to me to fix it so that she can have him. You won't change your mind about fixing up the divorce for us, old man?"

"No, I won't," answered his friend. "It's not fair to you."

"Then," said Jimmie, "I'll have to think of some other way of stepping out and leaving Maddox and Jeanne to claim their happiness."

Jimmie went from the lawyer's office to his club, and there spent the next hour in thinking over that problem. At last it came to him—the way he could step out, "Playing dead" to please

could marry Maddox, the man she had confessed to being in love with, without a single twinge of conscience, Jimmie would have to make it seem that it was another motive that had prompted him to suicide.

"I know!" he exclaimed half aloud, as another idea burst on him. "I'll pretend that I'm going blind—that's the ticket!"

Jimmie hurried into the club library. There, poring over the encyclopedias, he found what he had a faint recollection of having seen somewhere before—the mention of an affliction of the eyes that was hopelessly incurable, but which gave no sign of its existence that even an oculist could detect. Jimmie

had taken his life because he feared he was going blind.

There were only a detail or two that remained to be attended to before he was ready to take the final step in the plan he was carrying out through his deep, unselfish love for his wife.

First, he had to secure a sum of ready cash on which to live in whatever corner of the world he might choose to hide himself—and that money he had to obtain in a way that would not arouse suspicion, then or afterward, of his purpose.

He cashed a check at his club. Two more were honored at hotels where he was known. During the next two or three days, Jimmie found himself short of funds when he was in the company of one or another of his friends, and they obliged him by exchanging bills for his checks. In this way, and without presenting a single large check at his bank, he was able to get together the amount he estimated that he would need for his flight.

The next and final detail that remained to be arranged was only that of deciding where he would go.

Jimmie made up his mind that New York City itself would afford him the best hiding place. In a furnished room somewhere in the cheaper part of the town, he could bury himself as effectually from the sight of his former friends as in the middle of the Sahara Desert. He found such a furnished room house, near the Twenty-third Street Ferry—which was located admirably for the purpose he had in mind—and engaged and paid for lodgings there.

Then he was ready to make the last move.

He went to his club and ostentatiously called up the ticket office of a steamship line. In hearing of a half dozen of his friends, he requested over the wire that a stateroom be reserved for him on a liner that was leaving for Europe the next morning.

"Going abroad, Jimmie?" asked one of his friends, as he hung up the receiver.

"Yes," Jimmie replied, and as he did so he took out the pair of smoked glasses and put them on. "It's my eyes, you know."

"What's the matter with them?" asked another of his clubmates, in surprise.

"Why," said Jimmie, "it's a disease

that doesn't show any outward signs, but when you've got it you're a goner. At least, that's what Doctor Hitchcock says. And he's told me I've got it. I'm to be stone-blind in another six months, he says. I thought I'd go over and see Europe—while I can."

His friends—who sincerely loved Jimmie Blagwin for his greatness of heart—were stunned by the news. They looked at him in speechless sympathy.

"Gad, that's hard, old man!" one or two found words at last in which to ex-

press their regret over the misfortune he had informed them had befallen him.

to sail, Jimmie stepped out of a taxicab at the dock. He boarded the vessel with his bag, and was escorted by a steward to his stateroom. Jimmie stopped the man as he was departing.

"By the way," said he, "I'm going to turn in and try to get some sleep. I've been troubled with insomnia of late. See to it, please, that I'm not disturbed under any circumstances until evening."

"Yes, sir," bowed the steward, and withdrew.

Alone, Jimmie took out writing ma-



"Poor fellow!" murmured the captain, looking up from the letter Jimmie had left behind in the stateroom. "We've passed the Shoals—there's no use looking for his body now!"

press their regret over the misfortune he had informed them had befallen him.

"Oh," said Jimmie, with an obviously brave-by-an-effort smile, "that's all right. You fellows don't need to feel bad on my account. I'm not going to go through the hell on earth of blindness—take it from me!"

With which meaning remark—its meaning to become perfectly apparent to his friends who had heard him make it, afterward—Jimmie walked away from them.

An hour before the steamer was due

materials and began to prepare two letters. The bugle was blowing, in token of the fact that the vessel was about to sail, and as a warning to those on board who were not going to cross the ocean on her to get ashore, when he had finished the last epistle.

One letter was to his wife, and read:

"DEAREST JEANNE: I have kept the news from you till now. My eyes have been bothering me of late, so the other day I stopped in to see Doctor Hitchcock. He has told me that there

is no hope—I am going blind. Rather than endure such a living death, I have determined to take my life. When you receive this, I will be no more. I have left you everything in my will. All my love,
JIMMIE."

The other letter, which he left upon the table beside the one to his wife, was

nished-room house on West Twenty-third Street.

As he did so, the liner on which he had booked passage, and in a stateroom on board which he had last been seen, was slowly backing out of the pier to begin its voyage Europeward.

Jimmie mounted the rickety stairs of

frowned over the last. He had never had any intention of marrying Jimmie's wife. He had wanted her to run away with him. But not to a parsonage. That had not been his idea in wooing her affections away from her husband at all.

Presently, though, he smiled over the ending of her note, too.

It was an evil smile.

He would go away and wait till she had been granted her divorce, as she had asked. Then he would come and take her with him—to Europe, or some other place. The little detail of their marriage he would persuade her to forget, until after they had gone away. And after that she could not insist upon it. For then he would already have taken the step that would make his marrying her impossible.

The steward who came to the door of Jimmy Blagwin's stateroom on board the steamer that evening, received no answer to his knock. Repeated pounding on the panels of the door producing no response, he tried the handle of the door. The door swung open, and the steward confronted a vacant stateroom, the berth of which had not been slept in. Simultaneously, he made another discovery—that of the two notes Jimmie had left behind.

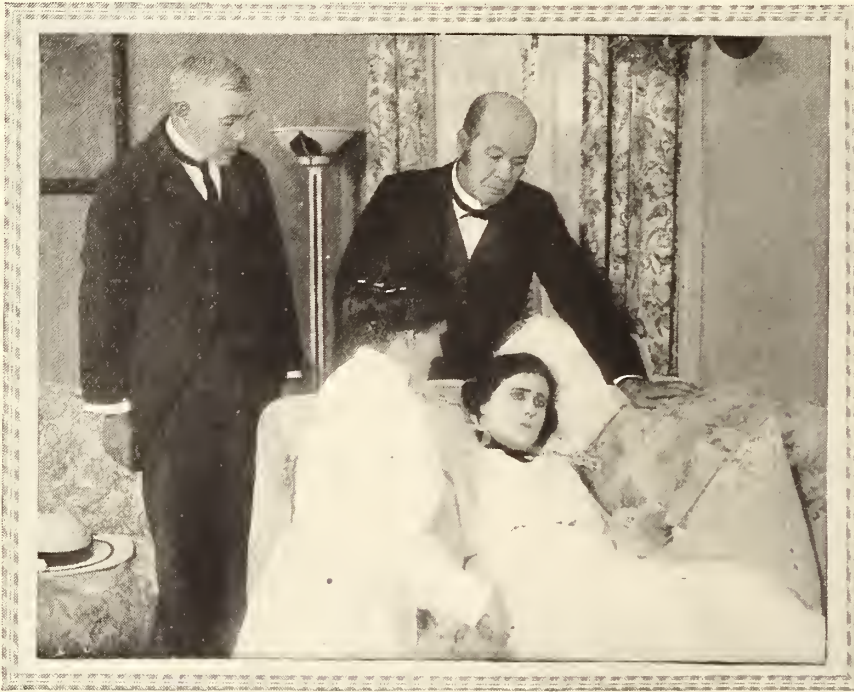
The steward hastened away to bring back the captain. He saw the sealed envelope on which Jimmie had written his wife's name and address, and read the letter that well-known young clubman and wealthy figure in Wall Street had left for him. The captain hastened away to the wireless room.

And thus it was that, early the following morning, Jeanne received a wireless message which told her that her husband had committed suicide.

Was she glad that now she could go to her "soul mate"? She was not. On the contrary, she was prostrated by the news of Jimmie's death. For, in the moment when she knew—or thought she did—that he was no more, she realized that *he* was the one she had always loved, and always should love.

When, some days later, she received the farewell letter that Jimmie had written to her, she informed his friend, Carlton Adams, the lawyer, that she did not believe Jimmie's story that he had been going blind.

"It's my fault!" she wept. "He did it because he thought I wanted him out of the way so that I could—could marry



"I am to blame!" wept Jeanne. "I know he did it for my sake!"

addressed to the captain of the steamer, and ran as follows:

"CAPTAIN LEWIS: I am going overboard when we pass the Shoals. Please don't make any attempt to recover my body, as it is my wish that the sea shall claim all that remains of
"JAMES BLAGWIN."

Putting on a tweed cap, which he pulled far down on his head, and turning up the collar of his overcoat, Jimmie stepped out of his stateroom—trusting that no one would recognize him with his face thus half concealed.

He joined the flock of friends and relatives of the passengers on board who were crowding toward the gangplank. In their midst, he left the vessel unquestioned.

Five minutes later, James Blagwin, alias "Henry Hull," which was the name he had decided to adopt after he had severed all connections with his former life, put his key in the door of a fur-

the lodging house, and entered the room he had engaged there. He sat down heavily on the side of the bed.

"Now you're free, dear," he said gravely and half aloud, "or you will be in less than twelve hours more—to marry the man you love. And I hope you'll be very, very happy!"

Meanwhile, Mr. Proctor Maddox had received a note from Jeanne. She had sent it off to her "soul mate" immediately after her interview with Jimmie that day in the library of their country home, to inform him that she had broken the news to her husband, who had "acted like a brick," and was going to get her a divorce.

"You will have to go away, dearest," Jeanne had written, "until it is all over. And then you can come and claim me, and we will be married."

Maddox, when he received the letter, had smiled over the first part and

some one else! I don't believe a word of what he has written about his eyesight!"

But, the attorney pointed out to her, there was the fact of his having spoken to the men at his club about Doctor Hitchcock's diagnosis of his case. That oculist had really told Jimmie that his sight was going to leave him—for Adams had already seen him and found out that Jimmie had called there. Everything pointed to the fact that he had written Jeanne the truth.

Still she persisted in her belief that he had not given the real motive for his suicide.

"I am to blame!" she sobbed. "I am his murderer—and I shall never, never forgive myself!"

Three weeks later, when Maddox called, Jeanne's first impulse was to refuse to see him. The very mention of the man's name filled her with revulsion. He had led her into causing Jimmie's death, she felt. And she never wanted to set eyes on him again. But so that he would understand that everything was over between them forever, Jeanne went downstairs to tell him so in no uncertain language herself.

"You share my guilt with me!" she scathed the man who would have betrayed her, as he had betrayed Jimmie's trust in him before. "The guilt for his death—we drove him to jump off that steamer between us. Now, please, go! And never let me see you again!"

If Jimmie, in his squalid room on the West Side, could have known what was happening in his home—how quickly he would have returned to it to claim his wife, whose love for him had returned in redoubled measure!

At the end of two more months, Adams called on Jeanne again.

"We can't find Jimmie's will anywhere," he informed her. "You'll only get your widow's third of his estate, unless the document is turned up. I can't understand what he could have done with it, after he took it from me at my office the day I finished drawing it up. It must have been stolen from him, that's all. There's only one way that we may be able to discover its whereabouts—and that's to advertise a reward in all the papers to the thief if he'll return it."

The advertisement was accordingly inserted. And—Jimmie saw it. He knew right where the will was. It was in one

of the books on the shelves in his library. He even knew exactly what book it was in. But—nobody else did.

For an hour Jimmie paced the floor, trying to think of some way whereby he could inform Jeanne of the document's whereabouts without disclosing himself.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed at last.

He hastily consulted the same advertising columns of the newspaper in which he had seen the offer of the reward to any one who would reveal the location of James Blagwin's missing will. Jotting down the address of a fortune-teller, Jimmie hurried out and paid him a call.

"I used to be Mr. Blagwin's valet," he informed the clairvoyant. "I know

valet, who had undoubtedly stolen things of value belonging to that gentleman, was in his office, and could be captured there.

He excused himself to Jimmie, and went into his anteroom to telephone police headquarters. Jimmie heard the message he sent over the wire, and he fled from the house.

"There's only one thing for me to do," he confided ruefully to himself, "and that's to go out and burglarize my own house in the dead of night. I'll take the will out of the book and place it on the library table, where Jeanne will be sure to find it the first thing in the morning."

And so Jimmie Blagwin returned to



"Jimmie!" cried Jeanne, "oh—Jimmie!" And she lifted his head tenderly in her arms.

where he put this will, before—before he went away and took his life. But I can't go back and tell his wife, because there were some things missing when I left the house, and I'm under suspicion of having stolen them. But I'll tell you where the paper is. And then you can inform Mrs. Blagwin, and claim the reward when the will's found right where you tell her you saw it in a dream."

But the clairvoyant, believing Jimmie's story, thought there would be more of a reward in it for him if he were to inform the police that Mr. Blagwin's

his country home, and—though he had no suspicion of that—to the wife who loved him. But he was not kept long in the dark regarding that.

Jimmie, moving about his library in the dark, knocked over a chair. Mrs. Blagwin heard it, and hastily got out of bed and put on a wrapper, arming herself with a revolver, and came downstairs.

She snapped on the light, and confronted the "burglar."

Jimmie's beard, which he had let grow, did not fool her for even a moment. Dropping the pistol, with a glad

cry, she ran and threw her arms around Jimmie's neck.

"You're not dead at all!" she cried, and laughed hysterically at the same time, as she kissed him. "You're not dead at all!"

Jimmie tried one last bluff. "Who do you think I am?" he asked, in a gruff voice, as he tried to disengage his wife's arms from about his neck.

"I *know* who you are!" she answered,

and her arms tightened around him. "You are the man I love—the man I have always loved, and no other!" She laid her head on his shoulder. "Oh, Jimmie," she finished, "I'm so glad you were only 'playing dead!'"

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

VALLI VALLI, the stage star, who created quite an impression on photo-play fans by her work in the Metro feature, "The High Road," has just signed a contract with the B. A. Rolfe Players, Incorporated, to take the stellar rôle in another feature. She will be directed by Edgar Jones, the former Lubin director. The picture will be taken from the play by Florence Gerald, "The Woman Pays," and the scenario will be written by Harry Chandlee, of the Metro scenario division.

Helen Holmes, the nery heroine of the "Hazards of Helen" series, has left Kalem and joined her husband, J. P. McGowan, at Universal. The above information was received from Helen herself, so I am sure that it is true. I guess this means that Universal will issue a railroad series featuring the popular Helen, and, of course, J. P. will direct her. He was the originator of the "Hazards of Helen" series, and directed them all up to the time he quit the Kalem company.

Billie Rhodes, the former Kalem leading lady, is making a great success with the Nestor company, under the direction of Al Christie. Billie is one of our best little laugh provokers, and is making the hit of her young life at the present time.

Many arguments have sprung up regarding the case of Marie Dressler and the Keystone company. I received another letter the other day asking me how many pictures the big comedienne played in when out at the Keystone studios. She played in two pictures, but the second one has not been released, for some reason or other, probably due to the suit which she brought against that company. I think most likely the fans can look for this film on the Triangle program.

Dan Howard, the old vaudeville favorite, now with the Federal Film Com-

pany, won a bet from Chester (Walrus) Conklin, of the Keystone forces, the other week. The bet was ten dollars, and as soon as Chester found out that he had lost the wager, he immediately sat down, and sent the ten dollars to Howard—in brand-new pennies. Yes, Howard received one thousand of them, and he put them in a bag, and started for the bank to deposit them. A policeman became suspicious of Howard, and, upon demand, Dan opened up the bag, and friend policeman discovered the brand-new pennies, which he soon deemed counterfeit, and Howard was seized roughly by the collar. A detective happened along, and the policeman showed him his captive. The detective soon found out that the pennies were good, and Dan was let go. It sure was some experience for him, though, and make out Chester didn't laugh when he heard about it! And this it not press-agent stuff, either.

Louise Glaum, the villianess of the Tom Ince forces, is rapidly crowding Theda Bara for the vampirish honors. After seeing her work in the "Toast of Death," I have to admit that she certainly shines in taking vampire parts—and who would have thought it? A year ago, Louise was playing simple, girlish comedy parts in the Universal pictures.

Eddie Dillon, the director of the Komic pictures, has been signed up by the Triangle forces to produce comedies for them.

Mr. Smaltz and Mr. Fish had a regular battle the other night. Smaltz met a pretty, young lady, and she invited him to call that evening. It is needless to say that Smaltz was delighted, and dolled up in his very best. Upon arriving at the house, he was escorted into the parlor by the young lady, and who should he find sitting in there but Fish. Smaltz was wild, and the young

lady separated them. She explained that she had invited them up to see about getting her a job as leading lady with their company. Smaltz and Fish quickly made up, and, promising to let the young lady hear from them soon about her job, quickly left the house. She must be waiting patiently yet.

Now is the season that all the motion-picture magazines are running their popularity contests. It certainly is a funny thing, but haven't you noticed it? Some one different always wins the contest in one magazine from that in another. Yet they are supposed to be the most popular by public vote in all cases. Some one would have a hard time trying to fathom the most popular player in this style.

Carlyle has had those long-promised photos taken at last, and his secretary is busy sending them out to his many admirers who have asked for one. They are all inscribed, "Sincerely, Carlyle Blackwell." Get yours?

The Essanay company is certainly getting after the Charlie Chaplin fakers these days, and are bringing them up before court all the time, and most rightfully, too. They are paying him his salary, and are entitled to all the benefits derived from his work for them. These people rent a Chaplin film from the General Film Company, and taking it to a film laboratory, have a negative made from the print, and several prints made from this, which they rent to different theaters, who are ignorant of the fact that a dupe is being played on them. It is going to be a sorry day for these people if they continue this practice.

The Triangle has leased the Studebaker, in New York, and sprung a big innovation in movies by charging three dollars for best seats. They are in the select circle of the loges of the theater, in which is called the "Diamond Horse-shoe."

The Mummy and the Humming Bird

(FAMOUS PLAYERS)

By Richard D. Taylor

D'Orelli was a novelist, but only incidentally. His real profession was stealing the wives of other men. When D'Orelli went to Italy and took from there the sweet, loving wife of Giuseppe, he worked his own ruin, for the true, faithful Italian was not one to forget. Instead, he went to England and sought the scoundrel who hid his real self behind the elegant words of his easy-flowing pen. What Giuseppe did there, and how his search for D'Orelli and revenge materialized, make this story, based on the photo drama of the same name released by the Famous Players Film Company. Those in the cast are:

Giuseppe.....William Sovelle
Lord Lumley.....Charles Cherry
Lady Lumley.....Lillian Tucher
D'Orelli.....Arthur Hoops

OH, this heat will burn up the world, my friend," said Giuseppe, as he paused on his way home about eight in the evening to exchange a word with Anselmo, the shoemaker.

Anselmo, fifty, fat, and ordinarily the most smiling of men, looked with a furtive, anxious glance down the side street in which Giuseppe lived with his pretty wife Maria.

"Then, that will be the end," said Anselmo.

"What if it burns up the world—this awful heat?" returned Giuseppe. He mopped his face with his huge bandanna. "Don't be afraid, Anselmo," he continued cheerfully. "You are always good-natured and gay. But you are very religious, too. The end of the world—does it affright you?"

"No. When it comes to us all together at once," replied Anselmo mysteriously.

Again he looked down the street toward the house where Giuseppe and Maria lived.

"*Dio mio*—but the heat has touched your head, I fear," exclaimed Giuseppe, resuming his way. "But it's only for to-night. To-morrow night you will be my old Anselmo, cheery and pleasant, with a word of compliment to me for my pretty wife before I go to her at home there, better and sweeter than any word of man or woman—even yours, dear old Cousin Anselmo."

Giuseppe, tired, but sturdy of frame, lumbered down the street to his house.

Anselmo began to say his rosary, with his hand on the beads in the

pocket of his big apron. Tears, not perspiration, began to trickle down his face. His eyes stealthily followed Giuseppe as the latter neared No. 5 in the narrow, crooked street of tenements. He saw that people quietly stole into the doorways of the various houses as Giuseppe made his way along.

When Giuseppe turned in at No. 5, Anselmo could neither pray nor stand at the corner any more. He stepped back into his shop and sat at his worktable, making believe to himself that he was working.

But he was only fumbling the hammer and nails as he attempted to sole a shoe. With each aimless stroke of the hammer, his heart beat more wildly.

Presently his arms fell limp at his side. The shoe, the hammer, the iron last were in a mixed heap at his feet.

A madman, who had been a few moments before the simple, handsome, honest Giuseppe was trembling in rage over the threshold of Anselmo's shop, shrieking:

"My Maria—my Maria! She runs away with that devil they call the Humming Bird because of his fine looks and clothes. My Maria—do you hear me? She would not do it. He bewitched her—he will kill her. And I shall—"

"No, no; in God's name, no!" pleaded Anselmo, and stepped forward to catch Giuseppe as he fell, shivering, for all the heat, in a fit of rage and anguish.

All that night, and for many nights, under the care of the physician of the neighborhood, Giuseppe stayed at Anselmo's rooms behind the shop. In his

delirium he taked incessantly of Maria and the Humming Bird. "He will kill her!" he said over and over again.

Whenever they sought to bring him back to consciousness, and felt that they were succeeding, it was only to hear him say: "And I shall kill him!"

With that, he would drift back into a kind of stupor, his hands clenched.

But there came a day when Giuseppe surprised Anselmo and the friends he brought about him for cheer and fellowship in the little cobbler shop. The talk was only of Giuseppe getting better again and being at his job.

In his convalescence from the attack of brain fever, Giuseppe chatted and laughed with the best of them. He was himself again, they firmly believed. The tragedy of the past was never mentioned before him. They marveled at his recovery. He wanted to get back to work the first time he felt sure on his legs. Anselmo said "no" to the idea.

"Giuseppe," the old shoemaker explained, "have a holiday now. You need it. The hotel where you are employed does not need you. You have as much room as I have here. Besides, I have sold your things down there in the street and put the money in the bank for you—I was obliged to do that because your rooms were to be let. Here's the bank paper saying you have one hundred and fifty dollars, all yours."

"How much did you get, Anselmo—you who act like a father to me—for the things?"

"Twenty-two dollars and twenty cents," the shoemaker answered. "That,

too, is on paper. Here," and he gave it. "You see, it's duly done by the law, for, you see— Well, my son, you were very sick, and I thought I was acting for the best."

"You were," responded Giuseppe. "I thank you from my heart. I need never pass down that street again, then?"

"Henceforth to your right, not your left, when you step from Anselmo's shop," said the shoemaker. "You face the rising sun and a new life, *amico caro*."



"Don't! Don't take it! It is my livelihood!" Giuseppe shouted in Italian.

"My mother in heaven will pray for you," Giuseppe returned reverently, and clasped Anselmo's tough old hand in affection.

They spoke no more that night.

Anselmo pounded away on a pair of shoes for the prettiest girl of the neighborhood, who was soon to be married to the best man there, as everybody said.

And Giuseppe, who once had been the best man, and his stolen wife the prettiest girl, of the place—Giuseppe spent his time puzzling out the queer words in an English book called, "First Aid in English to Italians."

The book was his constant companion. It was made up of scraps of conversation to enable Italians to get along in English either as travelers or as waiters.

Giuseppe had said often to Anselmo he would like to go to England as a waiter. He would be broken-hearted to leave Italy; but less broken-hearted than if he remained after the cruel stroke of fate he had suffered.

"For a while you will like it; oh, yes, of course!" Anselmo admitted. "And

"Do not try to find me. I am going to the other end of the world. To England. I cannot help it—I have to go."

"Poor, little, foolish, stupid, hare-brained Maria," Giuseppe had often thought. "She thinks England and America are in the same place, just because you have to cross water to get there."

Her stupidity about where the ends of the earth lay did as much as anything to excuse her in his eyes, and to make him hate the Humming Bird, Signor d'Orelli, the more.

How did he know this man Signor d'Orelli? That was Giuseppe's secret, his very own, which he never gave away even in his delirium at Anselmo's house.

Signor d'Orelli—how the name rang to rage in his heart! The great man he was, that wrote stories about great people who had money for fine clothes, fine food, and for foolish, stupid women to betray. But also this D'Orelli was a learned man. You must understand that. He did not only find his heroines before him at table. He wrote about humble people, too. He studied them in the poor quarters—especially the women who were sweet and good, with all the air and sky and warmth of Italy. That was how he found Maria, Giuseppe's other self, at No. 5, in the forbidden street of Terrible Disillusion.

Whether he wished it or not, Giuseppe had to turn his back on this street the day he set out for London. Yet he would have turned his back on it if he had been obliged to travel the length of the town.

"Good-by, Giuseppe, my foster son, my brother—my friend," said old, fat Anselmo. "But be not too long to return. Time is fleet. Man drags along like a snail. Come back and talk that queer English to me. I shall not understand. But I shall be so glad to hear your voice again."

They gripped each other in their native embrace, yet said no word.

There was a look, a vision of something far ahead and dreadful in Giuseppe's face that awed Anselmo. He watched his stout, trim figure stride down the street, the bundle of clothes on a staff across his shoulder.

"He has clothes enough, some bread, the money in his belt," murmured Anselmo. "Also he has something fierce

then you will come back to dear old Anselmo, your foster father, and be home again."

"Of course, of course!" Giuseppe said, whenever the question came up.

He said it so absently that Anselmo never thought he would be so foolish as to make inroads on his one hundred and fifty dollars of savings to go so far away.

But Anselmo had not heard from Giuseppe that in the letter he found the terrible evening in No. 5, his sanctuary of home violated, there were unforgettable words written by Maria:

and strong in his heart my old mind tells me from his eye—and that is revenge. God grant he change! They say people are colder in their feelings in the North."

Then old Anselmo began to pound a shoe sole and pray at the same time for the safety of Giuseppe, the handsome, stricken soul of a man, that he harm not, and should not be harmed.

In truth, that England in November proved to be a country beyond words cold and foggy and wet for Giuseppe, who knew the sky only in sunshine or fleeting clouds. He did not prosper in those dark and ominous streets, where so many have found only the thoroughfare to death or prison, and so few to the wealth and luxury that wheels down upon the beggar at every crossing. But if Giuseppe had only been of a hardier constitution he might have stood the strain of the terrible winter. Instead, all his savings went for nursing, doctor bills, and his bare means of living while he could not earn a cent.

But spring comes ever radiant in England as it does in the gloomiest human heart. And the primroses and greensward of London parks found Giuseppe reborn—older, but kindling with new life and the old revenge.

To be sure, he was not a waiter in one of the big hotels, as he had hoped to be. His English had been sadly neglected, his clothes used up. And a waiter needs a dress suit as infallibly as does a gentleman.

Yet there was one thing Giuseppe could do: He could speak to his own people. With it he could find a meaner, but sure, mode of existence.

At an exorbitant rate of payment he secured a barrel organ to play in the streets.

If he were lucky, and lived long enough, he would own that organ by the pennies he picked up from people who wanted him to clear away from the front of their house. They thought they knew and liked music. He knew the horrible singsong sameness he was grinding out. They did not know how sweetly Maria used to sing to him in her modest, clear voice when he played the mandolin for her so delicately night after night under the listening blue skies and attentive stars in the old days, before the end of the world happened to him alone—and not to every one.

But fate favors the fighter, not the

skulker. So thought Giuseppe one day, and he knew he was right.

A very beautiful woman and a man of most distinguished appearance were entering a limousine car in front of a street in Mayfair. Only the servants tossed him a coin here—but there were many who were generous.

On this occasion, however, the lady opened a large gold bag, and, taking out a gold chain purse of the same texture of chain, tossed a half sovereign toward the organ grinder.

He saw its yellow gleam in the air, and slung the organ over his shoulder in the midst of "Trovatore," as though the machine were a toy.

At the same time, he saw the distinguished man of rather foreign appearance become enraged at the lady for her common act of charity. She was quiet, but flustered. The man was whipping himself into a rage, as he fairly yelled at the chauffeur to hurry away.

In the gutter, Giuseppe picked up the half sovereign from the mud, and looked along the curb hopefully, to see if there might not have been two thrown by the great lady. Otherwise why should the man have been so mad?

But he found no second half sovereign. Instead, he found the larger gold bag of the lady which had contained her purse, and which in her excitement at the outburst of the gentleman she had dropped. It was all gold thread, as fine as lace in the mesh, and heavy, though empty, save for a card.

Giuseppe, at the hotel in Italy, had often seen such bags—large as a blacksmith's hand. Only the rich carried them.

But the card interested him more. On it was engraved:

"Lady Lumley, 6 Curzon Street, Mayfair, London."

Giuseppe made a good guess that the bag was worth about one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars. The latter was his whole capital on coming to London. Sickness and the winter destroyed it. The chance irritation of a distinguished man and his beautiful lady put the equivalent back in his hand as if by magic.

He was standing in the street like a man daft, with his organ slung over his shoulder, when a policeman appeared. Giuseppe rested the organ on its staff again and began to wind out the remaining bars of "Trovatore."

The policeman passed. Another man appeared.

He also was distinguished—a rich man—but grave and slow. He looked at Giuseppe as though the music grated on his nerves.

He glared so severely that Giuseppe's arm slackened in its mechanical rotary motion.

Meanwhile the man ascended the step of No. 6 Curzon Street. From his pocket he took a key and opened the door, without ringing for the servant.

But the servant in livery and powdered wig appeared almost ere the key turned in the door.

Up the steps rushed Giuseppe, still grinding his organ.

The man at the door turned sharply, and the servant stepped out as if to drive the Italian away.

"What do you want?"

The grave gentleman asked the question, and, at the sound of his voice, his servant halted.

"Nothing," Giuseppe replied faintly, as he pulled out the gold mesh bag. Forgetting himself, he cried in Italian quickly: "I found it in the street. The lady threw me money. The man did not like she do it. In the bag is the card of the lady of this address—"

"Stop, stop, you fool!" said the grave English gentleman in perfect Italian, to Giuseppe.

Then he muttered something to the powdered English servant, who disappeared in the depths of the hall.

The master of No. 6 Curzon Street then turned to Giuseppe:

"How long have you been in the street with that instrument?"

"A few weeks." Giuseppe was afraid, but relieved to talk with an Englishman who could talk Italian so wonderfully plain. "I am a waiter—I came to London—but the weather and all that—I have been sick."

"Who was this man the woman was with—what did he look like?" asked Lord Lumley, for it was he, the husband of the woman.

"I did not like look at him. I looked at the money that flew in the street. He was Lord Lumley, I suppose—but not so English, even if he had no beard, like the many lords in our country."

Lord Lumley motioned for Giuseppe to follow him into the house. When they were in the library, the lord turned to one of the two servants in the room.

"Take that organ away from him."

The man in the livery took hold of the straps that hung the instrument from Giuseppe's shoulders.

"Don't—don't! It is my livelihood!" Giuseppe shouted in Italian, but the servant did not understand, and took the organ away.

When Giuseppe turned pleadingly to-

portfolio. "I am always very busy. But I make time to dress promptly for dinner."

He stood before her, very serious, very self-contained, very handsome in his correct English way.

"We have no guests," she stated in explanation.

all call you at the foreign office, how did you ever find that out?" she threw her arms round him, and said close to his ear: "I only found it out myself to-day."

"The mummies in the British Museum," Lord Lumley responded, gently disengaging her arms, "hear everything lively and curious people say about them. They never make any comment but their eyes and ears are still there."

"You've found out about the book I'm sure," said Lady Lumley tartly. "through that old toady, the Earl of Ensworth, who pays to have his stupid novels published by Signor d'Orelli's firm. They beg Signor d'Orelli to write for them."

"Perhaps D'Orelli has drawn upon them in advance," Lord Lumley returned quietly. "By the way, here's your gold mesh bag. You dropped it in the gutter to-day as you were leaving the house. It was returned at once, 'no reward—no questions asked.'"

"I don't know what you mean," Lady Lumley said, with sudden fire in her eyes. "You act like a brute. I'm alone enough, but even then I shall prefer to have dinner in my room."

"And I can go to the club. However, you forget, Lady Lumley," he retorted, with authority, "that you are late for dinner, have made me late, and are not going to make the servants wait any longer. Let us dine, and talk of the weather."

"Very well," responded Lady Lumley in her most charming, frigid manner.

They dined, and talked only for appearance' sake when the servants were present at the barren feast of plenty.

Two days later, Lord Lumley was called to Italy on secret government business of the highest importance.

He needed a valet to be trusted. He had his own. But further he needed a valet who could be trusted in Italian.

He found him in Giuseppe, who had been taken on as a substitute waiter at the club to which Lord Lumley gave him the line of recommendation.

That night he pointed out on maps to Giuseppe the part of Italy to which his business called him. At first the Italian protested against any trip to his native land, and only after long argument was he persuaded to accompany Lord Lumley as a trusted valet. At length, however, it was settled, and they made preparations for an early departure.



He pointed out to Giuseppe on maps the part of Italy to which he had been called.

ward Lord Lumley, the latter was holding a piece of pad paper with some writing on, to him.

"Take this paper to the address stated," Lord Lumley said, always speaking in Italian, "and if your record is good you'll have a post there tomorrow."

That evening, Lady Lumley was late for dinner. She found her husband poring over foreign documents in the smoking room, as usual.

"You never care how I dress for dinner any more, do you?" she asked rather petulantly.

"Or how late you are, for to-night you're particularly late," Lord Lumley replied, as he slipped his papers into a

"Except ourselves—why not be hospitable each to the other?"

"But, my dear, you're so immersed in all this foreign work! I can't help you. I only interrupt you. And so I'm taking up an interest in something I'm sure you'll be proud of."

"You mean literature, I suppose?"

Lady Lumley's mouth quivered in secret fright. But she said blithely:

"I didn't think you knew I cared about anything so serious."

"Oh, it's not serious to have Signor d'Orelli, the popular Italian novelist, now writing in English, dedicate a novel to Lady Lumley for her birthday," replied her husband sarcastically.

"Now, my dear old Mummy, as they

in Lord Lumley's baggage, Giuseppe and a package sent at the last moment before departure.

"It's a book, I can see by the wrapping," said the lord, "and if it's a novel throw it away before we set out."

Giuseppe discovered that it was a novel, small as was his acquaintance with English. The book was dedicated to Lady Lumley on her birthday, and was written by Signor d'Orelli—the snake that crept into his home and poisoned his life by taking away Maria—the young, simple girl that thought England was at the end of the earth—and perhaps was right. Now, D'Orelli—his hazen face shorn of the beard he wore in Italy, was frontispiece to the book—was stealing away the wife of Lord Lumley.

"Ah, if I had only looked well at him that day in Curzon Street, instead of looking at the golden coin," Giuseppe said in his heart, "I would have recognized him for all the change in his appearance—and I would have done for me!"

His mad thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of Lord Lumley.

"The taxicab's waiting—the train leaves for the Channel boat—" his employer announced.

Lord Lumley's words were all a confused murmur.

But Giuseppe was ready; and at midnight, as the valet and sworn friend of Lord Lumley and the undying enemy of Signor d'Orelli, he left for Italy.

They were away from England for two weeks. Giuseppe saw his master only at evening, when he returned from dinner, and meanwhile read blunderingly over and over again the book of Signor d'Orelli to discover what he was saying in his lofty way to Lady Lumley that he once said so effectively to Maria.

Though the English in the novel was far too deep for Giuseppe to understand fully, the sense of the book he could grasp. It was of society life and society people, and to the broken-hearted Italian it brought back the personality of the treacherous D'Orelli.

When the stay in Italy was completed he was with a heart burning with new rage and vengeance that Giuseppe left on the return trip. He was glad to leave his native land, for, though he loved it, he loved England more—while it was the home of D'Orelli.

Again in London, Lord Lumley made

his way to the government office, and Giuseppe he sent ahead to his home. It was late at night, not long before the turning point into the next day, when they arrived, but the lord desired to report at the office before going to his home.

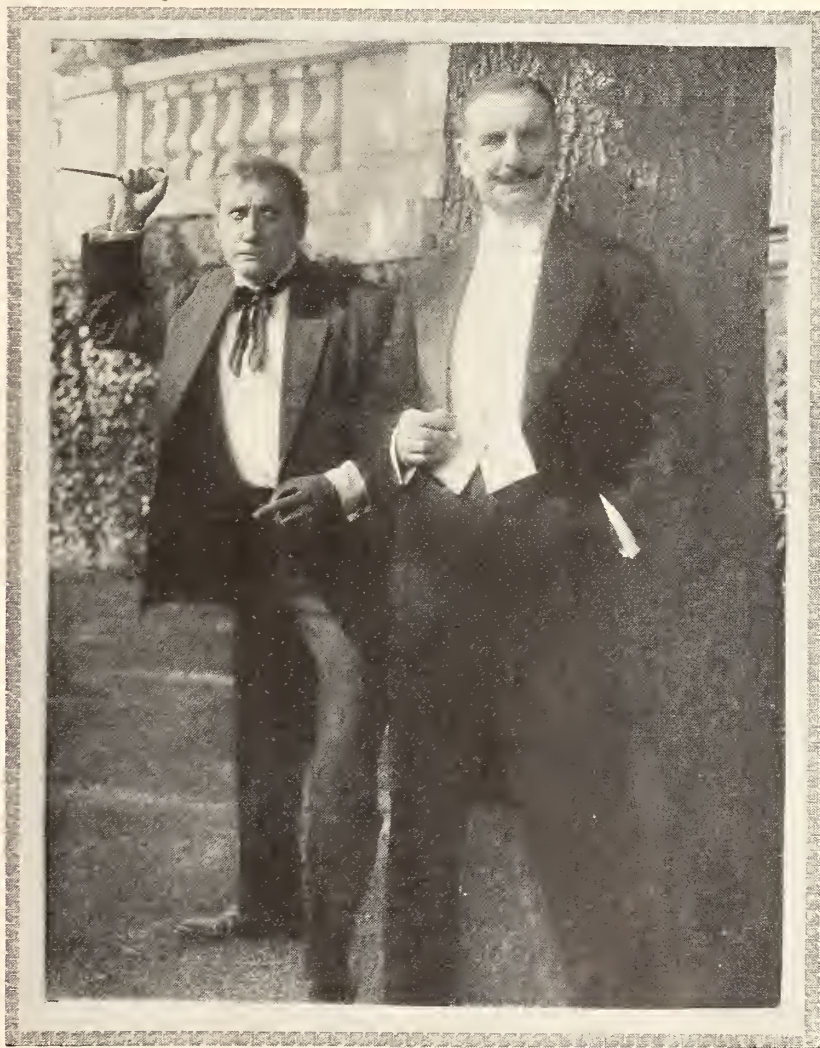
"I'll follow you very shortly, Giuseppe," he told his valet, "for I must have some sleep, and my business will be short. See that everything is in readiness when I arrive."

Giuseppe nodded, and went his way. It was but a short distance to No. 6 Curzon Street, and, for that reason, he decided to walk. Just as he rounded the corner of the block on which his master's house was located, Giuseppe halted suddenly in his swift pace, startled at the sound of a slamming door. It came from the direction of

Lord Lumley's own house, and, directing his attention there, the Italian slouched into the shadows at the side of the street to watch.

It was only a moment after he had heard the door close that two dark figures, one of a man and the other of a woman, came quickly down the steps. Giuseppe moved, hidden by trees, to a point but a few feet from the front of the house, and, looking closely, he recognized in the woman the wife of Lord Lumley. That was enough. Even if he could not have seen, Giuseppe would have correctly guessed who the man was. But he could see, and as the Italian saw D'Orelli nearing him, he was seized with a sudden mad desire to run forth and seek vengeance for the wrong done to him and his wife.

Lady Lumley said something to her



Here was the opportunity for which he had long been waiting.

escort in a low tone, and turned back into the house. Evidently she had forgotten something, and was returning for it. D'Orelli walked on until he reached a tree but a few feet from where Giuseppe stood, and then halted.

The Italian's desire for revenge grew stronger. Here was his opportunity. Giuseppe reached into his bosom and drew forth a long, thin knife. He had always carried it with him, waiting for just such a chance to avenge his wife's

steps, Lady Lumley halted. She spoke with a touch of terror in her tone, and her sweet, clear voice carried plainly to the ears of Giuseppe.

"I—really, I am doing a great wrong. I should not elope with you. I——"

"Tush!" broke in D'Orelli in quiet protest. "You can do no wrong to follow the course of your heart. Come with me, and happiness is yours—happiness that you would otherwise never enjoy."

often from his wife, and having read in the papers when they spoke of books, and he did not wait to further question his valet, who entered the house without further comment.

Soon after D'Orelli and Lady Lumley were startled by the ringing of the doorbell. Frightened, the treacherous man motioned his latest prey into another room, while responding to the summons. When, on opening the door he found himself face to face with the husband of the woman he had just taken from her home, the novelist at first shrank back, but, realizing that he had to live up to the name by which he was known to the public, and so avoid scandal, he straightened and faced Lord Lumley.

"What is it that brings you at this late hour?" he inquired seriously.

Lord Lumley appeared equally anxious to keep a distance from notoriety and, with the double purpose of this and finding his wife more easily, he replied calmly:

"I found that my wife was gone, when I returned from Italy a short time ago and, finding no explanation from her, thought that you might be able to help me locate her, as you and she were friends.

As he spoke, Lord Lumley walked in through the open door and past D'Orelli. There being no alternative, the novelist closed the door and followed into the reception room.

"I'll be back in a minute and talk it over with you," D'Orelli said, as he ushered Lumley into the room. "I am going upstairs."

The excuse was a bad one, and Lord Lumley knew immediately that it was merely an excuse, but he played his own game, and consented.

"I'll wait for you here," he answered.

D'Orelli did go upstairs, and as soon as his footsteps were heard ascending, Lord Lumley rose and began a search for his wife, whom he knew was in the house. He did not have to search long, however, for a moment later a white figure appeared in the doorway and rushed forward to him.

"Dear," Lady Lumley mumbled under her breath, as she threw her arms about her husband, "it was terrible of me. But it was not my fault. I thought you had forgotten me, and cared for me no more. This monster made me think so, with his polished ways and sneaky aims.



"What were you doing there!" Lord Lumley demanded in a stern, half-angry voice.

death. With the knife in midair, Giuseppe stopped. He was thinking.

But what would Lady Lumley do then, he thought? And how would that help him to find his own Maria—the girl for whom he lived and for whom he would gladly have died? On second thought, Giuseppe decided that it would be best for him to wait, and resolved to follow.

Lady Lumley came from the house a moment later, and Giuseppe slouched back into the shadows.

It was past midnight when Signor d'Orelli and Lady Lumley mounted the long steps in front of the beautiful home of the novelist—the "Humming Bird." Behind them, across the street, and watching their every move with catlike eyes, Giuseppe stood in the darkness.

As they drew near the top of the

Across the street, the figure of the listener was moving swiftly and silently away. Giuseppe had heard enough, for he realized that Lord Lumley was to be made a victim even as he himself had been, at the hands of the treacherous D'Orelli, and he was hastening to warn his master that the danger might be avoided before it was too late.

At No. 6 Curzon Street, the Italian found Lord Lumley just entering the house. Running up to his master, he exclaimed in breathless, excited tones:

"He has her. Signor d'Orelli has stolen your wife, as he did my Maria. They are at his home. I saw them. Hurry, and I shall go later!"

From the broken sentences of Giuseppe, Lord Lumley gathered enough to understand the facts, and turned to run in the direction of the novelist's home. He knew the address, having heard it

I am coming back to you—if you still want me.”

Lord Lumley grasped his wife by the wrist. He pointed toward the doorway through which she had just appeared, and demanded in a stern, half angry voice:

“What were you doing there?”

Lady Lumley could not look him in the face when she answered:

“Oh, please—please don't ask me. I did nothing but come here with him. I was a fool, and I'm going back with you if you'll only take me. Will you—dear—please?”

Lord Lumley did not answer, but his feelings were told in his actions, and, bending over her and drawing her close in his embrace, he kissed her.

At that moment, the novelist entered, and when he saw that his aims had been defeated by the woman he had stolen herself, fell limply into a chair.

“You scoundrel,” thundered Lord

Lumley, losing control over himself suddenly, “you tried to steal my wife as you did that of the poor Italian. You spoiled his life, and you would do the same to me. But you failed for once. What has become of Maria, the sweet wife of Giuseppe? She was his only interest in life. He has another now. That is to settle with you, and you deserve all he can give you.”

D'Orelli laughed a scornful, half-mad laugh, as he sat back in the cushioned chair and ran his hands through his disheveled hair.

“Maria? Oh, Maria, the poor, foolish girl. She is dead. She could not stand the climate here, and was not healthy when I took her away, and she died soon after she arrived here. Giuseppe—what do I care for him?”

There was a crash in the rear of the room which D'Orelli was facing. The novelist's countenance grew ashen, and Lord Lumley and his wife turned to see

the cause. There, just inside the room, with the broken glass of the balcony window behind him, Giuseppe stood.

His outstretched hand held a revolver, and it was pointed at the man he had sought for when he left his native land. The old fire of revenge burned brighter than ever in his eyes, and they gleamed forth hatred that made D'Orelli cower in fear.

“Giuseppe—what you care for him?” repeated the Italian sneeringly. “You care nothing for him. You kill his wife. You better kill him instead. And now—”

The broken words of Giuseppe were broken off by a sudden report from the weapon he held in his hand, and when Lord Lumley and the woman who had so nearly fallen a victim of the treacherous man, D'Orelli lay stretched out upon the floor, with a bullet wound in his heart, and Giuseppe—

He had left—his mission complete—to Italy and a new life.

Film Flams

By Dean Bowman

PASTOR RUSSELL, of Brooklyn Tabernacle, and as president of the International Bible Students' Association, is the largest distributor of Scripture tracts in the world, and the pastor is now perfecting plans to illustrate his sermons with picture plays. He has already filmed a four-part photo drama of the creation.

Jack Rose, “Bald Jack,” who was the star witness in the gangster trials in New York, and then went to Medford, Boston, to conduct a picture-play studio, showing scenes in the underworld, has given up the position and returned to Gotham to fill engagements in a lecture lyceum.

Donald Brian says when he went to Los Angeles, to appear for Lasky in picture plays, among the first to greet him was a millionaire movie magnate, who, a few years ago, was one of the men behind the line in a “Floradora” chorus. The movies have wrought great changes in stageland.

Owen Moore, who made his debut in movieland six years ago with the Biograph company, will be the leading juvenile in “Jordan Is a Hard Road.”

He is often played opposite to his film-star wife, Mary Pickford.

Nearly five thousand people visit the Universal City studios, at Los Angeles, each week. A small admission fee is charged which goes into a fund for the movie workers who are sick or disabled.

Ince is to have the thriller in a spectacular feature showing a wreck scene, and to banish all fakiness, he has bought outright two engines and six cars. Two trains will collide, head-on, to make the reel real.

Glenn Martin, the aviator, has made several flights for “The Scarlet Band.” Director O'Brien, of the Fine Art Films, was once a pal of Martin's, and easily succeeded in inducing the aeroplane aviator to fly before his camera.

Eddie Foy, with the seven famous Foylets, is featured in recent releases of the Keystone studios for the Triangle. Frank Griffin was the general director for most of the Foy films.

Henry King is putting on a play written for Balboa, by Bess Meredyth. In it, King plays the part of a boob who goes to the city and gets tangled up

in its ways. It is fun through and through.

James Kirkwood, besides being the leading man in “The Heart of Jennifer,” directed the feature. It is said to be one of the best Paramount plays, and is a production of the Famous Players.

Tully Marshall was featured in “The Sable Lorcha,” and to give the right Oriental atmosphere one hundred Chinamen were brought to Los Angeles by the Griffith studio to appear in the street scenes.

Colonel Selig, of the Polyscope company, claims that “The Spoilers” is the most popular picture play ever shown in the world, and is “revived” now nearly as often as is “Uncle Tom's Cabin.”

Some time before the demise of John Hay, who died when secretary of state, he wrote a story dealing with the occult of spiritualism called “The Blood Seedling,” and it is now to be filmed, and the virile tale, which discloses a crime in a most novel way, will be shown in the movies.

For one of the realistic scenes in “The Regeneration,” Director Walsh secured

a big excursion barge and took over eight hundred Bowery characters, men and women, up the East River to Glen Cove, New York, where Skinny the Rat set fire to the boat, and the great scene was filmed.

The new Vitagraph plant in the West is rapidly nearing completion, and when finished will be the largest closed-in studio in California, and one of the show places of Los Angeles.

Sarah Truax, once a Brady star, has at last been induced to become a film player, and she will be with the Griffith players, and be featured.

Ruth Roland says that when a picture play succeeds the author of the scenario is entitled to most of the credit. Miss Roland also believes that the director of the film should come in for a share of the applause of the audience, as many of the best situations are very often suggested by him.

The "Fall of Przemysl" is said by experts to be the most wonderful war feature yet produced, and the American Correspondent Film Company, at their offices, 220 West Forty-second Street, New York, say the demand for the films is great.

Oswald Villard is back of a movement to produce a picture play in opposition to "The Birth of a Nation." The story is by Elaine Sterne, and will be called "Lincoln's Dream," and will give the negroes' idea of the war and their proper place in history. We're watching!

Morris Gest, who induced Geraldine Farrar to pose in picture plays, is a Boston boy, and understands the art of advertising as an aid to things theatrical probably better than any other man in America.

Jacob Wilk has opened a suite of offices in the Longacre Building, New York, under the name of the Authors' Associated Agency, for the promoting of picture plays, and is said to be the first concern devoted to the interests of movie authors. Mr. Wilk's long connection with the World Film Corporation especially fits him for the work.

Miss Geraldine Farrar is resting at her cottage in New Hampshire from her eight weeks' ordeal of posing in picture plays on the coast, and will remain there until her concert season opens in October.

Jesse Lasky urges picture-play producers to keep their eyes on Europe for a big market for films. He says that

when the war is over business will boom in the amusement line, and the movies will benefit more largely than the music halls.

Many cities of America are using films to boom their burgs. Redlands, California, is said to maintain the best equipment for this purpose, which is under the supervision of the Chamber of Commerce. New reels are constantly being made.

The "Neal of the Navy" author, William Hamilton Osborne, is the latest one of the best-seller writers to enlist in the picture-play line. He wrote "The Cat's-paw" and "The Red Mouse."

The moving-picture industry is following close in the wake of the silver black fox wildcat schemes, but it is thought the promoters can assure a more stable investment if they offer the right kind of movie stock.

It is said that Griffith regards the camera man's position as a very important one, and pays William Bitzer three hundred and fifty dollars a week. Now how would you like to be the camera man?

Cyril Maude Shows Nerve.

TO paddle out in a none-too-sober canoe and let a rough-looking individual with a thirty-thirty rifle plunk the water ahead, beside, and behind you with strangely whining bullets, and then, to top it all off, to let him shoot at your paddle, and with another bullet knock it clean out of your hands, is not an ideal recreation, according to Cyril Maude, the celebrated London actor.

Mr. Maude had to undergo such a wild-and-woolly experience in the course of the filmization of Ibsen's masterpiece, "Peer Gynt," by the Oliver Morosco Photo Play Company, in which he is starred. The scene occurs in the episode of "The Fur Trappers," and at first Mr. Maude very reasonably demurred. But when the plucky Englishman was told he would be one of the first ever to submit to so hazardous a feat his sporting blood was aroused, and he went through with it. The scene is one of the most thrilling in all "Peer Gynt," the camera fortunately having been close enough to show the "hit," the splinters and all.

We rise to remark, in our fearless way, that there is room for improvement in motion-picture wigs.

Seeing Yourself.

ROSETTA BRICE, the titian-haired beauty of the Lubin acting forces, in discussing her venture from the speaking stage to the silent drama, recently said:

"I think curiosity had a great deal to do with it. Did you ever want to see the back of your neck? Sure you did. So does everybody when they're young, and then they find that all they have to do is to hold a mirror at the right angle with another mirror and there you are—the back of your neck is just as plain to you as the dimple in your chin.

"Well, that's one of the reasons I became a photo-player—oh, not to see the back of my neck—but to see myself act. You see, I had been playing in stock companies for several years, and in a general sort of way I knew how I acted, but of course I never saw myself. Neither did any one else who has played exclusively on the stage. For a long time I had been a "movie" fan. And I always thought how perfectly wonderful it would be to see one's self on the screen. It sort of gave me the creeps to think of it, because it really is uncanny—I think every picture player will agree with me—to suddenly see your very own self walk right out to the foreground. I've never gotten over it, and I dare say I never will fail to feel that little thrill that comes when I see myself on the screen.

"Seriously, I had thought of screen work for several years before I sought an engagement with Lubin's. Stock work demanded so much and gave so little—long hours spent between the four walls of a theater, little or no outdoor life except on short vacations—and I think perhaps it was the call of the outdoor life as much as anything.

"So I called on Mr. Lowry, fresh from a ten weeks' engagement with the Orpheum Stock Company in Philadelphia, was tried, and began playing leads, my first rôle being in 'The Price of Victory,' in which I blew up a bridge and was crushed beneath the falling timbers—which was considerable try-out!

"Since then I have played in many of the Lubin features under the direction of Barry O'Neil, the chief rôles being the heavy support of Rose Coghlan in 'The Sporting Duchess,' *Flora Wiggins*, a splendid comedy character part in 'The College Widow,' and others."

As Tyrone Power Sees Pictures

By Tyrone Power

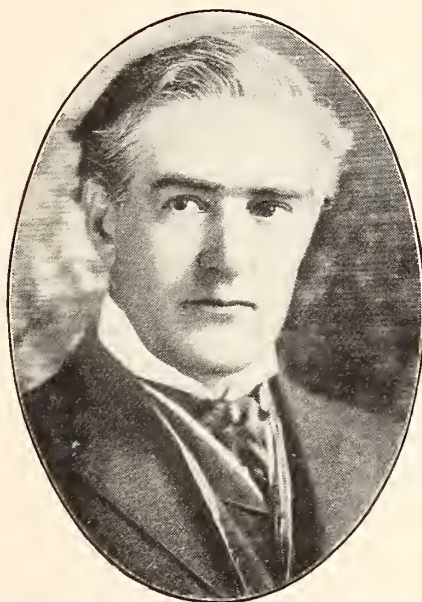
William Winter, dramatic critic, in his book on the life of Tyrone Power, says that Power will go down in stage history as great an artist as Booth, Barrett, or John McCullough. Every one knows of the distinguished stage career of Power, who played *Brutus* to Faversham's *Marc Antony*; supported Sir Henry Irving and Helen Terry; scored as the *Marquis of Steyne*, in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Becky Sharp," and was a leading member of Augustin Daly's great company of artists of the spoken drama.

I AM proud to appear in the silent drama, and I am delighted to become a member of the great Selig Polyscope Company, for Mr. William N. Selig's artistic conceptions appeal to me, and I feel perfectly at home in the Selig environment. I feel there are opportunities in motion-picture work that are somehow lacking in stage art. Yes, even such an old stager as myself is obliged to admit this fact.

"I concluded, upon taking up this work, to permit the director to direct and the actor to act. Maybe the failures registered by some actors and actresses who turn to the motion pictures, are caused by the fact that they assume a know-it-all attitude. They refuse instruction, claiming that years of experience on the stage should cause them to be well qualified to act for the screen. For my part, I have found many new details to comprehend—much new 'business' that is peculiarly identified with the animated screen.

"The art of make-up, for example, must be altered to a certain extent. Make-up appropriate for the footlights will never do in the motion-picture studio. Then, again, there is new technique to comprehend, a more limited space for the action, and there is no audience to spur one along.

"I confess that for a time I held the attitude of many other well-known actors toward the silent drama. I thought the industry but a flash in the pan. But, with the advancement, the wonderful strides onward and upward, I experienced a change of heart. I was informed that people who never before could afford to see my acting would now be given an opportunity because the prices for the silent drama are not so high. I was informed that picture-play audiences were exacting, and as appreciative and as pliant as those who fre-



quent the legitimate theaters. I believe this to be true. I have been visiting many picture-play theaters, and I have been studying the audiences. I believe that my art will not suffer, and that I am, in a humble way, contributing to the enjoyment of the masses, when I try to do my best in picture-playland.

"I believe that if Sir Henry Irving, that great actor, were alive, that he would perpetrate his art for future generations through the medium of motion pictures. I was playing *Boccaccio* in Sir Henry's London production, I well remember, and one night his dresser came to me and said Sir Henry wanted to see me. Attired in a resplendent robe, I mounted the stairs to Sir Henry's dressing room. He was seated before his dressing table making up for his wonderful character rôle. I can see him vividly in my mind's eye. 'Power,' said he, 'who was the greatest of all English-speaking actors?' One of the greatest of

actors sat there, but, without reflection, I said: 'Edmund Kean, perhaps.'

"'Ah-h-h, right you are!' exclaimed Sir Henry. 'Edmund Kean was the greatest of English-speaking actors—the little man in the cape.'

"Mrs. Power and I have a little son, and, naturally, all our hopes are centered in him. And when he grows in years the art of the motion pictures will do much for his education. He will have educational advantages that I never had. His mind will be broadened without the vexations of extended travel; he will have learned at an early age the wonderful story of the bee and other secrets of nature, his imagination will have been cultivated by visits to motion-picture dramas of higher class; without imagination, a human being is nothing. When a boy, I read fairy tales illustrated with colored plates. My son can see the living, moving, fairy stories on the motion-picture screen, and fairy stories are educating, for they cultivate the imagination—bring about higher thoughts and fancies; tend to refinement and gentleness.

"The art of the motion picture is wonderful. The McCauley of future historical events will not be obliged to depend upon the opinions and the ideas and the prejudices of others. Instead, he will enter a large record room, ask for motion-picture films of this or that period, and he will see at first hand the modes of dress, the architecture, the armaments, the customs of living of the people of that particular historical period.

"Before the advent of the motion picture, some Europeans believed that Buffalo, New York, was so named because buffaloes roamed there; they thought Chicago was on the border of the Western wilderness. After the motion pictures had flashed true-to-life scenes

in and about these great cities, the Europeans received a more enlightened conception of the life and wonders of this great country.

"I believe that between the pillars of the great churches the motion-picture screen will, sooner or later, be permanently fastened. Why not? Seeing is believing! Pointing to the motion-picture screen, as the pictures appear, the clergyman will exclaim: 'This is Jerusalem; here we see the Mount of Olives; here is where the Bible tells us Christ was crucified; this is the Sea of Galilee.' In this manner, the Bible will be made yet more dear to many, and its lessons made the more vivid and impressive.

"And I often hear adverse comments upon the melodrama of the motion pictures. This melodrama is not so bad; I speak from experience; there is always a moral lesson in movie melodrama, and many are beautifully pictured, like great paintings of tragic action. We must all have our tragedies, our melodramas in real life, and what, by the way, is more melodramatic than the Bible or Shakespeare?

"If I did not think the motion-picture art dignified, wonderful, educational, widely beneficial, I for one would not lend my humble talents to the silent drama. Industrial motion pictures show you the art of making steel; the art of manufacturing shoes; how to conduct a large dairy, bakery, or laundry; in brief, these pictures give one an insight into the various arts and trades that a lifetime of personal investigation would not bring home. Motion pictures keep the boys and the girls off the streets; rescues the man of family from the association of vile companions, vile thoughts, and vile surroundings. In the picture theater he is taught the wonders of nature, views scenes of foreign lands; enjoys stories with beautiful settings which coax his imagination to beautiful things; he may see how people disport themselves, perhaps, in a little higher walk of life than he is accustomed to, and he is seized with an ambition to also move upon a higher plane. Isn't all this educational?

"Decadence of the drama is always marked by the decadence of the country where the conditions prevail. This has been proven by history. Queen Elizabeth's reign was made great in many respects by Shakespeare's plays. The motion-picture drama is supplanting the

spoken drama to a certain extent, for there seems to be a dearth of great stage artists. There are none who have filled the vacancies caused by the death of Irving, Booth, Barrett, Kean, McCullough, and others. There are but a few left.

"I have put my best work into the character of *Maverick Brander*, the Texas Cattle King, in Charles Hoyt's play, 'A Texas Steer,' released as a Selig Red Seal play. There are many opportunities in that character rôle for humorous work. The knowledge that my acting will bring lighter hours to many will be enough reward for me.

"I do not think that I shall return to the spoken drama. In motion-picture art one has his evenings at home with the family, and there is no long railroad journeys to make or trunks to continually pack and unpack. I repeat, the motion pictures have a great future, and I hope to be enabled to become more and more strongly identified with that future."

Vaudeville Pictures.

THAT there could be anything new in movies in a motion-picture-mad amusement world at this late date is a big surprise, but there soon will be, and vaudeville is to receive the greatest shock that has ever been given it.

"Vaudeville movies" are the latest—that is, pictures of vaudeville acts for exhibition, instead of the acts themselves, followed by a comedy afterpiece in which big headliners will participate.

A company with a capital said to be two million dollars has been formed, which is to be called the Vaudeville Players Film Company. It is backed by several multimillionaires, and it is going to make only vaudeville films. Already overtures have been made to many vaudeville headliners of importance in this country to act for the new concern, on a yearly contract.

The scheme is to film all kinds of vaudeville acts which are adapted for the camera, and to use the stars of the vaudeville stage as motion-picture actors for comedies and dramas. Acrobatic, dancing, and those styles of acts which will film easily are to be reproduced for the screen, and it is planned to give an exhibitor a complete program of vaudeville acts, and an afterpiece in which the leading stars of the varieties will appear, one release a week being the rule.

Illustrated Recipe.



Sit on stove and—

A soldier of the Legion
Lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing.
There was dearth of woman's tear
A comrade stooped beside him,
As lifeblood ebbed away.
And hissed: "Come on, more ginger
It's the best scene in the play!"



Stir quickly.

"He's quite an author, isn't he?"
"Yes. Why the other day he drew up a plot about a comic hen so naturally that when the editor threw it in the wastebasket, it laid there."

Interviewing Ince

By E. W. Hewston

CLAMBERED into Inceville, California—a veritable frontier town—after a fifteen-minute ride by automobile along a primeval stretch of coast line.

Wondrous scenery hereabouts. Huge mountains, great ranges of amethyst reaching down to meet the Pacific, painted a sapphire blue. An amber-tinted coast, flecked with breaking seas; and—eternally clear skies.

Into Inceville, incorporated city of motion pictures, and a minute later into the presence of a dapper young American with the frankest of countenances and penetrating eyes. No introduction was necessary. He could be no other than Tom Ince—the Ince who delighted thousands in vaudeville; who now is delighting millions with his picture productions.

"I know you're busy, Mr. Ince," I broke in, "but all I want is a hundred words—"

Bang! went something outside, and the wires got crossed in my spinal column.

"That's nothing," Ince laughed. "A little dynamite—that's all! We're running off a picture down in the cañon. What is it you—"

Into the office rushed a disheveled person, sleeves rolled up, completely footed and spurred.

"Got 'em all lined up for scene one, Mr. Ince—will you come 'n' have a look?"

"Be up in a minute, Kennedy." And, turning to me again: "I haven't much time, but I guess—"

A loud trumpeting commenced just outside the office, and the entire building tangoed as if struck by a mighty temblor.

"What the——" I exclaimed, as I made a hasty break for the door. Then I changed my mind, and faced about double-quick. A huge elephant rubbed his starboard flank against the side of the building.

"We're used to this," explained the picture impresario, half apologetically. "Have a chair. Five years ago I came out here to—produce pictures and——"

Knock, knock, knock at the door. Enters a super—tall, ebony-faced individ-

ual, with beard disappearing into the folds of a multicolored turban. He delivers a kotow, followed by a salaam, and emits something like the following dialect:

"Maharajah, from my people I come. God of the wonderful pictures, I bear a message from Babble-Singh and Dabble-Singh and Gabble-Singh and their followers, for who desire more rupees. In patience, completely subdued, I await your pleasure."

"Go back, jemadar," was the reply, "and tell your friends that if they will do their best in this picture I'll give each of them a raise—and a present, as well."

Exit the jemadar at joyful speed.

"Those fellows," Mr. Ince continued, "are like children if treated properly. Treat them any other way, and they will——"

"The Hindus are a temperamental people," I interrupted, having a keen eye to getting the picture magnate off the siding onto the main track. "Is it a fact, Mr. Ince, that President Wilson has requested you to——"

Boom! went a fieldpiece outside, and my ears began to chorus something. Shouts rent the air, and what little quietude that should have been left in the atmosphere was bubbling over with such noise effects as clattering hoofs, discharging firearms, and directorial thunder.

Half of that hundred-word interview was already up, and I was commencing to show visible signs of nervousness.

"We manage to fill in the day pretty well out here," Ince volunteered, after the bedlam had disappeared farther down the cañon, followed by the camera men.

"Picture making is a fascinating and exciting ordeal. As a tonic for bad circulation, there is nothing to compare with it."

"I quite agree with you," I vouchsafed. "As a producer, Mr. Ince, what are the most salient features in connection with the art of film making?"

That question still remains unanswered, and a second later I forgot that I had ever asked it.

A hubbub of excitable voices was

heard outside, and then into the office burst a score or more of infuriated foreigners—Turks, Austrians, Russians, Germans, Frenchmen, Japanese, and an Englishman. It was a case of near war precipitated in Inceville between Teuton-Moslems and the Allies; and they had brought their troubles before the Ince tribunal.

"Dana-san Ince," orated a Jap, "sacred Buddha, the insult begets from son of Germany—I accept insult some more—not on your life, I swore by Fujiyama!"

"One at a time—one at a time," shouted Mr. Ince, as the more aggressive sought to renew verbal hostilities in the office.

"Ze bloomin' Turk—he calls me ze sardine secretaire—I not stand for eet!" complained a Frenchman.

"Lie!" the Turk retorted. "He call me harem-scare'em—insult—ah!"

Ince invited the mob outside to hear their difficulties, and a camera man was hastily summoned from somewhere, who ran off several hundred feet of film, full of real action—something a little more than reel realism. Then the belligerents were quieted by Mr. Ince, and were prevailed on to return to their quarters.

"The life of a producer is just one hanged thing after another," was his comment on the affair. He put out his hand.

"Good-by, and good luck to you!"

My hundred-word interview was up, but I had gained a world of experience.

For a Cross-eyed Audience.

IN a cave scene taken recently at Santa Barbara, California, Helen Rosson and Roy Stewart were acting. When the negative was examined after the film was complete, it was discovered that Roy's clothes had been torn in several places, and his flesh revealed as the result. Then it was also found that Helen's dress caught on some rocks in another part, and—well, even Director William Bertram blushed as he watched the picture. Calling the two players to him, he remarked:

"This is a retake. I didn't mean it to be a double exposure."

The Right Film Humor

By Samuel S. Hutchinson

(President American Film Company, Incorporated)

A discussion of the healthy trend of the literature of the motion picture, the necessity for keeping the film a true picture of American life, full of the interplay of lights and shadows and essentially wholesome.

SCREEN literature," the literature of the motion picture, has come into being.

This birth of a new literature has been an almost unconscious development. The motion picture came to us as a novelty of invention, and has remained to develop into an art. I can think of nothing save the printing press which is so much a part of the life of the people.

This intimacy of the motion picture with the people has held the film to a true picture of life. Schools and fads of painting and the art of the printed word, because of the limitations of their patronage, have been able to succeed despite their wanderings into strange, unwholesome realms. Not so with the motion picture. It is of the people, for the people, and answerable to the people.

Hence we see the demand for, and the tendency to supply, clean, healthy, sane pictures. Successful production of modern motion-picture plays demands the strictest attention to the standards of the people.

The present-day film, as a picture of life, must stand for those qualities which we find the most admirable in men and women—strength, beauty, purity, cleanliness, and a sense of the right. The photo play which depends for its appeal on distasteful topics, like the "dope" habit, excessive drinking, deathbed scenes, tortures, murders long drawn out, suicides, the morbid, and the suggestive, has no place in this new "screen literature."

The motion-picture audience is most in sympathy with the dramas dealing with everyday human endeavor. This does not mean that a solemn workaday world is to be reflected on the screen. It means that the drama of real life, with all its wonderful lights and shadows, must be presented.

The successful photo play, the kind of a photo play that will live, must pre-



Samuel S. Hutchinson, president of the American Film Co. and author of this article.

sent human documents. It must deal with reality presented in the pictorial language of reality.

The weird, the bizarre, and fantastic must be handled very gingerly.

Just how the public accepts and rejects, in its choice between the natural and wholesome on one side, and the unnatural and unwholesome on the other is well demonstrated before us in literature. Alexander Dumas' adventure novels, startling, but realistic in that they dealt with real people, have to-day a greater following, according to the records of the public libraries, than the perhaps more technically perfect, but less human, stories of Balzac. The readers of the intensely human works of O. Henry outnumber the readers of Hawthorne and Poe by a ratio of thousands. "The Fall of the House of

Usher," a masterpiece in horror and shudders, is known to a few. But millions have read, laughed, and cried over "The Unfinished Story"—the story of a shopgirl, a picture of Kitchener, and a very despicable man. "The Unfinished Story" deals with life and makes you know that it is life, but "The Fall of the House of Usher" is an affair of the terror land of bad dreams.

When I chose this subject of "The Right Film Humor," I had no intention of discussing comedy films. The smile in films that I have in mind is the occasional bright light of humor that flashes in the drama of real life. Without this I think the photo play is untrue and a failure as a part of the art of the motion picture.

Perhaps we can illustrate it best by an example from life. We are in a courtroom. A big murder trial is in progress. The principal witness has been on the stand for hours. The examination has filled the atmosphere with tenseness. There has been a terrible, nerve-racking recital of evidence. The jury, the lawyers, the spectators have been keyed to the highest pitch. It is a scene of the most desperate earnestness. The prosecutor, in recross-examination, has paused in the middle of the question to gain the weight of impressive deliberation. You can hear the fall of the well-known pin. Then a jurymen in the front row grows red in the face, gropes swiftly in his pocket, snatches out a handkerchief, and buries his face—just in time to half throttle a sneeze. A titter starts in the back of the room, and in a moment the courtroom is upset with a storm of laughter. It was over nothing, but it had to break from the tenseness of it all. As the laugh subsides, the court raps for order, and the trial proceeds. But, meantime, the air has been cleared by this trivial incident. The crowd was due for a laugh, and took it at the earliest opportunity.

That, perhaps, conveys my conception of the very human demand for humor in the drama. The film drama that fails of this quality of humor fails both as a picture of life and as an entertainment for the people at whose taste the picture is aimed.

The smiles must be introduced with finesse. Otherwise, efforts at relief of the picture with humor will fail. It must not be obvious. It must be natural, a part of the story, not something dragged into it.

The present-day play must be clean in every way; free from the morbid or the spectacularly repulsive; strong and vigorous in tone, yet possessed of plot threads having the sweetness and cheerfulness of a débutante at her first tea.

A play can be virile and still be dainty. It is all in the subject and in the production. A play that carries a good, homely moral is a public servitor, and blends into the great instructive literature that, new to our age, is being built by motion-picture producers.

And, consequent upon this screen literature, there is a great responsibility upon the men who guide the making of the pictures.

Life itself has tragedies more constant and more grim than pen or brush or camera can depict. What is a tragedy in one household may not be so in another household, but the sun is not shining all the time for every one, everywhere.

The end of a day should not, therefore, be marked for the motion-picture patron by viewing upon a screen a story of morbidness, terrible wrongs, crimes, false doings, and false witnessing, merely that these same spectacular, repulsive incidents might be assembled, called a photo play, and sent out to entertain the people whom it only offends.

The viewpoint of the motion-picture public has changed, and the ideas of successful producers have grown with the public mind. They have broadened, developed, and taken tone together.

The photo play to which one can take his family, knowing that it contains nothing offensive, or too deep for the young mind to fathom, nothing touched by a daring deviltry to incite a wrongful curiosity or to plant a harmful thought, is the kind that the public wants. The way is clear to the maker of motion pictures and to the exhibitor who builds his daily program with a hope of permanency in the business.



"The drama of real life, with all its wonderful lights and shadows, must be presented," observed Mr. Hutchinson. Here is a screen from "The Little Lady Next Door," well illustrating the human touch, even by the baby.

This changing the public taste has been felt. Producers are seeking plays that meet these advanced ideas of rightful entertainment, and, to that end, are working conscious that "screen literature" is growing a bigger, more vital thing every day.

Sight is the most swiftly responsive and most powerfully active of our senses. The eye burns its lessons deeply into the mind. There is no illiteracy in vision. Education is not required to read and understand the language of the screen. But seeing is a way toward education, not only concerning physical things, but opening as well a channel to introspection and a better measure of one's self. That is why both the classes and the masses constituting the motion-picture public, have raised their standard of taste, with the resultant of improved pictures by the big producers who are responsive to the public pulse.

It is a duty that the makers of film cannot neglect to be sure that their art is continually growing and developing along with public taste, the constantly improving standards of life and the art demands of that life.

Popular literature is continually improving in quality. We find the great, successful publications are clean and wholesome. Probably I can point to no better example than *The Saturday Evening Post*, which entertains everybody and never offends anybody. The idea is the sort of story that depicts interesting phases of natural life.

A few years ago we saw a "run" of muckraking that had its effect on the literature of the day. Now the people have outgrown this. The public, to be entertained either in literature or

the motion-picture drama, does not have to be taken on "slumming tours" in the half world.

Virtue, honor, decency, and the clean everyday life of the people is fuller of real interest and more appealing to the great body of motion-picture-play patrons than the false values of the hectic regions we sometimes call "Bohemia," the "bad lands," or some other white-wash name.

Cleanliness—there is no other word—should be the basis and final test for pictures entitled to a place in the public library of screen literature. Plays that are entirely wholesome and enjoyable, and in which the tear and sigh are blended into a smile and laugh, represent the best thought of the day. If a moral attaches, let it be driven home convincingly, but shorn of sting or sordid shading.

Motion-picture plays should know neither creed, color, age, nor sex, and should never paint to the eye of any one of these offending things.

And sometimes smile.

Watch for It.

"A—is it? A—A. Now I see! That's the call of the navy code!"

The man, alone in the wireless cabin of the *Irvessa*, spoke to himself. He glanced quickly at his chart, and saw that the ship must be well within a hundred miles of Samar Island at that moment.

That is the first paragraph of the first serial story to be published in this magazine. It will begin soon. You'll want to read it.

Watch for it.

Synchronizing Music With Pictures

AMERICA'S first practical and systematically developed movement for the uplift of the music in our "movies," and through them for the musical uplifting of the people in general, was begun lately in New York. The genesis of the movement lay in the agreements made by a prominent musician with a leading American music publisher and with three allied film companies. The musician is George W. Beynon; the publisher, G. Schirmer, Inc.; and the film manufacturers the Famous Players, the Lasky Company, and the Oliver Morosco Company, which are component parts of the Paramount Film Company.

Here is the plan adopted: Mr. Beynon and his assistants are to put together orchestral settings for the feature pictures issued by the Famous Players, Lasky, and Morosco; these orchestral scores are to be published by the Schirmers, and they are to be supplied to the motion-picture exhibitors by the Paramount Company and its film exchanges.

Mr. Beynon sketched out his method of action recently in the orchestra department of Schirmer's. He said:

"In the past, with the exception of a few pictures for which some musical suggestions were made by the publishers, the orchestra leaders in the 'movie' houses had to rely on a 'dope sheet' of their own making. That is, when a picture was booked for the theater, the leader looked through his library, picked out music that he thought might fit the picture, noted this down in his 'dope sheet,' and went ahead. In New York, where they had the advantage of an advance rehearsal, this might have worked out fairly well, but on the road, where the film may have reached the theater only two hours before it was run, the music at the first performance was probably nowhere near appropriate to the picture.

"Now, I had been studying out this problem, but when I approached some producers on the matter about a year ago they pointed out some impracticalities, and I could not meet these objections at that time. Since then I've been testing out my scheme in a practical way, and was able to apply it in theaters of various cities.

"While we were singing in Worces-

ter, the pictures 'Hyprocrites' was on the bill, and as I had seen it at the Longacre in New York, I persuaded the manager to let me handle the music for this picture. At the end of the film I used the Bach-Gounod 'Ave Maria,' and with this I was able to prove that it is absolutely practicable to synchronize the music with the pictures.

"I had the 'Ave Maria' sung by Caroline Cassels, the contralto of my quartet. She was to begin singing at a certain place in the picture, and I had so timed it that she was to finish just as the film ended. And, although she did not once look at the picture while she was singing, she sang the 'Amen' every single time just as the film finished. The audiences don't know to this day how it was done. This is the way: Near the end of the film there was one place where the red lights were gradually raised and lowered with beautiful effect. When these lights came on, Miss Cassels knew that she ought to be at a given point in her music, and if she had not yet reached that point, she knew that the rest of the music had to be 'speeded up' a bit.

The manner of arranging music for the Paramount pictures is that some two months before a film is released to the exhibitors, it is run over for the inspection of Mr. Beynon and his aids in the New York projecting room of the Paramount. They make notes of such music as they think will suit the spirit of the various scenes, and their memories are amplified by a consultation of the vast orchestral library in the Schirmer department. "We then put together the music as it accompanies the picture," stated Mr. Beynon, "carefully timing each part so that it is synchronized exactly with the scene which it illustrates. I have observed the rate at which the pictures are run in most houses, and our timing is based on this."

"But suppose that the operator runs the machine unduly fast, to hurry up the show?" he was asked.

"I have provided for that," was the reply. "In the conductor's part, the piano, the organ, and the first violin we reveal each step in the action, and the 'inserts' and the 'flashes,' in conjunction with the music which accompanies them. Thus the conductor or pianist can discover if the picture is ahead of him, and

he will heighten his tempo according. And in cases where the picture is cut, will notice that also, and will speed in the same way.

"We do not use any of the cut-and-dried 'hurries' such as are published for use with motion pictures, but instead employ real music—Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Wagner, and others. We don't bother about little details, but follow the broad sweep of the action, making the music heighten the atmosphere—that the important thing."

Just how widely the movement will benefit both general public and musicians was outlined by Mr. Beynon. "Presently when an orchestra leader applies to a motion-picture theater manager for a job, the manager will ask him: 'Have you a library?' He probably has arrangements of a hundred pieces of various sorts, and when he gets the job he will use these same old hundred pieces for all the pictures until the theater's public is sick of them.

"The manager, who probably knows nothing of music, doesn't realize that his house is handing out music that offends the patrons, and he also doesn't realize that his orchestra leader is not a thorough musician. But when the manager gets musical settings of the feature pictures, they will enable him to have good musical judgment of the leader's ability and of his library. When the leader applies for a job, he will not ask him: 'Have you a library?' but 'Can you play this?'

"In this way the manager will not only become a critic of the music in his house, but will also begin to build up a library. And the manager will be able to buy cheaper than his leader could get the overtures which he tried to fit to the pictures. They will be published for large orchestra, small orchestra, piano, and organ. The organ part will be arranged so that it can be used for the orchestral organs.

Looking at it from every possible angle, it seems that choosing appropriate music to be played with pictures is another step toward the improvement of the silent drama. It is a known fact that the orchestra can play an important part in having the picture make an impression on the audience, and this innovation should serve to make that impression a favorable one.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

TO ENTER A STUDIO.

THE ambition of almost every young writer who is just entering the scenario game is to become a staff writer. He has dreams of the day in the time to come when he will hold down a desk next to other writers whom he knows by reputation, and will be able to sell everything he writes. We say dreams, because he knows little of the actual inner workings of the studio. Perhaps, if he knew the story of successful writers, he might think differently of the matter—perhaps not—but in either case that is another story.

If the beginner is really determined to get to the top and win for himself a place with some big manufacturing company, there are many, many obstacles for him to overcome. First of all, he must realize that he is an amateur. That sounds easy, but it is really harder and more important than actual writing at first. He must start out to learn all the ins and outs of the scenario work and the general principles of the motion-picture business itself. Granted that he has some original ideas to begin with, he must search about and add to these steadily. He must make himself a mountain of ideas. He must study the screen, and see how others do the things he wishes to do. In short, he must prepare himself along every necessary line of the work until he feels that he knows something about scenario writing.

Not until then do we think he is ready for actual writing. By this time he has realized that working his way to the top is far from easy, and has either decided to fight the rest of the hard battle or give up altogether. If he chooses the former course, he must settle down to a long, hard grind. He must work with pains, intelligence, and speed. He must turn out many scripts before he

can justly expect success to come to him. But they must be more than mere "scripts." They must be scenarios that are unusual and attractive and capable of securing and holding any editor's attention. During this period he must be "on his toes" at all times for the general market conditions for his work. There is no use writing a scenario unless he can dispose of it, and the only way to do that is to know where to send it. He must study this subject just as fully as he did the subject of writing itself, for it is almost equally as important.

Again we will take a point for granted, viz., that he has gained fair success in the open market. Now, there comes a time for another change. He must pick out the company for whom he wishes to work, and must concentrate on them. He must see as many of their released pictures as possible, and study the synopsis of all the rest. He must learn the roster of the company from the president down to the second-string leads. He must try to discover the peculiarities of all its directors and leading players, and learn what the general policy of the company is. Then he must model his own work along these lines, never submerging his own personality, however. Whether success will come or not will then depend entirely upon how well the writer has prepared himself, and upon how capable he is of turning out scripts that will appeal to the selected company.

The campaign we outlined in so few words above should cover a long space of time. In some cases it will be longer than others, for some writers are more gifted than their fellow workers. In any case, however, we do not think the time could possibly be less than a year

and a half or two years. Recently a writer of our acquaintance landed a place with an Eastern concern which he has strived for three full years. There is no use of a writer deceiving himself into thinking he is an exception to the rule, and that he can force his way from a place among the unknowns into a studio in a short space of time. The writer who does not try to represent things to himself as they are not has already got a splendid start in his climb toward the top.

In working out your own future, much judgment will be required to tell just when you are ready to pass from one step to another. No one will be able to judge this accurately except yourself, and we feel justified in saying that avoiding mistakes in this particular is about half the battle. It's a long fight, and there are many variations to the plan we outlined, but we think they all are along the same general lines. The best we can do is to outline a course of this kind for our writer readers, and then help them all the way along the line—a thing which we will gladly do at all times.

TECHNIQUE.

The magic word "technique" seems to be the chief factor in the failure of scores of writers, and it is all because they do not know what it means.

We know that is a pretty broad statement, but it is a true one. Flocks of beginners and beavies of more experienced scenarioists plug along day after day, week after week, hoping that the day will come when they will master "technique." They may or may not study deeply the art in which they are trying to succeed. If they do study it, they do not do so intelligently, for the person who really studies soon leaves this class. The difference between really

studying intelligently and going through a routine that is supposed to be study in a half-hearted manner is great, but we have covered that point before.

Regarding "technique" we have little to write, but what we will write will count. We think we will simply quote the definition from Webster—viz., "The method of performance in any act." That tells the story! Technique is merely a handy name used for the means used to get results.

Now, let's forget "technique" as a word, and consider its definition in our own terms. "The means used to get results" in a photo-play scenario are numerous. At first the person who essays to write for the screen has no idea of what the general outline of a scenario looks like. By watching the screen, and possibly looking at a sample scenario, he gets that. Then he discovers that he must have something to write about. Right at this point is where "ideas"—that we say are so valuable—come in handy. Granted that he is a smart writer, and secured these before he considered technique, he still has many obstacles before him. He may have in mind something which would be wonderfully clever on the screen, but he "don't know how to write it into his script." "Though he does not realize it in most cases, this is one point where he lacks the "means to get results" or "technique." Right at this point he should study the difficulty at hand, and find a remedy for it. That will supply him with a little more ability along the "means needed for results" line than he had before he struck the snag. If he dodges the issue, and finds some other incident which is easier to handle, he has passed up a chance to learn some of the wonderful workings of the mystic "technique."

Experience alone will perfect a writer in technique, but even old-timers who have won their spurs are never free from problems like those which confront the amateur when he tries to put his action into scenario form. None of us are ever too old to learn, especially in such a fast-moving industry as motion pictures.

While we are on the subject, we also wish to impress upon the minds of our readers the value of using the simplest possible language in your scripts, and employing "technical terms" only when they are absolutely necessary to convey your meaning to the director and editor.

Do not be led astray by the belief that you will be considered a professional if your scripts are filled with "technical or studio terms," and that will have more chance of selling therefore. What the manufacturers want, and what they are willing to pay for are new plots and stories developed clearly and logically, and written out in scenario form, so that a director can take a script and turn out a picture without having to make numerous changes.

A PANORAM SCENE EXPLAINED.

The word "panoram," in relation to a scenario, seems to be bothering many writers. This is a very simple matter, and we wonder why it should prove complex to so many. A panoram or panoramic view in motion pictures means a scene taken along the same lines as a still panoramic view would be. For example, if five persons were sitting at a table and each were to register a separate emotion which you wished to convey clearly to the audience and leave it impressed upon their mind, you could not do it very well by showing them seated at a table which was located quite a ways back into a scene. To show five close-ups in succession would also be confusing, so you would simply call for a "panoram scene" and have the camera move from one to the other at the table without a break in the scene.

The same style is used in many outdoor pictures to photograph long stretches of the open. It can also be applied to interiors where two or three rooms compose the set, and where varied action is going on in each at the same time.

FRUITS OF EXPERIENCE.

J. G. Alexander, an Allentown, Pennsylvania, photo-playwright, sends us some of the conclusions he has drawn from his own experiences, and they are so good we pass them on to our readers. Here they are:

"The construction of the photo play has many elements that enter into the drama of the stage, except that there is no dialogue and everything is *action*. Just as in the spoken drama, dialogue must be compulsory and not story, just because the author wishes to impart something to his audience, so in the photo play, the use of leaders is like the use of story in the drama. Leaders should not be used, except where it is impossible to register clearly the action to an audience. A properly con-

structed play, with a real plot, will need very few leaders. Of course, some are necessary, but remember that just as they break up the continuity of act in the picture, so will they also have a tendency to break up the spectacle's continuity of thought. Therefore, to make leaders word pictures, so that the cut-ins will be part of the scene themselves, and will not jar the psychological side of the audience. When time leaders are used, make them convey a picture to the mind. For example: In a recent picture, action was transpiring in a desert location. The author wished to jump to night on the same location, a time leader was necessary, the one used being 'That night it jarred. How much better if the following leader had been used: 'Night covers the desert.' It conveys a graphic picture to our minds. We are still in the desert, as in previous scene, we see night descend over scene, and our minds are ready and receptive for the next scene. Again, the extra words require practically no more footage. If leaders are necessary to a clear understanding use them, for at all times the audience must have a clear idea of the picture but don't slam them in to break up. If the plot is strong enough and developed right, the leaders will inject themselves naturally; but make them graphic, keeping with the personality of the characters and play in cut-ins, and word pictures conveying pictures of lapses of time if time or break leaders.

"Continuity, that factor which holds the interest, and the lack of which destroys same, should be watched closely. Don't lose your characters, and finally when the audience, being absorbed in the action of the present, has forgotten them, jump back abruptly to where you left them. Give every scene a logical reason in sequence to the scene previous and remember the audience are not writing with you, and the characters are not planted in their brains as in yours, they only have the screen to go by. Also, don't insult an audience's intelligence, by making a character appear in a dense forest in a hunter's uniform and in the next scene in his club, dressed immaculately and sipping an iced drink, oblivious to the charms of nature except as regards the mint leaves in his glass. Make the action logical, give him a reason for being in each place, and, as he hasn't 'seven-league boots' nor an electric valet in the

ods, give him a chance to get from
ce to place and dressed.

In writing a photo play, keep this
tto tacked to your eye shade: *It
st at all times entertain.*

When finally the script is finished, sit
wn and pick out a square on the wall.
sualize the entire play in it, try to
your characters acting the drama,
gining you are looking at the screen.
eaks in continuity can be picked out,
you see properly, and you will see
ur brain child as others will see it—
ybe. You can at least give it the
st self-criticism possible, as by merely
ading, breaks, lack of plot, and in-
est will escape you, but with a clear
ualization and strong imagination,
u will probably arrive at a conclu-
n, whether it is worthy postage or
t—that is, if you are honest with
urself.

Put your *own* work in the script, not
e gleanings from others. If you don't
re to work, and work hard, don't try
write.

Try to put your individual person-
ty and imagination into your work;
you succeed, it will give it fresh
lor. If you have not a strong imagi-
tion, don't write, save the energy for
ings that will benefit you. Suppose
u thought that writing music was a
oney-getter, and you didn't know a
te, and were not gifted musically;
ould you compose music and expect
to be accepted?

Be fair to yourself. If you have not
e writer's adaptability toward writing,
ny try? It will only get editors sore,
d show you up. Even for a person
ho *can* write, it takes hard work,
ick-to-itiveness, perseverance, and
udy. For one not adapted, it takes a
iracle, and the age of miracles is past."

Answers to Readers.

GEORGE R. AVERILL.—By watching our
arket tips, under the caption of "Live-
ire Market Hints," in every issue of
e department and saving them you
ill be able to find a market for your
ripts at all times.

D. ATKINSON and N. LEBOWITZ.—Both
our questions are alike, so we'll an-
ver them together: There are one
ousand feet of film to a reel, and there
ust be enough action in a one-reel
enario to make that footage. Like-
ise with two, three, and more reels.
atch the amount of action in all sub-

jects you see on the screen. It will
prove a wonderful help to you.

RICHARD H. SLOAN.—A sample sce-
nario appeared in our issue of July 24th,
which may be secured at the regular
price from the publishers. See answer
to the above pair for the number of
feet in one reel. When you appear to
be looking through field glasses at some
action on the screen, it is the "camera
mask" at work. The effect may be
gained by calling for a camera mask to
represent field glasses. It is a scene by
itself. A scene showing an object un-
der water may be a submarine picture,
but is generally taken in a tank at the
studio. By telling just what you want,
you will be able to make the director
understand. Where a person thinks or
dreams while in a scene, and another
scene appears on the other side of the
screen, showing what he is thinking
about, it is called a vision.

INQUISITIVE.—Scenarios should be
submitted to the companies announced
in the market from time to time in our
"Live-wire Market Hints." They should
be typewritten on eight-and-one-half-by-
eleven paper, and should be folded, in-
stead of rolled. We will try to satisfy
you and your friends with a larger
book in time.

M. M. SALZMAN.—By watching this
department weekly you will be able to
learn the basic principles of the scenario
game. A list of companies which pur-
chase them may be compiled by saving
our notes under the caption of "Live-
wire Market Hints" every week.

BRYAN IRVINE.—In the July 24th issue
there appeared a model one-reel sce-
nario. A two or three-reeler is just
the same, only on an enlarged plan. We
cannot recommend any firm or individ-
ual for the work you mention.

W. E. PALMER.—Refer to your char-
acters by either their first or last names
throughout the scenario, not by both. It
is up to the script writer to judge the
length of a reel. Every scenario re-
quires individual treatment in this re-
spect. Study the produced multiple-
reelers, and see if you cannot catch the
knack. We think your scene plot has
an excellent start, but its figures must
be given in detail, every set being men-
tioned and every scene photographed in
the set being listed. The same with the
exteriors. Twenty-one sets are quite a
few too many, even for a three-reeler.

ANNA RAPPENGLUECK.—See answer

to D. Atkinson and N. Lebowitz, earlier
in this answer section. Use leaders
only when necessary. There should be
as few as possible. When a company
decides to adapt a novel or story, the
copyright must first be bought from the
owner. This carries with it the au-
thor's and all other rights. Gilson Wil-
lets adapted "The Millionaire Baby" for
the Selig Polyscope Company. Unless
so arranged, the author of adapted
novels or plays does not receive roy-
alties.

H. T. GURLEY.—In the July 24th issue
we printed a model scenario. The style
of Universal, Kalem, and Vitagraph
scenarios can be learned by watching
the pictures of these companies on the
screen. A location is described as
briefly, thus: Hillside, forest in back-
ground.

P. D. HATCH.—Keystone, Mutual, and
Biograph formerly read synopses only,
but because of certain changes that are
being made by the former two we do
not know what they are willing to con-
sider at the present writing. Almost
any company will buy a synopsis con-
taining an idea that is very exceptional.
It certainly has to be exceptional,
though. A synopsis sent along may be
some longer than the one used if a full
script is also sent, but it should not be
verbose.

SADIE HESS.—Fictional names of
characters and real names of cities are
preferable in scripts. Watch our "Live-
wire Market Hints" for a place to sell
your work. These hints will be found
in this department every week.

JOHN DEMPSEY.—It is almost impos-
sible to sell a scenario written in long-
hand, as editors will not read it.

MARY POUNDER.—Follow the form
outlined in our sample scenario in the
issue of July 24th, and send your work
to the companies we list in our "Live-
wire Market Hints" every week. We,
too, think you have a chance for suc-
cess.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Biograph Company, No. 807 East
One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street,
is in the market for strong, live, original
ideas suitable for one, two, and three-
reel productions. Writers are requested
to submit a synopsis of whatever they
have to offer, and not to expect the de-
tailed reading of their work unless its
outline is satisfactory.

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Photoplay Stories and Pictures

OCT. 23. 1915
VOL. 2- No. 3

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY



Story of "THE EXPLORER" in this Issue

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. II



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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. II. No. 3

October 23, 1915

Price, 5 Cents

From Bugs to Gus

(WORLD FILM)

Their correspondence compiled by James J. Case

Bugs has more to tell you, in his droll, humorous way, of his experiences on the Chicago "Cubs" and with the dainty Percy, whose chief worry was whether or not his tie was becoming. In this series of letters to his friend Gus, Bugs has a great many things to tell, for they happened in rapid succession when the fight for glory in each other's eyes and in the eyes of the girl they were both infatuated with, began. Read this funny collection of letters as it was written by Bugs himself. This, the second of the "Bugs to Gus" stories is complete in itself.

Shecawgo
Sept. 27th.

REND GUS:

Well old pal I got a new pal now and it is a dog whitch I wouldent traid for Tie Cobb or a millyun dollers eether.

Yestiddy I stopt on the strete to watch a bum haveing a arguement with a laidy that was sweepeing off her stupe. She had all redy told me the tramp to bete her or she would melt him over the head with her fist but he got fresh and sed he wouldent get a way till he was eddy. The woman earned a round and wisteled and hure was sumhing that looked like a brown and white streke come aleing out of the front dore.

It was a bull dog Gus and you would have did

laffing to see the way the bum leped down off of the stupe and started runing up the strete to try and get away from him. But he couldnt do it. The dog caut a hold of him by the sete of the trowsers and I gess the bum musta felt his tethe for he gaiv a yel and let out a berst of spede that left the sete of his pants behind in the dogs jaws.

Jack that is the naim I have gaiv

the dog Gus roled ovir and ovir on the grownd with the peace of the bums pants in his tethe whare it had come a way and then he pickt himself up and the reel fun started. Thare was a Eytalyun orgin grindur comeing a long the strete looking up at the windoes of all the howses for a good plais to plant his music box on its wooden leg and start to grinding out sum toon that was pop-



When I yeled out for fun Persey hollered that he had been skined—an he had, Gus, all on wun side.

perlar back a round the time of the Civil War. The orgin grindur was drest raggid like the bum had ben and Jack maid a B line for him. He wasent no bloodhound but a bull dog like I am telling you and so how was he to know that the Eytalyun and the bum he had grabed a hold of wasent the saim hay Gus.

The orgin grindur let a yel out of

him when he seen Jack comeing for him and terned and run. Jack chaised him up and down the strete and a round the lamp posts with the Eyetalyun yeling for sum frends of his named Sapriste and Santa Maria that I couldnt see nowhares a round to come and help him. I was dubbeled up laffing.

But then I seen that the orgin grindur wasent no spring chickun and he was libel to drop ded of frite aney minnit if the dog dident lay off tryeing to grab him and so I went out into the strete and caut a hold of the chane that was dragging a long the asphelt from Jacks coller as he went racing by and stopt him and led him back to the woman that owned him on the stupe.

This is sum dog I sez to her. What will you taik for him. She sez he aint for sail. I sez I will give you \$5 for him. She laffed and sed I supoze for 2 dollers moar yude let me throw in the howse and the childrun. She cauled the dog to her but he wouldnt go. The sun of a gun liked me all redy Gus. I pulled my role out of my pocket.

If you would rather have this dog I sez to the woman than a new rug for the dincing room or sumthing you can kepe him and I will taik the air a way from hear. But I will slip you all this for him if you will give him to me.

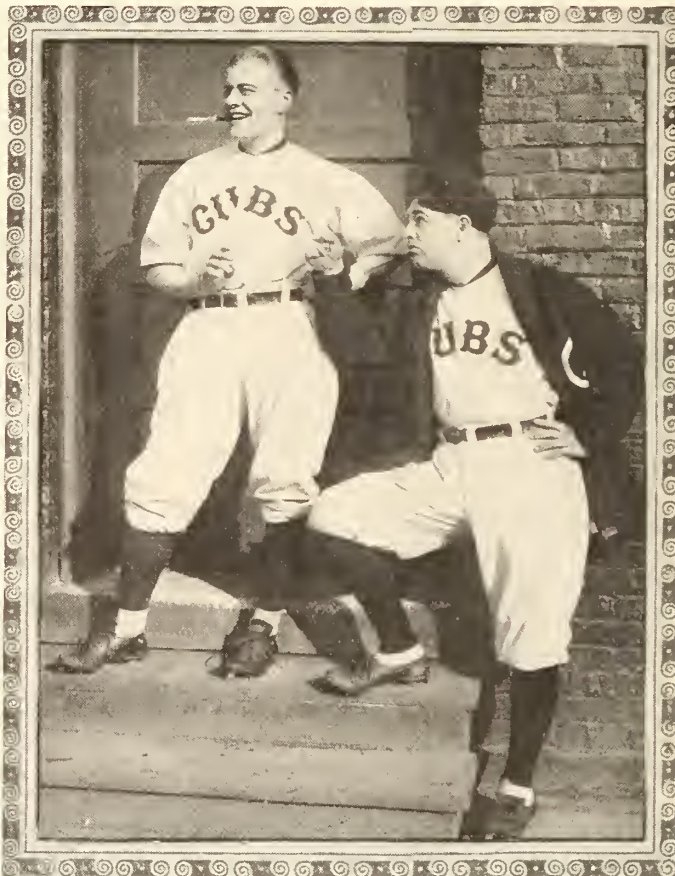
She eyed the role and she sez how mutch is thare.

I sez thare is moast twenty dollers.

Hand it ovir she sez. My husband will lift the rufe when he comes home and finds him gone but I can tell him he got lost. And so I give her the munney and walked off with Jack.

May be Gus you will think I musta ben drunk or craizy to buy the dog but wate till you here what he has all redy done for me and then you will see that I was craizy jest like a fox when I bot him. The idear had come to me when I seen what a ugly looking bird Jack was that may be I could use him agenst Persey in the race him and me is entered in for Fanny.

I gess you aint forgot me teling you how I come to mete her and falling for them big baby blue eyes of hern and her Edna Tanguay smile and all. That was rite aftir Persey had got us to fix it up with Roger for him to join the Cubs so as he could do what he had ben tryeing for a bout 8 munths to do with out no luck at all and that was to maik a hit with Fanny who was craizy a bout ball playirs and wouldnt fall for him



I had faled so far to get Persey threw off of the teme but I wasent done trying yet.

even thow he was the onely sun of the hed of the befe trust with koin to bern.

Him and me is rivels as you mite say.

I told you in my last how I had tride to get him threw off of the teme so as he wouldnt stand no show of maiking a hit with her by leting her see him out on the dimund evry day in a unieform and how I hadent ben abel to do it yet. But I wasent done tryeing.

Well last nite I went out to caul on Fanny and I took Jack a long with me. Shure enuff jest as I was going up the stupe of her howse a round the cornir

comes Persey all drest up like a funeri to horn in on the caul. I bent down ovir Jack in the dark on the poarch and I wated until Persey got to the tree that stood at the kerb out in front of the howse. Then I took the chane off of Jacks coller. Now go get him wispered in his ear. Persey let a ye out of him like the bum and the Eyetalyun had done befoar that day when he seen the dog come shooting down off

of the poarch at him and he maid a brake for the tree. I shuke hands with myself for I seen that I had gesecc rite. The dood was afrade of dogs. I have got the Indieyan sine on you now I sez to myself you welthy stiff and I bet I maik you quit cold in a cuppel of days moar on the bluff yure chucking to Fanny of being a reggalar ball playir with the Cubs.

Persey had gone up the trunk of the tree so fast to get a way from Jack that he had dropt his hat and one end of his coller had come unfastined. Jack was jumping up and down to try and grab a hold of his legs that he had rapped a round the trunk jest out of reech. I come down off the stupe and as sune as Persey seen me he hollered taik this dog a way.

Nix I sez. Kepe him up thare old boy whare he belongs I sez to Jack with the rest of the nuts.

Pleeze taik him a way Bugs Persey sez ½ cryeing. I am shaiking so that I am libel to drop down off

hear aney minnit.

Taik a good grip I sez and hang on. For you are going to stay thare till I get done cauling on Fanny. And I terned and went into the howse and left him treed thare. When I come out agen 2 hours laiter Jack was siting undir the tree with a lot of the ded branches a round him on the grownd that Persey had broak off and threw at him to try to maik him get a way but Persey was still up the tree. I put the chane back on Jacks coller and give Persey the hoarse laff as I started a way with him.

Show up at the ball park this aftirnoon I sez to him and you will find this itel pal of yures thare to gete you. Thare aint no trees out thare neether I sez and so if you show up you can figger that you are jest as libel to have a chunk bit out of you as not.

I thot Persey being so afrade of dogs like he had showed he was wouldnt have the nerve to come out to the ball grownds this aftirnoon when he herd me say that I was going to take Jack thare with me, but I didnt figger on his being so craizy a bout Fanny that he was redy to taik any risk to be nere ner.

It may be thow that he thot I was onely blufing a bout taiking Jack a long with me to the ball park and he would be safe in takeing a chancet on showing up thare.

But aney way he come out on the dimund today with his unieform on. I had all redy been out at the park a hour and I was standing talking to Fanny in front of the grand stand. She had Jack in her arms and was talking a foolish line of baby talk to him becaws as sune as I had showed him to ner he had maid a hit with her. I happined to look ovir towerds the club howse and I seen Persey jest starting across the feeld.

Let me have Jack jest a seckund I sez to Fanny.

I set him down on the grownd and pointed him at Persey. Thares yure neel tickit I sez to him. Go ovir and punch a cuppel of holes out of him.

Jack didnt wate for no second inritashun. He started across the dimund aftir Persey like a shot out of a kannen and the minnit Persey set eyes on him he terned a round with a yel and bete back to the club howse. He was within a cuppel a hundred feet of it when the dog started for him but at that he onely got thare a seckund a red of Jack and slammed the door in his noze.

That was the last I seen of Persey all aftirnoon and I gess I have maid good and drove him off of the teme at last. I figger when he sees that I wasnt blufing him when I sed I would bring the dog out to the ball park with me and heres from the uther fellos what I have all redy toald them and that is that I am going to bring Jack with me evry day as long as Persey is with the Cubs that he will go hock his unieform and forget his idear a bout being

a ball playir forever. At leste that is what I figger Gus.

Yure pal
Bugs.

Shecawgo
Sept. 30th.

Old Pal:

This here Persey is still with the teme Gus. But I didnt miss geting

It wasnt my day to heve the old pill in thare but Roger knowed that I had it on that Stallings buntch and so he sent me in agenst them.

I had them wiffing the old Oh zone for 2 inings and then I come up to bat in our 1/2 of the seckund. This hear Rudolph let loose one of his fast ones and it mist the plait a mile.

Strike sez O'Loughlin.



Jack started to help me out an caut a hold of Silk in wun of them deth grips of his.

threwed off of it myself by mutch. It all happined on acct. of that mutt I was teling you a bout in my last. I have sold the dumb hound Gus for 50 cents to the butcher on the cornir and he can maik sassage out of him for all I care onely I want him to look out that he dont send none of them a round to the bordeing howse where I am filing in at aftirwards that is all becaws I am off of that dog in aney shaipe or form.

The next day aftir I wrote you that I had scaired Persey out of the ball park by seting Jack onto him I took the mutt out thare with me agen so if Persey come a round I could give him the gait oncet moar.

Well the poor nut hadent showed up by the time the gaim was redy to start and I left the dog with Fanny in the grand stand and started out to the box to work agenst them Boston one-time champeens.

I sez to him put on yure glasses why dont you. You blind boob I sez that one was wide a mile. That will do for yures he sez. Dont give me aney moar of yure guff or I will chaise you to the showir. I sez I wouldnt say nuthing to you but send you a box of segars for Xmus insted if you would onely call strikes rite. That one was a ball I sez and you know it.

Bete it sez Silk taiking off his mask and steping back from the plait to point me to the club howse.

Then I got soar Gus. I sez to him I had oughter bust you one on the jaw I sez and the onely reezun I dont do it is that if thay is a law agenst soaking a guy with glasses thare is likely a hevier one for belting a guy that had oughter ware them but dont. I hawled back my fist as I sez that to him Gus.

And the dog that had been taiking it all in from the grand stand with Fanny

shot out on the dimund and come rushing at the empire. He had seen me act like I was going to soak O'Loughlin and when he seen me getting into what he thot was a fite he started to help me out.

I give him credit for that mutch but still that dont square him for what he has done to me as I am going to tell you.

The fans in the stand give a howl of joy when thay seen the dog go for Silk. Befoar he could tern a round to see what was doing Jack had caut a hold of him by the sete of the pants with one of them deth grips of his. O'Loughlin tride to shaike him off but he coulident do it. He run acrost the feeld with Jack hanging onto him all the way to the club howse. The fans was throwing a fit laffing and both our temes and the Braves was roleing on the grownd but there was one uther person beside O'Loughlin that dident see nuthing funny in it.

And that one was Fanny.

She called me ovir to her and comensend to give me a bawling out. She sez I put the dog up to nab the empire on purpose. When I told her that I dident she wouldnt beleve me. She sez I mite have killed Silk by seting the dog onto him becaws peepul had been bitten by dogs and dide of hide rofobyer many times befoar. I sez I would be glad if O'Loughlin got that whatever it is. And then she got up out of her sete and sed I think you are the moast cold blooded persun I ever herd of and I dont never want to see you or to speke to you agen.

And so I have lost Fanny Gus and it is all on account of that rotten mutt that I pade twenty dollers of my good munney for. Do you wonder that I sold him to the butcher for half a buck to get rid of him. If aney one ever sez dog to me agen I am going to hawl off and bust them one. I am feeling pretty blew ovir losing Fanny old pal and so this will have to be all for the presunt.

Yure pal

Bugs.

Shecawgo

Oct. 5eth.

Frend Gus:

Well old pal thare is one satisfackshun aneyhow a bout me not geting Fanny. If I dont get her Persey aint going to neether. She was out to the gaim agen on the day aftir she threw me

down on acct. of what my dog had done to the empire. Persey was there two.

He had herd from the feloes a bout how I had got rid of the mutt that had cost me Fanny and a 50 doller fine with a 3 day suspenshun besides becaws I had took it onto the feeld with me whare it could grab a hold of Silk O'Loughlin and chaise him to the club howse befoar all the fans and so Persey wasent afrade to come out on the dimund in his unieform to show off befoar Fanny aney moar.

He was talking to her in front of her sete in the stand and I was making beleve warm up with Archer but all the time listening to what thay was saying and tryeing to figger out how I could make a munkey of him in some way so as he would queer himself with her two.

I herd Fanny say when are you going to get into a gaim.

O sez Persey Bresnahan is not taiking no ehancet on me injureing myself at the tale end of the seesun. He is wateing to put me in the reggalar line up next spring when we start out to cop the 1916 pennunt in earnest.

Well I would like to see you do sumthing besides pose a round in a unieform she sez to him and I am begining to think that the onely thing thay hired you for aneyway was yure good looks.

Then Persey saived me the trubbel of tryeing to think up aneything to do to maik a munkey of him.

He sez I will ast Roger to let me get in the gaim this aftirnoon.

O that will be fine sez Fanny becaws I am simply dyeing to see you play.

Shure enuff Gus the simp has the nerve to go ovir and ask Roger to let him play in the first gaim of the dubbel heder that was billed for that aftirnoon. Roger dident cair whether he win or lose the gaim aneyway. At the end of the seezun and with no chancet of finishing out of the seckund divishun even if the 4 uther clubs a hed of us was to drop dedit all he was doing was tryeing out recruits.

You think you can maik good if I put you in the gaim do you Roger sez to Persey as sobir as if he was thinking of puting him in a worlds seeryous gaim.

Ide like to try sir sez Persey the way the hero of the kid books talks to the president of the compeny hes come to work for.

All rite sez Roger weel give you a litel bating practtise to start off with.

Saier was jest going up to the plait in our ½ of the third ining of the first gaim. Roger sez to him you was asking me for a day off to go out and see sum frends of yures on the North Side so you can go now if you feel like it. This yung Hans Wagner will bat for you he sez.

Now Roger sez to Persey when he come runing back from the bench whare he had gone to grab up a bat if you manige to get to ferst I want you to steel seckund.

Persey stopt and stared at him.

What do you want me to do that for he sez.

The ferst thing yuve got to lern if you want to be a reggalar member of this teme sez Roger in a sharp vois is to Oh bay ordirs. I tell you to steel seckund. Thats enuff for you to know. Go ahead and do it if yure abel.

O I can do it all rite sez Persey. But I dont see what you want of it.

Persey had stole seckund in practice so good the other day that when he laid there an' I yeled out for fun he hollered that he had ben skined and he had, Gus, all on wun side.

Well Gus the dood went up to the plait and Sallee put one ovir for him rite in the grave. Persey throe down his bat and ducked to try to get out of the way of it. The ball soaked him in the side and empire told him to taik his bais.

Now steel it Roger holloed at him when he hobbeled down to ferst.

Persey waived his hands at him like as if he was warning him not to say it so lowd. He watched Sallee till he seen him tern a round to heve in the ball to the next batter. And then Persey dubbels ovir like a Indieyan going out aftir a scalp and starts on his tiptows towerds seckund bais. Wingo held onto the ball and watched Persey like he dident know what he was tryeing to do.

And what do you think the boob done Gus.

He stuped down over seckund bais when he got thare and unbuckeled the strap and pickt it up off of the dimund and started beteing it for the club howse with the bag tucked undir his arm.

Roger had told him to steel the bais and that was what Persey was doing.

I looked a round and took a slant at Fanny. She looked sick Gus and that is the onely way to describe it. I seen

te then that what I told you at the part of this letter had hapened. She has threw with Persey the saim as she was with me. Aftr the bluff he had hucked a bout being a big lege ball playr and then to see him quak a bone ed play like that his goose was coked ith her for good.

Well Gus I got to tell you a bout the Garry Herrman banquet. You musta red a bout it in the paipers and I bet when you was redeing a bout it you didnt think that nobuddy you knowed was thare. But that is whare you are rong Gus for I was thare. All the memburs of the Chicago and the Cinninnati mees was invitud which menes us that we had to come whether we wanted to or not and it cost eech of us 5 bones wo.

Thay sed it was to be a full dress affair. When Persey told me that I sed you dont think I have got so litel cents that I could show up for dinner in a restarent onely 1/2 dressed do you. He sed No you don't understand. That menes you must ware a full dress sute of evening cloze. I sed I have not got no such sute. Well he sed you can rent one.

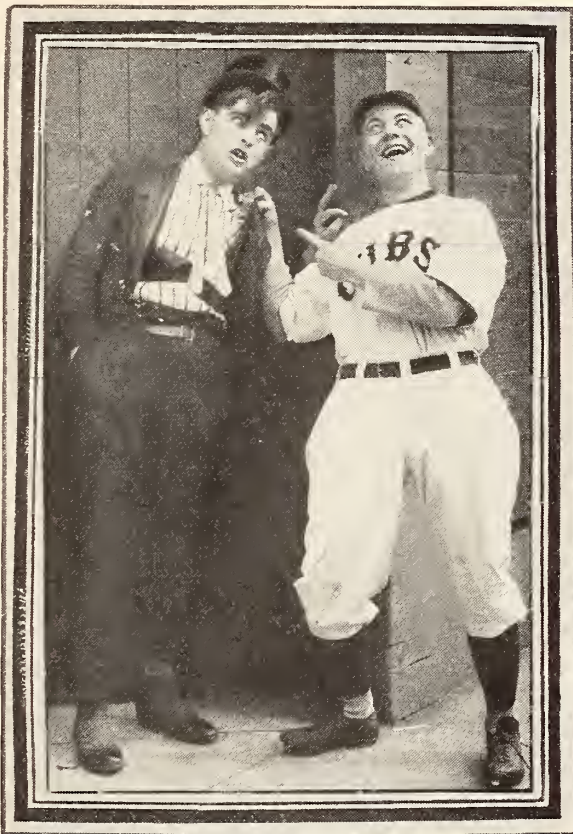
I thot of a way of getting a hold of a full dress sute of evening cloze that was better than that Gus becaws it would be cheeper than renting them. I knowed a waiter reel well that thot mite lend me his sute for nothing. He wares it in the daytime in the restarent whare he is working and so he wouldnt mind if I wore it when he asent using it at nite.

I went a round and ast him could he lend me the sute and he said sure he would jest like I had figgered becaws I always thot he was a good fello.

So I terned up at the banquet in his g. The pants to it was a litel two ose around the waste but I took them with my belt and the vest come down in front all moast enuff to cover the ankels. I had bot a new tie for the mner jest to show I wasent afrade to send a litel munney to look rite in front of such a big guy in the National lege as Garry Herrman. It was a 4 in and tie Gus and it set me back a bone

and a 1/2 but it was a beaut with big red and yello checks and wurth the koin.

The feed thay give us at the banquet Gus was out of site. Thay had a new kind of drink with it at leste it was new to me. Thay cauled it sham pain. Persey sez to me dont pore that into you like it was beer. Dont you know it costs \$5 a bottel. I sez thay must sell it by the bubbel then. But he was onely kideing me of coarse Gus. Thare



Ware did you get the soot askt Persey an I sez I borried it off of a waiter.

aint no drink that could cost that much unless thay gavi you a gallen of it for the price. It was a funny thing Gus but the stuff didnt seem to have no effeck on me at all. Persey was stewed in a bout a hour aftr he started. He got up on the staige and tryed to dance with a peech in a balley skirt that was sum of the talent that had been ingaged to maik the banquet go off nice for us boys.

I draged Persey down off of the staige and got up onto it myself to show him how to dance. Sumbuddy musta smeared butter or sumthing on the flore of the staige thow becaws I couldnt

stand up on it but fell down on my eer evry time I tryed to taik a fansey step.

When we come out of the restarent whare the banquet was at I sez to Persey what time is it. He looked at his watch and sez 3 Oh clock. I thot he ment 3 Oh clock in the aftirnoon and I sez good nite I will be lait for the gaim.

I run out into the strete and yeled to a cab that was driving by. Hay I sez to the fello on the sete taik me out to National Lege park in a hurry. Then I hopped inside the cab and sat thare wurring all the way out to the ball grownds a bout how much of a fine Roger was libel to clap onto me for terning up lait.

When I got to the park thare was nobuddy a round. I went into the club howse and husted into my uneiform and come out onto the dimund. And I seen thare wasent nobuddy in the stands neether. The watchman come up to me with his lantern.

Is the gaim all redy ovir I sez to him.

What gaim he sez.

I sez todays. He sed yes it was ovir a bout 12 hours ago. I sez what time is it. He sez it is 3 A. M. And then I seen that I had got up thare a bout 12 hours two erly for the next gaim.

O well I sez to myself I am hear now and in my unieform and I gess Ile stay. So I went ovir into the press box and laid down on the bench and that was whare I slept the rest of the morning and 1/2 the aftirnoon until the rest of the teme showed up to begin bating practtise.

But it was funny a bout that sham pain stuff not haveing no effeck on me hay Gus.

Yure pal

Bugs.

Fashion Note: When entering a motion-picture theater, always leave your millinery creation on as long as possible, so that those behind you can admire it—you can rest assured it will be noticed.

Weather Hint: An early fall is predicted in rough-house film comedy.

The Explorer

(LASKY)

By Kenneth Rand

"It is not for the money to be made; it is not for the love of adventure, that I go into the waste spaces and uncivilized nations."

That was what Alec McKensie, the explorer told Lucy Allerton just before his trip into the jungles of Africa. Then he told her why he did go—in part. The other reason of his last trip which he did not know was a reason until after he had reached the darkneses of the foreign country, is what makes this story, written from the film production of the same title of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company. The cast in the picture is as follows:

Alec McKensie.....Lou Tellegen
George Allerton.....Tom Forman
Lucy Allerton.....Dorothy Davenport
McInnery.....H. B. Carpenter

WHY do you do it?"

The girl looked in a sort of awed wonder at the man who stood before her. He was tall and lean and bronzed of skin. His eyes—the predominating feature of a face remarkable for its strength—were piercing as an eagle's. Just now, at her question, those eyes seemed to fix themselves on a far-away vision.

"Why?" Alec McKensie, the celebrated explorer, spoke earnestly. "I will try to make you understand, Miss Allerton. It is not for the money to be made through books and lectures—though a man must live. It is not for the love of adventure: I have passed that youthful stage. But it is for the good I can do by spreading knowledge to others, that I go into the waste spaces. Take the present expedition I am about to head, for example. I am going to find out the truth about the slave traffic in Africa. If I discover that the natives are being sold into bondage by unscrupulous traders acting as agents for a well-organized company, as has been alleged, by telling the world what I, personally, have found out, a storm of public protest may go up which will force the authorities to end such conditions, and the lives of hundreds of thousands of helpless people will be made happier."

"But what of the danger to yourself?" the girl quickly put in. "Going into the jungle among the savages, you might be mistaken for a slave dealer yourself, and you and your little band killed, before you had a chance to explain, by some

tribe that had already suffered heavily at the hands of those unscrupulous whites!"

"There is that danger, of course." The man smiled quietly.

"And yet you will risk it?"

"How else are they to be helped," he asked, "unless some one takes the risk?"

With her eyes fixed on him, their former expression of awed wonder replaced by a look of almost reverent admiration, slowly Lucy Allerton rose.

"Oh, you are fine!" she exclaimed im-

pulsively. "It is good to know that there are still men left in the world like you—Knights of the Table Round, who think nothing of their own danger, so long as they may help others!"

Taking the hand which she held out to him, Alec McKensie did not let go of it. He stepped forward from the fireplace in the English drawing-room nearer to her, and his voice vibrated with deeper feeling when he spoke again.

"In days of old," said he, "ever



"The chief declares," answered Alec, "that a member of the tribe was shot and killed by one of our number."

ight had a lady fair—it was the ought of her faith in him that kept m from turning aside in the face of anger, from the accomplishment of the mission he had set himself. He bore her ken, when he rode forth—will you ve me yours?"

In the tenseness of the moment, either was aware that the door across e drawing-room behind them had ened. George Allerton, Lucy's other, stood on the threshold. His outh hung loosely open, while his eyes

man on the threshold of the room had turned to go out again, and, in doing so, he had stumbled awkwardly against the door.

The girl looked over her shoulder, and her face clouded with quick anxiety:

"George! What has happened?"

With a little gesture of apology, she crossed the room to her brother's side. Alec, watching, saw her draw back from the boy—he was scarcely more than that—with a gasp of reproach.

Then, returning to the pale, wild-eyed youth on the threshold, she followed him from the drawing-room into the library across the hall. There George dropped weakly into a chair. He and his sister were all that were left of a noble English family—but there was nothing of nobility now in the young man's attitude of hopeless dejection, as he sat with his head bowed on his shaking hands.

"You promised me you wouldn't touch a drop again!" his sister began almost sharply.

"I know I did," groaned George. "I've broken my pledge to you. B-but that's not the worst. I promised Lord Thorne, too, I'd cut out drinking. He—he threatened to dismiss me from my post as undersecretary to him in the colonial office, if I turn up intoxicated again. I—I don't know how it happened this time, Lucy. 'Pon my honor. I don't! I took one drink before lunch at the club, and—and then another. I must have had a good many after that. For when I waked up in the club reading room it was after four o'clock. And—and the papers were gone."

"What papers?" she asked in quick dread.

"The—the documents that Lord Thorne had sent me out to deliver to the war office. I had to go back to him and report that they were gone. He—he saw the condition I was in. And I've been dismissed in disgrace. As an old friend of my father's, he said he would give me forty-eight hours to get out of England, instead of placing me under arrest as a traitor to my country. Yes—the papers were as important as that. If a certain foreign power has got hold of them——"

"Oh, George, *why* did you do it?" she cried despairingly.

"Because I'm a poor weakling, I suppose!" he confessed bitterly. "I couldn't let drink alone—and now I'm done for. I'm done for, I tell you! I've got to clear out, within two days. Where shall I go, Lucy? Can you tell me that?"

The girl lifted her head, the light of a sudden idea in her eyes.

"Yes, I think I can tell you that," she answered firmly. "Wait here till I return. I may be able to arrange it—I will ask him."

She reëntered the drawing-room. Alec McKensie rose from the chair before the fireplace, as he heard her foot-



"That's a lie," he informed George with deadly calm, "you *were* the one!"

ared in glassy fixity out of an ashen ace, and he put forth a hand and uted the open doorway beside him asteadily.

"I have loved you always," the tall, onized man before the fireplace was oing on, folding the girl's other hand o his, as she allowed him to do with- ut protest. "Long before I ever met ou, I was in love with the kind of oman you are. That is why my life as hitherto been free of 'love affairs' —I was waiting for you. It is for you o tell me whether I have waited in ain. In these months that we have own each other, have you come to are for me, Lucy—just a little?"

Aware of the nature of the scene pon which he had intruded, the young

"Oh, you've been drinking again!" he heard her say under her breath.

George lifted one wavering hand and passed it over his brow. He made two ineffectual efforts to speak before he could get the words out.

"C-come into the library, Lucy," he stammered thickly. "I—I've got something to tell you."

She looked around at the man she had left before the fireplace. He had considerably turned his back, having seen enough to know the condition her brother was in. The girl retraced her steps to his side, her eyes lowered in embarrassment.

"My brother," she murmured, "is—is ill. If you will excuse me for a moment? I want you to wait."

step, and turned to face her, with a question in his eyes.

Lucy Allerton, blushing, held out both her hands to him.

"You asked me, a few moments ago," said she, "whether I had learned to care for you a little. It is more than that. I think I have always loved you, too. Your sort of man was also my ideal. I—I am proud to call you my knight. And I will give you a token, if you wish it, to carry with you on this mission into Africa on which you are bound."

His eyes alight, Alec drew her into his arms.

"What is it to be," he asked—"this token?"

"My brother," Lucy answered. She repeated the story which George had just told her of his disgrace. "Will you take him with you and make a man of him, for my sake?"

Alec's face grew grave.

"It will be taking him into danger," he warned. "I cannot tell what the feelings of the natives will be toward us. And then there is the unhealthiness of the climate to be thought of; the rigors of day-long tramps through the wilderness, all sorts of hardships to be undergone. You are not afraid to send him through that?"

"I am not afraid," she answered simply, "if he is with you."

And Alec, as he bent to seal their betrothal with the first kiss, promised that he would take her brother with him and do all that lay in his power to effect his reformation.

"Gad, but it's hot!"

George Allerton spoke petulantly. He sat with Alec McKensie and Doctor Adamson, an old friend of Alec's, who had accompanied him on most of his expeditions into the unexplored regions of the globe, in a tent in the heart of the African jungle.

Alec, who was writing, and the doctor, who was mending the strap of one of his leather puttees, both ignored the young man's remark. After a moment or two of silence, George demanded:

"Can't I have a drink?"

Alec looked up, with a frown.

Hitherto George Allerton had pleaded on his knees before the explorer for his drink almost as a child, and this was the first time he had asked even this boldly. Was he returning to his old self?

"You've already had your day's allotment of brandy from the medicine chest, with the rest of us," he said sternly. "It's all you'll get."

At that moment, the tent flap lifted, and the other member of the party entered.

"The chief of the tribe wants to see you, McKensie," announced McInnery in a surly tone. "It's for some custom or other these tribes insist on following, to speed the departing guest. We're all expected to attend."

Alec rose, putting away his writing materials, and went toward the opening of the tent, followed by Doctor

loved, due to the dimness of the interior of the tent. With a shrug, I went out after McInnery and Doctor Adamson. George was alone. He got up, after a moment, and tiptoed to the medicine chest.

"I'm going to have a drink," he muttered to himself, "and a good stiff one too!"

He drew the cork out of a three-quarters-full bottle of brandy, and raised it to his lips. The first drink was followed by another, and that by a third. A half hour later, he hurled the empty bottle to the ground. His cheeks were flushed, and his eyes glittered with a



George had pleaded on his knees before the explorer, almost as a child.

Adamson. Looking back over his shoulder at George Allerton, Alec inquired:

"Coming, George?"

"No, I'm not!" snapped the young man. "You and the doctor and McInnery go ahead. I'll stay here, out of the heat."

Alec did not detect the crafty light in the eyes of the brother of the girl he

unnatural brightness—he was hopelessly drunk.

Swaying unsteadily as he stood in the center of the tent, George smiled tip-sily at some thought that occurred to him.

"Why not?" he murmured thickly, half aloud. "We're going to clear out of here this afternoon—Alec's work is

one, and we're bound back for civilization—I could get away with it, all right."

Lifting the flap of the tent, he stepped outside.

A quarter of an hour later, down by the stream that flowed near the camp of the tribe whose friendship Alec McInnery had won, a native girl turned, with a cry of alarm, as she felt herself seized from the rear round the waist.

"Don't be afraid," George Allerton reassured her, with a maudlin laugh. "I won't hurt you!"

The girl cried out in fright a second time, struggling to free herself of the drunken white man's embrace. And the next moment, the bushes parting behind him, George was seized, in turn, by a curly native, who had been drawn to the scene by the girl's cries. Tearing his arm from the girl's waist, the savage spun George around by the wrist and flung him to the earth.

With an oath, George picked himself up and tugged at the revolver in the holster at his hip, his face contorted with blind, unreasoning rage.

"I'll teach you to lay your dirty hands on a white man!" he snarled at the native; and, with the words, he fired.

The savage flung up his hands and pitched to the ground—dead.

Then, the evil grin returning to his face, George again grasped the native girl. Dumb with fright now, she struggled once more to get out of his arms, but in vain—they tightened around her, while the white face she feared, with its leering smile, drew nearer and nearer to her own.

It was an hour later when George returned to the tent.

He was thoroughly sober once more, and his face was paler than usual. Alec, Doctor Adamson, and McInnery had backed up the party's traps, and were ready to set forth on the long tramp back to the coast from the jungle "hinterland," into which they had penetrated—thus far without encountering any trouble from the natives.

"Where have you been?" Alec asked impatiently.

"Oh, just taking a walk around," the young man replied, with assumed carelessness in his tone.

"It's funny you did that, when you said you were going to stay in here out of the heat," remarked Alec, regarding him from under a suspicious frown.

"Well—help us strike the tent, and let's get started."

It was a half hour after the party had departed from the camp of the native tribe, following a further interchange of good wishes with the chieftain and his assembled people, that a native girl came running breathlessly out of the jungle into the village of thatched-roofed huts and flung herself, weeping, at the chief's feet.

She told her story of George Allerton's killing of the native and his subsequent attack upon her.

Ten minutes later, the war drums were beating. The warriors of the tribe, to the number of half a hundred, armed themselves with shields and spears and set out after the four white men at a tireless, space-devouring lope, with the chieftain at their head.

George Allerton, lagging in the rear of the others with the lightest pack of all strapped to his shoulders, was the first to catch sight of their pursuers.

He gave the alarm to Alec, his lips twitching with sudden fear.

"Maybe they're coming after us to act as an escort part way through the jungle," McInnery suggested. "They were friendly enough to—"

His words were cut short by a spear that tore through the pith helmet on his head and swept it off.

"They mean business!" said Alec curtly. "However friendly they may have been toward us an hour ago, their feelings have undergone a complete change—for some unknown reason. They're on the warpath, as you can tell from the assagais and shields they're carrying. And we're their quarry, as the spear that's just 'lifted' your hat, McInnery, convincingly proves. They've halted. Now the chief is advancing. He calls for a parley—I'll go and see what he wants."

Five minutes later, Alec returned to the others, his lips pressed grimly together.

"What's angered them at us?" demanded Doctor Adamson.

"The chief declares," answered Alec, "one of the tribe was shot and killed an hour before we left the camp, by one of our number. The native had gone to the rescue of one of the maidens who was being attacked by one of us, when he was killed. There is only one of us who was out of sight of the others during that time. That one was—you!" and as he brought out the last word,

Alec stepped in front of George and leveled an accusing finger at him.

"No—I didn't—didn't have anything to do with it!" stammeringly protested the youth. "It wasn't me—"

With a deft movement, Alec whipped the revolver from his holster. He "broke" it, spilling out the cartridges, on his palm. Two of them were empty and powder-streaked.

"That's a lie!" he informed George, with deadly calm. "You *were* the one."

George hung his head before the three men, who stood regarding him in silence.

"What does the chief want us to do?" asked McInnery at length.

"We are to give up the murderer of the tribesman," replied Alec grimly, "to be put to death by torture. Or all of us will be killed."

McInnery, an oddly gloating expression on his face, stepped forward to confront Alec.

The latter had told him and Doctor Adamson why he had made George a member of the party: because his sister, to whom he was engaged, had asked him to. McInnery had been in love with Lucy himself. With the knowledge that Alec had won her away from him, black hatred had surged up in his heart against his one-time friend. But now, in the crisis which George had brought about by his folly, McInnery had seen a way to remove Alec from his path, and he was quick to act upon it.

"They don't know which one of us assaulted the girl and killed the savage, do they?" he demanded of Alec.

"No. They want us to settle that point—and then turn the man over to them."

"Are you going to let her brother die on the torture fire?" McInnery asked softly. "Would that be the fine, the noble, thing for you to do under the circumstances? Or wouldn't it be for you to sacrifice yourself in his place—declare that you were the guilty one, and die to give her back her brother's life? Have you the courage to do it—for her?"

"No, no!" protested the doctor. "For God's sake, McInnery—"

Alec, lifting his head, interrupted him.

"McInnery is right," he said quietly. "It is the thing for me to do. I will cheerfully lay down my life—not for his sake—but for that of the girl I love."

McInnery's eyes gleamed with tri-

umph. But he counted without George Allerton.

"Stop!"

The boy's cheeks were still deathly white, but all the cringing fear had gone out of his eyes as he leveled them on Alec's.

"I will die," he announced bravely, "as it is right that I should. I am to blame, and I will pay the penalty—if they can take me!" As he spoke, he took back the revolver which Alec, after slipping back the loaded cartridges into

for mine. I have sinned—it is right that I should pay the penalty, like a man. That was what she sent me out with you for. She told me so, the night before we left England. You were to make a man of me. Well, you have done it—by your example just now. I am going to stay here and prove it by dying to save you all from the consequences of the scrape I've got you into. Run for it!" And he finished by firing a shot at the drawn-up line of savages ahead of them.

took a solemn oath that they would never reveal the real cause that had led up to George Allerton's death—should be allowed to die a hero in his sister's eyes.

In England, McInnery brooded over the failure of his plan to remove Al McKensie as a successful suitor from Lucy Allerton's hand, and his brooding finally resulted in the determination to break his vow to the others.

He called on Lucy one night, a fo



But George Allerton, knowing that death must come, fought valiantly as long as possible, using the butt of his rifle when his ammunition was gone.

it, still held in his hand. "You three run for it, and I'll stay behind to fight them off as long as I can. I've got cartridges enough in my belt to keep shooting until you've got far enough away through the jungle to make it unlikely that they can catch you. Go now, and leave me!"

"No, I will stay," protested Alec. "You go back with McInnery and the doctor to your sister—"

"I know what Lucy would wish, if she knew what had happened!" George checked him impatiently. "It would not be that you should lay down your life

Outnumbered fifty to four, there was nothing Alec, McInnery, and the doctor could do but follow the boy's advice—run for it. And this they did, leaving him to the fate he had brought upon himself, a lone man armed only with a revolver and a rifle. But George Allerton, knowing that death must come, fought valiantly as long as possible, using the butt of the rifle when his ammunition was gone.

Arrived at the coast, where they learned that a steamer that would take them back to civilization was expected to touch the next day, the three men

night after the party's return from Africa without her brother, and led the conversation around to the scene in the jungle, where George had last been seen alive by himself, the doctor, and Alec—not a difficult feat, since she was eager to hear all she could of her brother's noble sacrifice of his life to save the others, as she had been given to understand was the circumstance under which he had met his end.

"It's queer how a man you've always thought brave will show up in his true colors under fire," McInnery remarked musingly; and then he checked him-

elf, as though he felt that he had said more than he should.

"What do you mean?" asked the girl, arching his face in surprise.

McInnery rose to take his departure. "I've said too much already," he answered—"more than I meant to. But I can't help adding this: You'll never hear me say again that Alec McKensie doesn't know the meaning of the word ear. That's all."

Lucy rose, too, an anxious crease between her brows.

"You must explain that, Mr. McInnery," she said emphatically. "You are hinting at something I do not know—that I have a right to know. What

were the true circumstances surrounding my brother's death?"

With a mocking smile, McInnery answered:

"Ask Alec."

Lucy did so, the very next day. And, of course, he refused to break the pledge he had made with the others not to reveal the truth. What was Lucy to think? Only what McInnery wanted her to—that it had been due to some act of cowardice on Alec's part that her brother had lost his life. She broke off her engagement with him, and he left the house, with her last words, "I never want to see you again!" ringing in his ears—without speaking.

But Doctor Adamson, Alec's staunch friend, when he saw how affairs were turning out, broke his word. He went to Lucy and told her, not only why George had been slain by the savages, but also of the sacrifice Alec had desired to make by giving himself to the torture of the natives in her brother's stead.

She saw the greater sacrifice he had been about to make—of losing her love, rather than cause her the pain of finding out the truth of the worthless end her brother had come to. And so she sent for Alec McKensie, the explorer—to claim the kingdom he had won—her heart.

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

WELL, the film critics that were belittling about the high prices the Triangle Film Corporation were to charge for admission to their feature plays are singing a different tune now. The reason: The Triangle opening was a grand success in every way, and a record crowd was on hand to view the initial performance at the Knickerbocker Theater, and since that time the place has been packed. These wise critics will have to harp on something else for a while now.

Seena Owen, the Majestic-Triangle leading lady, who was formerly known as Signe Auen, has been given some very big parts in some of the new Triangle features. We can't blame Seena for changing her name, and neither could you if you could but hear a few of the many ways it was pronounced.

Elsie Gardener had a funny experience while working in a picture the other day. She was playing the part of a cabaret dancer in "The Wolf Girl," a wonderful two-reel drama that will be released shortly. Her part called for her to make love to a middle-aged man, and on talking with the man between scenes Elsie found out that he was related to her. It's a small world, after all.

My, what a pleasure it is to see Mack Bennett on the screen once more. He certainly had everybody in the Knickerbocker Theater in convulsions at his funny antics in "My Valet." Raymond

Hitchcock was billed as the star, but Raymond was hardly noticed, although he performed his part very well indeed, as only he is capable of. Mack, however, had all eyes trained on him, waiting for his next move, and, believe me, he had many new bits of business. Mabel Normand and Fred Mace also put over some good comedy.

I'm up against it now for sure! I promised to name the five best-dressed women in filmdom. Said I'd ask some of my friends of the fairer sex to help me out. Did they not? They did—not! All of them insisted that no one had anything on them. For the matter of that, most of them had very little on themselves! Therefore, without their aid, I had to take a chance and pick 'em out myself. Here goes, and may Heaven have mercy on me!

1. Beverly Bayne. 2. Anita Stewart. 3. Beatrice Allen. 4. Bessie Barriscale. 5. Gertrude Bambrick. I suppose Sophie Clutts will be jealous.

Tom Ince seems to be running in a little hard luck lately. Richard Stanton, the actor-director of his company, who has put out some of the best photo plays that have left the Ince studios, is now with the Universal, and Thomas Chatterton, the young Crane Wilbur, another of the actor-directors, has left Ince and joined the Universal. What is the matter, Tom?

Speaking of the Universal, they cer-

tainly are collecting quite a corps of capable directors for their many producing companies. Henry Otto, the former American director, is now working with that company.

Press Agent Kenneth A. O'Hara, of the Tom Ince aggregation, sends out an interesting little item about Billie Burke's first day at the Inceville studio. That is a little experience of hers before she reached the studio. It starts off by telling how she enjoyed her trip on her private yacht, and finishes up with a story about a wild cat jumping out in front of her ninety-nine-horsepower Senseless Six, and trying to attack the beautiful Billie Burke, but Billie, with skillful endeavor, et cetera, et cetera, thwarted the villainous cat, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. What does this sound like to you? It sounds like—Kenneth A. O'Hara to me.

Charlotte Taylor, the beautiful comedienne and former musical-comedy star, has been signed up by the Federal Film Company to appear in comedies under the direction of Mr. Smaltz.

Henry Walthall will rejoin the Biograph. Henry will be signed up by Equitable, and the Triangle will also sign up Henry. Walthall will also start a feature company of his own. If all these rumors materialize, Henry will be a very busy man this season. Should Henry carry them all out, he would yet be far, far behind Edwin August as a place jumper.

Stork's Nest

(METRO)

By Joseph Ivers Lawrence

An air of mystery surrounded everything that took place about Benton Cabot in the little mountain abode where he was staying. The Stork's nest was the mysterious place—the home of Bijé Stork and his strange family—and a nest was the only name it merited. Only one thing there was about it that interested Cabot and that was Emmy Garrett, and he also interested her, but they were just a source of amusement to each other because of their difference. How the mystery very suddenly was made clear and what its clearing led to, are told in this story based on the picture production of the same name of the Metro Pictures Corporation. The cast included:

Emmy Garrett.....Mary Miles Minter
Benton Cabot.....Niles Welch
Bijé Stork.....Charles Prince

[SEEN a man dressed up like you once, but he had a show with some performin' dogs, an' was a-sellin' rheumatiz liniment; he was fixed up ter look funny a-purpose."

The words were uttered by Emmy Garrett as frankly as though they had been graciously complimentary. Emmy was distinctly of the mountains; a child of the elements and sister to the gay and sturdy birds and flowers that weathered the mountain gales and tempests.

Benton Cabot flushed and gazed at the strange girl in blank surprise. For the first time in his life he found trim and well-tailored clothes a source of embarrassment and lack of ease.

"I'm sorry that you don't care for my appearance," he said, with mock humility. "A lot of men dress like this down where I come from, but, you see, I'm not up on the latest styles around here."

"Now ye're tryin' to get back at me, an' be smart!" retorted Emmy, her great eyes flashing fire from their mysterious depths. "I don't care! All you folks from the city are stuck up an' proud, I reckon. But, come along! I'll show ye the way to yer shack—an' it ain't much of a shack, at that!"

"No, I dare say it isn't," agreed Cabot soberly, as the girl started off with the long, lithe strides of a mountain creature, and he fell into step with her. "I'm not expecting to find a mansion waiting for me. My father had a good deal of property at one time, but I guess it dried up and blew away. This little farm and the shack were all he

had to leave me, and it's all I have in the world. I'm anxious to see it, even if it doesn't amount to much."

Emmy detected the note of melancholy in his voice, and grew solicitous. "Oh, the place ain't so bad as it might be," she said. "The land—well, the land's all there, I reckon; an' it's all right, as fur as it goes. Ye won't try to work no land, I reckon, with them clothes on, will yer?"

"What can I do, if they're all I have?" he returned, a little curtly, as he saw her gay air of flippancy returning.

The girl was of a type distinctly new to him. She was beautiful, in a bold, free way, and, although she was clearly unlettered and picturesquely primitive, she disconcerted him with her attitude of vague superiority. He had asked her to direct him to his mountain cabin, which he had never seen, about five minutes before, and their acquaintance began at that moment; yet she was criticizing him and mocking him with all the assurance of an old friend.

They followed the mountain road until Emmy halted at the intersection of a narrow trail.

"It's jest over yonder," she announced, pointing the way to the new direction.

They could not walk abreast in the path, and Cabot stepped to one side, bowing and indicating that she was to precede him.

She laughed boisterously. "Go ahead yerself!" she exclaimed; "then I c'n keep an eye on yer. We don't 'low strangers to walk behind us, here in these parts."

Cabot felt a flush of anger rising to his face, but he forced a laugh, shrugged his shoulders, and marched ahead of his guide.

They came presently to his ancestral domain, and the girl saw his face lengthen and his brows gather darkly as she pointed it out to him. It was a less alluring place, even, than his guide had painted it: a tract of sticks and stones and stubble, with a building which seemed, if anything, too poor to be the habitation of the bats and owl of the all-concealing night.

"I reckon ye won't be stoppin' her long," said the girl, with a puzzling mixture of banter and pity. "Ye're short-dressed up enough ter go 'most any where, but where are ye goin'?"

"That's jest what I don't know," he answered dully. "I'm at my journey's end, but I've no new journey to begin. What's a fellow to do, alone in the wilderness with nothing to his name but a suit of clothes that make young women laugh?"

Emmy surveyed him comically, her round young arms akimbo, and her fine head tilted at a saucy angle.

"You're a queer one!" she summed up after due reflection. "If ye're really a bad off as ye make out, I reckon ye'll have ter go to work, like other men I'll take ye up to Bijé Stork's place, mebber he'll set ye ter work."

"Bijé Stork!" exclaimed Benton Cabot, dwelling on the ugly quaintness of the name. "It's good of you, Miss Garrett, to take so much interest in me, but, you see, I hardly know—where

am at, so to speak. What sort of work has this Mr. Stork for me to do?"

"Ye'll have ter find that out fer yerself!" she replied sharply, eying him with a peculiar coldness. "What Bijie Stork has ter do is his own business; 'ain't none o' mine. Want to go?"

"I guess you know what's best for me, better than I do myself," he answered humbly; "I'll follow your lead." "Come on, then," she ordered, start-

and rudely cultivated gardens. "What does he do?"

"Don't ask too many questions, an' ye won't get so many lies told to yer!" said Emmy sharply. "If Bijie has got anything fer you to do, he'll tell yer, straight. If he ain't, he'll tell yer that, too."

She hailed a poor, prematurely shriveled wisp of a creature on the steps of the cabin by the name of Crishy, and

more as he would an old enemy rather than a new friend. To the surprise of the young city man, Bijie Stork was open to offers of *unskilled* labor, and for a native of that mountain region he was amazingly good-humored.

Si Stork, Bijie's brother—and husband of the lamentable Crishy—was present at the interview, and Cabot was presented also to Hiram Garrett, grandfather of Emmy, and a near neighbor.



Benton Cabot met Bijie Stork more as an old enemy than a new friend.

ing off; "but ye'd better not try any o' them hifalutin manners on Bijie—he'll kill hisself a-laughin'!"

The Storks proved to be near neighbors to the ruined Cabot place, and the man and the girl stopped at the rough, but perfectly habitable cabin after a short walk.

"Mr. Stork hasn't much of a farm here, as far as I can see," Cabot remarked dubiously, glancing at the small

asked for the "menfolks." Crishy seemed too feeble and short of breath to make any formal answer, but she waved a bony claw toward the woodshed, and squeaked something unintelligible.

To the woodshed they went, and there the introductions were achieved with bewildering brevity and lack of form, and Cabot met Bijie, who was carrying a mule whip for no apparent reason,

"I reckon I c'n help Crishy out some with the chores in the house," said Emmy presently, "so I'll leave you menfolks ter talk."

"I seen yer dad once, when he was down here fer a spell," Bijie said genially, "an' I 'low ye take after 'im some. Ye're a pretty stocky-built young feller. Can ye wrestle?"

"I've boxed and wrestled a little," answered Cabot modestly.

"Wrastlin's where I come in, all right," boasted Bijé. "Jes' for fun, now, friend, le's see if ye can throw me down. Si an' old Hiram—they'll stan' by an' 'see fair play."

"I don't mind," answered Cabot, startled by the suddenness of the proposal, but undismayed. And, as Bijé Stork seemed impatient of any delay, the newcomer promptly took off his coat and waistcoat.

The bout, refereed, witnessed, and applauded jointly by the other men, was not retarded or hampered by such superficial things as rules or precedents. Bijé, grinning hugely, and evidently free from anything like malice, showed himself grimly intent from the start upon getting Cabot in a grizzly-bear hug and eliminating anything like weak sentiment from the contest.

The burly mountaineer stamped and kicked, not averse to crushing the feet of his opponent, and his great hands and arms pawed and flailed the air in mighty efforts to beat down, if not to maim, the opposing factors.

It was brute force and wild-animal tactics, but Benton Cabot knew in an instant that all his science and wrestling skill would be needed to save him from something more painful than mere defeat.

He dodged and ducked, with all the crafty footwork that he knew, evading clinches and seeking shrewdly for a favorable opening. All the laws and traditions of the wrestling mat were thrust aside, and the city man wildly drew upon all the tricks he had learned of ju-jutsu and the rudiments of self-defense.

Bijé caught him once and swung him over his hip, but a quick wriggle and a favorite trick of the Japs freed him and set him on his feet once more. Then, as he saw an evil gleam come into the mountaineer's eye, and a resolute stiffening of the huge frame, he stepped in with reckless abandon, caught him with the one hold in the world that would suffice, and bent him swiftly backward, until he was bowed like a crescent, with his arms and legs as helpless as a child's.

Bijé writhed and snorted in fierce amazement for a moment; then he quivered with the tenseness of the muscular strain and breathed hard in physical anguish.

With a quick movement of his foot, Cabot threw the other's feet from under

him, then thrust him quickly down and held him with his back squarely on the floor.

"By jinks! I claim he's down!" exclaimed Hiram Garrett.

"Ye shore aire down, Bijé!" agreed Si Stork, grimly and without enthusiasm.

Benton Cabot let go his hold and got up, and Bijé snorted, shook himself, and blundered slowly to his feet.

"All right," he mumbled grudgingly, but without evident resentment, "I can't say as how I wasn't down. Ye're a pretty husky young feller, but I 'low you won't never put me down ag'in. Ye caught me when I wa'n't watchin' out.

"Well, friend," he went on, after a moment of moody reflection, "we won't talk no more 'bout wrastlin' ter-day, but ye can go ter work, an' Si will show yer what ter do. We'll fix up a bunk fer you in the house, an' ye can stop here with us fer a spell—if ye do yer work willin' an' proper."

Benton Cabot "stopped fer a spell" with the Stork household, and worked hard for a small wage. There was nothing congenial about the situation, but it was, in its way, means to an end. It gave him a chance to accumulate slowly enough money to return to the city when the time was ripe, it made it possible for him to exist, and he had an opportunity to study the barren property that was his patrimony and learn if anything could be done to make it yield a return for labor and time.

To Bijé Stork, he took an instinctive dislike from the first, and the brother Si occupied no higher place in his estimation. Crishy was always an object of pity—a comparatively young woman, made old and decrepit by grueling labor and abuse—and Cabot never missed an opportunity to give her a kind word or a helping hand.

About the whole place there was a vague air of mystery, but whatever mystery there might be, it was well concealed, and the man from the city knew better than to betray the curiosity that he could not banish from his mind. Even the woodshed, where the wrestling bout had taken place, became a place of mystery, for the stranger was forbidden to approach it.

On his first day of employment he was attracted to the woodshed by muffled sounds of disorder there, but

Bijé, red and scowling, met him at the entrance and turned him back.

"All right," said Cabot, halting as his employer waved him away from the place. "I was hoeing the turnips, over there, and I heard a noise as though there was some one in distress. I came over——"

"Better go back ter the turnips," interrupted Bijé curtly. "There ain't nothin' goes on in this woodshed that ain't the way I want it to go on, and the best thing you can do, young man, is ter stay outen it altogether, all the time. I'm busy here, an' I don't want no one botherin' of me, so you jes' mind yer eye an' keep away from this shed."

Cabot returned to his work, puzzled, but quietly amused; and he told the story to Emmy Garrett. Emmy, however, failed to appreciate the humor of it, and warned him gravely that he would do well to keep a safe distance from the shed, whatever happened in the future.

Emmy was a daily visitor at the cabin, and her acquaintance with the new man developed into something like a cordial enmity. The beautiful, but hoydenish young girl was forever seeking to harass Benton Cabot at his work with pointed gibes and hilarious banter. When his hands were blistered she put it down to unmanly softness, and when his clothes were torn and spotted with red clay she laughed raucously at the picture he made.

His retorts were usually ready and keen, but they were often a bit too subtle for her appreciation. Their casual meetings frequently ended in high words, and bitter recriminations on the part of the girl. Bijé Stork would stand by on some occasions and wag his head with gleeful relish of Emmy's sallies. It was plain to Cabot that Bijé was fond of her in his uncouth way, and had every intention of marrying her, but Emmy was independent and flippant toward every one except Crishy, and the tenderer sentiments had yet to show themselves in her nature.

Sometimes in the evening, when the long day's work was done, Cabot would go over to the Garrett cabin and sit on the doorstep with Emmy and her grandfather, and the old man would chuckle sleepily over his pipe as he listened to the younger ones' rapid fire of rough humor and repartee.

There was a half-witted lad named Jim Whitlicks in the mountain settle-

ment, slavishly devoted to Emmy Garrett and slavishly subservient to Bijie and Si Stork. Cabot saw him frequently, but had few words with him, for the boy was usually trotting after Bijie like a spaniel.

Jim came to the Stork cabin one afternoon when Cabot was working in the field. He started, it seemed, to go to Cabot, but Bijie hailed him from the cabin and called him to his side. The boy had a paper in his hand, and, after a moment of low talk, Bijie boxed his ears, and took the paper from him.

A few minutes later, Emmy, sitting on the doorstep of her cabin, saw Bijie stalking up the footpath.

"Howdy, Bijie!" she called indifferently. "Where's Bent Cabot?"

"Ye sent Jim over fer 'im, didn't ye?" inquired the man.

Emmy nodded. "Didn't wanter come, I reckon," she drawled.

"I reckon so," said Bijie. "Bent Cabot, he's too much took up with 'imself ter bother 'bout other folks. He said fer me to tell yer he'd see ye some other time."

Emmy sniffed contemptuously, and laughed, but the laugh was unnaturally harsh.

Old Hiram heard Bijie's voice, and came out, and, after a while, as the two men chatted, the girl slipped quietly away. She walked resolutely to the Stork cabin, to see for herself if Cabot was too busy to heed her request, and she experienced an unpleasant disappointment when she saw that the garden was not claiming his attention. She went past the cabin and through the woods beyond without seeing him, but as she neared the main road she heard his voice, with other voices.

Quietly concealing herself behind bushes, she stole forward, and her staring eyes fell upon the uncommon sight of an automobile standing in the highway—one of the half dozen, or less, of such conveyances that ventured into the perilous mountain roads during a season.

Cabot was leaning against the door of the touring car, chatting animatedly with the occupants, two of whom were women, and Emmy noted, with fierce resentment, that Cabot was laughing, and thoroughly at ease with the city people.

She muttered angrily to herself, crept back into the woods, and ran for home.

"Look a-here, Emmy!" called the old

man, as she started to enter the cabin, "what's all this I hear 'bout you sparkin' with that city feller? Bijie, he says ye're always hangin' round over to his place when Bent Cabot's workin' in the garden patch. I don't care if the feller comes here an' sets on the doorstep of an evenin', but I won't have ye taggin' round after him. Yer spoke for, already, Emmy, and Bijie is yer man!"

"That's a fac', an' ye know it, gal!" said Bijie, gazing at her flying hair and flushed cheeks with ardent admiration.

born an' raised up right here, an' I don't 'low I'm ever goin' away. When I get ready ter pick my man, it won't be no city feller, I reckon."

"The gal's got a head on them shoulders, Bijie!" chuckled old Hiam. "Don't ye s'pose, Emmy, that Bijie'll be 'bout the right feller when the time comes?"

Emmy bit her lip, and twisted the corners of her apron nervously. She scowled angrily as she thought of the picture she had just seen, of Cabot talking and laughing with the city people in



It was brute force and wild-animal tactics.

"I may be spoke for, but I ain't spoke myself!" Emmy declared hotly.

"You watch out, Emmy," said Bijie, "or that feller'll shore get to thinkin' yer dead set fer 'im. An' he ain't got no kind o' use fer you, gal. His daddy was a stuck-up, no-'count city feller. You 'low to yerself that he's in love with yer, an' ye'll get laughed at pretty soon. He'll go off to the city, an' ye'll never see 'im again."

Emmy shrugged her shoulders magnificently. "Bent Cabot!" she exclaimed disdainfully. "What would I ever care 'bout him, I wanter know? I jes' go over ter make game o' him an' his swell clothes. S'pose I'd want a feller like him to care anything 'bout me? I was

the automobile, after he had sent word to her that he had no time to see her that day. Still scowling, she glanced at the burly Bijie, and wondered, dully, if Cabot would be sorry when he heard that she was going to marry Bijie. She would like to tell him that Bijie was a man—different from city chaps that wore swell clothes.

"I reckon it will be Bijie, when the time comes," she said suddenly, scarcely realizing the significance of the words.

Stork uttered a whoop of exultation, and lurched toward Emmy to seize her in his great arms, but she gave a little cry of alarm, and darted past him, into the cabin.

Heavy clouds gathered over the moun-

tains at dusk, and driving rain came with the rising wind. Benton Cabot got the horses from the pasture and secured them in the ramshackle barn, and while he was about it Jim Whitlicks came to him, cringing, with his characteristic nervous starts and furtive glances over his shoulder.

"Ye didn't make out ter get yer letter from Emmy, did yer?" he whined softly.

"What letter do you mean?" demanded Cabot.

Jim glared about him apprehensively. "Bije Stork tuk it from me," he whimpered. "Emmy, she sent me with th' letter, tellin' of yer to come to see her right off. Bije, he tuk th' letter an' stuck it in his pocket, an' went ter see 'er, 'stead of you. He's a right smart feller, Bije is!"

Cabot's face was dark with anger, but he spoke kindly to the boy. "Better not tell any one that you talked to me about it, Jim," he said, "or you'll get into trouble."

He finished the work for the night, and then went directly to the Garrett cabin by the short cut, although the mountain stream that he had to ford was already a rushing torrent from the heavy rain.

It was quite dark when he knocked on the door, and the wind and rain were becoming so violent that he had to bend before them and shield his face.

"What you doin' here? What yer want?" cried the girl, as she opened the door; but she let him step in, out of the storm.

"I came to tell you, Emmy," said Cabot gently, "that Bije Stork got the note you sent to me to-day, and I should never have known of it, but Jim told me just now. I came over to tell you, and to ask you what you wanted of me."

Emmy's eyes flashed dangerously. "Yer city friends in the auto—they've gone away, and now yer haven't nothing better to do than come an' lie ter me!" she cried. "I ain't any use fer you, nohow, an' I do mortally hate a feller that plays tricks on yer an' then lies about it. I don't want ye here, Bent Cabot, an' ye'd better git! Go on up to yer shack that yer daddy lef' yer, an' fix it so's 'twill keep the rain off'n yer!"

"But, my dear girl——"

"I ain't no dear gal o' yours!" she

broke in hotly. "Ye better git out, I tell yer!"

He started to smile at her wild burst of temper, but almost quailed before it, grew serious and hurt, and turned to the door.

"If you would listen to me, Emmy," he said, "you would——"

"Git out!" she cried again, and he obeyed her without another remonstrance.

The tempest had increased tenfold in the short time that he had been in the cabin, and he had to brace himself against its blast. With head down and coat wrapped tightly around him, he struggled toward the ford, not keen to wade through the flood again, but intent on making the best possible time to his shelter.

The stream was raging and hurling billows of white foam over the rocks, but he set his teeth, and strode boldly into it. The ford, normally about ten feet across, was now nearer twenty. His feet slipped and skidded upon the rocks, and the torrent battered against him like an avalanche of ice.

He fought his way to midstream, then rallied all his forces for a final dash; but a rock gave way beneath him, he lost his balance, and in an instant he was floundering helplessly in the rapids, fighting madly for life as the current bore him into deeper water.

As he battled for the forlorn hope that was left him, of touching the precipitous shore before consciousness fled, he heard a shrill, eerie cry above the roar of the waters. He renewed his struggles and lifted his head above the foam, and he saw a stout sapling swaying over him. The sapling swung lower, and he leaped up and grasped it with both hands.

The fight was not yet won, however. The rescuer on the bank tugged and strove valiantly against the mighty enemy, and the exhausted man clung to the branch and struggled on. Then, after what seemed like horrible, merciless hours, his feet touched solid ground, and he was dragged up the bank to safety.

No more than half alive, he turned his head and strained his throbbing eyes to see his rescuer; and he saw Emmy bending over him, white-faced, her shoulders heaving with convulsive sobs.

Cabot was as grateful as honest men are when their lives are saved, but

Emmy met his protestations during the ensuing days with a strange coldness which no good humor or gentleness could break down.

Cabot noted, also, that Bije Stork's attitude toward him had changed to one of shifty-eyed suspicion and furtive aversion. The air of mystery in the Stork household deepened, and Bije and Si were much engaged in whispered, corner conversations.

Cabot awoke in the night and heard weird, unnatural cries of anguish. Alarmed, he threw on some clothes and rushed out of the cabin, but Bije, fully dressed, came from the woodshed at the same moment and ordered him peremptorily back to his bunk, reminding him that his safest course lay in strict attention to his own business. Thus the perplexing mystery of the woodshed gained a larger place in his fancy, and he had much to ponder on in his waking hours.

Emmy's coldness continued, and she avoided him when she could, spending most of her time with Crishy in the cabin.

"I reckon if I had some good cloth ter make clothes out of, with ribb'n an' tassels an' things, I'd look 'bout as well as Bent Cabot's lady friends from the city," she said to Si Stork's wife one morning.

Crishy was no longer romantic, so she did not catch the humor in the observation, but she agreed with Emmy in her dull, dispirited way, and the result of their one-sided discussion was the sending of poor Jim Whitlicks on a momentous mission to the county seat. Jim carried money for cloth and ribbons and tassels in his pocket, with a note of specifications for the eye of the storekeeper. On his way, Jim changed that money for an equal amount of money from his own pocket, and was vastly pleased with himself for certain reasons.

Hicky Price, the storekeeper, read the note, and grinned; then he grinned again as he looked at Jim over the counter and received in his willing palm the money that the half-witted lad counted out.

Hicky Price counted the money over again for verification, then fell to examining it minutely. He looked hard at Jim Whitlicks, grinned again, rather unpleasantly, and disappeared into the back room of the store.

Jim waited, yawned wearily, got a

tick to whittle, and settled himself on soap box to continued waiting. Then appeared once more the storekeeper, and with him the sheriff.

"Where'd ye get all thet counterfeit money?" shrilled the county officer, catching Jim roughly by the collar.

"That money's all right!" Jim declared stoutly. "I got it off'n the folks p ter Bijе Stork's place."

The sheriff wagged his head wisely. "Ye keep 'im here, Hicky," he ordered,

parted in one of the wagons, bidding Si follow him with another to an appointed rendezvous.

Bije lashed his horse, and tore, bounding and pitching, over the rough roads, till he came to Hiram Garrett's cabin. A fast and furious conference followed, some packages changed hands, and Bije rushed at the mystified Emmy, without warning, caught her up in his bearlike arms, and bundled her into his wagon.

The girl screamed, and fought her

yip while I'm in the shack, Emmy! If ye do, I'll—"

"He'll do nothing—to you, Emmy!"

The interruption came with the startling force of a thunderclap, and the man and the girl gasped and stared. Benton Cabot stepped into view from behind a corner of the old shack and confronted Bije Stork.

"It's lucky that I came up here this morning to look over my place," said the young man quietly. "I made some



It had been Bije Stork's inhuman custom to chain Jim by his wrists and flog him with a mule-whip.

and I'll go get ready. We'll start in about half an hour."

Jim had no chance to give warning, even if he had been so disposed, but the warning went forth by that mysterious unseen current that rivals the wireless telegraph, and before the sheriff's posse had left the county seat, Bije Stork knew that his shack was their destination.

Great confusion and turmoil ensued at the Stork establishment. Poor Crisly received her nine hundred and eighty-seventh beating from her husband, on general principles, and as a token of the stress of the moment. Then Bije de-

parted in one of the wagons, bidding Si follow him with another to an appointed rendezvous. Bije cuffed and threatened her into terror-stricken submission.

Then over the rocky roads the wagon whirled again, the girl clinging to the seat and sobbing hysterically, and the man beating the now frantic horse.

With a swirl of dust and a creaking and groaning of axles and springs, they stopped at the ruined shack of Benton Cabot's ancestral estate, and Bije leaped to the ground.

"The last stop," announced the man, "an' then we'll hit out fer the next county. Don't ye move nor make a

discoveries in my shack, and I am here now to settle with you, Stork."

With a bellow of fury, Bije rushed at him, and they came together with a thudding shock. Fists fell upon hard muscle and flesh, and Emmy stood up in the wagon, wringing her hands and screaming. It was not the first man-to-man battle that she had seen, but it was the first she had seen waged for her and for her safety.

Hardened by weeks of constant labor, Cabot was well matched with his opponent, and they sparred and wrestled for their lives, nerves and muscles keyed to the highest pitch of human striving.

Cabot closed one of Bijé's eyes with a smashing blow, and well-nigh paralyzed him with a right hook placed under the ear, but Bijé roared his defiance, and battled the harder. He forced Cabot back against a jutting rock, and threw him treacherously; but as Emmy shrieked at the sight, the young man writhed and struggled free, bounded to his feet, and met the next rush.

For another minute they floundered and swirled in a haze of dust, furrow-

then the galloping of the horse, and a race began. Si Stork was habitually armed, and Cabot did not wish to expose the girl to a fusillade.

Over the perilous roads they galloped and rocked, and Cabot, looking behind him at intervals, saw that Si's fresher horse was gaining.

"Pull up, or I shoot!" yelled Si, and brandished a long-barreled shotgun, while the battered Bijé held the reins and whip.

of pursuers. The heavy vehicle creaked and clattered over the ground like an artillery train, and the cracking of whips was like scattered rifle fire.

Bijé and Si made for the heavily wooded country, sacrificing their good horse to the object of making the pursuit arduous for other horses. Two miles of rugged trail they covered, along the upper slopes of the range, and after that their horse ceased to respond to blows and yells, and lagged wearily, wavering in its gallop.

The leading pursuers began a desultory firing with rifles, shotguns, and revolvers, and the Stork brothers replied in kind.

"Catch 'em, 'fore they git to the Devil's Drop!" shouted the sheriff, and spurred his horse, but the fugitive just then came to the abrupt angle in the road which jugged over a precipice like a headland above the sea.

While Si hurled buckshot and defiance at the enemy, Bijé essayed the perilous turn with his panic-stricken, foundered horse, and the wild attempt failed.

One of the back wheels slid from the road, the wagon slewed, and, as the advancing posse thundered a chorus of horror, the two men and the horse vanished over the edge of the cliff. An instant later there was a faint crash, scarcely heard, in the ravine below, like something splashing in water.

Crishy Stork received the news of the passing of her menfolks without emotion, just as she would have taken tidings of their success. In fact, she nodded dumbly and went on darning one of Si's socks.

Jim Whitlicks, on the contrary, rejoiced unaffectedly. The end of the Stork régime freed him from a wretched servitude, and he was happy. Inquiry developed that he had shared the secret of the brother's extensive counterfeiting industry, as had Emmy and her grandfather. The woodshed had been one of the repositories for the bogus currency before it was "marketed," while the bulk of the output had been stored in Cabot's ruined cabin.

It had been Bijé Stork's inhuman custom to impress Jim with the importance of keeping a secret, by chaining him in the woodshed by the wrists, and then flogging him with a mule whip. Benton Cabot had interrupted one of these disciplinary affairs on his first day



After a moment of low talking Bijé boxed his ears and took the paper from him.

ing the ground with their feet; but with a swiftness that baffled the eye, Cabot drove a straight punch into the other's heaving midriff, and the combat was over.

Emmy uttered another cry, but it was one of joy; and Cabot, leaving Bijé senseless on the ground, leaped into the wagon and picked up the reins.

"Si will be here in minute," warned the girl. "We must go—quick!"

Cabot, flushed with victory and delight, turned the horse about and headed for the county seat. As they drove away, they heard Si Stork's wagon rattling along the road in their rear.

They heard shouts of alarm and rage,

But Cabot did not pull up. He forced his horse still onward, hoping to receive aid before the threatened clash. A chorus of loud hails and cries broke out ahead of them, and they saw, as they rounded a turn, a company of no less than twenty men, on horseback and in buggies and wagons.

Bijé Stork and his brother saw them a moment later, and Si let off both barrels of his shotgun, while Bijé pulled up, turned around, and dashed away in a new direction, taking a byroad.

Cabot turned his wagon into the brushwood and out of the road as the sheriff's posse opened up the chase and strung out in a yelling, straining column

service, and another one when he was awakened in the still hours of the night.

Emmy had lived a life of fruitless protest against the illicit enterprise, but for of the brothers and her weak-kneed grandfather had kept her lips sealed. She had sent the note to Cabot the half-witted boy, asking him to come to her, in order to draw him away from the Stork cabin on a night when the city's agent was coming to negotiate one of the periodical exchanges of new money for old. She had feared that Cabot would be drawn into the wretched business. On the same evening, when she had so rudely driven him out of her cabin into the storm, she had just learned that the men were coming later to talk with her grandfather about the money, and she had been panic-stricken. Her later rush to the ford, and her rescue of Cabot from drowning, were the fortunate results of her grief and remorse.

The Storks had manufactured their false currency for a number of years, successfully evading everything but a vague suspicion. The innocent Jim had finally given the secret away by exchanging bogus money he had childishly peddled for the real money intrusted to him by Emmy.

When the sheriff's investigation of the cabin of the counterfeiters was over for the day, and he had departed with his men, Emmy and Benton Cabot sat alone by the scene of the tragedy.

"I'm quite a husky farmer now," remarked Cabot, "and I believe I could work my old place into something decent if I had you to help me, Emmy."

Emmy blushed divinely and clapped her hands to her face. "Oh, you'd only go on laughing at me," she protested. "I don't know nothing, and I'm not fit for you, with your city clothes and ways."

"The whole trouble has been," said the man miserably, "that you have never done anything but laugh at me and make game of me."

The girl's eyes grew bright with tears. "Didn't I have ter laugh at you an' make fun o' yer clothes, so's you wouldn't make so much fun o' me an' my backwoods ways?" she asked pathetically.

"Emmy, do you really love me?" he cried, springing to his feet.

"Always did!" she sobbed, "since the very first time I set eyes on you!"

And then he took her in his arms, and in a moment she was laughing again, not at him, but with him.

"Big Bill Brent," that Hobart Bosworth is filming at the Universal studios.

Dorothy Donnelly, the star in the Metro's great feature, "Sealed Valley," portrays an Indian maiden, and the films were made in distant locations, some in Rome, Georgia, and others in Canada.

Most of the fancy dancing seen in Balboa films is done by Margaret Landis, a Southern girl, who hopes soon to be seen in real parts.

Helen is Scared.

SHE doesn't know what fear is," is no longer true of the heroine of Kalem's sensational Hazards of Helen Railroad Series. "The Watertank Plot," the newest episode of this series, taught her what fear is, and, what is more, the daring actress admits it.

Hitherto, Helen has tackled the most dangerous feats with an air of nonchalance which plainly demonstrated the fact that she and weak nerves were utter strangers. A few weeks ago, however, Kalem commenced work on "The Watertank Plot," a story which probably demanded more of the heroine, in the way of courage, than any of its predecessors in the series.

Among the things Helen was required to do were leap from a trestle to a swiftly running stream, about sixty feet below; fight in a half-filled, railroad water tank—she came within an ace of drowning in this particular scene—and jump from the arm of the water tank to the top of a passing train.

It was the latter feat which provided the Kalem actress with her first fright. In leaping, she misjudged the distance, and, instead of alighting on the center of the roof of one of the cars, struck the sloping side. But for the fact that she instinctively clutched a ventilator, Helen would have rolled to serious injury—or worse. "My heart jumped clear to my mouth when I missed my footing," the Kalem actress declared later.

It seems difficult for many picture operators to get a start—but when they finally do—oh, how they go!

According to a Western physician, a man shouldn't play baseball after he is forty. And a movie actor shouldn't play juvenile leads after he is fifty!

Film Flams

By Dean Bowman

THE Fox Film Corporation's "The Regeneration" has five hundred scenes. Anna Q. Nilsson and Rockcliffe F. Fellowes are the stars in the picture. It is the picture play of Owen W. Moore's novel, "My Mamie Rose."

Whole cities have been erected by the big Polyscope Company, in reproduction of biblical days, for Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Mizpah." The picture play is elaborate in every way.

Owen Moore, it is said, refused a flattering offer recently to play opposite Marie Janis in "The Missing Link," preferring to remain with the Griffith play-

ers. The Balboa studios have just finished the Shrine of Happiness" for Pathé, and the entire roll of films is to be sent abroad to be hand-colored.

Frank Griffin has now been in picture producing fourteen years, and he says the early days a twenty-five-foot reel

was quite a stunt, and a one-hundred-and-fifty-foot film was a feature.

Gretchen Lederer is the star of the Victor films produced by the Universal Company. She was featured in "The Tenor," with Hobart Henley, and the release was directed by Leon Kent.

Miss Irene Fenwick is the star of the Kleine studios, and will be featured more than ever under the Kleine-Edison combine. Her premier rôle is said to be the heroine in "The Com-muters."

Fred A. Turner, of the Griffith studios, has enacted a score of important parts in big features. He is eminent in "The Penitentes" in the part of a padre.

In "The Desert Calls Its Own," a man-to-man "scrap" takes place on horseback, and is a thriller. Those who know the cowboy actor, Tom Mix, can imagine how thrilling it is.

Ronald Bradbury is the author of

The Miracle of Life

(MUTUAL)

By Charles Edward Rich

It was on a dance floor that he first noticed it—her strange manner and mental attitude toward him. There was something wrong, he knew that, but what was it? She saw, after that night, the seriousness of it all—the importance of the miracle of life. Everything after that hinged on a little bottle containing a black fluid—the demon of her existence. What that bottle meant to her, and to him, is the theme of this story based on the photo play of the Mutual Film Corporation. In the cast were:

Grace Catherwood.....Marguerita Fisher

John CatherwoodJoseph E. Singleton

JOHN CATHERWOOD suddenly felt his young wife struggle gently in his arms. They were dancing to the dreamy strains of her favorite waltz, and he was holding her close in his great joy of possession that had grown and grown with each day of the few months of their happy married life.

"Are you ill, Grace, dear?" he asked anxiously, looking tenderly into her eyes.

The light that he saw there startled him, for deep down in their brown depths he seemed to read an expression of revulsion—seemed to see a flash of horror! And at the same time he felt that she was striving to free herself from his close embrace.

The large, brilliantly lighted ball-room was crowded with dancers—richly dressed women, and conventionally clad men, all friends of the Catherwoods, who were the guests of honor at the first big ball given since the young couple had returned from their long bridal tour in Europe.

Gravely puzzled, Catherwood guided his wife skillfully across the crowded floor, and led her into the conservatory that at the moment happened to be empty, save for a single pair of youthful lovers among the palms at the farther end.

"What is the matter, Grace?" asked Catherwood, as she sank onto a rustic bench dejectedly, her head drooping, and her hands clasped on her bosom. "Do you feel faint? The rooms are stifling. Let me get you a glass of wine."

"No, no," she cried impatiently. "It is nothing. It will pass shortly. Take home, please."

As she spoke she raised her eyes to

his for a moment, and he saw that the shadows in them were darkening.

Making their excuses to their hostess, Catherwood got his wife quietly into their carriage, and they were driven rapidly home.

At the door of her apartments he would have taken her in his arms, but she held him away from her, and turned away her head so that his lips only brushed her forehead. And as her eyes met his for a second he shuddered. For in that single flash he saw that they were full of tears—but they were tears of anger, abhorrence, hate!

When Grace Catherwood had been daintily groomed for the night, she dismissed her maid with outward calm, but when she had closed and locked the door of her room she threw herself upon her bed, sobbing bitterly.

"Oh, why has this thing come upon me?" she wailed. "I shall die! Oh, I hate him—I hate him!"

She buried her face in the pillows in the utter abandonment of passionate grief, and tore the scented lace with convulsive hands.

So it was that this young wife welcomed the Heaven-sent sign that a new life was to be given unto her keeping.

And in the library below, a man to whom the tidings would have brought great joy, paced the long room in an agony of mental torture. It was the first time since their wedding day that he had read anything but the deepest love and affection in the eyes of his wife.

And now had come this awful awakening! Awakening to what? The cloud had come as suddenly as comes the terrible simoom! What did it mean? He swiftly reviewed his own life, his

every action, his most vagrant thought and he could find nothing for which he could blame himself—nothing in thought or deed that could account for his wife's strange mood.

And thus acquitting himself, his wonder and grief grew. On the morrow he would learn. She must explain her strange actions.

But in the morning she refused to see him. To his knock the maid responded opening the door but a crack.

"Madame was indisposed, and would breakfast in her room. Would monsieur kindly excuse madame? No, she would not have a doctor. She would soon be better."

And so Catherwood had gone away, leaving the house in an unenviable frame of mind, for even his great love for his young wife could not entirely dispel a rising cloud of anger.

When he left the house his wife was watching him from behind the curtain of her boudoir, and the evil shadow had grown deeper in the soft, brown eyes.

As Catherwood entered his automobile, and was driven rapidly away, she turned feverishly to her maid.

"Quick, Marie!" she cried. "Dress me! My dark walking suit and small black hat!"

Half an hour later Grace Catherwood heavily veiled, stepped into her electric coupé, accompanied by her maid, and shortly afterward she entered the boudoir of a very fat and benevolent looking old lady in a very much beflowered morning robe, and threw herself sobbing onto her capacious bosom.

"There, there, Grace, child," cried the stout lady. "Whatever is the matter with my love,"

And the young wife sobbingly told her story.

"And now, dear Mrs. Woodward," she whispered, "I am here to ask you to keep your promise. You told me that if ever I needed help, I—I was to come to you. Oh, and I do need help—I must have help—and I have come to you!"

"Now, my dear Grace, sit down and calm yourself," said Mrs. Woodward.

"Of course you shall have help. Yes, yes, I know that I told you to come to me. But, my child, have you thought well of the consequences? What does your husband think?"

"He—he does not know," replied the young wife, in a tone that was scarcely audible. "I have not told him."

Mrs. Woodward shook her fat head.

"But do you think it wise? Do you think it prudent?" she asked mildly.

"Wise! Prudent! What have I to do with wisdom or prudence?" cried the younger woman, her whole attitude changing from shrinking timidity to almost fierce anger and defiance. "Is he to suffer for me? Is it his life from which all the freedom and happiness is to be shut out? No, no, he would welcome it gladly. It is his great hope—a child to inherit his name and fortune! But what would he pay of the price? Will he bear any of the pain? Will his life be changed in any one particular? But what of mine?"

She stood now with her hands tightly clenched at her sides, her eyes flashing, her breast heaving, her whole being radiating a violent anger.

"But what of my life? I am young. I love living—living in the world, the world of pleasure and joy and happiness; the world of theaters and dances and dinners and dresses and shops—not shut in between the four walls of a nursery! Have I thought of the consequences? Aye! But what are the consequences in the balance against what he would make my loss? Oh, I hate him!"

Her unnatural passion expended, she sank exhausted into a chair, covered her beautiful, almost childish face with her hands, and rocked herself back and forth in a paroxysm of unrighteous grief.

When Grace Catherwood reached her home again she retired at once to her own apartments, and, dismissing her maid, locked herself into her bed cham-

ber. For the bee gayly gathers the sweets of the bright summer to store away for the long, dark days of winter. But Grace Catherwood knew nothing of the winter of life. To her it had always been one splendid summer of sunshine and happiness.

She placed the bottle on a table, and, having laid aside her street dress, slipped on a soft, clinging house gown.

Then once again she took the precious bottle, which, when she uncorked it, was to release a little devil that would dispel the lowering cloud which threatened to darken her butterfly existence, and a glass of water.

And then there came other thoughts—thoughts of the soul that was seeking through her to enter the gates of that life that she loved so well, and from which she wished to shut it out! Thoughts of her husband she loved so well and thought she hated so much; of the wrong she was about to do him.

For a moment she wavered. She felt that she was growing weak—that a cold fear of what she was about to do was creeping over her.

She wrenched the cork from the bottle almost in a frenzy.

It seemed to her that days must have passed when she again returned to consciousness.

What had happened? She seemed to feel very ill. Then she recognized the face of the old family phy-

sician bending over her. He was looking very grave, and shaking his head sadly. She tried to speak, but found that she was too weak.

What had happened to her?

Suddenly she remembered the bottle that was to have made her free. That was it, of course, and she had been very ill.

But it was all over now, and she would soon get well again—and live once more that life she loved so well!

Then her eyes wandered a little farther. She saw her husband sitting at the



For a moment she wavered. She felt she was growing weak.

ber. There she drew a small bottle from her chatelaine bag.

She had gained what she had sought!

For a long time she sat with the bottle in her hands, gazing at it with feelings strangely contradictory.

At first there was the sense of an uplifted burden that had borne hard upon her. She was to be free! Free to enjoy that life for which she was willing to barter her very soul! Free as the honey bee to flit from flower to flower of the garden of life, sipping their sweetness, but without the bee's thought of the

other side of the room. He seemed very far away from her. Why was he not at her side?

He was sitting with his elbows on his knees, and his head in his hands. Poor fellow! He had probably been very much worried, and did not know that she was conscious again and would live.

Live! Ah, yes, how she would live, now that the shadow had passed.

"John!"

Her voice was very weak, scarcely above a whisper, but he heard her and raised his head slowly. How changed he was! His face was haggard, and there were great lines under his eyes. How he must have suffered! She felt very tender for him. It was very pleasant to be loved so much.

She smiled at him weakly, but it froze on her lips. There was no answer in his eyes. Nor did he spring to her side and smother her with his kisses as she had shyly expected him to do. Instead, he sat very still, looking sternly at her across the room, his eyes, full of reproach, fixed on hers.

What did it mean? She was too weak to think, and closing her eyes, she sobbed softly. But she knew when the old physician left her side, and went to her husband, although when they spoke their voices sounded very far away from her.

"Catherwood, you are treating her like a brute!" growled the doctor. "Think! She has just come through the valley of the shadow of death!"

"Doctor," replied Catherwood, in a cold, calm voice, "you are an old friend, and you know me as well as you know your own son. You know that I am a straight man, and have lived a pretty straight life. You know, too, how I have loved Grace. But this great wrong that she has done me seems to have turned my heart to stone. She knew how I had hoped and hoped, and planned and planned for the future. And now she——"

"Ah, but think, Catherwood! She is scarcely more than a child herself, without father or mother to advise, to comfort or to warn. She had no one to whom she could carry her secret fears—no one but those old tabby cats among her society friends, those women to whom the cry of an infant, or the touch of a baby hand is like a glass of ice water down their back. Come, come, Catherwood. Have a little sympathy with this poor child."

"Sympathy! Man, man, who would

have felt deeper sympathy for her than the man who loved her as I did, had she come to me with her secret, instead of taking it to some old harridan without a mother instinct in her breast. No, doctor, my mind is made up. Nothing can alter my determination. The divorce shall be quietly arranged. I will see to that. She shall suffer from no scandal. When Grace is well enough to talk the matter over with me, I wish you would let me know. You say there is no longer any danger?"

"No, all danger is past."

"Very well, then. Let me know when you think it wise for me to talk with her. You can reach me at the office, or at my club."

"You—you are not going away—not going to leave her, Catherwood?"

Catherwood laughed harshly.

"Yes, doctor," he said. "I am going away from here."

The woman on the bed stirred a little. Catherwood turned instinctively. Their eyes met. Into his crept an expression of softness and love. Hers were darkened again by the shadows of anger and defiance. With a sigh he turned away. The moment was lost.

And so, in time, the Catherwood divorce was ground slowly through the legal mill, and the former husband and wife took up the course of their new lives. Grace had a fortune of her own, but Catherwood made her a liberal allowance.

Now entirely restored to health, the brilliant divorcee soon became the favorite of the gayest set. Neither maid nor widow, her position gave her peculiar liberty that enabled her to enjoy to the fullest that freedom for which she had sold love and happiness. For in this life that she had bought she was not happy. She was wildly gay, and drained the cup of pleasure to the very dregs. But in the midst of all her apparent enjoyment there was always a pain tugging at her heart.

She had many suitors, for she was young and beautiful, and without any "encumbrance" with which so many young divorcees are afflicted. But she rejected one and all, for she would not again submit to the shackles of matrimony. And yet, deep down in her heart, she knew that she would have held out her hands gladly to John Catherwood, that he might forge again the fetters that she had struck off so lightly.

The Catherwoods seldom saw one an-

other now, for he was not a society man, and when they did meet it was as mere casual acquaintances.

Grace did not know how much she loved him, until one day when she accidentally overheard part of a conversation that was not intended for her ears.

She was sitting idly at a table in a restaurant, waiting for a luncheon companion who was late. She could not avoid hearing much of what was said by two women who occupied a table directly behind her.

There had come one of those strange stillnesses that so inexplicably fall upon public places, when, as if by some preconcerted signal the hum of conversation suddenly ceased. This silence was broken by one of the women behind her. The words, clear and distinct, cut through Grace like a knife.

"Oh, I hear that John Catherwood is to be married again."

"Yes, and I think they will be very happy together," replied the other. "Helen Saunders loves children, and I believe that was a point on which John Catherwood and his first wife did not agree."

"No. She is nothing but a beautiful doll—a society butterfly. The solemn badge of motherhood does not appeal to her frivolous nature. Heigho, my dear, I wonder to how many of us it does appeal nowadays. Children really do tie one down so!"

Grace Catherwood's face tingled with the hot blood that rushed to her cheeks.

"A beautiful doll!" "A society butterfly!" "Frivolous nature!"

She shrank under the arraignment, for its truth scorched her. But even as the hot blood rushed to her cheeks, a band of ice seemed to tighten around her heart.

John Catherwood was to be married!

She had never imagined such a possibility. She knew, now, that somewhere within her there had burned a tiny spark of hope. And that spark had been extinguished, leaving her heart cold and dead!

John Catherwood was to be married!

The words rang in her ears.

John Catherwood was to have a wife—and children! Hadn't the woman said that she—the one who was to be his wife; who was to take her place—loved children?

When she reached home again Grace Catherwood threw herself on her bed and sobbed and moaned, much as she

had done on the night that now seemed so long ago.

'Tis said that time heals, and this is undoubtedly true; but it always leaves a scar, and that is sometimes so thin that it scarcely prevents the old wound from bleeding. So it was with Grace Catherwood.

Time rolled on. John Catherwood was married. It was a quiet wedding, for neither Catherwood nor his wife

another and still another young life to bless the home of John and Helen Catherwood. And the sound of infant gurglings gave way to the laughing voices of happy children. And as time still rolled on, two buds blossomed into charming young maidenhood, and young John Catherwood came proudly home with his first college honors—a broken arm, gloriously acquired on the football field.

pay. Her old eyes were fixed on the dancing flames of driftwood in the big fireplace.

And out of the green and yellow flames there jumped a little child with laughing blue eyes and bright golden hair.

"Come!" he called gayly, taking the old, withered fingers in his soft, plump hand. "Come, let us go out and play in the beautiful world of life!"



She was wildly gay and drained the cup of pleasure to the very dregs.

care for the formality and display with which society would have had them burden their entrance into their own little paradise of love and happiness.

Time rolled on. In the home of John Catherwood there was now heard the sound of infant cries and gurgling laughter—very small sounds, for baby was still very young.

And into the world of pleasure, where Grace Catherwood now shone in the full splendor of her maturing beauty, had come the news of the arrival of a Catherwood heir. But Grace Catherwood's heart was bound with ice, and was cold and dead!

And as Time rolled on there came

And then, a little later, came the flights from the home nest to the sweet jangling of wedding bells. First one and then another of the nestlings flew away, only to flit back again with nestlings of their own.

Again the sound of merry children's laughter was heard in the halls of Catherwood, and, surrounded by their children and their grandchildren, John and Helen walked happily, hand in hand, down the now shortening road of life that led to the shining gates beyond.

And Grace Catherwood, wrinkled and old, sat alone in the great hall of her home, unloving and unloved, with none to serve her save those she hired for

She wanted to demur. She was sure that life was not beautiful, and she was too old to play. But her visitor was not to be denied, so she took his hand, and they fared forth into the world.

The child led her into a bright field, and then took from a little bag that he carried a seed which he dropped in the earth; and presently she saw a tender green shoot thrust its head above the ground, and, as she watched, it grew. And as it grew branches shot out from the main stem, and little buds began to appear. And, as she still watched, these buds began to open, and soon the whole bush was abloom with roses.

"See!" cried the child. "Is not life beautiful?"

And then he took from his pouch another seed, and dropped it in the ground. Presently there sprang up a tall, green stalk. And, as she watched, it grew and sent out tender shoots; and then she saw silken tassels drooping from the opening husks, and she knew that the corn was ripe and ready to be gathered.

"Is not life wonderful!" cried the child, again hurrying her on.

Then he led her to the farmyard, and showed her the cows and their calves, the sheep and their lambs, and peeping into a hen's nest he found an egg.

grew brighter and brighter as she gazed in speechless wonder. And as it grew, she could see a golden staircase leading upward, and in the ever-increasing light it shone like gold.

Far above, through luminous clouds, she beheld the Golden Gates, and she knew that she was dead!

As the light increased in brilliancy, she could see angels on the stairs, and they were gently leading women and children up the long way. And she, being dead, joined the throng that was toiling upward.

But there seemed to be no angel to

Grace Catherwood, and she looked around her in great wonder.

She was lying on her own bed, and her hand she clasped the hated bottle.

The door of her room opened suddenly, and John Catherwood, accompanied by a doctor, entered. With glad cry she sprang into his arms, and with her face buried on his breast she told him her secret and the crime she had meditated.

But now she looked at the bottle in horror, for in her vision she had seen a future that might be hers. John Catherwood took it from her and shared her horror.

With a loud cry she took the bottle from him, and hurled it among some window plants, and it was shattered.

When she dared to raise her eyes to his, she saw that they shone with a light of love and happiness, and in her heart there was joy and an infinite peace.

Gently he led her to the window, and pointed to the plants, among which lay the fragments of the broken bottle.

"See," he said, "they are withered and dead!"

"Yes," she said slowly. "They are dead, but the plants that grew from them still live."

When, a few months later, she drew her husband's face down to hers, and uncovered the little head that lay softly against her breast, she whispered:

"We will call her Mary, for that was the name of the Mother of the Great Miracle Worker!"



John Catherwood took it from her and shared her horror.

"Is not life marvelous?" he cried. "Come, we have a greater thing to see."

Taking again her trembling hand in his, he drew her gently to the farmhouse, and, tiptoeing to one of the windows, he motioned for her to look within.

And she saw a woman lying in bed. She was very pale, but there was a wondrous light of love and happiness in her eyes. And the old woman, peering in, could see that she held a newborn babe at her breast.

"There is the great miracle of life!" said the child.

And then everything faded from her sight, and all around her was a dense, black darkness.

Presently to her fading eyes there appeared a faint glow, like a star shining through misty clouds. This light

give her a helping hand. They were all busy with the women who were leading little children by the hand.

But she toiled on upward alone, her eyes fixed longingly on the gates above, for she was very weary.

At last she reached the gates, but, as she staggered forward to enter, she heard a terrible voice, saying:

"Woman, what have you done with the soul of the child that was given into your keeping?"

And she fell upon her face, and could make no answer.

Then the voice spoke again, saying: "Go thy way! Thou canst not enter here!"

And she swooned and knew no more.

Slowly consciousness returned to

He Might be a Camera Man, But—

IF a short-story writer were seeking "atmosphere" around a moving-picture studio, he could do no better than the "dub" camera man looking for a job, who swears he at last has invented a way to "photograph colors." One such was given a trial at the Oliver Morosco studio under the mentorship of Head Camera Man Clawson. To get a line on the recruit, who was none too promising looking, Clawson had him photograph the face of a clock at the hours of Two and Four, to be used as "inserts," but when Clawson found him at half past Three seated on a camp stool before the clock *waiting for the hands to travel around to Four*, he quite reasonably decided such patience might find its reward elsewhere.

Via Wireless

By Edwin Balmer

If thrills and lively action have any part in the making of a good story—and undoubtedly they have—then this story of adventure at sea in which the wireless telegraph is a great factor, should be, as it is, a most unusual story. The picture of the same name, from which this story is taken, is a production of the Pathe Company.

(A Serial Story—Part One)

CHAPTER I.

A SUSPICION AND A WARNING.

"A—IS it? A—A! Now I see! That's the call in the navy code!" The man, alone in the wireless cabin of the yacht *Irvessa*, spoke to himself. He glanced quickly at his chart, and saw that the ship must be well within a hundred miles of Samar Island at that moment. Samar is the first of the Philippines to be sighted by a ship from America making for the lower islands of our troublesome archipelago.

The man assured himself, therefore, that he must be within wireless communication of any gunboat on patrol about those restless southern lands; then he adjusted his telephone receiving drums, which brought him the signals from the Marconi detectors. The instruments before him ticked on, and a strip of paper tape unrolled from the automatic recorder. The tiny needle was pricking its record in clearer dots and dashes now, as the *Irvessa* pushed rapidly ahead and ran farther within the signaling ship's zone at communication.

"A—A again!" The man ran the strip through his fingers. "Some gunboat or cruiser still sending out the general call—not the private signal, but the navy code call for any ship in communication."

He loosened the drums from his ears, rose, and stretched himself languidly. But he made sure that his recorder was working before he left the table, to stand beside the opened windows of the wireless cabin, which commanded a full view of the smooth, shining sea, and of the yacht's white deck.

"I wonder if he's suspecting us; or—just calling?" he said, half aloud, and shrugged his shoulders.

He was a full-blooded, fair-haired, straight-featured, decidedly tall and

well-built young man of thirty-three or four; decidedly handsome, save when the self-consciousness in his smile marred his expression. Aside from the careful choice and cut of his linen clothes, his general bearing gave an impression of breeding and refinement. More conspicuously than this mere breeding, however, he showed a sense of power and progressiveness—qualities which already had brought this young Etherington Pinckney almost international reputation.

Barely ten years before, George Durant—the great gunmaker and ordnance expert, popularly known as "the American Krupp"—had employed him as his private secretary. To-day Pinckney was being taken as a guest by Mr. Durant and his daughter upon their private yacht to the Philippines, to advise with his employer and with the board of officers, then in Manila, upon the proper armament and protection of those islands.

For already he had won from Mr. Durant his position as trusted manager of the great Durant gun works in Pennsylvania, and had followed in the steps of his famous employer, so that he was recognized as the greatest unofficial expert and adviser in arms and military appliances. Though he was still but a salaried employee; the old man had shown in various ways that he considered him his business heir apparent; and, particularly since Mrs. Durant's death two years before, had encouraged Pinckney in his attentions to his only child, his daughter Frances.

Such marked preference as this—to be in the company of Mr. Durant and his daughter for twenty-five days on the trip to the Philippines, not counting the stop at Guam—promised great things, of course; but even to be the guest of a multimillionaire was hard indeed, and often embarrassing, to a

young man still on salary. But even a young man on salary could not wait for his employer to take him into the firm, or to become his father-in-law in order to relieve his threatening embarrassment!

Pinckney was smiling confidently to himself over this, as he shot his glance quickly over the yacht's decks in both directions.

On the bridge overhead he heard the steady and undisturbed tread of Adrian, the skipper. The sailors forward were busy scrubbing the deck and polishing the brasses; and far astern Mr. Durant and Frances were still sitting, talking together, under the bright awning which protected them from the tropical sun.

Etherington turned back to his wireless resonators.

"Still sending the general call—in the navy code," he muttered, as he examined the tape. "And getting no answer! So there's no one else in communication—or caring to answer! It might almost seem he is expecting us; and I might—"

He stopped, and glanced again in both directions down the deck before he took his seat. He knew that not even the sailors burnishing the brasswork just outside the cabin could hear the clicking of the calls in the receiver; but Frances and her father, far down at the stern, might make out, in the silence of that smooth sea, the hissing of an answering spark.

"I might send him chasing somewhere," he concluded. "There are plenty of places to send him." He smiled as he gazed out on the blue, sunlit, summer sea, stretching to the horizon all about; but just beyond that blue sky line over the bow, he knew, there lay the first of the fifteen hundred islands and islets of the Philippines.

"However, he's stopped calling now; besides, this is the better way."

He stooped suddenly, tore off the tape which recorded the repeated calls, and crumpled it quickly in his pocket. His fingers felt expertly about the induction coils, and touched a plug concealed between the nearest coil and the coherer. He gave the plug a sharp twist, and straightened up as he heard a light, quick step upon the deck without.

"Well, Wireless Professor Etherington Pinckney!" Frances Durant's teasing voice greeted him. "Are you ready for me now—Etherington?" She stepped into the cabin and puckered her brows at the instruments which he was adjusting.

"I, ready for you, Frances?" The man arose, laughing, and met her mocking tone.

She was a straight, slender, brown-haired, blue-eyed slip of a girl; the natural fairness of her cheeks and forehead and throat had assumed a healthy tan in the long hours spent recklessly out in the sun and wind without hat, veil, or parasol; but she was still easily able, as she often showed, of glowing pink and rose red through that smooth olive brown, as her color rose with her perfect health and spirits.

The only child of parents who had hoped for many children, she had been obliged to learn from babyhood to serve in some ways as a son to her father, while still careful to be a daughter, too. She had taken enthusiastically to tennis, golf, riding, driving, and motoring; and now, since her father had bought the swift little turbine yacht for his long cruises on business and pleasure, she had been eager to take up wireless telegraphy as a novel amusement.

On a previous trip, which took her father to Australia, she had started to learn under the tuition of their hired operator. But as Pinckney had expressed a wish to teach her on this voyage, they had left the regular man behind.

"Am I ready for you? That's a good way of putting it! You're late again—oh, a disgracefully late scholar this morning! But I'm afraid I'll have to forgive you again—first, of course, on general principles; but secondly"—he grew serious—"because something's gone badly out this morning, Frances. The spark's dead, and I can't get the

coils and coherer to recognize each other at all. I'm sorry, but—see!"

"Oh, I see. There's no spark." The girl satisfied herself by pressing the deadened key and running her hand swiftly over the other parts. "But I don't see that you're so sorry, professor! I told father, when you got him to leave Harry behind, that you would get tired long before we reached the Philippines. But I must be fair and admit that you've stuck to your stupid scholar longer than I expected. We sight the Philippines to-morrow morning, don't we? And this is the first time you've had to plead a breakdown!"

"We sight Samar this afternoon, but—be careful—careful, Frances!" The girl, after fumbling over the tops of the coils, had begun to feel inexpertly in the vicinity of the coherer. The current isn't shut off, you know—just caught somewhere. You'll get a shock!" He interposed his hand and took hers away.

"You're afraid I'll fix it—after you couldn't!" she taunted him. "But I think I'll practice sending with the key dead, anyway."

She was determined to pique him, for she realized that, for some reason, he did not want her there that morning.

"Besides, I didn't come to see you entirely about wireless, Etherington. I wanted to ask you about this going to the south first—to Bagol before Manila."

"Well, what about it?"

"Father has just told me we were going there first—to Bagol. And he said I couldn't land! And, except for that day at Guam, I've been shut up on this horrid little boat for twenty-five days!"

"Yes, that's right."

"How right? And exactly where is this Bagol that I can't land upon?"

"It's not pacified; there's almost always some trouble there. It's north of Mindanao and below Samar—where the Sulu Sea comes in. Anything else?"

"You haven't answered me. I asked why do you want to go there first. Father says you asked him last night to do it; so we changed our course, and are going straight for Bagol now instead of up around Luzon."

"Yes."

"Then I'll land!"

"You can't, Frances! It isn't safe." "But you're going to!"

"I can—with a guard. You can't. I am not going to let even your father land. But I must."

"Must?"

"Yes, to see those gold claims the told us about at Guam. Don't you remember my speaking to your father about it at the time?"

"Of course I remember—that funny Filipino who came to you at Guam. But I thought father meant he'd take you there after Manila. If you're not sure it's safe, why don't you find out at Manila first? Besides, you know I want to go to Manila—or any place where I can land."

"I'm sorry, Frances. But, you see at the same time I heard about this gold they told us that the troubles in Bagol were likely to become more serious at any time. So, when your father and I were talking it over last night, we decided that it might be too late to look over the ground even with a guard, unless we went at once."

"But aren't there always soldiers there?"

"Not in the part we want to see. There's only—"

"What, Etherington?"

"Just a gunboat patrol—the *San Juan*, a little pot of a cruiser we captured from the Spanish and converted."

"Then"—the girl, tired of playing with the dead key, arose ruthlessly and began looking over the instruments more carefully—"you should at least try to reach the *San Juan*, to find out about your Bagol before you land—if it isn't safe for father, and for me, too."

"That's the rub in this breakdown with the wireless, Frances," returned Pinckney boldly, watching her cautiously as she fumbled with the coils. "Of course, with the wireless, we could have the *San Juan* in two minutes, if she were anywhere in this part of the archipelago. Without wireless we'll have to run our chances. But probably the *San Juan* wouldn't have an installation, after all. Doesn't your father expect us?"

He changed the subject abruptly, opened the door, and stood back for her to pass.

"Oh, I don't give up so soon! If I'm going to let you land on Bagol"—she explored again between the coils—"I certainly must try for that cruiser first and ask whether—why, what's this?" Her fingers had found the untwisted plug.

"Nothing! I've been screwing that up and down all morning to get adjustment."

"Etherington"—she faced him suddenly—"why don't you want me to use the wireless this morning? Why, is there any one in communication whom you don't want to talk to?"

"Oh, the ways of a woman's mind!" Pinckney laughed. "Save me from them! I told you the thing is out of order; and I said I think we should go and see your father. Coming?"

"Yes, coming!" The girl hesitated, and then hurried past him. He followed her until they reached Mr. Durant at the stern.

"My dear!" Her father put his arm about her affectionately. "And—ah, Etherington! I was just waiting to ask you something that occurred to me about the new government guns—the Rheinstrum royalties, you know. Draw up a chair and sit down. No, Frances, my dear, you needn't wait."

Almost before she was dismissed, the girl had slipped down the companionway to her cabin. Thus concealed from the two in the stern, she was soon in the wireless room again, her fingers finding the loosened plug from which they had twice been taken away. She twisted it tight, with some difficulty. Smiling mischievously, she pressed down the key, and heard the soft, rasping hiss as the powerful blue spark leaped again across the gap, and the current rushed up the wires to spread the signaling waves out over the sea in every direction.

"As-sh! Ash! A-a-ash!" She started the volley of the general call in the general code, and felt, with a tingle of blood to her cheeks, that her signal was flying far, far beyond that empty horizon which ringed her all about, and was finding—what Pinckney had tried to prevent her from finding. "Asp! A-aspl!" she rasped again, glancing defiantly toward the stern, where her father held Etherington helpless.

She repeated the call rapidly, and lifted her fingers from the keys to listen.

"Tap! Ta-ap! Tap!" She fancied she heard an answering tremble in the receptors. Her quivering fingers pressed back the wavy brown hair from her ears, as she adjusted the telephone receiving drums of the Marconi detector.

"Oh! So there was—there is some

one within communication. Oh!" She trembled excitedly as she made out the answer clearly: "U. S. S.! United States ship *San-Juan!* Off—Samar. What is that? Oh, of course; that means 'acknowledge call,' and asks who we are."

"*Irvessa*, yacht." Her fingers had flown to the key. Mr. George Durant, Pennsylvania, for the Philippines!" she answered.

"Welcome, Mr. Durant!" came the answer, and then, after a pause, "Heard we were coming to Philippines, but scarcely expected visit within communication zone. Can we be of any service?"

"Thank you, *San Juan.*" Frances found herself trembling and strangely confused by those slow, steady little taps which spoke to her so easily. "You see, I am just Miss Durant, calling for fun. Please excuse poor sending and disturbing you!" In her confusion she had forgotten her first purpose in calling.

"Thank you for letting know you are in our department, Miss Durant." The answer spelled itself steadily back to the girl, as she bent almost breathlessly forward to listen for the reply from that unseen little ship, guarding those first islands far beyond the rim of the horizon. "Advise if can do anything." The communication was now more personal. "I am one apologize stupid sending. But, you see"—the little taps were talking to her—"government does not detail special operators for third-class converted cruisers."

"Who are you? I mean, you sending?" Frances found her fingers signaling, as she colored furiously.

"I beg pardon. Lieutenant Sommers, lieutenant commander *San Juan*. Transport *Mongolian*, bringing troops to Mindanao, wirelessly me last week Mr. Durant leaving Guam on yacht. On chance you might be visiting southern islands before Manila, was signaling for you this morning. Where are you bound?"

"For Manila, lieutenant—*San Juan.*" The girl had recollected herself. "But before going to Manila we want to go and land at B—"

"Frances!" A sharp cry made her snatch her hand away from the key. "What are you doing?" Pinckney stood before her, glowering as she arose with flaming face to meet him.

"I have been trying to find out why you untwisted that plug and did not

want me to use the wireless this morning."

"Whom have you been talking with?" he demanded, scarcely able to contain himself, as he picked up the record tape which showed what she had received.

"With the United States cruiser *San Juan*—the guard boat, as I believe you told me yourself a little while ago, about Samar, Bagol, and Mindanao. I have been talking more particularly, as I see you are reading from the tape for yourself, with Lieutenant Sommers. He had heard about us, and was signaling to find us this morning. Now, why didn't you want me to signal the *San Juan*, or let him know we are going to Bagol before Manila?"

"Did you tell him that, Frances?"

"No! But why shouldn't I? And why didn't you want me to use the current this morning?"

"I'll tell you now." Pinckney had recovered, and composed himself. He finished reading the tape, and laid it down. "He told you he was calling for us earlier this morning. Well, he was!" Pinckney pulled out the crumpled tape which he had put into his pocket, and showed it to the girl before he tore it to pieces. "But at Guam, where they told us about those gold finds, I was warned against this Sommers."

"Warned against him?"

"Yes. He is a blackguard, who would be out of the navy now but for his influence and friends—who were just able to keep him from being disgraced by having him marooned down here on this pot of a gunboat on the Bagol patrol. I was warned that he would make every effort to meet us if he found us, and that he would make some sort of a gallery play to get in with us—particularly if he found that you were on board, Frances. So I didn't answer him; and, as he might very easily tell that you—a woman, that is—were sending I tried to prevent you from even communicating with him by wireless, as well as I could.

"Now, about Bagol. I know that it is still safe enough for me to land there with a sailor or two for escort. But I knew that if I told this fellow we were going there, he would insist upon escorting us, for the purpose of meeting you.

"I want to apologize, Frances, for my manner in coming here; but I had taken some trouble to spare you the annoy-

ance of having to acknowledge this man. I'm sorry."

"Of course I can't know, Etherington," said the girl slowly, "what kind of man he may be—or anything about him. But—you said just now he might tell from my sending that I was a girl. I wonder if I mightn't tell from his—well, maybe a little bit about the way he is. Why, I knew, before he told me, that he wasn't a regular operator. So, somehow, I think, you or those people at Guam who warned you of him must have—have made a mistake. I shall go to father now." She moved toward the door. "Thank you, of course, for anything you have tried to save me."

The man stood back as the girl passed him. He said nothing more then, and neither spoke of it again that day. But Frances found herself thinking, for the first time in her life, that a friend had lied to her.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIGHT FOR GOLD.

Frances Durant awoke with a start at half past three o'clock the next morning.

"Seven!" She counted the clanging strokes of the ship's bell which announced the hour. She arose, and, throwing back the curtain from the porthole of her cabin, stared questioningly into the dull, impenetrable blackness of the tropic night.

"Oh—we've stopped!" she exclaimed, as she recognized that the floor and sides and ceiling of the cabin had ceased shaking and vibrating with the turn of the turbines. The ship was sliding easily now over smoother water.

"And the engines are reversing!" The cabin shook suddenly again; but, instead of pushing ahead, seemed to tremble and tug against momentum. "But we've stopped again!" Everything became steady and still. She listened to the rattle and run of chains at the bow. Then followed a heavy, plumping splash. "And now we're anchored—in Bagol Bay."

"Anchored, sir, on a fair bottom in four fathoms!" She heard the quartermaster's hail as she climbed into her bunk again.

"Very good! The light anchor will do. Let her swing with the tide!" The answer came back guardedly in Pinckney's voice.

"Etherington! Why, he's stayed up till now—half past three—to see the anchoring! Something strange surely about these Bagol gold claims which that Filipino tried to sell him at Guam! Why——" She lay back in the dark, to puzzle out with herself the quick succession of questions which her alert young mind presented. But they were hard to answer.

From the time she was a very little girl—and particularly in these years following her mother's death—Frances had been, even in many business associations, the constant companion of her lonely father. In such an association, his opinions and estimates of men were sure to influence and form, to a very great degree, his daughter's mind. But Frances was just beginning to realize how very great a part her comradeship with her father had in her choice of friends.

This tall, handsome, and capable Etherington Pinckney, for instance. From the first she had naturally, unquestioningly, almost unconsciously followed her father's habit of never doubting, or even inquiring; but always approving and admiring this clever and trusted young man. As Frances watched his career and saw him successively supplanting and distancing all other competitors for her father's confidence, it was almost inevitable that he should have gained, at the same time, a prior claim to her consideration. For not only did Etherington himself believe this, but even her father clearly counted it as the natural and right thing.

So Frances had allowed herself to fall in with this point of view quite unconsciously; at least, she had not consciously avoided it. But now she had been having a most exceptional opportunity to observe this young man away from the big offices, where he was the admired master, and, stripped of the glamour of his intricate business operations, which she could not understand, she was able to estimate the man as he was.

And, as she saw him now, what was he really to her? She could not tell as yet, she must admit to herself. Many things puzzled her; but little had happened as yet. He had made her angry when, to insure his chance of getting at those Bagol gold claims, he had persuaded her father to let him land and keep her still shut up on the yacht.

But that petty annoyance had passed at once into the bigger puzzle of—what. She did not know.

Eight bells struck—four o'clock in the morning. The hail and answer of Captain Adrian and the soft shuffling of the changing watch aroused her momentarily. The next thing she remembered was the sharp clangor of four bells, two hours later.

The rattle of boat blocks and davits the jingling and ring of metal, startled the girl's strained ears. Then followed strange thuds upon the decks; the tumble of men into a boat, the fumble of oars alongside, and the muttering of the hands as they pushed from the yacht's side.

Frances sprang up, as in the night, and threw back the curtains from her port; but a smothering, damp, and smoky grayness clouded the glass. Ten minutes later, as she came out on deck, the day—bright, glaring day, with its burning sun already overhead—lay spread all about.

Beneath the glistening bows of the anchored yacht the Sulu Sea, limpid and lukewarm, lay like a lagoon; and beyond, the white beaches of the bay bounded thickets of tall trees, which reached almost to the water front.

Skirting that shining shore for a convenient sand spit to land upon, the boat which had left the yacht's side a few moments before was now turned broadside to the girl's gaze. She could count the men in it. Six sailors pulled at the oars, and three others, besides the man steering, sat in the stern. From among these the tall, khaki-clad figure of Etherington Pinckney stood out clearly.

Frances stepped swiftly back to her cabin for her binoculars. When she returned to the rail and focused the glasses, she saw that the men were already landing and mooring the boat against the slow slip of the tide. Each man carried a rifle slung over his shoulder. Pinckney had the brown holster of a service revolver strapped to his waist.

After a short parley and apparent reconnoitering of a rude path, which Frances now perceived through the tangle of vegetation, the ten started inland and vanished silently into the jungle.

Frances turned to find her father and demand an explanation of this strange behavior; but she recollected that it must be quite two hours before he would

astir. She constrained herself impatiently, therefore, and stood at the watching the break under the trees through which the men had disappeared.

Soon a single sailor came down to the deck in full sight of the yacht, seated himself under one of the trees near the cabin, and sat smoking quietly. Clearly he had been sent back by Pinckney to act as a guard, to keep return communications open and to signal for aid from the yacht, should anything go wrong. That this was so became evident when he waved an arm to attract attention. Miss Frances, lifting her glance quickly to the *Irvessa's* bridge, caught the acknowledging gesture of Adrian, the skipper.

Adrian, after he had satisfied himself as to the disposition of the forces on the shore, was descending to the deck.

"Oh, captain!" Frances turned impulsively to the big seaman. "Father is asleep; it's so early. But I am going to have breakfast brought out here under the awning forward. You've been all night. Wouldn't you like to have me get coffee here with me before turning in?"

"I should indeed, Miss Frances, thank you! But there'll be no turning in for me afterward."

"But haven't you been up all night? And aren't we anchored now?" asked the girl, in surprise.

"Oh, I didn't mean that navigating would keep me up, Miss Frances. But you see?" He pointed eloquently to the long lifeboat near at hand.

"Oh, I see!" cried the girl, as she followed his indication; for she saw that, though the remaining boat had not been lowered from its davits, yet the ropes and all been loosened; that the canvas cover had been removed, and that a dozen guns and cartridge belts and revolvers lay ready upon the seats.

"You're afraid of trouble for Mr. Pinckney, captain?"

"Not exactly, Miss Frances." The skipper settled himself comfortably in his seat opposite the girl as a steward brought the coffee and rolls. "I mean, I ain't afraid of trouble ashore, one way or the other; for I don't know anything about what's going on there ashore. This what you see is just Mr. Pinckney's orders. I don't know what he might be providing against, for he hasn't told me anything of his plans,

Miss Frances. He's just given me his orders, and I'm just obeying them."

"I don't understand!"

"Nor neither do I, Miss Frances."

"I mean," she resumed carefully, conscious that the old skipper was affronted by dictation from her father's guest, "I don't quite see, if Mr. Pinckney was so afraid of trouble that he prepared all this to help him out, why he didn't take more men with him at first. He certainly could have taken more, considering the extra crew he engaged for father at Guam."

"That's the thing I don't well understand, Miss Frances. He's taken all those men he hired there, and——"

"What, Adrian?"

"Why, Miss Frances, no matter how secret he wants to keep his going after that gold, it's queer he wouldn't take me or one of the mates, though we all volunteered to go with him; but it's queerer that, of all the men he took, only two are from our regular crew, and they're the stupidest men on the ship. That man smoking there on the beach is one." The skipper pointed aggrievedly. "And all but one of the others, and all their rifles and belts and pistols which they took and what you see here, Miss Frances, we shipped at Guam."

"But what has father told you about this, captain?"

"I don't believe your father, miss, knows any more about this than I do. Mr. Pinckney was talking to him late night before last; and Mr. Durant told me to carry out any of Mr. Pinckney's orders like his own. So that's what I've been doing. But one thing more struck me, and that is——"

"What, captain?"

"Nothing, Miss Frances; only it's struck me more than once, since he told me so suddenly to steer for Bagol, if he—Mr. Pinckney—had ever meant to go to Manila first, why did he ship these men and things at Guam? But—thank ye again, Miss Frances!" The skipper recollected himself, a little afraid of his suspicion after he had expressed it. He arose hurriedly, excused himself, and returned to the bridge. It was still an hour before her father would be awake, so she tried to piece her puzzle together by herself.

Even before they left home, she had been conscious of a certain strangeness in Etherington's actions. But this particular strangeness seemed to have

started at Guam, when the Filipino came to Etherington and told him of the gold claims which certain of the refractory chiefs of Bagol were anxious to sell out. The man had said that the making of the arrangements might involve some risks; but, as the venture promised great profit, Pinckney had asked for leave at least to look over the ground. It had seemed natural enough, as he talked it over with her father, that he should wish to go there at once; but then, if he had not planned that from the first, why had he shipped those extra men and arms at Guam? And then, why had he acted so queerly in the wireless room on the previous day? Why had he told that strange story of the *San Juan's* commander, to stop her communication with the American gunboat?

A sudden thought caused her to arise and make her way to the wireless cabin. She touched the key, but the coils, she found, did not respond. She sprang down to the dynamo room just below, and saw quickly that the current for the Marconi apparatus above was being properly provided. She hastened back to the resonator, and, recalling the plug which had been loosened the morning before, felt for it and found that it had been screwed out and removed. Her eyes sought the locker where Etherington kept his tools and a few private trifles. Taking a paper cutter from the table, she thrust the blade above the lock and forced the catch.

The first thing her fumbling fingers encountered was the missing plug. She snatched it up, screwed it into place between the coils before her, and sat back a moment in breathless triumph.

"Tap—ta-a—tap!" The receivers before her rang out at once. "*Irvessa!* Mr. Durant! *Irvessa!*"

TO BE CONTINUED.

What the Cartoonist Does.

IT costs Harry Palmer, the Mutual cartoonist, some effort to "Keep Up With the Joneses." He is making a split-reel cartoon, entitled "Keeping Up With the Joneses," every week for the Mutual. For every foot of film Mr. Palmer has to make sixteen drawings, and he has something between two hundred and three hundred feet a week to get ready, or from thirty-two hundred to forty-eight hundred separate pictures.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

INSPIRING GOOD FEELING.

A LETTER was recently sent to us by a photo-playwright in New York City who has been fairly successful for some time past, but who has not, as yet, broken into the rank and file of professional writers. It tells the story of an editor who is inspiring good feeling between himself and his contributors. We congratulate the editor mentioned, and publish the writer's letter to us herewith, as we think it is a good object lesson to other editors and writers:

"A short time ago I submitted a scenario to Russell Smith, editor of the Famous Players Film Company, of New York. It was quickly returned, with a rejection slip, which read: 'Not big enough for us.' I realized that when it was too late, and was not surprised at its return. At another time I sent Mr. Smith another offering, and this, too, was returned. Again the rejection slip was marked, this time reading: 'Not our line; try —,' giving the names of several companies he knew to be handling that line. Doesn't that prove conclusively that my scenario was given personal attention and carefully read? I think so, at least, and I want to thank Mr. Smith and the Famous Players Company through PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY for their kind suggestions. Even though the scenarios in question do not sell, I shall always appreciate their efforts to help me, and I want my brother writers to know that if their ideas are big enough, this company will not turn them down simply because they are newcomers. I shall seek no farther for honest men."

FROM A MAN WHO KNOWS.

Not so very long ago a stranger came to the World Film Corporation's studios in New Jersey to make pictures.

His name did not make much difference at that time, for no one knew him, anyway. Now it does, however, for every one who has followed the motion-picture industry closely knows that M. Maurice Tourneur has been making "pictures," with emphasis on the last word. In a recent interview, granted a representative of a New York paper, he expressed his views of the present situation in the motion-picture field. We present them herewith for the benefit of our readers:

"Big stars from the speaking stage," he said, "are all right for the photo play. I have no fault to find with them. They have done a big service for the moving pictures. They have made it possible for us to lift ourselves out of the nickelodeon or small-store shows. They have lent tone to the screen. They have won, through the importance of their names and the attendant advertising possible with it, the consideration for the film drama from the intelligent class of people, who otherwise would not have regarded it seriously. No two-dollar picture show would ever have been possible as a success but for the previous presence of these stars of the two-dollar speaking stage on the screen.

"But the big call of the moving picture of to-day in its anxiety for the future must be for manuscripts. We have in the moving picture a new way of expressing our thoughts; therefore let us have new ideas to express as well. Let us not put on the same old stuff cloaked in a slightly altered garment. I am glad that I believe that the adaptation of books and stage plays is only temporary, as it is at present a necessary evil. Our film stories must be written especially for the screen and with the possibilities of the camera always in the author's mind.

"We must find a way—and there is only one way—to attract the most talented authors to the scenario field. If we offer enough money we will command their attention, and they will take the time to learn to realize the numberless possibilities of the screen and specialize in that direction.

"The so-called scenario writer of to-day, with but few exceptions, is a back number, or should be one. He is a relic of a bygone day, with an entirely different demand, who has not kept abreast of the times, and does not realize the changed conditions. Indeed, if he had, I doubt if he would have known how to meet them. He is of an inferior order of intelligence. He is a small peg in a large hole, and does not fit it at all and cannot be made to. Far better would it be to find a peg which was too big and cut it down to the proper dimensions.

"The scenario writer of to-day has the same old bag of tricks, and uses the five-and-ten-cent store method of shaking it up and grabbing the tricks, giving them perhaps a different order of appearance, but, alas! they are the same old tricks. How tired we become of them!

"Now, let us rid ourselves once and for all time of the old court-trial scenes, the mobs of policemen, the awful poison stuff, the tons of guns and knives, the asinine detective horseplay, with the colossal magnifying reading glass, which he produces from an inside pocket and peers stupidly through at furniture and carpet. And, oh, yes! Let us not forget to lose forever that time-honored locket by which, years afterward, the kidnaped child is recognized, through a picture of its sainted mother. Shades of 'The Bohemian Girl'! You were new once. And

case, Mister Scenario Writer, forget that troop of soldiers galloping up with flag to rescue the hero when you can find no other way to end the picture!

"Really, when I see some of this stuff on the screen, I can only shut my eyes and clench my hands in mental agony. It reminds me of a very early picture in the first moments of motion pictures, which I found mentioned in an ancient catalogue the other day. It read: 'Twenty-five feet—Arrival of a train in station—Full of movement—Very interesting.'

"The time is past when we were satisfied with movement alone. Now we want action. We must not confuse action and foolishness any more than we must mistake melodrama for drama. What is the sense in paying huge salaries to excellent actors just to make them jump through windows, chase over rocky roads, through dense underbrush or across muddy streams. If this must be done, it is work for "extra people" or "supers." Let us have scrips with the real actors acting with their brains, not with their legs.

"Now a word as to the so-called scenario department—a really crying evil and the main obstacle in the path of the arrival of the big author, who will bring the photo play into its own and no one alone can do it. I do not believe anything really good could possibly be turned out in one of these machine shops, masquerading under the misnomer of scenario departments. A picture story is not like a suit of clothes to be made to order. First, there must be voluntary inspiration; then, thought, a lot of thought. The author must eat, sleep, drink—whatever he does—with that idea. In a word, he must live with it.

Sometimes he must be two months poring it and, of course, to get this amount of time and thought from the right sort of literary brains, we must offer the right sort of compensation. One of the poor hacks in any of the scenario shops I know were to spend that amount of his poorly paid time with an idea he would be fired in a matter. He surely could not go beyond the beginning of the second week. "When in the world, for instance, may we be permitted to finish a story the logical way if the unhappy way, by chance, should be the logical way? However, we recognize the importance of the author, which is secondary to no other factor in the picture. It

is only a few years since that revolution was accomplished on the speaking stage. 'Trilby' is a notable instance. The audience should be educated gradually up to the point where it will not always demand a picture in which the last word is, like the tale of the lovesick candles, 'They married in peace, died in grease, and are buried on the mantelpiece.' Frequently a fine story is either absolutely spoiled or at least rendered innocuous by this silly superstition against ending it in the logical way."

THE UNDERLYING IDEA.

When a play especially impresses you, it will pay you to study it carefully, and see what it is that makes you like it, for in that way you will probably discover something beneficial in your future writings. All experienced writers know the value of the underlying idea—a human motive—which gives the finished work the power to impress its truth upon the average mind. Once the truth is impressed, the work is not easily forgotten.

As a concrete example of what we mean, we might cite a detective story we recently saw on the screen. The action was fast, and bordered on the melodramatic in places, and that seemed all there was to it on the surface. But it stuck in our mind, and we analyzed it. In doing so, we discovered that the point which we had really been impressed by was the conduct of a manly man toward his weakling brother. It was a simile of life. In large families, where there is a weakling brother, there generally is a stronger one who assumes charge of the weakling, and tries to make a man of him. This is where the plot revolving around a strong brother's sacrifice for a weaker one originated, but this has been overdone, and has lost its value.

The brothers in this case figured prominently in the action, but at none of the crises, or at the climax, did the older brother do anything heroic to help the weakling. All the way through, however, the author had consistently seen to it that he watched and guarded his weakling brother's steps. His care of him was obviously the underlying idea of the story, but the material had been so arranged that it was completely covered up with more interesting action.

All plots should have a sort of backbone of this kind, and the more securely

it is hidden, the harder it will drive home its point, for it will force all who see it to remember and think about it long after they have left the theater.

Answers to Readers.

C. BEAMY.—We are afraid the field for motion-picture acting is limited unless you have had considerable experience on the legitimate stage. Some have succeeded without this in the past, but at the present time there is really very little chance.

MRS. A. MALONEY.—We think you will find many helpful hints regarding scenario writing in these columns weekly. We also advise that you go to the motion-picture theaters and find just how the plays you see on the screen are put together.

HARRY GILBERT.—Read the article on "Technique" in this issue of the department. Also see issue of July 24th for a sample scenario. If you have exceptionally clever comedy ideas, you should be able to dispose of them in synopsis form, but they bring more money fully written out. The fact that you are getting ideas before beginning to write, and that you secured a new angle to the old situation you mention, shows promise of success in the future if you work hard enough.

JOHN ROGGL.—The Vitagraph Company may be addressed at Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, or at Santa Monica, California; Edison, 2826 Decatur Avenue, Bronx, New York City; Lubin, Twentieth Street and Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Biograph, 807 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City; Pathé, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City; and Universal, 1600 Broadway and Universal City, California. Pathé is considering nothing from the outside now, and to send to them would be a waste of time and postage.

MISS POLLY SMITH.—A handwritten scenario will either be discarded without being read, or else read with the editor consciously or unconsciously prejudiced against it. It is better, therefore, to have all material typewritten before submitting it.

MRS. B. M. ESTE.—The only suggestion we can give you, plus what you already have, is to keep on sending out your scenarios, and not paying any attention to rejections, other than allow-

ing them to force you to be more determined than ever. The companies buy all year round, unless they become overstocked or decide to buy no more material from outside writers. Watch our "Live-wire Market Hints" section of this department. It ought to help you sell.

C. R. T.—There are many companies in the market for multiple reels from three to six reels. Watch our market hints for them.

E. C. REDSTONE, Boston, Mass.—Some companies will buy short stories or synopsis, and have their staff writers put them into proper form. In that case they do not pay as much as they do if a complete working script is furnished. For the correct scenario form, see our issue of July 24th. It may be secured from the publishers at the regular price.

HARRA L. PRESBA.—Always mark your night scenes "dark," so the director will have no chance to get mixed up. If special lighting effects are wanted, they may also be called for, but they are best to avoid. We think that outside of multiple-reel scenarios, two-reelers are the most in demand just now. The address of the World Film Corporation is 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York, N. Y. We have not the address of the other company you mention, and are of the opinion they have ceased to exist.

Live-wire Market Hints.

Owing to the Mutual Film Corporation's changes, the executive offices at 4500 Sunset Building, Los Angeles, California, announce that in the future they will be known as the Griffith Studios, and will make Fine Art Films. They are not purchasing one and two-reel stories of any kind, but are willing to consider plots for good four or five-reel features having a big idea and a strong theme.

It may also be stated that about the same condition prevails at the studios of the New York Motion Picture Corporation, where Ince and Sennett hold sway, and where the Kay-Bee, Broncho, and Domino brands were formerly made. These studios, if anything, are buying even less than the Griffith forces. Keystone has announced nothing at all will be taken from the outside. Their address is 1712 Alessandro Street, Los Angeles.

Short Shots.

It is what we do every day that is paving our way for the future, though many do not realize the fact.

Playing upon the sympathy of an audience is the surest way to gain their attention. Overdoing the "sympathy act" is the surest way to lose it."

A reputation is built up either through work or unbiased exploitation. In the former case it may be compared to an iron wall; in the latter to an eggshell.

A baseball player on the field often protests when he is called out by the umpire on a close decision, but it seldom does him good, though it often costs him some of his salary for fines. Isn't there something similar between that and the "howling" script writer with a rejection in his hand?

News of Photo-playwrights.

James Dayton, one of the cleverest editors and staff writers in the business, has joined the American Film Manufacturing Company, and will work at their Santa Barbara, California, studios. This will be welcome news to the many writers who had dealings with him when he was with Universal.

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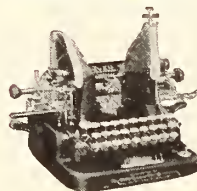


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VOL. 2-No. 4

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY



THE TWO GRACES
OF THE FILMS

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. II



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Published weekly by Street & Smith, 79-89 Seventh Ave., New York. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress of March 3, 1879, by Street & Smith. Copyright, 1915, by Street & Smith. O. G. Smith and G. C. Smith, Proprietors.

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. II. No. 4

October 30, 1915

Price, 5 Cents

John Emerson in Pictures

By Bennie Zeidman

DO repeat the much-abused phrase "that motion pictures are still in their infancy" would apply well to the subject we are about to discuss.

It seems that each day marks something new in film circles, and it appears though it was only yesterday when people laughed at the idea of motion pictures ever amounting to anything worth while. These people were evidently all wrong, for the film business today ranks among the highest of present-day profit-paying industries.

The most recent announcement of note was the acquisition of prominent speaking stage stars to 'most every film-producing company for the express purpose of starring them in featured photo dramas. Of all the selected legitimate stage stars, perhaps the most prominent for the results accomplished is our subject for to-day.

John Emerson, by means of the telephone, invited the writer, after his identity had been revealed, to come up to his hotel and have a "little chat," as Mr. Emerson termed it.

That night at seven found said writer in a choice Los Angeles hotel lobby, anticipating with anxiety the prearranged meeting. As John Emerson descended the hotel marble staircase, I presented myself, and profuse greetings followed.

My first impression of the well-known John Emerson, who, at the age of thirty-three, was general stage-director for the Charles Frohman theatrical forces, was a wiry, keen-eyed, smooth-tongued, slim-built young man of dark complexion, with the spring of youth in his strides.

We soon drifted to the subject of



John Emerson is seen at his best in emotional parts, and the effects he obtains in close scenes are especially good.

playwriting, the writer having in mind Emerson's recent dramatic success, "The Conspiracy," of which he was co-author, producer, and featured player.

"Of course, it goes without saying," spoke Emerson in quiet tones, "that one must have an idea in order to assume the work of a playwright. There are plenty of people who try to write plays and are absolutely ignorant as to the technique of the drama." A brief dramatic pause, and Emerson continued:

"A playwright must be somewhat of a carpenter. He must build portion by portion, until he has complete adequate parts to comprise a perfect house. In my own particular case, if I have an idea for a play, I work it out little by little. Sometimes for hours, again only for brief periods; it is as the mood has me. You cannot sit down and force yourself to write a play. Inspiration, after you have mastered the technique of the drama, plays an important part in successful play construction. I have known times while I was working on 'The Conspiracy' when I would awaken in the middle of the night. My mind was on the play—the proper thought had come to me, and I would write into the wee hours of the morning. Fortunately for my play, 'The Conspiracy,' when I read it to Mr. Frohman he at once accepted it for production. Usually an ambitious author is compelled to wait sometimes for years to have his play even given serious consideration."

"What of your entrance into the motion-picture field? And why did a person of your distinction and success on the legitimate stage forsake that for the silent drama?" I questioned.

"It so happens that the same inquiry has been addressed to me by many of my speaking-stage friends. I will answer you as I did them: The realization of the possibilities of the pictures and the wider scope for one's talents.

"Yes, it is quite true, the stage affords you much opportunity, but there is something magnetic in the word 'pictures'—that is, it appeals so to me. One of the many advantages the theater of silence has over the legitimate stage is that a legitimate attraction can be viewed by only one audience at a time, whereas, if a play is screened, the film will perhaps be exhibited in many different cities in the same afternoon or evening.

"The future of pictures, their rapid

progress—and comparing them to the present slow-moving speaking stage—oh, I can't just seem to express my feeling toward the subject," he concluded in a sort of a puzzled manner.

For the next few minutes we chatted about the weather, our views of the extreme East and West, and soon I had succeeded in having John Emerson start to talk about himself.

"I am a native of Ohio, and when a lad my only ambition was to enter the Episcopalian ministry, but during my college course I gradually came to the conclusion that I had mistaken my vocation. During my time in college I worked hard after school hours to se-



John Emerson without make-up.

cure funds to pay for my tuition fees. I was not born with the proverbial gold spoon.

"After leaving college, I still continued with my studies, but the attractions of the stage were too much for me. I secured a position in a school of acting, where I taught to the pupils literature and other branches of the acting course. In spare hours, I was conducting a church choir, and I was also taking lessons in a music school.

"After a year of this, my ambition was realized. I had been cast with Tim Murphy in a very small speaking part, and at the end of the third performance I was discharged for incompetency. That was my theatrical debut," he laughingly remarked.

"I then decided that I didn't know enough to be an actor," with a reminiscent smile spoke John Emerson, "so I came to New York and studied for three years more. For financial aid, I taught staged amateur plays, and went on a 'super' and 'extra man' in various New York productions. By this time I was fully determined that I was going to be an actor. One day, later, an opportunity for my initial New York appearance presented itself. I was engaged to play small parts and be stage manager for Bessie Tyree and Leo Ditrichstein, and for two seasons I held that position.

"After I had closed with Bessie Tyree and Leo Ditrichstein, I was with Mr. Fiske for two seasons as stage manager and understudy for the principal male parts.

"My next engagement was with the late Clyde Fitch, when I was engaged for the production of 'The Truth,' to act in the capacity of stage manager and understudy for the part of the mendacious old father, and later in the season I played the part during the New York run and elsewhere.

"Later, I was engaged as stage manager for Madame Nazimova, and in a short time I was playing such parts as *Ricardi*, in 'Comtesse Coquette,' *Krogstadt*, in 'A Doll's House,' and the dotting husband in 'Hedda Gabler.' I received a personal letter from Madame Nazimova in which she said, 'You are the best *Tesman* I have ever had.' This letter, of course, I had framed and hung upon the wall.

"The following season I assisted in staging 'The Blue Mouse,' and when Mr. Clyde Fitch died I was chosen by the Shubert management as the man most familiar with the author's methods, to put on 'The City.' I was later made general stage director for the Shuberts, and during that time I appeared in the support of Marietta O'Ly, a German actress whose American career was rather brief; I also produced and played the leading male rôle in 'The Watcher,' and in other plays.

"I joined the Frohman management, where I staged 'The Runaway,' with Miss Billie Burke as its star; 'The Attack,' for John Mason; 'Bella Donna,' for Madame Nazimova, and various other plays. While with Mr. Frohman, I managed to find time to collaborate with Hillard Booth and Cora Maynard

in 'The Bargain,' and with Robert Bader in 'The Conspiracy,' in which I also played the featured part."

Those who have seen John Emerson in "The Conspiracy," as the eccentric newspaper writer, remember his characterization that was universally acclaimed in a class by itself. Emerson is an artist, his work is finished and his interpretations are clear as a crystal. Just imagine, at the age of thirty-three, he was at the head of the Frohman forces, and that speaks for itself as to his business ability—that is one reason why he is where he is to-day—John Emerson is an aggressive worker.

John Emerson showed signs of growing tired and the writer suggested a bit of liquid refreshments, so we marched to the hotel grill. Once on the inside, with one foot propped up on the polished bar railing, Emerson looked somewhat rested. He explained that he is so accustomed to walking around, now that he is in motion pictures, that sitting down is foreign to him, and therefore tires him.

"What of your present motion-picture engagement?" I ejaculated.

"I am appearing in an original feature photo drama at the Griffith-Mutual studio. By the way, it was at this very studio that D. W. Griffith staged that sensational masterpiece, 'The Birth of a Nation,' with the philanderer type of theatrical manager, whose methods are exposed by an aggressive newspaper reporter, played by myself. The manager, to avoid disgrace, goes to Europe, but swears vengeance. He returns later, and is the instigator of the ruin of my career and the death of my loyal wife. Then, through a chain of dramatic circumstances, the moral, 'God's mill grinds slow but sure,' becomes visible. For some of the scenes which disclose me in prison, San Quentin, the famous California State institution, was secured, and some unusually effective scenes were secured there.

"I enjoy my work, or you could term it 'film acting,' very much, and trust that no obstacle will present itself to prevent me from continuing. It is my intention to remain in pictures, and, perhaps, at a later date, stage motion-picture plays. However, before attempting this branch of the profession, I want to be fully posted as to camera limitations, and other points, which, of course, are new to me.

"I have a studio appointment to-night to attend the reading of a scenario," said Mr. Emerson, "and, therefore, must beg of you to pardon me." With these few words, the starting of a motor, an odor of burning gasoline, and the writer stood alone.

is brief, tries to assume an air of business and unnecessary dignity, and the result is, you come away with a false impression.

After learning that men of John Emerson's likeness are enlisting in the motion-picture profession, it does kind of



John Emerson snapped at the Griffith studio. In the group, from left to right, are: John Emerson, Alfred Paget, Lillian Gish and Director W. Christy Cabanne.

To the writer, John Emerson appears to be a wonderful character. He speaks in moderate tones, brings a pleasing smile to surface every so often, and, somehow or other, you feel at home in his presence. Usually one who holds a position similar to John Emerson's in the theatrical world, when interviewed,

make you think that motion pictures are still in their infancy. For it is only natural that bigger things in the line of scenarios will have to be originated in order to have themes adequate in strength and construction to allow ample opportunity for the Emerson type of artist to appear in.

If It Was Five Years Ago!

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, the Quality-Metro star, who is an expert boxer and wrestler, and always keeps in the pink of condition through a trainer that he personally employs, has the distinction of being one of the very few men that ever knocked down James J. Jeffries, the ex-champion pugilist.

Jeffries was employed to play a small part in "Pennington's Choice," which is being made in the California studio for release on the Metro program. Jeffries' part called for a fight scene, in which he engages in a personal encounter with Bushman. Bushman and Jeffries were going full tilt in a final re-

hearsal of the scene when the ex-champion gave Bushman a sharp blow in the mouth. Bushman received two or three more jabs that could hardly be called "love taps," and it ruffled his temper. Both men were sparring in earnest, and when Jeffries stepped back a few feet and came forward, his head down, in one of his famous, furious rushes, Bushman squared himself and met the ex-champion with a healthy, full-sized right-hand swing to the jaw. Jeffries straightened up, reeled, and pitched forward on the floor. It required several minutes and a bucket of cold water to bring the former champion back to his feet.

The Protest

(MUTUAL)

By Robert J. Shores

Molly Fisher was not satisfied—for two reasons. Primarily, her standing in the world terminated at the door of her home in the tenement district, and it was her ambition to attain some height in the eyes of the outside world. Secondly, she earnestly wished to cast off the undesirable class of men who haunted her where she was. No sooner did she start out to satisfy her ambition than she found that she could rise in the favor of every man she met in either the high or low walks of life only over the grave of her virtues. But she had resolved not to sacrifice either of her wishes to attain the other, and what she gained by her protestations is told in this story based on the picture of the same name produced by the Mutual Film Corporation. In the cast were:

Molly Fisher.....Leona Hutton
Roger Hackett.....Crane Wilbur
Skinny Walsh.....Donald O'Brien
Jerry Flynn.....John E. Brennan

WHY not, kid? That's what I want to know, why not?" Skinny Walsh thrust his clean, but unpleasant face nearer Molly's as he leaned down from his vantage point, his seat upon the kitchen table. Molly shifted her chair.

"Why not?" she echoed indignantly. "Because it isn't decent. It isn't right, that's why not. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and you would be, too, if you had any shame in you. But

what can anybody expect from a man like you—a gangster?"

"Aw, come, now, Molly, don't be rough! Say 'politician,' and I'll admit it. But whatever you call it, you have to hand it to me, Molly, I earn a good living. And that's more than you can say for that old rum hound of a father of yours, hanging around Hogan's and spending your money."

"You keep your tongue off my father, do you hear?" flared Molly, with

sudden heat. Walsh's insult to herself she had passed over with little show of anger. Girls who grow up in such neighborhoods as that in which Molly lived, get used to being insulted by the well-dressed ruffians who elegantly idly away their time upon the street corners. Molly could look after herself, but her father was a weakling who could neither assert nor defend himself.

"You keep your tongue off my father!" she repeated. "He may not be successful, but he works for his living."

"You mean he wears a street-cleaning badge for a living," jeered Skinny maliciously. "All the work he's done in the last ten years wouldn't tire little Maggie, there, and you know it!"

At this reference to herself, the little fourteen-year-old sister, sickly and lame, who worshiped Molly as her sole support and protector, drew away into the shadow. Maggie did not like the way Skinny looked at her, nor the way in which he looked at her sister. She did not like Skinny at all.

"You see," he went on, ignoring Maggie's evident dislike, "it ain't as if you had a good home, or as if I couldn't give you one. What's the use of pretending you're happy here? You're not and you know it. You want to be a lady, and they kid you for it. Ain't I cut in on your side more than once before now when they were all guying you? Sure I have! Well, now I can make you a lady. I got the coin to do it, and I'll do it—only"—he



"So, we're mighty independent since we got a job, aren't we?" he asked sneeringly.

caused significantly—"I won't do it for nothing."

"You won't do it at all," replied Molly firmly. "If I want to better myself, that's nobody's business but mine, and I'll attend to it myself. But it isn't of myself I'm thinking, it's of little Maggie. Do you think I'll let her grow up in a place like this, with you and others of your kind hanging around?"

"Grow up?" Skinny laughed brutally. "That little snippet grow up? Say, she's got about as much chance as a snowball in—"

"That'll do!"

Molly's flashing glance silenced, if it did not abash, him. "You'd better be on your way, Skinny; I've seen about all of you that I can stand at one time."

Skinny slid down from the table. He was angry, but he thought it policy to conceal it. He could deal with her temper later when—

Mrs. Fisher, who wore the prefix without undue pride, and consequently attached little importance to conventional titles, came in just as Skinny was going out.

"Smatter?" she inquired thickly. "You and Molly having a lovers' quarrel?"

"Sure!" said Skinny, grinning at Molly; "she chased me out." And then in a lower tone for the mother's ear alone, he added: "But she'll come around. You talk her over."

As Skinny passed out, Molly's mother turned on her, saying: "What d'you want to be pickin' a fight with Skinny for? Ain't you got any sense? Do you want to go on slaving in a factory all your life or get to be a drudge, like me?"

"I'd rather do that than sink to be the creature of a man like Skinny Walsh!"

"Creature—what d'you mean, creature? Ain't he goin' to marry you?"

"Marry me!" Molly laughed bitterly. "What need has he to marry any one, with mother throwing their daughters at his head?"

"That's right, abuse the mother that bore you!" Mrs. Fisher burst into naudlin tears. "He said to me that he'd marry you. Anyhow, he's the only chance you got."

"He is *not*!" said Molly decisively. "And if he were, I wouldn't take him. If he told you he wanted to marry me, he lied to you. Anyway, I'm going to

get out. I'm going to be a stenographer."

"That's it!" wailed Mrs. Fisher. "You borns 'em, and you raises 'em, and they tells you to your face they're too good for you. There ain't no gratitude in children!"

Molly was as good as her word. She mastered the mysteries of shorthand and typewriting, and when she secured a position, she took little Maggie away with her to surround her with the comforts which she fondly hoped her deft fingers would win for them.

But escape was not so easy. When a wolf of the underworld selects some

were equal to the task she had set herself.

Molly did not really realize what a relief it had been to be free of her old environment until one day she came home to find Skinny Walsh waiting for her in the tiny parlor of their uptown flat. Maggie clung to her, sobbing: "He says he's come to take you away, Molly. You won't go, will you? Oh, *please* don't go, Molly!"

"There, there!" soothingly. "Of course I won't go!" Then, turning to Walsh: "I don't know where you learned my address, but I'll tell you this: It will do you no good to know it. I'm done



"Let me speak to the young lady alone," he suggested. "I may be able to induce her to confess."

particular lamb for his prey, he is not to be thrown off the scent by ordinary flight. Molly fled, but she did not burn her bridges behind her. She left her address with her mother, who readily passed it on to Walsh.

Despite the fact that Molly's earnings were meager, both of the girls were happy in their new surroundings. If Maggie, in her childish heart, sometimes missed the sights and sounds of the tenements, which had been familiar to her from birth, her homesickness was quickly banished by the thought of her splendid sister and the wonderful things she was planning for them both. It was Molly who often felt the cold hand of fear clutch at her heart when she made a slip in her work. It was Molly who sometimes wondered if, after all, she

with you. I never want to see you again."

"So we're mighty independent since we got a job, aren't we? We'll see how independent you'll be a few days from now!"

He flung out angrily, leaving Molly in a very unsettled state of mind. She feared Walsh, and yet—how could he strike at her? What could he do?

She was soon to learn. The very next day, as she was taking dictation from the head of the firm, Skinny Walsh, with "gangster" written all over him, called and demanded to see "his girl." He was finally hustled out, but not until he had made a scene which caused Molly to lose her position.

When Walsh called again, three weeks without employment had set their mark

upon Molly, and even more perceptibly upon little Maggie. A few days had exhausted their ready money, and their credit soon followed, so that Walsh found them as thoroughly miserable as two girls could well be. Molly, knowing his errand, and wishing to spare Maggie, sent the child out of the room. Skinny came straight to the point.

"I ain't sore on you, Molly," he said, utterly oblivious to the unconscious irony of his words. "You threw me down, but I ain't holding it against you. Why don't you be sensible? You're up against it, and you might as well give in. If you don't care for yourself, think of the kid. She can't stand this racket."

With the instinct of the born tempter, Walsh assailed Molly at her weakest point. It was true. The little sister grew paler and more sickly looking day by day. Could she sacrifice that little sister to save her virtue? And, if she did, could she ever again take pride in that possession? Molly wavered. Walsh, noting her attitude of surrender, stepped toward her. But before he could touch her, little Maggie limped breathlessly into the room.

"Don't listen to him, Molly!" she cried, her eyes sparkling with rage. "I listened, and I know what he means. If you go with him, I'll never forgive you, never, never, never!"

The sight of her little sister's steadfastness steadied Molly like a dash of cold water. She threw open the door and turned to Walsh, with one word: "Go!"

Would any one see her take it? The purse lay temptingly upon the counter. It was evidently the property of some wealthy woman. The quality of the purse itself told her that. Some woman, doubtless, who would never miss the money it contained and which would do so much for herself and for Maggie. Molly's fingers moved slowly across the counter. Poor little Maggie, she had saved her from Walsh, but with him had vanished their last hope of rescue. Had she not searched everywhere for work? And here, in this great department store, they had told her they had no place for her in any capacity. The hand drew near the purse. To-morrow would be Maggie's birthday. The fingers closed upon the purse and hastily thrust it into the pocket of Molly's skirt.

A hand fell heavily upon her shoul-

der. She turned, to see a heavy-set person standing behind her. "Come with me!" said this person in an authoritative voice.

A handsomely gowned woman rustled up and stared at Molly. "That's the one," she said. "I saw her take it. I laid it down for a moment while I stepped to the light to examine a piece of silk, and when I turned back she was picking it up."

Molly summoned her courage, and indignantly denied the theft, but to no avail. The owner of the purse was certain she had seen it stolen, and she insisted that Molly be taken before Mr. Hackett, proprietor of the store, and her own prospective father-in-law. For Molly, unfortunately, had stolen the purse of no less a person than Miss Blanche Armstrong, society belle, and fiancée of the district attorney. That the incident occurred in the department store of the district attorney's father did not add to Molly's chances of going free.

Despite her protests, she was taken to Hackett's private office. Hackett was judiciously stern until he secured one good look at Molly. It was a joke among his acquaintances that the senior Hackett had become a successful merchant because he had such a good eye for a bit of dress goods.

"Let me speak to the young lady alone," he suggested. "I think I may be able to induce her to confess."

When they were alone, he made her the proposition which Molly instinctively expected. He offered her freedom—upon one condition, a condition which he laid down as one who had often made it before, despite the fact that he was a man of family. Molly, crushed by her capture, convinced of the wickedness of all men, and fearful of what her imprisonment would mean to Maggie, consented.

When she left Hackett's office, it was to go home to dress for dinner with him in a notorious café. There was money in her purse but sorrow in her heart as she entered her little parlor. There she found Walsh waiting for her. Suddenly, at sight of him, she felt a fierce desire to hurt him; to make him pay, in some degree, for the humiliation which she was suffering and which he had forced upon her. So she told him, told him the price she was to pay for her freedom—a price which

deprived him of his last hope of conquest.

Infuriated at the knowledge that another man was to succeed where he had failed, Skinny lay in wait when Molly came out and trailed her to the restaurant. The sight of the prosperous merchant enraged him further. Then, in the low cunning of his scheming brain was born his plan for revenge. Within ten minutes of the time when Molly and Hackett entered their private dining room, Skinny was at the telephone.

"Is this the residence of J. J. Hackett? I want to talk to Mr. Hackett."

"Mrs. Hackett, your husband is here at Victor's—in a private dining room—No. 38—with a woman. Alone with a woman. Yes, do you hear me? Alone."

"Never mind who I am. I'll show you the room. At once? Good!"

If Skinny had known that District Attorney Roger Hackett was in the booth next his, he would not have left the door ajar. As it was, he felt a cold chill run down his back when he saw Roger dash out of the booth and head straight for the private dining room where his father was closeted with Molly.

"Hang him!" muttered Skinny. "He'll spoil everything!"

That was certainly what the elder Hackett thought when the door was opened without notice, and his broad shouldered son swung in.

"I don't like to interrupt you, dad," he said sarcastically, "but as I happen to know that mother is on her way here looking for you, I think you had better go."

"Good God! Let me out of here!" exclaimed that disreputable parent, as he tried to push Molly to one side and reach the exit.

"Shame on you!" exclaimed Molly. "You were anxious enough to get in. It would serve you right if your wife did catch you!"

Meanwhile, Skinny, suddenly deprived of his first plan, made up his mind to play for an even higher stake. Jerry Flynn, the big boss, was under fire. The district attorney had sworn to get his scalp. Here was a chance to get solid! It was no sooner thought than done. A second message went over the wire—this time to Boss Flynn, to the effect that the district attorney might

caught with the goods, in a private room, with a "skirt."

Fear, they say, lends people wings. Perhaps jealousy does the same. At any rate, Mrs. Hackett was at the door of the dining room before her husband could escape. As her knock sounded, Roger whispered to his father: "Leave me to me."

"James!" said Mrs. Hackett, fixing a baleful eye upon her husband. "What

Boss Flynn leering at him. Flynn was accompanied by two newspaper reporters and a photographer. Scandal loomed large in the immediate future, and J. P. Hackett, who hated scandal with the true fervor of those who have the most cause to fear it, did exactly the wrong thing. He tried to buy off the boss.

"Nothing doing!" said Flynn virtuously. "The people have a right to know about this." He turned to Roger:

had lied so nobly, but could she, knowing all, permit the sacrifice of such a son for such a father? By morning her mind was made up. She called upon Roger's fiancée, Miss Armstrong, and told her the whole truth, innocently believing that this girl would exert herself to clear her intended husband. Miss Armstrong heard her out, and replied:

"You are the woman who stole my purse, and I can put no reliance upon



Reputation, career, social position—all would be regained or lost forever by a single word, and Roger was forced to say it.

Does this mean? Who is this person with you?"

"If you mean the young lady, mother," said Roger, "she isn't with father—she's with me!"

"Yes," exclaimed his father, taking Roger's cue, "I caught him at it—drinking with this young female."

"Roger, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Well you may be, ma'am," said a triumphant voice in the doorway, and at that moment a flash light was exploded. Turning toward the door, Roger saw

"Did I understand you to say that this young woman came here with you?"

Molly held her breath. Would the young man save himself at the last moment by telling the truth, or would he remain loyal to his father? Reputation, career, social position—all would be regained or lost forever by a single word. Roger spoke it: "Yes!"

Molly sighed. Here, at last, was a true man!

There was no rest for Molly that night. She was glad—glad that Roger

your word—the word of a thief. I, who am perfectly innocent, have seen my name in the newspapers connected with that of the man who deceived me, and I want nothing more to do with him. I have broken our engagement, and I will not see him again."

Shocked at the attitude of Miss Armstrong, Molly offered Roger her assistance in winning his fight on the boss. He carefully explained the situation. His case against the boss was complete, with the exception of a few papers

which were needed to establish the charge of graft. These papers he had been unable to secure.

"Cheer up," said Molly, "and you will win out yet. If it is humanly possible to get the papers, I will get them for you."

Knowing that Boss Flynn had observed her at the restaurant, Molly sought him out, and applied for a position as his secretary. Flynn admitted to himself that while old Hackett was

hope that she would find the papers inside.

"So that's your game?" asked Flynn, walking in on her. "I thought it was queer that you should turn up in my office just at this time. Well, I fooled you, young lady. I have the papers here." He tapped his breast pocket.

Molly slumped down on her knees, and stared at him dumbly.

"You must want them very badly," said Flynn, eyeing her. "You can't steal

with me to my rooms to-night, and will give them to you."

So, thought Molly, it was the same old story over again. All roads ended in the same cul-de-sac. All men asked the same sacrifice. Very well, she would make it. But she would make it for the sake of the one man who had not—who would not—ask it.

"I will go with you," she said.

Roger, who had fallen into the habit of dropping into Molly's little nest for cheer and encouragement, was waiting for her to return, when little Maggie in all innocence, let fall a remark which acted like a match dropped in a train of powder.

"Molly doesn't get home until pretty late, now that she is working for Mr. Flynn."

"Working for Flynn?" exclaimed Roger. "Boss Flynn?"

"I guess that's what they call him," replied Maggie. "Aren't you going to wait?"

"Working for Boss Flynn!" growled Roger in a rage. "So that's the little game? It was all a frame-up in the restaurant. Lord, what a fool I've been!" He rushed to the door.

"What shall I tell Molly?" piped Maggie wonderingly.

"Tell her that I know everything!" And he was gone.

Where he went or what he did for the next two hours he could never remember. The first clear moment of consciousness found him in Flynn's saloon, face to face with Skinny Walsh.

Walsh was intoxicated, and, therefore, he was bold. He swaggered up to Roger. "Got you right, didn't we, old boy?" he inquired. "And the funny part of it is that the girl—the one at the restaurant—is upstairs with the old man right now. She's a fly one, all right, I—"

Blind with rage, Roger did not wait for Walsh to finish, nor even to punish him for his insults. He sprang up the stairs and pounded on the door of Flynn's apartments.

Walsh's jaw dropped as he saw Roger bound up the stairs. Fearing he had started something serious, he scuttled out and began climbing up the fire escape, hoping to warn Flynn before Roger could effect an entrance. As his eyes came to the level of the window sill, he saw Flynn confronting Molly, with some papers in his hand.



"Now Boss Flynn," he cried, "I've got you—and got you good!"

a fool to get caught, his taste was not so bad. Hackett had known her first, but what of that?

"Yes," he said finally. "You can have the job. Come to work to-morrow."

It was three days before Molly was left alone with the safe. But it was not three minutes after she was left alone until she was down on her knees turning the combination, in the wild

them, and I won't give them to you, but you can get them."

"How?"

"You can buy them."

"How much?" Molly's lips formed the words slowly. She knew that money was not what he wanted.

"It isn't a question of money," he said, as if in answer to her thought. "It's a question of sociability. Come

"Come, now," he was saying, "this is C. O. D., you know!"

Molly swayed upon her feet. Face to face with the supreme sacrifice, she knew that she could not make it. Where strength had held her back before, weakness now prevented her from immolating herself to save the man she loved. She swayed toward Flynn, and he, thinking she was about to surrender, reached out his arms. Molly suddenly snatched at the papers, and clung to his wrist. Struggling desperately, she sought to force the papers from his

hand, while Flynn, cursing and panting, reached for his revolver. In that moment he relaxed the tension of his fingers, and Molly sprang back, with the papers in her hand. Flynn leveled his revolver and fired.

At the instant that Flynn threw up the gun, Roger burst open the door, just in time to see Walsh, who was entering by the fire escape, receive the bullet which was meant for Molly. Before Flynn could aim again, Roger sprang upon him, and, wresting the revolver from him, he kept the boss cov-

ered, while he backed to Molly and threw a protecting arm about her waist.

"Now, Boss Flynn," he cried, "I've got you where I want you. Got you—and got you good!"

If any one wept for Skinny Walsh, it was not little Maggie, winning her way back to health under the care of an eminent specialist, nor Boss Flynn, looking out of the windows of his cell. Nor was it—we may well believe—the wife of the popular and justly respected district attorney, the girl who made good her protest.

Film Flams

By Dean Bowman

THE movie actors at Boston recently gave a grand benefit ball, and Governor Walsh attended, leading the grand march with Miss Pauline Mason, of Malden.

The Famous Players releases as announced are: Hazel Dawn, in "The Masqueraders," November 4th; Mary Pickford, in "Madame Butterfly," November 8th; John Barrymore, in "The Red Widow," November 11th; Marguerite Clark, in "The Prince and the Pauper," November 15th; Charles Cherry, in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," November 18th; Pauline Frederick, in "Bella Donna," November 20th.

W. F. Bossner, manager of the Park Theater, Boston, has added a touch of interest to the Park Topical Review. First a witch crosses the sky, riding on her broom. She strikes the moon, knocking it out of the sky. A motion from the witch brings on a big star, followed by twos and threes by other stars, which unite and form one huge sparkler, reaching from the top to the bottom of the screen. Then the little stars disengage themselves and run in confusion all around the sky, eventually forming themselves into the words, "Park Topical Review."

Joseph Golden, a pioneer producer, is devoting his traditional knowledge to the efforts of the Equitable, and is featuring Hilda Spong in "Divorced."

The Famous Players, in many of whose recent productions he has appeared to advantage, has now secured

the permanent services of the popular leading man, Marshall Neilan.

Nor for three years, it seems, will the stage see the bounding form and hear the querulous voice of Douglas Fairbanks. David W. Griffith has the mercurial comedian bagged for movie productions for that length of time.

Robert Edeson, after many adventures before the camera, has resumed the simple life of a stage star in a new play, called "Husband and Wife."

"Carmen," in which Jesse L. Lasky will present Miss Geraldine Farrar, the famous grand-opera star, will have its premier New York presentation at the Strand Theater October 31st.

Mary Miles Minter, the youngest star on the screen, recently signed by B. A. Rolfe exclusively for the Metro, made her great stage success as the star of "The Little Rebel" in 1911, when this play was presented by William and Dustin Farnum.

Moving pictures with seats selling at three dollars each are an actuality in New York. The ultrafashionables can now choose between moving pictures and grand opera.

The third annual ball of the Motion-picture Exhibitors' League of Massachusetts will be held on Wednesday evening, December 1st, at the Boston Arena.

There is great rejoicing among the Triangle patrons. William S. Hart, that wonderful portrayer of Western types, is soon to be seen at the Knickerbocker, in a big feature directed by Tom

Ince and himself. The picture will most likely be the "Disciple," in which Hart has a thrilling fight, or fights, as we should say. We know that William is some scrapper himself, and that his scrap in "On the Night Stage" was the greatest ever seen, not barring the famous fight in "The Spoilers." Hart's usefulness to the screen does not end with fighting, however, for he has one of the most expressive faces in film-dom, and ranks with Walthall when it comes to emotionalism.

Charlie Ray, leading man with Tom Ince's company, has become so brown from being on the beach so much that his director has forbidden him to go in swimming for some time. He wants to use Charlie in some society dramas, but says that he looks too much like a savage.

Selig and American are having a pretty time over "The House of a Thousand Candles" and "The House of a Thousand Scandals." Selig says that the American production is too much like their own.

Lucius Henderson is hard at work on a three-reel production with delightful Mary Fuller. "The Heart of a Mermaid" is the title of this film, which the director declares will show Mary at her best.

Every day the debate between the motion pictures and the legitimate stage is put to a vote. And the eyes have it.

In the sex plays it is carried by the nose.

The Little Mademoiselle

(WORLD)

By Richard D. Taylor

Perhaps the most lonesome person in the world is one surrounded by people, but who do not speak his language and whose language he does not understand. That is the situation into which the little mademoiselle was cast, but she had no time to be lonesome, for things happened in too rapid succession. Then the whole course of her life was altered by a thrilling automobile race, but altered only to make a new complication. This story is taken from the World Film Corporation's production of the same name, and those who starred in the cast of the picture were:

Mademoiselle Lili Breval Vivian Martin
Etienne Breval E. J. d'Varney
James Pemberton Arthur Ashley

LOW, dull sound broke the intense silence that had held the little group in the church as though spell-bound.

The couple who stood at the altar turned and faced each other as they heard it—it was the priest closing the book, and to them it meant the beginning of a new life. The wedding was over.

The bride, a young French girl, looked almost timidly up at the man before her and raised her arms toward him, but even as she did so, she found herself held tightly in his embrace, while she buried her face amid the thin veil and light gauze that rested on his shoulder.

As they stood thus for a moment the few others who had been present at the ceremony gathered closer to offer their congratulations and best wishes to the couple to whom the afternoon had meant everything.

"That city of Boston is one of beauty and culture, though quite far from here, my little niece, and you should be glad to see it," said Henry Breval, speaking in the purest Parisian French, although he had been for some years a hustling commercial climber in the automobile marts of New York.

"I shall be glad to see it!" declared Mademoiselle Lili Breval, with a pretty shrug. "I should be glad to see anything in this wonderful country. But it cannot be so far away as my own home in Paris, nor would any distance seem far. I am living almost as in a dream. I am happy to be here in New York, but everything is so strange—the people

and the language. I cannot speak a single word that they will understand. It is, almost, that I am living on another planet. I cannot so much as exchange the polite greetings of the day with any one but you and my aunt, and Cousin Etienne."

"Etienne!" echoed Henry Breval, a look of affectionate parental ardor flashing into his kindly eyes. "Ah, but is he not the fine fellow, my dear Lili? I am not ashamed to be proud of such a son. It is my dearest hope that you and your cousin will become very good friends indeed."

Lili was too polite to return anything less gratifying than a winsome smile, even if she did not respond with enthusiasm to her uncle's thinly veiled suggestion of his intentions regarding the futures of his son and her.

"Cousin Etienne is a charming young man," she agreed; "very handsome and gallant, and the son of my dearest uncle, whom I came all the way across that terrible ocean to see."

The distinguished elderly man chuckled jovially, and kissed her on the forehead with unmistakable affection.

The Breval household in New York was in a state of mild turmoil. Packing cases and trunks were scattered through the house, and the family was making elaborate preparations for the journey to Boston. In the Massachusetts metropolis Henry Breval was opening a branch office of his motor-car manufactory, and until the new department of the business was well established, the home of the family was to be maintained in Boston.

The party that set out for the new home, leaving New York by train, consisted of Henry Breval and his wife, their niece Lili, their son Etienne, and Mrs. Breval's personal maid.

With quaint roguishness, which was more amusing than annoying, the elder Breval exerted all his ingenuity and diplomacy to keep the two young people as much in each other's society as possible. Mrs. Breval was unpleasantly affected by railroad traveling, and on the plea of sitting by her in the parlor car while she composed herself for a nap, the old fellow sent Lili and Etienne into the dining car alone, to lunch tête-à-tête. The cousins had already become good friends, but there was no feeling of tender sentiment between them, and they went so far as to laugh gayly at the deep-laid designs of the fond parent.

When they returned to the parlor car, Mrs. Breval was sleeping tranquilly; so, leaving Lili to read a French magazine, Etienne and his father excused themselves, in soft whispers, and went to the club car for a half hour of smoking and business discussion.

The train was a fast express, stopping only at the important cities in Connecticut and Rhode Island, but a United States senator, of great wealth and distinction, wished to quit the train at a small village on the line, to go to his country place, and the train was stopped at his bidding, long enough for his stately exit from a private car, and the removal of his baggage.

Lili was finding more to interest her in the beautiful New England scenery than in the pages of her magazine, and

hen the train stopped in the midst of woods and meadows, with only a small part of a station, a freight shed, and two or three farmhouses to mar the landscape, she dropped the magazine to the floor and leaned close to the window, her great eyes shining with enthusiasm.

Five small children, barefooted and in gingham pinafores, were playing with mud pies and bits of broken crockery on the farther side of the wooden platform, and she smiled as she saw them engage in a spirited altercation, evidently on the all-important subject of mud-pie construction.

Lili smiled until one of the urchins lost his temper and plastered a moist mud-pie upon the freckled pug-nose of the smallest of the mud-pastry cooks; then her pretty face showed almost as much distress as the victim was attesting with his shrill cries of rage and fear.

Impulsively she sprang out of her seat and darted into the vestibule of the car. "Train'll be a-startin' in about half a minute, miss," said the jolly negro porter on the steps, but she did not understand a word of his meaning, and she had no thought of the train leaving.

Lili ran across the tracks and caught the squabbling children and the grievously offended one up in her arms. She crooned to him and expostulated with his juvenile enemies in her spirited way, and she was surprised and abashed when she realized that not one of her words was intelligible to the little New Englanders. Her beauty and tenderness had a soothing effect on the belaguerers, however, and quiet was restored.

"Look out, lady; ye'll get hit!" cried a small boy suddenly, and Lili took alarm at his look and gesture, and sprang away from the

westbound track as a long freight train swept by, with a clangor of bell ringing and whistle blowing.

It was the longest train of cars that she had ever seen, and she counted twenty-seven of them as they pounded along the rails. Then the tiny caboose flashed by her, and she saw her own train on the other track.

But the sight of it brought a cry of consternation to her lips. It was several hundred yards down the track, on

its way to Boston, and gathering speed with every second.

She started after, but only for a few steps, when she realized the futility of what she was doing. She was not a distinguished person of wealth, and train schedules cannot be ignored for the sake of pretty girls in distress.

She stopped, her lips quivered, and a little sob rose in her throat, as she stood and watched the rear car swing around a curve and disappear. Lili realized that she was alone and lost, and, there being nothing else to do, she turned back and walked slowly along the track, wondering if any one would give her aid in finding her relatives again.

Suddenly two men appeared on the track, near the little station, and came toward her. Her heart bounded with hope. If they were gentlemen she would tell them her extraordinary story, and ask them to help her.

She walked a little faster, but as the men drew nearer and she could see them clearly, she stopped, and uttered a little gasp of alarm. They were not gentlemen! Their tattered, soiled clothes, their unkempt beards and red faces, proclaimed them to be tramps. As she stared at them, alarm growing to terror, she saw one of the strangers point her out to the others, and quicken his pace.

Lili turned and ran, her imagination forming every kind of possible cause for fright.

A glance behind her proved what she most feared—both men were running after her, and she heard them call to her. Where the railroad embankment sloped away into a meadow, she left the tracks and dashed wildly into the brush and long grass, making for a road that paralleled the tracks at no great distance.

She gained the road, and,



After a walk of four miles they discovered a vacant farmhouse that served as shelter.

though breathless, set up a faster pace along the hard macadam, without pausing to look back.

She figured roughly that she had run a mile, when she saw scattering houses and various signs of a village, off to the left of the road, and about half a mile distant. Houses and people were what she most desired in the world at that moment, so she left the road instantly and plunged once more into canebrakes and morasses. Her shoes were already heavy with water, and she was tiring rapidly. Looking about for her pur-

Mademoiselle Lili Breval, et mon Oncle Henri, mon Cousin Etienne—

"Hold on!" exclaimed the elderly villager, putting up a restraining hand. "Land o' Goshen! Don't talk so blamed fast, an' talk United States. What's the matter with ye, anyhow, miss?"

His face was still kindly, but from his manner, Lili conjectured that he was reproving her, and her eyes grew troubled and despairing. She realized, with a shock, that these strange people made no intelligent response to appeals in the tongue that had always served her

ment and unutterable delight, he addressed her courteously in French.

"I think I heard you say something just now in French, mademoiselle?" he said gently in her native tongue. "A thousand pardons! But if there is anything I can do for you, I shall be charmed. My French is merely school French, but I hope I make myself understood."

"I thank you with all my heart, monsieur!" she exclaimed earnestly. "But surely you speak admirable French, and what should I have done if you had not come to my rescue?"

Then, in her fascinating little way, she told him, with many shrugs and gestures, of her harrowing adventures, and that she must go to Boston at once to find her uncle and aunt and cousin, but she had no money, and was a stranger in a very strange land.

The young man politely introduced himself as Mr. James Pemberton, and he drew her away from the curious bystanders, and walked with her down the elm-shaded village street.

He, too, was in difficulties, he told her, and hoped the knowledge might serve to ease her own distress. Although a college man, of good family, he was trying to make his way in the world, starting at the bottom of the ladder. He had been working at the garage as a chauffeur and mechanic, but an ill-mannered, unreasonable customer had entered a complaint against and a fight followed. Just before she arrived on the scene, the furious customer had entered a complaint against him to the proprietor of the garage, and he had been discharged from his position. His ill-tempered employer had refused even to give him the wages due him, and now he was cast adrift, with scarcely a cent in his pocket.

"So you see, mademoiselle," he finished, "you and I are very nearly in the same plight. I have the advantage of being able to express myself in language—if that is an advantage—but until you are out of your trouble I shall stay by your side, and do all your talking for you."

The girl was buoyed up by the excitement of the day and the fortunate turn events had taken, but Jim Pemberton could see that she was near to physical exhaustion, and, after some deliberation, he took her to the house of an elderly woman, whom he knew to be generous and kind, and suggested that



There was indignation and suspicion when Jim Pemberton appeared in company with Lili.

suers, Lili saw them walking in the opposite direction far down the road. Evidently they did not relish the trouble that might await should they follow her into the town.

At last, she came to a village street, and made straightway for a crowd of people that was gathered in front of a public garage.

Their voices were raised in heated argument, it seemed, and there was some excitement in the air, but she paid no heed to those conditions. She ran to a little group of men and singled out the most elderly and kindly looking one.

"*Je vous demande pardon, monsieur!*" she cried, gasping for breath. "*Je suis*

wants so well, and she fell to wringing her hands and uttering soft, little, choking sobs.

Some of the men laughed unfeelingly, and the elderly man looked at her with frank perplexity.

"Speak up, little girl!" he urged. "Tell us what ye want, only let's have it so's we'll understand it."

The interest of the crowd now turned toward Lili, and there was a general movement in her direction.

A tall, clean-cut young man elbowed his way through the group, and Lili saw that he was the one who had been the center of the altercation upon which she had intruded. Then, to her amaze-

he should rest and take some refreshment while he went forth to establish some communication with her uncle, if possible.

Lili sat in a large rocking-chair in the woman's cottage, with a cup of tea and a plate of toast and jam on the table beside her, and watched Jim go swinging down the street. As he vanished round a corner, a spasm of anxiety and apprehension seized her. What if he would not return? The only man who would understand her speech and talk with her! What if he should have another combat with those barbarians at the garage, and not be able to come back to her?

Suddenly she set the teacup down with a clatter, sprang from the chair, and hurled at the good New England woman a torrent of rapid French gratitude and apology.

The woman was sure now that what she had first suspected was the solemn truth—the poor, young thing was hopelessly insane! So she stood aghast, and made no remonstrance when Lili darted out the door and ran swiftly after Jim Pemberton.

After a chase of three blocks, the young man was caught, and Lili had no great difficulty in convincing him that she should not go anywhere without her. He was vastly tempted to ask her to make that condition absolutely permanent, but he merely agreed to her demands, and promised to serve her as well as a penniless young man might.

They went to the telegraph office, and Jim told the girl's story to the agent, and begged to send a wire to her uncle to collect." The agent was suspicious, and refused to consider the proposal, so they went on their way more helpless than ever. Jim approached the local hotel keeper and outlined to him a plan for giving the young woman proper shelter and protection until her uncle could be advised of her whereabouts. The hotel man, however, was a friend of the garage proprietor, and had just heard of Jim's dismissal from the establishment; there was "nothing doing!"

"Monsieur Pemberton, we will walk to that city of Boston!" Lili declared, with fine spirit.

"But it is—oh, many, many miles from here!" he protested; "and you are terribly fatigued already."

"Monsieur Pemberton, we shall go!" she squared her shoulders, and threw

back her head with the brave determination of a grenadier of France.

Jim protested, but Lili merely started herself, and Jim was forced to follow, for she would listen to no objections.

They walked four miles, which was three miles and a half farther than he expected her to walk, and only during the last stages of the march would she consent to lean on his arm, though she could not conceal a painful limp and a weary drooping of the shoulders. It was quite dark by that time, and Jim ordered a halt, with polite insistence. Still she demurred, but he was firm, and, after a little careful scouting, he found an old farmhouse, vacant, but in a fair state of cleanliness.

They went in through a window, and she sank down, exhausted, upon the floor, and took involuntary rest. Unperceived by her, Jim crept out of the house and went on a foraging expedition. He returned in ten minutes with a hatful of potatoes and onions, some dry twigs, and a battered tin can full of water.

While she slept, with her head pillowed on his folded coat, he built a fire in the ancient fireplace, and concocted no less homely and simple a dish than boiled potatoes and onions. It seemed foolish to them both to be in such a situation, but conditions made it imperative.

Lili slept soundly for a while, but when she awoke her ravenous hunger made her eat what he had prepared, without a thought of the want of seasoning or the crudeness of the preparation. They talked for half an hour after the repast, and then she sank back upon the hard, dusty floor again, and was instantly asleep.

Jim was not tired, but he was gravely anxious for this girl, who was in such a harrowing predicament, and he sat beside her all through the night, dozing slightly at times, but never losing himself in slumber.

Morning dawned, and Lili awoke surprisingly refreshed and mended in body and spirit. They left the old house, and walked through the town that lay just beyond, in hope of discovering some way to clear matters. Jim stopped suddenly in the main street of the place and scanned a gayly colored poster on a billboard hopefully. Lili looked at the poster, then cast an inquiring glance at him, for she could not read a word of the advertisement.

"There is an automobile race to be held here to-day, mademoiselle," he explained, "and I am hoping that it may be a source of help to us. I am a trained driver and mechanic, and I may be able to do something that will earn for us our fare to Boston, and some money with which to buy food."

"Ah, monsieur, but this race driving is a very dangerous sport!" she exclaimed, with pretty solicitude.

"Everything we do in this world is dangerous, in one way or another, mademoiselle," he replied lightly. "By your leave, we will visit the race track where the contest is to be held, and I will make some inquiries."

At the fair grounds, beyond the town, Jim left Lili seated comfortably in a shady grove, and went on a scouting tour. As he approached one of the temporary garages near the track, walking slowly and quietly, he chanced to overhear a scrap of conversation between two men who were standing back of the building, and who evidently did not notice his approach.

"It's a bargain, then," said one of the men. "I can depend on Mercier to back me up, if he receives his share of the money. We will drive a good race, you may be sure, but near the finish something will happen to the car; Mercier and I will take care of that!"

"All right, Mr. Vallon," said the other man. "I shall trust you. Your car must not finish the race. We must prove that it is not a dependable car, and for the evidence I desire I will pay you the fifteen hundred dollars."

Jim Pemberton waited to hear no more. He turned, without making a sound, and walked away, passing to the other side of the building.

From the dozen or more men standing about the little camp, he singled out one of apparent authority, and introduced himself as a man qualified to act as driver or mechanic of a racing car.

The man looked him over critically. "I don't need any one at present," he remarked. "I am handling the entry of a friend of mine, Mr. Henry Breal, and I have engaged Vallon to drive the car, with a fellow named Mercier as mechanic."

Jim started suddenly, uttering an exclamation of surprise. "That is interesting," he said slowly, deliberating on the proper course to pursue. "I don't want you to think me an eavesdropper,

sir, or a man that butts into the affairs of others, but by a peculiar chance I happen to know that your prospects in the race have been sold out, and by no other than this Vallon you speak of."

At the man's eager solicitation, he went on to tell him of the talk he had accidentally overheard, and, happily for

thought, he decided not to bring the girl's name into the affair at present; at least, not until he was sure of the chance to drive the racer. He had a secret desire, strong within him, to rescue Lili from her difficulties by his own efforts, and if he told this man of her now, she might be taken from him at

lessness and caution which won Sauverne's enthusiastic approval.

"Very well, Mr. Pemberton," he said as they returned to the garage, "I am satisfied that you are the man for us. I will find a reliable mechanic, and we will draw up a contract for your services."



"I warn you," he added with a look of anxiety, "that all sentiment regarding my niece must be abandoned."

him, the evidence seemed in a way to confirm certain suspicions that the man had felt already.

"Young man, I shall take your word for all this!" he declared. "I believe I can trust you. Furthermore, if you can prove to me that you are a capable driver, I will hire you to drive the car. My name is Sauverne, and I represent Mr. Henry Breal, of the Breal Motor Construction Co."

Jim recognized the name of Lili's uncle instantly, but, after a moment's

once, and he doubtless would never see her again.

Sauverne lost no time in hunting up Vallon and Mercier and dismissing them from his service, with a strong reprimand. When that was done, he allowed Jim Pemberton to take out the Breal racer, and together they went for a trial spin on the track.

Jim was alive to the importance of the trial, and, without a thought of danger, he drove the fine car over the course with a clever blending of reck-

As Jim started to thank him, a tall, gray-haired man hurried toward them.

"Jim!" cried the newcomer. "Why, what in the world are you doing here, my son?"

"Hello, dad!" exclaimed Jim, in response to the greeting, flushing vividly with surprise and a certain apprehension.

"How do you do, Mr. Pemberton?" said Sauverne. "Is this young man your son?"

"He sure is," was the answer, "al-

ough you wouldn't think it, by the way he avoids me. He's striking out for himself in the world, and he carries his independence to extreme lengths."

Sauverne scowled, and was silent for a moment. "I don't like this," he said gravely, at length. "Your father has a car in the race; he is one of our strong competitors, and you did not tell me that you were the son of Pemberton, the motor-car man! Why?"

"My father forbade me to drive racing cars some time ago," Jim replied frankly, "and since then I have followed my own course, and tried to build up a career without the influence of his name."

"That sounds very well," said Sauverne curtly; "but I am not putting a competitor's son into the driver's seat of our car, you may be sure! I'll bid you both good day!"

"You've robbed me of a fine chance to win success and possibly a good position, dad," said Jim, sorely disappointed. "Now, you might at least let me drive our own car in the race; it's no more than fair."

"You know my wishes in that respect, Jim," returned the older man sternly. "Never, with my consent, will you risk our life in a racing car."

"Very well, then," retorted the son. "I see that I must continue to go my own way, father. I hope you will have access in the race this afternoon."

As a trumpet call summoned the entrants in the race to assemble at the starting point, the disconsolate Jim and Lili stood near the garages and saw Mr. Sauverne drive the Breval car from the shed himself. He had failed to secure a reliable driver, so he hired a skillful mechanic, and placed himself at the teetering wheel.

The long, low, dark-gray car glided smoothly through the yard, and headed for the gateway that led to the track. Jim looked it over admiringly, and shook his head sadly. He had set his heart on driving it, and, though he wished his father's car no lack of success, he knew that he would have piloted his rival with all his heart and soul.

Sauverne reached the track rail and waited for an attendant to swing open the gate, and, as the car stood still here for a moment, there came from a lump of shrubbery on the other side

of the track a flash, a puff of thin smoke, and a sharp crack.

Sauverne uttered a piercing cry and flung up his arms, and as Jim and some other bystanders rushed to him, he sank back in his seat, pale and gasping, and a thread of crimson trickled slowly down his arm from a distinct wound in the top of his shoulder.

A man was seen stealing from the shrubbery, and a score of men vaulted the track rail and gave chase. There was a race, a scuffle, two or three harmless revolver shots, and then the pursuers came back, dragging Vallon, the race driver, to turn him over to the sheriff.

Jim could wait no longer, and sought out Sauverne.

"It may be asking too much, sir," said Jim, "but I wish you would let me take the wheel. I can give you only my word that I will drive the car honestly and with all the skill I have, but I feel that I can win the race."

Sauverne looked searchingly into his face, long and gravely. Then—"All right, my boy!" he exclaimed. "There's no one else, now, and I'll take a chance on you. Go to it!"

An ambulance arrived at that minute, and Sauverne was helped out of the racing car and into the hospital conveyance. Without loss of time, Jim sprang to the wheel, and, as the bugle sounded a second call, he waved his hand reassuringly to the anxious Lili, and whirled out into the track.

It was a two-mile oval, and the race was set for twenty laps. The cars left the starting line in relays—fifteen of them in all—and the Breval car was off with a spirited dash at the second starting gun.

In a moment, Jim found himself racing, hood to hood, with his father's car, which had no less a celebrity than Bernard Vieuxchamp at the wheel, and he threw himself into the contest with every nerve and sinew in his body strung to the highest tension.

He thought of the men who had staked money on the failure of the Breval car, and kept a sharp watch on the inner track rail at all the turns, but Vallon was out of the way, and Jim hoped that the rascal's failure to put the car out of the race by shooting Sauverne would discourage other attempts.

At the beginning of the eighth lap, the car wavered and skidded slightly, and Jim stopped it instantly, just as a

rear wheel collapsed. He and the mechanic leaped out and pushed the racer into one of the repair inclosures, and investigation showed that the wheel had been treacherously tampered with at the garage, five bolts having been removed and the holes cleverly masked. The mechanic proved himself a good man in a pinch, however, and in four minutes they had a spare wheel in place, and the car on the track once more.

As they passed the grand stand, leaping over the track at twice the speed of an express train, a roar of applause followed them, and Jim leaned farther over and kept his eyes on the course, with jaw set and every muscle taut.

At the sixteenth lap, nine cars were out of the race, and scarcely one of the remaining ones had escaped without some trifling tire or engine trouble. The Breval car, however, was standing the test nobly, its only delay having been caused by trickery.

The Pemberton car was ahead of them all at the nineteenth lap, and Jim had still half a lap to make up. With the mechanic working frantically to keep the steel monster alive, Jim strained every particle of the mechanism to the last notch before the breaking point, and on the last quarter of the final round he shot past his father's car.

An earthquake rumble and roar from the grand stand fairly shook the ground, and as the Breval car flashed over the line the crowd went wild. Thousands crowded to the rails and threw hats and flags and coats in the air. Jim was taken from his seat as he drove into the paddock, and borne on the shoulders of shrieking enthusiasts, until the pale, but joyous, Mr. Sauverne, with his shoulder heavily bandaged, pushed through the throng and rescued the young victor from the excess of popularity.

"Pemberton, my boy," exclaimed Sauverne, as they gained a quieter and more comfortable spot, "I salute you! I believe that no other man could have driven that race as you did; our victory is entirely due to you. Here is the thousand dollars I promised you, and wrapped up with it you will find a little bonus of five hundred dollars."

Early in the evening, Jim took chairs in the parlor car of a train to Boston, and two hours later he and Lili Breval arrived in a taxicab at the Beacon Street

house which her uncle had selected as his new home.

At first there was indignation and suspicion when Jim Pemberton was seen in company with Lili, but she quickly dismissed them by an explanation of the true state of affairs.

There were cries and heartrending sobs, volleys of questions and answers; and when Lili was released from the arms that encircled her, she fainted.



It was Etienne's deception that aided Jim, where he had before been an obstacle.

The Breval family had been in a state of insane grief and anxiety for more than twenty-four hours. Henry Breval and his son had scoured the New England countryside. The police, the telegraph, the telephone, and every available resource had been employed, and the evening papers of that day had Lili's picture and the story of her disappearance spread largely upon their front pages.

"And you, then, my dear young

friend," said Breval, turning to Jim, "are no other than the brave and gallant fellow who drove my car to victory this afternoon! I have a long telegram from Sauverne describing the race, and it seems that you are the greatest driver in the world."

Henry Breval picked up the telegram, but Jim modestly protested that his achievement had been overrated in the excitement of the occasion, but the new

dear sir, that she and my dear s Etienne shall very soon unite their respective branches of the family by matrimonial alliance."

Etienne Breval blushed as rosilily did Lili, but neither of them spoke and Jim tried to laugh off the embarrassing situation, though his face showed a sudden spasm of disappointment and grief. He had known the young girl little more than a day, but he had no doubt of the genuineness of the spell she had cast upon him. Though Lili said nothing at the time, she had spoken before to Jim, and he was well aware that their feelings toward each other were much alike.

Jim agreed, however, to the grateful uncle's proposals, and, two days later he took up his new duties in the Boston office of the Breval business. The work was thoroughly congenial, and both of the Brevals were agreeable business associates, but Jim was not happy for a moment. His thoughts were constantly upon Lili, and his musings were far from cheerful. He felt that he could hate the handsome Etienne, but the young Frenchman was so cordial to him that his feelings were disarmed.

Etienne was absent one morning from the office, and his father said that he had gone to New York on the previous evening, on some mysterious, secret mission. Toward noon, Lili visited the office, and, as Jim was striving to be merely polite to her, without betraying his positive agony, he glanced toward the door and saw his stately and dignified father walk in.

"Ah, I have found you at last, my boy," exclaimed the elder Pemberton genially; "here in the stronghold of my business rival!"

Henry Breval hurried forward and shook the visitor's hand graciously. "But, if Sauverne knew this, he never told me!" he cried. "Is it possible that Jim Pemberton is your son, my friend? Ah, but it is dangerous for me to employ the son of my closest competitor, is it not? But, no! Jim is too honorable a fellow to be anything but honest and loyal. If he wishes to do so, he shall remain in my office."

Jim's father proceeded to explain the reasons for his estrangement from his son, but while they were talking, a messenger handed Breval a special-delivery letter, marked "Important!"

Excusing himself, Breval opened it and proceeded to read. He uttered an

friends that clamored about him would have none of that.

"If you will consent, Mr. Pemberton," said Breval anxiously, "I shall give you the finest position I have to offer a young man in my business.

"But," he added, with a look of mingled anxiety and humor, "I must warn you that all ideas of a sentimental nature regarding my niece must be abandoned. She is a wonderful, enchanting girl, but it is practically fixed, my

exclamation of fury, grew violently red, then pale, but at last sat down and controlled himself.

He looked off into space, and then turned his eyes back on the telegram. He was carried away by the news he had received—far away into a little country town in France. A scene rose before him vividly.

A low, dull sound broke the intense silence that had held the little group in the church as though spellbound.

The couple who stood at the altar turned and faced each other as they

heard it—it was the priest closing the book, and, to them, meant the beginning of a new life. The wedding was over.

"I hope, sir, that you have received no very bad news," said Jim solicitously.

Henry Breval dropped the letter in his lap and looked up, with a face in which sorrow and whimsical humor were mingled.

"I must admit that it is bad news—to me," he answered; "but for you, young man, I believe it is very good news. My son, my beloved Etienne, writes me a confession. He has deceived me. Several months ago, while in France,

he was married to his old sweetheart, Mademoiselle Gabrielle d'Ornay. He has been waiting to earn money enough to support his wife here in suitable style, and she arrived in New York yesterday."

Jim looked blankly at Lili, and saw a wondrous light in her eyes. Henry Breval and the elder Pemberton saw it also. The expression on Lili's countenance told a story—the story of her secret love, that she had hitherto concealed through respect for her uncle's feelings, and it showed that soon she would no longer be the little mademoiselle if Jim Pemberton so wished—and he did.

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

ALL is well at eight bells. The Triangle shows at the Knickerbocker Theater continue to show to packed houses, and sometimes S. R. O.

Romaine Fielding, the actor-author-director of the Lubin forces, is at work on some stirring Western features that he declares will rival anything that he has ever accomplished.

Great was the excitement at the Federal studios in Rockville Center, the other day, during the filming of "Smashing the Thief Trust," one of the company's special productions. The first thing to be done was to fill a small frame house full of dummies, and blow it up sky-high. The explosion sent wood, dirt, and rocks in all directions, and everybody but the camera men sought seclusion. The director would have beat it, too, but he was busy grinding one of the cameras. Fortunately, all escaped without injury. Not satisfied with this, the director hustled his company to a near-by cliff, to watch an automobile and motor cycle, with more dummies, plunge over it, down on the rocks below. What was left of the machines after their fall could be put in an eyecup. Altogether it was a very exciting day.

David Horsely emphatically declares that his wonderful comedian, George Ovey, "the funniest crutch in America," will not leave his company, as has been rumored. It seems that David was the only one to hear these rumors, for

no one else did. David is a "wise person," and he admits it, but we, or anybody else fail to see where he is doing anything so wise in tying the can to George Ovey by calling him the funniest man in America. Being a "wise person," Dave is fully aware that his favorite fool is far from being the most foolish, because he is aware that there are men equally as funny, and more so than his own funny man. Ovey's make-up is not his own, in the first place. It belongs to Harry la Pearl. When Harry played leads, and directed for MinA, the same company Dave owns now, although under the brand of Cub, he wore identically the same make-up that Ovey uses now, and yet they talk about the latter's originality! This is not meant as a knock to George, because he is funny, and would be more so if given a chance to wear a different make-up, but as long as Charlie Chaplin, Mack Sennett, Syd Chaplin, Mr. Smaltz and Mr. Fish, Harry la Pearl, Chester Conklin, and Roscoe Arbuckle remain alive, Ovey will not be "the funniest man in America," even if David Horsely says so.

Poor Smaltz! He is walking about a sadder, but much wiser man these days. Having nothing special to do, he decided that he would ride the motor cycle that was needed in "Smashing the Thief Trust," down to Rockville Center himself. Fish, who had read over the scenario, decided that he did

not care to play in the picture, so jumped into the automobile for the sole purpose of watching Smaltz and his motor cycle. All went well for a time, and Smaltz went so fast on the motor cycle that he was lost from sight several times, and he was having the laugh on Fish. But, alas and alack! Something happened that neither Smaltz nor Fish had counted on. Anxious to show them what he could do, Smaltz put on another burst of speed, and drew away from the automobile again. Fish and the rest of the occupants of the car saw nothing of him for some time, although they passed several dead horses on the street, and Fish became suspicious. When they reached the Washington Arch, there was Smaltz sitting on the curb, with his mount lying in front of him. He had run through the arch at full speed, and a watering cart had preceded him. Before he could stop, he skidded, and over he went, ruining his clothes and bruising himself. Fish laughed long and loud, but the leading lady made him get off her lap to let the injured Smaltz sit down. Fish had to share seats with the camera man, and he stopped laughing.

Madame Blache, the Metro woman director of the Popular Plays and Players Company, is directing Olga Petrova in a forthcoming Metro feature, "My Madonna." Guy Coombs, the former Kalem star, will make his bow to Metro fans in this feature.

Via Wireless

(PATHE)

By Edwin Balmer

(A Serial Story—Part Two)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

George Durant, the great gunmaker, known as "The American Krupp," is touring the Philippines in his yacht *Irvessa*, partly for pleasure and partly to advise in the matter of island defenses. With him are his daughter Frances and his right-hand man, Etherington Pinckney, who is teaching Frances to use the yacht's "wireless." One morning Pinckney forbids Frances to use the apparatus. He also warns her against Lieutenant Sommers, who is trying to send the yacht a wireless message, telling her that Sommers is a scoundrel. As a joke, Frances talks with Sommers by wireless, but won't tell him where the *Irvessa* is. The next day she goes into the wireless room and again hears some one calling.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"It is the same as yesterday!" Frances recognized it immediately. She held the receivers to her ears, the better to make out the firm sending, which had thrilled her so strangely the day before.

"It's Lieutenant Sommers, of the *San Juan*!" she exclaimed to herself. Her hand shot to the key to acknowledge the call.

"Ash—ash—cr-a-a-sh!" The coils behind her crackled and sent back the call. "Yacht *Irvessa*, Mr. Durant, acknowledges call cruiser *San Juan*." She colored furiously as she recollected that the other operator had not yet identified himself. As surely as she could know his sending, she knew he must now recognize hers, too.

"*Irvessa*!" The answer flashed back impersonally. "Instructions received via *Mongolian* extend courtesies to Mr. Durant in case visiting southern island, and escort if wished. During communication yesterday suddenly lost you. Did accident occur?"

"No accident," the girl spelled back quickly. "Merely prevented from using wireless. What did you think might have happened?"

"Hoped merely wireless went wrong, but several straits and passages between islands poorly charted. Feared possible trouble. You are apparently much nearer our station about Bagol than yesterday. As seas about here recently unsafe, from earthquake disturbance, please inform Mr. Durant appreciate privilege escorting him about these

islands. Will you send present position?"

"Thank you. We are——" In her eager absorption Frances began sending her acknowledgment; but, suddenly recollecting the warning which Etherington had given her the night before, she took her hand from the key. Somehow the warning had not rung true to her, and she had refused to believe it. She had been amused to fancy, from those steady little taps which came to her, that the man was—well, different. But here he was, now, offering his escort and trying to arrange a meeting, just as Pinckney had prophesied.

"We are not navigating at all now," she resumed coolly. "We do not need you. We are anchored in a bay, and will not trouble you further."

She arose, intending to leave the cabin. But as the instruments began to speak again, she returned and listened curiously.

"Where is *Irvessa* anchored?" the operator was demanding. "What bay? Please send position at once. Imperative!" The tapping, which had now become quicker and more insistent, added the last word after waiting a moment and receiving no answer. Again it waited; and while the girl still sat uncertain, it demanded: "*Irvessa* operator, are you there?"

"I am here!" Frances could not resist sending the acknowledgment.

"I beg pardon, Miss Durant. Of course have recognized your sending same as yesterday. Will you please call your regular operator?"

"Why do you want another—Lieutenant Sommers?" The girl flashed back her recognition of him boldly and suspiciously, as she hoped he would feel it.

"Wish to talk to a man—that is all," was the answer. "So please call regular operator and whoever is in charge yacht."

"Have no regular operator," returned the girl.

"Does no one else on board operate but you?" was the query. "Then call man in charge yacht."

"Mr. Pinckney only other operator. He also in charge yacht."

"Call him, then, at once!"

"He has gone ashore."

"Gone ashore—upon Bagol?"

The girl refrained from answering.

"Miss Durant, tell me—at once!" The tapping continued with scarcely a break. "Are you anchored in a bay off Bagol? How many have landed? Why? For what point? For your safety and safety of those ashore, send me this at once, with your position!"

But the girl, as she took down these demands, only sat back, flushed and trembling.

Again and again she put her hand to the key, but as often drew it away. Finally she arose restlessly, and looked out of the window at the land.

There everything was reassuringly quiet and peaceful. The sun stood little higher in the blue, unbroken sky, and the white sands of the beach glinted a little brighter than before. The shadows of the tall trees nearer the water had shortened, and the sailor smoking beside the boat, had moved back with them. And on the *Irvessa*'s forward deck, where the crew were gathered, waiting, the men were all smoking and chaffing, or playing cards. Confirmed by this peaceful quiet in her determination to balk this far-away, strange man who had tried to command her, Frances came back to the instruments.

"Operator!" the insistent demand rang out. "If yacht not about Bagol, and you wish to ignore and avoid us, I will give no further annoyance; but if you are now anchored off Bagol, and some of your party landed there, my duty demands me require your answer and this ship find you!"

"Precisely what Etherington said he would do," the girl murmured to herself, smiling at this imperative officer's helplessness, as she drummed meaninglessly upon her key.

"Operator!" The command came to her again as soon as she stopped. "Warn you at your peril, and, for safety

all, summon Mr. Durant or some responsible person. Answer—at once!"

Frances waited a moment more, obstinately. She took another reassuring glance at the peaceful sea and shore and at the men basking on the deck.

"Am I refusing to answer you under the direction of responsible person," she signed rapidly.

"Who?"

"Mr. Pinc—" She started to spell his name, but stopped in confusion.

"The one who has landed?" The rescuer caught her up at once.

She did not answer.

"Appreciate now you are about Bagol," continued Lieutenant Sommers.

"How do you find you in time. Warn again of your position at once. Where are you?"

"Shall not—" the girl was returning, when suddenly a single, far-off shot

rang out, to be followed almost immediately by a volley from the shore. The

rescue party by the boat upon the beach fired a signal of alarm.

Frances, startled by the sound, suddenly arose from the instrument, pressing

her hands to her beating heart. She reached the forward window of the

boat as the whole yacht began to bristle with arms.

With quick, crisp orders, Adrian and his mates were lining up the men. The

boats tumbled into the lifeboat as they dashed into the water. Captain Adrian

and Warner, the second mate, jumped overboard. A dozen oars caught the

water, and the boat leaped toward the shore.

The shots in the woods rang out again; from single, separate discharges

they grew into volleys. Then they scattered, but only to gather again

to the rattle of longer volleys.

Pinckney's sentry, who, after giving the alarm, had dashed inland, suddenly

appeared on the run, and, without hesitating, jumped into the water and began

to swim toward the hurrying boat. His

heels appeared two wild, half-dressed natives, who stopped on the shore

and discharged their carbines at the swimmer. They missed. As they settled

themselves to fire again, Adrian's men wounded one from the boat; and

Nichols, the *Irvessa's* first mate, in charge of the stewards and wipers had

gathered at the yacht's bow, began firing at the other over the heads of the

upper's men. Both fled back into the woods, wounded; but the firing inland rattled the louder.

"Frances!" Mr. Durant, in his dressing gown, shaking and half frantic, found his daughter at last.

"Oh, father! Etherington—he went ashore with nine men this morning to

look at those mines, and he's being attacked! Oh, they're shooting them!

Hear them, father! But Adrian and Warner have gone with the rest—

twenty more, father!"

"I see—I see!" The old man grasped the situation. "But you, my dear—oh,

my girl! Nichols!" He called to the first mate. "Are we safe here?"

"There must be a hundred men there in the woods, sir." The mate saluted

respectfully as he stood by, with a smoking rifle in his hand. "I'm afraid,

sir, our thirty—such as they are—mayn't be no match for them. Adrian's

taken all but those!" He pointed to his handful of stewards and wipers. "But

they're enough, and we're safe enough, sir—I think. They'd hardly be mad

enough to try to attack us in the boats, though they may try to pot us from the

woods."

"They're trying it now, I think, Nichols." Frances, white-faced but

strangely collected and cool, found herself pointing at a series of black dots

which suddenly appeared in the white-painted wood behind them to the right.

The smooth, steel bullets from the carbines of the natives had passed almost

noiselessly through the painted boards.

"Go below—below, Frances!" Her father caught her and hurried her

toward the companionway.

"No, father, no!" She struggled against him. "I must stay here!" she cried frantically.

"Here!" echoed the old man, shuddering in his fear for her, as Adrian's

men discharged a volley from the boat into the trees before they landed. They

had picked up the swimming sentry. Frances saw, as she got free from her

father, that the second boat had reached the sandspit beside the first, and that the

men were discharging their rifles feverishly into the brush, as they swarmed

upon the sand and threw themselves down. Then Adrian rallied them, and,

firing a last volley, they charged out of sight under the trees.

The firing became louder, awakening ponderous echoes. The Bagol men were

gathering in a wider circle; but Pinckney and his guard were still holding

them off.

A shot from the shore hummed by,

not a foot from Frances' head, and left its black dot in the woodwork behind Mr. Durant, between him and his daughter. A second shot followed, and dotted beside the other.

Nichols had raised his rifle, and was returning the fire.

But the brown men, who had come back to watch the beach after the sailors

had passed, were lying hidden and safe. And still their shots sang by.

"Go below, child!" Mr. Durant had clasped his daughter again. "Below!"

"No, father—no!" She resisted him more frantically, trembling as the firing

inland crackled out again. "Listen—they'll all be killed! Oh, there must

be hundreds firing at them; and they must all be killed unless—unless we—

I can save them, father! I can save them!"

"You, child!"

"Yes, by the wireless! I was talking with the *San Juan*—our gunboat—just

a minute ago. Oh, if I had only told him where we are, and he were coming

now!"

"The wireless?" Her father was calling after her, but she had broken away,

and soon the coils spat out their leaping blue spark.

"*San Juan*," called Frances quickly. "*Irvessa* is in—"

"Oh, where are we, Nichols—what part of Bagol, I mean?" she cried to the mate. "What bay is this?"

"Talagutan Bay, North Bagol!" she sent rapidly, when the information was

supplied. "We are being attacked by —"

"Oh—oh!" she caught herself up, appreciating that while she had been sending

the cruiser had been calling her. "Call!" she signaled feverishly. "*Irvessa*

in Talagutan Bay, North Bagol, attacked. Come at once. Party ten

landed six this morning, attacked half mile inland, probably returning. Twenty

men landed to help them, attacked by large force. Heavy firing. Come—"

"Coming!" was the instantaneous response. "Full speed! Thought you in

east bay; was making for you there. Am now within twelve miles about east

point Talagutan Bay. Reach and relieve you surely within three-quarter

hour!"

"He's coming! Oh, father!" she cried triumphantly.

Another bullet from the shore splintered the port of the wireless cabin.

Mr. Durant threw himself upon her and pressed her violently to the floor.

"Those devils on shore are getting the range! It's too late to get out from here now. We'll have to stay here till this is over, my brave little girl!" He patted her reassuringly as he held her down. "How soon did you say that gunboat would be here?"

"Within three-quarters of an hour. But— Oh, father!" She started up again as the full appreciation of that fatal delay tingled through her. The firing on shore was rattling rapidly, almost unceasingly, now. "They must all be killed before he can come! Oh, if I had only told him before!"

"Keep down, Frances! My child, you did all you could, and as soon as you could!"

"But you don't know, father! He told me half an hour before to tell him where we are—he begged me—he commanded me. But I wouldn't, because Etherington warned me not to. So now—what's that?" She paused, affrighted.

A deep roar, ringing and resounding and roaring again, thundered from the neck of land which stretched out to bound the bay on the east. At the sound the shots ashore ceased suddenly.

As the girl lay, quivering and trembling, beside the wireless table, she heard the receivers rattle. Instantly she was up, with the receivers elamped to her ears.

"Father, that was the *San Juan* firing its big guns to scare them and let them know he is coming! Ten miles away? Oh, but that sounded very near!"

The heavy discharge thundered again across the neck of land to the east. But now the rifle shots snapped out quicker and more angrily; they seemed to begin moving eastward through the woods. Then another bullet smashed through the cabin panels.

Mr. Durant had risen to shield his daughter with his own body, as he tried again to pull her down to the deck. But this time the girl could not be driven from the key.

"Didn't you hear, father?" she cried triumphantly. "He's ten miles away by sea, but not two by land! He's on the other side of that arm of the bay there! Oh!"

"Do not try to reach us by sea!" She struck down her key, her wrist steady- ing again as she sent. "Land upon east

arm bay, opposite where now are. Men in danger directly inshore."

She had repeated it aloud, in explanation to her father as she sent; but suddenly he toppled before her. The smooth, steel bullet which had struck him passed on, and embedded itself in the woodwork beyond.

"Father!"

"It's only a scratch—top of my shoulder—see!" The old man had recovered himself almost at once. Frances had begun to tear the ruffle from her skirts for a bandage, when a cry from the bow caused the old man to start. Frances saw then that the brown men who had been hiding on the shore were running down toward the *Irvessa's* boats.

Nichols and his men volleyed at them rapidly, but ineffectively. Meanwhile the record tape from the instrument upon the table had been unrolling mechanically.

"Are you safe, *Irvessa*?" was the query from the commander of the cruiser.

"Safe!" responded Frances excitedly. "Land immediately upon east arm bay!"

"Then you are not threatened?"

She shut her eyes as she struck her key: "No!"

"Landing!" was the single word, sent in reply.

From across the point the cruiser's guns roared their warning again. The fainter volleys in the woods rattled in Frances' ears as she struck her key once more. But now no answer came, and she dropped back to the deck.

"He has landed—he is going to save them!" she repeated to herself, half aloud.

"And to save us, too, maybe, miss," said Nichols, the mate, who had come up to take charge of her father.

From the other side of the woods, by the point, the fainter rifle shots were smothered by the unceasing chatter of a stuttering machine gun, which discharged three hundred shots a minute. A second automatic gun, starting its ceaseless rattle an instant later, silenced entirely the failing fire of the Filipinos. Pinckney's men, and the men who had rushed to relieve them, were saved.

But Nichols was pointing to the score and a half of brown desperadoes who had taken the yacht's boats and had pushed them afloat. In spite of the volleys from the yacht's bows, they had been piling into the boats; but now they turned suddenly and fled.

A moment after the beach was cleared, the *Irvessa's* thirty men, headed by Etherington Pinckney, broke from the bush behind and made, unmolested for the boats.

Frances counted them as they came clearer into view; eight were being carried or supported by the others, but, by some miracle, all were there. They threw themselves into the boats and rowed wearily back to the yacht.

Behind them the sputter of the machine guns, and the rescuing volley from the *San Juan's* rifles, still rang from the woods. Almost together, the two boats gained the yacht's side.

"Etherington, none of you are killed?" Mr. Durant steadied himself to greet his guest as the latter came over side.

"No, sir! But ten of us are hit and pretty badly hurt. But you—you've been struck yourself, sir?" The younger man clutched the older quickly, turned, with a rapid change in his bearing, and shouted to Adrian.

"Adrian, to Manila at once!" he commanded. "Up anchor and full speed—for the sake of our wounded and Mr. Durant! See, he's been hit, too, and—he's fainting!" He pointed to his host, almost triumphantly, as the old man's weight fell heavily upon his arm. "Full speed to Manila at once," he repeated.

"But father's not hurt much!" Frances confronted him with flaming eyes. "He has fainted from worry and exhaustion. Nichols and I bandaged him; he's scarcely hurt at all."

"But the men, Frances—the crew!"

"Can be cared for here, Etherington—at least till we can find out whether the men who saved us are safe! They're still fighting for us—listen!"

"Oh, they're safe enough!" returned Pinckney, laughing uneasily. "The Filipinos are off long ago. We had them on the run ourselves before the regulars came. They're just firing now for show! Your father's unconscious now; so I'm in command. Full speed ahead to Manila!" he cried again, as the anchor came up and the yacht swerved and started. "Now, see here, Frances!" he called after the girl to explain; but she turned from him and went below, without a word.

Pinckney smiled queerly, and followed her.

She had gone to tend her father and the wounded men of the crew; but an hour later, when her father was resting well and the men were as comfortable

they could be made, he found her at last—in the wireless cabin. The crew of Bagol were already far behind, and the sea was again smooth, unbroken, and empty in every direction. *Irvessa's* swift turbines were cleaving their way cleanly on their race to Manila.

Now that he had found her, Pinckney hesitated before Frances. Nicholas told him something of what she had done during the trouble ashore, and tried to say some of the things he had prepared. But as he found her there at the key, sending the call for *San Juan* back over the sea to the man whom he had deserted, he stammered as he started to speak.

"If you would not stay, I can find out this way, at least, if he—if they, are here!" said Frances, without glancing from the signaling key.

"*San Juan!* Lieutenant Sommers! *San Juan!*" she called again and again. A hundred times more, as the blank papers of that pitiless afternoon slipped from her, she steadied herself to the task.

"Oh, I suppose there's no one else on board who can operate! He must have been killed!" she cried.

But as night began to fall and the little *Irvessa* was passing swiftly beyond the reach of even wireless communication from Bagol, there came an answer.

"*Irvessa*—Miss Durant!" The now familiar far-off touch had recognized hers. "Glad to report," the message started steadily, bringing the blood to her cheeks, "no serious casualty among the men; and—"

But at this the girl sank beside her instruments, crying joyfully: "He's safe! They're—he's safe!"

CHAPTER III.

RIVAL MEN AND RIVAL GUNS.

A scratch high up on the shoulder, only cut by a sharp, steel bullet, is a small thing for a proud father to pay the price of the discovery that his child does not wince under fire. So, when Pinckney went to see his host, Mr. Durant was not only slighting his man hurt, but was willing to look on the whole Bagol adventure with indifference.

For the more or less serious injuries to almost a third of the crew and for the grave danger to all, Mr. Durant had only a slight reprehension. But Pinckney was

extraordinarily relieved to find that, instead of calling him to account for all, his host was disposed to dismiss him with a friendly scolding for his "recklessness and foolhardiness, my dear boy."

Pinckney knew from painful past experience that his employer on occasion could show as human an outburst of temper, for all the millions of dollars that were as a pedestal that set him above his fellow men, as the average healthy individual when things go wrong; and he was glad to escape the "wiggling" he had half expected.

So he left his employer in a decidedly more favorable frame of mind than he could possibly have hoped for. But, as he was a wise young man and recognized that a cooler consideration of some features of this adventure might prove less favorable, Pinckney determined upon immediate and engrossing occupation for his host, in spite of his condition.

Unfortunately, he found that he could not adjust things with Frances quite so easily. She shut herself up in her cabin, except when she was watching beside her father and the wounded men, and she made Pinckney's entrance an excuse to leave. But he promised himself that Frances would "come around" again very soon. If her father continued favorable, Frances, too, must surely "fall in line again." So his immediate object was to keep the father interested by plunging him at once into the vital business affairs which had brought him to the Philippines.

Consequently, early on the second morning, and long before the lookout had sighted even Boca Grande—the great mouth of Manila Bay—Pinckney was in wireless communication with both the government and private stations at Cavite and Manila.

The government stations promised that Mr. Durant's official friends would come to meet the wounded gun manufacturer as soon as the yacht should anchor.

Pinckney's private messages commanded, besides ambulances and doctors for the wounded sailors, that Marsh, Durant's chief designer, who had been sent to Manila by a liner, should come to meet the *Irvessa* at once. For Pinckney knew that Marsh would have news of the affairs with which Mr. Durant was most concerned.

Those affairs consisted chiefly of the acceptance by the government board at Washington of the new naval and coast-defense gun which Mr. Durant was to manufacture—the Rheinstrum gun which Mr. Durant was discussing so earnestly when Frances first found the *San Juan* by wireless.

Pinckney himself had procured for Mr. Durant the patents and exclusive right to manufacture this gun from an obscure man known as Rheinstrum. If the government adopted this gun for their heavier navy and coast-defense armament, it meant to Pinckney the greatest coup in his career. For the manufacture of these guns alone would tax the entire force of the Durant plants for two years, and promised good profits, in spite of the extortionate royalty of six thousand dollars demanded by Rheinstrum on every six-inch gun manufactured, with an additional royalty of one thousand dollars an inch for every caliber inch over six.

The government board's decision had been held up for some months; but if it had been made during the *Irvessa's* voyage, Marsh might have exciting news, indeed, for Mr. Durant.

Exciting it was—to Marsh, at any rate. For he had come out with the quarantine doctors on the little tug with the yellow flag, which stopped the yacht far from the anchorage.

"Mr. Durant! Mr. Durant!" The nervous little designer sprang up to the yacht's decks as the doctors examined the crew hastily and passed them. "I must see Mr. Durant! He sent for me. I'm Marsh, from the Durant works!" he explained to one of the crew who stopped him.

"Beg pardon, sir; but Mr. Durant's hurt, and still asleep. Orders, sir," protested the sailor, "is that any one's to be taken to Mr. Pinckney first, for—"

"Whose orders?"

"Mr. Pinckney's, sir."

"I guess so!" ejaculated the little man. "But I guess, too, I'll see Mr. Durant, or—"

"Oh, Marsh! So it's you disturbing the ship at this time in the morning!" Pinckney's easy voice interrupted calmly, as he came from his cabin. He took the other cordially by the arm, and led him down the deck. "Mr. Durant is being dressed; so he'll have to wait. But come to my cabin, Marsh."

The Song of a Wage Slave

(METRO)

By Burn Patterson

Many a man has told the woman he loves when she has refused him for another that if ever she needs him she has but to call and he will come. But how many men live up to that promise? Ned Lane did. How he kept the pledge he made to Milly Hale to make any sacrifice at any time, for her sake, is told in this gripping story, based on the Metro Pictures Corporation's five-part feature picture play of the same title. The cast:

<i>Ned Lane</i>	Edmund Breese
<i>Milly Hale</i>	Helen Martin
<i>Andy Hale</i>	J. Byrnes
<i>Frank Dawson</i>	Fraunie Fraunholz

HELLO, Ned!"

Good evening, Andy!"

The two men fell into step, as was their nightly custom, and endeavored to extricate themselves from the home-bound flood of humanity which streamed through the gates of the Dawson paper mill. Men and women were chattering light-heartedly, and merry bantering was being shunted back and forth among the shopmates. As the two men got free of the human tide that surged about them, they linked their arms and continued on their way.

Ned Lane was a big, two-fisted type of man, unlettered, ignorant, and uncultured, yet a man with a purpose in life—to live decently and honestly, ready to make, if necessary, the supreme sacrifice for a brother man. Many were the tales told of his brute strength, and many were the tales told of his tenderness to those in trouble. He was honored and respected by all who knew him. Andrew Hale, on the other hand, was stooped and bent; his hands were gnarled and twisted, and a stump of finger told the mute story of the unexpected falling of a die. The hand of time had liberally sprinkled his hair with the snow of age.

As they plodded along, they discussed bits of shop gossip and other commonplace incidents which made up their daily lives, until Ned suddenly blurted out the question which was uppermost in his mind:

"I want to marry Mildred, Andy."

The eyes of the older man lighted with pleasure, and, as he looked full into the eyes of the other, he saw the great love that this man bore for his daughter. It was not the fickle love of youth,

but the true love of a great-hearted man, which comes but once in a man's life.

"Ned, lad, there is no one I'd rather have my little girl marry than you. You're a real man, and there's mighty few like you in this town," replied Hale, his grip on the younger man's arm tightening.

"Do you think Milly cares for me?" questioned Lane, ignoring the compliment that had been paid him.

"I know she likes you mighty well, but I don't know whether or not she loves you," said Andrew. "She's been actin' kind of queer for the last three or four days, and I have always opined that when a girl acts the way my Milly has been actin' she's either in love or else thinkin' a powerful lot about some man."

"Will you speak to her?" queried Ned. "I'll be up to-night to put my love to the test. If Milly accepts me, I'll be the happiest man in the world; if she refuses me—but I won't think of the prospect of a refusal. Good-by, Andy!" he concluded, as they arrived at the parting of their ways.

When Andrew Hale arrived home, he found his daughter busily at work preparing the evening meal. She, too, worked in the factory, but, by taking a short cut she generally arrived home several minutes in advance of her father, who paused nightly that he might have the pleasure of a short walk and chat with Ned Lane. Mildred Hale was poor, to be sure, but the Providence that had robbed her of material wealth had endowed her with unusual beauty. There was an air of refinement about her, and the cottage which she kept for

her father was the envy of nearly every housewife in the little community about the big mill.

Mildred looked up, as her father entered, but in the depths of her luminous eyes there still lingered traces of the reverie from which she had been so abruptly awakened.

"What's the trouble, lassie girl; what are you thinkin' about?" questioned Hale.

"Oh, nothing, father," replied Milly in a voice that was soft and rich.

"Milly, child, when a young girl has the look in her eyes that you had when I came in she's sure to be thinkin' about somethin'. And," he finished, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I fear me you are thinkin' of some man."

"No, indeed, daddy, I am not thinkin' of a man," she replied, but the tell-tale flush which mantled her cheeks belie the words her lips uttered.

"Ned Lane is coming up to-night," said Hale, as he pushed back away from the table and began to fill his pipe.

"I'll be glad to see Ned," rejoined Mildred, but there was nothing more than a friendly interest in her words.

She had scarcely finished the task of removing the supper things and setting the room to rights, before a knock was heard at the door, followed immediately by the entrance of Ned Lane.

"Good evening, Andy; good evening, Milly!" he greeted, as he entered the room.

"Have a seat, Ned," said the older man, rising, and placing a chair for his guest.

"Yes, Ned, do sit down!" urged Mildred.

For several minutes the three chatted

out topics of mutual interest. Suddenly the old man rose, reloaded his pipe, and, after lighting it, left the room, leaving Ned standing there.

"I'm goin' to take a turn around the mill, and finish my pipe."

Hardly had Hale quitted the room, when Ned plunged into the subject upon which he had called. It was not his custom to beat about the bush, or to use round words. In his love-making he was the same outspoken type that he was about the mill.

"Milly," said he, gathering her in his arms, "I love you, and I want you to be my wife."

For a moment she gazed into his eyes, where she read the great love that was in this man's heart.

"No, no, Ned! It can't be," she finally replied, endeavoring to push him from her. "I like you, Ned, as a friend, but there can never be anything else."

"Ah, but, girl, if you knew how much I love you; if you knew how happy I could be as your husband, you would not say no. I love you, dear, better than life itself. Without you, life will be nothing."

"Ned, can't you understand? Don't you see that I care a great deal for you, but not that way. Can't you understand, it can never be?" she sobbed.

"Milly, dear, I'll make you love me."

"No, Ned, love is born, not made, and I can never love you enough to marry you."

"Milly," he cried, a jealous suspicion creeping through him, "is there any one else?"

"Yes," she whispered.

His arms dropped from about her. She stepped back, as though struck by a whip. This woman whom he loved above everything else in the world, did not love him. For a moment he saw red. Then his better nature asserted itself, and once again he was the great-hearted, magnanimous man, willing to sacrifice his own happiness in the happiness of another. He felt that it was to be for the girl he loved.

"If you can't give me your heart, let me retain your friendship. If you ever want a friend, if you are ever in trouble, let me know, and I will willingly lay down my life for you."

The pledge of this big-hearted, rosy-cheeked, red-blooded man went straight to the heart of the beautiful girl, and two great tears glistened for a moment in her eyes.

"Ned," she said, shyly slipping her small hand into his big, bearlike paw, "I thank you. If I ever need a friend, I'll call on you."

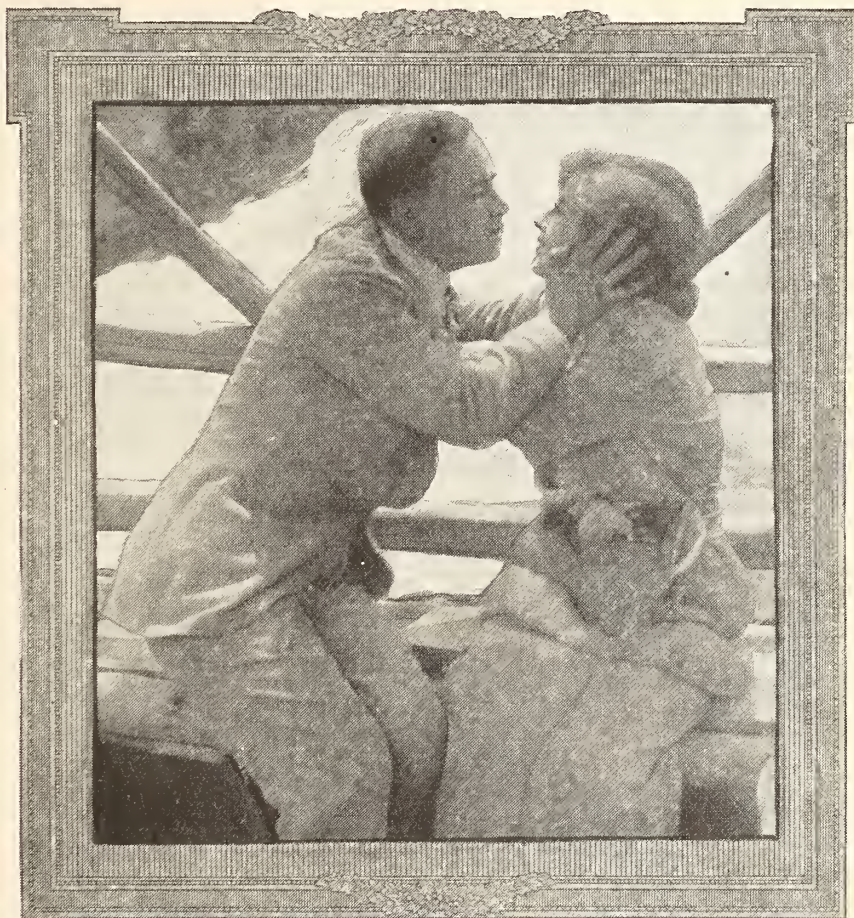
Tenderly he raised the little hand to his lips, and the compact which was to mean much to both was sealed.

Before her flashed a mental visualization of debonair Frank Dawson. Sev-

There, one evening, the mill owner's son, taking her face in both his hands, had asked: "Do you love me, Milly?"

He had read the answer in her eyes, and from that hour their secret betrothal had begun.

The young heir to the Dawson millions suddenly developed an intense interest in the business, which he had before spurned. The other girls employed



The mill-owner's son, taking her face in both his hands, asked: "Do you love me, Milly?"

eral weeks before, while going through the mill, he had been impressed by the wonderful beauty of this employee of his father, and through the aid of the foreman had succeeded in securing an introduction. That night, he had met and accompanied Milly to her home. In that brief walk from the paper mill to the cottage of Andrew Hale the germ of love had been planted. Then had followed clandestine meetings, she stealing from the house at night to keep the appointment at their trysting place—a rustic bench down by the lake shore.

in the room in which Milly worked noted the marked attentions paid by young Dawson, and they, with the natural intuition of women, noted how the eyes of their coworker lighted whenever Dawson drew near. Gossip was rife among the women employees of the mill, but no word reached either Ned Lane or Andrew Hale.

As Ned left the little cottage, his heart crushed down by the burden of his sorrow, Milly quickly drew a letter from the bosom of her dress.

"If poor Ned but knew how much I love the 'some one else,'" she mused, gazing at the few hastily scribbled lines. "The some one else for whom I have sacrificed everything, even honor itself. Oh, Frank, darling, our love has been worth any sacrifice it is within my power to make. And to-night you are coming, and we will be married. Even now my darling is talking with his father, and at ten o'clock he will be here to make me his wife in the eyes of the law, as I am his wife in the eyes of God."

She little knew, however, of the scene which was taking place in the library of the palatial Dawson mansion.

"My son, you cannot marry this girl!" fairly shouted Edwin Dawson, bringing his clenched fist down on the table. "You've made a fool of yourself by becoming involved with her, and you can't marry her. The idea of my son marrying one of my mill hands is absurd, sir; positively absurd."

"But, father, I love Mildred Hale, and I intend to marry her," said the younger man.

"You would go against my wishes in this matter, would you? You would bring the honored name of Dawson in the mud? Let me tell you that my word is law, and that if you dare disobey me, I'll cut you off without a penny."

"Father, marriage is the only honorable way out. If I do not marry Mildred Hale, she will be forever scorned by society."

"Don't be foolish, my boy. My money will square everything with her, and her so-called disgrace will be but a nine days' wonder, and soon forgotten. Can't you see the folly of marrying this woman under the conditions which exist? In the future, whenever an unpleasant situation arises, you will realize that your youthful folly has resulted in making life a hell on earth for both of you. Your so-called love will turn to hate. Instead of loving each other, as you claim you now do, there will be nothing but contempt and loathing.

"Even if you should marry this girl, how would you support her? You have never done a day's work in your life. You have always been dependent upon me for everything that you have ever had. Mark you well, my boy, if you are so foolish as to marry this jade, I'll cut you off without a penny."

"But, father, society and my honor

demand that I do the square thing," protested Frank Dawson, but in the tones of his voice the millionaire could plainly discern that his son was weakening.

"Now, see here: To-morrow morning you will leave for the number two lumber camp, to take charge of some of the details there. After you have left, I'll have a chat with this Hale girl, and I am pretty sure that money will prove attractive enough to her to prevent any sort of action on her part. I am much older than you, and I know the value of the dollar. Shall it be as I say, or will you marry this girl and live in poverty and discord for the rest of your days?"

For several minutes there was silence. In the mind of the young man love and honor battled for supremacy over selfishness and greed.

"Father, I'll do as you say," finally replied Frank. Selfishness and greed had won.

Slowly the clock ticked off the minutes in the little sitting room in Andrew Hale's cottage. The hour hand pointed to half after ten, and still Milly waited for her lover. Her father had retired, but she had waited up on the pretext that she desired to finish a story she was reading.

As she sat in the soft glow of the lamplight, lines of worry corrugated her brow. What was detaining him? Surely he would not prove faithless. She thought of the great sacrifice she had made, and suddenly it dawned upon her what the future held in store for her if her child should be born nameless.

The hour of eleven struck, waking her from her miserable reverie. Slowly she rose from her chair. The man for whom she had sacrificed all had failed to keep his promise. Mechanically she extinguished the light and dragged her weary body to bed, there to lay and toss the long night through.

"Miss Hale," began Edwin Dawson, drumming lightly on his desk with a pencil, "my son has informed me of the whole unfortunate affair existing between himself and you. He has gone away. How much money do you want to keep quiet about this episode and——"

"Money," she interrupted, in a voice that was dangerous in its calmness. "Do you think that money can restore

to me my honor? Do you think the money can recompense me for the sacrifice I have made? Oh, you would put me on a level with a woman of the streets!" All her calmness deserted her, and she burst into tears. "I love your son, and I believe that he loves and still loves me. You have sent him away. You have wrecked two, aye, three lives, simply because you think the money can do everything. I don't want your money; I would not touch a penny of it. Money——" A sob choked her and she turned, crouched and heard broken, from the desk of the man who had insulted and humiliated her.

As she walked through the long corridor toward the workroom, she succeeded in regaining her usual composure. Rapidly she made her way to the cloakroom, where she secured her hat and coat. Then, without a word in reply to the questioning glances of her coworkers, she quitted the factory.

Immediately the girls began to gossip among themselves, speculating as to the cause of Mildred's abrupt departure. Through some underground source the girls had learned that Frank Dawson had suddenly left town for one of his father's lumber camps, and this fact coupled with the interview between the factory girl and her employer, was sufficient evidence for the girls to draw their own opinions. By the time the evening whistle blew, the gossip had reached the ears of Ned Lane, but every one was careful to keep it from old Andrew Hale.

Without lingering to meet the father of the girl he loved, Ned left the mill and, taking the shortest possible route, soon arrived at the Hale cottage. The mental agony that was tearing at his very soul was written plainly on his face.

As he entered the little cottage, Milly looked up with startled, red-rimmed eyes. The furtive glance that she vouchsafed him seemed to say, "Do you know too?"

In that startled, furtive glance Ned Lane read the truth of the gossip, which he had fought to disbelieve. As he advanced toward her, there was a look of love and compassion in his eyes. This girl before him had loved well, but not wisely, and who was he to judge her?

"Milly, dear," he began, in strained, hoarse, tense tones, "the hour has come when you need a true friend. Let me help you."

"Oh, Ned," she cried, and covered at feet.

Gently, and with infinite tenderness, raised her to her feet.

The man who is guilty of this crime against you and society has fled, against his wealth and influence we can do nothing, but I can and will save you from this disgrace which he has brought

rifice. I must bear my shame alone. I made the great sacrifice because I loved Frank Dawson, and I am willing still to go to the end."

"Please, dear, don't call it a sacrifice. If my love were not great enough for me to give you and your unborn child my name, I would not be fit to kiss the hem of your garment. Be my

longs to that other, and that I can never love you."

"Yes, dear, I am willing to do all that, and my one regret is that it is all I can do."

For a moment she was seized with a desire to throw her arms about the neck of this man who stood before her, and then she thought of the other, whom



"In this bag," said the agitator, touching the leather bag at his side, "is an automatic pistol. The dynamite in the doll will do the rest."

upon you. Milly, girl, let me give you my name. As my wife you can stand before the world, and no one will ever dare to utter a breath of scandal against you."

For a moment she gazed into the eyes of this great man who stood before her, his hands resting protectingly on her shoulders.

"No, Ned," she managed to say, at last, "I can't let you make this sac-

wife in name only if you will, but let me love you and protect you from the sneers of the world."

His wife in name only; the words burned in her brain.

"Oh, Ned, do you realize what you have said?" she sobbed. "You are willing to make me your wife, if only to protect me against the world. You are willing to give your name to another's child, when you know that my heart be-

she so dearly loved, and her arms dropped limply to her sides.

"Ned," she faltered, "I will marry you."

In the far-away lumber camp Frank Dawson often thought of the girl he loved. Repeatedly he implored his father to give him some word of Milly, but the stern parent, notwithstanding the fact that he knew of Milly's marriage, never mentioned the girl in his



Sims, the agitator, broke off in the delivery of the threat he had burst into the room to make. Ned Lane had entered the door behind him.

letters, believing that it was best to let his son remain in ignorance and bear, to a certain extent, some punishment for his indiscretion.

Returning home from work one night several weeks after his marriage, Ned found Milly softly weeping. In her hand was clutched the letter that her betrayer had sent her the same night that Ned Lane had first proposed. A look of pain and suffering contorted his face as he realized more than ever that, indeed, this woman whom he loved was but his wife in name only, and that her heart was in the keeping of another.

Many times during their brief married life that fact had been impressed upon him, but with marvelous strength and nobility of character he had refrained from forcing his love upon her.

"Milly," said he, "just before quitting time word was received at the mill that Mr. Dawson's automobile turned turtle on the Toll Road this afternoon, and that he was killed. His son has been sent for."

For a moment the light of gladness and happiness shone in her eyes, the

father of her yet unborn baby would return in time to marry her. The lighter emotions were but fleeting, and the light died out of her eyes as quickly as it had come—she was married to this man whom she did not love.

As fast as steam could whirl him from the lumber camp, Frank Dawson was being borne toward the house of death. He gazed out of the window, but his eyes did not see the scenery that flashed by—he was thinking. His thoughts, however, were not of the dead man—the man who had made a cad of him when confronted by the first great trial of his life. He was thinking of the poor, wronged girl he had so shamelessly deserted. Would he be in time to marry her and prevent the world from knowing of the sacrifice she had made for him?

All that was mortal of Edwin Dawson had been consigned to the grave. With weary steps the new master of the Dawson millions turned his steps in the direction of the cottage of old Andy Hale.

Softly yet eagerly he rapped on the door for admittance.

"Oh, Frank, my darling!" cried Milly "Milly!" He sobbed the name that was sweet to him, as he crushed her to his breast.

They were still in each other's arm when Ned inadvertently glanced in at the uncurtained window. A spasm of pain crossed his face, and, as he turned away, a great, dry sob burst from his lips. This, then, was the end of his dream of love. He knew in his heart of hearts that sooner or later Dawson would return, but he never thought that his wife would forget her duty to him. He cast off the anguish that was breaking his heart. One thought was uppermost in his mind: How would he make Milly happy? As he pondered over the question, the way out flashed through his mind. Eagerly, as a drowning man grasps at a straw, he sprang to this idea, and pondered over it.

The next morning, while preparing breakfast, Milly discovered a note pinned to the tablecloth. With nervous

gers she spread it before her and read:

"DEAR MILLY: Twenty-four hours after you read this note I'll be dead. It is the only way out, so you can marry the man you truly love. Good-by.
NED."

For a moment she sat stunned. She could not realize that this man who had sacrificed so much for her was willing to make the supreme sacrifice in order that she might marry the father of her unborn child, the man she loved.

"Men, the time has come for us to strike. Our demands are just. We have asked for better working conditions for ourselves and a ten-per-cent increase in salary in order that our kids may go to school decently fed and clothed. We are asking that which every man is entitled to, a fair chance to make an honest living. We have been laughed at. Our committee was shown the door by the president of this company. Our demands have been thrown down. There is but one thing left for us—we must strike!"

Every one in the hall was in unanimous accord with the views of the speaker, and a thunder of applause greeted him. One of the younger men jumped to his feet, shouting:

"Three cheers for our president, Ned Lane, and three more for the success of our strike."

Immediately the orderly meeting became a howling, frenzied mob. A strange light gleamed in the eyes of these sons of toil—they were struggling for their rights; aye, they were battling for their very existence!

"Men," the voice of Ned Lane boomed out the one word, and silence fell on the crowd. "Men," he repeated, "there is to be no violence. Ours is to be a peaceful strike, and if any one resorts to violence, he will have *me* to deal with. We will now continue with the business of the meeting."

Quickly the work of organizing the various strike committees was completed, and the next morning not a wheel turned in the great paper mill in which Ned Lane had located after two years of wandering, in his efforts to kill the gnawing at his heart.

The strike had reached an acute stage. The strike fund was rapidly being depleted. There were mutterings among the men; they could stand the shorter

rations, but it was hard to see the youngsters and womenfolk suffering from lack of food. It was on these that the real burden and suffering fell.

Sims, a professional strike agitator, had drifted into town. In the growing discontent among the strikers Ned could see the insidious work of Sims. To be sure, he did not openly harangue the men to violence, his method was more subtle; quietly he worked among the men, urging them to drop their peaceful methods and use force, create a reign of terror, if necessary, to secure their demands.

Rapidly the situation was getting beyond the control of Lane. He argued with the men to have a little more patience, that their cause must triumph because it was right. All the time, however, he kept a watchful eye on the agitator Sims.

Going into a saloon early one night, where the more turbulent spirits among the strikers were in the habit of gathering, Ned was just in time to see Sims, accompanied by Talek, a weak-witted striker, and one of the laborers who had been loudly shouting for violence, and who had early attached himself openly to Sims, slide through a rear door.

The agitator carried a leather bag or something white that mystified Ned when, on looking closer, he saw that it was a rag doll.

Quietly, Lane quitted the place. Skirting the building, Ned gained a position near the one window that opened into the back room. Carefully peering into the room, he saw that Talek was the worse for liquor, and that Sims and his satellite were vehemently arguing with the poor, weak-minded chap. Whipping his knife from his pocket, Ned inserted the blade beneath the window. Stealthily and noiselessly he raised the sash a couple of inches in order to hear the conversation which was being carried on.

"Now, you listen to me, Talek," rasped Sims, his ratlike eyes emitting sparks of fire. "The time has come when we must show these hounds that we mean business. The officers of this company are but small fry, and it would not do us any good to hurt them. We must get the man higher up. You know that this mill is but one of a chain owned by a man whose name is not even known to any of you boys.

"Well, I ain't been doing nothing the last few days. I have found out who this man is. You've got to *get* him, Talek!"

The witless one stiffened in his chair. A maniacal light gleamed in his eyes. His hands opened and closed convulsively, as though he were throttling the life out of this man who was responsible for the conditions under which he had labored.

At this juncture Sims moved over to the bar, where he whispered something to a man there who was evidently his right-hand man. The latter nodded, and walked over to the table, where the other two men were seated. There he continued where Sims had left off in his agitation work.

"In this bag," said Sims' assistant, touching a leather case at his side that had been placed there by the other agitator, "is an automatic pistol. This doll is loaded with enough dynamite to blow the mansion of the dirty cur who has starved us to perdition, and its occupants along with it.

"To-night we leave for the home of the mill owner. If he will not grant our demands, you are to shoot him, and then hurl this bomb into the room, to destroy the evidence of your shot!"

"Who's the man, and where does he live?" thickly muttered Talek.

"The man lives in Millport, twenty miles from here. We can be at his house by half past nine. The man you are to get is *Frank Dawson!*"

Throughout the entire conversation Lane had crouched at the window, listening to every word that had been exchanged. As the name of Frank Dawson fell from the agitator's lips, his body became rigid. Milly's husband was to be murdered!

Quickly he formed his plans. The same train that bore Sims and his co-plotters toward Millport later also carried Ned Lane. He had made up his mind to save the life of the man Milly loved.

Meanwhile, in the luxurious home which Frank had given her, Milly was all unconscious of the shadow that menaced her new-found happiness.

"Let me tell you, Mr. Dawson," grated Sims, as he stood before the owner of the chain of paper mills, "we are getting sick and tired of the way things are going. I am here to settle this

strike. You have a choice; you can either grant the demands of the men or we will——”

“Sims!” Every one in the room turned at the sound of that voice; Ned Lane stood framed in the doorway.

“Sims,” he repeated, “you have caused enough trouble among the boys, and it’s time for you to get out. We don’t want any outsiders like you interfering in our

said Lane. “There is going to be trouble here to-night, and you’ve got to leave. Before you go, however, you must give me your written promise that you will grant the demands of the men employed in your mills. You owe it to them.”

The tongues of Dawson and his wife were paralyzed. Frank endeavored to speak, but he could give vent only to

pocket. It was a full acceptance of demands of the workers.

“Now, then, give me your smok jacket,” ordered Ned. “You and M and the youngster and the servants b it out the back way, before hell c loose.”

“Why are you doing this thing me, Lane?” queried Dawson.

“Don’t worry, I am not doing a



Meanwhile, in the luxurious home which Frank had given her, Milly was all unconscious of the shadow that menaced her new-found happiness.

affairs. Leave this house. I’ll settle with Mr. Dawson, and you can tell the boys that their demands will be granted.”

A shudder of apprehension shook the frame of Frank Dawson. Milly, his wife, appeared as though she were looking upon a ghost.

The strike agitator, a sinister snarl curling his lips, quitted the room, followed by his satellites.

“Quick, Dawson, you and Milly and the youngster must get out of here,”

inarticulate sounds. Finally he gained control of himself.

“I’ll do anything you say, Ned,” he faltered. “Milly has told me all that you have done for her, and I’d like to try and repay you.”

“You can’t repay me,” coldly replied Lane. “You can do what I ask, though, but you must do it quick.”

For a few minutes a pen scratched on paper. Dawson arose from his desk, handed the sheet of writing to Lane, who read it and tucked it in his inside

thing for you. I am doing it all for the woman whom I still love. Come, quick with your coat!”

In a trice the exchange of garments had been made. Ned Lane seated himself at Dawson’s desk, and for a few moments wrote rapidly.

Suddenly a pistol shot cracked!

Immediately there followed a terrific explosion!

Ned Lane toppled to the floor—dead

The agreement in his pocket was fulfilled by the man who had signed it.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

THE BIG THEME.

THE present war has probably inspired more beginners to try their hand at big themes—those whose ideas are the ideas which concern millions of people—than anything else in the history of the game. The beginner learns some important international question, and at once sees a possibility in it. He weaves a plot about it, and, in his own way, settles the matter. His way of settling it, however, would probably be quite different from the way a statesman would handle it, and, if we may say so, would not be quite as logical because of his distant position from the question proper.

No film company cares to consider anything along these lines from the free lance at the present time. It is true that one of the big manufacturing concerns recently completed a film dealing with the advisability of this country preparing for war during times of peace, but the idea originated in the mind of one of the owners of the concern—a man big enough to treat such a subject with authority, and he personally constructed the scenario.

The amateur must try for a theme that is big enough to hold attention, but trite ones will not make for sales, but he must also realize just how big a theme he is capable of developing, and make his selection accordingly. If he gets one just the right size for him, he will find it much easier to work out, and, on his next attempt, he can undertake a little larger one.

CONSIDER THE PLAYERS.

There is a limit to the sharpness of any player's expression, no matter how much of an artist he or she may be, and the author must realize this in writing his scripts. We have seen certain scenes in which a player would have to

be a wizard to "get over" the expression the author called for. Not that the expression itself was so difficult, but the action called the player to a position in the scene where he would not easily be noticed. Of course, a good director would remedy this weakness, but there is no reason why the script writer should not attend to it himself at the very beginning. There are other examples of where the author did not consider the limited possibilities of the players, noticeably in close-range scenes. Often in a finished production you will see a close-up scene which does not carry any idea to you, and which, therefore, seems superfluous to the picture. In such a case you may be sure that the writer had some idea to carry, but overestimated the ability of the player and director and made the effect so subtle that they failed to "put it over" successfully.

THE INDUSTRIAL FIELD.

There is a little-known field which a few experienced writers have cornered all by themselves and which they bid fair to keep, because it seems to be theirs by right of discovery. It is the industrial field. An industrial picture is one that is made for advertising purposes. It requires the services of a playwright in making only if the advertising facts it contains are to be sugar-coated with a little story. In case an author is assigned to write a story of this kind, he must manufacture his idea to fit the product about which he is going to write, and must then make his action as interesting as possible, seeing that it all revolves about the commodity which he is helping advertise. It is without a doubt, the hardest kind of a story to write if it is to be made interesting. William Lord Wright, playwright department writer for the

New York *Dramatic Mirror*, was one of the pioneers in this field, and, with a few more old-timers in the game, does most of the work of this kind on the market.

THE MAN WHO ADOPTS FEATURES.

Under the title of "The Six Best Sellers on the Screen," an article appeared in a recent issue of *Motography*, by Harvey Gates, which tore the mask off certain prevailing conditions in the film game. It tells certain facts about the adapting of well-known works of literature which have not been exposed before, and which should prove highly interesting to all writers, both new and old. The article, in full, follows:

A free-lance scenario writer whose name is practically unknown to the theatergoing public, recently applied for a position on the scenario staff of a well-known film company. The editor had seen his work and liked it, so he was hired. On his first day as a staff man, the scenario editor called him into the office.

"Mr. Blank," he said, "have you ever read So-and-so's work, called—" here he mentioned the name of a popular novel of a few years ago.

"Yes, I have," answered Mr. Blank.

"Well, take this copy and see if you can work up a four-reel feature from it."

Mr. Blank took the book, looked at it a moment, and asked: "Have you read it?"

"Yes," returned the editor. "Why?"

"What do you think of it?"

"Well," was the noncommittal reply, "it's got a pretty good punch. Of course, there are too many lapses of time and the characters jump around a good deal. Personally, I think there are too many characters to begin with. And

perhaps the main part of the action should be shifted to this country. It's almost impossible to get that foreign atmosphere."

"Then what's the idea of attempting to revamp it? Why not let me write an original feature?"

"Well, you see, the company has bought the rights to the book and wants to stage it. I think you can swing it around so it will make a story."

So Mr. Blank took the book, and the next day he returned with a synopsis, not of the novel, but of a story which the novel had suggested to him, almost an entirely new theme, but one which would be released under the name of the novel's author.

Now, for the rights to use the book, the film company had paid a real price. And what did it get? True, it had a title, but that was about all. For it had paid regular money for the book and it had then paid a staff man to do—what? Scenarioize it? Oh, no. It had paid him to make a story of it.

Do not think this an isolated case. Far from it. I have known—and so has every scenario writer in the game—of instances where books have proved so utterly impossible for screen production that officials have authorized throwing away the entire story and building up another, to be shown under the title of the original.

All of which brings up the question: Why?

It is a question which scenario writers have been asking for a long, long time, and the only answer they get is: "The use of the author's name is worth something."

Let us grant that "it is worth something," but let's make it a little more definite. How much is it worth? How many of the "men in the street" know the average author of fiction? Ask some of your up-to-date business acquaintances what some well-known author has written. Oh, better still, name a book and ask him who wrote it. Ten to one he can't answer you. And yet the author of that book will get a big bonus for the use of his name, a name which means nothing to nine out of every ten.

Being in the scenario game, the writer may be accused of being prejudiced. Let us see if he is.

While we are in the mood, let's look among our best authors, and, from their works, choose the best short story and

see what it would look like, robbed of its literary "style" and reduced to a mere matter of plot. Try it, and the chances are that you will get, in the language of the street, "a piece of cheese." Don't misunderstand me. This is not an attempt to discredit the short story; I am speaking of it and its plot value from the standpoint of the screen.

Suppose we take the works of the man who is generally regarded as America's best short-story writer, O. Henry. Now, what is his best work? Opinions differ, of course, but popular fancy has chosen "The Third Ingredient." Fair enough. Now, suppose we rob it of the style of telling which made O. Henry a genius without peer; a style which made him a teller of stories whose works will live indefinitely? Strip it of this; reduce it to mere plot, for that is what we must consider in the picture business, and what remains? Something which would read about like this:

A despondent girl, crossing the bay on a ferryboat, decides to commit suicide. She jumps over the side of the boat, but is rescued by a wealthy young man who is watching her. (They call such situations trite in the film game.) Turning her over to a taxi driver, the young man hurries home without having learned her address, which he, of course, regrets. The following day the girl finds that she has only two potatoes for lunch. As she is washing them at the community sink, another tenant, of the same tenement, approaches the sink with her dinner, a piece of beef. They decide to combine their provisions and make a stew. The girl enters the room and is lighting the fire while her friend continues to prepare the food at the sink. Along comes a young man, eating an onion. The friend insists that they put it in the stew. The young man consents, and, as he enters the room where the girl is busy with the fire, he recognizes the suicide girl, and they come to a clinch. It is presumed that they are married later.

We know that to be one of the best short stories ever written in the English language, but read over the meager outline carefully and say whether or not it would make a picture. Let us suppose it would. Let us, for the sake of argument, go a step further and say that it has been made into an exceptionally interesting one-reel film. Granted that this is the case, whose is the credit? Who deserves the praise for the little

touches that create the heart interest? Who, indeed, but the scenario writer?

From the mere plot, as outlined above, O. Henry, through his knowledge of the technic of the short story, is able to construct what may be called the best tale. From the same meager plot for O. Henry's clever style could lead him not at all—the scenario writer through his knowledge of the technic has been able to construct an unusable one-reeler. But just as the touches that make the printed story a marvel are Henry's, so are the touches that raise the film story from the mediocre to the scenario writer's. For the mere plot of a story is no more a film masterpiece than it is a short-story masterpiece.

Popular opinion to-day seems to insist that the writer of fiction must necessarily be able to write for film production.

I insist that, all other things being equal, the trained scenario writer, the man who has made it a study, the man who has worked and perspired trying to master its technic, trying to understand just what effects result in a good screen story, and how to get those effects, can write a better scenario, or even a synopsis of one, than the best writer of fiction alive to-day who has not made a similar study.

Why should he not? Does it not stand to reason?

Here we have two men of the same age. Both, for the sake of argument, have approximately the same brain power. Both have seen about the same phases of life. One of these men, struggling as most of us are doing, for a mode of expression, turns to the printed page. He does not learn to write short stories overnight. He studies effects. He studies technic, the value of words and the combinations. He studies conversation. And, in the course of time, let us presume that he learns to write a good short story.

Now for the other. He decides to turn his back to the printed page and tell his story on the celluloid. Are they the same? Does he have to study the same things as his friend? Not at all. He studies effects, that is true, but not the effects of words. He has no use for them. He studies action and pictures of action. He studies scenes and combinations of scenes. He studies action and he trains himself to see in his mind's eye the action which must become a logical part of a sequence.

light. He studies what can be done with the camera and what cannot. He studies the technic of telling his story on celluloid, or of visualizing his story with the same energy that his friend expended in learning to tell his story with the aid of printer's ink. Let us presume, also, that in the course of time he succeeded.

Now we have two men who are able to tell stories. One uses printer's ink. The other uses celluloid and a screen. One out of every ten men will insist that the fiction writer should be able to write scenarios, but how many will even admit that the scenario writer should be able to write fiction. Do you know of any one who would? I don't.

It seems that the answer lies in the fact that few men outside a scenario department even dream that there is such a thing as technic in scenario writing, and that, since the scenario writer uses no words, all he needs is the plot. No one would think of saying, however, that the artist, because he uses words, needs no technic. That would be manifestly absurd. But absurd as it seems in the one case, it is an accepted fact in the other.

Properly speaking, the scenarioist could not be called a writer. What he writes is not the story; it is a series of memoranda done with such close attention to detail that a producer could read it without the aid of an interpreter. He does not tell his story by means of words printed on paper any more than does the artist. He sees a picture in his mind's eye and plans the action which the players are to follow so that collectively they may tell the story on the celluloid. And since their methods of telling their stories are so different, does it not seem absurd to suppose that the plot for the one is, of necessity, a good plot for the other? As a matter of fact, there is no more similarity between the writer of fiction and the scenarioist than there is between a newspaper reporter and a dramatist.

No, there are many modes of expression, many arts, if you prefer. There is music and the dance; there are painting and sculpture; there is verse, the drama, the short story, the novel, and, last of all, there is the scenario. And it is quite as sensible to assume that any other two of them are interchangeable as to insist that the writer of fiction can fill the place of the scenario writer, without first having studied long

to master the technic of this, the youngest of the arts.

NOT SO EASY.

After having played the game according to rules for some time, and having gone through most of the experience known to beginners, Mrs. Julia A. Brown, a photo-playwright of Freeport, Me., has paused in her endeavors long enough to look back over what she has done and sum it all up for the benefit of other writers who are just beginning the first lap of their journey to the top. Her article, which shows understanding of the beginners' difficulties, follows:

"Write photo plays—devote all or spare time. Experience unnecessary. \$10.00 for first play. Write for particulars."

"Such an advertisement is often seen in almost any magazine that one happens to pick up. Sounds easy, doesn't it? The man, anxious and ambitious to earn money by the power of his brain, eagerly grasps at this opportunity not requiring experience, with the belief that it will place him in the land of fame—and, incidentally, bring the money rolling in.

"What's the first step to be taken in entering this new, get-rich-quick literary field? Why, a book on 'How to Write Moving-picture Plays,' of course. Sure thing! The haste with which the necessary cash for purchasing the open sesame is sent away, almost equals the celerity with which editors get rid of undesirable manuscripts.

"The book arrives. It is read and assimilated in a very short time. Dear me! it's as easy as tumbling off a log—a child could do it. So the hopeful aspirant proceeds to tumble from the log. The jounce he receives to his conceit, self-sufficiency and pride leaves him in a thick jungle of upset ideas and blasted hopes.

"The vehicle which causes the jounce is written and prepared in an incredibly short time, considering. With superb confidence in editorial human nature, the play is launched on the uncertain waters of literary recognition. Jounce No. 1 comes after a month or two of "watchful waiting" in the form of a long, white, plump envelope which the receiver recognizes only too well. Rejection slip inside—regrets—return does not necessarily imply lack of merit, et cetera, et cetera.

"Aspirant gets excited. The idea! That play is as good and ten per cent

better than lots of plays I've seen. Simply because I'm a new and an unknown writer, it is tossed back to me just as if it were a worthless script. Well, I'll send it away to another company that has a scenario editor who knows a good thing when he sees it.

"No, wait. Don't launch it again, yet. That scenario editor had some good reason or reasons for not accepting it. Try to find out what it was. Was the synopsis written in a sufficiently interesting way to attract the editor's attention? Was the scenario properly developed? Was the plot strong enough and original enough to hold the attention of the audience reading the picture story on the screen? Were there too many scenes, or not enough? And—important, too—was the title good and applicable to plot?

"Here are a few hints in regard to writing photo plays that will apply to the expert as well as the amateur writer:

"First and most important, never copy from any one. If you haven't enough originality to impart a distinct, particular style of your own to your plays, do not attempt to write. Try to give a snap to your plays. Make a practice of keeping notebook and pencil on hand for the purpose of jotting down any thoughts that may come to you which will furnish material for a play. Something may flash into your brain during your busiest moments that may make the best play you ever wrote. Get your plot or foundation before you attempt to build the literary structure.

"There are three qualities essential to a really successful photo-playwright, namely, originality, a quick imagination, and a sense of humor. Do not make the mistake of thinking that it is an honor to be included in the large company of literary workers unless you are a reasonably good one.

"While some writers might not approve of the plan, I think it is excellent practice to keep several plots and plays under way at the same time. Like the high-school boy who tosses up four balls in the air at the same time and finds it as easy to keep them going as one ball, so a few trials in handling several subjects at the same time will convince you that you can do it as easily as to handle one.

"Do not be in too much of a hurry in sending your script away, and do not be so foolish as to feel disgruntled be-

cause the editor rejects it. If you've entered the big game in earnest, you must stick to it until you've made good. Go over your script carefully to discover and correct any errors you may have made before sending it off. Last, but not least, if you have sufficient reason to warrant you in thinking that you may become a photo-playwright, allow nothing to discourage you, but let your motto be, 'Succeed I will!'

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

A drawing in a well-known newspaper recently illustrated the contrast between a young man who spent his evenings and other spare time telling "the gang" about what he had done, and another young fellow who devoted his every moment to preparing himself for the future. There wasn't much comment made by the artist other than in the title, which was "If You Talk About Yourself, Others Will Not Talk About You," but to our mind the drawing drove home a great lesson for all those engaged in any line of work, including photo-playwriting. It is not the writer who brags about his first few successes who wins out in the long run. It is the one who continues to work and study so that he will be prepared when his really big chance comes. He does not talk about himself, but the men in the studios to which his work is sent talk about him. They realize that he is one of the few who are in the game to stay and who will be needed by them in a short time. He is mentioned oftener than he thinks. As for the one who talks about himself and his successes—after he has gained one or two—the "big men" never speak of him, for they do not think he is taking the game seriously. Their opinion is formed solely on the submitted work of the two writers, but from that it is easy to judge just about what both are doing.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Lubin Manufacturing Company, Twentieth and Indiana Avenues, Philadelphia, Pa., are in the market for strong one-reel dramas, and will pay good prices for acceptable material.

The American Film Manufacturing Company, Santa Barbara, Cal., wants exceptionally strong Western scenarios in one reel which have a character fitted to Jack Richardson, who is probably the most famous villain in motion pictures. They can also use two and

three-reel plays with modern and society atmosphere.

Short Shots.

If you use another person's idea, you will lack the enthusiasm in working it up that you would have if it were your own.

Be careful not to make any illogical statements in your leaders. An error that may not be seen by you may draw ridicule and a rejection from the editors.

The "wise ones" say the motion-picture business is slowly settling down, and will be on a firm basis within the next dozen months.

"Work and the world works with you; play and you play alone." should be the motto of all writers during working hours.

The creation of a new character often means the beginning of a series of photo plays for an author. And a series of photo plays bring in real money.

News of the Photo-playwrights.

Norbert Lusk, formerly scenario writer, reader, and all-around handy man in the editorial offices of the Lubin Company, is now adapting features for the World Film Corporation.

"Pop" Hoadley, one of the veteran writers, has joined the Pacific coast forces of the Selig Polyscope Company, and will turn out multiple-reel scripts for them in the future.



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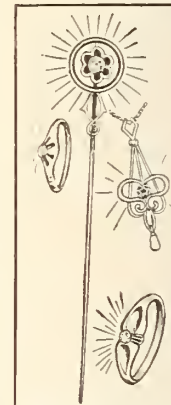
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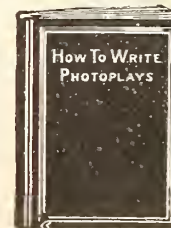
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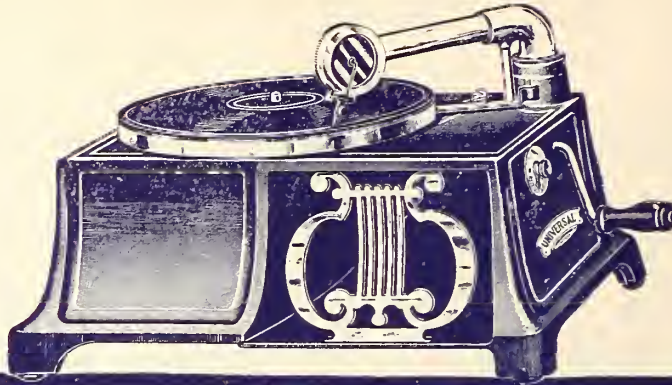
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NOV. 6, 1915
VOL. 2 - No. 5

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY



ETHEL BARRYMORE IN THE FINAL JUDGEMENT

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. II



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Published weekly by Street & Smith, 79-89 Seventh Ave., New York. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress of March 3, 1879, by Street & Smith. Copyright, 1915, by Street & Smith. O. G. Smith and G. C. Smith, Proprietors.

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. II. No. 5

November 6, 1915

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The Final Judgment

(METRO)

By Matthew Allison

A mystery story that is replete with thrills and surprises and in which the criminologist, with all his greatness, is not what he is expected to be. Jane Carleson is loved by three men, one of them the criminologist himself, and it is this love for her that guides the course of Fate away from the natural path to an end that is most unusual. This story is based on the film production of the Metro Pictures Corporation, of the same name, and in which Ethel Barrymore stars. In the cast are:

<i>Jane Carleson</i>	Ethel Barrymore
<i>Mrs. Murray Campbell</i>	Ethel Barrymore
<i>Hamilton Ross</i>	H. Cooper Cliffe
<i>Murray Campbell</i>	Mahlen Hamilton
<i>Harry Strong</i>	Percy G. Spalding

usual, Hamilton Ross was the center of a group in the club.

big, commanding man, with a jaw and eyes that searched the thoughts of others, his whole personality breathed ability, power. Famous scientist and criminologist, he was one of the most talked-of men in New York. When he spoke, others listened. There was a man who not only possessed knowledge but also modeled his life on the axiom that the great end of life is not knowledge, but action. His work as a criminologist had won him fame on three continents. Had he set himself the task, he could have written some amazing detective stories that would have made the romances of fiction writers tame by comparison.

But Hamilton Ross seldom talked of the mysteries he had solved; and tonight it was no page from his career that had kept the group enthralled there in the club. Instead, it was a brilliant word painting of a play he had written.

Listening to him, one saw only a solitary figure in the play—a girl of

uncommon beauty, whose words were music, whose smile was winsome as a child's, whose charm of manner was

as the charm of budding trees in the spring breezes. Wholesome and sweet this actress, and he dwelt upon her



He had discovered, to his horror, that the boy was dead.

loveliness with the ardor of a poet. "Maybe I am overenthusiastic," he said, with a laugh. "But you know Jane Carleson and what she has done with other plays. This is by long odds her best part. And, boys,"—he hesitated and looked round the little group in silence for a moment—"boys, I'll tell you a secret. Miss Carleson and I have been friends for a long time. We have come to understand each other. I

him to a corner and dropped contentedly into a chair.

Worth looking at was this friend of Ross'. A well-built man in the thirties, immaculately groomed, with hair sleeked back from a high forehead, fine eyes that held a laugh in them, smooth, rounded cheeks, tinged with the glow of health.

A young millionaire, he took the world lightly. In this, Henry Strong

was the 'secret' you disclosed that me interested. In fact, I—er—believe you are talking through your hat, may descend to the vernacular." Harry Strong, millionaire clubman, smiled his winning smile.

The vertical lines on the scientist's forehead deepened.

"What do you mean?" he snapped. "Oh, don't get huffy, old dear. Piquant Jane is as elusive as she



His whole frame wilted in her arms, while he dropped his head on her shoulder with a dry sob.

think. She belongs to the people just now; *but some day she will belong to me.*"

A man who had ostensibly been reading a novel in a corner of the room dropped the book with a bang and sauntered over to the group.

He caught Ross' arm and led him away from the others.

"Come over and sit down, Hamilton," he said. "I want to talk to you."

Still smiling happily from the congratulations that had been showered on him, Ross suffered his friend to lead

him to a corner and dropped contentedly into a chair. Worth looking at was this friend of Ross'. A well-built man in the thirties, immaculately groomed, with hair sleeked back from a high forehead, fine eyes that held a laugh in them, smooth, rounded cheeks, tinged with the glow of health.

A young millionaire, he took the world lightly. In this, Henry Strong

was in curious contrast with Hamilton Ross: The former, sunny-tempered, slow of speech, with smiling outlook upon the world; the latter, serious of mien, rapid of speech, a profound thinker, but essentially a man of action.

"Blame that strident voice of yours, old man," began Harry Strong. "I couldn't read the bally book while you were expatiating on the play."

charming. Myself. I aspired to lady's fair hand."

"What?"

Harry bobbed his head two or three times and went on:

"Even I. And she threw me down prettily that it was almost as nice as she had accepted me."

"Poor chap!" The frown had appeared from the scientist's forehead. It is ever easy to smile at a vanquished rival.

"Save your sympathies, Hamilton, boy. I put my case to her with all

quence I knew. But it was no good. When I asked her point-blank—deuced side, I know—I asked her if there was somebody else; and she hung her pretty head—”

“Yes, yes—”

“Insufferably rude I was, but a man forgets himself at a moment like that. I thought of you, Hamilton, and I asked her if it was *you*—”

“You unmitigated duffer!” exploded Ross.

“Now, don’t get mad,” pleaded Strong. “I knew she loved you there wasn’t a chance in the world for me. So I asked her. And very candidly she answered.” He broke off and laid his hand on the other’s. “Poor chap, we’re in the same boat. She isn’t any use for either of us. It’s somebody else.”

Ross gripped the arms of his chair. His face had grown very white.

“You ought to be throttled, Strong,” he said, between tight-drawn lips. “You’re the greatest blunderer unhung. I have never told Jane Carleson that I loved her, and she naturally would disclaim any more than friendly interest in me.”

“I’m sorry, old chap,” insisted the young millionaire, “but you’ve got it wrong. Jane even went so far as to name the lucky man to me.”

“Who is it?” Ross shot it bluntly.

“Murray Campbell, the assistant district attorney. The engagement will be pronounced to-morrow.”

“Good Lord! That limelight-seeking youngster. It’s not thinkable.” Ross had risen and was glaring down at Strong, menacing, as if he would wreak vengeance on the placid figure of the young millionaire. “I’ll shoot him on sight.”

“Now, no theatricals, Hamilton. You’re a good fellow, and you take it hard. But what’s the use kicking? Look at me. I love Jane Carleson just as much as you, but if another fellow has captured her heart, I shrug my

shoulders and say, like Mr. Bryan: ‘Good-by; God bless you!’

“Idiot!” foamed Ross. “You don’t know what my love for Jane is. You couldn’t understand. But this, perhaps, you can understand: Miss Carleson will never become Mrs. Campbell.”

For the first time in his life Hamilton Ross had erred; and erred on the

Jane had been drawn to the young district attorney; she grew interested in his work, laughed with him over his droll pictures of courtroom scenes, hung upon his words when he told her of some great criminal case, and, more than all, urged him to speak of his ambitions. The light that never was on land or sea began to glow in her eyes. She waited for him to reveal his inmost heart to her; led him on, indeed, for youth had called to youth in the language of the eyes.

Murray hesitated to speak. “She is as the sun to a candle,” he told himself.

But young hearts ever have been toys of Cupid, and one night after he had taken her home from the theater, matters reached the inevitable crisis.

“You are beautiful—beautiful,” he said. She had dropped on a couch, a little weary, but her eyes still dancing and her cheeks flushed.

“If I were Strong, the multimillionaire—” he stammered.

“If,” she echoed, with a little moue. “‘If’ is the stuff that dreams are made of. There ought to be no ‘ifs’ in your life.”

“Jane,” he murmured, “I have had my dreams, and you have been mixed up in them always—yes, always, even before I met you face to face. I—I dare not say what is in my heart.”

He turned away, dejection incarnate. Jane Carleson rose and looked at him with a great longing.

Her heart was pounding, and for a moment she pressed her hands to her bosom. Then—

“You dear, big boy,” she whispered. “I’ll say it for you—like this.” Her matchless arms were spread wide. Her red lips were lifted for his kiss.

There was only one thing to do. He did it.

Among those who congratulated young Campbell were Hamilton Ross and Harry Strong; Ross in cold, unenthusiastic fashion, unable to hide his



“I’ve got him—but oh, God, the horror of it!” she mused.

subject that touched him closer than any other had done. Not only was Jane Carleson’s engagement announced the following morning, but they were married within a week!

It had been a rapid wooing. Murray Campbell had met her at a social function. For him, to see her was to love her. But he felt that he had no right to castle building. He had yet to make a name and a place for himself, while she had already become famous.

chagrin; Harry boisterously, maintaining that although he had lost, he was still going to insist on being friends with Jane.

Soon after the wedding Ross departed for Russia to delve into a mystery that had baffled the master minds of Europe. "One of the most significant cases in my career," he referred to it afterward, but few ever heard the details.

About as far as Ross would go with the story was to tell the bare fact that a boy had been murdered—an altar boy from one of the great churches in Moscow. Gold was the motive; the boy stood in the way of a great inheritance. The good father had come into the room and found the boy sitting in a chair with his head thrown back, and discovered, to his horror, that he was dead. "Murdered," said Ross, when talking of the matter afterward. "Murdered," and by a method as subtle as it was diabolical."

But further he would not go. "It was an absorbing case," he admitted; "absorbing, but awful. Some day I may tell about it—but I'll never do it till I am compelled to."

The cottage on Long Island which Jane Campbell called home was open house for all comers. Murray begrudged the hours that kept him in the city, but several important cases had come under his supervision, and he was fast making a name for himself as a prosecutor.

"Some boy, that husband of yours," said Harry Strong, who had kept his threat to remain good friends with Jane and had motored out on one of the evenings when Murray was detained in town.

They were sitting alone on the big veranda, within sight and sound of the sea.

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "Mur is going to be a big man some day—maybe governor, who knows?"

"Shouldn't wonder," laughed Harry. A sudden thought struck him. "And, by Jove, in that case you will be—the governor's lady." And he dropped on one knee and kissed her hand with the devotion of a knight of old.

She smiled down upon him, and for a moment they remained thus, unaware that a man was coming up the path. A moment later Hamilton Ross stepped upon the veranda.

"If I am intruding——" he began.

"Why, Mr. Ross!" cried Jane.

"Sure enough, it's good, old, sober-faced Hammy!" said Strong, rising somewhat shamefacedly at having been found in such an embarrassing position.

"Got back a few days ago from Europe," explained Ross, after he had shaken hands. "And I thought I'd drop in and talk over the Moscow case with Murray. He—er—I suppose he is busy in town." And he eyed the two queerly.

"Yes, but I can reach him by telephone," answered Jane. "I'll tell him you're here."

"Don't bring him out on my account; I'll see him later," he called after her as she ran in to the phone.

Ross had little to say in the interval, but Harry Strong babbled along about affairs in general till Jane returned to the veranda.

"I've just had Mur on the wire," she said. "He is delighted to know you are here——"

"Delighted?"

"Yes, of course; why not?"

"Oh, of course; why not? I thought maybe he—well, now that he is married to you, I thought he wouldn't welcome a man who had been devoted to Jane Carleson, as you know I have been."

"Why, what nonsense!" She laughed joyously. "There isn't a grain of jealousy in Mur's make-up."

"No?" And there was surely a sneer on his lips as he put the question.

"No." Jane stamped her small foot. "Now, listen, and be sensible. Mur said he'd rush home as soon as he could. But I told him we must make a whole, big evening for you. You are something of a celebrity, and we'll have a dinner party and make a lion of you."

"The lion and the lamb," he said, in a tone not quite audible.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing, nothing. Please go on."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what's happened to you. You seem so much more cynical and morbid than you used to be."

"Maybe it's my contact with crime in Russia," said Ross. "But let's not talk about myself. You are going to give a dinner——"

"Yes, next Friday; if that will suit."

"I can arrange for that, and thank you very much."

"Good. And you'll be on hand, to Harry?"

"Rather!" was the young millionaire's laconic response.

"Then that's settled. Now, Mr. Ross, let me have the maid bring you——"

"Nothing, please," interrupted the criminologist. "I meant to talk shop with your husband. On the plea of business I assuaged my conscience, but really should be in my laboratory. There is much work awaiting me. So if you will excuse me——"

Rapidly he shook hands and bowed himself down the steps. He stood a moment on the path.

"Friday night, you said," he called them. "Ah, I will put a ring—a ring—around the date on my calendar."

Probably no one was more excited at Jane Campbell's dinner party than Jane Campbell herself. She entered into the affair with the spirit of a schoolgirl and fluttered about from room to room like a butterfly. Winsome and sweet as this girl in the yellow chiffon, the guests pronounced her. Murray Campbell had no words to voice his own sense of her loveliness. In the hallway, where the softly shaded lights lent her an added beauty, he came upon her and caught her up in his arms impulsively.

"You adorable, adorable girl!" he said. "I don't believe there is a man on earth who has so wonderful a wife."

"My gown—my gown!" she shrieked. "You'll——"

But he shut off her reproaches in the well-known way of lovers, and ran laughing boyishly.

"Mur is a perfect brute, isn't he, Harry?" appealed Jane to the rude, checked millionaire, who had smilingly watched the encounter.

"He's all that," Strong agreed. "If you just peep in that mirror you'll find he had some excuse."

Of the guests at the dinner table only one seemed to be unable to share in the general good will. Hamilton Ross, with a thundercloud on his brow; was nervous, distraught. Too much concentration on the seamy side of life Jane had explained it; and Ross himself had admitted that she had probably spoken upon the truth.

Toward the end of the dinner Murray announced that he had prepared a special punch, which he wanted his friends to test.

"One or two things I've got to put in the last minute," he said; "so if you'll excuse me, I'll run along and add the missing touches to my brew. It's a neat secret, but if you acclaim it I'll tell you the recipe."

It was only a few minutes after he had left the room when the maid entered with a letter.

"For Mr. Campbell," she explained. "A special-delivery note."

dropped a glass, shattering it, and dove for the letter. He read it with eyes like live coals. It was short, but full of meaning:

"Look out for Harry Strong. He and 'my pretty Jane' are too intimate for 'just friends.'"

The damnable thing bore no signature. Campbell did not stop to consider that an anonymous letter should have no

men and women who a moment before had been carefree, whose faces now were blanched with a nameless fear.

It needed no criminologist to fathom this tragedy. The whole story lay plain in the letter and the fallen man and the wrathful husband, who still stood with fist outstretched, though in his eyes had come a look of blank amaze.

Jane rushed forward and clasped him in her arms.



"The State may do what they will with me." He turned to the police officer: "I am ready."

"Harry, like a good boy, run along and find Mur," pleaded the happy Jane. Murray was a very busy man when Strong came in upon him where he stood stirring a great bowl in the ante-room:

"Special delivery for you, old chap." Murray hardly looked up.

"Open the doubly condemned thing and tell me what's in it. Some con-founded mystery that will yank me back to the skyscrapers."

Harry tore open the letter and bent his head to read it. Then a subtle aroma filled his nostrils. He felt faint, staggered, swayed to and fro like a drunken man.

"Now, what in blazes——" Murray

weight. His love for his wife was all powerful, and the very suggestion that any one should come between them was enough to unbalance him.

He turned on Strong, who was still swaying on his feet. Here was surely signs of guilt.

"Hang you!" he shouted; and, doubling his fist, he shot it forward—but too late. Strong had toppled over and lay senseless, his skull fractured from its contact with a chair.

The maid stood in the doorway, horror in her eyes. The cry had been heard in the guest room, the noise of the breaking glass and the thud of Strong's body on the floor.

They came running to the scene, these

"Mur—oh, Mur, what has happened?" she gasped. "You quarreled. And you—you struck him!"

The whole horrible prospect of a trial, imprisonment, maybe the death chair, stared him in the face and his whole frame wilted in her arms, while he dropped his head on her shoulder with a dry sob.

"I didn't strike him!" he stammered. "Dear, believe me, I didn't touch him. Yet there he lies—dead." Then, in awed tones, he muttered: "An act of God; that's what it must have been; an act of God."

Out in the corridor the strident voice of Hamilton Ross rang out:

"Fetch a policeman!"

Of the trial and conviction of the brilliant young district attorney the papers were full for many weeks. Jane forced herself to live through the dreadful days, though she would gladly have given her life if it could have helped Murray Campbell.

Her adviser and closest friend in those trying days was Hamilton Ross. He had promised to find the man who had written the letter. But the case

dastardly deed. She had read of volatile poisons which could be contained in sealed packages that were fatal when released. Where could she gain information about them? Where better than in the library of the great criminologist himself? Subtly she laid her plans for a visit to Ross' home. He was a methodical man and she readily learned that he always walked out for an hour in the afternoons.



"Ah, you remember, how you plotted to use the deadly aroma, while Kato watched, curious."

had come to trial and the writer was still unknown. Ross employed the best lawyers for the defense of Campbell, but to no avail. Young Strong had not died, but he lay in the hospital, delirious and dangerously ill. The wound in his head had healed, but it was thought unlikely that he would ever be a sane man again. Campbell was put away behind the bars, shut out from the happiness that beckoned him, forced to view the prospect of long years with only criminals and wardens for his companions.

Jane had never forgotten his words: "I never struck him. It was an act of God." She set her own wits to fathom the mystery. She had handled the anonymous letter and had been puzzled by the curious aroma that clung to it.

She had mentioned the aroma to Ross, but he had dismissed it curtly—too curtly, Jane thought; and here began her first suspicion that the scientist himself had had something to do with the

One of the memorable days in her life was that on which she called on Hamilton Ross—and found him out, as she expected him to be.

Kato, Ross' valet, invited her to come in and wait. Not only did she wait, but she entered into a very one-sided conversation with the valet, introducing herself, explaining her husband's plight, and telling him of her hopes that the great brain of the scientist would yet solve the mystery of the unknown writer of the incriminating note.

Poor Kato, whose English was none of the best, listened with a growing bewilderment. He understood something of what she said, but was more conscious of her matchless charm; and, when she stopped, he was ready to obey her slightest whim.

"I must consult a book in his library," she insisted. "His laboratory and library are combined, as I know. Now conduct me there. Then return here and

wait. If Mr. Ross comes in, send him to me at once. The library—now!"

Moving like an automaton, Kato led the way to the scientist's library, and left her. She listened as his soft-shoed feet pattered downstairs. Then feverishly she began, not to pore through books but to open drawers and read letters. Ten, fifteen minutes passed, and she found nothing. Then she came to a notebook marked: "The Moscow Case."

Here was the story of the strange murdered altar boy. It fascinated her. More, it connected up with the mysterious letter that had sent her husband to prison.

It horrified her; sent the blood from her cheeks.

Jane had simulated unconsciousness many times on the stage. Never in her life had she come so near to actual fainting as at that moment.

"I've got him—but oh, God, the horror of it!"

She fell on her knees and prayed: "Give me strength now to be an actress. It is for my husband's life."

When Hamilton Ross returned from his stroll, Kato was bubbling over with a tale of an angelic woman who had visited him and had left a note.

The note was written on his own stationery, and Ross smiled as he looked at the signature.

"Too bad I wasn't home, Kato. Always be nice to the lady—very, very nice to Jane Campbell. Let's see. She says she was tired and lonely and wanted company. And you let her stay and rest. I wish you'd made her wait till I came home. Never mind, Kato, I forgive you all, for, listen." And he read:

"I do wish you'd run over to-night. Even if it is only for half an hour. Since poor Murray was taken away my life is terribly dreary. And you are one of the few friends left to me. Come and make me feel that life is worth living just for one night. Won't you come?" JANE CAMPBELL

"How about it, Kato? Won't you come?" He slapped the goggle-eyed Kato on the back, so far forgetting his dignity as to utter shock the Oriental valet. "It's all right, Kato. Everything—*everything* is all right."

Demure, in a modest gray gown, Jane waited her distinguished caller.

He came in, buoyant, masterful.

"You poor little girl," he cried, taking both her hands in his and pulling her gently down into a broad-armed chair. "It isn't right that you should suffer like this."

"Don't let us talk about suffering, Hamilton. Just let us be happy tonight."

"Happy—very, very happy," he murmured, and, putting his arm about her, he lifted her chin and bent to kiss her.

"Wait—wait!" she panted, breaking from his clasp and running across the room. "I like a pretty stage setting. See! The lights must be softened. So when I want to burn a little incense to the god of happiness. Come with me, sir." And coming back to him, she playfully caught his arm and dragged him to a corner of the room where she had prepared a brazier. A settee had been drawn up in front, and she made him sit down in it.

"Now, sir, for the incense." She struck a match, and a little cloud crept up to the ceiling.

Ross stared fascinated. She had sat down beside him, her small hand in his. "Don't speak," she whispered. "Just watch—and think—and breathe—breathe."

Obediently the man, as one hypnotized, let his gaze follow the drifting incense. Then over his senses stole a perfume well remembered, a terrible perfume, a deadly odor that set his brain reeling, that made his eyes grow with horror, that turned his face a ghastly gray. His hand felt cold and clammy in the girl's grasp.

"Let me go!" he screamed. "I can't stand it."

"Oh, yes, you can. This will help you!" And from her bosom she drew the notebook marked: "The Moscow case."

"The Death Dew! My God!"

She had clutched his hand, but he broke from her grasp and flung himself at the door. It did not open. He was locked in. He toppled into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Come—quick!" Jane's voice rose to a shriek. Came the noise of a key in the lock. The door opened and two men entered. One a police captain. The other a physician.

Without words the doctor flung open the windows and extinguished the brazier. Then he turned to the man in the chair.

"It isn't deadly, doctor," said Jane, half hysterical now, but gaining control of herself. "I stole the Death Dew from his laboratory, but I only used a very mild distillation of it. There was no need of my bringing you here, but I provided against chances, *for this man must not die.*"

Ross listened, but his ashen lips did not move, and Jane went on, more calmly now:

"Oh, no, not the doctor we need now—but the policeman. Come, Hamilton, dear friend who was to make life worth living for me, play the man now. You're caught. Turn back the pages of your life for the benefit of these listeners. Or shall I do it?"

"What? No answer?"

His lips trembled, his body crouched lower in the chair.

"Come," she went on mercilessly. "Tell them that you could not bear that any man should carry off the woman you thought you loved; that you plotted his death; that you hit upon the method when you solved the Moscow case and discovered that a volatile poison called Pzokraz—"

"The Death Dew!" She caught the faint whisper from his white lips.

"Ah, you remember. You remember, too, how minutely you described it in this little notebook, even to your sensations as you came upon the secret, and plotted how you would use the deadly aroma while Kato watched, curious, but not concerned. It was a picture to gloat over, and so you morbidly set it down."

"Yes, yes; I remember," he moaned.

"You remember, too, the tests you made and how you finally arrived at the possibility of saturating a letter with the Death Dew so that he who should open it would die. Diabolical, but you did it. Doubly diabolical that, when you sent the letter to my husband, whose death you plotted, you should have written the despicable words you did, so that Murray's last thought might be that I had been unfaithful. A devil, you are."

"A devil," said the broken man.

"It was a rare chance that poor Harry Strong should open the letter—rarer, too, that the Death Dew did not kill him on the spot, for I hear now that he will recover, which God grant, for a truer soul never lived."

"Enough! Enough!" Hamilton Ross gathered the remnant of his strength and rose.

The police captain stepped forward and put the manacles on his wrists.

"It had to come," said Ross. "I judged what I thought was the right course. But I was wrong. This is the final judgment. I loved you as no man ever loved woman. What I did was through love of you. I deserve the limit of the law, and I make no plea for mercy. How you found it all out I can guess, but not one woman in a million would have had the courage to do what you have done. I pay you this homage not theatrically, but as a man recognizing grit in another. It is my good-by to you. The State may do what it will with me." He turned to the police officer: "I am ready."

So passed Hamilton Ross.

Film Flams

By Dean Bowman

IT is estimated that there are approximately seven hundred moving-picture theaters in New England. A large number of these houses are up to date in every detail. As a general rule, two operating machines, run by a motor, are used for projection of the films.

"Crazy about the movies" is a common expression these days. However, it is taking on a new meaning out in California, where a moving-picture theater has been fitted up at the State Hospital for the Insane at Patton, and will be operated as a possible cure for insanity.

They may call it cinema in London

on the ground that cinema is the short cut of the Greek "cinematograph," but over here it is movie now and forever, according to a leading theatrical magazine which recently championed editorially the use of the word movie, without quotation marks.

Moving pictures have been a boon to many persons, but perhaps no one has appreciated the modern invention more than the detective. In more than one case the whereabouts of lost persons or fugitives from justice have been discovered through viewing a crowd "modied" by the picture camera.

At this time, when there is a very gen-

eral increase in the prices of admission to picture shows, the lowering of the prices of one large house in Harrisburg, Pa., to one and two cents comes as a decided shock to the exhibitors throughout the country.

The Equity Motion Picture Company, which has made twelve thousand feet of comedy films at Lake Sunapee this summer, removed to New York October 15th, where they have a studio, with offices, in the Strand Theater Building.

The movies are to be used in raising a million dollars for the University of

Michigan, and Dartmouth College is to show in moving pictures the sports at the winter carnival, with a hope that it will augment the membership.

The Lasky picturization of "Carmen" has attracted more attention in the theater world and caused more comment than any motion picture ever has, and the first appearance of Geraldine Farrar on the motion-picture screen has also caused considerable comment among theatergoers and music lovers.

No industry in the history of America has expanded with greater rapidity in

less than two decades than the moving pictures. In less than twenty years the moving-picture business ranks with the leading industries of the world.

Moving pictures of the funeral of a leading man for one of the film companies were taken in New York the other day to be shown to the actor's mother, an invalid living in Rochester. The camera clicked all through the service and while Mary Pickford and other film players were passing by the coffin afterward.

The Man Who Couldn't Beat God

(VITAGRAPH)

By Burns Patterson

In absolute earnestness Martin Henchford asserted that he did not believe that there was such a thing as conscience, and emphatically defied it. Later, in the course of events, he had occasion to test the power of his mind in this respect. And he took upon himself, because there was nothing else for him to do in his situation, to make himself the first man who had beaten God. The result of Martin Henchford's fight against nature is told in this story, based on the Vitagraph Company's production of the same name. The cast includes:

Martin Henchford..... Maurice Costello
Lord Rexford..... Thomas Mills
Elmer Bradford..... Robert Gaillard
Elizabeth Bradford..... Estelle Mardo

TELL you there is no such thing as conscience," declared Martin Henchford, as he sat at a small, round table with several friends in the Red Lion Inn, in Rexfordtown. "A strong-minded man can do anything, and the thing called conscience will never trouble him."

This astounding declaration shocked his companions. For a moment they were so nonplused that they could not reply. The strong, compelling, dynamic personality of Henchford thoroughly dominated those about him.

"Why, man, you can hardly mean that," rejoined the man on his right, who was the first to recover his composure.

"I do mean it," said Henchford, his cold, steel-gray eyes glittering.

"But God has planted that within us which shows us the difference between right and wrong."

"Such an opinion is all very well for dolts, idiots, and pious old women."

"So, you put us in a class with fools, eh, Martin?" spluttered another man at the table.

"Yes, if you believe in such a thing as a conscience."

"Do you mean that a man may do a wrong thing and not suffer mentally for it?"

"Certainly," declared Henchford.

"For instance, could a man commit the greatest of all crimes—murder—and —"

"Most assuredly a man may commit murder, the greatest crime in the eyes of the law, and still never suffer a twinge for it. This talk about men having a crime so prey on their mind that they confess before dying, is all bosh."

"If you deny the existence of a conscience, then you deny that there is a

God," said the man on Henchford's right.

"I do deny the existence of God," declared Martin, with startling emphasis. "Has any one ever talked with God? Has any one ever seen Him? Can any one prove that He exists?"

"Why, the Bible——"

"Yes, a mere book written by a lot of old fossils, who thought to instill fear in the minds of simple people by setting down as true things of which they themselves knew nothing."

"Martin Henchford," said his right-hand neighbor impressively, "I'll not sit here and listen to any man blaspheme his Maker."

As he concluded, the man rose from his chair. The others at the table followed his example, and the sacrilegious one was left alone with his agnostic thoughts.

Hunched over in his chair, Henchford

continued to sip his gin and water, and brood.

"There is no God!" he muttered. "There is no such thing as conscience! Every man is a law unto himself!"

As the reflected light from the bracket lamp threw his face into relief, Henchford's features were a curious combination of strength and sullenness. His face was thin almost to the point of emaciation. His lips were tightly compressed in a straight line. His square, outthrust jaw plainly showed a

first time that you have asked me to do things which I have refused to do. You are continually selecting me to do some bit of work that you would not ask any one else to do, and I tell you frankly that I'll not do this thing."

"That's the trouble with you, Henchford, confound your impudence," replied his lordship, his wrath rising. "You are always denying my authority, and setting yourself up as being better than you are. By Heaven, man, you'll do as I tell you, or I'll know the reason

Through the mind of the gardener flashed the many indignities which had been heaped upon him by the master of Rexford Terrace. Never had Lord Rexford let an opportunity pass to browbeat and humiliate Henchford.

In the heart of the man these insults rankled. With the falling of that lash, however, there was immediately born a deep and implacable hatred. An unholy desire for revenge seized Henchford.

As Lord Rexford walked away, Martin turned again to the work at hand,



"There is no such thing as conscience," he muttered. "Every man is a law unto himself!"

gnacious streak in his nature. No one, looking at Henchford, would ever have believed that he was the gardener of the estate of Lord Rexford, of Rexford Terrace.

"Beg pardon, your lordship," said Henchford, touching his cap, "but I can't do it. I know that I was born on this estate, and that my father was head gardener before me, but I can't do the thing you ask of me."

"You can't do it, eh?" rejoined Lord Rexford. "You mean you won't do it." "If you care to look at it in that way, then that's what I mean. This is not the

why." He nervously clenched the riding crop he carried in his hand.

"I'll not obey you in this."

Scarcely had the words left Henchford's lips before there was a swish through the air, and a livid welt was raised across the gardener's cheek, where the lash of Lord Rexford's riding crop had fallen.

Spasmodically, Henchford's hands opened and clenched, and the bitter expression on his face told of the desire that was in his heart to spring upon the man who had struck him.

Without further parley, Lord Rexford turned on his heel and strode away.

but if the master of Rexford Terrace could have read the innermost workings of his gardener's mind he would have had cause for fear.

That night as he sat alone in his room, puffing nervously at the stubby bit of black pipe he clenched between his teeth, Henchford's thoughts were centered around the slash of the riding crop across his face. Slowly he raised his hand and rubbed the spot where the lash had raised its welt.

"There is no God. I am without a conscience," muttered Henchford. "And I can beat the law. That dirty cur, Rexford, is at Lord Hammersmith's to-

night. He'll come back along the Valley Road. A rope from a tree to the old stone wall will throw his cob, and his lordship will come a cropper. If he doesn't break his neck when he falls, I'll break it for him."

Quietly he arose from his chair, and, snatching up his cap, strode from the house. The plan that had suggested itself to him he intended to put into effect.

He made his way to a near-by shed, where the gardening tools were kept. Without pausing to strike a light, he selected a coil of stout rope. As he closed the door, the clock in the stable cupola chimed half past nine. In fifteen minutes Lord Rexford would be making his adieus to Lord and Lady Hammersmith, and by ten o'clock he would be dashing along the Valley Road near the old stone wall.

A fresh breeze was blowing. The heavens were overcast with heavy clouds. The very elements were aiding Henchford in his diabolical scheme. Quickly he made his way to the Valley Road.

With nervous fingers he made the rope fast to a jagged rock. Almost mechanically he drew the free end of the rope around a tree on the opposite side of the road, and pulled it taut, until it was about a foot above the ground. He had scarcely finished his task before he could hear the hoofbeats of Lord Rexford's mount as he galloped along the road.

Nearer and nearer came the pounding of the horse's hoofs. The sharp ring of metal against rock smote on Henchford's ears as he crouched behind the crumbling stone wall.

A wild whinny, as the horse hit the rope and went to its knees. Through the air catapulted the body of Lord Rexford. The animal recovered itself and stood stock-still. A few feet ahead lay the inert form of the rider.

Leaping from his place of concealment, Henchford dashed to Lord Rexford's side. He brought his heavy stick down on his lordship's head with a sickening thwack. Then, dropping on his knees, he listened at the breast of the man who had struck him. No answering heart throb fell on his ear. Lord Rexford was dead! Martin Henchford's revenge was complete.

Quickly he unknotted the rope from the wall and tree, and coiled it over his arm. Without undue haste he returned to the tool shed and deposited

the rope in the corner from which he had taken it. Quietly he let himself into the house and made his way to his room.

For a moment the moon showed itself, flooding the small room with its mellow light. Henchford's face was strained and drawn, but in his eyes there burned a malignant light of satisfaction. In the morning, Lord Rexford's body would be found. There would probably be some sort of an investigation, but, as the road was a bit rocky where he had been killed, the investigators would arrive at the natural conclusion that his horse had stumbled and had thrown its rider.

Divesting himself of his clothing, Henchford tumbled into bed, and sank into undisturbed slumber.

In the morning he was awakened by the housekeeper excitedly pounding on the door of his room.

"Oh, Mr. Henchford," she wailed, "they've found the master, and he's dead."

"Lord Rexford dead?" he queried. "Where did they find him?"

"They found him in the Valley Road, near the stone wall. His horse was near by, and from the cut on the poor creature's knees, the coroner thinks that his lordship came a cropper and broke his neck." And the woman burst into weeping.

There was a momentary glint of satisfaction in the eyes of the murderer. His plan had succeeded better than he had hoped for. No one suspected foul play. Not even a faint whispering of the "still, small voice" came to annoy him.

The unexpected death of the master of Rexford Terrace was a nine days' wonder, and soon the various tenants on the estate ceased discussing it.

Each night as Martin Henchford went to his room, he carefully counted the little hoard of gold he was saving. He had decided to emigrate to America—the land of golden opportunity.

In the public house he told of his plans for departure for the States. His former companions had shunned him more or less ever since the night he had blasphemed his Maker, and they were glad that he was going from their midst.

It was a beautiful morning when the huge transatlantic leviathan made her way past the Statue of Liberty and up New York Bay. At the port rail stood

Martin Henchford. Before him lay the land of opportunity. The great saw-toothed sky line shrouded in mist appealed to him. Surely this was the land of big things. The land where a man is restrained only by his inability to accomplish the task set before him.

"I want a job, sir," said Martin Henchford. Around about him were piles of dirt, broken stone, sand, and building materials. Gigantic derricks reared their gaunt arms heavenward. Underfoot could be heard the staccato rat-ta-tat-tat of the pneumatic drills as they slowly gnawed their way through rock. Three men darted past him, bearing red flags. Suddenly there was a dull, muffled explosion, which shook the ground beneath him. It was music to his ears. He wanted to be a part of this gigantic human machine, which was slowly but surely boring its way beneath the river bed, and more securely welding Manhattan to one of its adopted towns.

The foreman gave Martin an appraising glance. He was satisfied with the applicant, whose every lineament of form and face denoted strength and nerve.

"I guess you'll do," finally said the foreman. "You look as though you have plenty of grit. Come on."

Together they entered the cage in the shaft and were quickly lowered to the scene of operation.

The rock-ribbed sides of the tunnel glistened with moisture. From overhead, water slowly but incessantly dripped on the workers below. Huge arc lights spluttered and hummed, as they cast their penetrating light to the innermost recesses of the tunnel. On every side iron and wooden shoring was thrown into high relief. Far ahead was the huge steel shield, which fitted tightly to the surrounding walls. Beyond it toiled the sand hogs and hard rock men. The shield was for their protection. In case of an accident they could leap through the doors and by the manipulation of a single lever could start in motion the mechanism which would close the doors against an inrush of water.

Day after day Henchford descended into the lethal chamber, and worked side by side with the other cogs in this great machine. Frequently he had seen some fellow employee yanked through the door of the steel shield and rushed to

the compressed-air tanks for treatment of the bends.

Never a thought of the man he had murdered back in England flashed through Martin's mind. He was beating both God and conscience!

The pneumatic drills kept up their incessant pounding. Every one was intent on his work. For a moment, Henchford happened to glance up. Before his eyes a tiny stream of water trickled down the side of the wall. It was larger than any of its neighbors.

Even as Henchford gazed, the stream steadily increased. In a few minutes it would be so great that the space in which they were working would be flooded.

"Quick, lads!" shouted Martin. "Through the shield with you!"

The men shot one swift glance toward the spot to which Henchford pointed. With one accord, yet without confusion, they dove through the exit doors. Already the stream was the size of a man's arm, and was steadily increasing. The floor of the chamber which the men had just quitted was flooded several inches deep, and the tide was steadily rising.

Whirling about, Martin grasped the lever which controlled the closing mechanism. Quickly he pulled it over. He gave one startled glance at the shield. One of the doors had failed to close. Through the open door swirled the water, and his ear told him that the leak beyond the door had increased until the water was pouring in.

Ahead of him the men were racing water-skelter for the cage. Behind him splashed the black, murky water.

Several of the men jumped into the water and shot it toward the surface. Arrived at the top, they leaped out. Hardly had the last man left the lift before the cable snapped, and the cage plunged down to the depths below, smashing itself to mere bits of twisted iron and splintered wood.

Henchford and two of his companions were still in the tunnel. The water was swirling and eddying about their heads, and steadily rising. Unless help arrived quickly, they would be engulfed in flood, and drowned like rats in a trap.

Overhead the men were paying out a long line of rope to those below.

Finally the rope dangled before Henchford's eyes. Quickly he grasped it and passed it around the body of

the man he supported in his arm. The poor chap had received a broken leg from a floating timber.

"Haul away!" he shouted to those above. Slowly at first, and then more rapidly the inert form was hauled up the shaft.

Again the rope wriggled before his eyes. With eager hands he seized it, but even as he started to knot it about the body of his companion, the man went limp in his arms. The water was above his waist, and the strong under-current threatened to sweep him off his feet.

Holding his unconscious burden as best he could, he twisted the rope about his companion. As he leaned over, a shaft of light from a near-by arc, that

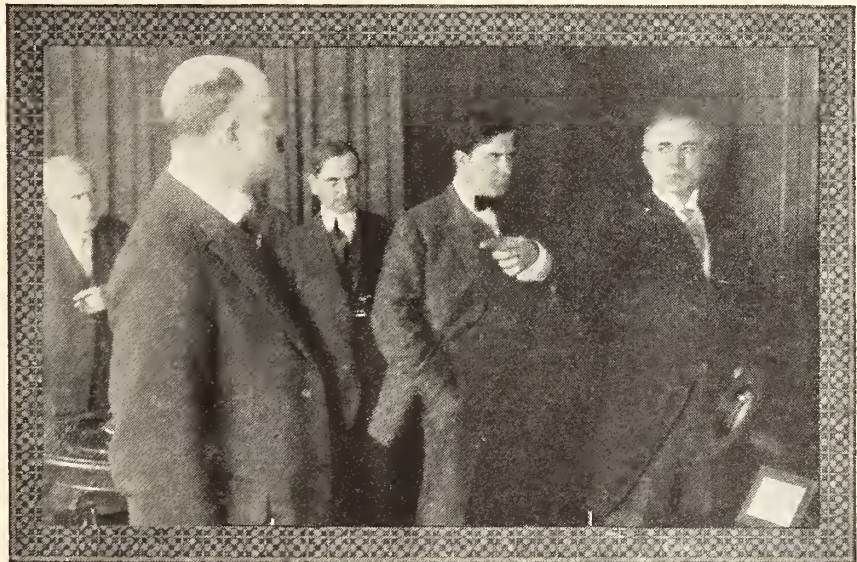
fear burst from his lips. On every hand the face of Lord Rexford seemed to be peering out of the murky gloom. He was unconscious of the water that swirled about him.

Something struck him in the face, recalling him to his senses. He clutched the rope and, with a shout to those above, began the ascent.

At the top of the shaft, eager hands grasped him, and carried him to the emergency hospital. The shock to his system had been intense, and for several days he lay on the white iron cot.

"There is no God!" he would mutter to himself. "I have no conscience!"

But the still, small voice would not down. Before his mental vision would flash the scene of that night in the Val-



Extending an impressive forefinger, he said: "The people of this State will have the very best that is in me."

spluttered and hummed, fell athwart the unconscious man's face.

A low moan broke from Henchford's lips. The face before him was not that of a sand hog. It was the face of Lord Rexford!

God had found him.

Wearily he drew his hand across his brow; surely his eyes were playing him tricks. With an effort, he gained control of his shattered nerves.

"Haul away!" he shouted.

Once again he watched a form twist and turn as it was hauled toward the surface.

Suddenly the arc light ceased to splutter, and the tunnel was plunged into Stygian blackness. A snarl of rage and

lethargy burst from his lips. On every hand the face of Lord Rexford seemed to be peering out of the murky gloom. He was unconscious of the water that swirled about him.

Something struck him in the face, recalling him to his senses. He clutched the rope and, with a shout to those above, began the ascent. At the top of the shaft, eager hands grasped him, and carried him to the emergency hospital. The shock to his system had been intense, and for several days he lay on the white iron cot. "There is no God!" he would mutter to himself. "I have no conscience!" But the still, small voice would not down. Before his mental vision would flash the scene of that night in the Valley Road. An internal something seemed to continually cry: "Expiation!"

Back at work again, he was not afflicted with those uncanny visions and voices. Diligently he applied himself to whatever task came to hand. In him his employers recognized real worth and ability. Promotion followed promotion, until he had become the general superintendent of construction. His salary was large, and he had nearly everything that heart could wish for. Then came the crowning happiness of his life. At a reception he had met Elizabeth Bradford, daughter of the head of the construction company. It was a case of love at first sight. In his wooing he was the same masterful type

that he had proven in business. His love was reciprocated, and it was not long ere the wedding bells were chiming. On his wedding eve his father-in-law had made him a mutual partner in the construction company.

Henchford's friends pointed to him as the successful business man. He had come to America practically penniless. He had fought and struggled, until now he was honored and respected by all who knew him.



Henchford rose in his chair overcome by fear, as the vision before him became more vivid.

At the theater an all-star cast was presenting "Oliver Twist." His wife had arranged a box party. Listlessly he watched the actors and actresses portray their rôles. Finally the curtain was rung up on the third act. Before him he saw the squalid room of brutal Bill Sykes and Nancy. The great, hulking Sykes was accusing Nancy of betraying him to the police. His rage gradually increased to murderous ferocity. He clutched her by the throat and bent her back over the rough deal table. In his free hand he grasped a heavy, gnarled stick. The bludgeon rose and fell, and there was the sickening impact of wood against bone.

Henchford half rose in his chair. Before him flashed a vision of that scene in the lonely Valley Road. Vividly every detail of his crime was recalled to mind.

The other members of the box party leaned forward in their chairs. His wife gently touched him on the arm, immediately recalling him to himself.

"What is it, dear?" she asked. "Are you ill?"

"I am all right, Elizabeth. The acting was so realistic that, for a moment, I was carried away."

His looks, however, belied his words. His face was drawn and tense, and in his eyes there was a haggard expression. It was an effort for him to sit through the remainder of the play.

That night, with weary steps and slow, he made his way to his bedroom. How

the ghastly face of Lord Rexford Spasmodically the troubled man's fingers clutched the bed covering.

"There is no God!" he moaned thickly. "There is no such thing as conscience."

Before his mind's eye there spread a vision of the Valley Road. At the spot where horse and rider had gone down stood a white-robed figure.

"I am your conscience," spoke the white-robed thing. "I am with you always, Martin Henchford. You have tried to evade me, but I am with you. Sooner or later all men recognize me. Many men deny me, but I am ever with them."

Slowly the specter raised its arm, and beckoned him. Once again it spoke.

"Come back to Rexford Terrace, Martin Henchford," it said. "Down on your knees, and pray God to forgive you the sin that I cannot."

The wretched man was awakened from his slumber by the sound of his own voice, repeating:

"There is a God! There is a God!"

Recovering himself, he glanced about the room. He was alone. No one had heard his cries.

Down on his knees went the man who had denied his Maker.

"Oh, God!" he raised his voice in supplication. "Forgive me, a sinner!"

When the first gray streaks of day filtered into the room, Martin Henchford was still on his knees, his head bowed on his arms.

His wife looked up, and a little shriek of dismay burst from her lips, a few hours later, when her husband shambled into the breakfast room. His face was pinched and drawn. His eyes were haggard, and in their depths there burned the flickering gleam of a soul bordering down with woe. His hands trembled like one afflicted with palsy.

"Oh, Martin, what is it?" cried his wife.

"Nothing is wrong, dear," he replied in a voice that was strained and husky. "Last night's play was a bit too much for my tired nerves."

Tenderly and affectionately he kissed her on the brow.

He seated himself at the table. His voice seemed to be incessantly dimming the one word "Expiation" into his ears until the word was written in his brain in letters of fire.

In front of the house a limousine

different was this room, with its thick, heavy carpet, its artistic furniture, and its rich hangings, from the mean little whitewashed room he had occupied in the cottage at Rexford Terrace. His thoughts were wandering far afield. Wearily he drew his hand across his brow, and a low, moaning sigh escaped him.

All the night through he moaned and tossed. In his dreams he lived over again that awful night of years before. Once again he was tying the rope across the Valley Road; the hoofbeats of Lord Rexford's mount sounded in his ears. He heard the loud whinny of the horse as it struck the rope, and the impact of its rider's body as he struck the road. With a start he woke from his troubled sleep, perspiration oozing from every pore.

"There is no God!" he muttered. "There is no such thing as conscience."

He rolled over, but to sink again into troubled slumber. On every side he saw

waited him. He gathered his wife in his arms. Lovingly she clung to him. Their lips met in a kiss that was full of affection and devotion. In another moment he was in his motor car, speeding toward his office.

As the machine bore him on his way to business, he thought over the events of the night. For a long time he had secretly cherished an ambition to enter politics. He realized that he needed something beside business to divert his mind from the ever-increasing tortures of conscience. That morning there was to be a meeting of a committee of independent men to name a candidate for governor. Why shouldn't he seek the nomination? He had money enough to defray the cost of a campaign, and the honor gained from the office would please him. Then, too, his wife would have greater social advantages as first lady of the State.

He picked up the speaking tube, and directed his chauffeur to proceed to the office where the politicians were in conference.

"Gentlemen," began the chairman of the meeting, "we are gathered this morning for the purpose of naming an independent candidate for governor. We are all disgusted with the graft and corruption which exists in this State to-day, and we must have a strong reform candidate. I feel confident that with the naming of any clean, decent man we will weep the State. Have any of you gentlemen a candidate in mind?"

As the chairman concluded his remarks, the door opened, and Martin Henchford entered. For a few seconds he engaged in low-toned, earnest conversation with the man nearest him. The man rose to his feet.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," said he, "I have in mind a man who has been a success in business, a man who stands for everything that is fair and clean and decent. If you nominate the man of whom I am speaking, I feel confident that he will be elected by one of the largest pluralities ever given any candidate in this State. Gentlemen, I have the honor of placing the name of Martin Henchford before you."

At the mention of the name, a volley of applause greeted the speaker. The chairman pounded with his gavel to restore order, but every one was enthusiastic over the prospect of Henchford's nomination.

"Speech! Speech!" cried the men.

Henchford rose to his feet, squared his shoulders, and bowed acknowledgment to the ovation he had received.

"Gentlemen," began Henchford, "I want the nomination for governor. Not only do I want the nomination, but I also desire to be elected. I feel that this State has too long been the prey of crooks and grafters, and I believe I can clean this political Augean stable. If elected, I pledge you my sacred word that I will give the people of this State a clean, honest, efficient administration."

He resumed his seat amid a thunder of applause. The vote was polled, and the chairman announced that the conference had unanimously selected Martin Henchford as their standard bearer. A storm of applause greeted the announcement. Once again Henchford was on his feet.

"Gentlemen, I thank you for the honor you have conferred on me."

He gathered up his hat and coat, after shaking hands with all present, and made his way to the door. He paused and faced the men who had nominated him. Extending an impressive forefinger, he said:

"The people of this State will have the very best that is in me. I will labor solely for their good."

The door opened, and he was gone.

Election Day came and passed, and two months later he was inaugurated as the governor of the State. In the excitement of the campaign he had found complete surcease from the tormenting visions. Again he was beating God and conscience.

When affairs settled into their usual routine, the visions of that scene in the lonely Valley Road reoccurred with nerve-shattering frequency. Gradually he lost weight. His health was becoming undermined. His friends said that he was working too hard, but in his heart Martin Henchford knew that it was the scarlet stain upon his soul that was crying for vengeance.

His wife insisted that he take a vacation. Eagerly he grasped at the idea. An irresistible, intangible something seemed to be calling him back to England—back to the scene of his crime.

Putting his affairs in order, he left the capital for New York, where he embarked on an outward-bound liner.

With leaden feet, Martin Henchford made his way along the Valley Road. Just ahead of him lay the crumbling

stone wall. Opposite it was the tree around which he had wrapped the rope.

A paroxysm of pain racked his body. His face was livid. His hand clutched his breast.

"My heart!" he gasped, in a voice of pain. "Oh, merciful Father, don't let me die!"

With savage ferocity he ripped off his collar.

"Give me air! Oh, God, give me air!" he pleaded in a choked whisper. "Oh, God in heaven, don't let me die!"

But He who doeth all things well stretched forth His hand and gathered the soul of the wretched man unto Himself.

An Entertainment Thermometer.

PRESIDENT JOHN R. FREULER, of the Mutual, has just put into operation an effective system for accurate reports on what individual pictures on the new eight-million-dollar program are doing for the exhibitor.

By turning to a special file of daily reports the man who guides the make-up of the Mutual's program can tell on the instant how the exhibitor is prospering or failing to prosper with any particular release in any part of the country.

The daily reports give Mr. Freuler data on the program used by the house on each day: The attendance afternoon and evening, the weather, the advertising used by the house, and the same data for the corresponding day of the year before.

If a popular comedian brings a big attendance on a certain Friday in a house that has suffered dull Fridays, this release gets due credit.

If a new feature is going out, it is easy to trace the course of its success by these same attendance figures and the controlling factors of weather, advertising, and house conditions.

Mr. Freuler was interested to note the other day the first reports of the new plan. "These reports give me a finger on the pulse of the public, and a sort of thermometer for the temperature of the trade," observed Mr. Freuler. "The exhibitor can expect to see the program continually being built up with the films which this system proves are making money as box-office attractions, and anything that falls down in this test of public opinion will disappear in a hurry."

The Idol

(MUTUAL)

By Robert J. Shores

Once—a long time before—Cecil Fordyce had been the idol of the theatrical world. The time had passed, and with it had gone Fordyce's regard for everything, including himself. But every flood leaves its effects, and the popularity that Cecil Fordyce had enjoyed left a spark of the real man. It was a faint spark, true, but one that was some day to flame up. When it did, and the part that Joyce Ferdon played in making it, are told in this story of the Mutual Film Corporation's picture-play of the same name. Among those in the cast are:

Cecil Fordyce.....E. Forrest Taylor
Joyce Ferdon Helene Rosson
Sigmund. Jack Prescott

COME with us. We can help you." Cecil Fordyce felt rather than heard the words. He was leaning against the wall of the ramshackle tenement, trying to collect his scattered faculties. Only a moment before he, Cecil Fordyce, formerly the idol of the classical stage, had been thrust out of a sa-

loon because he could no longer pay for the drink which he craved.

"Come with us," the girl was saying. "We can help you."

Fordyce raised his sodden gaze to hers, and, as his eyes met the steady eyes of the Salvation Army lassie, he instinctively straightened his shoulders

and removed his hat. For the girl, her simple uniform, was more than ordinarily pretty—she was really beautiful. And there was that in her quiet tone which bespoke culture and gentle breeding. This was the sort of woman he had known in the days of his prosperity. It had been a long time since a woman of this sort had spoken to him.

He glanced over the way where the remainder of the little band of Salvationists were beating their tambourine and singing their songs—a strange medley of religious sentiment and secular music. He had seen little bands like this hundreds of times before—but never before in the light in which he now saw them. He had often stopped for an amused moment upon a street corner to listen to the testimony of some "convert," smiling cynically at the thought of professing religion for living. For that was how he had regarded them: As professional brands from the burning; sinners converted for revenue only.

Now, as he looked into the eyes of the girl before him and saw only womanly compassion and religious zeal, he suddenly realized what it meant to the outcast to be received into this company of believers; and what it must mean to a girl, sweet and innocent as this one proclaimed herself to be by her every gesture and expression, to speak to a drunken man like himself.

Fordyce suddenly found himself saying: "Thank you, I will come!" and in another moment he was surrounded by the jubilant Salvationists, who wrung his hand and clapped him upon the



Only the moment before Cecil Fordyce, formerly the idol of the stage, had been thrust out of a saloon because he could no longer pay for the drink he craved.

oulder, while the leader shouted: Thanks be to God, another sinner comes home! Let us pray for our brother, who was lost and is found again!" And before he fully realized

Fordyce was upon his knees with the others, thanking Providence that his young girl had been sent at the moment, to speak to him and to use the flickering, and all but extinguished spark of manhood within him.

And yet, somewhere down in his consciousness, he was wondering how in the world it happened that he, of all men, should be praying in the street!

Looking back on that scene from the perspective of three months of sobriety and honest labor, Fordyce was moved rather to wonder how he had ever sunk to the condition in which the Salvation Society had found him, and what might have become of him if she had not put her appearance at that moment.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me," this was the commandment which he had broken, for he had set up not one, but many idols upon the altar of his ambition—fame, adulation, praise, and, last but not least, personal vanity. He had lived for himself alone, and worked for himself alone, and indulging himself he had lost the fruits of his labor. How different must have been the life of the little Salvationist! Where he had been thinking of himself, she had been thinking of others; where he had been taking himself all the good things of life, she had been giving of her soul's treasures to the spiritually destitute.

It was with a pleasant feeling of newfound kinship with the world in general that Fordyce set out for his day's labor. And it was labor now. Where he had formerly strutted through rehearsals, he now superintended the business of laying pavement, occasionally lending his aid where aid was needed, and never hesitating because the task might soil those hands which, for so many years, had been models of the manicuring art. As foreman of his street-cleaning gang, he was responsible for their labor, and it was no small task to hold them to their work and make them earn their pay, while, at the same time, he saw to it that no one was required to do more than his share, and that all received the same consideration. They were an odd assortment of men,

his "boys," as he called them, and among the lot five nationalities were represented.

For the most part, they were good-natured, if not particularly efficient, but there were two Italians who gave Fordyce some concern. They did not look like real workmen. They bore all the outward marks of gentlemen of the Mafia or the Black Hand; marks which had become familiar to Fordyce during his recent experience as a temporary addition to the submerged tenth. He distrusted them, and he was anxious to be rid of them. He felt that he owed some duty to the taxpayers and to the head of his department to see that no criminals covered their tracks by taking refuge in his gang of workmen, and he meant to discharge that duty, even though in so doing he must assume some personal risk.

As he was returning from work upon this particular day, Fordyce observed these two men passing along the street in front of him, evidently upon their way to some rendezvous. He was not at all surprised when they turned in at a café which was notorious in the underworld as a place where many things happened which remained unrecorded in the police records, although, by all the laws of the land, they should have been written there. It was one of those places which thrive upon a double custom—that of its regular habitués and that of the casual sight-seer who likes to play the bohemian of a Friday night.

Into this place, Fordyce followed the Italians at a discreet distance, and, having observed them disappear into the little hall leading to the private wine rooms, he addressed the captain of the waiters, describing the two men, and stating that he was to meet them there by appointment. Many queer things happened in the Café Richpax, and the captain was not especially surprised to have three visitors in working clothes within so short a space of time. He simply called one of his assistants, saying: "This is the gentleman who is expected in the third room on the left."

At the entrance to the corridor, Fordyce paused, and, slipping a coin into the waiter's hand, remarked casually: "You need not bother to come any farther. I know the way, and will find my friends all right." The waiter pocketed the tip, looking a little surprised at the size of it, but withdrew. Instead of entering the third box on the left,

Fordyce paused at the second door and tried it tentatively. It swung open, and disclosed an empty room. Into this little box, called a room by virtue of the fact that it was separated from its neighbors by a partition reaching nearly, but not quite, to the ceiling, Fordyce entered. He shut the door behind him, and stealthily slipped the catch. It would not do to have a waiter or visitor blunder in upon him.

The two Italians were conversing in the next room in tones which, while not loud, were not especially subdued. Doubtless they relied upon the fact that they were speaking in Italian to keep their neighbors in ignorance of the character of their remarks. Fortunately for Fordyce, he had once entertained thoughts of grand opera, and was, therefore, sufficiently familiar with the language to follow the conversation intelligently, though he occasionally missed a word here and there.

"But what is there in this for us?" one of them was saying.

"Never mind that now," said the other. "There will be enough. I know this fellow, and he is the saving sort. He is sure to have money laid away somewhere, and we will get it. For, you see, so soon as we have done what he requires of us, we will get it from him. We will bleed him for his last cent."

"But," objected the first voice, "suppose that he has very little? I am always ready to do my part, but take notice, friend, I do not risk my skin for nothing."

"Risk? Pooh! There is no risk in this. It is child's play. And what does it matter how much he may have? Whatever it is, we will get it. And, in any case, we have the girl, and she will make our fortune for us."

"Ah, the girl! Is she, then, so pretty?"

"Santa Maria! Do you ask if she is pretty? She is the great actress of the Crescent Theater—the idol of the public!"

"Not Joyce Ferdon?"

"The same. Now do you see?"

"But," the other voice was doubtful, "there is a great risk there. So many people know her. She may be recognized."

"Not she. Many people know her on the stage—yes. Off the stage—no. We will arrange that she come in her costume, and then who shall know her

from any other woman in the same dress? Nobody will know her when we get her, and when we have had her a little"—he paused—"no one will care who she is."

Fordyce grasped the edge of the table and bit his lips to keep from crying out on their villainy. So this was the business of his precious pair of workmen? They were not only blackmailers—they were worse.

"But what does he gain by all this?"

answer, so she complains to the manager, and—poof!—he is discharged."

"Ah!"

"So now he vows that he hates her, and will be revenged, but he cannot fool me. I know. He loves her."

His voice sank suddenly, as footsteps were heard coming down the corridor. A moment later, there came a sharp rap at the door of the room in which the Italians were. The door was opened, and Fordyce heard a third voice, with

have time enough for thinking now, as I can do nothing else. I have thought and thought and thought, and now have a plan."

"Which is?"

"We will send her word that I have come to this place in a despondent mood and that I have shot myself because I have lost my position through her complaint. We will say that I am dying and that I have begged her to come to me for a few words before all is over."



Sigmund, the musician, had been forcing his attentions upon the leading lady—until things had at last reached a climax.

asked the man who was apparently learning of the scheme for the first time.

"He thinks he gains the girl, but that is where we surprise him. Once we have her safe, we will laugh at him, and if he does not pay us well, into the bargain, we will threaten to release her so that she may expose him."

"Who is he—exactly?"

"His name is Sigmund, and he was the third violin at the Crescent, but he is no longer. He made love to the actress and she would not have him, and then he would not take 'no' for his

a slight German accent, inquire: "Is this the man?"

"Yes, signor, this is my friend Antonio, who is to help me."

"Does he understand the details of our little plan?"

"The way in which the girl is to be—"

"Shh! Yes."

"You forget that we have not yet settled on that plan. You were to tell us."

"True; I forgot. Yes, I will tell you. I have thought it all out." He paused and added bitterly: "Heaven knows I

She does not love me—how well I know that! But she will not refuse a dying man, who has lost his means of livelihood upon her account."

As he listened to this devilishly ingenious plot, the blood rushed to Fordyce's head, and it took all his strength of will to refrain from rushing into the next room and attacking the conspirators single-handed and unarmed. A moment's reflection, however, saved him from being guilty of this folly. To interfere, unarmed as he was, would simply result in his speedy removal from their path, and leave the girl defenseless.

less at the critical moment. He must go before it was too late to warn her.

As he rose from his chair, he heard one of the Italians exclaim: "Good! That is a very good plan. When will you get the word to her?"

"Between the second and the third acts. She will then come in haste and alone. It is not far from this place to the theater, and she will want no one to know that she is absent—even for a moment. If she brings any one, it will only be her maid."

Fordyce waited for no more. Carefully pushing open the door, he hurried down the corridor and out into the street. Glancing over his shoulder to see if he were followed, he walked rapidly to the corner, where he entered a drug store. The clock over the prescription counter informed him that it was exactly eight o'clock.

"She should be in the theater now," he thought, as he fumbled the leaves of the telephone directory. At last he found what he sought. He stepped into a booth.

"Bryant 07767."

"Crescent Theater," came a thin voice over the wire.

"I want to speak to Miss Ferdon."

"I think she is in her dressing room. One moment, please."

Then came a woman's voice:

"Hello! What is it?"

"Is this Miss Ferdon?"

"This is her maid. Who is speaking?"

"I must speak to Miss Ferdon at once on a matter of the utmost importance."

The maid laughed. "That's what they all say," she retorted saucily.

"This is no laughing matter, young woman," he exclaimed angrily. The girl's voice changed suddenly.

"If you have any business with Miss Ferdon," she said sharply, "you can transact it after the performance. She is busy now, and I have orders that she is not to be disturbed."

"But, look here——" Fordyce began, when the receiver clicked sharply.

"What was it, Fifine?" asked Miss Ferdon, turning from her mirror.

"A stranger, trying to make a date," laughed the maid. "I never heard his voice before, so I told him you were busy."

"Quite right," commended the star, dabbing her lips with her color stick. "I can't be bothered with these johnnies."



The manager, grasping him by the hand, exclaimed joyfully: "Cecil Fordyce!"

Fordyce, meanwhile, was madly jiggling the receiver hook, trying to get central. When he did get her, she said calmly: "Your party hung up, and the line is busy again."

Cursing the maid for her officiousness, Fordyce set off for the theater at a rapid pace. He knew that the violinist, being in touch with the stage hands, could get a message to her without difficulty. For himself, it seemed he must go in person.

Arriving at the stage door, he attempted to enter, but was stopped by the doorman. Fordyce breathlessly explained his errand. The doorman leaned over and took a step toward him.

"Step into the light, young fellow."

Fordyce did so.

The doorman scanned him carefully, and then shook his head.

"I don't know where you got it," he said at last, "but it certainly must be a good brand. So some one is going to run off with the star, eh? Well, if that's the case, I guess I won't let any one in!" And, so saying, he gave Fordyce an unexpected push, and slammed the door in his face.

Seeing that it was useless to attempt to warn the young woman in person, Fordyce took his story to the police, and again he was met with incredulity.

"You didn't happen to notice a poisoned needle sticking out of any of those guys' pockets, did you, now?" the lieutenant asked, winking at the sergeant. "It's scandalous, the way them white slavers act!" he continued, shaking his head mournfully.

"Well," demanded Fordyce hotly, "aren't you going to do anything?"

"Oh, sure!" said the sergeant pleasantly. "We're going to put a nice little piece in the paper about it, with her name right in the headlines, and maybe a pretty photograph and a few pictures of the suspected gangsters who might have done it—that's what you want, ain't it?"

Cursing them all for incompetent numskulls, Fordyce stalked out of the station house. They were not even ruffled.

"These press agents," grinned the lieutenant. "What they won't try!"

Thrown entirely upon his own re-

sources, Fordyce decided to return to the café and lay in wait for the kidnapers, but on his way he stepped into a pawnshop and purchased a revolver. It was the first time he had ever carried one, his weapon in the classic drama being a sword, but he had done some gallery shooting, and knew, at least, how to shoot straight, and how to handle the thing.

Arriving at the Richpax, he made his

the uniform of the Salvation Army. So this was a wholesale mousetrap!

As one of the men stepped forward and laid his hand on the girl's arm, Fordyce sprang into the corridor, revolver in hand. At sight of him, the two Italians—for they were the two men in the hall—threw up both hands, exclaiming, "The boss," and fled toward the entrance as fast as their legs would carry them.



As the leading man staggered back against the manager, Fordyce grasped the man who had fired the shot.

way, unobserved, to the little room where he had hidden in the afternoon. He could hear some one moving about in the next room, but heard no one speak.

He had waited perhaps half an hour, and his muscles were beginning to ache with nervous strain, when an electric buzzer sounded sharply in the adjoining room, and immediately afterward he heard the swish of a woman's skirt come down the corridor. The woman, whoever she was, was walking very rapidly—almost running. She came to an abrupt halt before the door of the next room, and turned, as it seemed to Fordyce, uncertainly. Two men followed her.

"In there, lady," said one of them.

Fordyce thrust the door open a crack, and saw a young woman standing with her back to him. She was dressed in

"Come in," came a voice from the interior.

"I will, thank you!" said Fordyce, stepping into the room.

Sigmund, who had expected no more formidable antagonist than a defenseless woman, and who had confidently counted upon the assistance of his two hirelings, was taken completely by surprise. He made a rapid movement toward his hip pocket, but Fordyce was before him. Wrenching the weapon from the musician, the actor sent him spinning with a well-planted blow on the point of the chin, and when he scrambled to his feet again, sent him crashing into the corner, where he lay, cursing and groaning. Fordyce was for finishing the job, when the lassie—whom he had almost forgotten in his excitement—touched him on the arm.

"I think he has been punished

enough," she said to Fordyce. "And I think it is time you spoke to me."

Fordyce turned slowly, and, as he looked into her face, his jaw dropped. It was his Salvation lassie! The very same girl who had worked his conversion.

"I don't know how you happen to be here," he said, "about to walk into the trap which these ruffians laid for another woman, but I believe God must have sent me here to save you, as He once sent you to save me!"

"No doubt you are right," she said, smiling. "But will you not see me out of this dreadful place?"

Fordyce blushed at this reminder of his lack of gallantry.

"I will, indeed; and I will see you home," he answered.

"I am afraid I cannot allow that," she replied, "for I am in rather a hurry, and I am going to do an unprecedented thing, for a Salvation lassie—I am going to take a taxi."

"Will you not tell me how you came to be here?" he insisted.

"I will write you about it," she said. "I know all about everything, and I can assure you that you have no further cause to fear for the safety of the woman whom you came here to protect. So let me ask that you will promise me that you, too, will go home."

Touched at the solicitous tone in her voice, and assured that what she said *must* be true, Fordyce gave the promise, and, having seen her into her taxi, returned to his own quarters, where he spent most of the night thinking of her. What a splendid little woman she was, to be sure! Going fearlessly into the most dangerous places upon her errands of mercy and of redemption. How she got wind of the plot against the actress, he could not imagine, but evidently she had come to save her, and come, good little soldier that she was, unattended. How she had protected the man who, but a moment before, had been ready to bring about her ruin! Fordyce thrilled to the recollection of her touch upon his arm.

He was up early the following morning to get his promised letter.

Sure enough, before he had half finished his breakfast, the letter came by special delivery. He ripped it open hurriedly and read:

"MY DEAR RESCUED AND RESCUER:
I don't know just how to tell you, but

I have a confession to make, and perhaps I cannot do better than come straight to the point. I happened to be in that restaurant last night, because I am the woman for whom the trap was laid. I am Joyce Ferdon, and I am an actress. I am not a Salvation Army lassie, at all, and I never have been except for a little while, when I was preparing myself for the part in my new play, which has been a tremendous hit because I knew how to play the part so naturally.

"I don't know what you will think of me when you learn how I have deceived you, and that I am not the generous, self-sacrificing person you think me at all, but an ambitious, scheming actress, who has set her heart upon the idols of success and fame. I don't know what you will think, but I hope you will believe me when I say that I am prouder of making my one convert as a Salvation lassie than I am of all the praise and fame I have won upon the stage! So I must sign myself,

"As never before,

"JOYCE FERDON."

Fordyce stared at the letter like a man who has been struck a stunning blow between the eyes. Another of his idols had fallen! Another ideal had come crashing down into the dust. His lassie—true, brave, self-sacrificing—was only a dream, after all! There was no such woman save in his own imaginings. His conversion—that, too, had been a farce—a rehearsal for a Broadway show. Her life was the same as it had been—empty, frivolous, selfishly ambitious. And how he had struggled and striven to live up to his ideal of her. Well, he would know better another time!

Seizing his hat, he rushed out of the house and entered the nearest bar. He wanted to forget her, forget his conversion, forget everything.

"Whisky!"

The bartender set out the glass, and Fordyce raised it to his lips. But as he started to swallow the contents of the glass, he felt a ghostly touch upon his arm, and a girl's face rose before him—the face of a girl in the bonnet of a Salvation lassie. A wistful, compassionate, strangely sympathetic face, hung, wavering, in the air between his eyes and the mirror behind the bar.

Setting down his glass, untasted, Fordyce paid for the drink and passed out.

All day he wandered about. He did not go to work. What did work mean to him now? He sat upon a park bench staring into nothingness, and lived over again the last few months of his life, from the moment he had first seen her until this morning, when he had received her letter. That look upon her face when she had said to him, "Come with us. We can help you," surely that was not *all* a lie? Great actress though she might be, she could not have assumed that expression as a whim. He was an actor himself, and he knew the limitations of the art. The more he thought of her, the more he longed to see her again to make sure, in his own mind, whether she were capable of doing this.

And so night found him standing outside the stage door, waiting for her to come out. Would she be merely the actress, or would she be—his lassie?

At last the door opened and Joyce came out, accompanied by the manager and the leading man. Swift as a shadow, a dark figure darted forward, and a revolver shot startled the man who lingered in the shadows. The leading man staggered, and grasped the manager for support. The dark figure turned and ran down the dark alley leading to the street, tossing away his still smoking revolver. Fordyce grappled with the unknown, but the latter broke away and ran on. At his heels dashed Fordyce. Suddenly the man in front stumbled and fell. With a leap, Fordyce was on his back. The unknown would-be murderer, with an almost superhuman effort, partially threw Fordyce from him, and struggled to his feet.

The fist of Fordyce, hardened by months of work in the open, crashed against the fugitive's jaw. An answering grunt followed by a short-arm jab to the body was the unknown's only reply. In that blow Fordyce realized that he was battling with something more than a weakling.

Back at the theater, stage hands had assisted the stricken leading man to a couch on the stage and were making efforts to revive him. Every one was so engrossed in the welfare of the actor that no thought was given to his assailant.

Fordyce rained blow after blow on the unknown man's face and body, but the man, with the desperation born of fear, was returning blow for blow. With his

back to the wall, he was battling against capture—knowing in his heart that capture would probably mean death.

Putting all the strength of his body into a swing, Fordyce sent a blow crashing to his opponent's chin. The man went to his knees. Fordyce rained punches to his face. Suddenly, without giving his antagonist an opportunity to regain his feet, Fordyce grasped the man by the throat. Slowly his viselike finger dug into the unknown's flesh.

"Will you come with me, or must I choke the life out of you?" panted Fordyce.

"I quit," gurgled his victim.

Grasping his prisoner firmly by the collar, Fordyce jerked him to his feet, and partly pushed and partly dragged him back to where the light shone through the opened stage door. With a supreme, desperate effort, the man Fordyce held prisoner endeavored to break the hold upon his collar. In the twinkling of an eye, Fordyce's grip tightened, and a well-planted blow took out any fight that remained in his prisoner.

As he emerged into the circle of light about the stage door, Fordyce recognized in the wriggling, struggling creature he held prisoner the maddened musician Sigmund, who, despairing of securing the woman he loved, had attempted to destroy her.

Through the opened door Fordyce propelled Sigmund. About the couch upon which lay the stricken leading man were gathered his friends and coworkers.

As Fordyce drew near the people grouped about the couch, and the manager, grasping him by the hand, exclaimed joyfully:

"Cecil Fordyce!"

And then, for the first time, Joyce learned that her convert was of her own profession.

The first performance in which the regenerated Fordyce took the part of the wounded leading man was a distinct sensation. The love scene, in particular, roused the house to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. But there were some lines which the audience missed, when the heroine whispered:

"And so you are Cecil Fordyce, the *matinée* idol?"

And the leading man answered: "Idol no longer, my lassie, but now, and always—idolater!"

For these lines were not in the play.

Via Wireless

(PATHE)

By Edwin Balmer

(A Serial Story—Part Three)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

George Durant, the great gunmaker, known as "The American Krupp," is touring the Philippines in his yacht *Iressa*, partly for pleasure and partly to advise in the matter of island defense. With him are his daughter, Frances, and his right-hand man, Etherington Pinckney, who is teaching Frances to use the yacht's "wireless." One morning Pinckney forbids Frances to use the apparatus. He also warns her against Lieutenant Sommers, who is trying to send the yacht a wireless message, telling her that Sommers is a scoundrel. As a joke, Frances talks with Sommers by wireless, but won't tell him where the *Iressa* is. Pinckney lands at Bagol, and is attacked by natives. Frances refuses to go below when the yacht is fired on. She uses the wireless to summon rescue. Pinckney meets a gun designer named Marsh, who claims to be the inventor of a Rheinstrum gun which Durant has contracted to buy. Pinckney invites him to come to his cabin for a talk.

CHAPTER III—(Continued).

BUT how soon can I see Mr. Durant, Mr. Pinckney?" the little designer still protested. "For—for, sir," he blurted out, in his excitement, "the Rheinstrum gun's been accepted; that is—that is, sir, the gun you call the Rheinstrum has been accepted by the government, and they've given orders to go ahead on it at once. But—but how soon can I see Mr. Durant, Mr. Pinckney?" The little man broke off breathlessly.

"Oh, it's been accepted, has it? And they have, have they?" Pinckney's eyes opened and closed triumphantly. He clutched the little designer more tightly. "Well, I told you that you can't see Mr. Durant for half an hour, Marsh." He shoved the other along almost by force, and then waved him cordially to a seat inside his private cabin as he shut the door. "But first I advise you to find out what you had better say to him, anyway."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Pinckney?"

"Oh, I have guessed, perhaps, what has brought you to meet us here at Quarantine in such a state at this time in the morning, Marsh. But I've caught

you in time to prevent yourself making too complete an ass of yourself and losing a good deal of money which I've taken the trouble to try and save for you."

"I—lose money you've tried to save me?" repeated Marsh, more calmly.

"Yes. But first—exactly what about this gun business has brought you here in this state?"

"I've just seen out here, after word was sent of the acceptance of the designs at Washington, duplicate drawings and specifications of—of the great secret Rheinstrum gun, Mr. Pinckney. Mr. Durant's introduction got me in close touch with some of the officers who'd been sent copies of the designs submitted to Washington—and which you'd never shown me, or any one at the works."

"Well, Marsh?"

"Well, Mr. Pinckney! That gun 'is not Rheinstrum's gun, or any Dutchman's gun, or anybody else's gun! It's my gun—and you know it! For those drawings which came here from Washington, copied from your Rheinstrum designs, and just accepted, are my designs and drawings! Yes, sir! With just half a dozen little changes they're the designs for a gun which I drew and showed you six months ago. And you said it was no good, and to stop fooling with it! I guess that's why I came out here at Quarantine to see Mr. Durant this morning!"

"Hush, Marsh! Lower!" Pinckney checked the other's outburst. "I can hear without your shouting! Keep quiet, you fool—or Mr. Durant may hear!"

"I wish he would! That's what I've come for."

"Yes? To lose a fortune for yourself—a fortune you've properly and honestly earned by your own invention, Marsh; and which I've taken a good deal of trouble and risk, as I said a moment ago, to save for you."

"What—by stealing my designs and giving them and all the credit of them to your Dutch friend, Rheinstrum?"

"Listen, Marsh, and show some sense for a moment." Pinckney calmed the other again. "You haven't heard, I suppose, of any of the private business arrangements about this gun?"

"Why, no, sir—only that it's been accepted. We're to make it, and I've seen the drawings—my drawings."

"You don't know, then, what payment goes to the inventor for such a gun as this?"

"I don't know—no. But whatever it is, I won't see it go to Rheinstrum or any other Dutchman for my gun!"

"Of course not. But stop a bit. Now you know, I suppose, Marsh, that all the time you were drawing the designs and working out the details of your gun, you were an employee on salary and under contract with the Durant works."

"Certainly, Mr. Pinckney."

"Did you ever take the trouble to read exactly what was in that contract you signed, before it was locked up with the other papers of the company?"

"Well—only in a general way, Mr. Pinckney," replied Marsh, weakening a little.

"Then you do not particularly recall, Marsh, that in that contract which you had to sign before you were hired and were put on the pay roll, you agree that all patents and inventions made by you while in the pay of the company would become completely and absolutely the property of the company?"

"No, sir. I didn't know that!"

"Well, it's true. But don't get mad at Mr. Durant, now, on account of that. Every big corporation like his requires that clause in contracts with their men. He just follows the general practice. But I, Marsh—I never liked that practice. I never thought it just or fair in any way—especially when half the men sign away their rights, like you, without even knowing it. So when you brought me your designs and drawings for your gun, I saw right away that you had a good gun—in fact, the best gun I ever saw. But if I took them officially through my office, every idea and design you had would become the property of

ne company, and you would never get penny. So I took them privately to his Rheinstrum, had him make a few changes and submit them under his name—and, now that they're accepted, 've got you a fortune, where you would have got yourself nothing."

"But how, Mr. Pinckney?"

"This way, Marsh: For every gun which the Durant Company makes, under the Rheinstrum contract, which I made to protect you, I draw a royalty in Rheinstrum's name—but which I pay to you, the real inventor. See?"

"How much?"

"Six hundred dollars, Marsh, for every six-inch gun we make; and a hundred dollars a caliber inch for every inch in every gun over six inches. So, on a twelve-inch gun, you get twelve hundred dollars!"

"You mean that, Mr. Pinckney?" Marsh jumped from his chair. "You mean that? It's mine? You'll pay that to me? It's true?"

"Not so loud, Marsh!" warned Pinckney again. "Of course it's true, and you get it—if you don't make any breaks like that you came here to make this morning. This money is honestly yours; that's why I've gone to this trouble, and taken no little risk to get it for you—and you try to get me into trouble for doing it!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Pinckney," said Marsh humbly, trembling with relief and joy. "I guess I never knew you before, sir. For, as you say, it is honestly and morally mine! It is my patent—my gun. I earned it. I'm sorry I said what I did, sir, but—perhaps, sir, I can thank you a little better than just saying that, sir; for—"

"For what, Marsh?"

"Of course, sir, I understand now how you entered this gun under Rheinstrum's name to protect me, and I get all the pay for it, after all. But still, sir, it would hurt you a good deal—without saying what it would lose me—to lose the government order for those guns, wouldn't it?"

"Of course I should lose, Marsh," returned Pinckney quickly. "Just prestige and credit, personally, of course; but Mr. Durant and the works, for which I am responsible, would lose very heavily. But I thought you said we already had the order?"

"So we have, sir, but subject to cancellation at any time, in case another gun proves superior to ours at a test."

"Well, Marsh?"

"Well, Mr. Pinckney, of course they haven't got even an equal to ours at Washington, or we'd never have got our order. But here, sir, here—"

"What, Marsh?"

"Well, sir, right here in Manila now, and before this special armament commission which is sitting here, they have designs and drawings for a gun which—well, sir, it makes me wish I had some of those hundreds of dollars in the bank now, instead of coming to me after we make the Rheinstrum guns."

"What is this, Marsh? What gun do you mean?"

"The Sommers gun, Mr. Pinckney—the designs Mr. Durant's friend, Admiral Barlow, has shown me in confidence for the Sommers' gun."

"The Sommers gun, Marsh?" Pinckney's voice had become hoarse in its intensity.

"Yes, sir; but—you've heard of it, then, sir?" asked Marsh surprisedly. "Why, the admiral told me it was just submitted for the first time. He said it was the invention of a young friend of his—a lieutenant commanding some gunboat down in the lower islands."

"What?" Pinckney had cleared his throat. "No, I hadn't heard of it. But—tell me more about this Sommers."

"That's all I know; just that he invented this gun and commands the—*the San Juan*. That was the ship's name."

"You are sure it was the *San Juan*?"

"I think so. His name is Sommers—I'm sure of that"

"Thank you, Marsh." Pinckney considered for a moment. "Now tell me about the gun," he continued quickly.

"Well, sir, it's a very good gun—a very good gun, indeed."

"But not better than ours?"

"Than the Rheinstrum? I won't say, sir."

"Why? Not because you're afraid it is?"

"Because it's too hard to tell, sir. This is all made on a new and radical principle—all depending upon the forging. It's very hard to say."

"You say it's been shown to the officers over here, who've had our plans also? Do they prefer this to yours—to the Rheinstrum?"

"Most of them don't, sir. You see, the most of them are field officers, and can judge guns only from those they've seen fired. This, as I said, sir, is very

different; so they're afraid of it. In fact, they have refused to recommend sending it on to Washington, even."

"Then what are you worrying about it for?"

"Because Admiral Barlow—you know the influence he has—is a friend of this Lieutenant Sommers. He doesn't know much about the practical side of gunmaking, but he is pushing this gun. Now, he knows that you are coming over here with Mr. Durant—"

"What has that to do with this, Marsh?"

"Why, sir, he's going to ask you to give him your expert opinion upon the practical points in the making of the Sommers gun. He will decide whether to push it further by what you say."

"Ah—I see!" Pinckney's face colored, and his fingers twitched nervously.

"Yes, sir. He knows, of course, sir, that you know the practical side; and as you have no more interest in making the Rheinstrum gun than in making the Sommers gun for the government, he'll go by what you say. But—but—of course, sir, I know it don't make any difference to you which gun you make; but now I—I, Mr. Pinckney—"

"Oh, I see, Marsh!" Pinckney went over and held the little man's shoulder in his strong grasp. "While it makes no difference to me which gun we make for the government, now, it begins to make a great deal of difference to you, eh? Well, my man, I can't act against my honest conviction or—my duty to my country, of course, Marsh; but if there is a fair doubt, I shall give you the benefit. Now, is that all?"

"Oh, thank you, sir—thank you!" The little man caught one of the big hands and pressed it gratefully between both his own. "I can never thank you enough, sir."

"Don't try to, then." Pinckney threw open the cabin door graciously. "Go and see Mr. Durant now, Marsh. Tell him the good news about the order, of course. Only be careful what you say!" he warned. "You'll probably find him on deck."

He glanced quickly through the port-hole, and saw that the yacht was now reaching its anchorage. Boats bearing Mr. Durant's friends were already bumping it on both sides.

"Oh, Frances!" called Etherington. He had followed the little designer out

and had stopped before the cabin three doors away from his. "Frances!" he repeated cheerily. "We're anchoring now, and they've come to take us ashore. Coming, Frances—coming?"

Frances' maid, straightening things up inside, said that Miss Durant was already on deck with her father.

Pinckney hurried out and made his way with difficulty among the groups of officers and their wives who were now crowding the forward deck of the little yacht. He passed by his host, with a word of congratulation for his quick recovery. Then he found Frances, smiling, bright, and cheerful, and apparently quite herself again, standing talking with Admiral Barlow, with whom Pinckney shook hands cordially as he came up.

"You've heard the good news, Frances?"

"Yes; isn't it good?" replied the girl. "The doctor has just said that every one of the wounded men will get well, and Admiral Barlow has just been telling me that last week he had ordered the *San Juan* and Lieutenant Sommers to report to him here to-day. I've explained to the admiral how we kept him down at Bagol, so he'll excuse him for being late. But if he followed us up right away, he will be here pretty soon, and maybe even in time for the dance to-night."

"Oh, so there is to be a dance to-night, admiral?"

"The governor general's reception to the officers of the army and navy, Mr. Pinckney. We are very glad that you, and especially Miss Durant, have arrived in time. We have far too many knights usually and far too few fair ladies."

"Isn't that fine!" cried Frances.

"Fine!" echoed Pinckney, trying to look as though he were pleased. "But I thought, Frances, that you might be a little glad to hear that the government had just given us the order to go ahead upon the Rheinstrum guns."

"Oh, yes, and congratulations, Etherington! Admiral Barlow has told me. But what do you think he's just been telling me, too? Lieutenant Sommers has invented a gun which, he thinks, may be better than the Rheinstrum, and, if it is, maybe we'll be making Lieutenant Sommers' gun for the government, instead."

"What, admiral, our friend and noble rescuer, Lieutenant Sommers, has a gun

which we may make?" asked Pinckney, pleasantly surprised.

"I am afraid Miss Frances may have been a little previous." The admiral smiled at her enthusiasm. "Before I recommend the gun to the board, Mr. Pinckney, I want to have your advice upon some practical points with which I am not familiar. Just now I am standing rather alone in my advocacy of this gun; but I hope, when I show you his designs, that you can support me. I am glad, at any rate, that you are here; and he will be, too. So I can make up my mind finally now. You will look over the designs for me?"

"Thank you, admiral. I shall be glad if I can do some service in payment for the trouble we gave Lieutenant Sommers. I need not tell you, if I can convince myself at all honestly that his gun is good, that I shall give it a good report."

CHAPTER IV.

DICK SOMMERS.

"The *San Juan*, my dear," said old Admiral Barlow, "was sighted and signaled from Cavite at seven this evening. I had the word before I left my quarters. I left orders for her commander to report to me here. So, my dear Frances, I shall soon show him to you very soon!"

"But aren't you going to tell me about him first?"

It was ten o'clock in the evening, and the big military band at the army-and-navy "hop" was just settling down to work. The quick, enlivening rhythm stirred Frances' blood, and her eyes grew brighter than formerly. Her father found her tapping her foot restively to the time of the music. She was glancing expectantly about the big ballroom after the admiral had left her, but before her father's eyes she colored, a trifle confusedly.

"Waiting for Etherington, my dear? Don't be angry with him if we must be even later than this. You know, Admiral Barlow asked him particularly to give his expert opinion of Lieutenant Sommers' gun to-night, if possible; and he was still at the plans, locked alone in his cabin on board the *Irvessa*, when the steward brought my things ashore an hour ago."

"Oh, I won't be angry." She smiled to reassure her father; but when he had

turned away, she puckered her brow together again.

For a full hour the big ballroom had been filled to overflowing. Not only a Manila, but every one in the Philippine archipelago who possessed any sort of uniform or any style of evening clothes seemed to be crowding there.

Within the week several new regiments had arrived from the States; and several others, having finished their Philippine service, were at Manila waiting to embark. The officers and wives and friends of all these were represented. Moreover, two big cruisers had just brought from Annapolis and from the home stations some scores of middies and minor officers, to complement or replace the navy men on the ships gathered in the bay. Officials from the different departments of government and instruction, district supervisors of construction work, tall, tanned men from the engineering corps—all crowded into the hall; while sons of old Spanish families, prominent Filipino politicians and planters, with wives and daughters very gayly decked, added the Oriental note to the ensemble.

But the one for whom Frances looked so frankly did not appear. Admiral Barlow had made a mystery of him to tease her; yet she was sure that if she saw him, she must know him instinctively. His ship had been sighted and signaled off Cavite at seven o'clock; it was already well after ten, and he had not come.

Suppose he were not to come, after all? She colored furiously, and became angry at herself for it; for she told herself that she was merely curious about him. She did not care. Their few rapid, but still remarkably, personal passages with the wireless had caused a natural curiosity concerning him—that was all. And she wanted to thank him more properly for what he had done for the *Irvessa*.

She found herself growing more defiantly furious at him for not coming to show some curiosity in his turn; but suddenly, when her next partner—a young lieutenant from the admiral's flagship in the harbor—came to claim his dance, she was very calm and collected again. At the first pause after the introductory trivialities, Frances found herself openly and coolly demanding of him:

"By the way, Lieutenant Collins, do you happen to know Lieutenant Som-

ers, of the *San Juan*, stationed down the south?"

"Dickie Sommers, of the *San Juan*? I know him? Well, do you, Miss Durant?"

"Well, he saved us all down at Gol!"

"Saved you?" returned the young officer. "How?"

Frances recounted the matter shortly, tirelessly omitting her part in it. As she told it, the officer listened politely, but was obviously unimpressed.

"Now, I do call that hard luck—fate, Miss Durant! Poor Dickie! Again—in so sorry!"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Frances, warily watching his eyes. "What are you so sorry about?"

"That he—poor Dick—he had to save you."

"Lieutenant Collins!" They had almost stopped dancing.

"Oh, you don't understand, Miss Durant! I had so hoped—truly I had—that you could know each other and be friends. His ship's in the harbor, and we've been looking for him every minute for the last hour. He's one of my best friends, so when I met you I hoped that you—but now you say that he's saved you, too!" The officer broke off, shaking his head hopelessly.

"Me, too?" rejoined the girl, a little disappointedly. "You speak as if he were always rescuing people."

"He is, but truly, Miss Durant, believe me, he feels far worse about it than any one else. He considers himself cursed by it. He's told me through tears how twice he thought he had hopes, and both times he had to go and save the girl's life, and that was the end. I'd really given him up till you asked so interestedly for him, and then you spoiled it all by confessing that he'd saved you, too."

"What a terrible situation!" Frances laughed.

"Isn't it? Dick has always said there's no surer or more deadly way to lose a friend than by saving him—or her. It's really most discouraging."

"Tell me about him, Lieutenant Collins," said the girl, as they danced on, now understanding each other a little better. "I've given up all hope of seeing him, since he had to save me. Is he Irish?"

"Way back, maybe—on his mother's side. His father's family have been American—Virginians—since the time of

Pocahontas. Fought for the colonies on land till the Revolution, then the first sea fighting Sommers struck for salt water under J. P. Jones. Dick's great-grandfather was with Decatur, and his father was the youngest officer on the *Merrimac*. About all the whole line left Dick, though, was an appointment to Annapolis. Just accepted it when he got wind of the fracas with Spain. Thought he saw a chance for the first fight out this way, so turned up somehow in the *Petrel* and came in here with Dewey. After the smashing of the fleet in here, he cruised around the southern islands, picking up stray Spanish gunboats. One of them—the *San Juan*, which he now commands, couldn't be found, and Dick was sent in with a boatful of men one night to see if it was hiding in a river. Instead of returning to report, he captured it with his boat's crew."

"They put him in command, then?" asked Frances innocently.

"Not quite." Her partner smiled as he guided her carefully through the crowding dancers. "But that, and a few other things like it, kept him in the navy and made him a midddy, anyway, without his going back to Annapolis. Besides, he studied and got up on theory at the same time that he learned practice. Admiral Barlow—particular friend of his—admitted he'd picked up enough practically to qualify him as an officer; but said he'd need to go back to the academy to get the diplomatic side and training in international affairs necessary for a naval officer." Frances' partner checked his laconically breathless account, and laughed.

"Well, what did Lieutenant Sommers do then?" the girl demanded impatiently.

"Do? That was a couple of years after the Spanish War, when our relations with South American countries were rather delicate. The word had gone out to all officers to show especial courtesy and be particularly nice to all South American diplomatic, military, and naval officers wherever met. Well, just at this time, when Admiral Barlow and the rest of us regulars were ragging Dick about how superior to every occasion we were, he comes up to the admiral and tells him gravely that three Chilean, one Paraguayan, and two Bolivian naval officers were stopping in Manila, and that we ought to

see that they were asked to the reception. We found the Chilean officers, all right, but he had the admiral all excited, and six of us regular navy graduates chasing all over Manila for the Bolivians and the Paraguayan before it struck any of us that Paraguay never had a navy or even a boundary line within three hundred miles of either ocean, and that Bolivia, too, went into the same class with Switzerland as a sea power when Chile annexed what coast line she had, back somewhere in the eighties."

"And then?"

"Oh, the next time he showed up here—the admiral had been ragging us on our lack of adaptability to the native chiefs and such, and Dick was stationed down in the lower Sulu Sea—Dickie comes here browned up a bit and shaved and wigged a little, and makes Admiral Barlow himself receive him as a son of the Sultan of Sulu. More than that, he got away with it before a real son of the sultan who happened to be present!"

"But didn't that get him in trouble?"

"Dick? Well, we were all afraid it would; but when the sultan heard of it, he was so pleased he wanted to adopt him. But still, Miss Durant," continued young Collins, seriously now, as they had stopped dancing and he stood fanning her vigorously, "that sort of thing has been the trouble with Dick—I mean the easy way he gets on with the natives. It's kept him down there around those southern islands all this time. Just because he's a good fellow and can blarney along those chiefs down there so they won't want to fight every two weeks, the government keeps him there. They've refitted the *San Juan*, and he's in command now. But Dick Sommers shouldn't stay all his life in a third-class, converted cruiser, keeping upstart Malays peaceful. It's some one else's turn down there. But he's such a good fellow that he'll keep on at it unless"—the young officer fanned very violently now—"unless some one better than we can make him see it."

"But, Lieutenant Collins, he's not doing merely that!" protested Frances, hoping that her rising color would be charged to the heat of the room. "I've heard he's been inventing a gun—a wonderful new gun."

"Yes, I know. And he's done no end of valuable sounding and survey

work for the government during his years down there. But what does he get out of it? He ought to know some one, I say, better than us, who would—but there he is! There's Dick now, Miss Durant! As soon as that crazy crowd lets him loose you'll know why I was sorry that he had to spoil his chances again by saving you!"

Frances followed his gaze, conscious of a strange palpitation in her breast.

At the far entrance of the hall some newcomer was struggling to get through, but a boisterous, laughing, joking crowd of younger officers had gathered about and were holding him back. A few of the merriest were trying to chant audibly an impromptu refrain: "Here's to the Son of the Sultan of Sulu!" Others were demanding loudly: "Bring along a Swiss admiral this time, Dickie?" and "What's up now, Richard? What are you doing here, washed and in uniform?"

But at last the newcomer broke through.

"Children!" He shook them off. "Can't you see I've grown up this year?"

Then Frances saw him suddenly seized by his stanch friend, Admiral Barlow; and the old officer was presenting him to her father, and obviously searching about for Frances herself. He discovered the girl, and Frances stood face to face with Lieutenant Dick Sommers.

He stood, a straight and well-knit figure, a fair inch below six feet. His hair was black; his eyes blue, direct and compelling. His features were fairly straight and well formed, his mouth being decidedly expressive and strong. But Frances was noting none of these particular things at that moment; she saw only those half-serious, half-laughing, but entirely direct and very disconcerting blue eyes. For one moment—the first instant when she saw them—they were a man's eyes, observing her respectfully, seriously; but at the next moment they were a boy's eyes, laughing, amused.

"So you"—Frances could not resist trying to tease this boy, as he waited for her to speak—"you are the commander of the *San Juan*!"

"Oh, but, Miss Durant, you haven't seen the *San Juan*!" he countered.

"No, but I've heard how you captured it in an open boat!" rejoined Frances, feeling that he had already the

advantage on the teasing tack she herself had begun.

"Collie! You told!" said the black-haired officer reproachfully to Frances' partner. "I'm sorry, Miss Durant, but Collins always has to rub it in. You see, when the war started, the *San Juan* was on duty down by Mindanao. The Spanish captain had been trying to get relieved of her for years, but his government wouldn't commute him. When he heard Dewey was coming to the Philippines, he wept tears of joy and tried his best to get to Manila in time to surrender along with the others. But the engines wouldn't stand it. When he heard the *Petrel* was coming down his way, that gave him new hope. But we had heard of his intentions and managed somehow to prevent him surrendering to us for six weeks—though often it was pretty close. And then one night he caught us in an open boat in a little bay and surrendered to me before we could get away. I know it was pretty bad, but I think they might let it drop now."

"Oh, I'm sorry I spoke of it!" Frances made her amends, smiling. But Lieutenant Collins didn't warn me that you were so sensitive about that, too. He warned me merely about your sensitiveness to your—curse, he called it—which obliged you to save me."

"I save you, Miss Durant?"

"Surely that's not so much worse that you have to deny it. Lieutenant Sommers?"

The girl looked for support to her partner, but he had vanished. Admiral Barlow and her father, too, had dropped away a little. And suddenly the music blared out louder, into one great, single tone; and she stood, more beautiful than ever, coloring vividly in the first flash of her confusion before this boy who was suddenly turned man again. She was aware, as the people about them started to dance again, that he was leading her from the floor; and in a moment they were sitting a little apart from the rest, under the leaves of the palms and growing plants at one side.

"You are the one denying what you did at Bagol, Miss Durant," said the officer, "not I—when you said I saved you."

"What have I denied?"

"I know all you did," he returned. "I found out, even before I left Bagol, exactly how you stayed—when they

were firing at you—in the wire cabin. I save you, Miss Durant? Well, I merely helped you a little toward saving the others."

"A little, Lieutenant Sommers?"

"Oh, perhaps I did help Mr. Pinney more than a bit," he admitted, laughing. "I don't mind that, for fancy we'd scarcely become frantically friendly with each other, anyway. I refuse to let you disqualify me from—"

He hesitated.

"Oh, believe me, Mr. Sommers," said Frances, laughing, "I shall not let anything you did for us down at Bagol stand in the way of my becoming 'frantically friendly' with you as should otherwise. But Lieutenant Collins has been telling me, also"—she changed the subject swiftly—"of your different diversions upon occasions such as this. So, if you can consider me a friend, in spite of having almost had to save me, will you tell me what the joke is to be this year?"

"It's rather one on me, I'm afraid," the officer confessed.

"But you'll tell?"

"Yes; it is, Miss Durant, that—there is none," he said, looking awkwardly.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the girl disappointedly. "You haven't prepared anything this year?"

"Oh, I'd prepared the best sell yet. His eyes lighted mischievously.

"And then I had to call you to come and help us at Bagol, and delay you so long you couldn't accomplish it!"

"Not exactly that, Miss Durant."

"Not exactly, Mr. Sommers?"

"I mean it wasn't the delay which stopped me from doing it, but—"

He hesitated again.

This time the girl waited.

"But you see," he continued, "about that time—a couple of days ago—what do you suppose I found? It really was funny; but I wanted suddenly to be—well, grown up."

"Never before a couple of days ago, Mr. Sommers?"

"Well, never for such a continuous time, Miss Durant."

"Terrible! How long has it been now? Not all of three days, surely?"

"Why did you guess exactly three days?" He turned quickly.

She colored—a deeper pink than usual for trying to prevent it. "Oh, I just guessed, from—"

"From the time you first spoke to me

the wireless," he finished for her. "Didn't you?" He demanded it directly.

She did not answer.

"It is almost weird, isn't it, Miss Durant," he continued suddenly, "how a person with any sort of individuality cannot do anything without putting his or her—personality into it somehow? He can't speak; one can't write; one can't even send a communication through the air by wireless without existing it just his—or her—own way, and somehow different from any one else's. Every one is used to the strange fact that no two persons can naturally write in exactly the same way. And I guess regular telegraph operators, and even regular wireless operators, are pretty well used, too, to the fact that no persons can't even talk with an electric current in the same way. Every one must tap his key so as to mark him to the other end. He can't even write his series of dots and dashes like some one else. But it seems almost weird sometimes, doesn't it?"

"It does," returned the girl. "But I know, too, that it's true. Harry—my father's regular operator—claimed he could always tell whether a man was weak or strong, steady or tired, or—sometimes—afraid. He used to form positive friends and enemies just from the differences in the way different operators used to talk to him. I know he could almost always tell them apart."

"Yes; so please don't laugh at me now or what I'm going to say. For I don't receive myself into thinking that, from just your special way of talking over the wireless, I could have imagined you at all adequately. But this is true, Miss Durant," he went on seriously. "That morning when first you called the *San Juan*—I had heard about your father coming, but nothing about you—I had been trying to find out if the *Irvessa* might be within communication. I got no answer. But I was still up there in our wireless room, just killing time in thinking up the sell I wanted to work on the people here at Manila this year, and then suddenly, you—a girl was talking to me from the receptors before me.

"It certainly startled me to discover that from somewhere behind that circle of sea a girl was sending her nervous, impetuous personality to speak to me. I answered; and then you told me who you were, and that you were going to

Manila. Well, I had just been thinking of what I was going to do with myself when I got back to Manila; and I was wondering if I would meet that girl there and, if I should, what she might think of me.

"Then, the next morning, when you crossed me and played with me the way you did——"

The girl raised her head, flushing deeply at the remembrance. "I was very foolish and childish to do that," she said. "I almost——"

"No, Miss Durant!" he interrupted. "In fact, if it hadn't been for the trouble I thought must be coming, that argument with you was the best part of all." He laughed. "Why, I'd been down there two long years, with nothing but saluting marines and sailors answering, 'Yes, sir,' and 'Very good, sir,' to every remark I'd made, till I was just praying for mutiny. And then you—a girl—just coming coolly within my communication radius to cross me and play with me that way!

"It was more like talking to you than anything else could be. And then you—did what you did there; and I came and found it all out. You were going to Manila, and I had to come straight here, too. I tell you it made me think a lot that night of—of that girl who had been talking to me that way, and then had stood by to save her friends as you did. And I tell you I wanted to meet that girl mighty badly; but I didn't want her to meet me—the way I'd always been. Collie's told you, you said, of the sort of things I'm known for about here; I've always liked that sort of foolishness. But, somehow, thinking how I'd look to—I might as well say it plainly—to you, Miss Durant, made me see my foolishness a little differently."

"I'm awfully sorry," the girl tried to reply lightly.

"Don't be, please! I'm not! It's already done me, and will keep on doing me, a great deal more good, coming here just to see you this way, than any amount of amusing Manila. For you, laughing at me the way you have to-night, in spite of my coming here with the intention of being serious, have made me think of changing a good deal more than just any fooling about here."

"You mean you're going to give up your command in the south?" Frances raised her eyes to his in a questioning gaze.

"Dear old Collie has been talking to

you, hasn't he?" said Sommers, smiling. "Yes, I mean that," he continued seriously. "But, of course, I can't, just now."

"On account of the trouble we stirred up down there?"

"Oh, that didn't make any difference! That wasn't a real attack—only a sort of half-hearted bluff. That's why almost no one was hurt. We all know that Bagol has been for months the headquarters of a lot of local chiefs who want to get up a rising. They are not hoping to accomplish much for themselves, of course. They are doing it for the political effect in America, and are waiting until international politics are in shape to make a demonstration effective; and then they want to have an impressive uprising. We all know that they have been smuggling in arms for a long time, but they haven't enough yet to start a properly impressive demonstration. The attack on Mr. Pinckney's party was just by a few dozen irresponsible natives, not shooting to kill, I believe. They hoped, I think, just to get the arms the men carried by scaring them back to the boats. The chiefs, who are planning the rising and wanted to wait their time, were very angry over the attack. It gives the government an excuse for interfering, which we didn't have before. We can stop them from running arms now. So it has really helped us more than anything else, in spite of forcing me to go back to Bagol to-night."

"You must go back to Bagol to-night?" She accented the word almost unconsciously.

The officer did not reply at once. Hidden as they were behind the thick leaves of the growing plants, they were quite apart from the dancers on the floor. While they had been there, the band had blared out thrice, and had stopped again. Dick was conscious that several of his brother officers had come searching and inquiring vainly for Miss Durant, and that another was then waiting, scarcely ten feet away, to claim his dance. But the girl—though she, too, seemed to be conscious of this—gave no sign; and the music and the chatter and the noise on the other side of the bank of leaves again smothered their voices.

"Yes," replied Dick, at last. "In my report which I gave Admiral Barlow as soon as I came here, and which he has probably read, there is enough and more to send me back to Bagol to-night—at

once. But I shall not stay there long, Miss Durant! Oh, I do not mean that I can hope to return here to Manila before you leave for the States," he explained, as the girl raised her head quickly at his tone. "But after this trouble comes and is over, I'm not only going to grow up at dances and stop being just a good fellow to play jokes, but I'm going to outgrow Bagol and the *San Juan*, too, and—and do something in the service to put me on a footing with—well, with Mr. Pinckney, for instance."

"Why do you compare yourself with Mr. Pinckney in that way, Lieutenant Sommers? He is not in the service, as you would say."

"Not in the United States service, Miss Durant," Dick replied. "But in a rather enviable rank in yours, I think."

"Have you met him?"

"I've heard of him, of course."

"Then you have never seen him at all?"

"Only at a distance, before he got his men out of the woods at Bagol."

"What have you heard which makes you think he must hold so much higher rank, as you call it, than any one else—say, yourself?"

"He has done a dozen things which count."

"So have you."

"What? Suppose I did take a Spanish surrender, and have jollied along most of the Sulu and Moro chiefs so that they keep their pirating in the family and only feel called upon to kill about half as often as formerly! That doesn't count."

"It can count for a great deal. Besides, that is not all you have done. There are the surveys you made."

"They cannot help me."

"Perhaps not; I do not know. But you have invented a gun. And no one knows better than I what a gun can bring to one—both 'fame and fortune,' as the storybooks used to say."

Dick smiled at her enthusiasm. "Yes, perhaps a little fame, Miss Durant," he agreed, "provided, of course, the gun is a good one. But I did not mention mine, because Admiral Barlow is the only man who can think anything at all of the gun."

"But he told me only this morning," the girl returned confidently, "that he would recommend it to Washington on his own responsibility after Mr. Pinckney gives him an opinion upon some of

the points in it. And Etherington—that's Mr. Pinckney—has promised to recommend it if he possibly can."

The officer raised his head quickly, but seemed to check what he was going to say.

"But even if he can recommend it, and the admiral gets it accepted at Washington, it still can bring me nothing. I am an officer in the navy, and the invention of an officer belongs to the government."

"You mean you get nothing from your gun, even if it is accepted?"

"Whatever credit there may be in it, Miss Durant. No royalty or any such return as, say, Mr. Pinckney would get."

"You knew that when you began work on the gun?"

"It was the bargain I made when I entered Annapolis, and which has continued with my commission."

"Then I think far more of you for it!" the girl exclaimed.

"For what, please?"

"For doing that, too, just for sake of doing it, not for what it would bring you! Oh, believe me, Mr. Sommers," she continued impulsively. "I appreciate that I am the daughter of a gun-maker, and I am used to valuing guns for what they can bring one; but I can rank far, far higher the man who makes a gun, hoping only to serve his country!"

"Miss Durant!" cried Dick. But as the girl glanced away he checked himself. "The music has stopped again!" he continued. "And I think they are looking for us, your father and Admiral Barlow and—Mr. Pinckney, I believe."

"Yes," assented Frances, as she followed his glance. "That is Mr. Pinckney. He is late, because father and the admiral asked him to give them an opinion upon your gun at once—to-night, if possible. Probably that is what he is telling them now. Come, let us find out what he says!"

"Etherington!" She broke into the group abruptly. "Here is Lieutenant Sommers, who came to our rescue at Bagol. Lieutenant Sommers, this is Mr. Pinckney, father's assistant and our very good friend."

The two men bowed to each other.

"Now, Etherington, you were telling the admiral and father about Lieutenant Sommers' gun? Please tell us, too!"

"I will. But I am very sorry to have to say what I must, lieutenant," said

Pinckney. "I regret that I have had to report to Admiral Barlow and Mr. Durant that the practical principles involved in your gun are unsound! It would fail in the forging; it could never stand a test!" He faced the young navy officer as he spoke.

Sommers observed him quietly, but made no reply.

It was Frances who spoke. "You mean, Etherington, that the gun will not be recommended now, even for trial?"

Pinckney nodded regretfully.

"Etherington has just been explaining to us more fully the fatal point of the gun. On account of our personal debt to Lieutenant Sommers"—Mr. Durant spoke to the officer as well as the girl—"he and I both are much disappointed. But, besides that, from business reasons, too, we both wished I could commend your gun, Mr. Sommers. As perhaps you know, we have just gained the government order for the Rheinstrum guns; but we have had to submit to the payment of a really extortionate royalty of one thousand dollars a caliber inch in order to obtain the manufacturing rights from the inventor. Those were the very lowest terms, were they not, Etherington?"

"The very lowest, sir, upon which could procure them."

"Quite so. We had both hoped," continued Mr. Durant, "that instead we might make your gun for the government, and save both the government and ourselves the payment of this outrageous price. It is a great disappointment."

"And to me, too, as I need not tell you, my boy." Old Admiral Barlow put his arm affectionately upon his young friend's shoulder. "Especially as, after reading your own report upon affairs down at Bagol, I must order you to take the *San Juan* back there to-night."

"Oh, father—Admiral Barlow!" exclaimed Frances.

But Dick shook off the older man's sympathetic hand, and Frances, as she looked back at him, found him smiling at her.

"Thank you, admiral," he said quietly, "not for ordering me back, but for what you hoped to do for me. And you, too, Mr. Durant. Mr. Pinckney, I am sorry to have taken so much of your evening for looking over my plans. And, Miss Durant, I—"

"But, father—Etherington!" Frances still protested against the young officer's

CHAPTER V.

A PATRIOTIC PLOT.

quiet acceptance of the decree. "It seems to me that we owe Lieutenant Sommers a little more, indeed, than just a glance over his designs."

"Miss Durant!" Dick tried to inter-
vene.

"Why, what do you mean, Frances?"
quired her father.

"Where are Lieutenant Sommers' de-
signs, Etherington?"

"I left them in my cabin on the
Arvessa. I did not know that Lieutenant
Sommers must leave again to-night, or
would have brought them along."

"I'm glad you didn't," said Frances.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Lieutenant Sommers, you surely have
other copies of your drawings and speci-
fications?"

"Why, yes, Miss Durant."

"Then you will let me keep those
which Mr. Pinckney left on the
Arvessa?"

"No, Miss Durant," said Dick, sus-
pecting her intention. "That is, unless
you—"

"I'll keep them, Mr. Sommers! Fa-
ther, you will make for me, will you not,
a trial gun from Lieutenant Sommers'
designs?"

"Why, Frances—of course, my dear
girl, of course!" her father promised.

"Let him do it, Dick!" Admiral Bar-
row advised. "Stop; you haven't time
to argue. Haven't I just ordered you to
take your ship back to Bagol at once?
I must enforce discipline; go—and let
them do it for you, I say!"

"But, Miss Durant," began Sommers.
"Good-by, Lieutenant Sommers! You
must go to your ship at once!"

"I know it," the officer admitted.
"And I'm not going to try now and stop
you from doing this thing you offer;
for, in spite of Mr. Pinckney, I must
still believe in myself and my gun. If
I am right and he is wrong, the saving
to the government is so great that I can
have no personal grounds for refusing."

"Good!" The girl held out her hand.
"Then you will hurry now and pacify
Bagol again, in time to come to Durant
to see the making and testing of the
successful Sommers gun!"

"As I fear that may be some time,
may I not before then—"

"Inquire of the progress of the gun?
Of course!"

"Good-by, then!" he said, touching
her fingers. "Good-by, gentlemen."

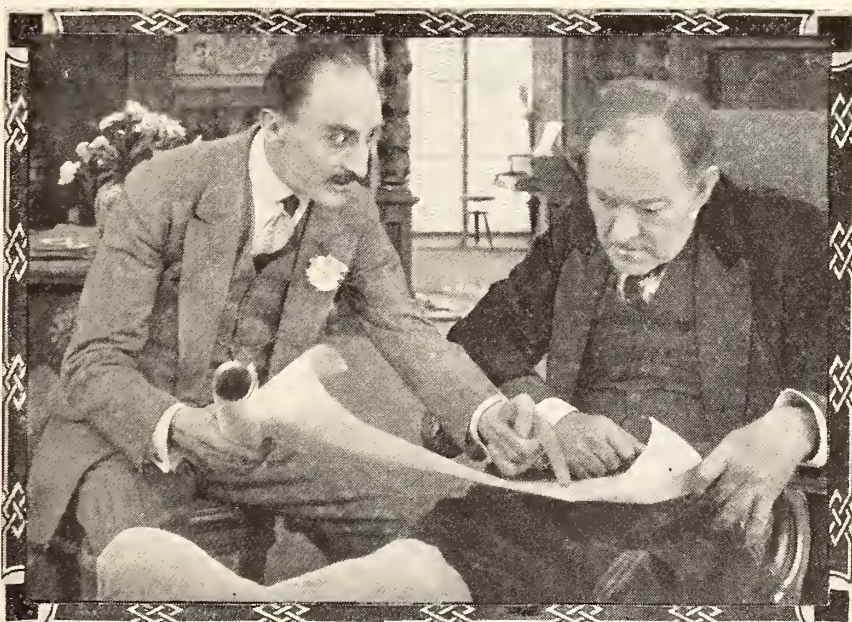
"MY DEAR MISS DURANT: Off Ba-
gol, Philippine Islands. Just last night
I was writing you, in reply to your
fine letter which the little *Viscaya* had
just brought me, that I could see no
hope whatever of being able to follow
you to Durant. And then this morn-
ing—just a moment ago, when I came
up here to the wireless cabin—our
transport *Mongolian* was signaling me
from somewhere up by Samar Island,
ordering me to Durant! I couldn't
believe it at first, but it is so! For
I made them repeat it all very care-

tion of seeing my gun made at last, I
entertain the hope of seeing you. I
shall surely, shall I not, Miss Durant?
The government imagines I am tak-
ing this furlough and going to Durant
just to see a gun! I must make that
excuse, I know; but please don't you
believe it! Undisguisedly yours,

"RICHARD SOMMERS.

"Please give your father my high-
est respects."

In reply, the following letter reached
Mr. Richard Sommers, Lieutenant Com-
mander U. S. N., on leave from U. S. S.
San Juan, care of the postmaster, San
Francisco:



"What," the steel king asked Pinckney, "is the weak—that is to say, the
most debatable point in the making of the Sommers gun?"

fully; and the message they sent me
is a relay of a cablegram received at
Manila, granting me two months' fur-
lough to be present at the forging and
testing of my gun—I mean, of course,
the gun that you are making from my
designs.

"I am given this leave subject to
immediate recall at any time; but,
though things are by no means tran-
quil in this department, still, they have
quieted down so much that I cannot be
conceited enough to think that I shall
be essential here after my relief comes
to take command of the *San Juan*
next week.

"There is no need for me to tell
you that, beyond the great gratifica-

"DEAR MR. SOMMERS: The good
news that you are coming here has
made both father and me very impa-
tient for you to follow your letter. If
you reach Durant at any time within
the next month, you will surely see us
both.

"We did not know, when I was writ-
ing the letter which you received just
before you wrote yours, that you
would be free so soon; but when the
department notified father that you
were to be given a furlough to see
the testing of your gun, both he and
I wrote you again. As those letters
must have missed you, if you left
when you expected, I am sending this
to San Francisco.

"Only this morning I heard some more good news which I must tell you at once. The department has just notified father to hold up all work on the Rheinstrum orders till your gun is tested. Father says that means that the government will substitute your gun for the Rheinstrum if it stands the test. Will not that be wonderful?"

"Even for business reasons, father is very glad. For, as he told you at Manila, he has always regretted the extortionate terms which Mr. Pinckney had to arrange in order to get the Rheinstrum rights; and he is very much in hopes that your gun can succeed."

"Yet, as almost all work is now being delayed till your gun is tested, you can see that you must hurry here at once."

"Father asks you to wire him the time of your expected arrival in Durant. He will not forgive you if

you disappoint his hopes of having you at the house during whatever stay you can make here. And I shall not, either. Sincerely yours,

"FRANCES DURANT."

Besides this letter, the following telegram from the war department at Washington was delivered to Sommers:

"Extremely probable increasing gravity affairs Bagol demand instant return. Keep department informed telegraph where reach you any moment."

Dick took two telegraph blanks to reply to these; but, after some hesitation, was able to fill out only one, addressed to Washington:

"Taking limited from San Francisco to-night. Telegrams subsequently care Durant Works, Durant, Pa."

The other form he finally tore up as he hurried over to Oakland to take his train.

At Ogden, however, when he got Salt Lake City and the Denver paper and glanced quickly at the cables from Manila, he sent a telegram to Mr. George Durant:

"If not ordered back to Philippines before, and make Chicago connection should reach Durant four-thirty train Thursday afternoon. Apparent progress affairs Bagol gives at best shortest possible time. Impossible so forging unless done almost immediately upon arrival. Regards."

"RICHARD SOMMERS."

Three hours later, due to the difference in time, Mr. Durant received the message at his office. Before he answered it, he himself hurried in to see the manager.

"Etherington, exactly what is the weather—that is, the most debatable point in the making of the Sommers gun?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

HAVE received quite a few letters suggesting several five greatest things to name. The majority of them asked me to name the five greatest dare-devils in filmdom, so I will start with them first. Below is a list of the five greatest dare-devils in the films; by this I mean the five who are in pictures all of the time, playing daring parts only when called upon to do so. Here are the chosen ones: 1, George Larkin; 2, Murray MacCoid; 3, Cleo Madison; 4, Helen Holmes; 5, William S. Hart. All of the above are known as dare-devils of the worst kind. There is hardly anything on the calendar that they will not try. George Larkin is the best of the five. His work with Cleo Madison in "The Trey o' Hearts" is well remembered. Murray MacCoid does not know what the word fear means. He spends most of his spare time in the hospital. Helen Holmes is known the country over for her railroad pictures, and everybody knows what William S. Hart has done.

It certainly pleased me greatly to have so many readers of my column

offer suggestions for the five greatest, and I would like some more. What would you like named?

I see by the Mutual weekly that eighty-five per cent of the butchers in Germany are in the army. We're neutral.

Chester Conklin, known as the "fall guy" at the Keystone studios, is sitting up these cool evenings studying his seven different languages that his press agent accused Chester of having. To date Chester has almost located one of the seven.

See that a film company is going to produce the white feather. Why don't they give us something new? Lots of people have shown the "White Feather," and also the "Yellow Streak," numerous times already—old stuff.

Don't miss seeing Emmy Whelan in "Tables Turned." This is certainly a fine picture, but would never go in Ohio. There are all sorts of plots in it, and murders, and everything. On the whole, it furnishes a real exciting evening's entertainment.

Speaking of yellow, Arthur James,

the demon publicity pusher of the Metro forces, tells me that Francis Xavier Bushman—he of the heavy wallop that knocked Jim Jeffries cold for several minutes—is to be seen to good advantage shortly in "The Yellow Dove." Wonder if it is any relation to the "Red Canary"? If it is, it ought to be good.

Heinie and Louie, those two comedians with the Starlight brand, releasing through Pathé, are certainly quite a duo. James Aubrey—yes, he hails from England—is the Heine of this series, and Walter Kendig, formerly of Philadelphia, but now of Yonkers—from back to worse—is the Louie. It looked pretty bad for these two comedians when the United Service went sky-high, but Pathé generously came to the rescue, and provided a meal ticket for Heine, Louie, the director, and the angel.

Everybody is anxious to know what the Universal's new serial is going to be like. They have fifteen prominent authors getting paid for it. This certainly is a harvest, for fifteen authors to be paid for anything. Usually one is lucky.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

THE FIRST SCRIPT.

WE find that many beginners are at a loss to know just what sort of scenario they should attempt in order to make their entrance into the field. This matter is of much less importance than the new writer really thinks, but we consider it quite interesting, nevertheless.

At the present time, when multiple-reel dramas are the rage, it seems almost a waste of time for a writer to work on single-reel dramas exclusively, yet that is what we would advise beginners to do at first. Select some theme that lends itself to the dramatic for your first effort, and work it out along original lines. Experiment in building up the climax until it becomes strong enough to suit you. Then write the script and keep it on file unless you honestly believe it is good enough to send out.

Follow the same process with your second story, and all others, until you have secured a firm grip on the principles of the work. Then it is permissible to soar higher and turn out two-reelers, after which three reels may be attempted. We think that we would work all the way through these steps with dramatic subjects, for comedy is very hard to write. It depends upon the experience of the writer much more than does a drama. After a writer is capable of turning out a good three-reel drama, he will stand ninety per cent more chance of creating a good one-reel comedy than the man who is making his first attempt at writing.

Inasmuch as there is now and always will be a market for single-reel dramas, it is well for the beginner to start with these. Even though it is difficult to sell at first, the training is beneficial, and in the long run the writer will be glad he

did not plunge into multiple-reelers before he learned the basic facts of the game.

CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT.

An Eastern photo-playwright writes interestingly about his experiences in working out the destinies of his characters. He is a firm believer in the theory that a writer gets the best out of his plot when he places himself in the positions each of his characters are placed, and then does what seems to be the natural thing to do. Anent this matter, he says: "In writing the action of the play, the scenarioist should try to transform himself into each of the characters as they go through the plot action. It will help make the character natural if the writer will see that everything they do is the most logical thing possible, and will also save the writer many rejections by making all his action plausible. I always like to imagine myself in all my characters' positions, and then make them do just what I would do if I were placed in such a position in real life."

We think this idea a very excellent one, and know many writers who have put it to practical use and found it successful. By forcing yourself to regard each of your characters as a real person and investing each with your own personality and judgment, you make the entire play seem more real. Then, too, the close study of the character's actions often leads to the finding of unlimited possibilities in the theme the writer has selected, and may cause him to add something which will prove the "punch" of the play.

A TWO-SIDED STORY.

Recently a writer sent us a letter in which he complained that a certain company had returned a script he had sent

them without opening it, because through an oversight he had mailed it two cents shy of postage. He had a few sarcastic remarks to make about the company, among which was the statement that if "they didn't consider a script worth two cents, he would see that they didn't get any more of his."

A few days later another letter arrived from an editor friend, who also had a grievance. He complained that the average scenario writer must think the film companies are being operated for the benefit of Uncle Sam, as about one out of every twenty scenarios that were submitted were short of postage when they arrived. He said that his concern had always paid the amount due, but that because of the number of scripts coming that way now, they were going to shut down on it and refuse to accept them.

Our readers can see both sides of the fence after reading both the above paragraphs, and we think they will agree with us that the author was right in his own way, but the editor was even more right in his. No film company will return a scenario because they do not consider it worth two or four cents. Far from that! They would gladly pay a thousand times that amount for a real live-wire script. The thing they do get tired of, however, is paying due postage for worthless scenarios from beginners, who do not know the first thing about the work. When an army of these "postage-due" scripts arrive every day, it is small wonder they are returned. Every writer may insure himself against having a script sent back in this way by placing enough postage on it to carry it to its destination. A pair of scales on the desk is ever so much better than guesswork.

ONE WRITER'S VIEWPOINT.

In response to our request that he send us his viewpoint on scenario writing in general, James M. Douglas, a Stamford, Conn., photo-playwright, sends us the following comments:

"The first thing I will take up is the difficulty in handling my first script. To tell the real truth, I hadn't any except the extraordinary experience of having seen the same theme on the screen about a week after the script had been sent out by me. The details of the plot were worked out a little differently, of course, but the main features were so like my own that I knew it would have no chance in the world of acceptance, and even if it had, I didn't want it, because editors might think I had copied, and therefore do me harm, so I decided to 'pigeonhole it' as the best thing to do.

"I must say that my experiences with the film companies so far had been entirely satisfactory. Some companies have been good enough to say that they are running special features, and to try other companies. Another will say that there are companies looking for just such a plot as I had sent, but which they were not running themselves at present.

"About the writing of a script: I take particular pains with each one I send out, often writing each one over three or four times before it passes muster, for, after all, a man who has seen plays on the screen is, or should be, one of the best judges of his own work, and should ask himself, Now, would you be satisfied with that if you saw it on the screen? So, unless I can say of each script, as it would appear on the screen. It was not half bad, or, it was all right, it does not leave my hands.

"Of course we all know that editors make mistakes. They occasionally pass a script that should have been condemned at the start, and reject those that are good. They are only human, and try to make their mistakes as few as possible. At the same time, I hope that when an editor O. K.'s my work he will have on his best thinking cap and accept it for its true worth.

"I don't think the technic of a photo play need bother an amateur. The excellent example given in one of your issues ought to be sufficient for any one to master that part of it. The main thing to my mind is the plot, and, second, continuity of action. I try to have

every scene fit into the other without the least break because I know what it is to sit out a picture and wonder at the end what it was all about. I also underline all leaders in red ink and make them as strong as possible to catch the eye of the editors."

Answers to Readers.

DOCTOR C. BAKER.—We are very sorry we cannot give you any information regarding the film you mention, but as it is an industrial, very probably, we have no knowledge of who made or released it.

H. LIPPMAN.—A list of film companies' addresses will be found in our issue of September 4th, which may be secured at the regular price from the publishers. All of the companies we mention will consider good material from outside writers.

H. WINTERS.—Every week we publish a list of companies who are in the market at just that time. A complete file of these wants will give you a full market record. The publishers of PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY have the back numbers.

MISS ANNA FLECK.—There could be no objection to the use of a song verse you yourself composed as a leader for a photo play, unless the editor to whom you sent the script was prejudiced against such leaders.

W. S. HERMES.—If the copyright has expired on the poem, any person is at liberty to use it, but it would be no more than fair to get in touch with the author first and ask his permission. No royalty would have to be paid.

H. C. KUNKLEMAN.—All successful writers were at one time beginners, and all beginners that persevere and work will in time become professionals. There certainly is every opportunity in the world for a beginner to secure a studio position if he makes good.

MISS A. K. BOHM.—We are sorry we cannot mention any writer just now who would like to collaborate with you. It would be better if you secured a copy of PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY for July 24th, and worked out your plots along the lines of the sample scenario in that issue. Then the script would be your own work, and you would not have to share the profit with any one.

C. V. MOWAT.—In next week's issue we will treat the technical matter which you mention.

S. M. VOGAL.—The synopsis for a five-

reel feature has no specified length. Just tell your story as concisely as possible without sacrificing its dramatic value. You mean scenes instead of scene plots laid in the orange groove, do you not? If you do, we would advise you to run other action scenes between the five, so as to break the up. The interior sets, like the synopsis is not limited, but should be kept down as low as is convenient. Minor characters, who do not figure in the plot itself are never placed in the main list of characters, but they should be mentioned some place, so that the director will know they are required. There is no need for copyrighting a scenario, as the reliable companies will not steal it.

MISS HELEN STRAUS.—See the answer to W. K. McKilloch in this department.

F. JACKLEY.—There is practically no market for a scenario which is an adaptation from a Bible incident, whether it be one or nine reels. Costume plays are hard to make, and also expensive. We can mention no company in the market for such a play at the present time.

F. C. ROWLEY.—Address the secretary of the Photo-play Author's League of America, Candler Building, Los Angeles, California. The matter of binding the Inquest Clubs in New York State together does not seem quite practical, though we think it might be done. It is not necessary to quote the names of your characters in the scenario.

Live-wire Market Hints.

Melies Manufacturing Company, 326 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., is making Knickerbocker Star features for the general program, and requires strong, three-reel scenarios for this purpose. It also will buy one-reel comedies. The photo-play rights to book and short stories are acceptable to this firm if the work submitted meets with the requirements of their editor.

The Kalem Company, 235 West Twenty-third Street, New York, N. Y., will consider strong three or four-reel American dramas which offer a star part for a Broadway star, and several good supporting rôles for their stock players. The "Ham" comedy series and the "Hazards of Helen" railroad pictures also need material, and those familiar with them on the screen may sell if they pattern their work after those that have been done, giving fresh ideas and plots.

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
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Vol. II  CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER 13, 1915  No. 6

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Two boys grew up in the Kentucky mountains, with an inherited hatred for each other. You know the sort of a story that would usually lead to—of the bloody settlement of a feud. This story, though laid in the feud region, is differently handled, because in it there was a different kind of a Southern mountain girl—and she guided the destinies of both young men.

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Published weekly by Street & Smith, 79-89 Seventh Ave., New York. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress of March 3, 1879, by Street & Smith. Copyright, 1915, by Street & Smith. O. G. Smith and G. C. Smith, Proprietors.

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Vol. II. No. 6

November 13, 1915

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The Code of the Mountains

By Matthew Allison

Ask one hundred persons to tell you something about our Southern mountaineers, and ninety-nine will answer with tales of bloody feuds. One, perhaps, will tell of a new order of things, brought about by the young women who have been educated in the schools of the valley and carried back to their people the lessons of forgiving and forgetting; of the young mountain men who, in our war with Spain, learned in the fighting of real battles to forget petty disputes and went home to start anew, acknowledging that the ways of their fathers were wrong. Such is this "different" story of the Kentucky mountains, based on the World Film Corporation's picture play, with the following cast:

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Newt Spooner.....Douglas McLean
McAllister Falkins.....E. M. Kimball
Lucinda Mertch.....Lillian Cook

"YOU'RE free," said the warden. "Now what are you aimin' to do?" Sullenly the mountain boy answered: "That ain't nobuddy's business but mine."

"Newt Spooner, you'll end up at the end of a rope."

"Mebbe—but not afore I git Henry Falkins." The boy's eyes blazed evilly.

He was a product of the Kentucky mountains, this lanky, hollow-cheeked, pallid youth. His childhood days had been filled with tales of feuds and killings. He had been told that the Spooners loved as one and hated as one; they had one hate, and one alone—the Falkins clan.

The feud had begun in the early thirties over so small a thing as a quarrel between two boys—a Falkins and a Spooner.

One of the Spooners had witnessed the quarrel, and, intervening, had knocked down the Falkins boy.

Soon after a Falkins had pointed a

gun at the head of the Spooner who had interfered in the boys' quarrel. He had not "got his man," but a bullet had knocked off his hat, and from that far-distant day to the time when Newt Spooner stepped out of the penitentiary there had been a long series of killings.

Newt himself, poorly educated, knowing little of anything save his own hills and the people there, never tried to reason why he should hate a Falkins, but it was part of the creed of his clan, and he was ready to act when called upon.

And act he did, to such purpose that, instigated by others, he trained his rifle on a "marked man" of the Falkins clan, and a penitentiary sentence had been imposed on him.

It was the first time any of the feuds had been interfered with by the law courts, and Newt did not understand why the long arm of the law had been stretched out in this instance.

The men of the Cumberlands had lived isolated lives for hundreds of

years. "Let us alone" had been their cry to the world. They had been accustomed to settle their quarrels in their own way without aid of lawyers. But gradually civilization had closed in upon them, and with it had come the enforcement of the State law.

Newt Spooner was the first sacrifice to the changing order of things. He had "got his man," but instead of the Falkins clan taking reprisal with a rifle, they had haled him to court, and Henry Falkins had given testimony that he had been squirrel hunting and had seen Newt do the shooting.

That testimony had condemned the mountain boy. But the governor had taken into consideration his youth and environment and pardoned him, even restoring to him his civil rights.

And now he was free, and the only thought in his mind was that he must "get" Henry Falkins.

"Don't do it!" pleaded the warden. "There's no good to be gotten out of it. It only means that somebody else

will be shot, and somebody else after that. Put Henry Falkins out of your mind. He only testified to the truth, anyway, and you shouldn't lay it against him."

"He's a Falkins!" insisted the boy, as if that settled the matter.

"Falkins or Brown or Jones, it was his duty to tell the truth," said the warden angrily. Then, in a kindlier voice, "Now, Newt, be sensible. My advice to you is to keep away from the mountains for a spell, get some education, enlist in the army, and in five years' time you'll come and see me and say, 'Thank you, warden. You made a man of me.'"

It was well meant, but Newt would have none of it.

"I'm obleeged ter ye," he answered, in a dead voice. "But I got ter git Henry Falkins." And he lurched off toward the mountains.

It was midday when Newt reached the shack town beyond which, in the hills, lay his own territory.

In front of the courthouse and along the main street, he saw groups of men, some of them Falkinses and some of them Spooners, and though there was no open hostility, they separated studiously into their own respective groups, and their movements were characterized by an alertness which told of mutual and restive suspicion.

As he strolled through the streets of the town no one seemed to notice him.

He had been forgotten. He stood for a moment in front of the small jail house where he had been confined before being taken to the penitentiary. The sight of it kindled the fires of hatred within him, and he shambled off at a rapid gait toward the hills.

The trail to the log cabin he called "home" was a long one, but he walked untiringly. Soon he entered the great forest almost virgin to the ax. Poplars and walnuts and pines towered over him, and the road dipped often through

a gloom like that of a dim chapel. He drank from wayside springs, while little cascades whispered about him. Around him the hills closed in comforting tiers of ramparts.

Night was coming fast, and he lengthened his stride. The young moon was gleaming in the west when he reached his destination.

A cabin of logs stood darkly at the

as were not in use. The family would be huddled about the hearth. Newt saw it all long before he strode over to the broken millstone that served as a doorstep.

"I'm comin' in!" he shouted, and pushed at the door. It was barred.

"Who's thet?" called a high-pitched voice—his mother's. And Newt replied

"Hit's me, mammy; let me in."

No outburst or murmur of surprise broke from the cabin at the announcement of the prodigal's return. He heard only the rasping of a bar being drawn from the sockets, and then the door swung open.

Newt made no offer to embrace his mother, but cast an appraising glance about the room. About the fire sat the family group but none of them rose to greet him.

Newt's younger brother and his small sister stared at him in shy silence. I had been three years since they had seen him, and he had changed much. His grandfather sat with the children, his face sunk on his chest, a hickory staff resting between his knees.

Of his father he saw nothing, though a man sat in the remaining chair—Newt's distant kinsman Clem Rawlins.

"Where's pappy?" he asked.

"Daid," was his mother's laconic response.

"When did he die?"

"In cawn-plantin' time a-follerin' of yore goin' down below. And Clem hyar"—she hesitated, then

went on with a note of half apology and half defiance—"I couldn't hardly git along withouten any man, an' so I married Clem."

The gaunt man with the thick, unkempt beard and sparse hair looked up but without much show of interest.

"Reckon it was the best thing, Newt," he said.

The boy dismissed the topic with the curt comment: "I reckon thet's yor business."

A day or two later, returning to the



"I got to git him," Newt told the girl, "and I got to git him now!"

side of the road—his home. No light came from it, because there was no light to shine except what came from the fireplace, and there was no window through which the firelight might show. But Newt needed no illumination. He knew every wretched detail by heart.

There was one room only, except for the lean-to that served as kitchen and eating room. In each of the corners was a bed, and about the log walls, on pegs driven into the chinking, would be hanging such articles of clothing

bin, Newt was startled to see a strange girl carrying a bucket of water across the yard.

It was not his sister. This girl was barefooted, but wore shoes and stockings, and instead of being in a pose sack or Mother Hubbard, her light waist was trimly belted.

While Newt stared at her she looked, too, and saw him. For a moment she seemed startled at the black-visaged apparition, but after a moment she boldly returned his glance and disappeared into the house.

When the boy entered, the strange girl had seated herself, not near the old hearth where now there was no fire, but in the sun; and the sun fell and sparkled in her brown hair and awakened dull glints like the luster of polished mahogany. She was holding her lips rather tightly drawn, and her eyes were misty.

"I reckon," Newt's mother was saying, "ye thinks since ye went off to school and got ter consartin' with them teachers, thet ye're better'n what we be." The girl made no reply, but she bent over the sewing in her lap, and her fingers trembled.

Then Mrs. Rawlins saw that Newt had come in, and for his benefit she pronounced, with a jerk of her head:

"This air Clems girl, Minervy. I married a widderer."

The girl looked at Newt wistfully, and a sparkle of humor gleamed in his reply smiling eyes.

"I reckon," he said, "she ain't no more kled about yore marryin' a widderer than what you be."

Then, before his mother could frame an adequate retort, he went on:

"Ain't no use jawin' the girl, mammy, 'I wants yer to quit it."

Womenfolk had never interested Newt, and he could not have told why he defended this strange girl with the sparkling eyes and the white skin.

He did not attempt to talk with her, but there was no more "jawin'."

At sunset he came upon the Rawlins girl milking near the barn. When she raised her head and saw him her cheeks reddened.

"It was good of yer, Newt, ter take care for me," she said. "I'm much obliged."

Newt was embarrassed. "Huh!" he growled. "Hit warn't thin'." And he walked back to the bin.

The father of Henry Falkins was "the grand old man of the mountains." His forefathers had come from old Virginia with the ideas of the old, chivalric régime. Old McAllister Falkins was a college man and a lawyer who did not practice.

Though the foremost bearer of the name which stood linked with that of Spooner as giving title to a feud that had bathed the country in blood for generations, neither he nor his direct ancestors nor his direct descendants had ever been drawn into the vortex.

to any Spooner other than Newt, mad with rage and private hatred.

Newt himself had had no hatred for old Mac and his son before that unforgettable day three years ago, when Henry, by his testimony, had put the boy in the penitentiary. That any man should have sworn away his liberty was bad enough, but that a Falkins—even though a respected one—should have done so was beyond forgiveness.

Minerva Rawlins had been puzzled by the bitterness in the boy's eyes, and it was long before she learned the story



"Hit's erbout Newt!" Minerva gasped out to "the Deacon." "He aims to shoot Henry Falkins, an' I want yo' to prevent hit!"

Old McAllister Falkins had represented his district in Congress by a vote of both sections, and his retirement had been voluntary. It was his hope that his son, too, might become the shepherd of these wild, goatlike sheep—and wield an influence for peace.

Now the feud was to come home to the foremost bearer of the name, though neither the Honorable McAllister Falkins nor his son Henry had any hatred for the Spooners; instead, they had won a measure of respect from that tempestuous clan.

To have raised a hand against "old Mac" Falkins would have been to defy both clans. To have raised a hand against his son would not have occurred

of the shooting and its aftermath. By judicious questioning, to which Newt gave laconic answers, she saw that his whole soul was given up to the thought of revenge.

"Newt," she said, lapsing now and then into the dialect of the mountains, "yo're too big a man ter hold a grudge against a Falkins whose only misdeed is thet he told the truth."

They were alone at the moment in the cabin. Minerva sat in a rope chair, her eyes fastened on the determined figure of Newt, who stood cleaning his rifle.

"What's a gal know erbout hit?" he asked, without looking at her.

"A girl knows a great deal, Newt. An' I tell yer if you shoot Henry Falkins yo'll be sorry all the days of yore life."

"Huh! Mabbe yo're in love with him yoreself."

She laughed at him. "Oh, no, Newt. But somebody else is—a girl who was at school with me. A lovely gal, Newt, who is more worthy of him than I am."

"Yo're good enough fer anybody," he snapped, as though she had uttered a

tered, as he flung open the door and stepped out. "I got ter git him, I tell yer; and I got ter git him now."

"Oh, what can I do?" moaned the girl. "What can I do?"

She knew that nothing she could say would prevent Newt from carrying out his dreadful purpose. He had even now started on the journey that must end in a tragedy. That Henry Falkins should die was not of such significance



"Whar be yer goin', Minervy?" her father asked, pointing down at the bulging handkerchief.

sacrilege. And then, unwilling to discuss the matter further, he grasped his gun by the stock and strode to the door.

He turned for a moment and scowled. The girl was not looking at him. Her hands were clasped over a book that lay in her lap. There was a far-away look in her eyes, due perhaps to what Newt had said, due perhaps to the pictures that formed in her mind, pictures with Newt always in the foreground.

"Yo' can't say nothin' ter me erbout my affair with Henry Falkins," he mut-

tered, as he flung open the door and stepped out. "I got ter git him, I tell yer; and I got ter git him now."

to her as the fate of Newt Spooner when again the long arm of the law was stretched out for him. Her thoughts flew to Peter Spooner—Black Pete—a purposeful, dominant member of the clan, whose clean-shaven face and wavy hair had given him the nickname of "The Deacon." He had been foremost in feuds some years ago, but, tiring of the continual fighting, he had gone West for a time, and was but recently returned. If any one could dissuade the boy it would be the Deacon.

But to reach him meant a long hike through swamps and across streams.

She thought of going to Henry Falkins himself. But it was a two days journey on foot to the Falkins home and she could not hope to reach it before the long-legged Newt.

So the Deacon it must be, and, her mind made up, she removed shoes and stockings and prepared for the journey. She was still a mountain girl, in spite of her "schooling." Her feet were hardened to the mountain trails, and she knew she would make better progress across the swamp lands untrammelled with boots.

Bread and cheese and a bottle of tea she put into one of her father's great gayly colored handkerchiefs, and, without stopping to change the tattered waist she wore, she started for the Deacon's

She came upon her father at the rear of the cabin. He had a rifle in his hand, and looked forbidding and stern, though at heart he was kindly enough, and the girl had an honest affection for him.

"Whar be yer goin', Minervy?" he asked, pointing down at the bulging handkerchief.

"To Black Pete Spooner's—the Deacon's. Oh, pappy, it's to try to save Newt I'm going."

And then she told him the story.

"I'd go myself," he said slowly. "I so be't I had a horse. But the Deacon'll have one. I'll fix it so yer new mammy won't jaw yer."

His tired eyes looked down on her with a certain compassion—as much as could be shown in the face of this gaunt man of the mountains, who had scorned to let his inmost feelings be revealed.

"My new mammy," she echoed. "Oh, pappy, nobody will ever be a new mammy ter me. Offen and offen my mind goes back ter the little mound whar she lies. And I kin remember yer standin' thar beside hit bareheaded An'—an' you' remember, pappy, I was lying across the grave, close ter the little cross with the word 'Mother' on hit. I thought my heart would break that day. An' now, pappy, now I have a new mammy."

There was a painful silence. The old man cleared his throat, but he had no words for her.

"I don't blame yer, daddy. Ye wanted me ter have my schoolin', an' while I was away yo' were lonely. It's all right, daddy; God plans everything

"He planned that I should know
wt. Daddy, I love him as a brother,
if anything should happen ter
—"

She stopped, her voice breaking.
When he spoke. His voice was a bit
ky, but it was strong, untrembling.
It's well yer should hurry, Minerva.
It's a long ways and every minute'll
nt."

"Good-by, pappy!" She was off, her
all feet flashing in the grass.

"Good-by," he said. He watched her
e out of sight; watched her wave a
d to him from a distant hillock. He
g a "God bless yer!" to her, and
still gazing at the hill where she
disappeared when the rasping voice
his second wife called to him.

The Deacon was leaning over his
ce, smoking his evil-smelling pipe
gazing tranquilly through his spec-
es at the mountains when Minerva
he running out from a clump of
bes.

"Hit's erbout Newt!" she gasped.
He aims ter shoot Henry Falkins, an'
ant yo' ter prevent hit."

"Come in and tell me erbout it," he
I quietly. "Yo're excited, and I
n't get the right story unless yo' go
w. Come in, gal, and have some-
ag ter eat, and yo' kin tell me with-
haste."

"But there is haste!" she cried.
There will be haste when I get to
ng," he said, with a smile. "Just now
t' is the word—rest for yore tired
t, for yo' have come a long ways."

He would not be denied, and she ac-
panied him into the living room.
Not till she had eaten would he let
tell her story.

He was interested at once.

"I ain't got much love fer a Fal-
s," he said, when she had finished.
at since yo're so set on Newt I'll
o the boy—and when I do I'll give
a lickin' and send him back ter
"

Minerva smiled with him.
If yo'll only stop him—" she began.
I can save the lickin', eh? Well, jest
yo' say. If I had my way now—but
men always did get the best of me.
me, I'll drive yer home and then git
er Newt."

It was a strange chance that the mo-
ment which Henry Falkins deemed the
opiest in his life was the moment

which brought Newt Spooner, would-be
assassin, closest to him. With tne girl
he loved, Henry sat in the flower-
decked summerhouse and heard her
murmured answer to his pleadings. It
was at the moment when he held her
in his arms, and, with her, was build-
ing castles in Spain that Newt, hiding
in the surrounding bushes, trained his
gun on the back of the man he hated,
the man by whose testimony he had
been sent to the penitentiary for three
long years.

But there was another to be reck-
oned with—the Deacon. He had come
with the haste he promised; had even
passed Newt, though the boy was un-
aware of it.

From his own place of concealment,
the Deacon had seen the slouching fig-
ure, caught the gleam of light on the
barrel of the gun.

He had watched him glide close to
the arbor, and, noiselessly creeping upon
the killer from behind, he put his hand
over the boy's as Newt was in the very
act of pulling the trigger. His free
hand he clapped over the youth's mouth.

A man from the lowlands would have
betrayed himself with a noisy struggle
had he been in Newt's position, but
Newt was a mountaineer. Caution was
to him as instinctive as to the fox.
He carefully turned his head and rec-
ognized, even in the darkness, the square
jaw of the Deacon, who had been
leader of the feudists in former days
and who to Newt was still a man in
authority.

Sullenly he relinquished his grip on
the gun and crept away in silence with
the man who had stepped between him
and his enemy.

At a safe distance he turned to the
Deacon.

"Why did yer stop me?" he de-
manded.

"Because yo're a young fool!" snapped
the Deacon. "I ain't got no more love
fer a Falkins than yo' have, but I have
got a whole lot of love fer the Spooner
folks, an' ef yo'd had yore way to-night
there'd 'a' been a slayin' of some
Spooners I think a heap of. Henry
deserves what yo' were goin' ter give
him, but thet ain't the way ter do it,
boy. I'll think up a plan, thet yo' kin
carry out without any risk to the
Spooners. I've got ter have time ter
think, but I'll promise yer that yo' kin
do the deed an' have yore revenge. Aire
yo' satisfied?"

"Black Pete, yo always were on the
squar'," returned the boy; "an I'm
trustin' yo' now. Here's my hand on't
that I'll wait yore orders afore I kill
him."

So it happened that Newt Spooner
went back to the cabin without another
crime on his shoulder. He told Minerva
of how his purpose had been blocked
and of his promise to the Deacon; and
her eyes were shining as she mur-
mured: "Oh, Newt, I'm glad, glad,
glad!"

If it had been the Deacon's plan that
Newt should forget, it was certainly not
the plan of the boy, and he waited im-
patiently for the word to be given him
to play the part of avenger.

But war's clamors began to resound
through the land and reached even the
remotest cabins in the Cumberlands.
The United States was at war with
Spain, and for the moment private quar-
rels were put aside.

Newt Spooner felt himself caught up
in the excitement. The Deacon had or-
ganized a corps, and Newt was one of
the first to enlist. The Falkins clan,
too, had begun to drill, and the Deacon
had whispered into Newt's ears that the
battlefield would give him his oppor-
tunity to take vengeance on Henry Fal-
kins. Newt nodded, but if the truth
must be told he was not greatly inter-
ested. War was the main business for
him just now.

In due time the men were ready for
service, and the call came to march to
the shack town to join a company pro-
ceeding to Manila.

Till the moment of farewell came,
Newt did not realize how much the
coming of Minerva had meant to him.
She put her hands on his shoulders and
kissed him, and he looked down into
her eyes, conscious that some change
had come over him and that this girl
had been responsible for it.

His old, surly manner had almost van-
ished; he could laugh at times, and—
strangest of all—there were moments
when even his hatred of Henry Falkins
seemed to him a foolish thing.

Now with the girl's lips on his, he
was almost ready to forgive his sworn
enemy.

"This is good-by, Newt," she whis-
pered. "Come back to me if God wills,
but whether you come back or not, *play
the man.*"

Her hands dropped from his shoulders, she moved slowly back to the side of the fire, where the usual group crouched.

His mother stood near the door. Newt put his army hat on, and stepped to her side.

"Mammy," he said, "ef I don't come back—be good ter Minervy."

As the Deacon had promised, it was

thinned, had the Filipinos on the run. After a furious pursuit of the enemy, who were driven back in wild panic, Newt suddenly found himself alone, save for one other soldier. They had outdistanced their own comrades and had in turn been outdistanced by the Filipinos.

"Reckon as we've put the fear o' God inter them," said Newt, turning to look at his companion. Then the blood

waited a long time ter git yo', a now——"

"Now you've got me," said Falk coolly. An expression of utter weakness crept like a gray smoke across his face. "I remember you now; you're Ne Spooner, mountaineer, killer, a no-count youth who thought of nothin' but feuds. It was unfortunate for that I should have seen you pull trigger on one occasion, unfortunate



"Mammy," said Newt, "ef I don't come back—be good to Minervy!"

in the thick of the fighting that Newt and Henry Falkins had it out, following a hard day of forced marches through jungles, when the air was hot and fetid; where one fought for breath and was blinded by the streaming sweat. There was terrible slaughter of American troops that day, when at last the brown men massed for battle. But toward evening the tide turned; the Kentucky volunteers, their ranks sadly

surged into his face. The man he stared at was Henry Falkins.

"It's yo'—the man as penitentiared me!" he choked, and strove to fan the fast-dying fires of enmity in his soul.

"I'm Henry Falkins, if that's what you mean," said the other, staring into the blazing eyes.

"The man I said I'd git. Yo' swore yo' saw me shoot, an' they sent me behind the bars fer three years. I've

me that my sense of duty made me testify to what I had seen. And yo' joined the army just for the sake of taking a pot shot at me?"

"You lie!" stormed Newt. "I didn't think of yo' till I found yo' here."

"Well, now I'm here, why don't yo' shoot? I won't attempt to defend myself. I might kill you, and in this uniform I won't kill anybody but an enemy of the United States."

Newt brushed a hand across his forehead.

"I don't know why I'm listening to you," he said, more to himself than to Newt. "I don't know what's come over me."

"I—I guess the islands have made you coward of me."

"Not a coward, but a man," said Falkins impressively. "If I had made a man of you for my gun, you'd have potted me as easily as a rabbit. But I chose not to defend myself, and a man—I say a man—wants to kill an unresisting foe. In the old days on the mountains you'd have killed me from a bush. You couldn't do that now. War makes devils of men and women; it makes men of cowards. Newt, we're soldiers; soldiers and men don't start on the way to be a credit to your country. Don't spoil it by another killing. I'm not preaching. I'm pleading for my life. It's you I'm talking of. There's one other—"

Newt stopped abruptly, then demanded suddenly:

"Newt, have you ever had a girl and?"

Newt's thoughts flew back to the mountain cabin, and—

"Minerva!" he whispered. Her last words were ringing in his ears: "Come back to me," she had said, "but whether you come back or not, play the man." Once again his sleeve brushed his face. He stared at his old enemy for a long moment. Then he stuck out a hand.

"I've begun to understand a lot of things since I joined the army," he said, his voice trembling. "I didn't know that it meant to play the man, but you've shown me—and long ago a girl pointed the way. We'll forget what happened back in Kaintucky. I'm through with the past. Will you take my hand?"

Falkins grabbed the outstretched hand. "Spooner, you're all right," he said.

Minerva Rawlins had left the mountain cabin. A college girl now, working her way through, she had set herself to the task of educating herself so that she might be independent.

She had not heard from Newt, but she knew he would come back to her one day, though she looked forward that day with mingled feelings of delight and dread.

It was in her third year Newt

Spooner came—Sergeant Spooner now; no longer the shuffling man of the mountains, but a stalwart, broad-shouldered soldier with clear, smiling eyes.

"Oh, Newt, you came back to me!" she cried, as they stood in a quiet corner of the campus.

"I came—and, thank God, these hands of mine are clean!"

She caught the hands he held to her and kissed them impulsively.

"But Henry Falkins—you did not meet him—"

"I met him, and the feud is over," he answered, with a happy laugh. "I came to understand myself in the

islands, and now I have come back to tell you I love you."

"Oh, Newt, I have always loved you, dear," she told him, her head on his shoulder.

"That could not be," he said gently. "But you made a man of me, and now I have my chance to make something of myself. I have studied hard since I saw you. There is promotion awaiting me. I have put the ghastly past behind me and have won to manhood through your influence, little girl, and through the help of the man I hated above everything else on earth—Henry Falkins."

Film Flams

By Dean Bowman

JOSEPH GOLDEN, a pioneer producer, is devoting his traditional knowledge to the efforts of the Equitable, and is featuring Hilda Spong in "Divorced," his first work.

Charlie Chaplin, Essanay's world-famous comedian, loves music, and is a brilliant musician. He can play almost any instrument, and will sit at a piano for hours, playing ghostly and weird music, all his own improvisation, which has the power of carrying his listeners away with it.

The lure of the movies has finally attracted the savings banks, and the Worcester County Institution for Savings in Massachusetts is possibly the first to use the movie screens to call public attention to its facilities.

Such is the popularity of Charlie Chaplin, that Chaplin ties, Chaplin shirts, Chaplin cocktails, Chaplin yachts, and Chaplin clubs and societies have been named after the world-famous Essanay comedian in all parts of the world. One city has a street named after him.

Cities where new distributing offices have been opened by the Mutual Film Corporation give this organization a total of sixty-eight establishments in the United States and Canada.

The widow of John Bunny has gone into the hotel business, having bought Schrieber's Hotel, at Valley Stream, Long Island. The movie comedian left but a small estate.

The Oliver Morosco Photo Play Company will release, in one of their forthcoming Paramount pictures,

"Jane," an attractive comedy by W. H. Lestocuque, with Myrtle Stedman prominently displayed.

George George, of type long, lanky, and lopy, makes his debut with Horsley in "A Change of Luck," a Cub comedy, released in current Mutual program, with George Ovey, short, slight, and slippery.

W. R. Rothacker, president of the Industrial Moving Picture Company, of Chicago, was selected as vice president at large for the newly organized Motion Picture Board of Trade. Mr. Rothacker is the pioneer of the industrial motion picture, and is rapidly forging to the front in his chosen line.

A series of motographics, with African settings, beginning with "Stanley's Search for the Hidden City," followed by Stanley's "Close Call" and others, is being staged on Dead Man's Island, in the Pacific, by Frank Montgomery, of the David Horsley organization.

"Papa's Wife," one of the Terriss' comedies on the screen, is soon to be released through the Picture Playhouse Film Company, Inc., New York, and there are now in the hands of this distributing agency a number of the prints.

Louise Emerald Bates has deserted the Winter Garden to become one of the colony of Thanousers, "forty-five minutes from Broadway." Thanouser thinks Miss Bates will prove an acquisition to his New Rochelle forces, believing her peculiar ability will enable him to feature her in Falstaff comedies effectively.

The Little Church Around the Corner

By A. Lincoln Bender

For eight long years, Philip Vinton waited to take his revenge upon Agnes Hunt and the man she had married, Harry Grey. Never once, in all that time, had he forgotten the vow he had made when she had thrown him over for Harry—to make her, and the man who had won her love away from him, pay and pay heavily for the heartache his failure to win her for himself, had caused him. How he wreaked his vengeance upon the happily married couple, and what came of it, is the theme of this intensely dramatic story, based on the World Film Corporation's picture play of the same title.

PHILIP VINTON rose from his desk with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

"So," he muttered, glancing over the roofs of the surrounding buildings, "at last! At last!"

He twirled his watch charm. "For eight years, eight long, weary years, have I waited, and now the chance is here. And those last two years! How I have waited for them! Little did Agnes Hunt think, when she accepted Harry Grey and spurned me, that I would remember it. But, oh, I have! She opened a wound in my pride that has never healed, and now"—he laughed harshly—"now my chance seems to have come."

The smile of satisfaction on Vinton's face now turned to a sneer.

"She did not think then," he rasped, "how revengeful I could be; how each passing year has embittered my soul, not toward her, for I love her—gad, I love her more now than ever before—but toward her husband!"

So intent on his retaliation had he been that he had kept a record of the struggles of the Greys.

"And now they live in a tenement," he muttered, glancing to the paper. "Now, to-night, I must go and see them; hear of their troubles."

The two years to which he referred were years of distress for the Greys, for Harry had taken sick, and all efforts for his full recovery were futile. From bad to worse they went, until now, they were on the verge of poverty. Through it all Agnes had labored unprotestingly, and their little youngster, Jennie, had helped in her small way. There was one custom which she never forgot. That was to go to the Little Church Around the Corner every year on their wedding day and pray.

True to his promise, Vinton appeared at the squalid home of the Greys that night. A gleam of satisfaction entered his heart as he passed up the rickety stairs and knocked on the door.

"Does Mr. Harry Grey live here?" he asked of the little girl who came to the door.

"Yes, sir; do you want to see him?" asked the child, wide-eyed with curiosity at the carefully dressed Vinton.

"Yes," he smiled, "I am an old friend of his, and I would like to see him."

Harry Grey, broken in health, and little resembling the man who had been his rival in love, lay on the bed.

With a shrug of disgust at the shabby home, Vinton edged in.

"Hello, Harry," he greeted, with an air of cordiality.

The sick man looked up. "Is it you, Philip Vinton?" he asked weakly.

"The same. I heard indirectly that you were having a hard time of it, so I thought I would drop in to see you."

The evident sincerity of his former rival disarmed Harry. He stretched forth his wasted hand, and invited him to stay.

So deep were they in their discussion of old times that Harry failed to hear his daughter until she pulled his covers, saying:

"Daddy, it's time to take your medicine!"

With trembling hands, Harry took the bottle and poured the necessary dose into the glass.

"You see, Vinton," said he, shuddering. "This is the sort of dope I am forced to take now. It contains about one-half morphine." He laughed mirthlessly as he swallowed it.

He failed to notice the gleam of joy and soft smile of satisfaction that stole

into Vinton's eyes at the mention of the drug.

"So?" smiled Vinton, bending down and smelling of the glass. "Morphine? That's bad stuff to fool with."

"By the way," he continued, "where Mrs. Grey?"

"This is our wedding night, Vinton responded Harry reverently, "and she is around to the Little Church praying."

As if the mention of her had served to bring her, like Aladdin's genii, Agnes entered.

"Why!" she exclaimed, removing her shawl. "I didn't know any one was here. Why, it's Philip Vinton!"

Vinton rose, and, with a smooth bow and a look of admiration in his eyes, greeted her.

"I heard your husband was ill, Agnes, and I came to see him just for old times' sake."

"I—I am so glad to see you," she managed to say, her eyes falling from Vinton's piercing look.

"Ah, she is glad to see me," he thought, as he slyly glanced about the poorly furnished room. "Here's where Philip Vinton takes charge of the scene."

Aloud he said: "You certainly had a hard time of it, Harry!"

"Yes," responded Harry. "Damn hard, Vinton. If it hadn't been for Agnes we would have had to look for charity long ago."

There was a world of praise in his tone.

Vinton swore under his breath. "She's the best girl in the world, Vinton," continued Grey, glancing with loving eyes at his wife. She blushed.

"Oh, I have helped," she smiled wanly. "But at times it was so hard."

It was the opening Vinton had longed for.

Agnes," he said, turning to her, "I 't like to say this, but I think I appreciate your circumstances. If I can anything—money?"

he rose, breast heaving, eyes flash-

No," she said quietly. "Not that—please God—never!"

It was late when Vinton left, promising to call soon. Nor was his promise broken. His visits were frequent,

on every opportunity he urged Agnes to accept his generosity. So intent was he, and so sincere, that Agnes many times felt herself overcome with indecision. Then times became harder than before. With increasing fervor, Vinton pressed her to ac-

cept. "There will be no obligation, Agnes," he reiterated. "And it is for the sake of the old days. Look, now I have something to offer. Why not come as my private secretary?"

Agnes' heart gave a leap. Truly here was an opportunity. She would be giving value for her services. Why not? She knew Vinton. And Harry needed her attention.

Vinton turned aside to hide a malicious smile at the struggle Agnes was waging in her mind. She was lost, he saw.

"—I want to thank you, Philip," she said slowly, "and—and I shall accept." With a lighter heart than she had in some time, Agnes took up her duties. Vinton was pleasant, and his sincerity could not be doubted. But daily each morning Agnes began to find flowers or candy on her desk. She talked with herself that she should reject them, but her deep love for her husband prompted her to disregard these gifts of Vinton. From time immemorial she had had a fear of her employer, yet she could not tell just why. Perhaps it was his cruel eyes; perhaps perhaps way she had noticed him glancing at her, but she could not tell. She put herself on her guard, and made no mention of these facts to her husband. . . . So capable did she become that Vinton called her his right hand.

"If it weren't for you I don't know what I would do," he laughingly said. But to all his efforts to establish a friendship, Agnes turned her back. His intentions went for naught, for Agnes, beginning to become afraid of him. Coming in one day from lunch, she noticed that his door was closed and

that a mumble of voices came from the room.

Inside were a lady and Vinton. She was Madame de Lestranges, who was looking for her niece Agnes Hunt, who had fallen heir to an immense fortune. The last heard of her, she had lived in New York, but no trace of her had been found, and, learning that Vinton was extremely successful in locating missing persons, she applied to him.

"If the lady is dead," she said, "and if there are any children, the fortune is theirs. I have no other information, monsieur; none but this." And she

"I will do everything in my power to find her," he said, rising and bowing the lady out of his private office.

Busy at the typewriter, Agnes did not look up as the lady passed.

Inside, Vinton danced like a foolish youngster.

"Ah," he gloated, "now comes my chance. Harry is ill; he takes morphine and is unable to get along without it. That is where I start. Then to cause a breach between the two, after that—divorce; and if Agnes then refuses to marry me, ah, then—" His teeth showed from between his beard,



Quickly Agnes grasped his upstretched arms, and dragged him away.

pulled a medallion from her bag, passing it to him.

"There, monsieur, is a medallion of her mother. She looked very much like her. That is all I can tell you."

At the mention of the name, Vinton had pricked up his ears. Now, when Madame de Lestranges presented him with the medallion, he smiled to himself. There could be no doubt Agnes Hunt Grey was the lady sought.

and a fiendish grin overspread his face.

Ingeniously he forced his way into the good graces of his former rival. Not a night passed but what he did not spend an hour or so with him and administer the medicine. But, with his plan in mind, each time he increased the dose, until, after three weeks, Harry became a morphine fiend, unknown to himself.

"Now," cried Vinton softly the next

morning, "for the remainder of my plan."

Carefully he wrote a letter full of endearing terms to himself, and then one in reply to it. With the rest of the mail he put it, secreting it in the center. In her haste to finish her work and return to her sick husband, Agnes dashed off her signatures on the mail and left the office. She had signed the letter Vinton had written to himself.

Vinton shrugged as he watched her disappear out the door. "Soon you shall be where I want you," he chuckled.

The next morning he was all smiles. "Little girl," he said softly, "you are worrying about your husband too much. You should not do so. Come, we shall go to lunch together. Perhaps I may be able to arrange some cure for him."

Instantly Agnes was on her guard, but the invitation seemed so innocent of any compromise that she asked time to consider it. Ever loving, eager to assist in Harry's recovery, and, little suspecting the schemer, she decided to accept.

That night Vinton called, and, with his plan in mind, hinted at the fact that maybe Agnes was not so true, after all. It was done so delicately, so subtly, that the thought stayed with Harry. Vinton did not give Harry any medicine that night, and the sick fellow never noticed that he hadn't taken it.

"You should seek the air, my boy," Vinton said persuasively. "To-morrow you should walk a little. Drop down to the office for a while."

Little did Harry know what was to occur there.

The morning was bright and clear, and he strolled down.

"She's out jest now," said Jimmie, the office boy, in answer to Harry's question, "but ye kin sit at her desk an' wait."

Harry accepted the invitation. Uppermost in his mind was the thought that Vinton had uttered the night before. He wondered where his wife was, and why she was out. A blotter caught his eye. On it were three words. Securing the desk mirror, he set it on the blotter and gave a gasp of dismay. There before his startled eyes was the legend: "Your loving Agnes."

In his state of mind, crazed by the drug, he became insanely jealous. Vinton was right. She was not true. "God," he croaked hoarsely, "I knew it! She loves Vinton!"

As minute after minute passed, and

his wife did not come, his jealousy grew worse. He worked himself into a frenzy, marching backward and forward in the little office. At each turn of the room, he became more incensed. Finally the door opened, and Agnes entered.

"Why, Harry!" she cried in pleasure. "How are you? I never expected to see you here to-day."

He turned on her, his eyes red with anger. "No, I guess not. You—you traitress!" He grasped the blotter. "What does that mean? You are pretending to love me, and you write letters to some one else?"

His voice rose to a screech. "I know!" he screamed, advancing menacingly toward her. "You have gone back to Vinton. You love him. You are forsaking me because I am ill. God, I'll—"

Silently Vinton entered.

With a tigerlike spring, Harry hurled himself for him, shrieking loudly: "You are the snake! In front of me, my friend, behind my back wrecking my home!"

Quickly Agnes grasped his upstretched arms and dragged him away.

"Harry! Harry, you are not well; you're sick!"

Calmly Vinton folded his arms and smiled on them. For a long time he stood, watching the panting, crazed man.

"Now," he said slowly, "what of it? We have been out together; we had lunch together the other day, and, if you want to see them, I have letters that we have written to each other."

With a cry of horror, Agnes fell back.

"Ha!" screamed the infuriated Harry, blinded by the passion that shook his very soul. "You see, I was right. You are untrue; you are another man's lover! Oh, how I hate you! And I thought that you were true!" Frothing at the mouth, he advanced and attempted to strike his cowering wife. With a spring, Vinton put himself between the two, and seized the arm, throwing Harry back. "Out of my office!" he thundered.

"And, from now on, you are no longer my wife!" shouted Harry. "As for you"—moving to the door—"you—you—snake!" He spat and bounded out the door, staggering with rage.

In the corner, Agnes watched him disappear with fear in her eyes. Coolly Vinton approached.

"My dear," he said caressingly, "you see, your husband no longer loves you. The best thing for you to do is divorce him and marry me, for I love you."

Drawing herself up, Agnes flashed him a look of scorn.

"Philip Vinton," she cried slowly, "don't dare come near me! Don't dare touch me! I——"

But he only smiled the broader, and continued to come forward.

Wildly Agnes looked about for an avenue of escape. The look of lust in Vinton's eyes frightened her fearful.

From the door, Jimmie, the office boy, was watching. Now he sprang to action. To the switchboard he jumped. "Call for Mr. Vinton; important!" he bawled.

Vinton turned to answer the phone, and, like a flash, Agnes darted from the room, sobbing.

The events had happened with such rapidity that she was dazed. Faltering she dragged herself to her home. Her knees, with Jennie to her breast, she sobbed piteously. Her husband's cruel accusation boomed in her ears, and she swayed. Jimmie came in. He, too, had felt the spleen of Vinton, and was now out of a position. Things were in a desperate state. It seemed to grief-torn Agnes that the whole world had turned against her. Harry had owned her; Vinton had shown his hand, and had proved to be a man of character, intent, for some reason or other, to get her to marry him. She moaned. To whom could she turn? To no one. The worry drove her nearly insane, and she fell ill.

Like little Trojans, Jimmie and Jennie kept house and nursed the delirious Agnes. As if by a miracle, the little tots pulled her through.

Vinton, confident that Agnes would some time capitulate to his demands, was satisfied to let events take their course. Suddenly he learned that Harry had inherited a fortune. Subtly, insidiously he pushed himself into the unfortunate morphine fiend's good graces. Even the lookout for funds, the weakling Harry became easy prey. From the funds, Vinton decided to push his plan.

Learning of Agnes' whereabouts, he went one night to see her.

"Mrs. Grey," he said haughtily, "I have come prepared to offer you a large sum of money if you will turn your back over to your husband, who is a wealthy man and wishes to take care of

like a princess of old, Agnes stood before him.

"Sir," she answered clearly, "all the money in the world could not buy Jennie."

With the smoothness of a serpent, he argued her to accept, but his arguments were of no avail.

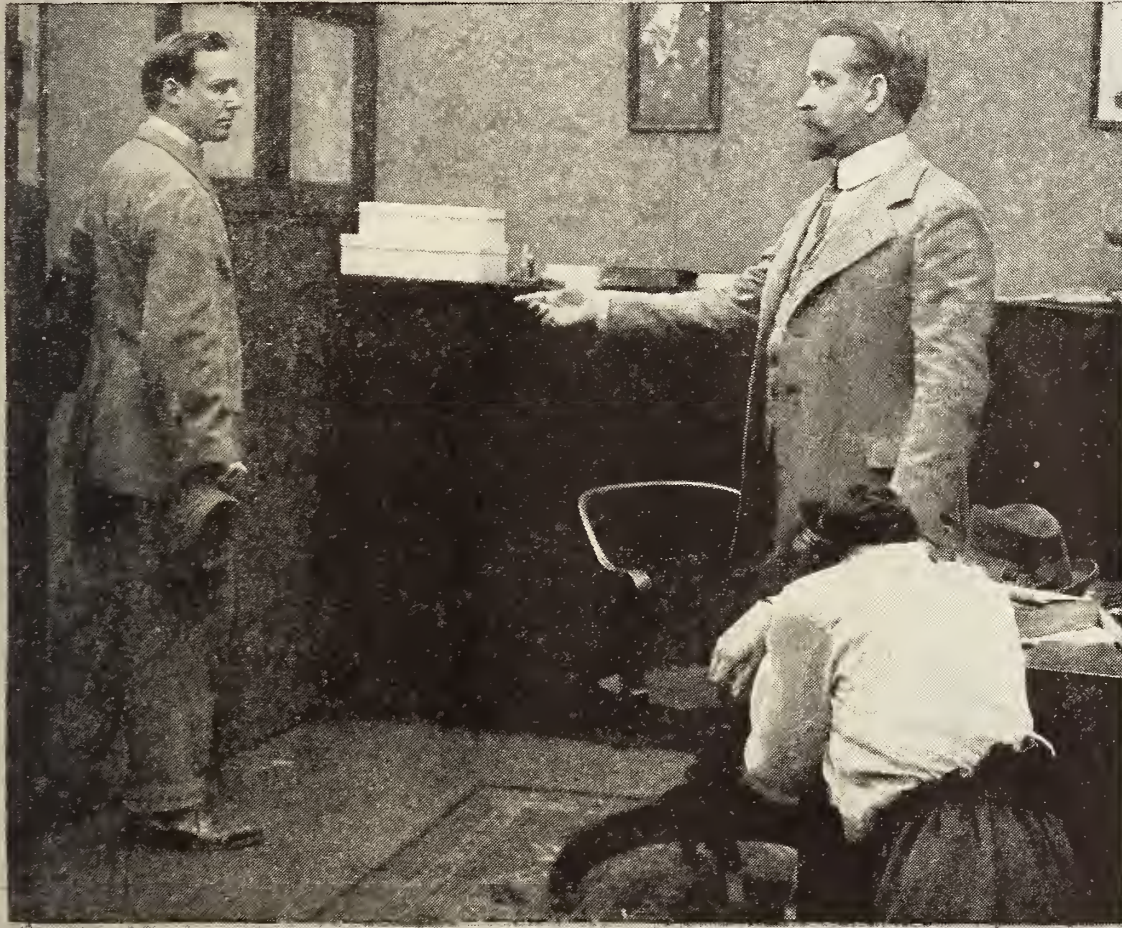
The courtroom was crowded the next day.

With his honeyed words, Vinton presented his side of the case.

The jurors almost cried at his eloquence, when he elaborated on the extreme poverty in which her mother persisted in keeping Jennie. He outspoke

years of plenty, I have mothered her. Always have I protected her and worked for her. Judge, you cannot be so cruel as to give her over to that—that man. Oh, you know you cannot! Think of me, think of her, think of your own mother!"

The spectators quivered in sympathy,



"And from now on, you are no longer my wife!" shouted Harry.

"I'll hang that woman!" he snarled as he left. "But I'll make her bend to my will!"

The next day he drew up papers and ordered Harry to sign them, calling for Agnes to appear in court and show why she should not resign Jennie from her father, she being unable to provide care for her.

In a daze, Agnes took the papers. "No, Jennie," she gasped in horrified tones, "no, Jennie, my sweetheart, they are going to take you away from me! No! No! No! They shall not do it; they shan't!"

himself in the endeavor to promote his plans. Agnes' heart sank. With such a case, she could little hope to keep possession of her child. But her mother's love declared itself. Like unto Mark Antony, at Cæsar's funeral, she took the stand.

"Judge! Judge!" she cried. "Remember Solomon and his judgment! I love this, my only child. Don't take her away!"

Passionately she continued: "For six years I have struggled to keep her, your honor. Through hardships, through

and, as Agnes finished, a cheer rang up from those wet-faced men and women. Even the staid old judge bowed his head at the passionate appeal.

"Silence!" he commanded. "Madam, your appeal shall not be fruitless. Set the child here. Now, Jennie, go to the one whom you love the best."

With eyes wide from excitement, Jennie looked about. On one side was her mother, stretching forth her arms appealingly. On the other was Vinton, smiling ingratiatingly at her.

A spring, and Jennie was in her

mother's arms, sobbing: "Mother, I love mother!"

A hearty cheer set up. Like a whipped cur, Vinton slunk out of sight, dragging the bloated Harry with him.

Together the happy mother, Jennie, and Jimmie returned home. With a start, Agnes realized that it was their anniversary day. Admonishing Jimmie to keep an eye on her Jennie, she started to the Little Church.

In his office, Vinton was disgustedly raging at the turn of affairs. Once again he decided to try to gain the child.

He called a tough character to him, and gave him directions.

"Get the youngster!" he commanded.

It was easy to gain admission to the humble abode. Jimmie, childlike, had gone to the street to play.

But the tough had not counted on Agnes. Returning from her prayer of thanksgiving, she saw the tough trying to carry her Jennie away. With a shriek for help, she flung herself at him. Biting and scratching, she fought him.

They set on him. Relinquishing the child, he dashed away. The end of the rope was twenty feet above the ground, but Agnes dropped. Slipping and stumbling, she crept to the side of her child and caught her to her breast.

Into the office dashed the tough. Breathlessly he related his story.

"Fool!" cried Vinton harshly. "Why did you not hold onto her? Now they will be on their guard."

He raved up and down the office. Harry, broken and nearly crazed by the drug and liquor forced on him by Vinton, realized nothing of what had occurred. To Vinton's mind came the idea that he should get rid of Harry. Arrangements were easily made, and the poor dupe was consigned to an asylum. Once again Vinton's beady eyes gleamed with satisfaction. Now he decided to play his trump card. He wrote an appealing letter from the asylum, signed Harry's name, and had it delivered to Agnes.

A cry of horror escaped her lips as she noted the contents of the letter.

He ushered her into a dark room, telling her that she would have to wait a few minutes.

The few minutes passed and enlarged themselves into half an hour. She could hear the wild screams of the inmates. Then the dreadful truth burst on her. She sought to open the door, but it resisted her efforts. She beat on it, to no avail.

"Oh!" she moaned. "It is another trick of that Vinton!"

In her home the two children waited for her return. As the hours passed, Jimmie became frightened, and, taking the letter, he hastened to his friend Barney, the postman.

"Barney," he said, "look at this letter!" Together they decided to go to the asylum.

But to all their requests the answer was the same.

"No admittance; we don't know you," snapped the burly attendant.

Turning, the two downcast friends went away from the asylum.



"Judge," she cried, "remember Solomon and his judgment! I love this, my only child. Don't take her away!"

But, with his brute strength, he leaped to the fire escape with Jennie in his arms. Down a rope he slid. With a cry of anguish, Agnes took up the pursuit. Down the rope, burning her hands fearfully, she went, screaming for assistance. Below, the neighbors waited for the scoundrel, and, when he dropped,

Harry in an asylum! He needed her comfort, her love. In her haste to get to see her long-absent husband, she left the letter on the table.

"I want to see Mr. Harry Grey," she faltered at the door of the asylum.

"Right this way, madam," said a burly assistant.

"What kin we do?" blubbered Jimmie.

There was nothing to be done. Jimmie and Jennie haunted the Little Church and prayed for Agnes' deliverance.

"I wonder who those two tots amused the pastor, noting their regular attendance."

To his friend the Madame de Lestranges he related the story.

"I am interested," she said. "Let me see them."

Then sprang up a friendship with the two. To all her questions Jennie replied with the greatest confidence.

Barney, the postman. I am working here now. You must escape. That woman with you is going to be moved this afternoon. They are going to take her to the hospital. You must take her place. Get on the stretcher, and, when they carry you out down the hall,

to me, Harry Grey. I am revenged. You see where you are? Your wife is here also, never to get out. There was a fortune awaiting her. Oh, I know, for I handled the case."

"What?" cried the broken man, a flame of wrath in his eyes.



A spring and Jennie was in her mother's arms, sobbing: "Mother! I love mother!"

"And your mother's name was—" asked madame.

"Agnes Hunt Grey," said Jennie, looking up at her.

With a start, madame looked at her. "It is true, I cannot be mistaken," she cried. "That is the lady I am seeking. Come, we shall go and find her."

In his office, Vinton strolled up and down.

"Now my plans are complete," he smiled. "I shall get the child, appoint myself guardian, and administer the estate."

But he counted not on Barney. That faithful friend had resigned his position as postman and accepted the post of keeper in the notorious asylum.

Agnes, lying in a cell with a sick woman, was nearly driven insane herself. Vainly she begged for liberty, and asked to be allowed to return to her little girl. Every one laughed at her.

One day she heard a soft scratching on the door.

"Listen," came the voice. "This is

run away. I will hold the door open for you."

A wild hope sprang into Agnes' breast. Eagerly she awaited the afternoon. Carefully she changed clothes with the unprotesting sick woman, and when the attendants came to carry her off she could hardly contain herself. Once in the hall, she dashed up and out the door. Barney was near. He closed the door, and held it to cover her escape. She was doubly surprised, for on the road was an automobile waiting, in which were Jimmie, Jennie, and Madame de Lestranges. A happy party they were as they spun home. No more poverty. No more trouble. But one pang entered the heart of Agnes. If only Harry would return. If only he could be found. If she only knew whether he still loved her. Ah, those happy hours would never more be hers!

The week before the postman assisted in the escape, Vinton came to Harry's room.

"So," Vinton said, "you have one of your lucid periods, eh? Well, listen

"Tut, tut, fool!" went on Vinton. "Hear me out! As I said, there is a fortune awaiting your wife. If she cannot be found, it reverts to Jennie. You see, I have you in my power. I swore that I would be avenged. Now, in another week, I shall have made all necessary arrangements, appoint myself as executor of the estate, and live on the fat of the land. While you," he bent low over the stricken man, "while you, the father of the girl I shall be guardian of, is lying, rotting his bones away in an asylum."

With a parting shot, Vinton strutted out.

"God!" muttered the stricken father. "My wife here? He put her here? He is going to be the guardian of my own child! It cannot be! It must not be! He has me in his power now, but wait!"

A crafty look appeared in Harry's eyes.

"How foolish I was to doubt my loving wife!" he cried. "But, Vinton, you have not yet succeeded in your plans."

Professing to have gained a sudden desire for huge doses of the drug to which he had become addicted, Harry led the blind Vinton to believing that he was getting worse. But, with his plan in mind, and the thought that his wife was lying in the filthy asylum, Harry became stronger. Daily he awaited the time when he could be able to grapple with his rival. Whenever Vinton came, Harry, with a well-assumed air of being a fiend, caused him much merriment.

Then came the day on which Agnes escaped.

Vinton came once more to gloat over Harry.

"Ah, to-morrow your own daughter is mine!" he grinned. With a snarl of rage, the rejuvenated Harry seized him about the waist. Across the narrow

room, Harry mauled the surprised Vinton. To the door they struggled; then, with a mighty toss, Harry hurled him over his head and down the staircase, where he lay—neck broken. With another cry, Harry darted down—to freedom!

Agnes was not the only one who mourned for her mate. Eagerly Harry searched for his wife and child. But nowhere were they to be found.

Tired nearly to death, he sat to rest on the steps of a church. He noticed that it was the Little Church. And it dawned on him it was also the anniversary of their wedding.

With a sob, he fell on his knees.

Two little children approached.

"Oh, see the poor stranger!" said the girl. "Come, Jimmie, let us invite him into our church."

She tapped Harry on the back. "Come inside, poor man," she said. With a cry, Harry looked up. "Jennie!" he whispered. "It's my daddy!" she cried, throwing her arms about his neck. "Oh, daddy, where have you been?"

"Aw, say," said Jimmie, standing near, "why don't ye bring him inside? Yer mother's in there."

"Come, daddy," she said softly. "Mother is praying, too."

"Mother, look!" she said to the silent figure kneeling in prayer.

Agnes looked up.

"Harry!" she gasped, rising and swaying forward.

His voice was husky as he replied: "The Little Church Around the Corner! Come, Agnes; come, Jennie; let us kneel and thank God for His goodness!"

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

WELL, the requests for the five greatest have been coming in at a pretty lively rate lately, and most of them have asked for the five greatest old-people portrayals in film, so I will name them this week. There are five of them that stand out 'way above all the rest. Here they are: First, W. Chrystie Miller; second, Mary Maurice; third, Spottiswoode Aitken; fourth, Daddy Manley; fifth, Mother Benson. These five are without a doubt the greatest of them all. W. Chrystie Miller will be remembered for his wonderful work under D. W. Griffith at the old Biograph. Mary Maurice, of Vitagraph, is known the world over for her grandma parts. Spottiswoode Aitken is at present Griffith's best bet, and Daddy Manley and Mother Benson are playing together with the Rex company, and are great favorites.

Keep up the requests for the five greatest anything. They will all be answered in this column as best I can. There are lots I haven't used. Send in yours.

Al Thomas, the veteran actor and character man, who scored such a success as the mayor in "Smashing the Thief Trust," is being congratulated all

the time for his great work in this film. Al had never played in a comedy before, always taking strong, dramatic, character rôles, and his success is as much of a surprise to him as it is to his many friends.

Ah, ha! Charles Moore is in town. We told you so, Mosha Pepek Fleming. You can't fool us as to where you got that bad-looking glimmer.

A notice in one of our many monthly motion-picture magazines starts as follows: "Mary Pickford, the little eighteen-year-old world star has—" Magazines are supposed to be up to the minute, but this one is evidently 'way behind the times. Mary Pickford was eighteen four years ago. Can it be that this magazine is four years old and is being sold as this month's?

Speaking of the Pickfords, a constant reader asks where Jack Pickford first got any stage experience. Jack was the ch-e-e-i-l-d that was carried across the chasm on the hero's back in the stage production of "The Fatal Wedding." In fact, all of the Pickfords were with that show.

Murray MacCoid is in town. He arrived last week from his eighteen-thousand-acre ranch in Houston, Texas, to

appear in pictures for the Federal Film Company. Murray is one of the greatest dare-devils on the screen to-day, and outside of this knows the motion-picture game from a to z. He will also act as assistant director to the comedy director.

Harry la Pearl has been a very busy man lately. Besides appearing in "Smashing the Thief Trust" he was working on two other films at the same time, which kept him working day and night. Harry's family thought that he had become a traveling salesman, he was away from home so long.

Wil Rex, the dramatic director of the Federal Film Company, is staging a film that ought to be a real thriller. He has not as yet decided what he will call the piece, but he has engaged some mighty tough-looking characters to appear in a fight scene in a dance hall that he is going to stage in this film. Some are preliminary boys, and some are semifinalists. Al Ray will play a gunman, and mingle in this fight. Help!

Roscoe Arbuckle and Sidney Chaplin nearly came to blows the other day when Sid accused Roscoe of getting fat. The idea! Sidney, how could you say such a thing?

The Ploughshare

By S. R. Milken

"There is a vast difference between brothers," her father told Helena Leigh. And that he spoke the truth, she was to learn through bitter personal experience. William Lawrence, the Governor of his State, was all that an honorable, upright man should be. His brother, Jim, was not. What happened before Helena found that out, is told in a way that will hold your absorbed interest to the end, in this story based on the Edison photoplay of the same title. In the cast were:

Helena Leigh.....Gertrude McCoy
Jim Lawrence.....Augustus Phillips

JENNY STRONG, eh? The young scoundrel! I'll teach him to come moneyfugling around my daughter, when he ought to be paying the debt he owes another woman! I'll teach the whelp!"

Doctor Nelson Leigh was plainly in a passion. He strode angrily up and down his library, fuming and growling: "I'll teach him," until Arthur Willet, who had roused the storm in the old man's breast by telling of what he had seen and heard that day, began to fear for the health of his host.

"I did not mean to upset you, sir," the "sir" came from his lips not servilely, but with the old-fashioned courtesy of the South; "but I felt that you ought to know what sort of man young Jim Lawrence is. I wouldn't have said anything if I hadn't found him making love to your daughter within an hour of the time I had heard him refuse to do anything for Jack Strong's sister. Of course, it isn't really any of my business, but——"

"Stuff and nonsense! Stuff and non-

sense!" roared the doctor. "It's the business of every honest gentleman to warn a friend when a rascal threatens the sanctity of his home.

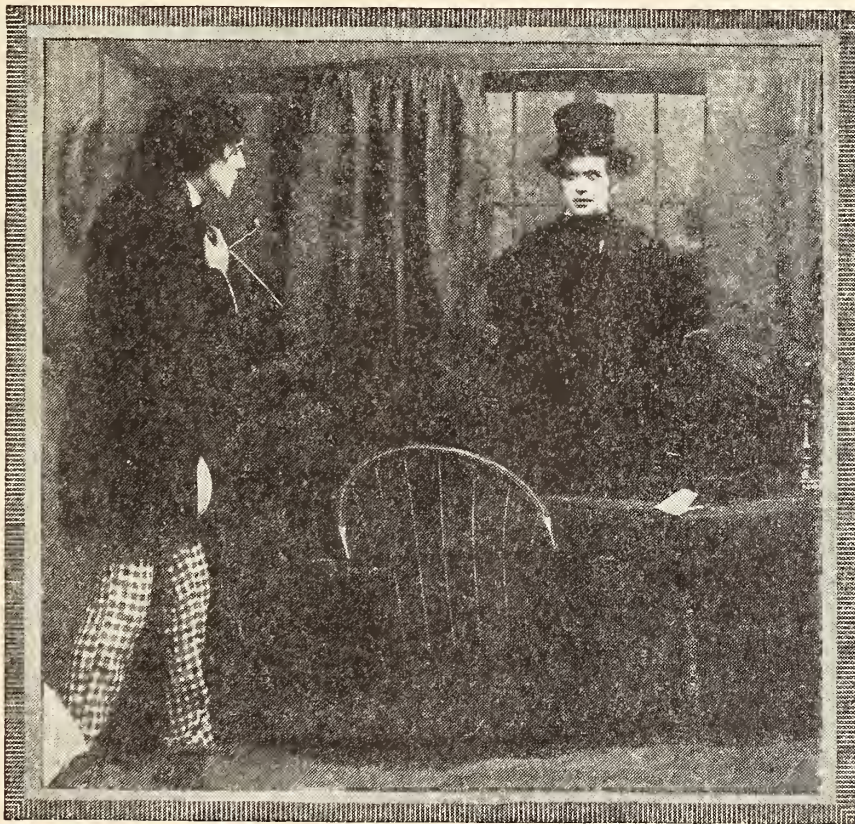
good-for-nothing brother as Jim. It's the eighth wonder of the world, sir, that's what it is!"

"I agree with you there, doctor," said Willet heartily.

"This State never produced a finer gentleman nor a more upright statesman than William Lawrence. He is a man you can rely upon to be faithful to his trust. Take the case of Jim, yonder, for an example. When old man Lawrence died and left little Jim in William's care, he didn't know what a burden he was saddling him with, nor did William. And, for that matter, he doesn't know yet. He thinks that little lady-killer is the salt of the earth, and nothing that you or I could say to him would change his opinion of Jim.

"He's given Jim everything he's asked for since he was a boy, and I believe he'd try to give Jim the governorship to-morrow if Jim would ask for it. And Jim, the hound, would be just selfish enough and greedy enough to take it, if he had the chance."

Doctor Leigh, who had continued



Jim's dark eyes looked steadily into the frightened ones of the brother of the girl he had betrayed—and therein Jack Strong read his doom.

"Not," he added hastily, "that I haven't the fullest confidence in Helena's good sense, but I do not wish her exposed to the contamination of this man's society. By gad, sir, it is a constant marvel to me that so fine a man as Governor Lawrence could have such a

striding up and down the room, did not hear more than half of what Willet was saying, and now he turned to him abruptly: "Excuse me, Willet, I'm going to get that fellow out of my house at once."

When the doctor set out to do a thing,

"you may go into the house. I want to speak to Jim alone for a moment."

Helena sensed something strange in the air—something which boded ill for the incipient flirtation which had sprung up between herself and the governor's brother. It had begun, upon her part,



"I refused to save Willet," the Governor declared to his brother. "Therefore I cannot spare you."

he did not let the grass grow under his feet. Within five minutes of the time he had left Willet in the library, he found Jim, and gave him his walking papers. Jim rose nonchalantly as the doctor entered the garden.

"Howdy, doctor?" said Jim, thrusting out a careless hand, which the doctor ignored.

"Helena," said the doctor sternly,

in a mischievous desire to make Evelyn Clayton jealous; Evelyn had assumed such proprietary airs with Jim upon the night of the inaugural ball, and Helena, as the acknowledged belle of the capital, could not permit such airs in a mere lady of the court. Jim, quick to note that Helena was smiling upon him, and knowing of his brother's love for the girl, had thought it good sport to

pique Evelyn and William at the same time. And so it had come about that Jim was a frequent visitor at Doctor Leigh's; and that, upon this particular day, he had been sitting rather closer to one another than was customary in the little society of the State capital for couple not engaged to be married.

Helena felt that her conquest was threatened, and her regard for Jim was immediately trebled as she began to fear that she might lose him; but, being a dutiful daughter, reared in the fear and respect of her father, she obeyed him albeith with a slight air of vexation.

"Sorry, Jim!" she flung over her shoulder as she passed up the walk.

"Don't mention it," said Jim carelessly, reseating himself and crossing his legs. "See you later."

Doctor Leigh did not believe in beating about the bush.

"I don't want you to speak to my daughter," he said. "I have heard about your treatment of Jenny Strong."

Jim raised his eyebrows inquiringly. "My treatment of Jenny Strong, doctor? Who has been telling you any such nonsense as that?"

"It does not matter, sir," returned the doctor, "the fact remains that I know all about it, and it is of no use for you to pretend that you are not guilty."

Jim sprang to his feet in well-simulated indignation.

"Guilty! That is a harsh word. Doctor Leigh, and a younger man would pay dearly for it. If it were not for your age and my regard for your daughter"—here the doctor almost gnashed his teeth in his rage—"however, we will say nothing about that. It is for me to punish the sneaking rascal who has told you such a pack of infernal lies."

"Arthur Willet does not lie," retorted the doctor angrily. "And I would take his word against yours any day in the week."

"Ah!" sneered Jim. "So it was Willet who told you, eh? Well, we shall see what profit Mr. Willet has from mixing in my affairs. I will bring him to you, sir, and make him eat his words."

Now, Jim had not the faintest belief in the world that he would ever be able to make Arthur Willet do anything of the sort, but he was a thorough believer in the efficacy of a strong bluff, strongly maintained, and he had just enough vanity to wish to impress the old man with the dignity of his exit. He did not

pe to make Willet apologize or react his words, but he was not altogether without hope of making Willet pay for his interference, and he was in mood to make him pay dearly, as he took himself out of the garden and counted his horse.

Doctor Leigh's own temper was not greatly improved by his conversation with Jim. He found his daughter in the morning room and in a sulky mood. "I have just told Jim Lawrence that he is not to come here any more," he announced, with characteristically masculine lack of tact.

"Why not?" demanded Helena, bringing.

"For good and sufficient reasons, which I cannot explain to you," replied her father stiffly.

"Doesn't it occur to you," asked Helena, with the nearest approach to impertinence of which she had ever been guilty, "that inasmuch as Mr. James Lawrence calls to see me, I am entitled to hear your reasons, however good and sufficient they may seem to you?"

"It does not," grimly. "It is precisely because he calls to see you that I have forbidden him the house. If he came to see me, I should not care to see him, but I would not be greatly put out by his coming. The fact is, this young man is no fit associate for you."

Helena flushed.

"Yet he is the brother of the man whom you wish me to take for my husband," she said quietly.

"That is true. But there is sometimes a vast difference in brothers."

"A difference of a good many years, in this case,"

said Helena tartly. "It is easy for me to understand why you should prefer William Lawrence to Jim—he is so much nearer your own age."

"William Lawrence is a young man, and, what is more important, he is a good man and a strong man," declared her father indignantly, growing momentarily more excited and angry.

"I do not think he would be particularly pleased to hear what you say

of his brother," said Helena provocatively, but in an instant she regretted the mood which had driven her to bait her father, for the old man suddenly choked, and sank into his chair speechless. Helena sprang up in alarm, and rang for the servants. It was plainly a case of heart attack, an infirmity of which the doctor had long been aware, but which he had carefully concealed from his daughter. But, though his illness was a complete surprise to Helena, she proved herself a capable and efficient nurse, and did everything that possibly could be done to ameliorate his condition. The combination of age and anger, however, was too much for

little Helena—I am dying. If you wish me to die happy, you will marry William—now—this hour!" And Helena, remorseful and reproaching herself for having unwittingly brought on his fatal attack, agreed to do as he asked. Word was dispatched to the governor that the doctor was dying, and when he had arrived at the sick man's bedside, Doctor Leigh himself explained his wishes.

William Lawrence turned to Helena with a great hope shining in his eyes. "Do you consent to this, Helena?" he asked her softly. For answer, she placed her hand in his, and they were married within the hour.

The ceremony was scarcely ended,



"It's your fault," Evelyn told Helena, pushing her away. "You led both of them on and he shot Strong because of you."

his system to combat, and by evening it was apparent that he was sinking rapidly, and that the end was not far off.

About an hour before he died, he regained consciousness, and seemed fully aware of his condition. Helena, who had not left the room, but had directed everything from his bedside, was instantly leaning over him to catch the words which he uttered painfully and with great effort: "My daughter—my

when Jim Lawrence, his horse flecked with foam, dashed up the front driveway and called out to the old negro on the porch: "How is the master?"

"He done die," responded the negro, shaking his woolly head, "and Miss Helena married de governor."

Without a word or a look for Evelyn Clayton, who stood with other interested neighbors about the front door, Jim turned his horse and galloped away.

His heart was filled with bitter hatred for Willet, for he held Willet directly responsible for all that had occurred. His own guilty behavior he did not consider, and, though he could not imagine how Willet had learned of his en-

had confessed all to her brother, who found her sobbing her heart out when he came home. Jim's anger against Willet was as a candle to a prairie fire, when compared to Jack Strong's anger against Jim. Brought up with uncompromising



"Oh, William," Helena cried as she came into his arms, "does a man never learn to read a woman's heart?"

counter with Jenny that day, he felt that he had been spied upon.

Jenny, perhaps, might have enlightened him, for Jenny had caught a glimpse of Willet's face in the coach which passed them at the very moment that Jim had broken her hold about his neck and cast her from him. And Jenny

views upon the subject of woman's honor, Jack felt that his sister had not only disgraced herself, but every kinsman, however distant, who bore the name of Strong, and he said as much to Jenny. And so, as Jim swore vengeance on Willet, Jack swore vengeance on Jim.

Willet was not altogether surprised upon reaching his room in the tavern that night, to find a note from Jim:

"You vilified me to Doctor Leigh and I am determined to force you to fight a duel. JAMES LAWRENCE."

Willet flipped the note contemptuously onto his dressing table. Jim was probably bluffing. But there was an odd chance that he might mean trouble. Willet took out his dueling pistols and loaded them. He carefully examined each one, and, deciding that it would do no harm to clean them, went downstairs for oil.

When he returned, a few moments later, he was astonished to find a pool of blood in the middle of the floor, and, investigating farther, to find the dead body of Jack Strong stretched out on the floor with a bullet hole in the breast. Willet picked up one of the pistols and found it empty. At this moment the sheriff entered and placed him under arrest. Turning to the dressing table, Willet looked for the note which he had thrown there just before going downstairs. It was gone.

Governor Lawrence, as was his custom, breakfasted early. His bride, who had registered a vow in her heart that she would be more dutiful as a wife than she had been as a daughter, sat opposite him. The tragic circumstances surrounding their wedding weighed heavily upon the minds and spirits of both of them. Helena mourned for her father, and could hardly speak, when she thought of what had passed between her father and herself upon the day of his death. And the governor, though happy in the possession of the girl he loved, missed the doctor, and respected the silence of his orphaned bride. The progress of this strangely ceremonious meal was interrupted by the entrance of an officer attached to the governor's staff, who saluted, saying: "Your excellency, I have to report that John Strong has been murdered, and that his sister has committed suicide by jumping over a cliff."

If a bomb had been dropped in the room, the effect could not have been greater. With shocked faces, the governor and Helena questioned the officer and learned the details of the double tragedy and of the arrest of Willet charged with the murder of the girl's brother.

The governor went immediately to his room, and Helena retired to the library. There she found Jim Lawrence, who had entered unannounced, awaiting her. She broached the subject of the murder at once.

"What a terrible thing to happen! For Jenny, I cannot imagine why she would commit suicide, for they say that when she did it she knew nothing of her brother's death."

Jim smiled.

"Are you really as innocent as that?" he asked. "Can't you guess why Willet would shoot Jenny's brother, and why she should destroy herself? The man was desperate. That was why he came to your father—trying to shift his own sins to my shoulders."

"You can't mean——"

"Why, yes, of course!"

If Jim meant this to be convincing, his shaft went wide of the mark. He did not know, of course, that the doctor had not told Helena what Willet had said, and that she was now learning, for the first time, the nature of her father's objections to Jim. His inference was natural enough, for the sheriff had come to the same conclusion, as had also the governor, but, somehow, it was not convincing to Helena. For the first time in her life, Helena was beginning to suspect that Jim was not quite so transparently honest as she had always believed him to be. She resolved to try again.

"Come with me to the Strongs' house," she said. "I want to take some flowers for Jenny and Jack."

He recoiled as though she had struck him. After a moment he recovered his composure. "I'm afraid I couldn't find it," he said. "You see, I was always fond of Jack. He was a fine fellow, in spite of the fact that his sister was a bad one."

Helena pondered—could Jim be right about Willet?

Evidently the governor was convinced of it, for when Willet's uncle, Curwood, solicited his influence to obtain Arthur's release, despite the fact that Curwood had made him governor and probably possessed the power to undo what he had done, Lawrence answered:

"I believe that Willet shot Strong in silence a brother's plea for an unhappy sister."

The jury, apparently, believed it, too, though it is sometimes said of the South that when a white man shoots

a negro, to invoke the law is to exaggerate the importance of the incident, and that when a white man shoots a white man, to invoke the law is to interfere in a personal matter, and that when a negro shoots a white man, to invoke the law is to waste time; there was no hitch in the progress of the law in the case of Arthur Willet. His case came speedily to trial, and the jury promptly brought in a verdict of "Guilty!"

When Helena heard the verdict, she sought out Jim, who now made free with his brother's house as he had when a child. She found him in the garden, and was talking with him earnestly when seen by the jealous eye of Evelyn Clayton. Poor Evelyn! She had never forgotten that Jim was once attentive to her! She lost no time in gaining entrance to the governor's library, where she called his attention to the absorbed attitude of his brother and his wife. For one moment the governor stared. Then he turned to Evelyn and said composedly, "If you were a man, I would order you out. Since you are a woman, I ask you to leave this room." Evelyn laughed and tossed her head. He might pretend, but she knew that she had planted in his heart the poisoned seed of suspicion which was embittering her own.

Helena had little satisfaction of her talk with Jim. Either he was innocent or on his guard. He adhered firmly to his opinion that Willet was guilty, and should be made to suffer for his crime. Baffled in that direction, Helena resolved to go straight to Willet himself. She visited him in jail, and learned from him the details of the night of the murder—particularly of the incident of the note which had been upon his dresser and which was missing after Strong was shot.

This last information confirmed Helena in her suspicions, and she hastened home to confront Jim with this evidence. She was met, upon her entrance, by the governor. Her husband had learned of her visit to the jail, and reiterated his determination to let the law take its course.

Finding Jim in the garden, Helena launched her accusation directly at him.

"You murdered Jack Strong, and you are standing by to see an innocent man suffer. Your brother says he will not pardon Willet, and Willet's blood will be upon you and your children!"

Without a word, Jim turned from her and rushed into the house. Evelyn emerged from the shrubbery—her favorite point of vantage—and burst into a heated denunciation of Helena, accusing her of marrying to please her father and then plotting the death of her former lover. Helena treated this outburst with silent contempt.

Meanwhile, the governor was startled by the entrance of his brother, who burst in upon him, crying out: "You must save Willet! He didn't kill Strong! I did!"

The cheeks of the governor slowly turned to an ashen gray. His erect form seemed to shrink in upon itself.

Little Jim! His little Jim a murderer? It was unthinkable; and yet, as he looked at his brother, he could see that it was true. At last William Lawrence broke the silence.

"I refused to save Willet. Therefore I cannot spare you. I must turn you over to the officers."

At this, Jim's legs doubled under him, and he would have sunk to the floor if his brother had not supported him into the next room. The governor returned, turning the key in the lock. Then he rang the bell, and ordered the old body servant to go for the officers. Old Chickory, though he had suffered many times from Jim's cruelty, could not bear the thought of "Little Marster" going to jail, and he told the whole truth to Helena.

Finding the governor adamant in his decision to give his brother up to justice, Helena secured a key to the room in which Jim was confined and released him. Chickory met them outside with two saddle horses, and before any one suspected Jim's escape, they were galloping away. At the crossroads, Helena drew rein.

"Our ways part here," she said.

"No, no!" cried Jim. "Come away with me to Argentina!"

For the moment Helena was swayed by the old fascination, but only for a moment.

"You must go alone," she said firmly, "and go quickly, or you will be overtaken." Jim set spurs to his horse and disappeared down the road.

It was dawn when she faced her husband in his library.

"I helped Jim," she said quietly. "I could not let you send him to his death."

"No," said the governor, "I suppose you were right, after all."

Governor Lawrence's resignation, coming, as it did, upon the heels of Willet's release from prison, was the sensation of the State. The governor, it seemed, had publicly admitted the responsibility for Jim's escape to be his own, and he was to be indicted as an accessory after the fact. In this instance Dame Rumor proved a true prophet. He was indicted.

William Lawrence and his wife daily drifted farther apart. He remembered that his wife had once loved Jim, and he was convinced that she still loved him. She, upon her part, was just beginning to realize what her father had meant when he had said that there was sometimes a great difference between brothers.

She heard from Jim only once, when he wrote her from Argentina saying that he was in need of money, and alone. As she was reading the letter, Evelyn entered her room, and Helena showed it to her. Evelyn—still bitter over the loss of her lover—turned upon Helena, saying: "It is your fault! You led both of them on. He shot Strong because of you!"

Helena knew that this was not true, but the unkind words cut her to the heart, and she began to feel that no one gave her credit for possessing human sensibilities. Her husband was kind, but he was silent.

As the governor's trial progressed, she formed her great resolution. She knew that he was shielding her, and that a word from her would set him free. She threw her pride to the winds, and went upon the stand, where she told the whole truth concerning Jim's escape. The governor was acquitted, but he was still strangely quiet in her company.

One day she stood beside the lake, looking down into its cool depths and wondering what it must feel like to let oneself down, down into the soft water, and forget everything, when, as if in answer to her question, her husband came quietly to her side and handed her a telegram.

Jim was dead! Drowned in Argentina.

She read it, dry-eyed. She handed it back to her husband.

"I am sorry—for your sake," she said.

"Not"—his trembling hand closed over hers—"not for your own?"

"Oh, William, does a man never learn to read a woman's heart? I learned long ago that I could never love Jim—never could have loved him; that there was only one man in the world whom I could love."

"And he is?"

"My husband!" she whispered, her head against his shoulder.

Tributes to a Screen Star

ONE of the most unusual things that has developed in the wonderful advance of the moving-picture play is the variety of ways the screen audiences express admiration for their favorites.

One only needs to enter Miss Anita Stewart's dainty Brooklyn home, where she resides with her mother, to be immediately aware of the affection felt for her by her hosts of friends—admirers whom she has never seen—but friends, nevertheless, who express their loyalty and friendship by letters and gifts innumerable.

Asked how many letters she receives, Miss Stewart replied with the pleasant, natural smile that has endeared her to thousands: "Why, lots and lots of times I receive over six hundred letters in a week, and every one is dear to me. Do you know that one feels that each is from a friend, for it really is a wonderful thing to receive so many expressions of praise from unseen and unknown admirers.

"There are so many ways by which I am reminded almost every day that the friends with whom I come in contact are by no means the only friends I have, for often we actresses of the screen receive gifts from those who call us friends; friends gained through the intimacy of the camera's eye; and do you know that it is surprising the variety that these gifts take. Only the other day some one sent me a clock for my automobile; another, learning that I was fond of music, sent me a copy of every "rag" number under the sun. As a matter of fact, tokens of appreciation run from a post card with the words, 'I saw you last night at the opera house,' to offers of sharing the name and fortune of a man I have never seen."

One good thing about moving-picture actors is that you never see them posed around the lobbies in front of the theaters—but you see them posterized.

When "Queenie" Played

IN Thomas Santschi's new animal story, "From Out the Jaguar Claws," four natives were supposed to push a native cart and a leopard in a cage into a scene. Four colored natives were assigned to the task.

They were given their position on the cart, and the scene was started—so with the cart—but its progress was checked when "Queenie," the star leopard, reached a paw through the cage and struck at the exposed chest of one of her "propellers." A loud yell followed. Of course, Queenie was only playing and no damage was done, only to the colored gentleman's equilibrium. The other three men made many amusing comments upon the affair. One as follows:

"That spotted lady shore reached out. Another responded, "Yas, and dat's she will do to me—just reach out. I gone. Ef you pulled all her teeth and amputated all her toenails an' handcuffed two feet over her back, I would go near her if she was in a safety deposit bank with a time lock and I had the key!"

Chaplin a Godsend.

OVER in Scotland, they are crazy about Charlie Chaplin, too. The director of Edinburgh, commenting upon this, recently said:

"There are some people who are outraged at the idea of this country going insane—that is the word they use—over a motion-picture funny man when we are in the midst of a terrible war. There are some who think it is an indication of mental degeneracy far worse than the fiddling of Nero when Rome was burning. Rubbish! Chaplin has saved more people from physical and mental wreck than a million tonic. Personally, I think he's a godsend. It takes the minds of thousands off the war when thoughts of the war are wearing them to pieces.

"Mark my words, the best antidote for war worries is a dose of Chaplinitis."

Are There Any Moore?

MARY MOORE, the sister of Owen Tom, and Matt Moore, has joined the Lubin forces. She will appear in "The Great Divide," which is soon to be released by that company.

Via Wireless

(PATHE)

By Edwin Balmer

(A Serial Story—Part Four)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

George Durant, the great gunmaker, known as "The American Krupp," is touring the Philippines in his yacht *Irvessa*, partly for pleasure and partly to advise in the matter of island defense. With him are his daughter Frances and his right-hand man, Etherington Pinckney, who is teaching Frances to use the yacht's "wireless." One morning Pinckney forbids Frances to use the apparatus. He also warns her against Lieutenant Sommers, who is trying to send the yacht a wireless message, telling her that Sommers is a scoundrel. As a joke, Frances talks with Sommers by wireless, but won't tell him where the *Irvessa* is. Pinckney lands at Bagol, and is attacked by natives. Frances refuses to go below when the yacht is fired on. She uses the wire to summon rescue. Pinckney meets a gun designer named Marsh, who claims to be the inventor of a Rheinstrum gun which Durant has contracted to buy. Pinckney promises to help him. When the yacht lands at a government post, Frances meets Sommers, and is much attracted by him. Sommers has invented a gun whose plans Pinckney studies and declares to Durant are worthless. The steel king asks Pinckney what is the particular weakness in Sommers' gun.

CHAPTER V—(Continued).

A PATRIOTIC PLOT.

WHY, as I told you at Manila, sir, and as Marsh has agreed with me since we started the work upon it here, sir, the basic principle upon which the gun is constructed is hopelessly unsound. I have been glad to agree with you, sir, that in certain showy features this gun of Sommers' appears to be far in advance of any other gun—even of our Rheinstrum, Mr. Durant. But Marsh and I have both agreed that it must fail fatally in the forging. And it must—if either of us knows anything at all about the practical side of gunmaking."

"I haven't come to argue that, Etherington," said the old man kindly. "I know that you already know more about guns than any man I have ever met. The value of Marsh's opinion, too, is beyond question. After what you have both said, if I were not bound to make this gun from my personal obligation to Lieutenant Sommers, I should certainly stop the work where it is. But, as I

have determined to give his gun a trial, and as he himself is to be here soon, I wish to give him the privilege of personally superintending the most important part of the forging. You see, I have

"Then I want his gun ready for that final forging and the bath on Thursday night, when he himself can be here. I shall wire him that it will be ready for him."



"Marsh," Pinckney told the inventor, "I want you to help me 'kill' Sommers' gun—and thereby get the royalties on your own."

just received this telegram from him." He handed over the message. "You consider, don't you, that the forging is the finishing furnace, and the conditions under which it enters the bath afterward, are the vital points?"

"Yes, sir," answered Pinckney absently, as he read the telegram. "I do."

The old man hurried back to his office, and left the young manager alone.

Pinckney picked up the telegram which Mr. Durant had left behind, and read it again carefully. Reaching over and touching one of a row of buttons beside his desk, he rang the bell in the chief designer's room. He sat in silence until Marsh opened the door.

"You sent for me, Mr. Pinckney?"

"Ah, Marsh—come in! No—wait! Is there any one in that outer office?"

"No, sir."

"Then fasten the door and come in."

"Yes, sir; but what—what is the matter?" asked the nervous little man apprehensively.

"Nothing, Marsh. Nothing, that is, which we can't control in time. Mr. Durant has just been in here worrying me again about the Sommers gun. As we get near to finishing it, he's worrying himself about it more and more every day; and he's worrying me more, too."

"That's funny," said Marsh. "For it's making me worry a good deal more every day; but for a rather different reason from any which ought to cause Mr. Durant to bother himself."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, sir, that the more I've had to do with this Sommers gun, the more it worries me for fear it'll drive mine—that is, the Rheinstrum—off to the scrap heap. And I'm not only a theory man like Mr. Sommers, but as practical a man as you, Mr. Pinckney."

"Look here, Marsh," exclaimed Pinckney impatiently, "do you know, my man, that the reason we're not working on the Rheinstrum guns now, and paying you your royalties of one hundred dollars a caliber inch on every gun, is that we're waiting to see whether this Sommers gun will stand the test? And if it does, do you know that it will be substituted for yours in the government order?"

"No, sir! Then that's the end of my royalties—before they ever begin. Just my luck!"

"Oh, not yet! Wait a bit, Marsh! I didn't send for you just to tell you that, man! I sent for you because, with nothing to gain from it myself, I am going to take a rather heavy responsibility upon myself; and I want you to help me—you who will have everything to gain from it."

"A heavy responsibility—what is that, Mr. Pinckney?" asked the little man curiously.

"The responsibility of protecting the lives of every gunner in our navy and our forts from—their own guns. No less than that, Marsh! Incidentally, saving you the fortune which properly should come to you from your royalties!"

"Why, I don't understand!"

"You don't? You haven't flattered yourself that I've been doing all the fighting I've done against the Sommers gun merely to save you your precious royalties, have you, Marsh?"

"Not entirely, sir."

"I guess not! I've been fighting against the personal hold this navy lieutenant has fastened upon Mr. Durant, for something a good deal higher than that! I am not here merely to make money from guns for Mr. Durant, and to save a draftsman his royalties; but I'm here, with my expert knowledge, to turn out the best guns to defend America and protect the lives of our sailors and soldiers. Professionally and personally I would feel myself responsible if we supplied the government with guns which would explode and kill our men. I could not excuse myself for knowingly letting a lot of rotten guns go into our turrets, to kill our own men who fired them in the first action merely because the government ordered those guns. Could you, in my place, Marsh?"

"No, sir; of course not," agreed the little man, still puzzled.

"Now, I just told you, Marsh, that Mr. Durant was in here a moment ago to talk over the Sommers gun with me again. I've told him a thousand times that I know that gun is designed upon a totally wrong principle, and you'd admit that you know that, too, Marsh, if your fears weren't always running away with you."

The little man made no comment. "Perhaps so, sir," he agreed, at last.

"Surely so, Marsh. For Mr. Durant himself has just said he'd stop work on the gun right now if he wasn't bound to finish it and give it a trial on account of his personal obligation to Sommers. But, as it is, he's going to go ahead and try to get this gun past the test and accepted—though he knows it rotten!" Pinckney pushed Sommers' telegram toward Marsh. "And you can see from this that Sommers himself practically confesses that the margin of safety is so small in his gun that he's afraid of letting it be made under the usual conditions."

"Now, I can't be sure, if this special test gun is made under a thousand special conditions, that it would not stand the first test. But I am sure that a thousand Sommers guns, made under ordinary conditions, are sure, sooner or later, to explode. They may have

enough in them to stand the accepting test, but they will never stand the strain of service use. They'll be installed in our ships and shore defenses instead of the reliable Rheinstrum, and the first time our men really have to fire them to defend our country, they'll be slaughtering their own gun crews right and left, killing our own men, and losing us the war, perhaps."

"You believe that, Mr. Pinckney?" asked the little man, alarmed at the picture which the other held before him.

"I know it, Marsh—if you and I show no more sense of our responsibility than to let this rotten Sommers gun be accepted."

"But how can we prevent it, sir, if it stands the test?"

"Very easily! By making sure that it will not stand the test, Marsh!"

"You mean—spoiling it in the furnace?" The little man paled.

"I, with nothing to save but my conscience and my country, am ready to do it; you have even more, Marsh. Will you do it?"

"How?" asked the little man at last, trembling.

"You have charge of the timing of the guns in the furnaces and the bath. How long is the Sommers gun ordered in the final furnace?"

"Seven hours, I think, sir."

"Exactly. Now, Mr. Durant has just ordered me to have it in the furnace so that Sommers can see it ready for the final bath on Thursday evening. His train is due here at four-thirty. Now, suppose you have Mr. Durant himself see the gun into the furnace at three-thirty, when he'll probably be leaving for the station. The gun would then come out at ten-thirty."

"Yes, sir. It should have those seven hours at an even, high temperature."

"But at once you lower the temperature and do not raise it again till they all come to see it out at ten-thirty. You can fix the temperature records somehow. The gun will come out of the furnace green, and will never pass the test. And you've saved yourself your fortune, and helped me clear from my conscience the murder of—we shall never know how many thousands of our sailors and soldiers."

"But—but, Mr. Pinckney." The little man was anxious. "Mr. Sommers can see that the gun is green when we take it from the furnace!"

"Oh, I'll provide for that, Marsh. You understand, then?"

"Ye-es, sir," faltered the little man. "For your fortune then, Marsh; for your country, and the honor of us both!" Pinckney put out his hand.

The little man grasped it, and let the other's strength steady him to his promise, even as this telegram was upon the wires to catch Dick at Cheyenne:

"Everything ready final forging Thursday night, when must arrive. Do not disappoint us.

"GEORGE DURANT."

And a moment later Mr. Durant was telephoning Frances, at home, the time of Dick's arrival.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TEMPERING OF THE GUN.

"'Surrechun in F'lippines! Bloody battle in Bagol! Extra! War broke out! Big battle in Bagol!"

Thursday had come at last.

Frances Durant dropped her book for the fiftieth time, and picked it up again, smiling to herself. For now, not merely Thursday, but Thursday afternoon had come! Very soon, indeed, it would be four o'clock; and the motor car, which had been sent to call for her father at the works, would return to take her with him to the station.

Since her father had telephoned her four days before that Dick was on his way and already had reached Ogden, she had followed his journey across the continent. This evening he would be passing through Wyoming, and at Cheyenne the Pullman conductor would be searching through the train to give him her father's telegram. Then he had reached Nebraska, and the Union Pacific was switching his car for Chicago. Now he would be rushing across the city to make his Eastern connection for Durant.

She had been searching fearfully through all the Pittsburgh and Washington newspapers every morning and afternoon since she knew that he had landed. At any moment, she knew, a Manila cable might tell of fresh trouble which would take him back. But after the first rather mild outbreak on the day after he landed, things appeared to have quieted down again. For three whole days nothing more had happened.

Even as she went to the window to watch for the motor car which would

take her to meet him, the sudden cry struck mercilessly upon her ear—the cry of the newsboy calling his pitiless extras through the quiet residence district of the little Pennsylvania town.

"'Surrechun in F'lippines! Big battle in Bagol!"

"Yes, a big battle in Bagol!" She read the relentless headlines as the butler brought her the paper. She read tremblingly through the list of the men who had fallen. "He is not there, of course; but—now he must go back! Why doesn't father ever come?"

"Coming now, Miss Frances!" her maid, who had overheard, ventured to reply.

The girl rushed down to meet the old man as he left the car. "Oh, father!"

"Frances, my dear. Then you have heard the news from Bagol?"

"Father! You don't mean that he isn't coming at all?"

"Oh, no, my dear. I have just received a telegram from him, telling me that he was coming, but I'm afraid he will be at least four hours late. There is trouble on the main line west of Pittsburgh, and probably he can't reach here before half past eight."

"And then he must go right back to Bagol?"

"I am afraid so, my dear. Telegrams from Washington have been coming in for him all afternoon."

"I don't care!" exclaimed the girl defiantly. "If he comes now, they can't take him away, no matter what they say, before midnight. There's no train west till then."

"Yes, my dear. And, in spite of being four hours late, he will still be here in time to see his gun from the finishing furnace and into the bath before he must leave."

"Oh, yes—the gun! How has it gone so far, father?"

"Very well. I myself stayed to see it put into the furnace at the proper temperature. It stays there now for seven hours—till half past ten. Till then nothing is required to be done but to keep the heat even. Marsh will stay all the time and watch that. Etherington, too, has promised to stay; and they have sent for Smith, our crack foreman, to take charge of the gang in the last change. Everything is going excellently. So I shall rest till train time."

"Yes. Thank you, father." She composed herself. But four hours later she

gave her father scarcely time to finish his dinner before she was hurrying him to the motor.

When they arrived at the station they found that the train had lost a little more time, so Frances, leaving her father in the car, paced the platform beside it restlessly. The later evening papers published still more serious reports from the Philippines.

One of the office boys from the works came up with a last telegram for Lieutenant Sommers, which Etherington Pinckney had forwarded.

Frances took the yellow envelope from the boy. Presently she felt a touch upon her arm. She turned to discover, bareheaded and in a rough cotton dress, Lucy Smith, the daughter of the foreman whom Mr. Durant had mentioned as in charge of the Sommers gun.

"Why, Lucy Smith!" cried Frances, a little alarmed by the other's manner. "What are you doing here at this time—and alone?"

"Oh, Miss Durant, I went to your house first!" the girl explained breathlessly. "But they told me you and Mr. Durant had just gone here. I ran all the way after you!"

"But why, Lucy? What is the matter? Is any one ill—or hurt?"

"Oh, no, Miss Frances! But father—Mr. Pinckney sent for him this afternoon!" The girl checked herself and continued, more calmly: "He's been put over the gang for the Sommers gun. That means he had to work to-night, too; so I went to take him his dinner a little after seven o'clock."

"Yes, Lucy."

"I found him mad drunk, and still drinking, Miss Frances! And—and I wouldn't have run after you to tell you, but—but he hadn't had a drop when he left home. They must have given it to him at the works!"

"Given him drink at the works, Lucy? What can you mean?" asked Frances, puzzled. She started toward the car, twenty feet away, where her father was sitting; but changed her mind and came back to the girl.

"Why didn't you tell Mr. Pinckney of this, Lucy, instead of coming to tell father or me? Wasn't he there?"

"Oh, yes! Mr. Pinckney was there, Miss Frances; but—but—"

"But what, Lucy?"

"But Jim—I mean O'Leary, Miss Frances—"

"Who is he?"

"He's my man, Miss Frances, my promised man; and he's in father's gang. He's the one told me to run and take this straight to Mr. Durant or—or you, Miss Frances, because he says there's some crooked work going on over that gun."

"Then why didn't he tell Mr. Pinckney?"

"Because he said Mr. Pinckney wouldn't stop it, Miss Frances!"

"What made him think that? Quick, Lucy, tell me!"

"Because he said Mr. Pinckney was the one give father the drink—whisky, it was—when he came to take charge of the gang."

"Yes?"

"And as soon as Mr. Durant had seen the gun into the furnace and gone away, Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Marsh and father sent off Jim and every other furnace man who knows a thing. And Jim says they're going to spoil the Sommers gun somehow; so you'd better get your father, or Lieutenant Sommers, if he's here, or some one else to come at once, and——"

"I will, Lucy—I will! And thank you very much! But here—here is Lieutenant Sommers' train now! Father!"

She ran excitedly to the motor car as the foreman's daughter went off. "Here is the train! Remember, he cannot leave till twelve o'clock to-night, anyway; so please don't give him those telegrams first. And don't take him to the house first, either! Take him—take us at once to the works! Please don't ask why? Only please take us straight to the works!"

"Why, Miss Durant!" Dick's voice greeted her.

"Mr. Sommers!" She clutched his extended hand and pulled him toward the car. He seemed to wish to say something to her first before greeting her father, but she jumped quickly into the tonneau.

"Father, here is Lieutenant Sommers! Come in quickly, please!" she continued, as the young officer hesitated for a word with her father. He complied. "Now, John, to the works, as fast as you can drive!"

She was aware, as she sank back in her seat, that her father, though betraying no surprise, must think her suddenly gone crazy. She did not dare to think what theory Dick might be forming to account for her manner.

She heard him inquire anxiously for telegrams. But Mr. Durant put him off by telling him that he would get them at the house. Then Dick turned to speak with Frances. She answered him absently, but fairly composedly, she thought; though her father came to her rescue more than once. Finally he relieved her entirely by starting an account of the work done upon the gun, which continued until the car slowed before the entrance to the great works.

Etherington's voice welcomed them. "Well, in time, after all, Lieutenant Sommers! Mr. Durant ordered your gun into the finishing furnace, and saw it in himself before he left, at half past three. He promised us that you would be here in time to see it out, but when we heard of the trouble with your train we were afraid you couldn't make it. But there is still time to spare. The gun stays in the furnace for nearly an hour yet."

"Then we came to be sure that it stays there, anyway, Etherington!" exclaimed Frances.

"What do you mean?"

They were preceding Dick and Mr. Durant into the works.

"I don't know what I mean or what to think!" Frances confessed. "Only I've just been warned to bring father and Mr. Sommers here as soon as I could."

"Why?"

"Because some one in the office has been making Smith drunk, to spoil Mr. Sommers' gun!"

"What!"

The girl repeated her statement as they entered the passage leading to the furnace room.

"Who told you that?" demanded Etherington.

Frances hesitated. "Lucy Smith," she replied, at last.

"Lucy Smith! Did you let her tell your father that crazy lie, too?"

"No. She told me that you were the one who made her father drunk, and it was no use to tell you anything."

"Where did Lucy get that?"

"O'Leary told her."

"Oh, I see, now. O'Leary—he's in her father's gang, and after Smith's job at any cost! I'm not surprised that Lucy's fool enough to believe him—even against her father! But you, Frances——"

"It isn't against my father!"

"No; but at least it's against me!"

"I have told you I couldn't believe it."

"Yes, but you brought them on her at once, nevertheless!"

"I thought something might be wrong without blaming you. Would you rather they hadn't come?"

Pinckney did not reply, but turned and waited for the others.

"This is the furnace room, where your gun is cooking now, lieutenant," he explained, nodding to the great door before them. "If you're not afraid of spoiling your clothes and don't mind a little heat, come right in."

"I think I'll be all right if I just put this over my dress." Frances surveyed herself, smiling, as she put on a rough cloth cape which she had found.

"You're not going in, Frances?"

"Why not? I'm sure I've been in to see guns forged a hundred times before."

"But on this hot night!" Pinckney pushed the door open a little and let some of the hot air from within play on their faces. "You'll not let Frances in to-night, sir?" he appealed to Mr. Durant.

"Oh, she can go, if you or Mr. Sommers will look after her," replied the old man, as his daughter appealed to him. "I had intended to see this through myself," he continued regretfully, "but as this day has rather done me up, I think, after all, I'll wait for you in the office."

Pinckney gave in gracefully, and, pushing the door wide open, led the two within.

"Your gun is cooking there, in number two, lieutenant," he said, indicating the closed door of the huge furnace.

"Oh, Etherington!" Frances cried to Pinckney as she followed them. "Smith is drunk!"

But her cry was lost even to herself in the roar and fury of the furnace room.

Around them roared a dozen great, glowing furnaces—monster ovens which seemed to be almost alive. Amid the gigantic traveling cranes which bore great cylinders and ingots of white-hot forged steel—tons of searing metal which swung and slid recklessly overhead—threescore men moved in gangs, disciplined, collected, cool. They pushed at cars and carriages bearing loads of sparkling steel; they pulled at cranes and props, gesticulating to each other as they shifted the huge, seething

asses. Before the furnaces, other men, goggles, protecting their faces with fields of blue glass, opened the doors, peered in, and closed them quietly again. In front of furnace number two, which Pinckney had designated as that which contained the Sommers gun, the gang foreman, Smith, staggered about, shouting crazily and giving vociferous orders.

Continually he snatched the shield of blue glass from the man on watch, slung over the furnace door, and slammed it shut again after a short, leering scrutiny. Catching at the chain of a traveling crane behind him, he called to his gang to attach it to a slab of steel from furnace number one, and shrieked the order to carry it off. Then he turned, and drew the three who had entered, and staggered toward them.

Frances was about to repeat her exclamation to Pinckney; but Dick now anticipated her.

"That is the foreman you sent for to put in charge of the gun, Mr. Pinckney?" he asked quietly.

"Obviously, lieutenant!"

"He appears to be rather dangerously drunk."

"Drunk or sober, Mr. Sommers, he's the best foreman in America. He was a little sick when I sent for him this afternoon—I wished particularly to give you the best possible man on this job. So I gave him something to steady him up a little. You see, Frances?"

The girl looked to Dick to make a reply for her.

"I should scarcely describe the effect as steadying, sir," was all the officer said.

"I can't help that."

"But you need not leave him in charge."

"I have stayed here myself and have kept Marsh here, also, Mr. Sommers, to make sure that everything was going right. Marsh!" he called. "Marsh, Lieutenant Sommers seems to be unsatisfied with things here," he continued, when the little man had come up. "You have been following the furnace temperatures? Good! Show them to Mr. Sommers."

"They are satisfactory, lieutenant?" he asked finally, as Dick glanced over the sheet which Marsh handed him.

"Quite!" The officer closed his lips and turned away.

"You are quite satisfied, too, Frances?" Etherington asked. The girl did

not have time to reply before Smith had come up.

Pinckney turned to him quickly. "Smith, this gentleman is Lieutenant Sommers, from the Philippines, designer of the gun you have there, in number two."

"Well, what does he want here?" growled the foreman.

"He's come to see his gun, from the finishing furnace into the bath, Smith."

"Why? Think I don't know my business? Think he has to come from Philippines—tell me how to do my work? Who's that with him? The foreman's confused eyes rested upon Frances' figure, disguised under the coarse cape.

"Marsh, you'll look after Miss Durant and Lieutenant Sommers for a moment?" said Etherington. "And you both will excuse me, I know, while I take this man away."

"See here, now, Smith!" He faced his drunken foreman after pushing him away from the others. "You remember what I told you this afternoon, and—you have the money, haven't you?"

"Course I remember, Mr. Pink-ink-ney."

"Then you remember that that man there—that officer from the Philippines who's come to tell us how to do our work—is not to see that gun when it comes out of the furnace. He's not to see it at any cost—you understand?"

"Sure, I understand! At any cost—not!"

"He won't, then?"

"He won't, if I have to sling him into the furnace!"

"Get your gang for taking out the gun, then, Smith; it'll soon be time."

"Take signal whistle, will you, Mr. Pink-eny?" Smith tore the cord from his thick neck with a jerk.

"What for?"

"I want you—give signal—put gun in bath."

"Why?"

"I'll be busy then, maybe, seeing that—that tin soldier won't see. See?"

"I see, Smith." Pinckney took the whistle. "I'll give the signal, then. Get after your men now. Marsh!" He turned and called the little man away from the others.

"What is it, sir?" Marsh came up, shaking a little.

"Follow Smith and see that everything is ready, and hurry the hoist when you hear this whistle. But—what's the matter with you?"

"Mr. Pinckney, I'm afraid he suspects us!"

"What difference does that make? Get that gun into the bath with him here, but not seeing it, and no matter what story he tells afterward we can beat him. No one will listen to his excuses when his gun fails."

"Mr. Pinckney—Marsh!" Dick ran up to them. "Will one of you stay with Miss Durant a few moments, please? The gang appear to be getting ready to take out the gun. I want to put on some of those old clothes outside and be with them to see to the tempering when she comes out."

"You'll see all there is to see from here, lieutenant," Pinckney replied. "You'll only find yourself in the way down there. I wouldn't make any objections, of course," he explained, "but you've seen yourself the state Smith is in."

"That's why I asked to be there myself, Mr. Pinckney. "Look after Miss Durant, please!" He hurried away.

"Give the signal now, Mr. Pinckney!" Marsh was agitated. "I tell you a baby could see that the gun's green when she comes out! Give it while he's away."

"No; we must do it while he's here. But he won't see it—don't worry! Smith's promised me that."

"Smith!" ejaculated the little man distrustfully. "He's in fine shape to give promises. Look! What's he doing now to Miss Durant?"

"Smith, come here!" cried Pinckney, in quick alarm, as he noticed the big, blustering foreman lurching threateningly toward Frances. "What are you up to?"

"Aren't you on, Pink-ink-ney?" The drunken man stumbled back against the tall superintendent. "That navy guy'll be back here in a minute," he whispered, in drunken confidence. "The men are all ready and waiting for your whistle. You blow it when he comes, and I'll see that—don't see nothin' o' that gun!"

"But, Smith, you must——"

"Say, save your breath for that whistle when you see him. Here he comes! Blow!" He bellowed delightedly as, with the shrill blast of the first signal whistle, there came the quick rush of the gun gang. The great, blazing mouth of Furnace Two swung open. The foreman stumbled forward, trying to follow his gang as the gun was being attached to the hoists.

Dick had come back, smiling at his appearance in the rough overalls and flannel shirt which he had slung on over his own clothes. Before he had time for more than a word with Frances, whom he found alone, she sent him after the gang about the furnace. As he hurried down, he passed the stumbling Smith, who lurched into him heavily and crushed him against a steel column. He tried to push the big man off.

"Make a move toward that gun, you tin soldier!" The muscular arms of the foreman closed about him. "Into the furnace you go for it!"

The slight, lithe lieutenant, without wasting breath on a word, wrestled vainly for a moment against the other's great strength. Suddenly he succeeded in tripping Smith and sprawled him, bellowing, on the floor.

"Now! The gun out, quick, and into the bath!" Dick had sprung free and joined the gang. But a shriek—a girl's sudden, frightened cry—shrilled into his ears above the roar of the furnaces and the rattle of the cranes.

"Help! Ethering—oh, Mr. Sommers! Mr. Sommers!" The cry caused Dick to turn about, and brought him back with a rush.

When the drunken foreman attacked Dick, Frances had been near them. She had stood near Smith after Dick had tripped him and gone on; and now the foreman had picked himself up from the floor, had clutched her, and was crushing her to him.

The workmen seemed neither to have seen nor to have heard. Pinckney and Marsh were making for her, but Dick reached her before them, and they were in time only to take Frances away as Sommers freed her by beating blows with all his force into the foreman's face.

Smith, stunned and staggered, turned upon his assailant like a blinded bull. Gripping Dick's slender frame, heedless now of the blows bruising him, he picked the young officer up and began bearing him grimly toward the open door of the furnace, from which the gun had already been drawn.

None of the men about the furnace, save one—O'Leary—seemed to see or to realize. He sprang from his work and rushed toward the two, reaching them but a few feet short of the furnace's mouth just as Dick broke the hold of the muscular arms. Smith stopped like

a flash and picked up a heavy hammer from the floor.

Just as he swung it, Dick had to close again, and O'Leary, coming to his aid, staggered back, stunned and bleeding from a glancing blow of the hammer.

The great Sommers gun, white hot and iridescent even in the furious flare from the furnaces, hung from the crane almost directly over Dick's head. But, as Smith struck at him again and again, he had not a second in which to glance upward.

Pinckney and others had now rushed down to separate them, but they spun and fought on the floor. Dick, fighting one fist free, struck the square jaw of the foreman again and again, and, at last, as two workmen caught Smith's feet, he jumped up, free.

He looked first to Frances, to see that she was standing at a distance with Marsh, safe and uninjured; then he glanced up at his gun.

But Pinckney, not daring to wait longer, had sounded the second signal. With the hissing of twenty tons of white-hot steel suddenly tempered, the great cylinder had plunged out of sight.

A man, marking the time, shouted in Dick's ear:

"Sommers gun in bath!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE BAGOL COAST AGAIN.

"Then you must go back to Bagol?"

"Yes, at once—on the midnight train."

"That is, in less than an hour?"

"Yes."

Frances and Dick were alone together at last, in the drawing-room of the Durant home. They had hurried thither directly from the works. Mr. Durant, who had come home with them, had now deserted the two young people as they came down together to the drawing-room. But, though both were smiling and trying to be light-hearted and cheerful, a strange quiet—almost a shadow of some threatening circumstance—seemed to be over them.

The telegrams which had brought Dick full, official information of the trouble in his department of the Philippines, and which ordered him back to his post immediately, lay opened upon the table. They were crisp, curt, impersonal. Dick was not thinking of them.

"Can't you tell me what's the trouble,

Mr. Sommers?" Frances asked him sweetly.

Dick brushed back his short, thick hair with one hand, and smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry," he said. "Ten years now, and some fighting, more or less, all the time. But still, I'm not used to it."

"Oh, I'm sorry I said anything! But the only men hurt—or killed—were in the army, I thought. I didn't know you knew them."

"I didn't—very well; I knew only two of them. Jenkins—Jimmie Jenkins of C Company; and Atwood, lieutenant in H Company. Besides, I'm afraid it isn't so much that I know them, Miss Durant," he confessed quietly, "as—as——"

"Yes?"

"Well, as it is that it's my fault that they—that any one had to get hurt, or killed, over there in Bagol now!" he said frankly. "For, you see, they put me down there at Bagol two years ago just precisely to guard against this; and I haven't done it."

"But, Mr. Sommers!" expostulated Frances. "Surely you can't blame yourself for this! You told me at Manila that you knew it was coming; every one over there knew it was coming. No one expected you to be able to prevent this!"

"Perhaps not entirely to prevent it, Miss Durant; but Jenkins, Atwood—all those men killed over there were ambushed. They were new to Bagol and the ways over there. I was put there and kept there for two years, to find out and follow up things, and to warn the men against just such surprises; and then, when they needed me—I'm running off to please myself!"

"That's not fair to yourself!" cried Frances, impatient with him. "You weren't running off just to please yourself, at all. You had come to see to the finishing of a great new gun for the government—which wouldn't bring you a cent!"

Dick laughed. "Oh, had I?" He had become suddenly a boy for an instant, to tease her. "Oh, yes; I remember that was the excuse with the department; but I didn't try to tell you, at least, that it was so!"

Frances colored prettily. "Then, even if you were coming to see me," she returned defiantly, "if that's what you mean, I don't see why you shouldn't, if you wanted to. You've

een taking care of those silly little islands for ten years now. Surely you aren't going to hold yourself responsible for them forever?"

"Why not?"

"Because you told me in Manila that you were going to outgrow them now, and—get away!"

"Oh, yes; I remember I told you that at Manila. But now and here"—he had suddenly become serious again—"Miss Durant, I'm not so sure that I hadn't better keep on there, after all."

"Now and here?" Lieutenant Sommers."

"Yes; now and here a great many things come a great deal differently to me, don't they?"

"I can't see what you mean! What, for instance?"

"Well, now it looks as if I might have been doing a good deal more down about Bagol than I was, and—I might still stay down there quite a while without finding myself too hopelessly big for the place, mightn't I?"

Frances made no reply.

"And here"—he glanced eloquently about the great, handsome room, and through the portières to the rich rooms beyond—"it certainly begins to seem more than a little presumptuous and assuming for me to leave Bagol for—the purpose I boasted at Manila! Doesn't it?"

"The natives in Bagol suddenly got arms from somewhere, the papers say," Frances returned.

"That caused the uprising. They must have been smuggled in after you left. So your successor was to blame for that, not you."

"No. I should have prevented the first communications which got them the arms. And I thought I did."

"I thought, except for Mr. Pinckney's party, that no one landed without my knowing it. However, coming here has made me see that I still belong about Bagol; it has brought to me a good deal clearer, too, how absurd it was for me to think I could so quickly qualify myself for more than a very faint friendship with any one who was—this!" He looked away.

The girl laughed. Dick looked back quickly.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Sommers! But, you see," Frances explained, "living so near Pittsburgh, it had to surprise me to think of any man considering the possible need of qualifying himself for

—anything. And, of course, it made it only funnier when you—the first one who ever thought of such a thing here—have already done so much more than any of them!"

"I, Miss Durant?"

"Haven't you?" she challenged him directly. "Why, leaving out everything you've done in the service, which you persist in considering of no account, your gun alone—if it succeeds—is more than any of the rest have. Or are you afraid that the gun won't succeed?" she added quickly.

"Oh, not that, Miss Durant. Of course, I must still have the inventor's sublime confidence that the gun is good. Your father himself saw it at thirty, and I myself know that it came out on time, at least; and the temperature records showed all right for the whole time. In fact, I am beginning to be afraid now—after the excitement is all over—that I have been doing Mr. Pinckney an injustice. But, even if the gun were tested, accepted, and sure of success, I told you at Manila it can give me nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing to give me any right compared—well, with Mr. Pinckney, let us say. He is the only one I know; so I cannot include the others."

"He is the one who certainly considers himself to have the best right here," Frances returned. "And I thought you could see"—her eyes lighted recklessly as his met them—"that I was thinking, perhaps, particularly of him."

"When he has already made, under your father, a dozen successes, and has his future and fortune assured—when he turns everything he touches into money; whereas I—"

The girl's laugh checked him again.

"Oh, I appreciate that he is a most promising Midas!" Frances rejoined. "But, Midas, if I remember, became terribly monotonous, to say the least, not only to his friends, but—finally—to himself, even. And, living so near Pittsburgh, as I mentioned a moment ago, even I have found out already that when a man makes everything he touches into money, before long he'll touch anything—to make money out of it. Oh, I want to be fair, too; but that's Etherington and most of my other friends about here, also; whereas you—you gave your spare time for years to your gun, knowing, before you

began, that you'd never make a cent from it."

"I had no choice, as I told you!" Dick seemed almost to rebuke her. "So please don't transmute my necessity into any virtue."

"I won't, if you yourself won't belittle your achievement."

"My achievement?"

"Yes; your gun—which is just as great and valuable to the government and to the country, and even more creditable to you than if it had brought you a fortune, as it would to Mr. Pinckney or to any one else. Yet you think, because I am rich from the profits on such guns, that I can't value a man or a gun except as they make money! But, believe me, Lieutenant Sommers, I had often thought, even before I met you, that I should like to consider my money as giving me the privilege to choose my friends for what they do; instead of letting it force me to select them because of how much money they can make. But what—what have I said?" She caught herself up suddenly.

In the quick flush of her confusion she lowered her head; but Dick had lifted his.

"You know that I must go back to Bagol to-night—almost at once now, Miss Durant," he said. "I cannot say—no one can say—how long I must stay there. For I cannot desert again; I must finish my work there, this time, before I can leave. But, believe me, I shall finish it very soon! And, when I have, may I come back to see you—then?"

"If you can finish it very soon, Mr. Sommers"—Frances raised her eyes and met his frankly—"perhaps you won't have to come all the way back here to see me."

"You mean—"

"That father and Etherington take the *Iressa* back to Manila again within a month, and—"

"And you are to go with them?"

"I had agreed with father to go before I knew that you would be back in the Philippines. I shall not change my mind simply because I know that you will be there."

"Miss Durant!" Dick exclaimed.

But Mr. Durant appeared at that moment between the portières. "I am very sorry, Lieutenant Sommers," he said, "but I promised you to put you upon the midnight train. It is, indeed, too

bad that you can't stay over for the test of your gun, particularly as it is now extremely improbable that either Mr. Pinckney or myself will be in the country at that time. But I shall have word sent to me of the result at the earliest possible moment and shall send it on to you immediately. The motor is waiting for us, I believe, at the door."

"Thank you, sir." The officer sprang up quickly. "Miss Durant—I shall force the fighting at Bagol to a finish in time to meet you in Manila! Good-by!"

CHAPTER VIII.

DISASTER AND TREASON.

"Dash—dot—dash—dot—dash!"

Etherington Pinckney was again alone in the wireless cabin of the *Irvessa*. Again the yacht was drawing near the land in the early morning. But this time it was approaching Manila and had come around the north end of long Luzon.

He was volleying out the general call in the continental code, over the sea, to the still distant shore.

"Call! Call! Call!" The flashes and great, leaping sparks of the hissing blue current flared luridly in the gray light just before the dawn. He repeated the call again. "Manila!" he addressed directly. "Manila!"

The yacht had been but twenty-two days out, this time; for the swift turbines had not stopped to rest during the voyage, either at Honolulu or at Guam. Early on the previous afternoon Adrian had swung the little *Irvessa's* bow about to the southward. They had turned the northern point of Luzon, and since then had been skirting the shore, almost due south. By midnight the light upon Cape Bolinao told them that they were passing the mouth of Lingayen Gulf, and that the next one hundred and fifty miles would put them through the Boca Grande again into Manila Bay.

The direct route to Manila is far from the paths of steamers for Japan and China; so, for over two weeks they had been steering a lonely course. Neither ship nor land station had responded to their farthest-flung wireless call for fourteen days. The last response, caught when they were below the Midway Islands, was from a vessel having no fresh news of govern-

ment gun tests or other developments in the United States.

For fourteen days, therefore, Mr. Durant, Frances, and Etherington Pinckney had possessed their souls in patience, but now, as some ship or land station must surely strike communication, Etherington, at least, was sleeping less soundly.

Before six o'clock he had joined Adrian upon the bridge, watching for the first headlands in the breaking light. The skipper pointed out the clearing lines of Zambales to him. They were within communication radius of Manila. Pinckney vanished.

"A-a-ash—ash!" Adrian heard the long and short intervals of the call rasping out from the wireless room in the early-morning silence. They continued for a while in the commercial call; then stopped. When they began again, the skipper noted that the call had been changed.

"A-ash—a-ash! A-A!" Pinckney was now spreading the call in the navy code across the intervening arm of Manila Bay, to catch the government ships about the still distant city.

"What's the matter?" he swore softly to himself, in his impatience. "Are all the tin soldiers and sailors still asleep?" He rasped out his call again. "Ah! One of 'em's awake." He strained his ears to his receptors, as a far-away answer tapped back. "It's a cruiser—the *California!*" he muttered, as he made out the acknowledgment. "I see. Admiral Barlow's flagship in Manila Bay. Now, exactly what had I better say to him?"

"Mr. George Durant, yacht *Irvessa*, approaching Manila," he spelled rapidly, "requests relay any message for him."

"This is U. S. S. *California*," the answer repeated patiently. "Not commercial station; have no message for you."

Pinckney put his hand to his key, drew it back irresolutely, and drummed his fingers upon the table.

"*California*," he called, "will you try, for Mr. Durant, to rouse—"

He stopped suddenly. In the intervals of his sending he made out that the cruiser, or some other station, was cutting in upon him.

"*Irvessa!*" He made out the cruiser's call, more alertly and respectfully. "Admiral Barlow, learning Mr. Durant

in communication, presents his compliments."

"So the admiral's about, is he? Etherington considered a moment with himself. "Well, he'll know about the test one way or the other, if any one does. So here goes!"

"Return Mr. Durant's compliments to Admiral Barlow," he sent rapidly. "Request any news from the States."

"Admiral Barlow requests Mr. Durant reserve first possible hour upon reaching Manila for conference with him."

"Acknowledge. What news for Mr. Durant? Please send. Particularly have you heard result tests Sommer gun?" he snapped out.

"News for Mr. Durant which cannot communicate, requiring conference," came the answer. "Concerning Sommers gun," the reply continued, with stupid, stumbling, slowness, "gun failed in first test!" Pinckney uttered an exclamation of triumph.

"Exploding," the taper rapped on "killed three men and maimed four."

The blood boiling through Pinckney's veins stopped with a shock.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Logic in the Studio.

A HIGH-SCHOOL youth with tall views about the universe, started in as an extra man with one of the big motion-picture companies recently. He was talking with a scene painter, and endeavoring to point out to the latter the truth of the lofty assertion he had just made that "it takes a man with an education to get along nowadays." Drawing a circle on the floor with a piece of charcoal, the young man said: "Now, if this was a circle of grass, and there was a golf ball lost in it, you or any other uneducated man would go into it and walk all around, doubling on your tracks, and wasting time in looking for the ball; while the educated man would simply begin at the outskirts of the circle, walking round and round in a narrower circle each time, until he picked up the ball without having gone over the same ground twice."

"Kid," snorted the scene painter, "go back to school and learn some common sense. The way to find that ball would be to set fire to the grass and hit for the place where you smelled the rubber burning!"

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

THE STATUS OF THE FILM "GAME."

HERE are many amateurs who see pictures on the screen regularly, and who learn much about each company's products, but who are ignorant as to which of filmland's combinations the company belongs. This is a regretful condition, for, while successful scenarios may be written without knowledge at all of the selling end of the game, the writer who knows always has the advantage over the one who is in the dark. For the benefit of our readers who are not "in the know" about this matter we will give a short outline of the various releasing groups into which the various companies are divided at the present time.

The General Film Company is the oldest of the program-distributing concerns and is composed of most of the old companies who were in the game at the very beginning. Biograph, Lubin, Vitagraph, Selig, Kleine, Essanay, Kamin, MinA, Edison, and Knickerbocker are the brands which appear in this service. All are made by companies carrying the brand name except MinA and Knickerbocker, which are turned out by Melies. One, two, and three-reelers are the bill on this program, four reels being the highest mark ever reached.

The V. L. S. E., Incorporated, combination is supplied by four companies which are also making films for General, Viz, Vitagraph, Lubin, Selig, and Essanay. This program is made up wholly of features five reels or more in length. The four companies alternate in supplying a feature per week, making an average of about one feature per month for each. There are also special releases of features during each month, and there is talk of the program

becoming much larger in the near future.

The Mutual Film Corporation recently underwent a big change, as the Ince, Griffith, and Sennett pictures were withdrawn and others had to be secured to take their places. At present the brands which are distributed through Mutual are American, Thanouser, Falstaff, Gaumont, Beauty, Centaur, Cub, Novelty, Rialto, Clipper, Mustang, Reliance, Than-o-Play, and others which have not as yet been announced. The American Film Manufacturing Company, the Thanouser Company, the David Horsley Centaur forces, and the Gaumont Company are the producing concerns behind this company. Its program is made up of one, two, and three-reelers, with a Mutual Masterpicture of more than three reels every week.

The Triangle Corporation is made up of Fine Arts Films, produced by David W. Griffith, NYMP pictures produced by Thomas Ince, and Keystone comedies directed by Mack Sennett. These films were formerly released on the Mutual program under the brand names of Reliance, Majestic, Komic, Domino, Kay Bee, Broncho, and Keystone, though they were not so pretentious at that time. They are now turned out in weekly lots of two five-reelers and two two-reelers, the former pair being dramas by Ince and Griffith, and the latter two being comedies by Sennett.

The World Film Corporation is made up of several feature companies who make five-reelers and release them at the rate of one every week. Among these companies are Equitable, Peerless, Shubert, Brady, World Comedy, California Moving Picture Corporation, and many others who produce pictures irregularly.

The Paramount Corporation is one of the oldest film-distributing mediums in the feature game. Its companies are the Famous Players' Film Company, the Lasky Company, the Bosworth & Oliver Morosco Company, and the Dallas Pictures Corporation. Like World, it releases five-reel pictures, but gives the public two a week instead of one.

Kleine-Edison, Pathé, and Metro are other releasing combines which have gained recognition, the first and the last of this trio turning out one five-reeler per week, and Pathé handling what will probably be in time a complete program of everything from one to five-reelers.

Other combinations come and go with regularity that is amazing. They do not amount to a great deal and should not interest writers to any great extent. All the programs and companies mentioned above are going nicely at the present time, and should continue in the game for some time. Numerous changes are undoubtedly due to take place in the motion-picture world before long, but the companies we have mentioned are all able to hold their own, and, despite the way matters shape up in the future, these companies will be found near the top.

We would advise all our readers to keep this list and also to keep in touch with the game in the future so that they will be able to know what we mean when we say that scripts should only be sent to the companies having a releasing outlet. It is this outlet that brings the money to a producing company, for without it the company is helpless—it has films, but no practical means of getting them before the public other than by the precarious way of "States' rights."

A FEW REPETITIONS.

We thought that some time ago we went over the matter of handling dreams, visions, cut-ins, et cetera, quite fully, but from the correspondence we get from our many writer friends we have drawn the conclusion that apparently we did not. Therefore, we will take up the matter again and try to give a few hints on these points that will prove helpful to those who are working in the dark.

First of all, the vision, dream, et cetera, effect is used to show what some character in the play dreams or what he sees when he thinks of the past or the future. All that is needed to get this effect is to state as simply as possible that you wish to have the character think and see a vision or sleep and have a dream. Then when the actual vision or dream begins to fade out into the vision or dream scene, if it is to occupy the whole screen, and fade back to the original when it is over. If it is merely to occupy part of the screen within the scene, then merely state in your scene action that a section of the scene will contain the action you desire in your vision. After writing in what this action is, state that the vision then disappears from the scene and the main action in the scene continues.

Double exposures, another thing that bothers beginners, should also be handled the same simple way. For instance, if you wished to have a young man sit at a table and see himself in his old age, you would simply tell the director that the character sits down and thinks. Then explain that by means of double exposure the same players and character in old age comes in while the player holds his pose as a young man. Then state the business of the scene briefly, and take the old-age character off and allow the young man to leave or do whatever is next in line. If you explained the process to a friend, you would make it as simple and concise as possible. Do the same when you write it for the director.

Cut-ins, or cut-in leaders as they are commonly called, are the leaders which break into a scene's action and are usually the words supposed to be spoken by one of the characters in the scene. They should be short at all times, so as not to interfere with the scene action to too great an extent.

There are countless other matters we

could treat under this head, but we think the above should serve as sort of a general principle to be followed in all similar cases. Keep in mind at all times the fact that simplicity is the chief charm a scenario writer has, next to ideas, and that the more clearly he can state the thoughts he has in mind, the easier it will be for the director to put them on the screen, and the better the results will be all around. With this viewpoint clearly in mind, no writer will hesitate "because he don't understand how to get around a thing."

INCE'S IDEAS OF THE INDUSTRY.

The views of Thomas H. Ince, director general of the NYMP forces of the Triangle Film Corporation, on the motion-picture industry should be of no little importance to writers, for they are the views of a man who has climbed to the very top of the motion-picture ladder in a few short years. Beginners and more experienced writers alike will do well to weigh carefully all that Mr. Ince says in the following article, which was taken from a speech he made recently at the national convention of motion-picture exhibitors. Following are some of his remarks:

"I have said that the one and two-reel films will never lack for a market, that they will never have to go begging for a theater, and that they will never have to fight for popularity. Why, you ask. Because motion pictures, in a measure, may be compared with the so-called legitimate theatrical productions, as the latter were some years ago. The feature pictures take the same rank, when coupled with the single-reel or two-reel film, as the four or five-act play of the footlight realm does, or did, when coupled with the vaudeville program.

"There are those among the amusement-seeking people of the world who can afford but a few spare moments for their entertainment. They must go where there is such entertainment as will have a start and finish. They are not content to pay admission to a theater playing a four or five-act play, when they have but a half hour in which to seek pleasurable diversion. Ergo, the necessity of the variety house, where an act lasts from ten minutes to a half hour.

"This identical situation obtains in respect to pictures. Let me give you an illustration: I happened to be on

Broadway, in Los Angeles, one day long ago, when two salesgirls from one of the department stores approached. Obviously they were intent on spending their noon recess from their work attending a motion-picture show. One house was exhibiting a five-reel feature. Another theater, immediately adjoining, was advertising two single-reel films at the same number of two-reel productions. The girls started for the feature house. They had scarcely observed the fact that a five-reel subject was the program, when they stopped, turned about, and entered the other theater. "We only have twenty minutes," I heard one say as she passed me, "and you know it would be awfully disappointing to have to get up and leave after seeing only one reel. In the place we will, at least, have time to see a complete picture."

"That little incident in itself is a dramatic proof, I think, that the small film production will never have to hunt for a market. Therefore, because it will never have to hunt for a market it will never have to fight for popularity nor beg for a theater.

"There has been much discussion, pro and con, of late over the prospect of 'two-dollar movies,' and the question propounded appears to be, 'Will the public fall for them?' or words to that effect. The fact that the public is eager to spend two dollars a seat to see a film production had been demonstrated. And I feel that there will be no difficulty in demonstrating that the public will continue to spend two dollars a seat to witness drama on the screen.

"It will require time and expenditure of fortunes. But it can and will be done. It will take time to make perfect photo productions; and money, as well. And only perfect productions can possibly convince the public, as a whole, that the sum of two dollars is worth spending for an afternoon or evening's entertainment.

"To this end, it is essential that we provide picture plays, such as have never before been provided regularly. In my opinion, there have been perfect photo plays. But they have been comparatively very few. They have lacked the 'two-dollar' aspect. They, on the whole, have been unworthy of presentation to the public as a full afternoon or evening's entertainment. And it is that element of worthiness that we must impart to our future features if we are

expect them to command theatrical prices.

One of the strongest arguments in support of my contention that the feature production is but in its infancy is that it rapidly is progressing to a position that will surpass our greatest 'intimate' productions is the fact that most illustrious stars are recognizing the importance of the films. True, they are expensive, but I have stated that money must be spent, and pay rolls constitute a part of the expenditures.

For years and years the public has been paying handsome admission prices to see this or that notable actor or actress on the stage. The world has actually admitted that the possibilities of the camera—of the studio—are vastly greater than the stage. Then why would the world hesitate about offering the same amount of money to see the same stars on the screen?

"I am a firm believer in the magic of the commercial value—of a prominent actor or actress in motion pictures. I am so staunch a believer in that doctrine that every one of the pictures I am making now and intend to make will have a celebrated artist in the head of its cast. And I do not believe that a star only has a commercial value. He has an artistic value to motion pictures as well. For, what of his artistry found no medium of manifestation on the stage is bound to find it in the studio. The limitless powers of the camera will seek out and give expression to his pantomimic abilities and thus will the drama, on the screen, be elevated to heights that have never been attained by that on the stage.

"In producing 'The Alien,' adapted from 'The Sign of the Rose,' in which Mr. George Beban worked under my direction, I found these things to be true. I had long been an admirer of Mr. Beban's character delineations on the speaking stage. And yet, until I saw and observed the very lines in his face, as his emotions dictated their formation—when I saw them on the screen—I never had accorded him the credit that was due.

"This, I contend, is applicable also to other wonderful artists of the drama and time will show if I am correct.

"In conclusion, I might sum up my brief remarks by again emphasizing my prediction that the feature photo drama is only just coming into its own; that

another year will see it packing theaters with people who will think nothing of paying heretofore unheard-of prices; that achievements now almost unbelievable will have been accomplished, and that instead of having but a few masterpieces a year, we'll have one every few weeks.

"The motion-picture industry knows no bounds. That is a statement frequently made, but it cannot be too sincerely repeated. It is not in its infancy, but it is still going to school, and it will not have reached its maturity until my prophecies have been borne out."

THINKING IN PICTURES.

Every person who aspires to become a photo-playwright should learn to think in pictures. That may sound peculiar, but it is a fact. The most successful men in the motion-picture game to-day are men who never made any great headway in other walks of life, but who taught themselves to think in pictures. It is true with all the departments of the game, but especially so with the scenario end.

A wonderfully clever plot is a valuable asset, but it is of no value unless it can be made appealing on the screen. An example of that was brought to light recently when a series was started which revolved about one of the best-known characters in fiction and whose author was one of the "six-best-sellers" class. In print the author had made the character one that was instantaneously popular and had written the stories in such a way that every one of them was vitally interesting. On the screen, however, the character appeared sadly overdrawn and the action bored all who saw it. Two pictures of the series were made, and then the author was told that the company had decided to drop it. The author herself was broad-minded enough to realize that the pictures were a failure, and, as she had written the scenarios for them herself, she attributed the failure to the fact that she had not learned to "think in pictures."

The secret of thinking in pictures is to have at all times before you a clear vision of how all that you write will appear on the screen. Thus any action that is not appealing can be eliminated. It is an art by itself, this thinking in pictures, but one that is closely allied with the art of successful scenario writing.

Answers to Readers.

J. N. ZECKHAUSER.—By watching our "Live-wire Market Hints" you will be able to find out which companies are in the market for comedies. The term "cut back" means that a scene has been divided and that its action is separated by another scene. When the other scene has been completed we "cut back" to the interrupted scene. It is best to work out a full script for the director.

G. G. GOWMAN.—All film companies desire scenarios written out as our model one was, but almost any of them will buy very, very exceptional ideas in synopsis form. In no case should they be written as the fictionalized stories in PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY are. By studying the screen a writer should be able to tell just about how much action is needed per reel for the various styles of scripts. It is then quite a simple matter to write his or her own scripts accordingly. The chief thing a scenarioist must strive for is ideas.

E. A. FORSYTH.—Scripts should be addressed to the scenario department of the company. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for return. A letter is not necessary. Leaders should be written in wherever they are appropriate to make the story clear. This is the author's duty, not the director's. A telegram may be written right into the scene as an "insert," and the director will get the meaning.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Vitagraph Company, Fifteenth and Locust, Brooklyn, New York, are putting out four three-reelers every month, as well as numerous two and one-reelers. These are made both in the East and West, but the writer who submits anything along Vita's style to the Brooklyn office will receive a careful reading for both ends.

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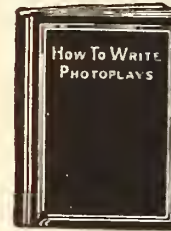
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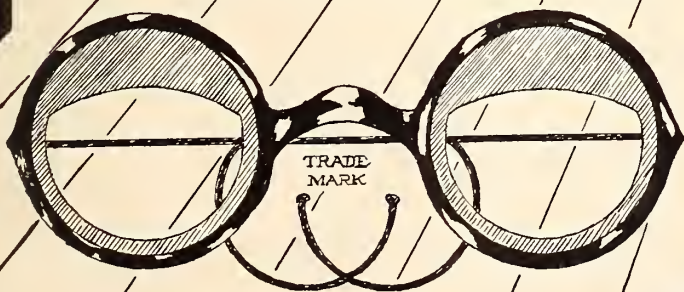
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STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York

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NOV. 20, 1915
VOL. 2 - No. 7

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY



**SIDNEY DREW COMEDY
IN STORY FORM**

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. II



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Published weekly by Street & Smith, 79-89 Seventh Ave., New York. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress of March 3, 1879, by Street & Smith. Copyright, 1915, by Street & Smith. O. G. Smith and G. C. Smith, Proprietors.

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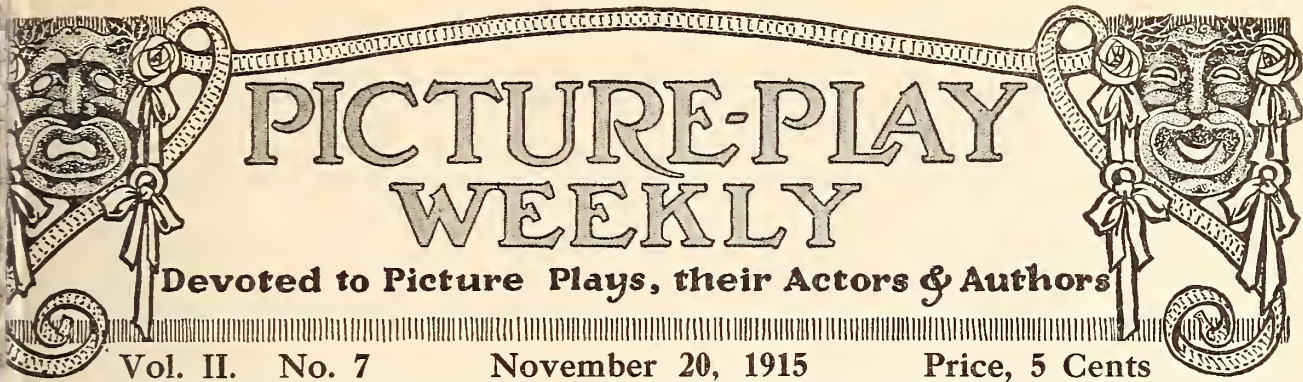
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A Safe Investment

(VITAGRAPH)

By Burns Patterson

A funny story with a real plot is the qualification of this narrative, written from the Vitagraph production featuring Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. Charley Sharp suddenly became aware of the fact that an amount of money—he did not care how much it amounted to—over the eighteen dollars he received each week for his services as a clerk, would be very handy. He set out to get it and did, but only paved the way for the greatest shock his financially-inclined mind ever received.

"HERE'S millions in it, boys!" vehemently declared Charley Sharp, pounding the table with a clenched fist. "I'll tell you, we'll clean up on this thing, and clean up big."

The eyes of Jim Ford and Eddie Black glittered. They, too, had great faith in the ability of the "Gee Whiz Mining Company" stock as a lever to pry the shekels from gullible investors. The trio were the sole owners, backers, developers, and sellers of stock of the greatest gold mine ever struck with a pick. At least, the prospectus and various other bits of literature written by the facile pen of Sharp described the Gee Whiz Mine as a bonanza for investors. It was not a speculation, but an investment, declared the promoters of the scheme.

"Now, then, brother financiers," said Sharp, "when we cut loose with our stupendous advertising campaign, the dollars will pour in so fast that we'll be compelled to hire motor trucks to cart the money to the banks, or wherever else we may decide to put it."

"Right you are, Charley!" agreed Ford. "Just so soon as they see the ads that you have written, people will not be able to keep money in their pockets. We'll get every stray dollar in New York—and then some."

Black was a reticent sort of fellow, and while he had nothing to say, his coworkers knew that he was as deeply interested as they.

"There are a few other matters to be attended to," said Sharp, "after which the meeting will adjourn until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, when the simoleons will roll into our nicely furnished office, and we can begin to actually count the boodle."

After a short discussion of a few minor details, the trio left the office, and each wended his way homeward, happy in the thought of the gold to be harvested in the days to come.

The three men had been clerks in a broker's office, when the idea had occurred to Sharp of promoting a mining proposition. He honestly believed, with a great many others, that there is a sucker born every minute and sometimes two, and in his belief in this epigram he had suggested his scheme to his two brother clerks. They had eagerly seized upon the idea, and all three dreamed golden dreams of future riches.

Nine o'clock found the partners at their mahogany desks. The morning papers had displayed huge advertisements booming Gee Whiz stock, and lengthy free reading notice had been

given to this rich mine. Hardly had Sharp, Ford, and Black seated themselves at their desks before the first of the investors began to trickle in. Gee Whiz stock was selling at ten dollars per share, and every one wanted to get in on the ground floor. Before noon it was necessary to call out the reserves to keep in order the crowd that surged about the office of Gee Whiz.

Investors fought at the cashier's window to put their money in Gee Whiz. The influx of wealth became so great that it was necessary to requisition wastebaskets to stow away the money.

Every mail brought checks, money orders, and cash for Gee Whiz stock. Sharp was acclaimed by his partners as a financial genius; their dreams of wealth would come true.

The fifty-per-cent monthly dividends, promised in the advertisements, were effective bait, and were seized upon with avidity. Every one was mad to buy Gee Whiz. The curb brokers went wild, and Gee Whiz began to soar. Before closing time, Gee Whiz had jumped from ten to twenty dollars per share.

Days passed, and still Gee Whiz continued to be unloaded.

"Charley," said Ford, three weeks

after the scheme had been launched. "what are we going to do? We can't push much more of this stock, because we haven't any of those nicely engraved green certificates left."

"Don't worry about the green certificates. I have taken that matter up with the engraver, and we'll have plenty of paper here in the morning. We will continue to sell Gee Whiz certificates just as long as paper and presses hold

of the firm gazed admiringly at the announcement placard of the first dividend day.

With the payment of the first month's dividend, Gee Whiz stock would again boom.

At his desk, Sharp was busily engaged signing checks, while clerks were addressing envelopes that would bear the dividend checks to the investors in Gee Whiz.

Charley?" queried Jim Ford, as he rapidly thumbed over the pile of bills in front of him. "A cold hundred and fifty thousand apiece. Lots better than being mounted on a stool and drawing eighteen per week."

"What are you boys going to do with your money?" asked Sharp.

"Why, bank it, of course," responded Black. "That's the only safe thing to do."



All displayed the green-tinted Gee Whiz stock certificates.

out. Don't fear about a shortage of stock certificates."

Three weeks before the partners had been glad to patronize the subway and gorge themselves on fifteen-cent lunches, but now they rolled to their office in gorgeous limousines and ate only the choicest viands that could be secured to tempt the appetite of an epicure.

The first wild rush of speculators had subsided, but there still continued to be those who desired to invest in Gee Whiz.

In Sharp's private office the members

Late in the afternoon, Sharp settled back in his chair. His fingers ached, and before his eyes danced his signature.

"Jim, Eddie," said he of the master financial mind, "all of the investors will receive their first dividends to-morrow; now it's time for us to cut the first month's melon."

Books were brought and gone over, various office expenses were deducted from the sum total received, and finally the remainder to be split three ways was agreed upon.

"Not such a bad month's business, eh,

"Not for mine," declared Sharp. "I take mine home with me. There are too many crooks in the banks these days, and you can't tell when some little cashier, who likes the white lights and the Tiffany water, will lift your roll. No, sir; mine goes right home with me."

With bills stuffed in every pocket and a roll clutched in either hand, Sharp entered his luxurious apartment.

"Well, wife, dear," he said, as he entered the apartment, "what do you think of the financial genius you have for a husband?"

"Oh, Charley, it hardly seems possible that you could have been lucky enough to make so much money. If it hadn't been for that old prospector you told me about, we'd still be living in that little two by twice up in Harlem. It was a lucky day for you when poor old Jenkins gave you the right to sell the stock in his mine. By the way, whatever became of Jenkins?"

"Jenkins," replied Sharp, calling to mind the imaginary discoverer of the Gee Whiz Mine. "Oh, he's gone back West."

"Charley, you're a dear, and I am mighty proud of you."

"Yes, you have a right to be proud of me. You women haven't any financial ability. It's only we men who are able to conceive and put over these gigantic financial deals. Why, half you women haven't even got ability enough to keep your household expenses straight."

"Oh, I don't know about that," retorted Mrs. Sharp, stung by this attack on the business ability of her sex. "I think that we women have just as much ability as you men have; the only trouble is that we have never been allowed an opportunity of displaying it."

"That's just it. You've never had an opportunity. The real genius makes the opportunity. To-day I am being classed with Morganbilt, Rocheheim, Astorlip, and all the rest of the big financial geniuses in Wall Street."

"I know you're a genius, Charley, but you mustn't think that we women haven't any brains when it comes to business."

"But you haven't any brains in business or anything else where money is concerned. The only thing that you or any other woman knows about money is where to spend it. Even in spending it, I won't admit that you use a very great amount of intelligence. But, here, take this stuff and see that you keep it safe."

As he finished speaking, he began to remove the currency from his various pockets. Soon there was a large pile on top of the small table.

"Now, I don't want you to think that I can't take care of this money myself," said Sharp, "but I don't trust the banks and I know that you will take good care of it. I intend to send up a small safe to-morrow."

"I'll keep it all right, dear," rejoined

Mrs. Sharp, eyeing the wealth before her. "How much is there in that pile?"

"Oh, about a hundred and fifty thousand," returned Charley, in a most nonchalant and careless manner, as though he were in the habit of adding fortunes to the family exchequer.

With the payment of the first dividend, Gee Whiz took another leap skyward. Here was a real money-maker, paying fifty per cent per month, or six hundred per cent per year. Never before had there been such an opportunity to make money.

Men and women almost fell over themselves to grab Gee Whiz stock. The city was Gee Whiz mad. People could not get enough stock. Steadily the engravers' presses continued to grind out the beautifully decorated green stock certificates, which were sold for real money almost before the ink was dry.

The staff of clerks at the office of the Gee Whiz Mining Company was doubled, but night work was necessary in order to keep matters straight.

Sharp's early prediction that there were millions in the proposition had proven true. There were millions in it for the promoters.

With each day's increase in business, Sharp's chest expanded, until the top button on his vest threatened to pop off. His shoulders were square, and he strutted about his office with the air of a master of the financial world. To his wife he was becoming almost intolerable. Never did he let an opportunity pass to flay the weaker sex for its lack of knowledge of financial affairs. He continually prated about the superiority of men over women, not only in business, but in every vocation in life.

"My dear," said he one evening, as they sat alone after dinner, "it takes us men to do things. We are the guiding geniuses of this fair land of liberty and freedom. Without us men what would you women amount to? Now look at me, for example. A few weeks ago I was a poor clerk; to-day I am a power in the world of finance. I am looked up to by every man in Wall Street. My name will go down in history as one of the financial marvels of the twentieth century.

"Why, it was only this morning that Morganbilt came to my office and consulted me about a big loan that he thinks of floating. He asked my ad-

vice about the matter, and wanted to know if I thought it would be a good thing to float it at this time.

"I told him I would take the matter under advisement and that I would give him a decision to-morrow morning. He thanked me and promised me that he would follow my advice."

"That's all very fine, Charley, and I am mighty glad that you are making such a big name for yourself," said Mrs. Sharp.

The financial wizard waved the compliment aside with a deprecatory gesture.

"Do you suppose any one would consult a woman about floating a loan? Do you think that any one would consult a woman about anything financial?" queried Sharp, warming up to his favorite topic. "Don't answer; I'll answer for you. There isn't a man or a woman in the country, unless he or she were an idiot, who would consult a woman about the investment of a dollar. There are so many crooked schemes in these days that a woman would invariably fall for some sort of a bunco game in the hope of making a million. No woman has ever yet made a million in Wall Street. It's only us men, I tell you, who are capable of pulling off the big financial deals which mean real money."

Over the coffee cups at breakfast the next morning, Mr. Sharp held forth again on his favorite topics—himself and man's superiority over woman. Leisurely Sharp entered his limousine, and was soon on his way to business.

That afternoon Mrs. Sharp was giving a large bridge and "tea." Her morning was rather well taken up with the arrangements for this social affair, and she was by far too busily engaged to let her mind dwell on the remarks of her husband. In fact, she was becoming inured to his attitude toward the business ability of women.

"Oh, Mrs. Spoofer," said Mrs. Sharp, as her first guest put in an appearance late in the afternoon, "I am so glad you are here."

"And I am very glad to be here, my dear," replied Mrs. Spoofer.

The other guests strolled in one by one, and before long the first rubber of bridge was being played. The majority of Mrs. Sharp's guests were the wives of men in Wall Street, and over their teacups the conversation naturally drifted to matters of the "Street."

"I tell you," declared Mrs. Spoofer,

"Gee Whiz stock is the best-paying proposition that has ever been offered to investors; at least, Mr. Spoofer says it is. On the strength of what he said I took every bit of my own money, and have invested it in Gee Whiz."

Proudly Mrs. Spoofer extracted one of the beautiful green-tinted stock certificates from her hand bag and displayed it to those about her.

"Oh, you are not the only one who is going to make money," said Mrs. Harris. "I, too, have invested some of my money in Gee Whiz."

faith in Mr. Sharp's company," declared Mrs. Spoofer. "I would not have invested a cent in the proposition unless Mr. Spoofer had advised me to do so. He thinks that Mr. Sharp is one of the cleverest business men that has ever entered Wall Street."

Mrs. Sharp was radiant. It was, indeed, pleasant to know that her husband was held in such high esteem by the other brokers.

The conversation eventually veered around from the discussion of business to that ever-ready topic among women

to make money one must buy stock when that stock is low. Now, you take my advice and buy some of your husband's stock. Besides, it would be such a nice surprise for him to know that his wife was making money in his company. "Good-by," concluded Mrs. Spoofer, effusively kissing her hostess.

The last guest had hardly departed before Mr. Sharp entered the luxurious apartment. He greeted his wife with a loving kiss.

"Charley, darling," said Mrs. Sharp, her arms entwined about her husband's neck, "I am so proud of you, and so happy. All of the ladies here this afternoon have invested money in Gee Whiz, and they have such confidence in you that they think they are all going to become immensely wealthy. Mrs. Spoofer said that her husband has the greatest faith in your ability, and that you are one of the cleverest men that has ever entered the Street."

Sharp took his wife's praise lightly, and, as he gazed into her eyes, he replied:

"I knew that they would recognize me for my genius. I am the greatest man that Wall Street has seen in twenty years. Your friends, I am afraid, are disproving my theory that women know nothing of business. They, at least, are wise."

"I tell you, chief," said McGowan, the detective, addressing the chief of the secret service, the morning after Mrs. Sharp's bridge and tea, "we've got that bunch of get-rich-quick fakers up at the Gee Whiz office dead to rights. We can get 'em for fraudulent use of the mails, gaining money under false pretenses, and maybe a couple of more counts. About the only thing we can't charge 'em with is trying to pull off a second-story job.

"How in thunder they have been able to get away with their graft so long is what gets my goat. Their scheme has got whiskers on it. All they do is to collect money from a bunch of fall guys, and pay back fifty per cent of it, and stick the other fifty per cent into their own pockets. It's a good game if you can get enough in on it, and I guess they have roped in a bunch."

"It's taken us a month, Mac," said the chief, "to get the stuff on them, and now that we've got it, we'll raid the outfit this afternoon."

"Oh, we've got it on 'em, all right,"



With bills stuffed in every pocket, Sharp entered his apartment.

There was a chorus of "So have I!" from the other ladies present, and all displayed those classics of the engraver's art—the green-tinted Gee Whiz stock certificates.

"I am glad that you all repose such great confidence in my husband's business ability," said Mrs. Sharp, somewhat surprised that all of these women should have invested in her husband's company. The shrewd business acumen of these women would give the lie direct to her husband's assertion that women knew nothing of business.

"We are not the only ones who have

—clothes. The latest fashions were gone over with a thoroughness that is known only to women.

Finally the hour of departure drew near, and as the ladies were bidding their hostess good-by, Mrs. Spoofer said:

"Take my advice, my dear Mrs. Sharp, and, if you have any ready money to invest, buy Gee Whiz stock. There isn't another stock on the market that is paying such a large sum of interest, and Mr. Spoofer says that there is no telling when the stock will take another jump. Really, you know,

declared McGowan. "When we pinch them, they won't have a Chinaman's chance in court, and it'll be Atlanta for them."

"Say, Charley," said Jim Ford, as he sat on the edge of Sharp's desk, "Eddie and I are going uptown to lunch, and we won't be back this afternoon. We've got a couple of live prospects that we are going to work on, and I think that before the afternoon is over

ting pinched. In fact, I am sort of surprised that we've been able to get away with our graft so long as we have. I didn't think there were so many easy marks in New York."

"What's the matter, Jim; are you losing your nerve?" drawled Black. "I don't think that there is much of a chance of our being picked up."

"That's all right, there may not be much of a chance of our being nabbed; but, grab it from me, brother, I am

out and made their way to the ticket offices, where they purchased through tickets for Toronto. In the bag that Black carried, which he had previously checked at the parcel counter, in anticipation of a sudden departure from New York, was the combined sum of their share of the Gee Whiz mining swindle.

As Sharp sat in a luxurious downtown restaurant, satisfying the desires of the inner man, the head waiter sud-



Investors fought at the cashier's window.

we'll land 'em. You'll stay in the office, won't you?"

"Surest thing you know," replied Sharp. "Hope you and Eddie have luck with your prospects."

Seated in Jim Ford's limousine, the two gatherers of gold were being taken uptown.

"Eddie," began Jim Ford, as he chewed savagely on a big, black cigar, "it's time for us to be making our get-away. I don't think that we can bleed the suckers much longer without get-

going to beat it with my pile while the beating's good. If any one is going to be pinched, I am perfectly willing to let the cops get Sharp. He was the one who planned the whole game."

"Well, I guess you're right. We've both cleaned up in pretty good shape, and we can get to Canada in time to beat the boys decorated with the neat little shields."

The limousine drew up before the entrance to the Grand Central Terminal building. Black and Ford leaped

denly bustled over to the table, and, in an awe-struck voice, whispered:

"Mr. Sharp, the detectives have just raided your offices, and have confiscated everything they can get their hands on. People in the Street say that they have pinched the Gee Whiz Company for fraudulent use of the mails."

An ashy pallor spread over Sharp's face. His hands trembled violently.

"Jones, call a cab," he ordered, in a husky whisper.

As the cab drove past the building

in which were located the offices of Gee Whiz Company, Sharp noticed a group of people about the entrance talking excitedly and wildly gesticulating. That was enough for him. The waiter had told the truth.

Sharp picked up the speaking tube, and directed the chauffeur to crowd on all speed possible and dash for Sharp's apartment house.

He believed that he might yet escape the clutches of the law. He had carefully turned over every cent of his earnings in the Gee Whiz scheme to his wife. Surely he would have money

Whiz proposition was simply a scheme to separate money from suckers. There wasn't any mine. There never has been any mine. The only thing investors in the Gee Whiz have got to show for their money is a nicely engraved green stock certificate. I've got to make a quick get-away. Where is the money I have given you to keep for me?"

Sharp rushed to the small safe, and twirled the combination. He opened the door. The safe was empty! A wheezing gasp escaped the lips of the fugitive financial genius, followed by a groan, as his wife said:

name of the law," cut short Sharp's harangue.

Mrs. Sharp crossed to the door and opened it.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but I am a secret-service detective," said McGowan, turning back the lapel of his coat. "I want Mr. Sharp."

The guilty man cowered in a corner of the room. McGowan entered the apartment, and, with giant stride, crossed to Sharp's side.

"I want you, Sharp, for fraudulent use of the mails," said the burly detective. "You can beat the law for a while, but you can't get away with me long. Come on."

Deftly, McGowan slipped a pair of handcuffs on the trembling Sharp, and led him from the room.

As the detective and his prisoner crossed the threshold, Mrs. Sharp heard her husband mutter:

"Women never have known anything about business."



Sharp turned from the safe. It was empty.

enough to go to some foreign clime and take life easy for the rest of his days.

As he continued to ruminate over future prospects, the cab glided up to the door of the apartment house. Sharp descended from the cab and, with shambling steps, made his way to the elevator. Quickly he was taken to the floor of his apartment.

His shoulders drooped, and there was a decided cave in the region of the top vest button.

"Oh, Charley," exclaimed Mrs. Sharp, "what is the matter?"

"The office has been raided, and your husband is in momentary danger of being arrested as a swindler. The Gee

"Why, Charley, I invested all your money in Gee Whiz this morning."

"Jehoshaphat and red ants!" shouted the ex-genius of finance. "There is business ability for you. Didn't I tell you to keep my money safe for me? Now you've gone and sunken it in a swindle. Oh, you women never have had, and never will have, any business ability!"

His anger and humiliation became so great that Sharp could not speak coherently. Words tumbled from his mouth in splutters and gasps. What he said was unintelligible, but his wife knew that he was blaming her for her lack of business ability.

Suddenly a heavy thump on the door and the bellowed order, "Open, in the

When Pictures Are Not Cheap.

DEMAND which the theatergoer public made upon producers for genuineness in the stage settings has been felt in motion pictures, and is met by Thomas H. Ince, in his production "Matrimony," on the Triangle program, which claims Julia Dean as its star.

Always a leader in the art of photographic play making, when he produced "Matrimony," Ince resolved to make the settings worthy of the star who would enact her rôle in their environment.

One of the scenes called for was a reception room in the new home of a New York millionaire. To make the scene convincing, furniture such as a millionaire would put into his home was demanded. Ince scoured California, but finally decided to send a property man to New York to investigate what the present-day millionaires were buying. The man made the trip across the continent, and after investigation purchased not only the furnishings of one room but for a millionaire's home. Two carloads of furniture were shipped to Inceville as a result. Immediately upon the arrival of the furniture, the reception room was set up and the big scene filmed. Mr. Ince is satisfied that a Fifth Avenue millionaire can see the scenes and criticize the furnishings which are now on hand for any future settings of this kind.

'T was Ever Thus

(MOROSCO)

A. Lincoln Bender

In the cave-man days the mold for the course of events for the remainder of time was cast. In the prologue of this story is told the love affair that set the first milestone for the world. The second—the actual story—is the next, happening during the Civil War. The unchanging work of the mold is shown in the result. This story is based on the Morosco picture of the same name, which features in the cast Elsie Janis and Owen Moore.

PROLOGUE.

In his skin-lined cave sat the cave man and his daughter. The early sun shone in all its splendor upon the rolling plains and craggy cliffs about. Happy they were, those two, in their solitude. She was a slip of a girl, with flowing hair, strong, white teeth, and limbs covered with long sinews that showed both strength and beauty.

Suddenly her father raised to his full height, grasped his club, and, with a gesture of love, set off.

From behind neighboring rocks stepped a man, clean cut and muscular. Noiselessly he approached the cave girl, encircling her waist, and endeavoring to kiss her. But the wild young thing was too wary, and, with a twisting movement, she was out of his arms, and into the inner recesses of the cave. From behind the protecting skins, she watched him, wide-eyed.

Glancing back, the man moved off. From her hiding place the cave girl crept out cautiously.

Once more the man came back. This time he had in his hands a wreath of the wild flowers of the fields. Carefully he laid it on the rock-lined entrance, and made off, smiling.

The cave girl, prompted by curiosity, crept to it. Then, in anger, she tore it up, stamping her foot.

Watching, near to the cave, the young fellow leaped forward and grasped the girl in his arms. Struggling, beating at him, crying out in terror, the wild young girl tried to prevent her capture. It was to no avail. The young man was strong; he was love mad; he would not be denied.

The cries carried to the ears of her father, the chief of the cave men. With a wild yell, he assembled all his followers and gave chase to the one who had dared steal his daughter.

Into his own cave city staggered the man and his burden. A command sufficed to bring his colleagues to his side. Bravely they met the invaders. The girl stood, rocking in fear, behind them. With a cry of rage, the father attacked the kidnaper. Like two wild animals they struggled, until, youth in his favor, the young fellow threw the cave man into a crevasse. The exertion was too great, and he collapsed to the rocks.

Love now in her heart for this brave young fellow, the cave girl approached and stroked his face and kissed his lips. It was all he needed to restore him to himself, for he rose. Pointing to the crevasse, she ordered him to bring up her father. Carefully he lowered himself and rescued the man. An instant later the girl was in his arms, crushed to his breast, and the father looked on with pride in his eyes.

'Twas ever thus through the age of man!

THE STORY.

The dull rumble of the cannon had been silenced. The Grim Reaper was still making his rounds among the wounded, but North and South were once more brothers.

In the old town hall of Clifton Springs, in old Virginia, lay Joe Allen, wounded, but recovering. He was from the North.

Chief among the physicians who had ceaselessly given their attention to those poor, sick men was young Doctor Warren. Quite a friendship had sprung up between these two men, but to old Colonel Warren his son's kindness was a bitter pill to swallow.

"My boy," he said, "I can't understand how you give aid to those hanged Yankees!"

His son smiled. "They need it," he said shortly.

Joe Allen was recovering slowly. In

the old Northern home his sister Prudence longingly awaited his return. Finally she decided to go to see Joe.

In the Warren household joy had visited in the form of a letter.

"Here," cried old Colonel Warren. "Remember Jean, my boy, Jean Harkness, of Kentucky?"

His son glanced up. "Yes," he answered, "what about her? Is she married?"

"No, not yet," smiled the old colonel. "She has written to say that she is now planning to spend that long-deferred visit here."

Doctor Warren shrugged. "I guess she will like it," was all he said.

Into his father's heart a pain came. His whole desire was to marry his boy to this vivacious Jean. From the time that the two were little children he had set his heart on it. And now?

"Well, aren't you glad?" he demanded of his son.

"Oh, yes. I'll do my best to entertain her," he said dispiritedly. "Now I must get down to the hospital." He picked up his hat, crammed it on his head, and walked out.

"Hum," murmured his father. "That doesn't look very promising."

At the hotel of Clifton Springs a pretty girl had registered. The guests stared at her dark beauty and decisive little ways.

"From the No'th," they all exclaimed, as she inquired the direction to the hospital.

When Doctor Warren entered for his morning examination, he was surprised to see Joe Allen deep in conversation with this pretty girl. Not only surprised, but delighted as well, for the first sight of her had caused something to flutter in his heart.

"My sister, Prudence Allen, doctor.

Sis, this is Doctor Warren, who has treated me royally since I landed here."

Doctor Warren bowed like a lord, and kissed the proffered hand.

"The pleasure is all mine," he said softly.

Prudence Allen looked away to hide her confusion.

"Joe is pretty well now," he said, by way of keeping up the conversation.

one day, as they strolled through the shady street, "I often wonder why this great feeling of hate sprang up between the North and the South. I cannot see any reason for it. Especially after viewing the girls from the North."

She glanced up naïvely at this remark, and smiled into his eyes.

"And, you know," she said, "the men of the South are so gentlemanly, I can-

"But," the young physician said, as they stood beside an old rosebush in the melting moonlight, "I don't care Prudence. You mean everything to me now. I love you!"

She turned toward him, the moonlight sprinkling her figure with its soft glow. "And I, too, love you, dear," she said softly, dropping her eyes.

"You darling!" he cried.



With a cry of rage, the cave-man father attacked the kidnaper of his daughter.

"Yes," Prudence smiled. "And all because of your attention, too. I thank you so much, Doctor Warren."

"Not at all," he replied graciously.

"I have to return to the hotel now," she said.

Doctor Warren was on his feet instantly. "Allow me to escort you," he said gallantly.

Prudence smiled, and assented.

Together they walked out.

Long days of happiness followed. Joe's wound did not heal as quickly as was anticipated, but in his heart Doctor Warren was glad of that.

"Do you know," he said irrelevantly

not see why they allow themselves to become swayed by this 'hate,' as you call it, either."

That was the real opening skirmish of the battle of love.

Into Prudence's heart had sprung an affection for Doctor Warren that was worrying her. He had told her of his father's hatred for any one from the North.

"Do you realize," he said, "that my father would never accept you inside his door, if he knew you were from the North?"

Her face took on a thoughtful expression.

"But," she went on, "is it proper for us to love under those conditions?"

"Why not?" he demanded fiercely, pressing her closer.

"You know how your father and mother feel, how they must feel toward me whom they consider an enemy."

"Let them feel that way," Doctor Warren cried. "What care I?"

"Ah, but you must!" she said gently as they strolled away. "You must not break their hearts."

He became grave, and pondered.

"But I don't care," he jerked out finally. "You mean everything to me Prudence."

"Will you tell them?" she asked in a whisper.

Doctor Warren turned away, and gulped.

"Yes," he said shortly. "I'll tell father to-night."

They had reached the hotel, and he handed her up the stairs.

"Good night, Prudence, my love," he said softly.

She blew him a kiss, as she went slowly up the broad stairway.

"Father," said young Doctor Warren, as he came in, "I am in love."

Old Colonel Warren jumped up.

"Glad of it! Fine!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands together. "I knew it would only be a question of time until you made up your mind to take Jean."

"But it's not Jean," said his son doggedly. "It's Prudence Allen, a sister of one of the wounded Northern soldiers in the hospital."

This revelation caused the old man to sink into his chair and pull ferociously at his mustaches.

"Boy," he said in a strained voice, "you don't mean what you say, I trust?"

Doctor Warren shook his head and said: "Yes, I do."

His father rose.

"A man who marries a Northern Yankee girl is no son of mine!" he thundered. "Do you hear me, sir? No son of mine!"

His son turned away, jaw hardening.

"Be that as it may, I love her," he said simply, as he strode from the room.

"Why, why—" exploded the colonel, "Jean has already sent her trunk; it arrived this afternoon, and is now upstairs. What will she think?"

Doctor Warren, his face set, was passing out on his way to the hospital the next morning when the old darky handed him a letter.

He tore it open sharply, and the next instant a look of bewilderment filled his eyes as he read:

"DEAR JOHN: I know you will be waiting for me, and I know that you will think me an awfully selfish girl, but I must say that I love another man, and I used this method as the ruse. I hope you will forgive me, but I love Henry St. John. Yours,
"JEAN HARKNESS."

With a cry of astonishment, Doctor Warren lowered the letter.

"So," he said, "Jean is eloping! By George!" He stuffed the letter into his

pocket, and hurried to the hospital, a smile crossing his lips as he entered.

Joe Allen and Prudence looked up at him.

"Come, Prudence," he said, after first greetings were over, "let's go for a walk. You don't mind, do you, Joe? I've got something I must tell Prudence."

"Not at all," smiled Joe knowingly, winking at the young, excited physician.

"Read that," he said, thrusting the letter into her hands, when they had reached the quieter part of the town.

Prudence read the letter, then raised her eyes to his.

"I'm awfully sorry, dear," she said.

"Sorry?" Doctor Warren cried.

"Sorry? Why, I'm delighted beyond the power of speech. I'm so glad that I believe I will hug you here and now."

Prudence drew back. "No, don't!" she said in mock terror.

He laughed gayly. "Now, listen, Prudence. You are Jean Harkness!"

"I?" she exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Don't you see?" he cried. "The old folks haven't seen Jean in four years or more. They don't know just how she looks now. And, if you love me, Prudence, do as I plan. You will present yourself as Jean to my folks. And then we will pretend that we don't like each other just to keep up the game."

Prudence listened to him, then slowly shook her head.

"No, John; no. We can't do that! It wouldn't be right!"

"Right!" he answered fiercely. "Is anything in love right? You must, Prudence. It is our only chance."

"But," she demurred, "suppose they discover that they have been hoaxed?"

"Oh," he said, "certainly there is danger in it, but think of what it means to both of us, Prudence."

His appeal touched her heart. In a faltering tone she responded:

"All right. For you, dear, I'll do it. Only, I hope it won't make your parents angry with me."

"Now, you leave that to me, Prudence, my dear girl, and I'll straighten out all tangles that develop. Listen, I'll go home now, and you come in half an hour. Do you hear?"

"Yes," she whispered, a bit of fear showing in her eyes.

When Doctor Warren arrived home, he found his father pacing the room.

"Still thinking of my decision of last night?" his son asked softly.

The old colonel turned and faced him. "Yes," he muttered, "that a son of mine should ever think of marrying a confounded Yankee!" He almost choked in his wrath.

"But I'm not," went on Doctor Warren imperturbably. "I have decided that I will follow your wishes in the matter."

"My son," gasped the old man, "you—you mean it?"

"Never was more serious in my life," said his son, winking at his reflection in the mirror.

"You're a true gray soldier," cried Colonel Warren, clapping him on the back. "John, the house is yours, the lands are yours for that statement."

The old fellow almost cried in his joy, running to the doorway to call his wife, to whom he told the wonderful news.

"John," said his mother, "I have fixed up a room for Jean already. She should be here any minute now."

As if her words were prophetic, the old darky entered and announced: "Miss Jean Harkness!"

Doctor Warren turned away to conceal the smile on his lips. An instant later Prudence entered.

"Why, my dear Jean," cried the colonel heartily, as he folded her in his arms, "how are you? It is so long since I saw you that I do believe you have changed for the better."

"Yes," burst in Mrs. Warren, "you are better looking now than you were as a child," she said, examining Prudence closely.

A great sigh came from Prudence's lips, and she looked to Doctor Warren.

"Stick to it!" his lips spelled, and she smiled and said:

"Yes, doesn't it seem strange, Colonel and Mrs. Warren, how a girl changes when she reaches womanhood?"

"But always for the better," gallantly said the colonel. "Always for the better. Isn't that right, mother?" turning to his wife.

"Oh, by the way, Jean. This is our boy, Doctor Warren now, if you please, with whom you used to play when you were small."

Prudence moved to her lover.

"How are you?" she said in a low tone.

"Pretty well, I thank you," answered Doctor Warren, taking the hand and bowing over it dispiritedly. "I trust you will find your stay pleasant."

He turned away, a look of disinterest on his face.

The colonel gasped and hemmed, but said nothing.

"I guess I had better show you to your room now," said Mrs. Warren, as she motioned for the pseudo Jean to follow her.

In the room, she kissed Prudence.



"Prudence," the young physician said, "you mean everything to me. I love you."

"Here's your trunk, honey," she said in her motherly manner.

"Prudence started. "Oh, yes," she managed to stutter. "Thank you, Mrs. Warren."

In her heart, Prudence was wishing that this kindly old lady would retire and leave her alone. This game was becoming a trifle more difficult than she first imagined it would.

"But I love him," she whispered to herself. "I do!"

"Where is your trunk key?" Mrs. Warren next asked.

Prudence almost sank through the floor. "Why—why——" she said slowly. Then a brilliant idea struck her. "I guess I must have lost it," she smiled. "But it can easily be forced open."

"Surely," said Mrs. Warren. "Now, honey, you get dressed and we will have

Doctor Warren turned to avoid his father's searching eyes.

"I'll do better to-night, father, at dinner, I promise."

"That sounds more like yourself," said the old colonel.

At dinner that night the little party was merry.

Doctor Warren and Jean seemed to be getting along finely, and the old colonel nudged his wife as the two bent forward and whispered something to each other.

"Oh," came Prudence's voice, "up North they wouldn't say or do a thing like that!"

She had the sentence out of her mouth before she realized what she was saying.

Doctor Warren seized her hand under the table, and squeezed it. The old colonel looked hard at his wife.

"Do you know, Jean," he said, "you have the most wonderful No'then accent I ever heard?"

Prudence dropped her napkin in confusion, and Doctor Warren stooped to pick it up as she, too, leaned over.

"Pass it off," he whispered.

Prudence rose with a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh, that accent?" she smiled. "Why one of my instructors in English was a Northern man, and he was the funniest old fellow!" She laughed deliciously, and soon had them holding their sides at a story.

When she retired that night, Doctor Warren whispered surreptitiously into her ear: "You are the cleverest little actress I ever saw, Prudence. Keep it up!"

The days flew happily. Prudence quite won her way into the hearts of the old colonel and Mrs. Warren. But the old people looked askance at the match they had set their hearts on. One day Doctor Warren seemed to be very happy in the supposed Jean's company; the next he would dash out to the hated hospital.

Then one morning came a letter that threatened to break up the whole plot. It read:

"DEAR COLONEL: I am at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and I wish you would send my trunk to the Grand Hotel there. Yours,

"JEAN ST. JOHN."

With a puzzled brow, the colonel showed it to his wife.

dinner served. You are tired, I suppose, after your long journey, and you want to rest."

Prudence's heart sank. If only Mrs. Warren would go! She didn't even know where she was supposed to have come from.

In the drawing-room the old colonel said to his son:

"You didn't seem very happy to see Jean. That was a very cold reception you gave her."

"What can it mean?" she asked.

"I don't know," he blustered, "unless some one is playing a trick on us. I'll ask John."

Doctor Warren approached.

"Do you know what this means?" asked the old colonel of his son, pushing the letter to him.

John caught his breath as he finished, and glanced at his father.

"Yes," he gulped, forcing a mirthless laugh. "Sure. It—it is from an old soldier friend of mine, dad. He left the hospital some time ago. They used to call me colonel down there, you know. Yes, really, yes." He hurried from the room, and wiped his throbbing brow.

"Whew!" he whistled. "That's a close call. I hope the old gentleman doesn't become too suspicious. I'll have to tell Prudence."

He hurried to the hospital, where he had left Prudence with her brother. Poor Joe was receiving little attention these days. Doctor Warren and Prudence were too full of their love to think of any little thing like a trip to the hospital.

"Prudence," he said, showing her the letter, "I wonder how we can get the trunk out to her?"

She looked up with fear in her eyes. "Do they suspect?" she whispered.

"No," he answered. "I told them that it was a trunk that belonged to an old soldier down here."

Prudence smiled.

"Say, what are you two up to?" asked Joe from his reclining position in the bed.

"Ssh, little brother!" cautioned Prudence. "No questions."

But both Doctor Warren and Prudence now knew that they were on treacherous ground. Any moment they might expect their whole plot to collapse.

They both approached the broad veranda, when a blond girl, with pretty eyes, burst upon her, crying: "Prudence, Prudence, what are you doing here?"

Prudence dropped back in amazement. "Why, you old rogue!" she smiled.

The colonel and Mrs. Warren were watching with question in their eyes.

"Prudence?" murmured the colonel in a puzzled tone, looking at her. "Why, Jean, since when was your name Prudence?"

She gasped. "Oh—that's—that's my middle name," she stuttered. "Every one at school used to call me Prudence!" She laughed and pulled the blond girl's hand in an admonition to keep silent. "Didn't they, Helen?" she demanded almost fiercely.

In astonishment, Helen said: "Why, yes; I thought every one knew that. We always called her that in school."

"Come on, Helen, I want to have a

mansion. Inside, the colonel and Mrs. Warren were talking in low tones.

"Now that we are together again," went on Prudence, the light of mischief in her eyes, "we can talk of old times."

The old darky entered in the midst of their gayety, and announced that a man in a wheel chair was coming in.

"My brother," feebly whispered Prudence, looking to her chum, "what shall I do now?"



"Prudence!" exclaimed her old school chum, "what are you doing here?"

talk with you," gayly said Prudence, as she pulled the puzzled girl with her.

"You dear!" she said impulsively. "You came in in the nick of time then. Thanks!" And she kissed her.

Helen laughed. "What sort of a trick are you trying to play now?" she asked.

In an instant, amid hearty laughs, Prudence told the whole plan.

"My!" exclaimed her blond chum, when she had finished. "Won't the old colonel be surprised when he hears it? But I'll not say a word, Prudence, dear. Doctor Warren is too nice."

Together they wandered back to the

Joe was already in the room.

"Why, Joe Allison," Prudence exclaimed in a well-assumed air of surprise. "My old friend from the North. I didn't know you were here!"

She moved to him, and smoothed his hair, whispering: "Not a word!"

To the colonel and Mrs. Warren she said: "I want to make you acquainted with one of the finest little Yankees in captivity, dear people."

The colonel bowed with haughty air, and, taking his wife's arm, they stalked from the room. Doctor Warren smiled at Prudence.

"You're the greatest little strategist ever I knew," he smiled, catching her hand and imprinting upon it a kiss.

A short time, and Joe was told of the plot. He smiled. "Go to it, sis, and win!" he said.

The days flew happily. It seemed that nothing was going to mar their happiness now. Joe and Helen developed a case of love, and the two happy couples were together constantly.

any conclusions on the marriage question?"

She turned aside to hide a roguish smile. The cat was out of the bag at last. They had succeeded in hoodwinking the old man.

"Why," she said, glancing up at the kindly old face naïvely, "I don't know, Colonel Warren. I love him—but" there was a trace of tears in her voice—"he—he doesn't seem to love me!"



"Jean," said the old colonel softly, "may I see you for a moment?"

They were seated in the cardroom one evening, when Colonel Warren appeared in the doorway.

"Jean," he said softly, "may I see you for a moment?"

She looked up in surprise. "Why, surely, Colonel Warren."

Prudence rose and followed the old colonel out on the veranda.

"Jean," he said suddenly, "how is it that you and John have never come to

"There, there, dear girl!" comforted the colonel. "I'll speak to him."

"Oh, will you?" she said eagerly.

"Will you—for I love him so much!"

"Indeed I will," said the colonel gruffly. "You return, and don't say a word."

As she sat down, Prudence pinched Doctor Warren on the knee.

"John," said the colonel, "just a moment, please!"

Helen and Joe exchanged glances.

"John, my son," said the colonel, "how is it that you have never said anything to Jean? She is waiting for you, son."

Doctor Warren turned aside, and bled his lip to keep from laughing outright.

"Well, father," he shrugged, "if you wish it, I will marry her."

Straightway the colonel called Prudence.

"Here you are, my dear girl," he said as he put her hand into his son's. "He is your boy!"

While the old gentleman looked on, John took the hand dispiritedly, and looked with dull eyes at Prudence. The colonel's footsteps retreated, and they were alone together.

"My darling!" cried Doctor Warren. "We are successful!"

They returned to the room where the colonel, Mrs. Warren, and Joe and Helen beamed on them.

The next morning the four young people all went off together.

"Double wedding," cried Joe, in his spirits. "Double wedding. North and South, South and North!"

It was all over in an instant, and they hurried back.

On the veranda, the colonel and Mrs. Warren waited. On the old man's face was a look of wrath.

"Here!" he cried to Doctor Warren. "Read that! He thrust a telegram into his son's hand:

"Send my trunk instantly. I was married a week ago.

"JEAN HARKNESS ST. JOHN."

"What does this mean?" he roared. "Who are you?" he asked of Prudence.

"Mrs. Doctor Warren," she returned glibly.

"Yes, father," answered his son, "four of us were just married. My wife is the Yankee girl I told you about."

His father looked at him with glazed eyes. "You—you—" he spluttered.

Prudence moved to him, and put her arm about his neck, stroking his flushed cheek. "There, there, daddy," she soothed. "You like me, don't you?"

The old colonel coughed and turned to the pleading eyes. Then he bent and kissed the upturned lips.

"Say, honey," he said, "I told you you had a No'then accent, didn't I?"

Next week a modern day story of the same kind as the above will prove the truth of the title "Twas Ever Thus."

The Print of the Nails

(SELIG)

By Donald Doyle

When Margaret Macy, a slum worker, fell in love with Tom Mason, the reform candidate for mayor, she did not know into what a tangle the hand of Fate was to weave the lines of his destiny and hers. That was because she did not know that her brother, Will, was a political gangster and associated with Walker, the boss, to bring about her lover's downfall by fair means or foul. Of the plot that followed, and the part Margaret unwittingly played in it, this story, based on the Selig photo drama of the same title, deals in thrilling fashion. The cast:

Tom Mason.....Earle Foxe
Margaret Macy.....Vivian Reed
Humphries.....Edwin Wallock
Walker.....Al W. Filson

THE huge auditorium was packed to its capacity, men and women occupied every available chair, and many were forced to stand. A great cheer burst from those assembled as Tom Mason walked to the front of the stage. Some, carried away by their enthusiasm, stood up and wildly waved their hats. The demonstration lasted for several minutes, and it did not cease until the man on the platform stretched forth his hand in an appeal for silence. When the applause subsided, Mason began his speech:

"Friends and fellow citizens, I would be, indeed, ungrateful did I not express my appreciation for the delightful reception you have just given me. From the very bottom of my heart I thank you. In the coming election, I feel sure of your support.

"There is very little left for me to say, at this, the final meeting of the campaign. There is, however, one thing which I wish to impress upon every one here assembled, and that is: If I am elected mayor, and I believe I will be, I will make every effort to make this a better and cleaner town in which to live. The trust reposed in me by the independent citizens of our community will not be betrayed. I have been nominated as the reform candidate, and as mayor of this city I will do the right, as God gives me the light to see the right.

"I have nothing to say against my opponent, Mr. Humphries. He is a gentleman, but I do not like the political

company he keeps. I am no man's man, and when I take office on January 1st I will be mayor not only in name, but in deed.

"Again I thank you for your very kind reception, and, in closing, permit me to ask your loyal support, not only for myself, but for the other candidates associated with me."

Once again there was a wild outburst of applause and cries of "We're with you!" came from all sides of the room.

As Mason resumed his seat, his eyes roved over the sea of faces before him. In the box to the right sat Ruth Rising,

the woman he loved, the woman he hoped to marry. As their eyes met, a silent message of love flashed between them. With an effort, Tom again turned his gaze on the audience. As he glanced at those in the chairs before him, he saw Margaret Macy, a slum worker, whom he greatly admired for the work she was doing among the lower element of the city.

She was greatly interested in the outcome of the campaign, because she believed that with the election of Tom Mason the denizens of the underworld would be driven from the city, and that



"You want a fight, and by heaven you'll have it!" said Mason.

the entire moral tone of the city would be improved. Margaret had earnestly labored with her brother Will to secure his support of Mason, but the brother was thoroughly under the domination of "Boss" Walker, who controlled the "ring." In fact, Will was regarded by some as Walker's gangster, willing and ready to obey any direction of the boss.

A couple of other speakers followed Mason, and then the meeting adjourned. If one could judge by the enthusiasm

campaign, to be at the club to-morrow night to wait for the returns. Wednesday night I hope to call as the mayor elect."

For a moment there was silence. The woman whom Mason adored was one of the younger society leaders of the city. She was ambitious for greater power, and she realized, as wife of the mayor of the city, she would have still greater social prestige than she even now enjoyed.

at the polls, and he prayed to defeat him in the battle of love.

Election Day came. Mason and his supporters put forth every effort to defeat the creatures of Boss Walker.

Will Macy, with a large roll of bills, had been hard at work among the tougher element of the city, endeavoring to keep that group of voters in line for Humphries.

An unprecedented vote was polled, and, at five o'clock in the afternoon,



His supporters were jubilant, as they crowded around Mason and grasped his hands.

evinced by those present, then the reform candidates would sweep the city by the greatest plurality ever given any ticket.

"Ruth, dear," said Mason, as he stopped for a brief chat with the woman he loved, "I have a couple of other matters which must be attended to this evening, but may I call Wednesday? To-morrow is Election Day, and I will be so busy that I will hardly have time to turn around. I have promised some of the men, who are helping me in my

"Yes, Tom," she replied, "do come Wednesday night. Now, I must be running along; papa is waiting for me."

A silent pressure of the hand, and she was gone.

In his heart of hearts, Tom Mason loved this woman better than anything else on earth. To him she was but little lower than the angels. The man who was his rival for the chief executive office of the city was also his rival for the hand of Ruth Rising. Mason felt sure that he would defeat Humphries

one of Mason's supporters turned to him and said:

"Tom, it's all over now but the counting. I think we've won, but we'll know for a certainty to-night at the club. I'll see you later."

"I am tired," admitted Tom, "and I intend to snatch a nap before dinner. I'll be at the club about nine o'clock."

The two shook hands and parted.

Shortly after nine o'clock the reports from the various election districts began to pour into the club. Before ten

o'clock, Tom Mason was leading by over five hundred votes. There were still a few districts to be heard from; but, as they were known to be pretty solid for Mason, his election was conceded.

His supporters were jubilant. They grasped his hand, and thumped him on the back. In front of the clubhouse was a shouting throng of citizens demanding a speech from the mayor elect.

Tom made his way to the steps of the clubhouse, and in a few words thanked those present for the great honor that they had conferred upon him, and for the trust they had reposed in him. Again he pledged to carry out his campaign promises and clean up the city.

With the coming of Wednesday night, Mason made his way to the Rising home. Already, however, he had been congratulated over the telephone by Ruth, and as he made his way up the walk leading to the door, his heart sang with joy.

He was courteously and enthusiastically greeted by Mr. Rising, and the light of happiness shone in Ruth's eyes as she stretched forth her hand to bid him welcome.

With great tact, Mr. and Mrs. Rising withdrew to the library, leaving Ruth and the mayor elect in possession of the music room. Once alone, Mason was not long in coming to the question which was uppermost in his mind.

"Ruth, dear," he began, gently clasping her hand, "to-night I am one of the happiest men in the world. My fellow citizens have bestowed a great honor upon me. It is for you to make me the happiest man alive. I love you, darling, and I want you to be my wife."

If Tom Mason could have looked into the downcast eyes, he would have seen a flash of triumph. Shyly and a bit coquettishly, Ruth raised her eyes.

"Tom," said she a bit hesitatingly, "I do love you."

"Darling!" he reverently murmured.

He strained her to his breast. Softly her arms stole around his neck. Their lips met in a kiss. If her lips were a bit cold, he was too deliriously happy to notice it.

"Ruth," he finally said, "you have made me infinitely happier than I ever dared hope. The other things in life are as nothing compared to this, my greatest happiness."

"I, too, am very happy," she whispered.

Her words rang true, but if one were able to read her heart they would have seen there not love, but triumph—she had secured her desire, she was the betrothed wife of the mayor elect.

"When may I announce our engagement?" he queried.

"Not until the day you are inaugurated. The same day that you become mayor we will announce our betrothal."

He would have gladly announced the engagement immediately. He was so happy that he could have shouted the news from the housetops.

Weeks came and passed. A reception and dance was held at the club of which Mason was a member. Humphries was also a member of the club, and was present at the affair. As he watched Tom and Ruth his heart became bitter. He had suffered two humiliating defeats at the hand of Mason—one in the game of politics, the other in the lottery of love. Jealousy and hate became his portion, and he longed to revenge himself on this man.

Finally the day arrived when Tom Mason was to be inducted into office. It was one of the proudest days of his life. It was also a proud day for the woman who had promised to become his wife. The papers that carried the story of Tom Mason's inauguration also carried an announcement of the engagement of Ruth Rising and the new mayor.

Hardly had Mason taken up his new duties before Humphries and Walker began to conspire in order to secure some evidence upon which to impeach and remove the new mayor.

Adhering to his preëlection promises, Tom Mason was, indeed, cleaning up the city. Several of the more disreputable saloons had been forced to close their doors. Many questionable resorts had been put out of business.

Walker was the "silent partner" in a chain of low saloons, and some of his money was gained from the houses that harbored the fallen women of the underworld. Unless Mason were forced out of office, these sources of Walker's income would be shut.

Passing through the park in front of the city hall one day, Mayor Tom Mason encountered Margaret Macy. It was the first time that he had seen her since the political meeting previous to election. She had been hard at work in the vice-ridden sections of the city, en-

deavoring to uplift both men and women.

"How do you do, Miss Macy," said Tom, lifting his hat. "This is, indeed, a pleasure."

"I am very glad to see you, your honor," said Margaret, smiling sweetly at the man who was struggling to make the city clean. "This is the first opportunity I have had to tell you how happy I am over the manner in which you are bettering conditions. Already the moral tone is much better, and I am sure that before you finish your term of office our city will be the cleanest in the State."

"Thank you very much, Miss Macy," replied Tom. "Such praise, coming from you, who are so thoroughly familiar with conditions, is very gratifying. If you have any plans to suggest for cleaning up the city, you will always find my door open, and you will find me an attentive listener."

"I'll remember that promise," rejoined Margaret, "because some time before long I may have something to suggest to you. But I must be running along now," concluded the girl.

"Good day, Miss Macy, and bear in mind what I have said."

"Good-by."

A month passed. Walker was more keenly feeling the effect of Tom Mason's reform administration. The new mayor was popular with the majority of the people in the town. The better citizens were enthusiastic over Tom's good work.

In the back room of one of the most disreputable saloons under the control of the Walker ring sat the boss and Humphries. Matters had reached the crisis—Mason must be deposed.

"Humphries, we must 'get' Mason," declared Boss Walker, bringing his clenched fist down on the table with such force as to cause the glasses to rattle. "He's going too far with this reform stuff of his. We can't get anything on him, so it's up to us to frame him, and I guess we can do that."

Walker's teeth came together with a snap. His square, bulldog jaw only too plainly bore evidence of the tenacity and fighting qualities of the boss. The face of the man was strong—strong with the strength of brutality.

"Have you any suggestions as to how we can get Mason?" asked Humphries.

"Yes," promptly responded the boss. "Mason is pretty thick with Margaret

Macy, who is just about as strong for this reform stuff as the mayor is. Through her we will be able to make the people of this town think that Mason is everything rotten and crooked. This Macy girl is in the habit of hanging around a lot of the joints, and if my first plan to get Mason through the papers fails, then we'll use the Macy girl."

he gets. Macy is pretty light-fingered and could make his living as a dip, if he cared to go into that sort of a game."

"If you think that you can get away with it, then go to it, and if we can't put this stunt over, we'll have to try something else," said Humphries. In his heart he secretly hoped that Walker's plan would succeed.

"What do you want?" asked the keeper of the place, when they were seated.

"I want your help," replied the boss.

"My help?" she questioned.

"Yes. I want you to write a letter to the mayor which will give those who see it the impression that you are paying him protection money. Do you get me?"



"Humphries, we must get Mason!" declared "boss" Walker.

"What's your first plan?"

"I'll get one of the girls to write a letter showing that she is paying protection money to the mayor. That letter will be found in his pocket by one of the reporters on the *Recorder*, and with the publication of that letter, together with the reporter's affidavit as to where he found it, we'll make this town much too warm for our Sunday-school mayor."

"Easier said than done," objected Humphries.

"Oh, it can be done easy enough," pursued Walker. "Will Macy will be given the letter, with instructions to plant it on the mayor the first chance

"I am going out now and get the letter, and Macy will plant it to-morrow. Good night, Humphries."

"Good night, Walker."

Quickly the boss made his way to one of the disreputable resorts that had escaped the clean-up order. As he entered the place, he was effusively greeted by the proprietress.

"Do come in, Mr. Walker," she wheedled.

"I'm coming in all right, Mammie," replied Walker, as the door closed behind him.

The woman led the way to her private sitting room.

"I think so."

The woman seated herself at a table, and for a brief space there was silence, save for the scratching of a pen as it rapidly crossed the scented note paper. Not once during the writing did the woman look up. The pen ceased its scratching. Quickly the woman scanned that which she had written.

"Will that do?" she asked, tossing the letter toward Walker.

Picking up the note, the boss read as follows:

"HON. THOMAS MASON, City Hall.

"HONORED SIR: Herewith find five hundred dollars, which you demanded

of me day before yesterday, under threat of arrest. Yours,

"MAMMIE CAMERON."

"That seems to be all right," said Walker, as he concluded reading the epistle. "Now address an envelope, Mammie."

The woman, without question, obeyed the order. She did not care to what use Walker put the letter; she only knew that it would be used to discredit Tom Mason, the man whom she and her kind feared.

Stuffing the letter in the envelope, Walker rose, jammed on his hat, and made his way back to the saloon he had but a short time before quitted.

"Say, Macy," growled the boss, as he entered the place, "come here!"

The young gangster rose from the table at which he was seated and made his way toward Walker.

would stand before his constituents disgraced.

Rummaging through her brother's pockets the next morning for some change, Margaret Macy's fingers came in contact with the letter which Mammie Cameron had written. Quickly she drew the letter from the pocket. What was her brother doing with a letter addressed to the mayor? The flap was unsealed, and with nimble fingers she extracted the inclosure. With eager eyes she read the contents, and in a flash she understood that there was some plot afoot to disgrace Tom Mason.

Hurriedly Margaret penned a note, congratulating Mayor Mason on the manner in which he was cleaning up the city. The original inclosure she placed in the bosom of her gown, and in its place substituted the note which she had penned.

Later in the day, Will Macy contrived

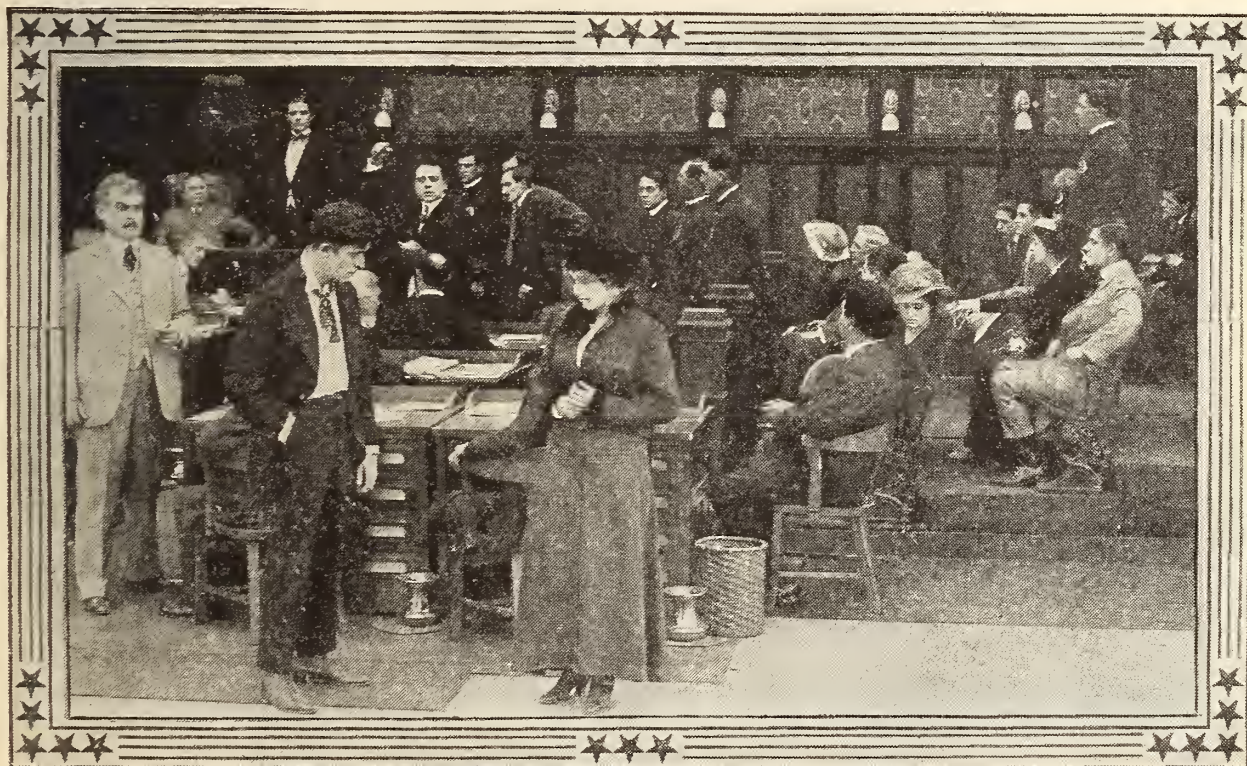
mayor's coat he extracted what he believed to be the letter which would bring disgrace upon the city's chief executive. After a brief interview with Mason, Sexton left the office and made his way to a near-by café.

"I've got it!" said Sexton, as he seated himself opposite Walker. "See, here it is!" And the reporter drew the envelope from his pocket.

Carefully Sexton spread the inclosure before him. A look of surprise spread over his face as he read the letter.

"Good heavens, Walker," he ejaculated, "this is a letter from Margaret Macy congratulating the mayor! It's not the one we wanted."

The boss glanced at the envelope, and then at the inclosure. The truth dawned on him with unpleasant vividness. A substitution had been made. As this unpleasant realization forced itself



Will and Margaret told the story of Walker's conspiracy.

"What is it, huh?" grunted Macy.

"Sit down!" ordered Walker.

There was a brief, whispered conversation, during which Walker passed the note to his henchman. Finally Macy rose and left the place. If Walker's plan did not miscarry, Tom Mason

to gain admission to the mayor's office. As he passed the coat tree upon which hung the mayor's coat he deftly slipped the note into Tom Mason's pocket.

Scarcely had Macy quitted the mayor's office before Sexton, of the *Record*, entered the room. As he passed the

home, Walker's teeth sank more deeply into his cigar, and he muttered:

"Trimmed!"

Walker studied the end of his cigar for a few moments, while various thoughts galloped through his mind. Suddenly he looked up at Sexton.

"You can go," muttered the boss.

If he could not discredit Mason in the eyes of the public, he could at least give him a great deal of trouble. Walker believed that Margaret Macy would take the original letter to the mayor at his home directly after dinner. With this thought in mind, he stepped into a telephone booth.

"Hello, central, give me 3811W," requested Walker. "Hello, Mr. Rising's residence? Is Miss Margaret Rising there?"

There was a pause while Miss Rising was being summoned to the phone. At last her voice came from the other end of the wire, and Walker replied in a voice which he effectively concealed.

Without waiting for any reply, Walker hung up the receiver.

"I guess that'll fix Mayor Mason."

How well Walker's plot succeeded was proven the next morning, when Tom Mason received a registered package in his mail. The package contained Ruth Rising's engagement ring, and with it was a letter explaining why the engagement had been broken. She informed him that she had learned of his intimacy with Margaret Macy, and had seen the girl leave his home on the previous evening. In the letter Ruth mentioned the fact that she had received a telephone call from a friend, who had warned her of the meeting.

As he finished reading the letter, a

With the boss, as the mayor entered the room, was Humphries, to whom Walker was relating the plot which had brought unhappiness to Tom Mason. The men started as Mason entered the room.

"See here, Walker," said Mason in a voice that was menacing in its quietness, "you have not only interfered in my public affairs, but you have robbed me of the girl I had hoped to make my wife. You have overstepped yourself this time. You want a fight, and, by Heaven, you'll have it! Before I am through with you I'll drive you and your gang of dirty, crooked grafters out of this city!"

Before Walker could reply, Mason



Their eyes met, and therein each read the light of love.

"Miss Rising, if you wish to learn something to your advantage, be in front of Tom Mason's home at about eight o'clock this evening. Never mind who this is; I am simply warning you as a friend."

mighty pain tugged at the heart of the young mayor. In that telephone warning Mason saw the work of Walker. Picking up his hat, Mason left his office, and made for the room occupied by Walker.

turned on his heel and passed from the office.

That day the newspapers all carried an announcement of the breaking of the engagement that had existed between Mayor Mason and Ruth Rising. Both

people concerned were of such prominence that the story was played up on the front pages.

Weeks passed, and it seemed as though Walker had ceased to fight the efforts of Tom Mason. The boss, however, was waiting for the psychological moment to spring a trap which would bring disgrace on the man he hated.

Through the aid of a decoy letter, Walker succeeded in luring Margaret Macy to a disreputable resort. The time had come to strike. A raid on the house with Margaret Macy caught in the net, a newspaper story playing up the friendship existing between Mason and Margaret, and the mayor would be discredited.

Hardly had Margaret entered the place before the clang of the patrol-wagon bell was heard in the street. Quickly the police surrounded the house. The captain pounded on the front door for admittance. Inside could be heard a chorus of startled feminine shrieks. Scarcely giving the inmates of the place time to don their street attire, the police hurried the women into the patrol wagon and dashed off to police headquarters.

Through the columns of the *Record*, which he controlled, Walker played up the fact that the girl who had been the cause of the breaking of the engagement between Mayor Mason and Ruth Rising had been captured in the raid on one of the most disreputable resorts in the city. Walker went even farther, and charged the mayor, through the paper, with accepting graft from the women of the underworld.

The scandal was on the lips of every one. It seemed as if Boss Walker's plan of revenge would be consummated.

When Will Macy learned of the fate that had befallen his sister, he lost no time in seeking out Walker.

"You can't get away with it, Walker," shouted Macy, as he confronted the boss. "I've done a lot of dirty work for you, but you shan't drag my sister into your rotten game."

"Why, you cheap little grafter," thundered Walker, "I can put you away, too, and don't you forget it! I've got enough stuff on you to send you over the road for a nice long stay."

"Maybe you have, but you don't dare use it, because I can tell too much about you."

"You miserable crook——"
Walker never completed the sentence.

With a swinging right to the jaw, Macy sent the boss to the floor.

Gaining his feet, Walker hurried to police headquarters and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Will Macy, charging him with assault.

Matters were moving with lightning-like rapidity. A meeting of the council had been called for that evening to take up the charges made against the mayor in the early editions of the *Record*. Walker was jubilant; before the close of the day he hoped to see Tom Mason impeached.

In the office of the chief of police sat Will and Margaret Macy and the head of the police department.

Attentively the chief listened to the story of Margaret and her brother, which conclusively showed that there was a conspiracy afoot, backed by Walker and Humphries, to disgrace the mayor. It was late in the afternoon before the interview was finally brought to a conclusion.

"You two will wait here until to-night, when we will go to the council chamber and confront Walker with the evidence you have furnished. When you tell your story to the councilmen, I am sure that they will not be in such a hurry to remove his honor."

In the midst of the council meeting, Will and Margaret, accompanied by the chief, entered the council chamber. Walker gave a gasp of astonishment. Humphries was plainly nervous.

"Mr. President," said the chief, addressing the head of the council, "before you go any farther, I would like to have the councilmen hear the stories of these two young people. I am firmly convinced of the truth of their stories, and I feel that you will also be convinced when they have finished."

Clearly and concisely, Margaret and Will told of the letter which had been written by Mammie Cameron. The chief of police corroborated this evidence by swearing that Walker's thumb print appeared in the lower left-hand corner of the sheet of note paper. The chief based his declaration on the fact that there was a peculiar scar on Walker's thumb.

Bit by bit the evidence was piled up. Before Will had finished telling of the efforts of Walker to discredit the mayor, public opinion had veered round to Tom Mason, and those present were willing to agree that Boss Walker was

more unprincipled than any had dreamed.

"Mr. President," said one of the councilmen, "I move that the proceedings against the mayor be immediately dropped, and that this body go on record as being in thorough accord with his efforts to clean up the city."

The other members of the body forgot all rules of parliamentary procedure and cheered the resolution which was unanimously carried.

Tom Mason lost no time in swearing out warrants for the arrest of Walker, Humphries, and the other members of the ring, charging them with conspiracy.

Two days after the arrest of Walker and his henchmen, Margaret Macy, accompanied by a girl friend, called on the mayor in his office.

"Miss Macy," said Tom, clasping her hand, "I can't tell you how much I thank you for the efforts made by you and your brother to clear my name."

"We were glad to do it."

Their eyes met, and in the glance that passed between them was something more than friendship.

WATCH

next week's
issue for an
important
announcement in re-
lation to

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

It concerns you

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

WELL, the motion-picture business is certainly going better to-day than it ever has in its existence, and all indications point to success for all of the manufacturers that are capable of turning out good films. Why shouldn't there be? The field is certainly big enough to hold them all.

May Allison and Harold Lockwood are married. So are Marshal Neilan and Gertrude Bambrick. The same goes for Ford Sterling and Teddy Sampson, while Roscoe Arbuckle and Minta Dufree are hitched. Mary Alden and Wray Physioc are one and one. More next week.

Grace Davison, the exceptionally pretty little leading lady, has bought herself a new roadster, and prizes it very highly. Her director—A. R.—donated toward the car. Every little bit helps, says Grace, who is one of the very few leading ladies who is in the motion-picture business more for the fun she has than anything else. The director's donation toward the purchase price of the car was learned from reliable sources to be one penny in American copper. Father and Grace were the only other contributors.

Henry Fischbeck, one of the really wonderful camera men, has just finished some double and triple exposure stuff that is going to show a few of the other camera boys some mighty good photography. The sinking of New York City is one of the few feats accomplished by Fischbeck.

The Biograph reissues continue to show up many of the present-day films, and the "Birth of a Nation" continues to show to packed houses, as do the Triangle productions. Merit will win every time.

Anna Little is reported by Mutual's press agent to be having the time of her young life, playing in the Buck Parvin series, with Art Accord. Anna is one of the little ladies who can make herself welcome anywhere, and also be at home at the same time.

Anna Luther hasn't missed a thing since she has been with the Keystone Company at Edendale. She says that she is ready at any time to make an affidavit that she has stopped every pie

and egg that has come her way—with her face. Anna thinks that she is a crack shot, because she never misses being hit.

Speaking of Keystone, Chester (Seven Languages) Conklin, one of our few eloquent speakers, is going on a diet. He swears that he is getting so fat that he notices that his roadster can't go so fast now as it used to. He is going to train down, and try to help his car out.

It is just the opposite with Charlie Ray, at Inceville. He has been playing tennis, and incidentally winning several more of those trophies that Richard Stanton so rudely called "eyecups." Charlie has taken off weight at a great rate, and when he was out driving the other day, some person thought that the horse was running away, seeing no driver in the carriage. If they had only looked behind the whip, they would have seen him holding onto the reins. Beastly silly of him, says Charles.

We learn from reliable authority that the weight question is not worrying Roscoe Arbuckle in the least, and we also learn from the same source that he will not follow Conklin's footsteps, and go on a diet.

Theda Bara is working again on some more of those gossip-arousing pictures that she is now famous the country over for, and she will no doubt receive many scathing letters from the Women's Moral and Social League. Theda is more popular at the present time than she has ever been, which accounts for the work that is being piled upon her.

Wil Rex has been given a vacation, and has left the city with his better half for a short vacation.

Mr. Smaltz and Mr. Piffle are proving just as unpopular with each other as did Smaltz and Fish, and that accounts for the many laughs they are getting in every one of their pictures. Smaltz is a firm believer that friends can't put over good rough stuff together in a slapstick comedy. The undertakers and florists have already made the above-mentioned comedians reduced rates, and the insurance companies increased their rates.

Selig's *Paste Pot and Shears* intimates that Kathlyn Williams could reap a handsome income as an interior decorator. Something tells me, however, that as a decorator Kathlyn is a fine actress.

Mary Roberts Rineheart, the famous authoress, who has been writing several of the Selig Red Seal photo plays that are being released on the V. L. S. E., is very much pleased with the way these pictures were directed, and was recently the guest of the V. L. S. E. manager at Pittsburgh. She expressed herself as being more than pleased with the way her stories were presented on the screen. Fine notice for the director, clip this out, and paste it in your scrapbook.

Harry la Pearl, the cyclonic comedian who has made a name for himself in his work alone, has just finished work on "Still Waters," a Famous Players release, with Marguerite Clark. Ever since he has been under the direction of Mr. Smaltz, Harry has been in great demand, and was loaned to the Famous Players by Smaltz, but is now back with his director, working his head off for him.

"Neal of the Navy!" Good night! On a whole, this series is proving one of the worst serials that has ever been seen, and for Pathé to put out a series of such poor class, we can't understand. We would advise the Pathé to stick to Pauline and Elaine for a while.

Evidently David Horsley does not think much of Crane Wilbur as a box office attraction, from the way he is advertising him. His latest ad reads as follows: "David Horsley presents George Ovey, the Bostock Animals, and Crane Wilbur." Well, animals are expensive things, and should be rated accordingly, I suppose. I would tell David how he should word his ad, but I don't want to hurt his feelings, and, beside, Ovey needs the money.

The interest is increasing weekly in the Triangle, as is the value of the stock, and it is a certainty that this concern is going to prove a huge success in every way. They have already closed some deals that have put them on East street, and with Mack, Dave, and Tom at the helm, the race is already won.

Via Wireless

(PATHE)

By Edwin Balmer

(A Serial Story—Part Five)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

George Durant, the great gunmaker, known as "The American Krupp," is touring the Philippines in his yacht *Irvessa*, partly for pleasure and partly to advise in the matter of island defense. With him are his daughter Frances and his right-hand man, Etherington Pinckney, who is teaching Frances to use the yacht's "wireless." One morning Pinckney forbids Frances to use the apparatus. He also warns her against Lieutenant Sommers, who is trying to send the yacht a wireless message, telling her that Sommers is a scoundrel. As a joke, Frances talks with Sommers by wireless, but won't tell him where the *Irvessa* is. Pinckney lands at Bagol, and is attacked by natives. Frances refuses to go below when the yacht is fired on. She uses the wire to summon rescue. Pinckney meets a gun designer named Marsh, who claims to be the inventor of a Rheinstrum gun which Durant has contracted to buy. Pinckney promises to help him. When the yacht lands at a government post, Frances meets Sommers, and is much attracted by him. Sommers has invented a gun whose plans Pinckney studies, and declares to Durant are worthless. He also gets Marsh to agree to aid in making the test of Sommers' gun a failure. Durant, Frances, and Pinckney set out on the yacht for the Philippines again. There they receive the news over the wireless that Sommers' gun has exploded, killing three men and wounding four. "The fools!" mutters Pinckney, who takes the message. "Why weren't they careful to keep out of the way—the fools!"

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued).

DISASTER AND TREASON.

LIMP and relaxed from the strain of the moment before, he fell back in his chair, and spoke hoarsely to himself. The receiving drums dropped unnoted from his ears. A light, quick step sounded upon the deck without. He straightened up with an effort and struggled back to his instruments. He controlled himself enough to face about as the door swung open and Frances entered.

"Oh, what is it, Etherington?" the girl cried, in alarm, as she saw him. "What is the matter?"

"Frances, I told you that gun of Sommers' was bad! I warned you not to have it made. I told your

father so, too! You cannot say that I did not do all I could to prevent—this!"

"This, Etherington? Oh, what?"

"Yes, this—this which has just come in, Frances! Here it is upon the tape! You can read it for yourself!" He held the automatic record strip before the girl's frightened eyes. "Against all I could do, you forced the making of that gun for Sommers; and now—see, it has exploded—exploded at the first firing, and killed three men and maimed four others!"

"Oh, what——" The girl caught at him in her horror.

"Yes, and there is something else so serious that the admiral does not care to communicate it by wireless! Something which demands your father's attention at once. Adrian!"—he jumped from the cabin and left the girl, stupefied and trembling, in the wireless cabin—"forced draft now to Manila. Full speed ahead; Mr. Durant has been summoned to the flagship in the bay!"

He hurried back to Frances, to find her, pale and sobbing, with her face hidden in her hands. When he spoke to her she would not hear him, but fled to her father.

All day, as the throbbing turbines speeded the ship on, she sat with the old man, still pale and preoccupied.

At last, late in the afternoon, the *Irvessa* slipped past Cavite and anchored a hundred yards distant from the *California*. The admiral's gig bumped against the yacht's side; it had come to fetch Mr. Durant to the flagship.

Etherington accompanied the old man over the side. During the two hours of their absence Frances paced the *Irvessa's* deck. At last, as the dusk dimmed into night and the lights upon the shore and the ships began to glow, they returned.

Frances met them. "What is it, father?" she cried.

Her father put his arm about her sympathetically, and led her into the

private saloon. Etherington followed silently. "Something very serious, indeed, my dear, I am afraid," said the old man.

"And harder for you, I fear, Frances," added Etherington, in a compassionate tone, "than maybe even your father thinks. For I have seen how, in spite of our hesitation over Lieutenant Sommers, you had taken at once to trusting him. And now——"

"His gun exploded at the first test—I know!" Frances interrupted impatiently. "If that was his fault, it was at the worst merely a mistake—an error in his calculations. He could not know that seven men would disobey orders at such tests, and so be hurt. No one can hold that against him!"

"Not that, Frances," Pinckney agreed, "but——"

"But what?"

The young man checked himself, deferring respectfully to the girl's father.

"But they must hold very seriously against him, indeed, I fear, my dear," the old man explained, "the matters with which Admiral Barlow has just acquainted us. The chief object of Lieutenant Sommers' detail down about Bagol, my dear, has been to prevent the insurgents from providing themselves with arms. This uprising has shown how utterly he failed to do his duty down there. And not only that, my dear," he continued, as his daughter raised her head quickly for defense, "but, from the circumstances of this uprising, he is now charged, not only with negligence, but with direct connivance with the chiefs to enable them to provide themselves with arms."

"And you believed that of Lieutenant Sommers, father—Etherington? Admiral Barlow also believed that of him?"

"Neither of us could credit it for a moment at first, Frances," returned Pinckney. "The admiral told us that when he first heard this charge, he, too, thought it entirely absurd. But then came even a more serious charge against him—which, as it directly concerned

your father and myself, he communicated to us."

"What is that?"

Again the younger man deferred to the older.

"That is, my dear, that Lieutenant Sommers, at the same time he sent copies of his designs for his gun to be made by us, also sent duplicate designs, through an agent, to sell them to representatives of foreign gun works—both German and Japanese. Now, my dear"—he checked her again as she started to protest—"this matter was presented with certain proofs. As Etherington has said, the admiral, like ourselves, refused to credit the charges in connection with the Bagol chiefs until this matter came to his attention through official channels from Washington. My dear, the copies of Lieutenant Sommers' plans and designs, made out from his own originals, have actually been taken at Hongkong by our secret-service agents just as they were being offered to representatives of these foreign gunworks. Lieutenant Sommers' agent escaped, unfortunately; but his drawings and designs were taken and sent at once to Washington, where Lieutenant Sommers is now summoned to stand trial for treason!"

The girl steadied herself and faced her father and her friend bravely.

"Where is Lieutenant Sommers now?" she demanded. "What has he said to these charges?"

"For five weeks he has been fighting in Bagol, my dear," the father replied. "He does not know yet that these charges are made against him. He cannot know even that his gun has failed in the test."

"Why has not Admiral Barlow sent for him to answer those accusing him, at once?"

"Because the transport *Mongolian*, my dear, the only ship leaving here for the States for some weeks, left yesterday, before the serious nature of these second charges were communicated from Washington. Lieutenant Sommers is now landed, and is actively in the fighting line ashore at Bagol. Under these circumstances, Admiral Barlow considers he can do the kindest thing by leaving him to fight down there until the last moment, when he must be summoned to take the next ship for home. He has ordered him watched and practically under arrest. But, if he can make any favorable record in the

fighting down there during these next weeks, we want to give him that advantage."

"But if he is killed?"

"Perhaps, under the circumstances, that might be the best solution of the matter," replied her father gently.

"To let him be killed with such charges against him, without giving him a chance even to answer? No—no! I don't care how serious and how sure they seem! He is not guilty! He must be given a chance to answer now, at once, and to prove it!"

"But there is no ship for three weeks," Etherington objected.

"No ship? Surely we go back before then, father," the girl cried suddenly.

"What!" The startled exclamation came from Pinckney's lips.

"Don't we, father?"

"Why, yes, my dear. One of the points about which Admiral Barlow wished to see me, besides those I have just told you, was that the important matters which I came here to oversee in person must now wait over till next fall. So we can return practically any day now, my dear."

"Then let us return at once, father, and by way of Bagol—to take Lieutenant Sommers with us! This is not a time to let him fight down there! Any one of a thousand men can take his place there now! This is the time for him to return to take up the charges against him; to clear himself; to prove—the true traitor! You have just said we may go back any time now, father!" she reiterated excitedly. "Then let us go back at once by way of Bagol, and make the admiral give you charge of Lieutenant Sommers, to take him back to answer his accusers!"

"But, Frances!" Etherington put in hastily, as she stopped breathlessly.

"My dear—my dear girl!" cried her father.

But Frances had her way.

Bagol, with its lukewarm, limpid sea bounded by the white beaches of its bays, lay again ahead of the little *Irvessa* before the sunset of the second day. In the bay on the north, where on the former occasion the yacht had lain alone, the *San Juan* and two other gunboats, a transport and a cruiser now lay at anchor. In the afternoon, when the *Irvessa* was still seventy miles off, Pinckney had first picked up the little fleet by wireless. He had informed the naval captain in command that Mr.

Durant was coming to take the arrest and parole of Lieutenant Sommers to take him at once to Washington. The commandant had replied the lieutenant was then far inland with a party of soldiers and marines, but that he had been sent for and might be expected to return during the night.

The yacht swung in beside the gunboats and anchored. The officer from the cruiser came over and furnished more particulars.

Lieutenant Sommers had been continuously at the front on a special detail, forcing the fighting, ever since his return. He had planned for that day a coup which drew upon every available man from the ships to help the soldiers. The chiefs were to be surprised and surrounded in their stronghold. Yet the natives were very strong and well armed. The fighting was sure to be close and fierce. But probably about this time—nine o'clock—it would all be over. If Lieutenant Sommers were found at once by the man sent to summon him, he was to be expected back between twelve and one o'clock that night, probably.

"If he found him alive, he meant to say," Frances told herself fearfully. She withdrew from the others as soon after this as she could, and from the darkness of the deck watched the black outlines of the deserted shore, showing dimly under the baffling, inscrutable shimmer of the stars.

Finally the officer, returning to his ship, passed her with an encouraging word. She did not care that he had seen what it meant to her to have Dick back. Her father and Etherington came to her; but still she felt terribly, terribly alone, unaware of the lurking presence of Pinckney on the deck behind her, as she waited for the first sounds of men breaking from the bush there upon the beach, and for the first shout or signal to tell that they—that he was safe.

This time there was no firing from behind the trees to ring in her ears. She could only wait and wait, answering her father's and Etherington's hollow encouragement in shortening syllables, as the time crept on and on.

From somewhere far behind the black wood a signal shot rang out; then, like an echo, there came a reckless, triumphant shout, and the loud trampling and crashing of men returning in victory. Lights shone suddenly between

the trees, and the marching men showed in the luminous patches between the dancing shadows. Oars pounded upon thwarts and splashed into the water; boats bumped and scurried in confusion between the war vessels and the shore. Then, suddenly, Frances saw a boat, which had gone first to the *San Juan*, strike straight for the *Irvessa*.

"Isn't that he—Lieutenant Sommers—there in the stern?" She caught her father's hand. "Isn't that he? Lieutenant Sommers!" She called aloud as the boat came alongside.

"Miss Durant!" The incredulous recognition came back. The officer in the stern sprang up as the boat glided in; he caught the companion ladder, and was at once upon the deck. "You came with them down here, too? They told me your father and Mr. Pinckney had come, and that you had sent for me, sir." He bowed to Mr. Durant. "But you—"

"Yes, I came," was all the girl could say miserably, as he stopped.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Dick quietly, and turned to the others.

"You should at least—suspect it by this time, I should think, Lieutenant Sommers!" returned Pinckney sternly.

"Oh, come into the cabin first, father—Etherington—Lieutenant Sommers!" pleaded the girl. "And first, father, before you tell him, let me ask—you have won this battle and captured them?"

"Why, yes." Dick watched her, puzzled. "We were lucky enough to catch them just right to-night. We got three of the chiefs, and I believe after this it must be about over. But—Miss Durant!" he cried, alarmed, as he now saw her more plainly in the light of the cabin. "What is the matter?"

"I repeat, I think this should scarcely surprise you, Lieutenant Sommers," Pinckney said again.

"I have not asked for your opinion, Mr. Pinckney," said Dick, coldly. "Miss Durant, or Mr. Durant, will doubtless tell me in their own time what I have asked. Perhaps it may interest you, meanwhile, to know that to-night we not only captured three of the chiefs, but also discovered from them—"

"Lieutenant Sommers, what Mr. Durant hesitates to tell you, but what you had probably better know at once, is that we have come down here at this time and in this manner, sir, to make your arrest!"

"My arrest?"

"Yes, sir; two days ago you were officially put under arrest at Manila, but paroled to Mr. Durant in order that we may take you with us back to Washington at once, to stand trial for treason!"

"What is this that Mr. Pinckney is talking about, sir?" Dick turned from Pinckney to Mr. Durant.

"Only the truth, I am sorry to say, Lieutenant Sommers," replied the old man sorrowfully. "When we arrived at Manila two days ago I found, sir, that you had already been placed under arrest. No ship, however, would take you back to the States for some weeks. At my daughter's wish—that is, as we were returning at once, in the *Irvessa*—Admiral Barlow permitted you to be paroled to me, to take you back with us."

"To stand trial in Washington?" cried Dick, puzzled.

"I am sorry—yes."

"For—treason, as this man says?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"In the first place, Lieutenant Sommers," Pinckney cut in again, as Mr. Durant hesitated, "your gun exploded at the first discharge in the test, killing three men and maiming four others."

"It did?" Dick turned eloquently upon Pinckney. "And they are to court-martial me for that?"

"No. More particularly, I should say, upon the charge of your connivance, or conspiracy, with the Bagol chiefs here in permitting them to provide themselves with arms!"

"Pinckney! You can say that I—" Dick's blue eyes blazed, and his hands clenched at his sides.

"But even beyond that, lieutenant," Pinckney continued serenely, "there is a still more treasonable charge against you. Chiefly, I may say, you are to be tried for your attempt to sell to Japanese and German agents the designs and drawings for your coast-defense and naval-gun designs which the government agents captured in Hongkong."

"What! Will you tell me, sir"—he appealed again to Mr. Durant—"what is there in what this man says?"

"I regret to have to tell you, Lieutenant Sommers," Mr. Durant had to confirm again, "that, as Mr. Pinckney says, copies of your original designs and drawings were taken in Hongkong

as they were being offered for sale to agents of foreign gun works."

"What?" Dick turned at last to Frances, to see if the others could be playing with him. But the sight of her face was enough.

"And so you have come to take me back with you?" he asked miserably.

"Yes; and you must come with us, too!" The girl spoke at last. She came bravely over to him and touched him gently, sweetly, with a touch which thrilled through him. "To-night, you have just told me, you struck the blow which must finish your work here. You can have no cause for staying. You owe it to yourself—to me—to go back at once with us!"

"To you, Miss Durant!"

"To me and to all your friends, as well as to yourself. You must clear yourself at once!"

"But to return with you in this way—on your yacht—disgraced, under arrest, and with—with—"

"Oh, I know that this way is the hardest, not the easiest! That is why I know you will take it. Will you not? Oh, thank you! Father, as soon as the boat can return with Mr. Sommers' things, tell Adrian we are ready to return at once to America. And, Lieutenant Sommers—I shall make it as easy for you as I can."

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE FEAR OF DEATH.

"In for it to-night, eh, lieutenant?" Pinckney stopped Sommers.

Dick was descending from the bridge, smiling, dripping wet with the drench of the tropical hurricane. He had just finished his regular watch, and was passing through the saloon, a little after eight o'clock.

On the first morning after passing Samar Island and striking free from the Philippines into the open sea, he had appealed to Mr. Durant and to Adrian for regular occupation and a regular watch. As Nichols, the first mate, was not well, they had given Dick his duties. He had accepted the work gratefully, and for ten days he had taken refuge in the routine, smiling and speaking shortly and formally, as would Nichols himself, when he passed Mr. Durant, or Frances, or Pinckney.

Frances and her father, both appreciating the difficulty of the young officer's position, pretended that he was,

indeed, a new first mate; and upon this basis they got along very well. Pinckney and Dick, by mutual consent, had adopted the most perfunctory manner of acknowledging each other's presence. But to-night, as the black storm following behind blew closer and spattered great sheets of green water over the stern, Pinckney detained the naval officer as he passed.

"A bit of a blow, I should say; maybe quite a storm," Dick replied easily.

"But nothing is going wrong? Adrian seemed a good deal worried about something when I saw him."

"Nothing more than that we haven't our bearings," Dick replied. "But we haven't had them, you know, for a couple of days now."

"Why not?"

"Why, we haven't seen the sun for three days; so we've been running on dead reckoning for the last twelve hundred miles. Of course, with the water running as it has been, our reckoning is bound to be pretty bad; and this is a bad part of the Pacific to be caught in by a storm with only dead reckoning."

"The glass is falling, too, Adrian says." Pinckney tried to appear at ease.

"Yes; it's pretty low. But it isn't the blow that the *Irvessa*, light as she is, is afraid of. It's the reefs about here—the rocks and coral reefs and shoals—some of them aren't any too well placed on the charts, even if we knew exactly where we were."

"What are you doing about it, then?" Pinckney was paling now.

"Running as cautiously as we can, with doubled lookouts. Using our searchlight, too, all we can. Adrian's taken the bridge himself, and I guess maybe I'll go back, after I've had a bite."

Dick nodded almost cordially to the other, and started to pass on.

"I was only asking as Frances—Miss Durant was a little afraid," Pinckney explained.

"Oh, was she? She seemed all right when I passed her on the upper deck, just as I came down." Dick passed on.

Pinckney remained irresolutely in the passage for a moment. Frances' maid came from her cabin and questioned him about the storm. He succeeded, apparently, in cheering himself

by his efforts to reassure her. She returned to her cabin, and he went on deck. He found Frances and Mr. Durant in the shelter of the wireless cabin, watching the dark, rising water strike and splash in great waves over the stern and sweep along the decks.

The storm, which had been driving the little yacht blindly before it for three days, seemed about to swoop down upon the *Irvessa* at last. Great flashes and bursts of tropical lightning tore through the heavy pall clouds just astern, and cast over the pursuing waves a green, gleaming glaze of electricity.

"Don't be afraid, Frances!" Etherington caught her. The girl was quietly watching the storm center gain on the yacht. "Don't be afraid!" he muttered to her.

The girl shook off his insecure fingers, but let him take her arm again a moment later, as though she realized that it steadied him, at least.

"I've been on the *Irvessa*," she said proudly, "when she's ridden out worse than this. Adrian can bring us through as well, unless we find some reef!"

"So you know about the reefs, then?"

The roar of the storm almost swept the words from his lips.

"Yes; but Adrian's a good skipper."

"Of course; but—what's that?" He had slipped suddenly and sprawled to the deck. "What's that?" he cried again, as he steadied himself.

As he fell he had tightened his hold upon Frances' arm, so that his weight had thrown her through the doorway in which they stood watching the storm, and had dashed her to the wet, washed decks without. But she caught at the railing beside the cabin.

"The storm's on us now!" she replied.

"But that was not all!"

With a shriek and a roar the hurricane had hurled all its force upon them; and, indeed, that was not all. There was a sudden grind, and a wrench which no mere wave could have caused.

"We've struck! That was the keel scraping!" cried Pinckney.

"A reef?" cried Frances, clutching the hand rail harder, as the whole vessel seemed to shudder.

"Yes, we're on a reef!"

"We're off again! But oh—oh, some one has fallen from the bridge! Lieutenant Sommers! Dick—oh, Mr. Sommers, Adrian has fallen from the bridge!"

"Adrian!" Pinckney was screaming, beside himself. "Adrian!"

The stunned form of the skipper lay on the deck at his feet. "Adrian!" He tried roughly to revive him.

But Frances had skipped past him, and was making for the cabin companionway.

"Dick—Dick!" she cried. "Oh, take command!" She had met him hurrying to her. "Adrian has fallen from the bridge—and we're on a reef!"

"No; we washed over it!" Dick shouted back. "I'll take the bridge. But, Frances, go below!"

"Struck again! Reefs ahead—reefs ahead!" A fearful cry somehow made itself articulate above the shriek of the hurricane.

With a sickening, grinding shudder, the yacht struck solid rock under her keel. Again she quivered from stern to stern, rising high in the effort to surmount the obstacle as before; but now she struck down the harder after the wave's wash had passed, and settled upon the unyielding reef which tore its way horribly through the helpless hull.

"Engines reverse—full speed astern!" Dick had leaped to the bridge and signaled the engine room. But the trembling tug of the little turbines, reversed at full speed against the pitiless force of the storm, was of no avail.

"Full speed ahead!" signaled Dick again, in the last sorry hope to drive the little vessel before the waves over the rising reef. But the rock only gripped her the harder; her plates began to crack, yield and give way.

Dick descended from the bridge in the wake of the panic-stricken sailors.

"Mr. Durant—Miss Durant!" he called. "We must abandon ship! Lifeboats away!" he commanded. Warner—he caught the second mate—"take charge of starboard lifeboat. Take Miss Durant, her maid, Mr. Durant, and fifteen of the men with you! You leave first! Nichols!" he cried to the first mate, who staggered up. "Make ready port boat. Take Adrian, Mr. Pinckney, and rest of crew. Pinckney"—he swung about and faced Etherington—"stand by wireless at once! Try signal some ship! Per-

CHAPTER X.

FROM THE REEF.

"Schjetman Reef—E. D. Existence doubtful!" The Marconi operator translated his chart to himself. "Shoals also E. D. Reefs, existence doubtful; no—P. D." He corrected himself, "Position doubtful. More reefs reported—"

With the spray of the mid-Pacific hurricane splashing the glass of even

haps the *Mongolian*—she's slower than we—is in communication. Get some ship, and stand by till they can understand where we are! Tell them we are about to abandon ship!"

"Oh, but there's no one—there's no one in this part of the ocean!" cried Pinckney.

"Try it—the wireless!" Sommers shouted to steady him. "Try it—the wireless—to save us all—to save yourself!"

side themselves with fear, crowded forward and started a rush for the boats. Dick threw himself against them and tried to check and command them. But Pinckney himself joined them and increased their panic.

Dick stopped suddenly, drew a revolver from the pocket of the reviving skipper, cocked it, turned, and cried to the crew:

"The first man to get into a boat—till I give the order—will be shot like



Frances felt terribly alone—unaware of the lurking presence of Pinckney on the deck behind her.

"To the boats—to the boats!" cried Pinckney, unheeding the order of the lieutenant, as the storm burst upon them again. "To the boats at once!" he yelled.

"It is useless to take to boats to save ourselves in this part of the sea," Sommers tried to reason with the fear-crazed man, "unless we can warn some ship to pick us up! The wireless! It is the only chance for any of us—for yourself!"

But now the crew, wild-eyed and be-

a dog! Some one of you who understands the dynamo go down to the dynamo room and see that the current is supplied! Pinckney, go to the key and call—call for your life and the lives of us all! Go—or I shall shoot you first! Are you afraid, you fool, that I'll get off and leave you? No! I'll stay here to shoot the next to the last to leave if he disobeys me! Remember—the women and Mr. Durant first! In order, there! Prepare to abandon ship!"

his wireless cabin, set far up on the highest deck beneath the *Mongolian's* bridge, the operator strained his eyes anxiously into the blackness ahead.

In spurts and short dashes—as a company under fire crouches and crawls while the opposing batteries beat upon it, and then springs forward in the lulls while the batteries must rest or reload—the great *Mongolian*, bound from the Philippines to San Francisco, was making her slow advance. As the hurricane beat upon her, Harling could feel

the ship almost consciously pause and crouch; then, as the storm fell away, she would gather herself and charge forward once more.

The young man caught the handrail at his side and patted it impulsively as the ship, bearing through the very heart of the storm, swung steadily on again in her course.

"Good old *Mongolian!*" he muttered approvingly. Then, shaking off his preoccupation, he reseated himself at his instrument, reclamped his receivers to his ears, and, as he sat again at his watch with patiently straining ears, drew his chart to him once more.

It was a chart of that great, empty expanse of the Pacific which lies more than one thousand miles west of our Hawaiian Islands and double that distance east of the Philippines.

Within those thousands of miles there are, of course, many known and accurately determined sea marks. For instance, only seven hundred miles or so east and south of the position which Harling had marked on the chart, there is a chain of peaks of marine mountains, where the rocks have reached almost to the surface of the sea. Where the peaks themselves have topped the tide levels, they are islands, of course; but, even where the mountain summits have not been able quite to reach the surface, but are so close below it that they might be dangerous to ships, most of those submerged summits in that part of the Pacific have managed to become islands, anyway. For in those warm waters, ages ago, the coral builders added their product to the sunken peaks, and built them up until they had caught floating vegetation. Then land was formed, and a few savage inhabitants came. Eventually the islets were discovered, claimed, and put upon the map.

But many of these peaks still lie below the surface, unknown and undetermined. If you look at the chart, you will see them recorded only as Harling read them: "Reefs reported in such and such a year," and, after most of them, the letters, "E. D." or "P. D."

"Existence doubtful—position doubtful! Why?"

Harling's hands clenched as he felt the storm lift the great *Mongolian* for an instant, and then fling her down contemptuously again. "Because 'dead men tell no tales,'" he quoted grimly. "So these"—he touched his chart—"are

only the reefs which those who found them have escaped. But what of the uncharted reefs?"

His hands clenched again, and his muscles tightened spontaneously. At the subconscious alarm, instinctively he raised himself in his seat and strained his eyes, staring out into the lightning-riven pall ahead. Still faint and imperceptible almost, but distinct enough now to call consciously to the operator, the tapper within the receptor before him quivered and trembled. A quiver again, and then once more the trembling tap sounded from the resonator.

Now, stronger and more audible, as the *Mongolian* pushed her way farther within the range of the other's communication, the tapper rattled again. A long, trembling tap; a quick, nervous rasp; a tremble again; then the rap, and again the quiver.

Harling swept his chart aside and waited, alert, cool, collected. His hand, which had shot forward impulsively to his key, sustained the steady fingers over it patiently. The discipline of habit was so strong that, when it had again taken command, it mastered automatically the impulse which had first come to him, hearing the call that came trembling to him through the storm. Again the tapper rattled; and in the same trembling panic the call clattered out once more.

"The call in the Continental code!" Harling muttered. "And—lightning doesn't throw off the message that way. That's lost nerve!"

The terrible suspense and exaltation of one who holds a telegram unopened came to Harling, magnified a thousand-fold. Somewhere in that black, broken, hurricane-tossed wash of the ocean before him, a ship was trembling out its chattering call through the storm, and the man who was sending was in fear.

Harling lifted his head. "There's no one answering," he exulted. "I guess it's ours!"

He pressed his key down firmly; and with a hissing crash the great, blue, twelve-inch spark leaped across the gap. From the humming ninety-foot aërials overhead, the electric waves spread steadily out against the storm. With quick, rattling volleys of discharges from the high-powered current, "*Mongolian!*" he signaled. "Position about 176 west, 14.45 north. East bound."

"Ra-attle, rap, ra-a-attle, rap, ra-attle!" The call was still trembling in

the *Mongolian's* resonators. The lip of the operator curled.

"Why doesn't he stop sending, to receive?" he demanded of himself, angry in his impatience.

"*Mongolian*, 176 west, 14.45 north. East bound!" The current from Harling's coil crackled again. "What do you want?"

"*Mongolian!*" He found himself writing his transcription as the receptor clattered. "*Mongolian!*" The man at the other end was repeating the word senselessly. "Yacht *Irvessa* going to pieces on reef. Help us! Must have aid at once. Help us! Help us!" The sounder clattered feverishly. "Come to us. We cannot last."

Harling pressed his lips tight in his disgust as the message chattered on. The young operator's tense muscles snapped down upon his key.

"Ash-cra-ash!" His coils roared their imperative interruption. "Ash-ash-ash-ash!" they exploded rapidly. "Cra-ash! What reef? What is your position?"

"Help us for—" Harling snapped his pencil over the words, and sprang upon his key again.

"Cra-a-ash! Where are you?" he demanded.

He stopped again to listen. But not for a second, in the panic of his sending, had the other man held his current to receive.

"What is your position? What reef are you upon?" Harling volleyed back madly in his impotency. "*Irvessa!* Send your position at once!"

"Two hours ago—have thirty on board—"

"The fool!" Harling cried helplessly into the storm.

"Call-call-call-call." He read the dots and dashes on his tape contemptuously from the beginning. "*Mongolian—Mongolian*. Yacht *Irvessa* going to pieces on reef. Help us! Must have aid at once. Come to us! We cannot last—"

There was the break where Harling himself had been sending, but—"Help us!"—the whine was repeated again. "Are going to pieces—are going to pieces—cannot last half hour—breaking up—thirty aboard. I am Pinckney—E. H. Pinckney, for George Durant, owner. Will surely reward you—"

Again, as Harling swore softly to himself, the roar of the *Mongolian's* great spark silenced the resonator; and

again, as the last discharge which crashed its demand across the space hissed down, the receptor, unheeding, continued its clattering jerks. "Will reward—" it chattered on in its heedless fright. "Only, come!"

Harling grabbed the bridge communicator. "Captain? Harling!" he reported quickly. "I have picked up yacht *Irvessa* by wireless, sir! She reports she is going to pieces on a reef—I didn't know—no, sir—no, I can't even get them to listen— Yes, sir. Thank you!"

Black sheets of rain flooded the glass ahead, and the chattering of the resonator had ceased as the captain slid back the door. The spark behind was already volleying rapidly again.

"It's a bender of a night!" The captain nodded to the other as, shiny and dripping, he stood over the operator and glanced through the transcription of the messages. He nodded his understanding again as he put them down. "What are you sending now?"

"He seemed to have run out; so, on the chance he may be listening, I'm trying again to ask him where he thinks he is, sir. Ah! Here it comes."

"It says?"

"I don't know. I don't know." Harling read it slowly. "We were bound for San Francisco"—the panicky chattering of the sounder was running more rapidly now—"from Manila. Have been driven before this storm two days, till struck this reef. No land within thousand miles. Come to us! We are breaking up! We—"

The captain nodded his fuller comprehension as he turned from the operator, and Harling swore unrebuked.

"The Schjetman Reef is the only charted reef within three hundred miles of our reckoning," the captain said, "and that is almost two hundred miles to westward. Could you send that far to-night?" he asked the operator.

"I don't think we could," Harling said, "and a yacht—"

"What are you asking?"

"For his radius of communication. Here it comes, sir! Seventy miles, he thinks."

"A yacht, under these conditions?" asked the captain incredulously. "Even if it could make seventy, that precluded the Schjetman—if it's in the place the charts show it. What are you asking?"

"His aërials—how long his wires are. Here it comes!"

"Thirty feet, he says. Seventy miles! The—" Harling checked himself. "We must have been within forty miles, to get him at all to-night, sir," he said. "If we are going toward him, we might now be within thirty-five. But, of course, he may be anywhere within a circle of the forty miles. What, sir?"

"Some unreported reef, then, I said," the captain muttered. "Where? You have said it yourself!" He jerked his head to the blackness without. "Anywhere within a reach of forty miles ahead or on either side. And this night we could scarcely see even a searchlight five miles! Unless you can—what's that?"

"Save us!" Harling read, in answer. "We're breaking up! We're breaking up! Save us! Sa—"

The chattering was checked in the midst of a letter. The older man watched, unmoved, as the younger sprang to the key. "*Irvessa! Irvessa! Pinckney! Irvessa!*"

The captain put his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder as the latter looked up. A moment before, in his intolerant, impatient impulse, Harling had been swearing at the man who had now ceased to call. But his eyes now filled with tears which he let his commander see, unashamed. Again he called, and again. No answer came.

"You've done all you could, boy; they're gone," the captain said, with what, to youth, seems the callous acceptance and easy resignation of the old.

Yet he waited while the boy turned rebelliously again to his key. Again Harling signaled, and again; but the taps which had brought him the chattering cries of one going to death sounded no more. The one who had called had been one who, through every rap and tremble of his messages, the boy had despised; yet he had called to this boy for help, and now he was gone—unaided.

"They're gone, sir."

The captain gathered up the operator's transcription in silence.

"I'll take these for the log," he said.

"They are complete? The yacht *Irvessa*, and the man who was sending said he was E. H. Pinckney?"

"Yes, sir; the *Irvessa*." Harling checked it off from the tape of his automatic register. "The man who was sending said he was E. H. Pinckney, sir, for George Durant, owner. He

said also that there were thirty on board. You have it all there, sir."

"Very good. It was them, then." The captain nodded absently. "The Durants' *Irvessa*, with Pinckney on board, again."

"Why, sir"—the boy started impulsively as he watched the older man—"do you know anything about them, sir?"

"Don't you, boy?" the captain returned laconically, as he slid back the door. "Have you forgotten the yacht and the people who got in that fight off Bagol a few months back?"

"No!" Harling shouted excitedly, as he sank back. "Then this man who was sending was the Pinckney with the Durants whom Sommers, of the *San Juan*, saved?"

"Yes. I shall be on the bridge now. If any other ship signals, report to me at once."

He ducked, dripping, into the storm. Harling settled the receivers over his ears excitedly. But now he picked up the tape, to read again the messages which had come in before the yacht was lost. He studied the repeated and unsteady marks of the sending of the man who had called to him from the breaking ship.

"So you were Pinckney—the great Pinckney with the Durants!" he muttered to himself. "You were the fellow whom Sommers saved. But—the girl must have stuck by you, after all. For there you were with them again! Sure; she must have stuck to you. But if she ever saw this!" He struck the record tape in disgust; for it recalled vividly to him the frightened, shaking chattering of that man's messages. "I wonder! Just suppose Sommers—the fellow that came to save you—had been there on the *Irvessa* with Frances Durant this time, instead of you. I wonder if he would have sent this, or if he—"

Harling caught himself up. Of course, in the absence of Sommers, he could imagine anything he chose. Yet—

His breath stopped suddenly short in his throat; he sat forward, strained and white in his excitement.

"Ta-ap, ta-ap; ta-ap, ta-ap; ta-ap; ta-ap; ta-ap; ta-ap!" The resonators were ringing steadily. The first start of hope which startled Harling forward dropped him back limply.

"M-M-M-M," registered itself mechanically upon his mind. It must be some private call of some other ship; for the sound and "feel" of the send-

ing was far different, too. It was firm and steady, and upon this vessel there was no panic.

But "Ta-ap, ta-ap!" it kept coming. "M-M!"

"Ta-ap, ta-ap! M-M! A-A" Harling shouted crazily. "A-A! A-A!"

Mechanically his mind had taken it in the code he had been using—the Continental, which wrote it in senseless M's upon his mind; but, in the burst of his returning alertness, "A-A!" it came. "The navy code! The general call in the navy code, of course!"

"Mongolian!" The roar of his answering spark behind him subdued his excitement for the moment. Of course, a hundred ships might call in the navy code; and why should the *Irvessa*?

"Irv—" he replied, with the sweat breaking out again. "*Irvessa*," spelled the taps in the navy code.

"The *Irvessa*!" he cried, and took down the bridge telephone.

"Captain!" he shouted. "Captain! Harling. I've the *Irvessa* again, sir!"

"Look!" he cried, pointing at the tape, and forgetful of his transcription as the captain again stood dripping over him. "The *Irvessa*, sir. It's not the same one—not Pinckney sending, sir; for it's in the navy code, and—"

Steadily and firmly, and without chatter or tremor, the message was coming in.

"And, besides, this one's no regular operator, sir; he's just picked it up. But he keeps his nerve. Listen, sir. *Irvessa* is aground on reef probably within thirty-five miles of you getting message. Storm center passing direct northeast by east. There is big break clouds now, directly east."

The *Mongolian's* spark roared out:

"Storm center southwest us, lightning by west. We can see break south by west. Are steering southwest by west to find you. How long can you last?"

"Maybe half hour."

"We cannot make better than twelve knots," the *Mongolian's* spark answered mercilessly, at the captain's nod. "Cannot reach you within two hours, even

steering direct for you. Have you lifeboats? Where was that lightning?"

"Two! East by north."

"Guide us by wireless long as can, then take to boats. Take rockets on boats."

"Lifeboats left yacht ten minutes ago during break in communication. Each carries fourteen persons. I—they started with rockets, but are using them already.

"First boat must have used all." Harling took up the reading again. "Second almost. They now seem understand from direction my searchlight you coming from northeast. Their lights seem moving toward you. Fear all rockets gone, but they have lanterns. Depend only upon lanterns."

"Who are you?" the *Mongolian* demanded, as she changed her course slightly. "How many crew stayed with you?"

There was a long pause, and then the answer came: "One."

TO BE CONCLUDED.

Film Flams

By Dean Bowman

ONE of the latest arrivals at Charles Chaplin's Essanay studio in Los Angeles is Charlotte—called Lotte by her close friends. Lotte is to appear in some of the forthcoming Chaplin comedies, and just now is perfecting a marvelous imitation of the famous Chaplin walk. Lotte, by the way, is an exceedingly intelligent turkey.

Night motion photography in the most inaccessible places where artificial light has heretofore been unknown, has been made possible by means of an independent traveling motor plant, the fruit of the fertile brain of Romaine Fielding.

Frank Powell, whose masterly direction of "A Fool There Was" added new laurels to his reputation as one of the foremost photo-play directors in this country, is associated with the Fox Film Corporation.

Howell Hansel is now the director in chief of all the productions of the Arrow Film Corporation. Mr. Hansel directed "The Million Dollar Mystery," the most successful serial ever pro-

duced, and he is now ranked among the first of the country's photo-play directors.

Now that Geraldine Farrar has been perpetuated in "Carmen" as a photo-play feature, rumor has it Enrico Caruso is to follow suit.

De Seguro, the Spanish basso of the Metropolitan Opera, is said to be heading a company to perpetuate Caruso on the screen.

Warden R. Dick, of the Oklahoma State penitentiary, is making arrangements to build a motion-picture theater within the penitentiary grounds for the amusement and benefit of the prisoners, about 2,999 in number.

John T. Kelly, late Weber and Fields favorite, is devoting his entire time to film work, and will be seen soon in a Vitagraph feature, entitled "Green Stockings."

Miss Carrie Reynolds, formerly in musical comedy, has signed with the Lubin Company, and has already appeared in two of their releases. In her next

picture she will play opposite Billy Reeves.

Mabel van Buren, late leading lady with Jesse L. Lasky, made her initial appearance under the David Horsley banner in a two-reel Centaur feature, "The Vindication."

Another Vitagraph feature on the patriotic order is in prospect, with Charles Richman in the leading rôle. It will be titled "Colton, U. S. N.," having the United States navy as a background.

The Safety First lecture held at the Coliseum, Peoria, Illinois, is said to have drawn the largest crowd ever gathered in that house, it being estimated that about sixteen thousand people attended. A motiograph was used for the projection of the pictures, and the lecturer indorsed the machine very highly.

Why do moving-picture leading men always break the rules of good manners by taking their fair companion's arms, instead of offering them theirs?

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

PATIENCE.

A SHORT time ago we were talking to a writer who has become noted for the number of sales he registers monthly. In the course of the conversation we asked him how long it took him to get a start in the game. "About three years," he replied. "I sold two plays during my first two years." That was all we said on that subject, but his plain statement left an impression on our mind, for at another time this writer had showed us his file of rejected scripts, and when we remarked about their number, he said that since he began writing scenarios, he had never let a week pass without turning out at least one reel.

The two facts told us the story of patience. During those first two years he had worked along steadily, turning out at least one reel per week, and yet he had sold only two scenarios. That record surely is enough to make the average writer discouraged, but this fellow kept on plugging. He knew he had the ideas, and that he had long since acquired the correct technic. No amount of rejections could do other than help him to turn out better work, and the result was that he has succeeded, with a capital S.

It is an excellent example for any young writers. Patience is one of the important elements in the climb of an author to the top of the ladder. He must work—and wait. One without the other cannot accomplish the desired end.

Every scenarioist should learn the lesson of patience. He should be willing to keep on working week in and week out without any apparent reward for an indefinite length of time, if he feels he is learning things daily, and if he is convinced that in the end success will come to him. Of course, there must be

some sort of daily labor during this period to supply the necessities of life, and his best efforts should be lent to this while he is employed by it. The grind is a tedious one, and wears many down before they have gone far, but the victory for those who fight to the top is so much sweeter because of the effort.

DEATH SCENES.

A film recently issued by one of the big companies started with a death scene which ran about five hundred feet. It created an atmosphere of depression at the very beginning, and though the latter part of the picture was very acceptable, the whole left a "heavy" feeling with the majority of the audience, many of whom expressed their opinion to the manager of the house as they passed out.

A long time ago the better class of directors started to cut down the prominence of death scenes, and they certainly have succeeded in reducing the number of plays containing these during the past two years. Now and then, however, one sneaks onto the screen, and it is ever so much more noticeable because of the scarcity of others of its kind. It is possible to put on an artistic death scene in motion pictures, but in few instances is such a scene of importance enough to warrant the footage an artistic producer would use in handling it. The best thing for scenario writers—especially beginners, who have not yet learned to appreciate the artistic worth of a play—to do, is to entirely eliminate death from their scripts. This will insure them against the prejudice of editors who are opposed to such scenes, and will also protect them from criticism if a script should be produced and the death scene played up in a sensational way.

A PLEA FOR THE MEXICANS.

Phil H. LeNoir, the man who put Las Vegas, New Mexico, on the motion-picture map, and who turns out good scenarios regularly, has sent us a plea for the Mexicans. There are a number of them in his country, and he should know whereof he speaks. Playwrights who aspire to write Western dramas, but who do not know the country, should read his remarks carefully. Here they are:

"I was born, bred, and brought up in the élite East—the élitest East, if you please. Then Old Man Circumstance picked me up and transplanted me in New Mexico. Now, Friend Contentment keeps me, and always will keep me, here. Since living in the West, I have received many an enlightening jolt, one of which I will pass on. While talking to one of our native—Mexican—citizens, a man of education and culture, he said, knowing of my interest in the writing game: 'Why is it that in ninety per cent of the books and photo-plays I read and see of Western stories, the villain is one of my people? Surely, authors and playwrights can't think that we all are such a bad lot? Do you ever remember seeing a Mexican as a hero in a story?'

"I replied that I hadn't given the matter much thought, but that I would. So, Diogeneslike, I went looking for a play wherein a Mexican was cast, and in which he was *not* the heavy, and also for one in which a Mexican was cast for a lead. Up to this time I have been unsuccessful in my quest. And so I ask the question of our authors: Why pick on the Mexican all the time for your heavy? If they could live out here as I do, and mix in with these people; know of their upright lives, their humbleness, their sacrifices, their high

ideals and their absolute harmlessness—their apartness from the villainous, I am sure they would be less willing to garb them with the clothes of crime. Hardly a story—a Western story—is flashed on the screen but what we see the besombreroed head of a dark-skinned individual peek from behind a bush, and, because we've been so taught, we think of that character, until the finish of the picture, not as the 'villain,' but as the 'Mexican.'

"I reported back to my Mexican friend, and while conversing with him, pointing to an old, dilapidated fellow, he said: 'There, look across the street at that man. He is the son of a don. In his prime he owned what we now would consider an empire. But he was too honest, too upright, and—then, one day, the American came along, and should you dig deep into the life of that man you see, and the man who stole from him his very life, I wonder if you had to cast them both in a play, which one would carry the villain part, and which the hero?'

"True, the above incident could, and does, occur in our own American life, but it illustrates the point that the Mexican should not be the bad man for all time to come.

"I make this plea for our native folks. I believe they are much maligned and misunderstood, and that the author is in a large measure responsible for this. And then, I am wondering, from a dollars-and-cents viewpoint, how a series, or a number of one and two-reel stories, in which the Mexican is cast as lead, or of Mexican life alone, with all the characters human and really lifelike, would show up in the cash till of the exhibitor doing business in the communities where a large number of Mexican people live?"

ON KEEPING STORE.

If a man starts to keep a stationery and supply store, he doesn't put in one kind of tablets, one kind of pencils, one kind of ink, one kind of wrapping paper, and one kind of everything else he expects to sell. He gets several kinds of each, and then, when one kind does not register the sale he wishes to make, he offers another kind. That is only good business, and the storekeeper does not think he is doing anything at all exceptional by thinking of it.

But a scenario writer who is breaking into the game doesn't always have the same viewpoint. He never thinks of

storing up several kinds of ideas that he will be able to use later. He starts to "sell" right away, and if his material that is offered first fails to sell, he cannot offer something different which may serve the purpose. That is poor business, but the writer does not realize this, and wonders why he is a failure instead of a success.

Moral: Broaden your mind with a large stock of ideas, so you may draw them as needed, and so you will never be caught without something salable to offer.

DEVELOPING THE CRISES.

Where a plot has several crises, much of its success will depend on how these crises are led up to and disposed of. If they are all covered up with suspense, and their ending gives rise to the next situation gracefully, the effect of the entire story will, indeed, be pleasing. But if they are poorly handled, there is little use of writing the scenario proper, for the interest will not be well sustained.

The art of developing a crisis is too great for rules. It must be controlled by the writer himself, and he alone can handle his situation effectively. He must understand just how to proportion it, so that there is neither too little nor too much suspense before the climax of the crises occurs; he must know how to lead naturally from one crisis into another in such a manner that the art is concealed. The beginner asks where the writer may learn this, and we can do no better than say, "by studying the screen!"

Answers to Readers.

ALLEN CLARK FULLER.—We would advise that a letter not be sent to the editor, especially with one's first scenario. We are sorry we cannot take care of your question about development this time, but next week we will work it out correctly for you.

HOWARD BRYCE.—There is always a market for scenarios in which English settings figure, if they are not too prominent. We know of no American producing company at the present time who would care to take on war scenarios.

CARROLL DEANE.—We do not think the consors would oppose your theme if the scenario was produced, but we do think editors would frown upon it. They are opposed to all photo plays which are based on religion, and as yours is frankly a treatise on this subject, we

fear you would have difficulty in "getting it across."

NORMAN HANEY.—The address of the Pathé Company is 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York, N. Y.

R. L. OSBORN.—By watching the "Live-wire Market Hints" in this department, you will receive numerous tips every week as to where to sell your scenarios. The Essanay Company buying absolutely nothing from freelance writers at the present time, according to statements from that concern.

W. W. MILNER.—In our issue of July 24th we printed a sample scenario which should prove helpful to you working out your plots into correct technical form. R. L. Osborn's answer to this department covers your question where to sell scripts.

E. A. SHEPARD.—We are sorry, but we can give you no opinion of the company you mention, for, other than knowing that they operate, we have no knowledge of them. The matter of becoming a staff writer has been treated at length through these columns. It simply is a question of working hard until you have made good, and then awaiting your chance to get on the inside.

THOMAS A. SHARPE.—To our knowledge, no company has made a film of the title you mention, so you are at liberty to use it.

MISS MARGARITA MUELLER.—The fact that you received a carbon copy of your scenario from a company does not show that it was sold. Are you sure it was not a carbon you sent them? We can mention no company who needs actors and actresses just now. The field is really overcrowded.

F. C. SMITH.—The way to offer books and plays to the motion-picture companies is to send them in and let the scenario editor read them over. A list of companies which will be interested in such works will be found in our issue of September 24th, and every week under the caption of "Live-wire Market Hints" we list several other companies who are in the market for suitable material.

W. K. MCKOLLOCH.—If the plot and idea of a story is very exceptional, almost any of the companies we have mentioned in this publication will consider it, though not as carefully as if it had been worked out. The payment will also be less if the idea is purchased than if a full working script had been

supplied. Our advice is to study the screen, for it is the best teacher. Apply our hints to what you see there, and also to your own work.

F. FISHER.—In our September 4th issue we published a list of film companies and addresses, and every week we give the names, addresses, and wants of a few more under the caption of "Live-wire Market Hints."

U. KILLIGAR.—Scripts may be sent to Universal, at 1600 Broadway, New York, N. Y., or Universal City, California. The Lubin Company, in Philadelphia, is still buying scenarios.

Live-wire Market Hints.

George Kleine, 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York, N. Y., is making two-reel dramas and comedy dramas for the General Film Program. Ethel Grandin is featured in these, and writers who are capable of turning out good material suitable for her use will find a market here.

Quiloa Film Corporation, 220 West Forty-second Street, New York, N. Y., is in the market for sure-fire, one-reel comedy scenarios. We do not know where the films of this company are being released.

Short Shots.

Think a plot out, then write the "business."

Several prominent motion-picture men were recently heard commenting on the unusualness of a film which had failed to include a love story.

Many an amateur has labored over a five-reeler as his "first effort," and then wondered why he did not sell at once.

Scenario writing is a difficult trade, and must be learned as thoroughly as any other trade before real money can be secured for one's work.

With the coming of fall, the army of photo-playwrights is multiplied many times. Youths and maidens who have spent the summer "at the lake" have just finished studying the art, and are "ready to try their hand at it."

The changing conditions in the film world have brought a long-awaited opportunity to several writers.

It is almost as fatal to have an over-complicated plot as it is to have one which is painfully obvious.

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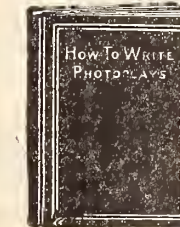
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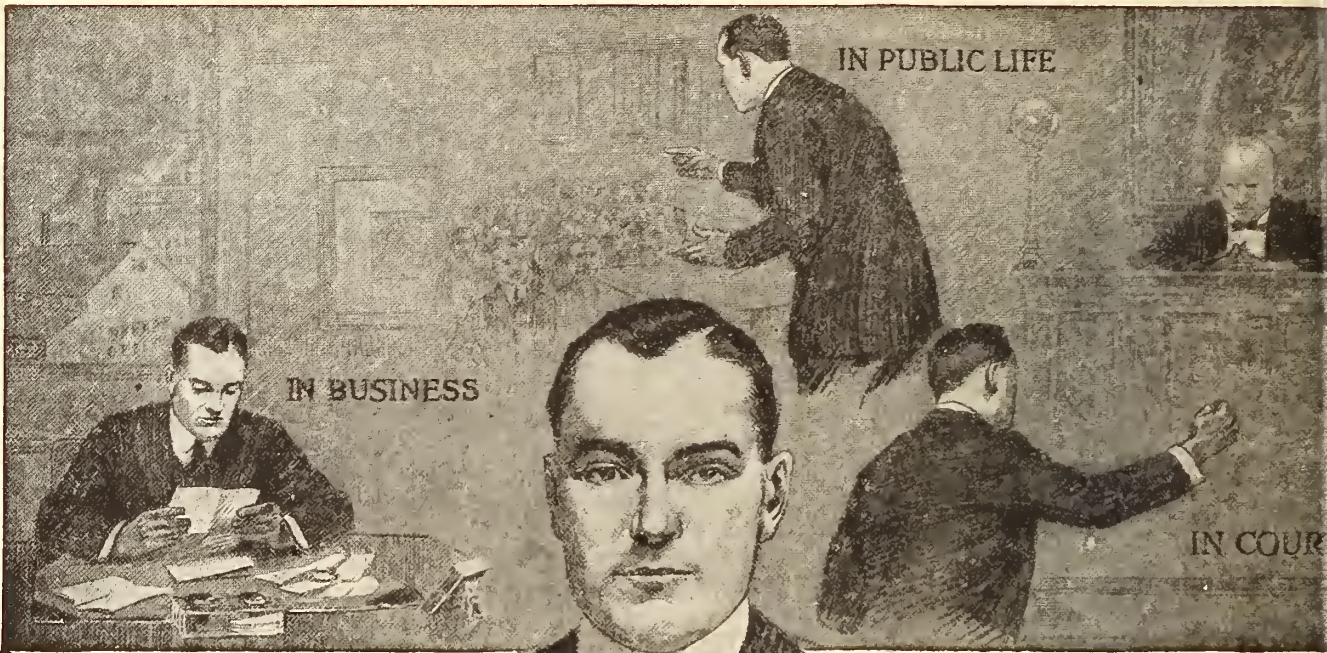
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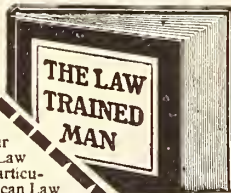
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Beginning with the next issue, which will bear the date of December 1st, and which will appear on the news stands on that day, PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY will be enlarged and otherwise greatly improved, and will be known as PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

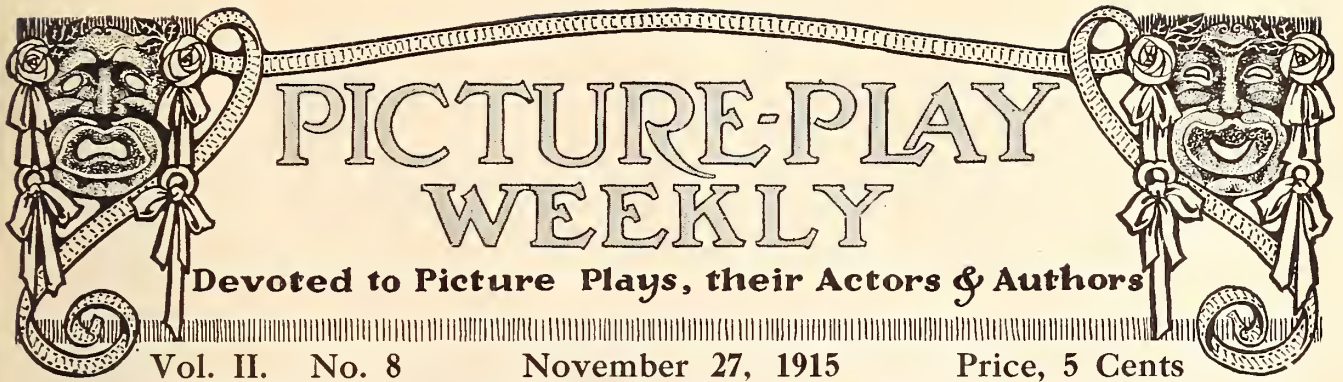
In the new form, the magazine will consist of 128 pages of regular magazine size.

It will be issued once every two weeks instead of weekly, but the contents will be a great deal more than twice as much.

Owing to the many pages of stories added, the price will be made ten cents instead of five, but, as the issue is once in two weeks, instead of once each week, the amount expended will be the same—and what you get for it will be much better.

The magazine will be a great deal more profusely illustrated than at present, and you can rely upon it that PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE will be the best motion-picture publication obtainable.

Read the Outside Cover for particulars of the first issue in the new form



Published weekly by Street & Smith, 79-89 Seventh Ave., New York. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress of March 3, 1879, by Street & Smith. Copyright, 1915, by Street & Smith. O. G. Smith and G. C. Smith, Proprietors.

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Terms to PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY Mail Subscribers.

(Postage Free.)

Single Copies or Back Numbers, 5c. Each.

3 months.....	65c.	One year	\$2.50
4 months.....	85c.	2 copies one year	4.00
6 months.....	\$1.25	1 copy two years.....	4.00

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Shanghaied: A Chaplin Comedy

(ESSANAY)

By **B. Quade**

Probably it would be hard for you to imagine Charlie Chaplin as a sailor. Don't try to imagine it—this story of his funniest comedy will show you what he did, and failed to do, aboard ship, and in a way to make you hold your sides with laughter. It's a scream—that's what we say before you read the story. It's certain to be what you'll echo after reading it.

THE vessel must be sunk—I need the insurance money!"

The shipowner hissed the words, in approved conspirator's style, into the ear of the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir!" the latter replied, in a voice whose lowered tone caused it to sound like the rumbling of distant thunder. The captain of the good ship *Sally Ann* had a barrellike chest, from which emanated a voice that under normal conditions could be heard by persons situated ten blocks away—and sometimes even farther. "She goes down on this next trip—or you can call me a lubber!" The captain departed in one direction to secure a crew to embark upon the last cruise of the ill-fated *Sally Ann*, the shipowner set off in another, while from yet a

third direction a young man came walking.

His upper lip was decorated with a mustache that could not yet be said to have attained maturity—it was still in the adolescent stage. As the young man propelled himself along on the heels of a pair of shoes that were the worse for what appeared to be no less than ten or fifteen years of hard and continuous wear, his mustache moved from side to side in time with the alternate setting down and lifting of his feet—which, in addition, was accompanied by a wriggling motion of his narrow shoulders.

In a battered derby hat, a too-short coat, and trousers that would have been big enough to fit two comfortably—if not in any way elegantly—plus the

frayed necktie which "rode" a collar of questionable whiteness, the young man did not look as though he was going to keep an engagement with a member of the fair sex. And yet that was precisely the errand upon which Charlie Chaplin was bound.

Stopping before a gate—it happened to be the one to the ship owner's house—Charlie placed his fingers alongside his lips and whistled. A bird, perched in a neighboring tree, at sound of the eerie melody—or the lack of it, rather—which floated from Charlie's pursed-up lips upon the previously peaceful air, toppled slowly over on its branch and fell dead with a hopeless flutter of its wings.

Charlie sent the mournful, off-key whistle quavering forth again, and yet

a third time. And then, in response to the prearranged signal, out to the gate gayly tripped the shipowner's fair daughter.

Charlie hooked her around the neck with the curved handle of his cane, and drew her to him.

"Thank you!" said he, tipping his di-

Getting up, it was only to duck under a blow which the father of his adored one aimed at him.

"Get away from here!" her irate parent roared. "And stay away, too, as I told you last week I wished you to do! If I catch you hanging around my daughter again——"



Charlie endeavored to drive one of the sailor's fingers into the bunghole of the barrel.

lapidated headgear to her after he had imprinted a kiss upon her adorable, rose-bud mouth, at the same time releasing her from the cane.

The girl clasped her hands.

"Ah, Charlie!" she breathed, her eyes ecstatically rolling up. "Your style of making love is so different—and that's one of the things I like about you!"

Charlie shrugged, deprecatingly.

"Glad you do," said he. "I believe in treating 'em a bit rough——"

As the last word left his lips, Charlie fell forward against the gate. The shipowner, who had no use for this beau of his daughter, who "she had picked up off an ash heap," as he was fond of saying, had unexpectedly come up in back of Charlie, whom he had previously forbidden the house, and kicked him. The gate happening to be unlatched, Charlie fell through it and flat on the ground at the girl's feet.

He finished by sending another kick after Charlie, as the latter was passing out through the gate. Charlie took off his hat to the shipowner. And then, in his confusion, he hung it upon one of the posts of the gate, instead of replacing it on his head, and started to walk off. Aware of his mistake, he turned back to recover the hat, and found that her father had led the girl out of sight around a bend in one of the paths of the garden surrounding the house.

"Farewell, my own!" Charlie groaned tragically, blowing—or, to describe it more literally, unscrewing—a kiss from his lips and tossing it in the direction she had taken. "If I cannot have you, because your father has given me the gate—squarely in the stomach—promise me that you will sometimes think of your rough lover!"

And once more Charlie started away.

The handle of his cane, having caught around one of the palings in the fence, held him back. Disengaging it, with a glance of cold disdain back over his shoulder at the offending fence slat, he continued upon his way.

Meanwhile the captain of the good and rotten ship *Sally Ann*, encountering the mate of that craft, had turned over to him the task of gathering together a crew. There were three sailors sitting together in the shade of the watchman's shanty midway of the wharf, and the mate, sauntering up behind them, had listened unperceived to their conversation. It concerned the unenviable reputation which the *Sally Ann* had earned with the majority of seafarers during the twenty-odd years that she had been afloat.

"Personally," stated the sailor, who sat in the middle of the three, in a pleasant falsetto voice, as he polished his nails, "I wouldn't step foot upon that vessel, even if some one were to make me a present of the perfect love of a pair of sealskin earmuffs that I saw in the window of a ship chandler's on Water Street the other day. The *Sally Ann* is no ship for any sailor who respects his profession to sign articles on."

"Or fer any A. B. dat cares about his life, neither!" gruffly amended the tar on his right.

"She's a reggaler mantrap," assented the third member of the trio, "an' dat's a fack. Dere ain't money enough minted ter ever tempt me to ship aboard her again—once was aplenty fer me!"

The mate had tiptoed away, having heard enough to make him earnestly desirous of following the captain's suit, by passing what looked to be the difficult job of getting together a crew for the vessel on to somebody else. And at that moment Charlie Chaplin appeared on the wharf.

The purpose which had brought Charlie down to the water front was the despairing one of putting an end to an existence that had ceased to be worth while, now that the shipowner's beautiful daughter was lost to him. He was on his way to the end of the dock, to jump off it, when the mate intercepted him.

"Say, Jackie, d'yah want ter make three dollars?" the mate began. "D'yah see them three sailors sittin' over there? Well, it'll be worth a dollar apiece to

me if you'll help me get 'em aboard that ship you see moored at the end of the wharf here. What d'yuh say, is it a bargain?"

At the mention of three dollars, the look of gloom had lifted from Charlie's face. That sum would make life a little more worth living—for as long as it lasted, that is. He regarded the mate with a slow smile.

"It's a penitentiary offense to ship men on board a vessel against their will, isn't it?" Charlie inquired. "The law calls it 'shanghaing,' doesn't it?"

The mate shifted his quid of tobacco from one bearded cheek to the other, and his eyes at the same time nervously from side to side.

"Well, uh course, if you've been careful brought up," said he, "and feel that you'd be doin' wrong——"

"Not at all!" Charlie hastily broke in. "I don't mind shanghaing anybody so long as I can profit by it. You said you'd pay me three dollars, didn't you?"

"When the job's done," nodded the mate, "I'll lay the money right in yer hand. Come ahead, now, an' I'll show you what I want yuh ter do."

The mate led Charlie to the end of the wharf beside which the *Sally Ann* was moored. There was an empty barrel standing at the edge of the dock, and into it the mate instructed Charlie to climb. Then, giving him a short-handled mallet, and a set of instructions to follow, the mate went back to where the three sailors were still sitting.

Reaching around the corner of the watchman's shanty, the mate tugged at the sleeve of the sailor on the end of the bench. He showed the tar a flask of whisky, and then, beckoning suggestively to him to follow, walked back to the front of the wharf.

The mate handed the flask to the sailor, and snapped his fingers twice. Charlie rose out of the barrel behind his unsuspecting victim, and swung the mallet aloft. Then he brought it down on the sailor's head. The latter's eyes slowly closed, his head rolled loosely on his neck, and he would have dropped

the flask from his hand—had not Charlie deftly relieved him of it. The mate, gathering the unwary tar's limp body into his arm as it fell, hewed it over the side of the ship and down onto its deck.

He turned back in time to see Charlie helping himself to a liberal pull on the flask. Giving him a blow on the back, which sent the liquor in a thin

of the wharf this time. Charlie rose from the barrel, as he heard the sailor's effeminate tones lifted in a repetition of his statement concerning the unseaworthiness of the *Sally Ann*, a look of pained surprise overspreading his face. He rolled back his sleeve, and when he brought the mallet down on the head of this sailor it was with added force.

The mate threw the second senseless member of the crew of the vessel aboard it, and then departed to bring back the last of the three sailors from beside the watchman's shanty.

Charlie, rising once more from the barrel, noticed that this tar was wearing a hat that was better than his own. He removed it from his victim's head. Immediately the sailor, feeling the wind playing through his exposed locks, raised his hand to his head and started to look behind him to discover the invisible force which had lifted off his hat. Charlie descended from view into the barrel. When the sailor turned back to question the mate concerning the phenomenon, Charlie rose again and tapped him with the mallet.

As the mate heaved the last of the three sailors on board the vessel, Charlie was absorbed in the task of smoothing the nap on the hat with his sleeve.

The captain, at that moment, appeared on the scene to find out from the mate how the latter was progressing with the work of assembling the crew. Charlie, quickly dropping the hat down into the barrel behind him, picked up the mallet with the laudable intention of resuming his work. He smote the captain on the head, thinking him another of the mate's intended victims—and seeing another dollar to add to the three that had been promised him, in view.

The captain bellowed with the pain of the blow, which, thanks to the thickness of his skull, had not exerted the soporific effect upon him that it had in the cases of the three sailors on whom Charlie had previously operated. The mate, straightening the cap on the head of his superior officer, shouted an explanation to Charlie of his mistake, above the captain's roaring.



"Ah, Charlie!" breathed the girl. "Your style of making love is so different!"

stream out of Charlie's mouth, the mate impatiently snatched the flask out of his hand and went back to the watchman's shanty to use it once more as a decoy to draw another of the sailors into his power.

It was the sailor with the falsetto voice and the ladylike manners who accompanied the mate back to the end

Charlie stepped out of the barrel. "My error!" he murmured. "I hope you'll excuse me."

The captain and the mate, engaged in conversation, paid no heed to him. Charlie, with a giggle of pleased expectancy, nudged the mate. He scratched the palm of his left hand. Then he nudged the mate again.

test their genuineness, the mate, with a wink at the captain, relieved Charlie of the mallet. The next moment it had descended upon his head. From Charlie's nerveless fingers, as his knees sagged weakly under him, the mate withdrew the three dollars. And then, picking him up bodily by the coat collar and the slack of the trousers, he

captain thrust a mop into the hand of the sailor whose hat Charlie had appropriated. With an oath, the sailor flung it down.

"I won't work on this rotten ship!" he growled.

The captain promptly knocked him down.

He handed the mop in turn to the



Charlie managed to rescue the captain and one-half of the submerged crew.

When the mate looked around at him, Charlie rolled his fingers and thumb significantly together, and giggled once more with a rapid shrug of his shoulders.

"My three dollars, you know," he said deprecatingly. "You said you'd lay it right in my hand when my work was through."

The mate produced three one-dollar bills and presented them to Charlie. Then, while Charlie was biting them to

heaved him over the end of the wharf and down on top of the three sailors who lay in a senseless heap on the deck of the *Sally Ann*.

And Charlie himself had been shanghaied.

Two hours later, with the ship well out to sea, the captain roused his crew. He did it by means of a bucket of cold water dashed into their upturned faces. The quartet scrambled to their feet, to look bewilderedly around them. The

sailor with the manners of a graduate from a young ladies' seminary.

"I, also, positively refuse," declared this tar, in his high-pitched voice, likewise casting the mop from him to the deck, "to work on the *Sally Ann*!"

The captain's hamlike fist shot out, and the sailor with the boy-soprano voice went flying back a half dozen feet through the air, to land on his back on the deck.

The captain turned to Charlie Chap-

lin and the remaining member of the shanghaied crew.

"Will you work?"

Before the words were out of his mouth, Charlie and the other had begun to nod their enthusiastic acquiescence. Charlie, to prove that his pledge was sincerely meant, hastily peeled off his coat and vest and threw them down on the deck. Then, with his eyes still fixed on the captain's face, while a propitiating smile rested upon his own countenance, Charlie swept the discarded garments back along the deck with him with his little bamboo cane, which he still carried, until he tripped over them and sprawled on his ear.

Picking himself up, he ran to carry out the captain's order for all hands to descend to the hold and set about the work of shifting cargo.

On the way, he met a sailor carrying a cask on his shoulders. So anxious to work was Charlie that, catching up a mallet, he endeavored to drive one of the sailor's fingers into the bunghole of the barrel. Then, seizing a hand truck which he found in the vessel's hold, Charlie wheeled it forward and back in a frenzy of ineffectual work. Dropping the truck beside a heap of sand, used as ballast for the ship, Charlie grabbed up a shovel and began to load the truck—or to endeavor to do so. Of course, the sand ran through the latticework bottom of the truck as fast as he poured it on.

The captain, cuffing him away from the futile task upon which he was engaged, ordered him to go up on deck.

"You can give the signal to the engineer at the donkey, engine when to hoist, and when to lower away, on these sacks of grain that we're goin' to bring up out of the hold."

Charlie, reaching the deck, narrowly missed being bumped over the side by a score or so of the heavy sacks in question that came swinging up out of the hold at that moment on the end of a hook that was attached to a two-inch-thick rope.

Righting his hat, which had slipped over one ear as he had ducked out of the way of the swaying sacks, Charlie gave the engineer the signal to lower away.

The sacks descended on the run into the hold, and flattened out the captain there. Peering down through the open hatchway, Charlie saw what he had

done. Frantically, he signaled to the engineer to hoist. Then, not bothering to look around, but taking it for granted that the sacks had by that time swung away from the mouth of the hold, Charlie gave the signal to lower again. Once more the load descended like a shot into the hold and upon the captain. This time the sacks slipped off the hook, which swung free. The three shanghaied sailors who had been left in the hold with the captain, quick to see a chance to revenge themselves upon him, fastened the hook onto the seat of the skipper's trousers.

Charlie, absorbed by this time to the exclusion of every other thought upon the business of giving the engineer his signals, signed to the latter to hoist. The captain came up out of the hold, clawing the air at the end of the rope. Charlie signaled for the engineer to swing it out to the right. The captain went sailing out over the deck, to hang suspended above the water. Then Charlie brought down both hands. And the engineer, obeying the signal, sent the captain plunging down into the sea.

At the splash, Charlie looked up with a start. He ran to the side and peered down upon the captain, who was struggling in the water. Wildly, Charlie signaled to the engineer to hoist him up, and then swing him to the left. After which he lowered both hands. And the captain descended into the hold once more.

When he came up, it was with two of the sailors gripped by the back of their collars in his hands. The trio went swinging out over the ship's side once again, and down into the water. This time the hook and the seat of the skipper's trousers parted company, and he and the two tars were left battling in the waves without a means of support that was visible or otherwise.

With the aid of the mate and the two remaining sailors on board, Charlie managed to rescue them from their watery plight. And then, before the captain had recovered his breath, and with it his strength, Charlie decided that the wisest move he could make would be to remove himself temporarily from sight.

He descended to the ship's galley, inquiring of the cook, whom he found in the act of tasting a kettle of soup that he was preparing there, if he had an odd job or two that he could perform.

"There's always dishes to wash," the overworked cook informed him. "Git busy on them—and wash 'em in hot water, too!"

Charlie looked into the kettle of soup on the stove. In substance, as well as temperature, it seemed to be what the cook had mentioned—hot water. He put a bar of soap into the kettle, and with it a half dozen plates; and then, seizing a scrubbing brush, he proceeded to wash the dishes in the soup that was intended for the mate and the captain at the latter's table.

The cook, unaware that Charlie had left the bar of soap in the kettle when he was through with it, served the soup to the skipper and the first officer of the ship five minutes later.

The captain, foaming at the mouth—from the large piece he had bitten out of the bar of soap, which he had mistaken for suet—burst into the galley not ten seconds afterward and dashed the soup tureen down on the cook's head.

"Did you put this soap in my soup?" roared the captain.

The cook quakingly denied that he had done so.

"Well, lemme git my hands onto the person that did," the skipper threatened, "and he'll wish he'd never been born, you can take my word for that!"

Charlie paled and grasped a meat cleaver in both hands. At that moment the captain turned and saw him. With a disarming smile, Charlie hung the cleaver on the hook over his head, and pretended to busy himself with wiping down the legs of a table. The captain aimed a blow at his head. Charlie ducked it and shot through the skipper's legs and out of the galley.

"Take this tray with the rest of the captain's dinner on it in to him," the cook ordered him, when he returned to it. "And don't you dare drop it, or you'll get yours handed to you!"

The ship, by this time, was violently pitching in a heavy cross sea; and to obey the cook's injunction against spilling any of the tray's contents, called for some real juggling ability on Charlie's part. The way in which he staggered into the captain's cabin and round and round it, backing out of one door and sliding in through the other, but always with the tray held right side up in his hands, should have been seen to be properly appreciated.

Tired out after his herculean efforts, which had finally been crowned by success with the setting down of the tray with none of the dishes upon it missing on the table before the captain and the mate, Charlie sought the foks'l, where the crew were at dinner.

A strange disinclination for food seized Charlie as soon as he sat down beside one of the tars, who was rapidly plying his knife between his plate and his mouth. The sailor held upright on the fork in the hand nearest Charlie a piece of pork. Charlie turned

the pork, raised the fork to his mouth and bit Charlie's hat instead.

"What's de matter wit' youse!" he turned to growl irately at Charlie.

Charlie rose abruptly, with one hand on his brow.

"I can't stop to tell you," he replied faintly. "It would take too long, judging from the way I feel. I—I think I'll go out on the deck and get a breath of air."

He suited the action to the words. But the deck was pitching to and fro worse than ever, he found upon reach-

shipowner had received the shock of his life. It was in the form of a note from his daughter, which he had found fastened to the pincushion on his bureau. The note had read:

"DEAR FATHER: Since you won't let me marry Charlie, I have decided to run away from home. I have stowed away on board your ship, the *Sally Ann*. Your heartbroken EDNA."

With a wild cry, the shipowner had stuffed the note into his pocket. With another, he had caught up his hat. And



Charlie put a bar of soap into the soup, and with it a half-dozen plates, and then, seizing a scrubbing-brush, he proceeded to wash them in obedience to the cook's order.

the fork down. The sailor, ignoring the defensive action on the part of his neighbor, turned it up again. With a woebegone droop to the corners of his mouth, Charlie removed his hat and hung it over the pork. The sailor, at that moment deciding to take a bite of

ing it. Fearful lest he might be carried overboard, Charlie turned and descended to the hold, where he could administer the cure for his ailment which instinct unerringly led him to prescribe.

In the meantime, back on shore, the

with still a third, he had dashed from the house and toward the water front.

The *Sally Ann* was gone from the wharf, he found when he arrived there. But a steam launch was moored in its place. Offering the owner of the craft who stood beside it, his own price for

the use of it, the shipowner sprang aboard the launch and ordered its engineer to point it out to sea with all speed—in pursuit of the vessel which he had ordered sunk for the insurance money, and on board which his only daughter had hidden herself.

Thus it was that when Charlie reached the hold, he was surprised to come face to face with the girl he loved, who had left her place of concealment behind the piled-up sacks of grain.

"Ah, Charlie!" she sobbed. "We are doomed! Look!"

She pointed to the keg of giant powder and the case of dynamite which the mate and the skipper had carried down into the hold behind the crew's back.

"They're going to blow up the ship!" the girl answered the blank stare which Charlie turned from the explosives to her face. "I heard them plotting it down here, not half an hour ago. But hush—I think they're coming back now!"

She drew Charlie down out of sight with her behind the sacks in a corner of the hold, just as the captain and the mate entered. In the skipper's hand was a coil of fuse, while the mate held a box of safety matches. The captain attached the fuse to the explosives. The mate struck one of the matches and ignited it. Then, nudging each other with malicious grins, the fiendish pair prepared to depart.

"Quick, now!" the captain admonished. "We'll lower a boat over the side and make our get-away in it before the fireworks start!"

Alone together once more in the hold, Charlie and the girl came out of their hiding place.

"Put it out! Oh, put it out!" she cried to Charlie.

And Charlie, bending down over the sputtering fuse, attempted to do so—by blowing it.

At that moment, in sight of the doomed vessel, the shipowner was dancing up and down in feverish impatience in the cockpit of the launch, as it came speeding across the water toward the *Sally Ann*.

"Water's the only thing that will do it!" Charlie muttered to himself. Picking up the barrel of powder and the box of dynamite both, with the sputtering fuse still attached, he carried them up to the deck in his arms, followed by the girl.

Charlie threw the explosives over the side without looking. But his aim could not have been better. The barrel of powder and the box of dynamite fell in the boat that the captain and the mate were rowing away from the vessel. There was a crash, as of a head-on collision between a freight train and an express. And the two rogues had met their just deserts.

Five minutes later, Charlie and the

leaning far out over the gunwale to peer down into the water. "He's gone!"

Charlie—who had climbed back into the launch over the other side—placed his foot against that portion of the shipowner's anatomy which was uppermost as he continued to lean over the side.

"No, he isn't!" said Charlie, and as he did so he sent his foot forward and pushed the shipowner overboard. "But you're a goner!"



A strange disinclination for food seized Charlie.

girl were in the launch with the shipowner. The latter, holding his daughter tight in a thankful embrace, utterly ignored the young man who had saved her.

"Do you consent to our marriage now?" Charlie asked him.

Still her father paid no heed to him.

"Very well," said Charlie, in a firm tone; and as he spoke he mounted to the gunwale of the launch. "Unless you give me your daughter, I'll jump overboard. I don't care what becomes of me if I can't have her."

Without looking around, the shipowner addressed him impatiently:

"Go ahead and jump!"

Charlie shrugged hopelessly. Then, holding his nose between his finger and thumb, he stepped off the side of the boat into the sea.

Her father ran to the side over which Charlie had disappeared.

"He's gone!" he exclaimed joyously,

And Charlie sat down with the girl in his arms, to give the grinning engineer the curt order: "Home, James!"

Three Days From Now.

HAVE you read the announcement elsewhere in this copy of PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY, telling of the change to be made in the date of its publication, in its title, and in the size and quality of its contents? Remember to look on the news stands for PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, on December 1st. Among the 128 pages of reading matter to which it will be enlarged, there will be exclusive features, such as the fiction version of a Triangle play, a short story written from a Mary Pickford picture, a department conducted personally by Francis X. Bushman, and instruction and advice in the writing and marketing of scenarios, given by the expert Clarence J. Caine.

'Twas Ever Thus

(MOROSCO)

A. Lincoln Bender

This, the second and last part of the picture-play written and starred in by Elsie Janis (the first installment of which was printed in this magazine last week) bears out the contention previously demonstrated in such entertaining style, i. e., that the way of a young man with a maid has not changed throughout the passage of the centuries. The fact that this is the concluding installment of a two-part story need not interfere with your enjoyment of it, if you were so unfortunate as to have missed the first half; for the story below—as a glance at its opening lines will prove—is complete in itself. Sharing the stellar honors in the photo production with Miss Janis, were Owen Moore and Hobart Bosworth.

THE sharp staccato of the busy typewriter greeted Marian's ears as she entered the office of the publishing firm of John Rogers & Son.

"Is my—have you accepted my manuscript?" she inquired of the young man who sat at the mahogany roll-top desk.

He looked up with a pitying sort of glance, and turned to his stenographer. "Let me have that story."

Securing it, he passed it to Marian. Her eyes wide in expectation, now dropped with disappointment.

"Sorry, miss," said the young man.

"Did Mr. Rogers reject this?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Did he say why?" she pressed.

"No. I'll find out for you." He picked up the phone, and an instant later was speaking with the head of the firm. Suddenly he handed the phone to Marian. "He wants to speak with you."

With a smile, Marian took the instrument.

"Good morning, Mr. Rogers. Yes, I am Marian Foster. What is that? I write well, but I don't know what I am writing about? I should get the real facts? Oh, thank you. Good-by!"

She picked up the manuscript, and walked slowly out the door.

"So," she murmured, "he says I should get the real facts, and then write. Well, I shall! I'll turn out a novel that will set the country wild."

In his private office, young John Rogers, junior, loafed in his chair.

"Wuf!" he exclaimed. "That was some session last night. I'm not awake yet. Guess I'll call up Cutey."

Another five minutes, and he had

made an engagement, seized his hat, and started off.

Walking slowly along the street, Marian, deep in thought, decided to go after her material firsthand.



Marian was dressed as a bride in a portiere pulled from the doorway and a table-cover.

An employment agency offered the best inducements.

Her turn came almost immediately and, through fortune, she did not know whether good or bad, she was assigned to the residence of John Rogers, the publisher, to secure the position of kitchenmaid.

"Here's where I get some inside information," she gleefully told herself as she made her way to the place where she was to be employed.

Her ears were always open for material for her writings, and the first indication of any came that evening as she heard a conversation between father and son in the library.

"Jack," said Mr. Rogers, senior. "I really can't see why you don't settle down. These escapades of yours are becoming tiring. Once it's an actress, then it's the daughter of a coal heaver. Why, it's—it's unbearable! Cut it out, my boy!"

Jack smiled up into his father's eye. "Why, dad," he exclaimed, "it's all in a lifetime. Let me have my fun. What's the difference?"

Mr. Rogers shook his head in exasperation. "What's the difference!" he exploded. "Such an answer. Why—you're incorrigible!" And he stalked out of the room in disgust.

Down in the kitchen Marian ran the struggle with the intricate duties of kitchenmaid. These being over, she and the old couple also employed in the household, and a visiting policeman gathered about. Then Marian "broke loose," and in an instant she had them in stitches at her queer antics.

"An imitation of Fred Stone," she announced. "Watch me!"

Upstairs in the library, Jack and several of his friends played poker. The stakes were high; Jack lost repeatedly.

"No luck," he said. "Confound it, anyway!"

His cash was low, and he signed an I O U for five hundred dollars and passed it along. For a while longer they played, interspersing the tricks with drinks from the glasses kept full at their right hand. As the cards grew monotonous, some one suggested that a little cabaret would be entertaining, and the plan was met by the young castaways of society with great favor.

"James," said Jack, as the butler came in answer to his ring. "Call up Johnson's, and have him send over a couple of singers."

"If you please, sir," replied the butler, his face beaming with a smile. "There is a young person downstairs who is wonderful. She dances, sings, and makes merry like a performer."

"There is!" shouted Jack. "And I never knew it? Send her up!"

Struggling, Marian was pulled up into the room. In her apron and large shoes she cut a comical figure.

"Let me go!" she pleaded, tugging toward the door.

"Nothing doing!" cried Jack, entering the fun. "You're here to entertain."

Into her heart sprang the thought of more material, and Marian agreed.

Around the floor she whirled, giving her imitations, and setting the crowd of young fellows laughing hilariously at her capers.

"Up on the table!" howled Jack.

In an instant she was up on the table, dancing as if her life depended on it.

"She's good enough to be a bride!" shouted one jocularly. "Jack ought to marry her!"

In his slightly intoxicated condition, Jack hailed the suggestion with a wild shout. At that moment Marian's feet stopped suddenly, and she slipped sheepishly to the floor, her eyes fixed on the doorway. Every one turned.

Into the room Mr. Rogers, senior, stepped.

"Young lady," he whispered, drawing the girl to one side, "I'll give you a hundred dollars if you help me try to cure that young fool. I'll get a minister if you'll marry him. It need not trouble you, for you need be his wife in nothing but name, and I'll keep you well. It's only to tame him."

She looked up with wondering eyes,

her countenance and manner suddenly serious.

For some time she remained silent, struggling with her thoughts, before she reached a decision and announced, half determined, half timidly:

"I'll do it—to make a man of one who isn't!"

The elder Rogers smiled, and left the room immediately to procure the minister who was to tie the flighty young man down to a position of responsibility while he was under the influence of liquor and his high-strung temperament to such an extent that he did not realize the importance of what was taking place.

The others in the room, joyous at the uniqueness of their escapade and the joke they were about to play on their friend, dressed Marian as a bride with a portière pulled from the doorway and a table cover, while their operations were delayed by frequent bursts of laughter at what young Rogers would say when he was sufficiently sober to come to a realization of things.

Just as they had finished pinning the last pin of her comical raiment, Marian felt a pang in her heart. Jack did not know what he was about to do. And she was taking advantage of his condition. With a dash, she attempted to run from the room, only to find herself in the arms of John Rogers, senior, who was entering with the minister. The elder man pressed a note into her hand, and she saw, as she looked down at it, that it was a check.

With flashing eyes, Marian took it and tore it into little bits.

"I don't want your money," she grated, "and I don't want your job, either! I quit to-night!" She ran from the astonished publisher, unpinning her unbecoming servant's garb.

In the other room, Jack sat heavily in his chair, while his friends trooped out.

Mr. Rogers took him by the arm and led him to his room.

"Perhaps," he murmured, "this will bring him to his senses, when he realizes that he is married to a common servant girl."

The clatter of the heavy dishes filled the air. About the busy little restaurant, Marian hurried to and fro with the dishes.

At one of her tables sat a young fellow whom she thought she had seen

before. An instant later another young fellow sat alongside of him.

Neither noticed the other, until both had ordered.

"Are you game?" she heard one ask.

Her ears pricked up, and she hovered about.

"Yes," answered the other. "When?"

"To-night. The young fellow is going the pace again, and the old man will naturally suspect him of robbing the safe. Young Rogers is sure a boob!"

Marian pressed nearer. "Well," said one, "I'll meet you corner of Dean Street and Lexington." He rose and sauntered out.

Breathlessly, Marian went to the proprietor. "Oh, sir, could you let me off for an hour? I have something important to do."

He agreed. Hurrying along, Marian followed the two conspirators.

"About midnight," said the one. "I'll wait for you. The safe is in the library inside of a taboret. It's a cinch, and we'll tap it for quite a sum."

They smiled as they moved off.

"So," said Marian, with determination in her eyes, "they are going to rob Mr. Rogers' safe and let the suspicion fall on Jack, eh?"

She hurried along, thinking deeply. Into a photography shop she went.

"A camera with one of those fast lenses, and a flash," she said to the clerk.

After a few instructions she left, and went back to the restaurant.

That night Marian was at the Rogers mansion before the two came.

Skulking close to the walls, they slipped into the window. Like a shadow, Marian was in after them.

There they were, one holding a flash light, and the other opening the safe. It was but the work of an instant, and she had the snap flash of them and was away.

The morning papers were full of the account of the robbery of the Rogers safe. Jack Rogers, the scapegoat son, was accused of the crime. He had been seen by the butler opening the safe earlier in the evening, but protested that he was innocent. The detectives would hear nothing, however, and he was now safely ensconced in a cell. Mr. Rogers, senior, refused to believe that his son was guilty, and offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the capture of the real thieves.

That afternoon Marian resigned her

position as a waitress, and walked into the detective agency.

"I came to see about that Rogers robbery," she said.

"Well, what about it?" gruffly answered the chief.

She pulled the flash-light picture from her bag.

"Not much," she said. "Only I happened to follow those two, and took that picture."

The chief gasped and looked at it. He pressed a button, and two detectives

In the jail, Jack raved in his cell.

"Just to think that I am locked up," he said. "Why, I would no more think of robbing my own father than I would of jumping off the bridge!"

A step sounded in the corridor, and his father appeared before the door with the turnkey.

"Jack," he cried happily, "the real robbers have been found. Some one who refused to give his name captured them."

"Dad," gasped Jack, in joyous amazement, "I'm so glad! Good-by, old cell!"

watched the chief as he gazed thoughtfully about.

"Well," he said, "I'll see whether can fix you up. I believe I can. Sure I'll have some one over there immediately."

"Oh, Mr. Brannigan," said Marian her eyes glowing in excitement, "let me take the case. I want to take it, and you know I can handle it."

The chief looked at her.

"Yes," he said finally, "I guess you are the best I have around. Go to it!"

Five minutes later Marian presented herself at the office of John Rogers.

The old man had a worried look about his eyes, and he seemed preoccupied.

"Sit down!" he directed. "Now, I'll tell you about this case. It is all about this son of mine, Jack."

Marian held her breath, and looked away.

"Yes," she said softly, "what about him?"

"Well, he is becoming mixed up with an actress, and I want to break him of the habit. I thought that probably with the help of some one like you, he might be cured forever of his darned-fool ideas."

John Rogers, although a shrewd man never recognized in the snappy young lady sitting before him the kitchenmaid to whom he had married his son in the endeavor to cure him.

"Well," said Marian decisively, "you hire me as your private secretary for two weeks, and I'll guarantee to cure this wayward son of yours."

"Ssh!" cautioned the old man. "I think he is coming now."

Like a flash, Marian grasped a handy notebook, and said: "Dictate to me quick!"

John Rogers picked up a letter and began dictating.

"Say, father," began Jack, as he strode in, "I want—"

His father went right on dictating while Marian cast her big brown eyes up at the young fellow. Jack looked back at her.

"Jove!" he said to himself. "She's a pippin! I wonder where the old gen got on to her. I must get in on this."

"I can't see you now, Jack," said Mr. Rogers, looking up. "I'm very busy. Suppose you come back."

Jack looked once more at the eye stealing toward him.



With flashing eyes Marian took it.

came in. "Here," he said, "there's your real crooks; go get them! And now, miss, you earned the five thousand. Here!" He passed her the check.

Smilingly, Marian took the check. It meant life for her, real life.

"Say," said the chief suddenly, "you are pretty slick. Do you want to join my force?"

A joyous smile crossed Marian's face. "Would you really give me a chance?" she asked incredulously.

"Sure. You followed those guys fine. What do you say?"

"I'm right on the job," she answered. "I'll start in at once."

Together they went out.

"But wasn't it peculiar that the person didn't give his name?" he asked, as they both got into the automobile.

In her little office in the detective agency, Marian was gathering notes for her future novel. The cases were mystifying, and she already had her book well filled up.

The chief's phone rang, and he picked it up.

"Hello! Yes, this is Brannigan. Who, John Rogers, senior? Yes, Mr. Rogers. You have a private case, and you want my best woman detective?"

Marian pricked up her ears and

"No," he said, in decision, "I'll stick around until you are finished."

Marian nudged Mr. Rogers with her pencil, and that worthy almost lost his serious face.

"Now," he said, as Marian turned to the typewriter, and started to bang off the foolish letter, "what is it you wished?"

"Gee," said Jack, "I forget it now!" He bent down and whispered some-

realize," she said. John Rogers bit his lip at the terse answer.

Jack haunted his father's office. His every glance was directed at the vivacious private secretary his father had engaged, and daily he became more friendly with her. Marian, true to her promise, urged the young fellow on, and he seemed in the seventh heaven of delight.

"Say," he whispered one day, as his

are willing to take a chance on me going, why I may meet you at seven, or I may not."

He tried to read the expression in her eyes, but could not.

"I'll take the chance," he cried. "I want you to go. This is not just a sort of invitation because you happen to work here. I want your company. Is that understood? I desire it!"

Marian looked up with a twinkle in



In an instant she had taken a flashlight of the scene.

thing in his father's ears, and sauntered out of the office, glancing back at the new secretary, who at that instant happened to be looking his way. He caught his breath in a sharp gasp, and closed the door.

"You see," said Marian softly, "you give me two weeks and I'll cure that young fellow of all the bad habits he ever had."

John Rogers smiled over at her. "Gad, I believe that you will do it!" he exclaimed. "You're mighty attractive, you know."

Marian bent lower over the machine. "I am only here as a curer, you must

father stepped out of the office, "Miss Goode, I like you. What do you say to a little dinner to-night?"

"In one of those places you usually frequent?" she asked. "No, not for me, Jack!"

"No, no!" he cried. "I'm done with that kind of places. A nice quiet little place, where the eats are good, and where we can have a nice little chat, with no souse around to bother us. What do you say? Hurry, for the dad will be back in a minute."

Marian gave a good imitation of one pondering on a weighty subject.

"Well," she said slowly, "I may accept, and then again I may not. If you

her eyes. She had succeeded in arousing in Jack's heart the desire for her. Now her task would be easy.

"Well, seeing that you express yourself in such violent language, I'll accept your invitation, but I'll pick out the place," she said.

"It's agreeable," cried Jack, his face shining in a broad smile. "Remember, seven; I'll be waiting for you."

His father entered, and Jack disappeared.

"What has that young reprobate been telling you?" he inquired.

"Oh, he's about getting cured, I think," Marian replied.

The dinner was very agreeable, and



"That's written from experience," she said, producing the note-book, in which she had gathered her facts.

Jack spared no expense. He laughed and chatted, and left the drinking part of his program behind.

They strolled to her home.

"Do you know," he said suddenly, "I'm beginning to like you a whole lot. In fact, I am in love with you, girlie."

They had reached the porch.

Marian's breath came sharply. She, too, loved this young fellow. In fact, she wondered if he had not seen the resemblance between her and the kitchenmaid who had become his wife one night long, long ago.

"Yes," cried Jack, seizing her hand and pressing it, "I love you! I want you! Won't you even consider me?"

Marian looked away. "I'd like to, Jack," she said kindly. "But——"

"But what?" he asked sharply. "But what? Am I not good enough? I'll promise you that I will live a clean life. All that past is forgotten now. If only you would say the word!"

Her breath came with a little catch as she released her hand and walked up another step.

"Jack!" she whispered.

"What, dearest?" he asked.

"Suppose—suppose you ask your wife?"

And Marian flew up the stairs, leaving the fellow staring after her.

"Darn!" he exclaimed, as he walked slowly down the street. "What did she mean? How the deuce does she know about that?"

Marian was hard at her work the next morning when Jack sauntered in.

"Good morning," he said. "The dad won't be down this morning. He's ill."

"Ill?" asked Marian in surprise. "Very badly?"

"Well, he's in bed," said Jack crisply. "And he wants to know if you will come up to see him for a few minutes."

"Of course," she answered.

"Hello, dear girl," said John Rogers, as Marian came into the sick room. "You make me almost well already."

She removed her furs, and sat on the arm of a chair.

"Jack," said his father, "would you mind getting me those papers on the desk downstairs?"

With a curious glance, Jack stepped out of the room.

"Yes, dear girl," went on Mr. Rogers,

"you mean everything to me. Will you consider——"

Marian rose.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rogers. But all this is not what I am supposed to do. I leave your employ from now on. Jack is cured, and you have no more use for me. I like you a whole lot, but I must go. I hope that you will recover rapidly. Good morning!"

There was a little pain in her head as she went out. They would never know that the kitchenmaid of the night was the girl they were both striving to get.

Mr. Rogers sank back to his pillow. Jack came in.

"Where—where is the girl?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Why, she—she only came here to tell me that she was finished with her work, Jack," said his father faintly.

"Darn!" exclaimed Jack.

The afternoon was passing when Mr. Rogers reached for some paper, and scribbled a note:

"DEAR GIRL: I will not force upon you any old man's love, but just as a sort of last request, will you not c-

and have dinner with me this evening?

"I have learned to love you, girl, and all you have done for me and for Jack will never be forgotten. Do not say no, for I shall expect you, and I promise that my interest in you is fatherly. JOHN ROGERS.

"Answer by messenger."

"James," he said, ringing for his butler, "take this to this address, and wait for a reply.

In his room, Jack raged up and down.

"Darn!" he ejaculated. "This is a rotten, empty world, after all. The only girl I ever loved tells me to ask my wife"—he stopped, mouth wide open—"my wife— Why, darn it all, what a bonehead I am!"

He raced to his desk, and tore it open. He wrote:

"DEAR FRIEND WIFE: What about coming over to see me this evening?"
"JACK."

"Here," he said to James, who was struggling into his coat, "take this letter over there, and wait for an answer. Hurry it up, you fat rascal!"

The butler looked at the two letters, and a start of surprise came to his impassive face.

"Ha!" he laughed, the tears rolling down his pudgy cheeks. "The two of them are after the same girl!"

Marian was sitting dejectedly at her machine when the butler arrived.

He passed her the two letters. "I'm to have an answer," he said.

She tore them open. Her lips parted in a smile, and, dashing to the desk, she scribbled rapidly.

"Here," she said, "give that note to Mr. John Rogers, senior, and tell Jack that his wife will come."

The evening wore on. Mr. John Rogers and Jack both sat side by side, watching the clock.

Suddenly the butler announced a visitor.

They both sprang up and went toward the door.

Marian came into the room where they were seated—Mr. Rogers' room, where he did his work when at home.

"Well," she said naively, "I'm here!"

"You dear girl!" said Mr. John, taking her arm. "How glad I am to see you; then you got my note?"

"Yes," she answered.

Jack looked on with puzzled eyes, then turned away.

The booming voice of James sounded again.

"Mrs. Jack Rogers!" he said.

Marian glanced about with affected surprise. "Oh, you are going to have company. I'll go. No, really, Mr. Rogers, I can't stay. Good-by, and thank you so much for your kindness."

She walked slowly to the portières. Once outside, she threw off her furs, and jumped into the old apron of her kitchenmaid days.

Slowly she walked into the room, sniffing.

Jack fell back, then ran to her. "My wife!" he grinned. "Hurrah! You have come back!" He seized her and danced about.

"What?" cried Mr. Rogers. "You back here!"

"Ye-es, sir," she faltered, looking up at him.

"Jack," she whispered, "go out, please, for a moment."

She sidled over to the frowning man. "I disown him!" growled Mr. Rogers. "To think that you came back! Why, it was only a joke!"

Marian pulled the check out of her pocket, and placed it in his hands.

"What?" he said, reading it. "You did that?"

She nodded, took it, and tore it up.

"It's not the money I want," she said, tears starting. "I love Jack, and I want him!"

"Never!" thundered John Rogers.

Once again Marian dove into her capacious pocket.

"Here," she said gently, handing him the letter he had written.

"Good Lord!" he gurgled. Then he looked sharply at her. "Why," he cried, "it's the same girl! Jack, Jack, come in here!"

Jack hastened in, and took the quivering Marian in his arms.

"At last, wife!" he cried, as he imprinted a kiss on her lips.

"Wait! That's not all," she cried, running out into the hall.

In an instant she returned with a manuscript.

"Here!" she said gently. "That's all written from experience. Publish it!" She showed him the notebook in which she had gathered her facts.

John Rogers took it in his hands and turned the pages slowly, allowing his eyes to skim over them.

Slowly he raised his head.

"The novel of the year!" he said, with quiet enthusiasm as he sat down to read the first chapter of the book.

Jack and Marian were walking away to commence the last chapter.

Herbert Standing.

WHEN Herbert Standing deserted the speaking stage to appear in the motion-picture drama, patrons of the so-called "legitimate" stage lost one of its most accomplished artists.

Among the famous plays in which Mr. Standing has appeared are "The Bells," "Jim the Penman," "As in a Looking-glass," "Moths," and a long list of other subjects of equal prominence in theatrical history. To-day patrons of the high-class motion-picture playhouse regard him as a character man par excellence, and look forward with anticipation to any subject whose cast contains his name. During the past year the variety of his characterizations, and the effective manner in which he has portrayed parts demanding unusual versatility, has demonstrated, probably more than ever, that he is an artist in every sense of the word.

As the old monk in "Hypocrites," he received much laudatory comment. In direct opposite to this rôle, his striking characterization of the chief of the gypsy bandits in "Kilmeny" won him enthusiastic praise all over the country. In "Peer Gynt," as *St. Peter* he renewed a most pleasant friendship with Cyril Maude, the English actor-manager who starred in this masterpiece, and with whom he had played in old London days. As the father of *Demetra*—played by the famous Maud Allan—he portrayed the part of a stern old Turk with marked success. Some of his latest characterizations are presented in such productions as "The Yankee Girl," in which Blanche Ring is starred, "The Gentleman from Indiana," by Booth Tarkington, with Dustin Farnum, and an adaptation of Charles Neville Buck's well-known book and play, "The Call of the Cumberlands." Mr. Standing is now appearing in the principal rôles for the Pallas Pictures, the latest producing concern to become affiliated with the Paramount Program. He is the father of seven sons, all of whom are actors of note. He is an accomplished boxer, and though well on in years appears to be still in his prime.

The Blot on the Shield

(MUTUAL)

By Donald Doyle

The shield—the emblem of the family—was the pride of the southern colonel, because, as long as his ancestry could be traced, there had never been a blot on it. The colonel conceded repeatedly to the whims of his daughter, but, in a burst of startling events, he saw the dreaded blot. Then came the most startling thing of all, not only for the colonel and his daughter, but for the third party also—the man who was not wanted.

COLONEL TALIAFERRO, his kindly face wreathed in smiles, stood at the foot of the broad stairway, looking up expectantly.

Down the carpeted steps came a dainty figure. On her face was a smile of greeting, and she stretched forth her hands.

"Good morning, dad," she said, stretching up on tiptoe, and kissing him.

"Sallie, dear girl," he answered, holding his hands behind his back, "you know what day this is?"

came from her lips, and she held forth a beautiful necklace.

"You are better than a dear!" she exclaimed, fastening it about her superb neck.

The colonel took her hand, and led her to the other side of the room.

Before the family shield he stopped.

"Sallie," he said impressively. "Now that you are a woman, I have something to say to you. There is our family shield. For five hundred years, child, it has stood for honor. Never

"Ha, caught you that time, didn't I?"

"Hello, Allen," cried the colonel, releasing his daughter, and turning to the French window. "Come in."

A broad-shouldered, tall chap entered. His manner was cordial, but something about him caused one to be uneasy.

"And, Miss Sallie, I hope to find you well?" he asked, bowing low. He cut a fine figure in his riding clothes.

"Indeed, yes," she answered, her fine teeth showing in a little smile.

"Are you ready for a canter?" he asked.

"Shortly, if daddy doesn't object!"

The colonel smiled. "Not at all, Sallie."

She ran up the stairs, and a few moments later appeared in her habit. A dainty little figure she looked, trim as a magazine picture.

She mounted her horse without assistance, and they were off, the colonel following them with a proud glance.

"Sallie," said Allen, "there seem to be quite a few tramps about lately. I noticed this morning what appeared to be smoke on the far end of my plantation."

"You don't mean it," she gasped, shivering in spite of herself.

"Yes," he answered. "I trust not, but I told Thompson to notify the sheriff!"

They disappeared into an overgrown path in the woods.

A disheveled figure walked dejectedly through the fields. His clothes, though evidently of fine quality, were worn and much the worse for wear. On his back was strapped a bundle. His was a handsome face, however, open and smiling, and his eyes looked straight ahead honestly.

"Oh, hum," he said. "Another day of tramping, with no objective point



He leaned up, on tip-toe, and whispered once again.

"Indeed I do. My birthday. Eighteen to-day, and now I'm a woman!" She drew herself up proudly. "No more silly little stunts from now on!"

Her father's eyes beamed with pride.

"Yes," he answered. "You are a woman, now. Here is a little remembrance for you, young lady!"

He pulled his hands from behind his back, and presented it to her.

She took the proffered box, and smiled into his eyes. "You dear!" she breathed, opening it.

The next instant a cry of pleasure

has any one caused a blot to mar its magnificent record. Sallie"—the words came slowly—"let me impress upon your mind never to cause a blot to fall on that shield. Be upright, honest—and remember, you are always to be—a lady!"

The manner of his speech was so earnest that Sallie could not help being serious.

"You will never have any cause for alarm, dad," she said clearly, snuggling closer to him.

A step sounded on the veranda, and a voice called:

in view. I wonder how many more weary weeks of this is before me? I wonder why no one seems to want me to work for them? Well"—he smiled ruefully—"I can't blame them, with this outfit stretched over my back! They take me for a regular tramp, I guess!"

He pressed forward a few yards, then he raised his head. "Hello," he exclaimed. "I smell smoke. Looks like something doing over there!"

He altered his direction, and went directly for the smoke.

An instant later he had broken in on a motley-looking camp. Tramps they were, tramps of the worst kind. Every one of them had the most evil-looking face the stranger had ever seen.

"Huh," grunted one. "Here's anudder brudder. Howde, brudder? Where bound?"

The stranger looked at the questioner. "Oh, just around for my health," he grinned.

They all smiled back at him.

"Dat's what dey all say," husked another of the gang. "Say, bo, yer look better'n de rest of us. Listen, we got a crib ter crack, an' we want yer to help on it. All in the fambly, ye know!" A roguish grin spread over his face, as he approached the youthful adventurer. "Wat d'yer say?"

A look of anger flashed to the stranger's eyes, and he stepped forward a step.

"Say, look here, my friend," he said sharply. "I may be a tramp, and belong to the road, but robbery doesn't enter into my category!"

The other put his arms onto his hips, and stood leering at him.

"Listen at de perffessor," he jeered. "He doesn't do robbery! Say, bo, why don' yer open up a Sunday school?"

"Look here, my friend!" hotly flashed back the stranger, dropping his pack, and starting forward. "That'll be about all from you." He let drive and caught the fellow on the chin. Instantly the gang had surrounded him, and from all sides he was punched and kicked. Suddenly one of them cried:

"Cheese, somebuddy's comin'!" They disappeared as if by magic.

Swaying, the stranger, much the worse from the beating, picked up his pack, and staggered from the bushes.

Coming toward him were two mounted persons. He stepped back to allow them to pass, turning his head, and wiping the blood from his cheek.

"See," cried one of the riders, none other than Allen; "see, Sallie; my fears are true! There's one of them now!"

Sallie glanced apprehensively at the disheveled figure, crouching close to the protecting bushes.

"But," she said, "he does not look like a tramp, Allen. I never saw a tramp with such an honest face!"

The stranger glanced up. "Honest face?" he muttered. "That sounds good, coming from such a beautiful horse-woman. Guess I'll follow them, and see where they are going."

As swiftly as he could, he walked painfully after the two riders. At times they disappeared from view, but he followed the prints of the horses' hoofs. Suddenly the brush became less dense, and he found himself in a long path. It led to a stable. The two riders were nearing a fine old mansion. Hesitantly he made his way toward it.

Three figures were there now.

They looked up as he approached. The young lady stepped back as if in fear, while the old man glanced superciliously at the intruder.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he drew near. "I must be a sorry-looking figure. But I am neither a professional tramp nor a highwayman!"

He smiled as he spoke, and the lady smiled back at him.

"I—I have had the misfortune to be forced into hitting the trail," he went on. "Just now I am in search of employment, and I thought that, perhaps, you may have something for me to do about here!"

The younger man had not spoken up to this time. Now he stepped forward.

"Excuse me, Colonel Taliaferro," he said, in a nasty tone. "But this fellow is undoubtedly a tramp. There is a camp of them down on my plantation, and we, Sallie and I, passed him a short time ago, coming from it!"

The colonel's eye glittered, and he flashed a glance of scorn at the young fellow before him.

"Suh," he said, in a cold tone, "you heard what Mr. Allen said! I think it will be better if you make yourself scarce around this plantation!"

The stranger's eyes flashed, and he stepped forward.

"Sir, my very speech should speak for me. I am neither a tramp nor a black-guard. I was near the camp, which I stumbled onto accidentally, and had a

set-to with them. I am very anxious to obtain work, sir. I am handy around horses. I love them. I would do anything, sir, if you could see your way clear to giving me a chance, anyway!"

His appeal had no apparent effect on the two men, but on Sallie it stabbed her to the heart. The young fellow looked so dejected, so sad, that she flew to her father and said pleadingly:

"Daddy, he doesn't look like a tramp. Why don't you give him a trial? I want you to, daddy," she said softly, stroking his cheeks.

A smile of love flitted over the old man's face, and he kissed her lips.

"All right," he said gruffly to the young fellow. "Go to the stables; I need a groom, and you may do."

"I thank you, sir," returned the stranger quietly. "My name is Copeland, Harry Copeland. And to you, miss, I more than thank you!"

He bowed low, and, picking up his bundle, moved off to the stables.

Sallie followed him with her eyes. Her heart had told her that this young fellow was good and kind, and she was beginning to feel a sort of compassion sweep her soul.

"Huh," coughed Allen, moving off to his mount. "Good day, Sallie; I thank you so much for your company."

She started, and looked up. "Oh, I had thought you were gone, Allen," she said. "Good day, and good luck!"

Allen bit his lip, as he hopped the horse, and rode off.

Sallie lingered on the veranda. Just faintly visible was the well-set-up figure of the new groom, and he seemed happy in the work of exercising the fiery Gorgon. She sighed, from what she knew not, and walked slowly into the drawing-room.

Harry Copeland was more than acceptable. Even the colonel, whose nature was not of the "welcome-to-my-heart" character, openly allowed his praise to be heard.

"Why," he exclaimed to Allen, one day, "that boy knows horses so well that I most believe he is a Kentuckian, Allen. He can talk to them, and they seems to smile and whinny at him every time he walks past. And ride? My, my, Allen, he's born in the saddle, suh, born in, and for, the saddle!"

Sallie was more than delighted with the new groom. He was deferential, kind, and so knightly that she was captivated.



"The sheriff and the detective resolved to fix the crime, while a crazy Englishman protested continually."

"Harry," she said, "how is it that you took to the road?"

They were riding along alone. Usually Sallie went unaccompanied or with Allen, but Harry had grown so well liked that the colonel had no word of protest when she requested that he be allowed to escort her.

He rode alongside of her with that easy grace which bespeaks a rider, and smiled down into the eager face. "I can't tell you," he answered, in his deep, resonant voice. "You don't mind, do you?" The tone was so pleading that Sallie smiled.

"Why, no, Harry," she answered. "But you are surely not a mere adventurer. You are more than a groom; I can tell from the way you handle your conversation!"

He started at her remark, and blushed a trifle.

"Perhaps," he said slowly, turning his big eyes on her seriously. "Perhaps you are right, Miss Sallie."

"Oh, drop that 'Miss' thing, will you?" she asked impatiently. "I know you long enough to be called Sallie!"

Harry caught his breath, and turned away.

When he spoke again, it was with the deferential manner he always used when speaking with the colonel.

"I'll do it, Sallie, but not when any one is about!"

They went out together nearly always now. Once in a great while Allen accompanied them, in which case Harry always cantered in the rear. Even there, though, he was not totally ignored, for Sallie seemed to care more for his opinions than Allen's, and she called him repeatedly to settle some question in dispute. Allen had taken a dislike to him, and plainly showed it.

In Harry Copeland's heart there had sprung up a love for this little Kentucky girl that threatened to burst into a flame at any moment. It took all his strength to control himself. And his

love was returned. Sallie's heart longed for this handsome young fellow, who would not tell her his past, and who requested that she think of him as just a wanderer.

"I wonder what he wants to conceal about his past?" she was musing one afternoon, when Allen rode up swiftly and dismounted.

"Colonel," he cried, running up the veranda. "Colonel!"

Colonel Taliaferro approached, questioning in his eyes.

"What is it, Allen?" he cried. "What is it, man?"

Allen was panting from his obviously hard ride.

"Pour me a drink," he commanded. Sallie came running into the room. "What is the matter, Allen?" she asked.

He gulped the proffered drink, and sank to a chair.

"Well," he said, finally recovering his breath. "This is what's the matter. My overseer discovered that tramps had

made a raid on our henhouse, and he set out after them. He found them with the goods, all right. And then, we found him. He had been murdered and robbed! The boys are wild. I rode like the devil for the sheriff, and put him in possession of the facts, and he is now on his way to look for them! It is awful!"

Sallie gazed on, horrified.

Allen put his hands over his eyes, as if to shut out the fearful sight.

Suddenly he pulled them down. "Do you know, colonel, that this is terrible? If I find the criminal, I will drill him so full of holes that he will look like a sieve!"

He rose, and strode up and down the room.

The colonel had not said a word. "Are there no clues?" he asked finally, a hard tone in his voice.

"Yes. Thompson's watch. That's all."

"Well, bear up, Allen; the sheriff will find them, no doubt!"

At that instant Harry appeared at the front with two horses.

Sallie sprang up. "It's time for my canter, daddy," she said, and she stepped out.

Harry handed her up gracefully, and she smiled down at him.

From the window, Allen watched them, with hate in his heart.

They set off at a brisk pace, both smiling over something.

"Did you hear what Allen said?" asked Sallie.

Harry turned to her. "Not a word; what was it?"

She related the tale, while Harry gazed at her with longing eyes.

"Gosh!" he murmured. "That must have been the same gang that I ran into the other week!"

They cantered on. Soon they came to a stream. Clear, sparkling, and cold as ice it was.

"I feel like a drink," Sallie said.

Harry jumped down, and pulled a folding cup from his pocket. Handing her the cold spring water, he took her unengaged hand, and held it. She finished, and returned the cup. He took her other hand.

"Sallie," he said quietly, but with a world of feeling. "Sallie, I—love you! I cannot contain myself any longer. I must tell you!" He leaned up on tip-toe, and whispered once again, almost fiercely, "I love you!"

Into Sallie's eyes a sparkling light came, and she bent forward impulsively. "I return it, Harry," she murmured, and their lips met.

Behind them, unobserved, but taking the whole scene, was a disreputable-looking tramp. Closer observation showed that it was the one who had started the fight with Harry. As the two lovers moved slowly away, he disappeared, a broad grin on his face.

It was dusk when Sallie and Harry



The fist fell and the colonel retreated a step.



"Sallie," he cried, "I told you that it was all a mistake."

arrived. They were both quiet. They had agreed to say nothing as yet to the colonel.

The morning was half spent when, with a loud clatter of hoofs, Allen rode up to the Taliaferro residence.

"Well?" greeted the colonel. "Any news, Allen, regarding the murder?"

"Not much," growled the other. "The sheriff thinks he has a clew, and"—he lowered his voice—"if I were you, colonel, I'd keep my eye on that new groom of yours!"

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the colonel, rising.

"Oh, nothing at all, only he and Sallie are going out pretty much together lately, aren't they?"

"Yes, but he is above reproach, sir. I like the boy."

There was a disagreeable twang in Allen's laugh.

"You know nothing of his past, do you?" he demanded.

The colonel pondered thoughtfully, looking from under his shaggy brows at Allen.

"That's true, Allen."

"Come in here, where we can speak privately, then."

They stepped into the drawing-room. Curled up in the big chair, Sallie was looking out at the stables, where Harry was making ready for their morning ride.

On her ear broke the voices.

"Well," said Allen, his smooth voice coming plainly to her. "My impression is that this Copeland is the man who murdered Thompson. In fact, there was a detective up at the sheriff's office yesterday afternoon with a photograph of this same man, saying that he was looking for him. The sheriff and the detective resolved to fix the crime, while a crazy Englishman who was there protested continually—but they wouldn't listen to him. I always thought there was something mighty queer about

Copeland's past. In fact, colonel, the sheriff is coming down here to-day, and is going to arrest Harry Copeland as the murderer. He was not here when the act occurred, was he?"

From her vantage point in the chair, Sallie heard the condemning accusation, with fear in her eyes.

"Harry Copeland a murderer?" she whispered fearfully.

"No," came her father's voice. "And Sallie was not out with him that day, either. Gad, Allen, I believe you are right! Go out and engage him in conversation; we must keep him here until the sheriff arrives. And to think I sheltered him under my very roof!"

They moved off.

Instantly Sallie sprang into action. Harry was waiting for her now in front. She dashed out the door, and motioned him to approach. He did, with question in his eyes.

"Quick!" she whispered. "Follow me!"

Wonderingly, Harry followed Sallie into the drawing-room, and up into her boudoir.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked.

"Ssh!" she cautioned fiercely. "Allen accuses you of murdering his overseer."

"What?" cried Harry, in surprise. "What is that?"

Sallie repeated her remark.

With set jaw, Harry endeavored to reach the door.

"Let me out," he cried. "Let me out. I'll smash every bone in his hateful body. It's a plot, a horrible plot, to get me out of the way, so that he can have clear sailing for your hand!"

Sallie threw herself on him. "Harry!" she cried softly. "If you love me, listen to me. You don't know the Southerners. If they catch you, they will string you up on a tree without a trial! My God, you cannot give yourself up!"

He struggled to break her hold.

"I must," he panted. "I can't stay here in your room. What will they think?"

She groaned. "You must, Harry," she said doggedly. A step sounded on the stairs. "Quick, into the closet!" she whispered fearfully. Without a word, she hustled him into the closet, and turned the key.

A knock startled her.

"Sallie," came her father's voice.

She breathed deeply, and smoothed her wrinkled habit.

"Just a moment, daddy," she said, as she opened the door.

He gazed about the room.

"Sallie, have you seen Harry this morning?"

"Yes," she gulped, "I saw him this morning, early, but—not since then!" The lie seemed to choke her.

"They suspect him of murdering Thompson," he said coldly, "and now he's disappeared. It looks mighty black for him!"

He turned on his heel, and disappeared out the door.

An instant later she had Harry out before her.

"You heard?" she muttered fiercely. "They wouldn't give you a chance. Quick, Harry, if you love me. Get out there on the balcony, and ride for your very life. The horses are directly below!"

"You darling!" he cried, gathering her in his arms, and kissing her repeatedly. "I'll do it, for your sake!"

Down the pillar he slid, when to his ears came a cry of wild joy, as Allen detected him.

In an instant the sheriff's party was on him. Like a madman he fought them off, only to succumb to superior numbers. On the balcony Sallie cried out.

On Colonel Taliaferro's face had appeared a stern look. Slowly he went up the stairs, and into Sallie's room.

She was seated dejectedly at a little table.

"Sallie," he thundered, placing a pistol on the table. "You have put a blot on the shield. Only one thing will wipe it out. There is the means to do it!"

There was no softness in his tone—he was grim and determined.

"Father," she cried passionately, rising and stretching forth her hands pleadingly.

"Not a word," he snapped. "Do as I ask. There shall be no blot on that shield!"

He turned and walked slowly out of the room.

With heaving breast, Sallie contemplated the pistol.

"And he wouldn't hear me!" she wailed. "He wouldn't listen!"

She sobbed in her terror.

Downstairs the colonel confronted Harry.

"You dog," he grated, striding threateningly to him. Two strangers had entered behind the sheriff.

Harry looked up calmly. "What do you mean?" he asked.

The colonel raised his clenched fist.

"Be careful—that's all," was Harry's only response.

The fist fell, and the colonel retreated a step. "You dog, to take advantage of an innocent girl!"

"It's a lie," cried Harry, tugging at his bonds. "A horrible——"

The two strangers stepped forward. One was a much-whiskered man of English caste.

"Harry!" he said joyously. "Harry, I have searched all over for you."

"Mr. Higgins!" cried Harry. "What are you doing here?"

"I have come to tell you that you are now the Earl of Harcourt. Your brother died three months ago! Here, your bobbies, remove those bally ropes!"

With a glad cry, Harry stepped forward. Colonel Taliaferro fell back, a blanched look on his face. "My God!" he cried. "Sallie will shoot herself!"

With a bound he was at the steps, Harry following. Through the door burst Harry, and at the mere sight of him she lowered the revolver.

"Sallie!" he cried. "I told you that it was all a mistake. It has been righted. Come."

With tears in her eyes, she snuggled closer to him.

The colonel bowed his head. "Forgive me, Sallie," he mumbled; "forgive me, please; I should not have doubted you!"

Through the tears of happiness, Sallie kissed first Harry, and then her shamed father.

"It is all right, daddy," she said. "There is no stain on the shield!"

"And never will be, sir," said Harry, as he drew her to him.

A Reminder.

Hurry!

You'll worry

If you're not on hand

At your local news stand

On the first of December,

Which we hope you'll remember

Is the date

When the great

New PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE gets under way;

For with features elsewhere told

In this copy that you hold,

Can you doubt:

"All sold out!"

Is what you'll hear,

Far and near,

When you try

To buy

The magazine

Of the screen

That of all the rest

Is the best?

So if you'd not be left,

And find yourself bereft

Of a treat,

Be wise, and meet

The date with a dime,

Right on time,

For the new

Magazine that's made for you.

Hurry!—

Put it on your list—

Or you'll worry

Over what you've missed.

Via Wireless

(PATHE)

By Edwin Balmer

(A Serial Story—Conclusion)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

George Durant, the great gunmaker, known as "The American Krupp," is touring the Philippines in his yacht *Irvessa*, partly for pleasure and partly to advise in the matter of island defense. With him are his daughter Frances and his right-hand man, Etherington Pinckney, who is teaching Frances to use the yacht's "wireless." One morning Pinckney forbids Frances to use the apparatus. He also warns her against Lieutenant Sommers, who is trying to send the yacht a wireless message, telling her that Sommers is a scoundrel. As a joke, Frances talks with Sommers by wireless, but won't tell him where the *Irvessa* is. Pinckney lands at Bagol, and is attacked by natives. Frances refuses to go below when the yacht is fired on. She uses the wire to summon rescue. Pinckney meets a gun designer named Marsh, who claims to be the inventor of a Rheinstrum gun which Durant has contracted to buy. Pinckney promises to help him. When the yacht lands at a government post, Frances meets Sommers, and is much attracted by him. Sommers has invented a gun whose plans Pinckney studies, and declares to Durant are worthless. He also gets Marsh to agree to aid in making the test of Sommers' gun a failure. Durant, Frances, and Pinckney set out on the yacht for the Philippines again. There they receive the news over the wireless that Sommers' gun has exploded, killing three men and wounding four. When they land at Manila, Durant learns that Sommers is wanted in Washington on a charge of selling plans for his gun to foreign powers. Durant and Pinckney tell Frances of the charge, and, as there is no transport returning to the United States, the *Mongolian*, which just left, being the last for several weeks, she induces her father to stop on his way back, at Bagol, where Sommers has been fighting, and take the lieutenant back to clear himself. On their way to the United States, with Sommers on board, a terrific storm comes up and drives them on a reef, after blowing them ahead of it for three days. They have lost their bearings. Pinckney, at the wireless, gets into communication with the *Mongolian*. On the *Mongolian*, Harling, the wireless operator, can make no sense from Pinckney's frantic call, because of the fear with which Pinckney is sending them. The *Irvessa's* passengers take to the boats, with the exception of Lieutenant Sommers, who takes charge of the wireless. He informs the *Mongolian* of all that has taken place, and explains by location of lightning the situation of the *Irvessa*, and tells where the boats are. Sommers will not tell who he is. "How many stayed with you?" asked Harling by the wireless, and Sommers answered, "One."

CHAPTER X—(Continued).

WHO are you? Keep signaling. Are altering our resistance, prove distance from you and directness approach. Keep signaling. Who are you?"

"*Irvessa*; owner, George Durant; skipper, Adrian." Harling read monotonously, as the tapper spelled with patient obedience. "From Manila to San Francisco, with Pinckney, Durant, Miss Durant, Sommers, and crew, twenty-six. Caught this storm two days ago, just beyond Marshall Islands. Been out of reckoning since we struck submerged reef, bow on. Heavy sea driving; almost immediately sea pounded off stern, swinging rest broadside, but both lifeboats got away safely. Have pointed searchlight your direction, and believe them trying to make for you."

"Who are you?" The *Mongolian* repeated its question patiently. "Answer. Do you get this?"

"Get you," the tapper replied at once. "Second storm seems gathering southwest here," the answer continued, and more rapidly, but as evenly. The *Mongolian*, too, felt the storm in the southwest gathering fresh head.

"Be upon us in a moment. The nature of the tapping told well why the sender had no time now for personalities. "We probably shall not last it, but the boats should. They are now over mile due east here. Look for them both on line, due east you make this position; but don't expect them together. Farther now, almost two miles off; other seems trying stay near, I believe, to pick us up; but is being driven far off. New storm head now almost directly over us. Remember, boats due east have lanterns only."

The tapping had come to an ordered end. In the sudden lull which goes before the bursting of the storm the young operator and the captain looked at each other helplessly. Far off on his black reef, the man who had been speaking to them so steadily and impassionately through his danger, had now said his last plain, practical words,

and had closed his key before he turned to face his death.

The boy's lips twitched as he sat at his useless key. The captain had turned away, and was gazing out ahead where the new storm was gathering itself for its irresistible swoop. The boy picked up the tape which he had dropped. Then, reaching quietly to his key, he touched it assuredly.

"Sommers!" His recognition flashed simply, convincingly, over the sea. "Sommers!" He strained forward tensely, for the other was acknowledging the call.

"First boat shows three lanterns"—it was merely the forgotten but essential detail which came—"the second, one. Three lanterns, mile and half east; slightly north, one lantern. Women in first with Pinckney, but in confusion. She—Miss Durant may be in second boat. Crew was evenly divided—"

In the midst of the word the record ceased, and the tape of the automatic register unrolled blank. That was all.

"Cr-rash!" The *Mongolian's* spark roared as Harling struck the key. "Cr-rash! *Irvessa!* Sommers! Sommers! Sommers! *Irvessa!*"

But from the swirling, black hell where the storm had broken anew, the wild blasts beat back the futile little coil currents, played with them, tangled and destroyed them.

The captain had sprung to his bridge. Harling felt the great *Mongolian* shudder and falter beneath him, and suddenly gather herself again and spring at the waves. For an instant, as she leaped, the jarring vibration told that the screws had broken spray at the stern and that the engines were racing. Then her stern sank deep again and caught the sea, and she pushed sturdily forward.

Harling caught his breath, and settled back, but quickly he was panting again and arose in his seat.

"Tap, ta-ap" his resonator was sounding. "Tap!" He recognized the touch



In tense excitement those on the *Mongolian* watched the figures from the wrecked *Irvessa* plunge into the sea.

and tingled all over, with the blood pricking in his veins.

"Cr-rash!" Harling threw the crackling blue current across the spark gap, released it quickly, and held it long again. "Cra-ash!" he answered. Spontaneously he noted that the tape was registering again.

"See reflection your searchlight, I think, on clouds due northeast," he read from the tape. "Both boats"—he put the receivers to his ears, and read the taps as they went on—"lived out that blow. See lights of both due east. Steer south-southwest for them. Do not expect my light or further direction. Must go very soon; sea very high. You could not approach reef, anyway. The boats—"

"That was our light!" Harling's spark interrupted. "We are well within ten miles. Storm hit us six minutes after you! Will reach you very soon. Can't

you hold—" He stopped the road behind him to answer the call from the bridge.

"Do not attempt—" came in on the tape.

"We see your light!" Harling's spark roared back. "We have cannon for shot line aboard, and we—"

"Are breaking now," the answer interrupted. Harling paused a moment to take it. "Do not try reach us at all!" The message rang like a command. "Boats have twenty-eight; here are two. See you plainly now, but have just lost boats due east. Steer south—steer south. Have you—"

"Have sighted one boat!"

"How many lanterns?"

"Three."

"Good! That first. Have you sighted other? Should be mile half due west other. Have you sighted?"

"Make out fourteen in boats. All apparently well."

"Good! Have you sighted other? Do you make out women?"

"Will have them in instant."

"The women? Answer, *Mongolian*! Do you make out women? Answer! Do you make women in boat sighted? Have you sighted other?"

"We are taking them on. All are safe."

"Were women in that boat? Have you sighted other?"

"One woman being taken on first. She is safe. Have not yet sighted other boat."

"Then she—other woman is in other boat. Do not give it up. Use search-lights! They may have lost lantern!"

"Have taken off maid, Durant, Pinckney, twelve crew. All safe."

"Not Miss Durant?"

"No."

"Have you sighted other boat?"

"We are looking for it."

"Do not give up. Remember, had but one lantern. You must pick them up by searchlight. Have you sighted them?"

"We are looking."

"Stop where now are and search. They cannot be nearer than that. Were almost in line with first boat and here. Stop and search there!"

"We are searching."

"Why are you coming on? Have you sighted them?"

"Are looking for them."

"You are not!" The tapper gave the lie direct. "You are trying to come here. Boat would have been driven beyond your position. Do not give up! Is absolutely useless to come here. Have you sighted it? Boat must be astern you, I say! Do not waste time trying to come here; hopeless. Look longer for that boat. Keep looking!"

"We are coming up to lee reef. Will fire line over you. Do you understand? *Irvessa!*" The *Mongolian's* spark exploded more quickly. "*Irvessa!* Do you understand? Call! Call! Call! Call!"

"What?" asked the tapper shortly, after an instant.

"Your light is out! Show a light!"

"I put it out," the resonator replied coolly. "I told you useless come here. Don't give up that boat! You cannot do anything here. Search for that boat!"

"Show your light!" the *Mongolian* commanded angrily. "Show your light! *Irvessa!* Sommers! Show your light!"

Ahead, the searchlights of the *Mongolian* swept the empty waters.

"Show your light!" the spark roared again. It changed to appeal again. "Remember man with you! Now show your light!"

"He stayed with me to help save the others!" the tapper answered defiantly. "Could not see him clearly; have not seen him since; but in last rush for boats he stayed below to keep dynamos. I answer for him, too. Will not show light till you have second boat. Do you see it?"

Harling twisted helplessly at his key. He started up as the door swung back and Etherington Pinckney, white and wild-eyed, staggered in.

"They're gone—they capsized! Oh, Frances—Frances, you're gone," he cried madly. "They sank beside us

just before you picked us up!" he clamored.

Harling, after calling a sailor to catch and calm the other, returned to his key.

"Pinckney reports second boat capsized," he volleyed quickly. "Disappeared and overturned just before we picked them up. We have searched, but found nothing. Now show your light!"

"It would not sink," the answer returned at once. "They would cling to it. More reason to search now. Look for them!"

"From reported condition, is hopeless; but can save you. Show light, *Irvessa! Irvessa!*"

Weak from the strain, Harling sank back after calling. "The fool!" he whispered softly.

But ahead and under the bridge was a commotion. Almost under its bow, the *Mongolian* had stumbled upon the second boat, with lanterns and oars gone, but still upright, and with its crew clinging to its seats.

The great ship swung around, and as the ropes were flung down a hundred pulled the survivors to the deck.

Back to his key as the last man was pulled aboard, Harling took up his receivers again mechanically. He had seen and noted each clearly as they were taken over the side, and there were no women among the rescued from that boat.

Then the resonators sprang to life again.

"Have you found them? You stopped."

"We found them," Harling cut the other short.

"Was she—"

The captain entered.

The boy appealed to him. "Shall I tell him now?"

"Tell him!" The captain bent over the younger man kindly. "Look! There's another blow coming—so tell him that we saved fourteen from the first boat, fourteen from the second!"

"But no woman? Not Miss Durant?" cried Harling.

"No—no! For she—"

"What?"

"Yes. So, tell him," the captain commanded quickly; "tell him that—"

But Harling's sending spark burst back before him. "Cra-ash! Cra-a-sh!" called the roaring current.

"She is with you!" Harling raced

madly with the storm. "All rest saved. She is one stayed with you!"

Harling jumped from his key and stared ahead. White and clear, even through the lightning, the bright glare of a searchlight blazed out.

"He got it!" cried Harling, and swung back. Pinckney, half comprehending, was clutching at him.

"She—she—" he was stammering. "The sailors knocked us down in the last rush for the boats," he managed to explain. "I couldn't find her in the rush!"

"So you came without her in the first boat!" the operator returned. His key remained silent. He swung back to the glass.

Swaying, as the sea tore at the wreck upon the reef, the light winked and was gone.

The *Mongolian's* searchlights now bore upon the wreck and showed it in plain view. Sea after sea broke above it and washed down, sweeping it clear; but where the reef held the bowsprit highest something was moving.

A thousand yards to leeward, then five hundred, and at last scarcely two hundred, the great liner stopped, and merely held steerageway. A moment the wind fell, and before it rose again a shot shrieked from the bow; and the coil of the line leaped from the deck. On the bow of the *Irvessa* the moving things flung themselves upon the rope-marked path of the shot, and, binding themselves together, jumped into the sea while those on board the *Mongolian* watched in tense excitement.

With the wash of the waves slackening the line as it was pulled, the rope's burden came alongside; and for an instant, as they touched the liner's side, the sea was merciful.

Numbed to senselessness and badly bruised but still breathing, the sea gave them up.

"She will live now!" The doctor put out his hand to restrain the struggle of the one whom the captain had revived beside the girl.

"Oh, Frances, you will live!" Pinckney had come up and bent over the girl. But Dick, bruised and battered, struggled up and pushed the other away. He caught the girl and held her to himself. Her eyes as they opened passed by those who bent about her—even by her father, after the first glance told her that he was safe, and she held herself closer to Dick. She raised her

face, and, before them all, he pressed his lips to hers.

"Frances! Frances!" he cried joyfully.

"Oh, thank God! You came safe, too—to clear yourself—oh, Dick, Dick—for me!" she cried.

Then her head fell back again, and he had to give her up to the others. They took her and bore her below.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CLEARING OF THE CLOUDS.

"Martin W. Marsh, the Durant Works, Durant, Pennsylvania."

Two telegrams thus addressed were handed to the little chief designer on the morning after the *Mongolian* reached port. The story of the wreck of the *Irvessa*, and of the rescue from the reef, was spread upon the front page of every morning paper. Marsh had been reading it through on the way down to the office. With trembling fingers he opened the first telegram from San Francisco.

"Extend every courtesy to William Bradley, of the secret service, who is now in Durant. This is your warrant for furnishing him with every facility to discover any facts which can assist him fix cause and responsibility for disaster to Sommers' gun, pending my arrival Wednesday.

"GEORGE DURANT."

Marsh dropped the message fearfully, took up the second, and tore it open:

"Oppose in every possible way inquiry by Bradley or any one else. Appear to comply with Mr. Durant's instructions, but obstruct Bradley as far as practicable till I arrive. Destroy this.
E. P."

Marsh grasped the first again, and reread it, trembling. With weak fingers he tore Pinckney's telegram into tiny bits and painfully scattered the shreds, part in the wastebasket and part out of the window. Then he looked down at himself, and shivered.

For two long months—ever since Pinckney had deserted him to sail again with the Durants for the Philippines, and had left the little designer to face alone the fatal test of the Sommers gun—Marsh had often found himself thus shivering. Through the interminable days before the trial of the gun, he had racked himself somehow through

his tasks. He had quieted himself, as he tossed through those terrible, sleepless nights, by telling himself that, after the gun was fired and failed, the strain must end.

But when the news of the fatal firing came, then he knew that the strain had only commenced. These latter endless weeks, which brought the thickening threats of inquiry and investigation had worn out his last nerve so that he merely waited helplessly, praying for Pinckney.

For Mr. Pinckney, surely, would steady and save him. Pinckney, his powerful, puzzling, and inexplicable friend, could so prompt and support him as to pull him safely through the investigation. Surely Pinckney must come to help him before it would be upon him. But he had not come.

Already, now, this secret-service man, Bradley, had been about Durant, both-ering Marsh, for ten days.

But Marsh, making excuses of both Mr. Durant's and Mr. Pinckney's absence, had been able to put him off and keep him away from the offices. But now, not only had this telegram come from Mr. Durant, commanding him directly to take Bradley in, but Bradley himself was in the outer office, armed with another telegram from Mr. Durant, empowering him to examine whatsoever and whomsoever he wished. And Pinckney, instead of being there to help, had only sent this telegram.

Pale and shaking, the little man had to go out and bring in the secret-service agent. He had to answer his questions dazedly, as evasively as he could. He had to show dozens of papers, designs, and drawings, on demand. Would Pinckney never come?

At last he came. Marsh knew that Mr. Durant himself would scarcely come to the works that morning. But Pinckney, surely, must appreciate his position. He had, for he was awaiting Marsh there.

"Oh, Mr. Pinckney!" The little man rushed upon the manager in his relief. "You must have had a terrible time on the sea, sir!" he exclaimed, as he took the other's hand. "But I can't tell you how glad I am you came out—"

Yes, yes, Marsh," Pinckney now checked him impatiently. "You've been having something of a time here, too, eh?" He came to the matter directly. "You rather needed me—what?"

"Yes, sir!" Marsh admitted. "You've heard, of course, how the Sommers gun exploded in the test and killed three men and hurt four others! Oh, I tell you I could scarcely sleep an hour before it; and since then—I don't know what I've done, or how I've got along! I—we both deserve prison for it!" he blurted boldly, in his agitation.

"Hush, Marsh!" Pinckney eyed the little man severely. "Don't even think that to yourself. How could we tell that at this special test those men would stay outside their shelters and get killed? It wasn't our fault at all. So don't blame yourself for that, Marsh."

"I know, sir," the little man agreed guiltily, "that perhaps we couldn't know they were going to be careless with that particular gun. But, still, we both knew, sir, that they often are careless at tests."

"What do you mean, Marsh?" Pinckney demanded, struck by something in the other's tone.

"I mean, sir, that just the day before the test I wrote to the man in charge, warning him to be careful with the Sommers gun. But—it happened, anyway!"

"What's that?" Pinckney grabbed Marsh.

"Oh, I didn't sign it, sir, or word it in any way to let any one suspect that any one knew there was anything wrong with the gun," whined the little man under the strong grasp.

"I should hope not!" Pinckney dropped him.

"But sometimes I've wished I had," the designer continued bravely, "if it would have saved them."

"You ought to be glad you didn't give them anything to go for us with."

"Them, sir?"

"Bradley and the secret service, of course. They've been altogether too busy. This Bradley had a telegram waiting for Mr. Durant at San Francisco. That's why Mr. Durant wired you as he did. You got my wire, too, Marsh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You see, in trying to help you, Marsh," Pinckney burst out bitterly upon the little man, "what I've got myself into. And I suppose you see I've got to get us out now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you understand that you've got to stand close by me and do what

I say, and keep your nerve—for me, if you can't for yourself."

"I'll try to, sir."

"How long has that fellow been about here?"

"Bradley? About ten days before you landed, I think." Marsh seemed only the more frightened, rather than steadied. "But I kept him from finding out much. He'd been talking to O'Leary and some of the men, but he got nothing from the offices."

"He's—seen Smith?"

"Not that I know of, sir. I—I transferred him as you ordered."

"Of course! Well, after you had to let him in—what?"

"Not much more, I think, Mr. Pinckney." The little man was trying to convince himself. "I kept him off pretty well."

"He asked for the Rheinstrum correspondence?"

"Why—yes, sir, he did."

"Did you give it to him?"

"No, sir; I couldn't find it."

"Good! What did Bradley do, then?"

"Oh, I think he's a sort of a bluff, Mr. Pinckney," replied Marsh, brightening a bit as he recollected. "When I couldn't find it, and no one about the office could tell him anything about it, he pretended to be pleased. Then he poked through all my designs and drawings; but I had the originals of the Rheinstrum at home, so he never found them. Then what do you suppose he took?"

"What?"

"Why, just some blank sheets of paper that were lying about there."

"I guess maybe you're right, and he is a bluff, Marsh," said Pinckney, greatly puzzled. "But—you talked with him about the forging of the gun?"

"Yes, sir; but I only told him, as you told me, that in our opinion the principle of the gun was wrong, and it was bound to burst."

"You emphasized that Mr. Durant himself saw the gun into the furnace, and that Lieutenant Sommers saw it out and approved the record of temperature all the time between?"

"Of course, sir."

"That was all he got from you?"

"Yes."

"Good, Marsh! Then this sleuth, Bradley, can't prove a thing against us, to save his life. Just stick to what you've said, and don't let him frighten you; and we'll be beginning upon the

Rheinstrum order within a week, and making you rich at last! But wait!" Pinckney seemed to recollect something. "If you want to be a rich, free man instead of a convict in prison, Marsh, don't know anything at all about the Rheinstrum gun, either, if he asks you! Now come on; Bradley is over at the Durants', waiting to ask just a few more questions before he takes Sommers on to Washington."

"He wants me again—this morning?"

"What do you suppose I came down here to see you first for?"

He almost lifted the little man from his feet, and hurried him down to the waiting motor. The car dashed off, and in a moment Pinckney was pulling Marsh from the tonneau and striking him encouragingly upon the shoulder as he led the little designer into the great house.

Mr. Durant, Frances, and Dick were waiting in the big morning room, brightly and cheerfully lighted by the nine-o'clock sunshine which came in through the half-opened curtains. Bradley, the secret-service man, was standing before this little group, and had evidently been addressing them earnestly before the two entered.

As he saw the little designer, he nodded to him kindly. Frances and Dick both greeted him, and thanked him for his stumbling congratulations upon their rescue. Mr. Durant crossed over to shake the little man's hand and put him at ease.

"You must not think, Marsh," he said kindly, "that either Mr. Bradley or Lieutenant Sommers or myself believes that you have been to blame for the disaster with the gun. Mr. Bradley has just been explaining to us the probable connection of this with matters of even graver importance than the gun disaster. It is to help him in clearing up these points that he wishes to question you now."

"Yes, Mr. Marsh," Frances added, "I have just been telling Mr. Bradley how many years we have known you, so—"

"Marsh is all right, Mr. Durant—Frances," Pinckney cut in, almost rudely. "He has merely been a good deal overworked since we went away, and the methods of Mr. Bradley during the last few days were not calculated to help him much. But he is quite prepared to answer whatever you may ask, sir." He faced the secret-service man. "So, if you are ready to—"

"Please, father—Mr. Bradley," Frances interrupted. "Just a moment before you begin! I should like to speak with Lieutenant Sommers."

"Really, Frances——" Pinckney began to object. But the girl had arisen, and, with a glance at Dick, walked to the end of the room. Dick joined her, and they stood in a recess away from the others.

"Mr. Bradley leaves for Washington immediately after this?" Frances asked him at once.

"Yes."

"And you go with him?"

"His instructions are to bring me with him. The formal inquiry begins at Washington to-morrow."

"Not only about your gun, but for the other charges, too?"

"Yes."

"After that, they will send you back to the *San Juan*?"

Dick laughed. "I'm afraid, as they can't have seen the *San Juan*, they may not consider that an adequate sentence."

"Please don't laugh at me!" pleaded Frances. "Seriously, please, don't you think Mr. Bradley can clear you as he hopes?"

"From what he has told us so far, I don't see how. Do you?"

"I knew you felt so. And so I wanted to tell you that, however it comes out, and whatever the court at Washington says, it cannot make the slightest difference with—with me!"

"Miss Durant!"

"Oh, please don't, Dick!"

"Frances, then—oh, Frances!"

"Yes, please, always! Isn't there too much between us now for anything else to matter? I mean, I want you to know, before you go into this inquiry, however it comes out, there is too much between us for—that to make any difference."

"But—Frances, don't you understand? It may mean disgrace, degradation, dishonor."

"That is why I wanted to say to you again that it cannot make any difference to me."

"But it must!" protested Dick. "If I am cleared, it is another thing. But if I am not, promise me you will forget me."

"You know that I never can—whatever happens. So I ask you now to come back here—whatever happens."

"No, I cannot. Besides, they may imprison me."

"Then I can come to you."

"Frances!"

"I mean it!"

"You cannot," returned Dick, trembling. "And, even if you could, I could not let you. But come!" He turned from her, as the only way of ending it. "They are waiting for us. And, besides, we can have this out before I go. We shall know my chances better then; for, as Bradley has just told us, the real trial may be held this morning. If he can get nothing to clear me now, he never can!"

"Then come—quickly!"

They returned to the others.

"If you are all ready," Bradley began patiently, "I wish to ask Marsh first who was the foreman for the final forging of the Sommers gun."

The little man clenched his hands uneasily. "Why, I wasn't in charge of things then," he replied. "Mr. Durant and Mr. Pinckney were both still here. I was merely present."

"Exactly. So, being present, Marsh," Bradley replied, "surely you saw who the foreman was."

"Why—yes, sir," replied Marsh reluctantly. "It was Smith, I think."

"Whom you sent for specially that afternoon, did you not?"

"Why, I—I heard so."

"You heard he was sent for? But you could see he was drunk, couldn't you?"

"Why, yes." Marsh's eyes wandered to Sommers and to Pinckney, and then were held by Bradley again. "That is, he appeared to be."

"Why did you put him in charge of that gun, then?"

"Why—Mr. Pinckney was there." Marsh was appealing openly for aid.

"Yes, I was there, Mr. Bradley," Etherington put in quickly. "Smith appeared drunk, but he really was sick. I thought him the best man, in spite of his condition, however, and gave him something to steady him. I told Lieutenant Sommers that at the time."

"I am not questioning you, Mr. Pinckney," answered Bradley. "I am asking Marsh if he himself did not see, that evening, that Smith was not only so drunk that he could not do his work at all, but so out of his head that he attacked Lieutenant Sommers and O'Leary with a hammer."

"Mr. Durant, I don't want to obstruct," Etherington protested quickly,

"but I must object to this senseless persecuting of poor Marsh. Miss Durant and Lieutenant Sommers are both here; and, if Mr. Bradley wishes to prove the attacks he mentions, surely he can from them."

"I am not trying merely to prove the fact of those attacks, Mr. Pinckney," Bradley replied calmly. "I wish to prove Marsh's knowledge of those facts."

"Why?"

"You will see. Now answer me, Marsh—did you see the attacks which I have just recounted?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, was Smith discharged for them?"

"Why—yes, sir," replied Marsh, glancing quickly at Pinckney. "At once."

"Quite so. But wasn't he hired again?"

"Here, sir? No."

"I saw to it personally, Bradley," Pinckney put in again, "that Smith should be prevented from ever obtaining employment at Durant."

"Quite so—at Durant, Mr. Pinckney," Bradley caught him up at once. "But how about your works at Meadville?"

"Meadville?"

"Yes—where Smith is employed in your works at present. You discharged him ostentatiously yourself, Mr. Pinckney; but, Marsh, you employed him again and put him to work at Meadville after Mr. Pinckney was gone—under his orders, eh?"

"Why—why—" stammered Marsh.

"You need not answer. During the ten days I had to wait around before I could investigate facts inside the office, I found out a few things outside. I merely wanted to establish now from yourself that you personally knew of Smith's conduct here that night; in spite of which—or, perhaps, on account of which—you got him another excellent place at Meadville."

The secret-service man sat back and glanced over his notes. Pinckney was glaring impotently at Marsh, who could only look down at the floor. Mr. Durant remained attentively silent. But Frances, with brightening eyes, stole her hand over to touch Dick's confidently.

"Marsh," Bradley began again, "if that gun went into the finishing furnace at three-thirty, when should it have come out?"

"At half past ten, as it did," Marsh replied confidently to this, "as Lieuten-

ant Sommers himself knows. Mr. Durant saw it in himself at half past three."

"Then it was properly in seven hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"At a proper, constant, and even heat, Marsh?"

"Why, of course, sir!" Marsh managed to reply.

"But neither Marsh nor myself, nor any one who knows anything of guns," Pinckney volunteered again, "believed that, even under the most ideal conditions maintained throughout, Sommers' gun would stand any test."

"But if the heat were not properly maintained in that furnace, Marsh," Bradley continued, not heeding the interruption, "it would surely weaken and ruin the gun, would it not?"

"Why, of course, sir. But, as I showed in the records I kept to give Lieutenant Sommers, and which he approved, sir, I was sure the temperatures were properly kept."

"Then you did not suspect, did you, that the heat was reduced during the three hours Smith kept O'Leary and all the rest of the regular furnace gang out of the furnace room?"

"Of course not!"

"Or that anything else was done to ruin the gun?"

"Why—of course not, sir."

"Then why did you write to warn the men making the test to be sure and stay within their shelters when the Sommers gun was tested?"

"Why—I didn't sir! I—"

"Yes, you did, Marsh! You didn't sign it, and you tried to disguise your hand. But you wrote it. You thought it was lost, because it was not mentioned in the newspapers. But we found it on the body of one of the gunners."

"Then it did get to them in time!" burst from the nervous little man uncontrollably. "And still they were killed?"

"Yes, Marsh; for the man who got it did not know what it was, and did not take time to open it. You should not have denied it, for it was decidedly in your favor, not against you. Now tell us what made you write it."

"I have just told you that Marsh, and we all, knew that the principle of the gun was unsound. Marsh was nervous about it. That was all." Pinckney tried to save things again.

"Then why didn't you warn them yourself, Mr. Pinckney; and why did



Bradley grabbed the frenzied Marsh as he was about to run through the door.

Marsh write anonymously, try to disguise his hand, and, just now, deny it?"

Neither Marsh nor Pinckney had any reply to make to this. Mr. Durant was observing them both curiously. Frances' fingers caught Dick's again, and closed over them.

"Oh, Dick—Dick!" she whispered.

"This is only about the gun—not the real charge, remember, Frances," Dick whispered back.

"Did you ever invent a gun, Marsh?" said Bradley suddenly.

"I?" He considered. "Why, no, sir."

"What! Then you are not the real inventor of the Rheinstrum gun, Marsh?"

"Why, of course not, sir."

"Don't you know Rheinstrum pretty well, then?"

"No."

"Not at all?"

"No."

"Has he never been at the works?"

"Never."

"Have you ever known any one who knew him—except Mr. Pinckney?"

"Why do you except me, Bradley?" Pinckney interposed before he thought.

"As you bound Mr. Durant to pay some thousands of dollars upon every Rheinstrum gun to this Rheinstrum. I assumed that you might properly have at least some slight personal acquaintance with the man, Mr. Pinckney," Bradley rejoined. "Now answer me, Marsh!"

"No one, sir."

"Haven't you ever thought it at all strange, Marsh?" the secret-service man suggested. "He has never been about himself; no one has seen him; and, more than that, no one in the office ever saw or heard of a letter or any kind of correspondence from this Rheinstrum!"

"Oh, I don't know," Marsh replied doubtfully.

"In spite of the tremendous royalties which he is to receive from these works! Or don't you know what the royalties are to be, Marsh?"

"No, Marsh knows nothing of royalties," Pinckney replied quickly.

"Doesn't he?" Bradley inquired se-

renely. "Then, Mr. Durant, would you please inform Mr. Marsh what was the royalty arranged to be paid to this mysterious Rheinstrum?"

"Mr. Durant, will you please request Mr. Bradley to confine himself to the object of this inquiry—the Sommers gun?" Pinckney requested.

"I confess I see no bearing in your last questions, Mr. Bradley," Mr. Durant said, "upon the inquiry before us. Why do you ask for this private information now?"

"For Marsh's sake, Mr. Durant."

"But what has Marsh to do with what royalties I pay?"

"Marsh, you tell him!" Pinckney and Bradley spoke almost together.

"Why, nothing at all, sir," the little man answered.

"What, Marsh—nothing?" Bradley persisted, as Pinckney glared at him triumphantly. "Would it mean nothing at all to you to know that Mr. Pinckney contracted, in Mr. Durant's name, to pay a royalty upon every Rheinstrum gun he makes of one thousand dollars a caliber inch?"

"One thousand!" cried Marsh, gasping.

"Marsh is not fool enough to believe that!" exclaimed Pinckney, almost as quickly.

"Is not that the true royalty, Mr. Durant?" Bradley asked.

"It is, sir," replied Mr. Durant, puzzled by the effect of this.

"Exactly! Now, Marsh, does that mean anything to you?"

"No, sir," the little man denied again. He glared at Pinckney, and then stared helplessly at the floor. "Nothing."

Frances glanced quickly at Sommers; but he was watching Marsh more interestedly now.

Mr. Durant, too, bent forward. "Will you tell me, now, more clearly what you are aiming at through this?" he asked Bradley.

"To prove that Lieutenant Sommers—to whom both you and your daughter twice owe your lives, and who has saved Mr. Pinckney's life twice also—was not responsible in any way for the fatal disaster to his gun. I am pursuing this search, not for that end only, but hoping to ascertain circumstances connected with this first charge which can clear Lieutenant Sommers from the second and far graver charge against him. For, as you know, he has to answer for treason, on charge of attempting to sell designs of his gun to foreign arsenals. You did not know that, Marsh?" the secret-service man asked suddenly.

"That the plans of the Sommers gun were offered for sale to foreigners? No, sir."

"Well, they were. These duplicate papers were taken just as they were to pass into the hands of German and Japanese agents." Bradley took a package of folded sheets from his coat pocket, and laid them upon the table. "There is against him, also, the unsubstantiated suspicion," he continued calmly, "that he connived with the Bagol chiefs in their finally successful attempts to supply themselves with arms.

"The chance connection of this third charge with the other two I will postpone for the present. But, in considering the other two charges, I noted a strange contradiction in them—if Lieutenant Sommers is the guilty man. For the first accuses him of making a gun of so bad a design that it must inevitably explode at the first test; while the second charges him with negotiations

to sell the same gun successfully to experts from foreign gun works.

"Now, I came here and discovered the few rather significant circumstances which I have just brought before you; first, the extraordinary leniency in dealing with this drunken Smith, who was put in charge of the gun at the most critical stage; second, the sending away of the regular furnace men for three hours, and the clear conviction in Marsh's mind that something was badly wrong; and third, the really remarkable fact that, though Rheinstrum is contracted to draw the most extortionate royalties ever paid, no one about the works has ever seen, known, or heard of him."

"What do these facts indicate to you, Mr. Bradley?" demanded Mr. Durant.

"That Lieutenant Sommers' designs were right, but that some one at these gun works—interested, let us say, in saving royalties upon the Rheinstrum gun—spoiled the Sommers gun in the forging."

"But not Marsh?" cried Mr. Durant, shocked. "Not Marsh, Mr. Bradley!"

"I have not said Marsh, Mr. Durant. For, though I admit that at first I thought Marsh might be that interested person, I do not think so now. I have just said that I believed there was a connection between the spoiling of this gun and the attempt to sell its designs abroad. I believe that the man who spoiled the Sommers gun here in these works, because he knew it was a good gun and would drive out the Rheinstrum, is the same one who tried to sell the designs of this superior gun to the Germans and the Japanese. And I do not believe that person is Marsh."

"Who, then—who?" demanded Mr. Durant excitedly.

"I am getting to that now, sir," the secret-service man replied quietly, holding the eyes of the others, fascinated, upon him as he slowly drew from his pocket and spread out before them three blank sheets of paper.

"What is this?" asked Mr. Durant impatiently.

"What are they, Marsh?" Bradley referred the question.

"Why, just three blank sheets of ordinary tracing and copying paper," the little man answered, puzzled. "Not exactly ordinary, either," he continued, as he examined them a little more closely.

"You have seen them before, Marsh?"

"Why, yes, sir. I was with you when

you took them—I don't know why—from our offices."

"Yes, but do you remember seeing this sort of sheet before—this peculiar texture and watermark?"

"Why, yes, sir. This is some of the lot I bought in Manila and had aboard the *Irvessa* when I was working out some details with Mr. Pinckney, in our cabin, over in Manila Bay, before we came back here."

"Exactly, Marsh!" cried Bradley triumphantly. "He had it in his cabin on the evening of the dance, to look over those designs—didn't he?"

"Why, yes, sir," replied Marsh, still uncomprehending. "I had left some of it there that afternoon."

"Mr. Durant, Miss Durant, Lieutenant Sommers!" Bradley called them all together. "I want you all to examine this paper closely. Thank you! Now compare it with the paper upon which are these tracings of Lieutenant Sommers' designs which were offered for sale to foreigners. Ah—you see? Now, Marsh—do you see, too? And is there enough now to make you tell the name of the criminal who spoiled the Sommers gun to save his stolen royalties, and let that gun go to the test to maim and murder? And the name, too, of the traitor to his country who spoiled the better gun, so that his own navy should not have it because he could claim no royalties for it; and who tried to sell it to foreigners to kill our own men and sink our own ships? Tell us, now, Marsh."

"Marsh!" Pinckney sprang at the little man, but Marsh was quicker, and by a well-directed blow, felled him to the floor.

Bradley grasped the frenzied Marsh as he was about to go through the door.

But the little man, purple and breathless from the strain of the struggle, had drawn a pistol from his pocket. He cocked it and covered the tall young manager and held him cowering before it.

"If you speak again, or try to stop me now, Pinckney, as there is a God above us, I'll shoot you where you stand!"

"And the rest of you, too!" he cried, beside himself. "As you value your lives, let me tell the truth—for I shall tell it all now!"

"First, I know I let that rotten, ruined gun go to kill those men. I know I helped spoil it and send it on, but at

least I wrote that letter to warn them; so—though they haunt and follow me in the dark at night, those maimed and murdered men—I did not mean to murder them. I tried, at least, to warn them. But that man—yes, you, Pinckney!—you let it go to murder them, without a thought, without a wink of sleep lost! You murderer! You thief and traitor!

"You thief! You told me that it was to save me a royalty of one hundred dollars an inch, that you had to register my gun in Rheinstrum's name. But it was so you could steal a thousand! You said it was to save the lives of our men that we had to spoil the Sommers gun! You got me to let down the fires, so the gun was never forged and went green to the proving grounds, sure to explode and murder the men firing it!

"It did murder them; and you made me a murderer with you, too! Yes; I must be a murderer, for their ghosts haunt me day and night!

"But I'm not a traitor, too—a traitor like you, trying to disgrace in your place a man who saved your life! Stand back!"

"Dick! Oh, Dick—Dick!" Frances caught the young officer's hand, and was crushing it in her sudden confusion of great joy, horror, and terror. "Oh, Dick!"

But Dick was tearing away from her grasp. "A moment, Frances. A moment!" he cried, and dashed after Marsh as the little man, with the pistol in his hand, sprang suddenly away.

"Stop him! Look out!" came from Bradley and Mr. Durant almost together. But they were too late; for a muffled shot sounded from the next room. In the cry and confusion, Pinckney broke for the door.

But Bradley caught him. "His case is settled, I'm afraid, Pinckney," he said. "But you have one just about to begin with me. Hello! Ah, then you were in time, Lieutenant Sommers?" he called.

Dick reappeared between the portières, leading the little man.

"Yes, but I'm afraid he's made a hole in the paneling, Mr. Durant. However, I believe we can convince him that there's no need for him to try to make another in his head, or elsewhere."

Mr. Durant put out his hand, first to Dick, then to Marsh.

"No, Marsh, don't try it again," he said. "With Ether—Pinckney gone, we've more need for you! Don't you want to make things up by taking charge of the forging of the new Sommers gun we start to-morrow? Oh, yes. Dick, of course we'll start it to-morrow! The gun's all right, and there can be only a formal dismissal of two of the charges against you now! And no one can conceivably connect you with the arms in Bagol!"

"Oh, the arms in Bagol!" Bradley started suddenly. "I said I would postpone that till I had finished the others. But now it will be more comprehensive when I tell you that the government has received information that one of the captured chiefs has confessed that they got their arms in payment for some old claims they sold to an American. They cut the price of the gold to him in two if he would pay in arms; and, though some of the natives attacked him as he was leaving the island, he sent the arms, and they smuggled them through!"

"Oh!" cried Frances. "Etherington! So that was why you had to see those chiefs alone, and why you wouldn't signal the *San Juan* and—and the rest! And—oh, Dick, that was what you had discovered, too, the night we took you off from Bagol; and you wouldn't tell when you found you were in disgrace!"

"Frances!" Dick stopped her, coming to her and closing his hands over hers. "Frances!"

But, before them all, she raised her eyes to his and came closer, until his arms were about her and he held her to him.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried. "You are clear now; and you will not go back to Bagol! But—I don't care where you go, or what you have! Never let me be a moment, anywhere, without you, Dick! Never!"

The rest withdrew and left them alone together.

News of the Photo-playwrights.

William H. Lippert is now with the Eastern branch of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

Lyllian Brown Leighton, the well-known character woman of the Selig Polyscope Company, is also a writer of no little ability. Her latest release is Selig's "The Love of Loti San."

William S. Hart's Views on the Western Drama.

THE photo play of the Wild West has again proved that a thing must but ring true to live," said William S. Hart, a former Broadway favorite, who is now directing the making of Western film dramas for the Triangle under Thomas H. Ince in California.

"The first photo-play makers seized this romantic period of our history because of its stirring action and picturesque quality. But they took the *West* of the dime novels and so created pictures that were untrue; they did not touch, or else distorted, the fine humaneness, the courage and the aspiration of the pioneers. So they made husks of souls and—lost their public. To-day the theatergoers have turned their backs on the Wild Western drama. They have tired, as they always will, of falsity.

"I was born in the West under pioneering conditions. My father was one of the early settlers in the Dakotas, and we knew the privations, the struggles, and the dreams of that period. So it has a powerful appeal to me.

"And I can say with conviction that the real keynote of that day was not license and lawlessness, but the noble fight of the pioneers against those things. The early settlers of the West were obsessed by the ambition for what we know as civilization; for an established order, for education and doctors and churches and the clean living that these things bring.

"That is the real story of the West, and it is far more truly romantic than the other. It is this that I have tried to express in the Triangle play, 'The Disciple.'

"This play pictures, of course, but a part of the life in pioneering days. The truth about the period is that it is essentially like all periods. There were all sorts of people among the pioneers. The difference lay in the conditions they had to meet, and that brought out in splendid relief their democracy, their unselfishness, and their courage.

"'The Disciple' is only one of several of the new sort of Western dramas I hope to make, but it illustrates my point exactly."

The article, "The Making of Thrillers," in the new PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, out December 1st, you ought not to miss.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT.

ALL of us have heard time and again that the thing to write is "something that will go with the people." This is seldom explained to the amateur, and, when it is, the explanation given is that "what will go with the people is what they can understand." To the experienced this means much—in fact, it appears to give all the information on the subject that can be desired—but to the new writer it does not mean a great deal. He wonders what the people will understand.

Each individual knows a certain amount about human nature. Some realize how much they know, and study to learn more. Others have gained their knowledge unconsciously, and cannot use it to as good an advantage. Therefore, when a writer begins to study "what the people understand," the first thing he must do is to ascertain how much he already knows of the subject. After taking this inventory he must start to watch other things on his regular visits to the motion-picture theaters, besides the technical end of the pictures and the ideas they contain. He must watch the audience.

Seated in a dark corner, he must keep his eyes and ears busy, and have his mind alert. He must sense—and sense correctly—the attitude of the audience toward everything that happens on the screen.

The first visit an amateur makes to a theater with this end in mind will not yield a great deal. He may feel that it is a thing which cannot be done. The second visit, however, will doubtless disperse this idea and bring him closer to the realization that it is practical. In each succeeding visit, he will advance a little more, until, all of a sudden, he will discover that he almost

unconsciously senses how a picture "is going over" with an audience. When he reaches this point, he will find that the matter of taking a certain style of story and making it into a scenario for a photo play which is "what the people want and what they understand" is comparatively easy.

WORKING OUT SCENE ACTION.

A correspondent in Trenton, New Jersey, has handed us a bit of action which she asks we work out for the benefit of herself and other writers who have not yet learned to break their plots into bits of scene action which tell the story on the screen. Here is the action, written in synopsis form, as she sent it to us:

"Two abductors come from the doorway of a mansion and speed down the street in an auto with James as their captive. Vera and a detective follow in another auto. Both cars pass from the city streets into the country. On a road the chase continues. Shots are fired from both machines. The detective's tire is punctured by a bullet. After making the necessary repairs, Vera and the detective follow the road taken by the abductors, and arrive at the summit of a high hill, just in time to see the abductors carry James into a small house in the distance. They start for the house."

As can easily be seen, no attempt is made at a story, and the beginning and ending is, therefore, abrupt. Taking just what has been written and putting it into scenario form, the result should be something like the following:

1. Exterior of mansion.—Abductors carry James from within, place him in auto, drive off swiftly. Vera and detective come from within, excited; drive off hurriedly in another machine, which

has been standing to side; are in pursuit of abductors.

2. Setting which will carry idea of limits of a city—the joining of a city pavement and a dusty road will do. Abductors' auto drives in, full speed. One of abductors fires pistol back as he passes. Detective's auto dashes through in pursuit. Detective fires toward other car as he pursues it.

3. Country road.—Abductors' car dashes past, closely followed by detective and Vera in his auto. The latter appears to be gaining. Both parties exchange shots as they fly past camera.

4. Country road.—Abductors' car dashes in and past camera. They fire at detective as they pass. Detective's car in; slows down as it nears camera; stops. Detective out. Vera anxious. Detective examines tire.

5. Close range of detective examining tire; show bullet hole in tire plainly.

6. Back to Scene 4.—Detective tells Vera that tire has been punctured by shot from abductors. Starts to put on a new tire.

7. Top of high hill; a little house is seen in distance down road.—Abductors' car dashes through and downhill.

8. Back to Scene 6.—Detective now has new tire put on. He looks at his pistol grimly. Vera frantic with fear for James' safety. They drive off again.

9. Extension of small house seen in distance in Scene 7.—Abductors drive in; jump from car, and start to drag James from it; he struggles.

10. Top of hill—same as Scene 7.—Detective and Vera enter in auto; stop and get out; look through field glasses to try to locate abductors; look downhill toward house and see them.

11. Camera masked to represent field glasses.—Show James struggling as abductors take him from car. Same setting as Scene 9.

12. Back to Scene 10. Detective and Vera finish looking toward house. Jump in auto and drive off for the scene of the struggle at top speed.

That about covers it, we believe. Of course, there are a dozen other ways of working it out. Ours is merely one style. If it is placed at a point where the excitement was supposed to run high, the arrangement we have worked out would probably be most effective, while if it was merely a means of bringing all the characters to the little house, and there working in the real excitement, it could be covered in four or five scenes, which merely sketched the action we have worked out in detail.

We think it best to sound a note of warning to beginners not to copy any of the action in this example, for it was sent to us merely for use as an illustration of technic. There are many illogical things in those few scenes, and it would, indeed, be fatal for any new writer to think this was an example of a plot.

TYPEWRITING.

All newspaper reporters of the new school use the typewriter, but few and far between are those who use the touch system. The same applies to fiction and scenario writers in many cases, though it surely is an unfortunate condition. If more writers who do all their own typing with two fingers knew the time-saving value of the touch system, we think they would learn it. They may think they are fast enough as it is, but if they compete with a professional typist they will see the difference. We think every person who is in the writing game to stay should learn the touch system as a means of increasing his earning power later on.

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

The following article was sent in by J. G. Alexander, the Pennsylvania photo-playwright, and should prove very helpful to the many earnest students of the game that we have good reason to believe are among our readers:

In the speaking drama, we have learned that there are ten fundamental commandments: plot, play, acts, logic, sequence, diction, unity, dialogue, action, and continuity. For the photo

drama these would be changed thusly: Plot, play, acts, logic, sequence, business, unity, registration, action, and continuity.

First, there *must* be plot, and many writers seem to be confused as to the real meaning of the word. We have attempted to define plot as a conflict of human wills, which at its culmination brings about some change in the relations, one to each other, of the characters involved in the conflict. For example: We may have a story of James going to college; he is from the country, and during his course passes through amusing adventures and trials until he becomes thoroughly acclimated to his new surroundings, and he emerges from the institution the shining light of his class. This may be very interesting, but there is no plot. Suppose, however, that James provokes the enmity of a classmate and that classmate is cheating in examinations and throws the blame on the innocent James. There we have the elements of plot, crudely speaking. Story is not plot just because it is story, and the smallest incident or happening around us in our daily contact with life is oftentimes the germ of a strong plot, not like the incident which suggested it, but with the underlying reason for the incident as the basic element. Writers should learn plotting, and practice it until the germ of plot is recognizable at a glance, and from that germ a real plot affecting the moral issues between characters can be constructed.

Second, a plot being obtained, it must be amplified into a play. The fact that we *have* a plot does not mean that we have a play. The plot must be strong enough to stand dramatic treatment and development and grow into a finished play through that treatment; a play that will hold interest and will lead the audience, step by step, up to the dénouement and climax. Learn to recognize plot material that will make a play and learn to know when you have a play.

Third, having the play, we must divide it into scenes and acts. In the photo drama we are able to show all the action and use as many scenes as are necessary to show that action. Watch carefully the placement and development of scene construction; on it depends the clarity of the play. Acts, in the photo drama, can be taken as parts or reels. The action at the end

of each part should end with a crisis, leaving the audience in suspense for the beginning of the next part or reel, and always growing stronger as the climax of the play is approached.

Fourth, be sure that the play and action is logical and follows out a logical path; make the characters real, live human beings, and imagine yourself in their position in like circumstances; then make their actions those that you yourself would display under the conditions, and remember that a moving-picture audience is composed of people with ordinary intelligence, and don't inject some absurd scenes and business just because a plot point seems necessary.

Fifth, sequence of action in scene development is an important factor in proper construction. Give every scene a reason in sequence to the scene or action previous. One scene should follow the other naturally, and, if possible, leave the impression in the minds of the audience that it was the only possible scene for its place in the play. The cut back can be used for the purpose of suspense, but watch carefully that the sequence is not destroyed and the audience left at sea as to the reason for the action and its effect on the play action. Sequence can be best adhered to by visualizing the action with a strong imagination and keeping away from subplots, and, in the case of drama, that misused term "comedy relief." Use only action that has a direct bearing on the plot and play and which furthers the upward motion of the plot toward the ultimate climax, at which point stop.

Sixth, the diction of the speaking drama is replaced in photo-play writing by business or the method used to put over the action to your audience. Just as proper words and speeches must be constructed to fit your characterizations in the drama of the stage, so in the photo drama proper business must be used, in keeping with the character and the play.

Seventh; unity, that cohesive quality that holds the entire play together as one unit, is important from the fact that without it the play will not cling together and interest will be waning and the action jerky. A proper knowledge and use of sequence of action will make for unity. Of course, the Greek idea of unity of time and place does not enter into the photo drama, the idea for the silent drama being rather that

of a finished statue, every element in its proper place, and the result a finished entirety, and every part being recognizable as a needed factor in the resultant product.

Eighth, there being no dialogue in the photo drama, this factor is replaced by registration. In the stage drama the dialogue tells the story that the action makes compulsory. In the silent drama the action itself must tell the story, and it must be made to register the idea which you wish to convey to an ordinary audience with perfect clarity. Don't have your characters enter into lengthy conversations; the audience does not know of what they are talking. Make the *action* tell your story, and make it *register* that which you wish to convey.

Ninth, action, more action, and nothing but action, grind the fact into the brain until it is a part of you. It is the basis of the expression of the moving picture. Without it there is no play. But action must be construed in the right sense. The action must be compulsory and promote the plot toward its culmination. It does not mean that people dash madly in and out of the picture; that is physical action. It means the *play itself*, and the only method available in the silent drama by which a play can be told to your audience. Make your action tell your story. Forget leaders. Use them when absolutely necessary, but remember the action is the medium between the screen and the audience.

Tenth, continuity, that element which makes for a clear idea of the play and the movements of your characters, should be carefully studied and adhered to. Don't lose your characters and keep them always before your audience's mind. Make the play one continuous action, working slowly but surely upward, step by step, toward the topmost peak of your plot action, the climax. Make it a finished whole, each part in its proper place, like a gigantic puzzle, and don't jump around to three or four subplots. Stick to one basic plot, and keep the entire play visualized before you as you build.

We might add another commandment—that of character. Learn to draw shade lines between your characters. Try for a contrast. Try to make your characterizations clever and true to the character in the play and to the under-

lying psychological emotions that govern that character toward the destiny he or she is working out.

We have only touched the so-called ten commandments, and really only scratched the surface. Photo-play writing is not an art; it is not a pastime or a fad. It is a business. Learn your business just as you would learn any other, and don't expect to sit down for an hour, after having read a book on photo-play writing, and turn out a masterpiece. If you do, it will only be a lucky stroke. Work, study, practice, learn, and endeavor to master your business.

Answers to Readers.

M. E. PANKHURST.—Do not send two copies of the same script out at once. If both companies accepted the script what would you do? A writer of four months certainly does stand a chance to sell if he has ideas. That is what the companies want, and it makes no difference how long you have been in the game if you have them.

J. F. SMITH.—Leaders or subtitles do not have to be numbered as scenes are. It is true they have to be photographed, but this is done entirely apart from the actual filming of the scene action. When you wish to follow a moving object, such as you describe, viz., a fireman climbing the fire escape, it is far better to have a panorama scene than two separate views of him; unless some action cuts in between the time he starts and the time he reaches the designated spot. Of course, the camera has limitations, and these must be studied on the screen and kept in mind when writing a screen of this kind.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Eastern Universal Film Manufacturing Company's scenario department seems to be overstocked with scripts, judging from the rejection slips several of our readers have received.

Two-reel society plays and one-reel animal stories will find a possible market with the Selig Polyscope Company, 58 East Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois. The animal pictures, however, must offer more than the mere presentation of animals walking through a scene, as all of this company's animal plays are noted for their unusual plots and thrilling action in which animals actively figure.

FILM FLAMS.

By Dean Bowman.

PROPERTY at Glendale, Long Island, has been purchased by Mirror Films, Incorporated, and arrangements are being made to turn it into studios for the use of that concern at once.

Work is being rushed on the large additions under construction to the Popular Players' studios in Fort Lee, New Jersey, and it is hoped to have them completed soon.

Triangle is constructing new studio plants at Culver City and Edendale, California, and it is in the minds of the executives to add a new plant somewhere near New York City.

Five new automobiles have been added to the Lasky equipment on the coast, making a total of ten machines now available for picture-making purposes.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, of dancing fame, will be presented upon the screen at the Globe Theater in a photodrama romance, entitled "The Whirl of Life."

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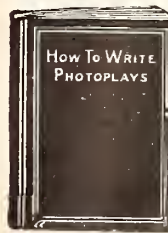
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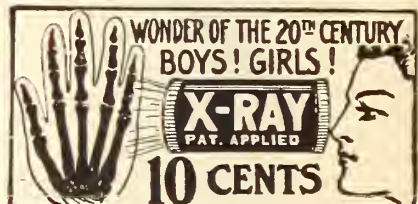
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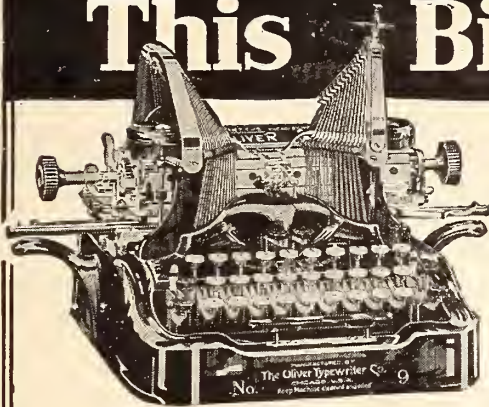
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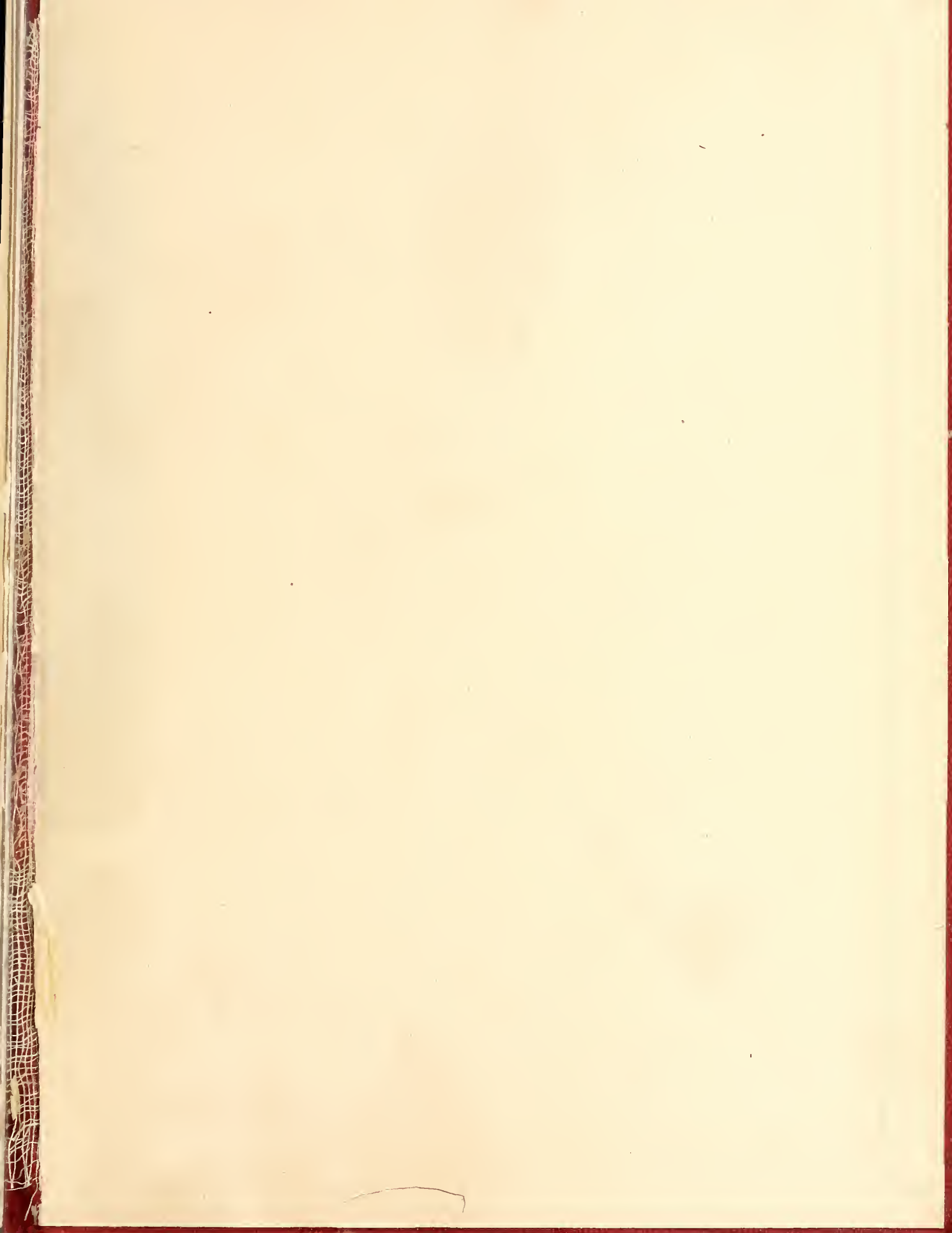
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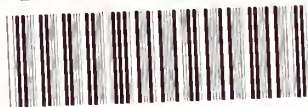








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